



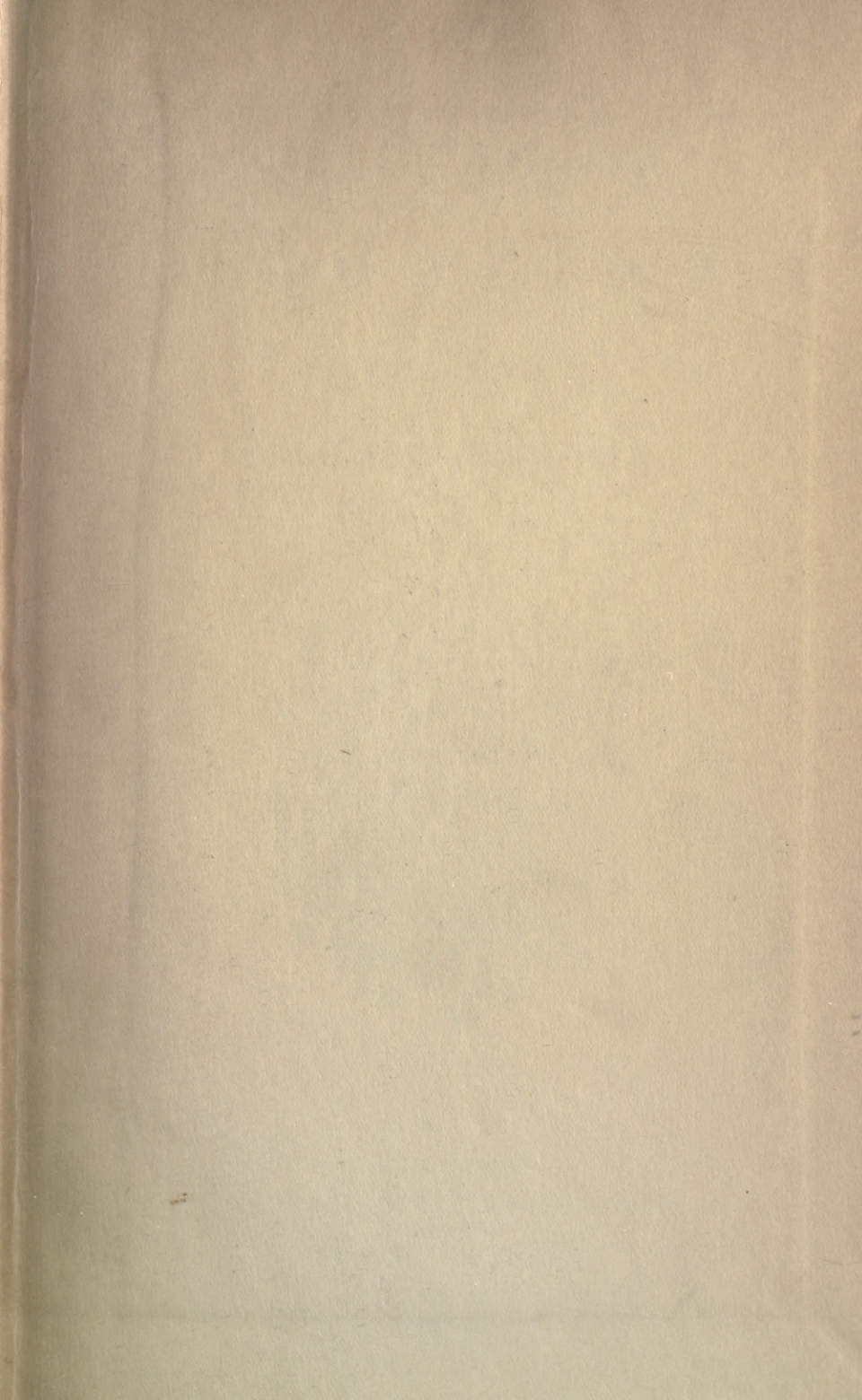
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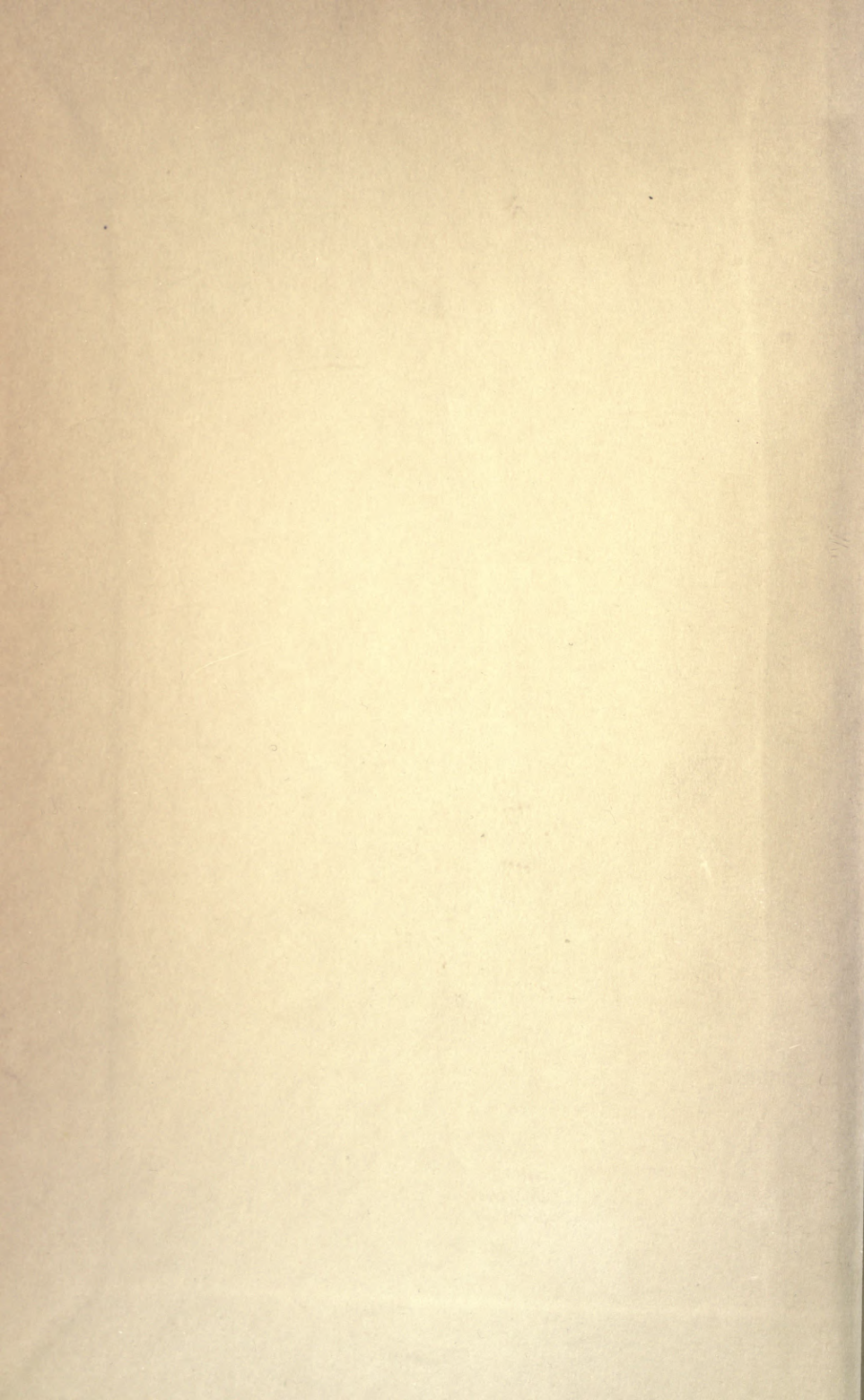
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VOL. CXCVII.

JANUARY—JUNE 1915.



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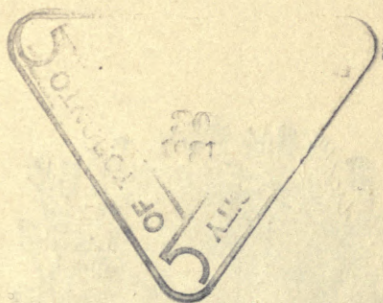
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THE TORONTO BOARD OF CENSORS

1977

# BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXCI.

JANUARY 1915.

Vol. CXCVII.

## DIARY OF A SUBALTERN.

### I. PREPARATIONS IN ENGLAND.

THE first day on which I took any serious notice of the situation in Europe was Sunday, July 26. I remember reading in the morning paper of Austria's ultimatum to Servia, but did not think anything of it until the afternoon, when we read in a special edition of 'The Sunday Times' that hostilities had already commenced.

That evening in the Mess after supper everybody was talking about the chances of its developing into a big European war. Many arguments were started, both by people who knew something about it, and also by those who did not, for the average British subaltern does not bother his head much about European politics. At all events I personally went to bed that night thinking much more about the fortnight's leave, which I hoped to get in August, than about war.

The next two days were taken up by the Aldershot Command Rifle Meeting, where I was busy all day, and beyond an odd word or two about the war everything went on as usual.

Then we started to carry out a mobilisation scheme which had been fixed for the 29th, 30th, and 31st since the beginning of the training season: in the afternoon we were inspected by General Murray. There was some talk in the evening of the next two days' operations being put off, as being likely to give occasion to the foreign press to say that the English army was mobilising in earnest. However, we marched off next morning to Frensham, and did not get back till 5.30 P.M. on the 31st. Those who had been left behind told us that orders to mobilise were to be expected on the morrow. Nothing, however, happened either on Saturday or

Sunday, and I went up to town each day to gather what news I could. By Monday everybody was getting restless with waiting: we were practically confined to barracks, and there was very little to do, as we had already done all we could in readiness for mobilisation.

Tuesday, August 4, was yet another day of suspense, but at 5 P.M. we got our orders at last.

My duty being to collect horses, I was called for at midnight just as I was going to sleep, to go down to the dépôt on the Queen's Parade. I eventually got back about 5.30 A.M., and even then had not got my full complement.

I do not intend to go into any details concerning the mobilisation. It is sufficient to say that it all went very smoothly, and that at the end of the third day we were ready for anything.

After we had once begun mobilisation in earnest, we had no time to think of all that we were about to undergo. We spent the whole of the next three days in company training:

elementary open-order drill on the square, miniature field-days, musketry, and also fired the reservists every afternoon on the range, in order to accustom them to the new rifle. The ranges at Ash being about three miles away, this exercise also took the form of a route-march: though short, it was quite sufficient to make the reservists puff and blow, and some of them even fell out. And yet only a fortnight later they were doing their twenty miles a-day, each day and every day! In fact they came on very quickly, and at the end of those three days one could hardly recognise them.

I was inoculated against enteric on the Sunday; my arm got very stiff for a couple of days, and I had a slight headache that evening.

On Tuesday, August 11, the King and Queen came down, and walked along the front of the battalion, saying a few words to the Commanding Officer: we gave them three cheers. That evening we got orders to move next morning: parade 5.30 A.M.

## II. PREPARATIONS IN FRANCE.

"And so we are off at last: we have been so busy lately, and events have moved so quickly, that it seems impossible to realise that to-night I shall sleep farther from the shores of England than I have ever slept before, and that it may be months, it may be

years, before I shall return to them again: it may be that I shall never return." These were more or less my first thoughts as I rolled off my bed at 4.30 A.M. on August 12. I say "rolled off," as I lay down in my clothes, all my belongings having



been sent to store the day before.

However, waking thoughts are soon brushed aside, particularly if they are unpleasant ones, and after a last hurried breakfast in the Mess, I soon found myself out on parade.

I felt rather like an overloaded Christmas-tree, and by no means mobile, as I was carrying a quantity of extra kit on my person. The weight of one's valise being strictly limited to 35 lb., it is necessary to append to one's person as much as possible, although most of this extra kit is put into the valise on the first opportunity, once we have left the weighing-machine behind.

I actually had on me when I marched out of barracks the following articles: a Sam Browne belt, sword, revolver in holster, 24 rounds of ammunition in case, field-glasses, water-bottle (full), a mackintosh in a waterproof bag on my back, a prismatic compass, a haversack containing notebooks, flask, air-pillow, chocolate, &c., and the "iron ration" consisting of two tins of corned beef and six biscuits.

Besides all these, my pockets were bulging. We marched at 6 A.M. to Farnborough Station, three miles off, where we entrained: this did not take us long, as it was only two months since we entrained before the King during his annual visit to Aldershot.

I remember buying a couple of magazines at the station,

one of which was eventually worth untold gold in the trenches on the Aisne. Finally we moved off at 8 A.M., and after a non-stop run arrived at Southampton Docks at 9.30 A.M. Here we embarked on the s.s. *Irawaddy*. The embarkation was carried out successfully, except for one or two of the horses who objected to the steepness of the gangway down into the hold.

We eventually moved off about midday, and steamed slowly down Southampton Water to the accompaniment of cheers from dock labourers and any ships we happened to pass. They were all answered by the now famous battle-cry of Thomas Atkins, "Are we downhearted? No!"

An American yacht lying at anchor, and the Southampton-Cowes boat which we passed, gave us a particularly cheery send-off. Before we entered the Solent I went down to my cabin and had a nap: when I woke up we were in Shanklin Bay: here we dropped a pilot and eventually started off about 6 P.M. into the night.

So far to me it was all a pleasure trip: I had never been farther out of England than the Isle of Wight, and I went to sleep that night thinking considerably more of what France would be like than of the War.

It was about 5 A.M. when I awoke, and looking out of the porthole took my first view of France. It was a perfect summer morning, without a breath

of wind, and the sun was just breaking through a slight haze on to the wooded slopes which fringe the estuary of Havre. Here and there the fishing boats were getting on the move, their brown sails just catching the glint of the rising sun.

I soon got up on deck, and found we were moving slowly up through the wharves. A few French soldiers on duty gave us a cheer, and one or two small boys and girls ran alongside us clamouring for souvenirs — that is, “cap-badges” or “titles.” We got straight off the boat and marched away without our transport to the rest-camp at Sainte Adresse, about four miles from the docks. The people in the town were most enthusiastic, and we had the greatest difficulty in preventing them from running riot through the ranks with large bottles of beer and wine.

It was excessively hot, and a good many of our men started falling out, especially along the sea-front.

I was left behind with a party to round up the stragglers. This proved to be no easy task, as round each man there was a crowd of some fifteen to twenty people, all armed with water, vinegar, eau-de-cologne, wine, beer, and even tea: also some of the men were really bad, whilst others were rapidly getting worse from the quantity they were consuming: add to this the fact that this was my first effort at talking French to

French people, and you will understand I had no light task. However, after a while I got all of them on, and collected the worse cases in the Restaurant Paquier at the bottom of the hill.

Here there were a couple of girls doing great work, and also some French ambulance corps. I went up to one of these girls and started stammering away in my best French, when she cut me short in the best “Amurrican.” Not having talked English for about two hours, I was greatly pleased, and we became great friends. They gave me two very good iced drinks, and then I proceeded to continue my journey to the camp on a French ambulance. The driver of this conveyance, however, having let the horses down twice in about fifty yards, I got one of our own men to drive, and made the Frenchman walk behind, much to his disgust. We eventually arrived at the camp about 3 P.M.

At 6 P.M. the Colonel read us out a message from the King, and we gave him three cheers.

We all retired to bed early, after a very hot and exhausting day.

The next morning gave early promise of being another “roaster,” and at six o’clock we all took our men down to the sea, where we had a most refreshing bath. The rest of the day we spent in filling water-bottles, sorting maps (of which there were some thirty

or forty varieties), collecting kits, and, in fact, preparing in every way to move on to the field of battle. Later in the evening we also did a little musketry and field training. It was extremely hot, and we were all very glad when the sun went down and we turned in. About midnight, however, we were woken up by an extremely strong wind, which threatened to blow the tents down, especially as we had the tent flaps up for the sake of coolness. This went on for quite an hour, and was the most extraordinary storm I have ever seen. Then the rain began to come down in torrents: as I was trying to crawl a little farther inside, the door opened and H. appeared, with very little on, and an exceedingly smoky and smelly bicycle lamp. He had elected to sleep out in the corn-shocks as being preferable to a tent, but was only too glad now of a sanctuary. Fortunately it cleared up at 5 A.M., when we had breakfast. At 5.55 we marched off to Havre station, where we proceeded to entrain. After waiting at the station for an hour, seeing that the train apparently had no intention of starting, we decided to go out into the town and have a second breakfast. We had some most excellent coffee and rolls in a little café just outside the station.

About midday the train actually started: all along the route there were people in every little house waving flags

and cheering us. The fact that it was pouring rain did not seem to deter them in the least, and whenever we stopped at a station they would crowd round the train and throw bunches of flowers into the windows. Lots of them would come rushing up with a broad grin on their faces, shout "Guillaume!" make a sign of cutting their throats, and finish up with a most realistic sort of gurgle: they were considerably more bloodthirsty than we were. After passing through innumerable tunnels we arrived at Rouen about 4.30 P.M.: here the French very kindly gave us all hot coffee with cognac. I think most of us would have liked it best without the cognac, but we were very thankful for anything at all. I think the sergeant-major was particularly disgusted with it, as he is a staunch supporter of the R.A.T.A. I remember asking him how he liked the coffee, and he merely made a face and said he was making himself some tea.

We left Rouen at 5.15 P.M., and passed through Amiens about 9 P.M. Most of the journey was spent in trying to avoid getting cramp. At 5 A.M. next morning we were turned out at a place called Vaux Andigny. We had breakfast here, and set off at 6.30 A.M. to march to Hanappes, a small village about eleven miles away. I noticed on the march that the people up there, nearer the frontier, though pleased to see us, were not so demon-

strative as those whom we had left behind. They no doubt knew that they were liable to suffer, not only in those near and dear to them, but also in their homes and belongings. We little thought, as we marched through those villages that Sunday morning, how soon we should be marching through them again in the opposite direction, and perforce leaving them to their fate. Even now they are in German hands.

Arrived at Hanappes we proceeded to billet in one end of the village, whilst the 60th billeted in the other.

The first thing I had to do, having been appointed Mess President of my company, was to start foraging. I found it a bit difficult in French at first, but I was very soon capable of procuring anything.

In the morning we went for a short route-march, and in the afternoon I paid the company out. As we had only brought sovereigns and half-sovereigns, there was considerably more English gold in the village than any other coin; and I should think the proprietors of the one or two small village shops must have made a fortune. I only hope they managed to keep it, and the Germans did not get it.

The next morning we spent in another route-march of about seven miles. During this a British aeroplane flew over, and we practised the "procedure on the approach of aircraft." A whistle was blown at the head of the battalion,

and the word was shouted down the column, "Aeroplane!" Whereupon every one fell out on the right-hand side of the road and lay flat on the ground face downwards. After lunch we went fishing. I borrowed a rod from my landlady. It was a very simple contrivance, consisting of a bamboo pole, a piece of string, a hook, and a piece of quill as a float. Armed with this and a piece of ration bread, we proceeded to the canal. The nett result was that in trying to get to a particularly likely spot I fell in. I believe we had one "bite." In all fairness to the canal as a piscatorial paradise, I must confess that I am not an expert at bottom fishing. Give me a fly rod (and enough flies) and I can go on fishing for ever, but with a float and a lump of dough I soon lose interest in the operations.

Again the morning was taken up by a route-march. The distance was now increased to about eleven miles. It was a very hot day, and the marching and march discipline formed a marked contrast to that on the day of our landing in France.

In the afternoon we all had a bathe in the mill pond, which was very refreshing.

In the evening I went for a drive, which very nearly terminated my chances of getting to Belgium at all.

Our transport officer was trying a pair of cart horses in double harness for the first time together. He had them

in a big G.S. waggon, and I got in behind. We had not gone very far down the road, however, before the swingle-pin broke, and very soon we were careering along at a hand gallop with the two old hairies in tandem. I was just preparing for a dive overboard when they gave up and came to a standstill, much to our relief.

Next day we went out to the Bois d'Hanappes to practise wood fighting. All I can remember of it is that we all got hopelessly lost, but it taught us to appreciate the difficulties of wood fighting, of which we had a good share later on.

In the evening we did a little musketry and bayonet fighting, and took up outpost positions for practice.

On August 21 we marched out of Hanappes at 9 A.M., and started marching north. At 2 P.M. we arrived at Landrécies, a small town which was to witness such awful scenes less than a week later. It was here that the Guards killed 850 Germans in about half an hour. When we arrived there, however, it was a very pleasant town, and the men were billeted in the schools.

After seeing that they were comfortable, we went out and had tea in a little café in the "Place." After tea, I went and had my hair cut.

That evening, just as I was preparing for a good dinner, to be followed by a hot bath (for we had discovered a bath in our billet), and a comfortable

bed, I suddenly got orders to go out with a platoon and picquet the canal bridge. My orders were that I was to let no one cross the bridge in either direction unless I was quite satisfied that they had legitimate business. For the first hour or two this was rather a difficult job, as there were quite a considerable number of houses on the other side of the canal, and every one seemed to have been out visiting.

I had no real excitement during the night, though I was kept on the move more or less the whole time: at any rate I never had time to sit down.

I withdrew at 4 A.M., and we returned to billets.

I was bitterly cold, as a very heavy mist arose from the water about midnight, and so hurried into the bath. I had only just time for this and breakfast, as we paraded at 4.45 A.M., and left at 5.15 A.M.

We arrived at Hargnies about 1 P.M., where we bivouacked in fields round about a big farm. We heard the guns for the first time that afternoon. We also saw a French monoplane and two English biplanes flying out on a reconnaissance. At 6 P.M. we got sudden orders to be ready to move at 7 P.M. When we were all ready the move was cancelled, and we went back to bed in the ditch. I was pretty tired by this time, and only too glad to get some sleep.

## III.

## "THE RETREAT."

We have trekked along the roadway, through the forest, o'er the plain,  
 We have settled down at night expecting rest ;  
 We have got the camp-fires burning, got our baggage off the train,  
 When boom ! and we're off again south-west.

We have never stopped a moment during thirteen endless days,  
 We've been marching all the day and half the night ;  
 We've settled down for supper, with our feet towards the blaze,  
 When boom ! and we have to douse the light.

When the road is hot and dusty, and the sun is scorching down,  
 When we all would like a shower of cooling rain,  
 We've halted to get water in some stragging country town,  
 When boom ! and it's "in you fall again !"

So if ever we have halted 'neath the shadow of the hedge,  
 Or if ever we are waiting for a meal,  
 Our minds are all expectant, and our nerves are all on edge,—  
 We are waiting for that ever booming peal.

We are tired ! we are footsore ! we begin to feel the strain  
 Of this never-ceasing chase towards the rear :  
 And the fact that we know nothing is oppressing to the brain,  
 And the object of our trekking is not clear.

For we've hardly seen a German, and we've hardly had a fight,  
 And we've never had a beating from them yet !  
 Yet we've had to go on running, when we might have held on tight,  
 Fight a rearguard, when we've got the devils set.

We can't go on much longer, we are but human men,  
 There's a limit ! and the strain must surely tell :  
 Give us one night's peaceful slumber, give us one day's rest, and then  
 We will push the German Army all to Hell !

*Written by the roadside, September 4, 1914.*

On the morning of Sunday, August 23, we were turned out of our bivouacs at 2 A.M., under orders to move at 3 A.M. We had no time for breakfast, and started off in the dark with no idea of our destination. After passing through Longueville we arrived on the Belgian frontier at a spot just short of Malplaquet. We halted here for half an hour and consumed a very hurriedly prepared breakfast. We were now told that we were marching to a position north of Givry, and that it would be a race between ourselves and the Germans as to who got there first. If we got there first well and good, if not we should have to turn them out of it. We settled down, therefore, to a hard march, and arrived at Givry at about 11 A.M. : we did the last seven miles without a halt. We were the last regiment

in the Brigade, and therefore in reserve. The other three regiments marched straight on to take up their positions, while we formed up in an old chalk-pit about a quarter of a mile north of the village.

Here we took a well-earned rest after our eighteen miles' march, until about three o'clock. We could hear the boom of the guns in front, presumably at Namur and Mons, and also saw what looked like a town on fire.

While we were waiting we saw our first German aeroplane. We regarded it more as an object of interest than anything else, until, after it had passed over, shells began bursting on the ridge about a mile in front.

Soon after three we got sudden orders to fall in, and two companies were sent forward to the village of Harmignies to support the South Staffords, who were on the ridge in front.

We were halted in the village for about half an hour, and then my company was ordered to proceed back to Givry, whilst the other company was left in Harmignies.

While we were waiting there one of our corporals who was in the 2nd Divisional Cyclist Company came in with the news that the cyclists had been attacking some German infantry out in front, when shrapnel began to burst all amongst them, and they had had to leave their bicycles and get back as best they could.

Hardly had we rejoined the battalion, which was formed up

behind a second crest-line about midway between Harmignies and Givry, when a tremendous shell fire began to fall on and around the little village of Veilleret le Sec. This village was about a mile to the east of Givry, and the Berkshires were entrenched in front of it: a battery of our guns was also just behind it.

About 5 P.M. we got orders to go across and support the Berkshires.

By this time the enemy's guns, which we were afterwards told outnumbered ours by five to one, were engaged in searching for our guns, and were covering most of the country over which we had to advance with a regular hail of shrapnel mixed with high explosive.

The country, though slightly undulating, was absolutely bare, and there was not a vestige of cover.

This, of course, was my baptism of fire, so I may be guilty of exaggeration, but I remember thinking that no one could possibly get across that bit of ground untouched.

However, we started off, platoon by platoon, with an interval of from eight to ten paces between each man, and by the time darkness fell, and we were left in peace, at least two companies had entered the zone of fire. And yet I think I am right in saying that we did not have a single casualty.

Although we had not yet reached Veilleret le Sec, we received orders to dig ourselves in where we were.

This we proceeded to do

with all thoroughness, as we knew that last night's cannonade would begin again with daylight: we practically had to destroy one of the houses near the chalk-pit to form overhead cover.

Soon after midnight I came back from the trenches for a meal, after which I was sent down to brigade headquarters in Givry.

There I managed to snatch half an hour's sleep of sorts on the stone floor, when I was woken up and asked to wait outside. Sir Douglas Haig and the Brigadier were consulting over a map at the table. After about ten minutes Sir Douglas Haig came out and drove off in his car. I then went in again and received verbal orders to the effect that the brigade would retire by the same road along which we had arrived the day before, and that our regiment would cover its retreat.

Having delivered this message to the Colonel, he told me to ride out on a bicycle to Veilleret le Sec and ascertain from the Colonel of the Berkshires how and by what road he intended to withdraw.

By this time the artillery duel had commenced again, and it did not look as if my ride was going to be at all a pleasant one. However, there was no time to wait and think about it, so after consulting a gunner officer, who advised me to make a bolt for it after one of their bursts of firing had finished, I set off.

When I had covered about half the distance the shells

started whistling overhead again, and I put my head down and pedalled: the result was that I ran right into a shell-hole and capsized. Fortunately the shells were all bursting about 50 yards or more over the road, so I picked myself up and proceeded.

Having arrived in the village, and finding no sign of life there, I proceeded through to the other end, where I found a road crossing mine at right angles. I turned up this road to the right, where it entered a small cutting, and dismounted about 200 yards along it.

On crawling up the bank I was rather taken aback at discovering, not the Berkshires in their trenches as I had expected, but at least a battalion of the enemy coming out of a wood about 800 yards in front of me.

Needless to say I rode back even faster than I had ridden out, and reported what I had seen. The Berkshires had apparently already withdrawn by the lower road to our right.

We then started to fall back, company by company, through the village on to the higher ground behind.

My company was the last to leave, and as we dribbled back into Givry our cavalry were already engaged just this side of Veilleret le Sec.

Eventually we got back to Bonnet, about three miles south-west of Givry, without firing a shot. Here we formed up, and passing through the 1st Division marched through Goignies and Malplaquet to Bavay.



About a mile short of Bavay we turned into a field at 5.30 P.M.

We had had a very tiring march: it was very hot, we had been digging all night, and we had had no rations, so we hoped that we might be going to get a rest.

This, however, was not to be, as we went out on outposts again at seven o'clock. Three companies were in the firing line, whilst my own company was in support. We managed to make ourselves very comfortable in some corn-shocks, and having had a meal and some hot tea, felt considerably better than we had done a few hours before.

At 3 A.M. next morning, August 25, we stood to arms and awaited the dawn. About six o'clock a heavy cannonade began on our left, which appeared to be the enemy shelling the village of Houdain.

About seven we got a report that a body of infantry, estimated at about a thousand, was advancing obliquely to the front of our centre company.

Soon after this we got orders to start retiring: we were again rearguard, and my company went back to take up a covering position about half a mile in rear.

Again we managed to get away without becoming heavily engaged, and forming up at Haignies, settled down for another long march.

It was again very hot, and I remember, during a halt just outside Pont-sur-Sambre, the men started eating carrots

and swedes which they pulled up in a field by the roadside. We had some too, and were very thankful for them, as we were getting pretty hungry by that time.

We were told that we were going to billet at Maroilles, and were all under the impression that we were being taken back for a rest, especially when we passed through the 5th Brigade making strong defences at Pont-sur-Sambre.

After another tiring march we arrived at Maroilles about 6 P.M., and halted in the square waiting to get into our billets.

While we were waiting, a two-seater car came in driven by a German, with an English Staff officer beside him: he had been captured that morning.

One or two of us went up to look at his equipment (he was the first German we had seen at close quarters), when there was a commotion of some sort across the square.

I cannot explain exactly what occurred, as I do not know even now, but I heard a woman shouting "les Allemands," and an R.A.M.C. orderly who was running past told us that they were only about a mile outside the town. The scene that followed is not easy to describe: imagine the main street of a town full of motor-cars, transport and hospital waggons on one side, and three regiments of infantry in fours on the other: orders to fix bayonets were given, some of us were told to turn about, others to stand fast, whilst all vehicles were to get back out

of the town. In addition to the confusion caused by all the vehicles trying to turn about, and men being marched off in every direction, there were numerous terrified inhabitants rushing about in all directions.

Order was quickly restored, and each company was given one or more of the roads leading into the town to guard.

My own company went back up one of the roads which leads out of the town to the north-east.

After we had got picquets out down each side-road and things looked more or less settled, we started to try and discover what the cause of the excitement was. We gathered that a flying column of the enemy in motor-cars had broken through behind us, and were now only a mile outside the town on the road which leads south to Landrécies.

After about ten minutes we got orders to re-form and return to billets, as it was a false alarm. Hardly had we started to march in, however, when there came fresh orders that the posts were to be resumed. So back we went again. At this moment a very heavy thunderstorm came on, and we were drenched to the skin.

What with being wet through, very tired, and thinking that our night's rest was to be lost, we were not very cheerful.

However, about an hour later we got definite orders to go into billets, and the scare was explained by the fact that the Guards, who were at Landrécies, had been mistaken for

Germans because of their grey greatcoats.

It was now dark, and after wandering round the town for some time we eventually found our billets and got into them.

We were just getting a meal ready, and preparing to get our clothes dry, when the word came round to fall in on our alarm-posts. This was about 9 P.M.

Two of our companies were sent out to picquet the roads, while the other two were kept in reserve. I was fortunate enough to be in one of the reserve companies, and managed to get a hot meal and change of clothing.

All through the night we sat there wondering what was happening. Rifle fire was going on more or less continually at different points all through the night.

Motors and motor cycles kept coming in and going out by the Landrécies road, and there was a continuous stream of transport and hospital waggons going down the street. They had established a temporary hospital just opposite us, and there seemed to be a great number of wounded men being brought in.

I suppose one day the truth of all that went on that night will be known, and I should like to know how many Germans there actually were who tried to get into the town in the darkness.

About 1.30 A.M. we got orders to fall in, and at 1.45 A.M. we marched out of the town. We proceeded by a road leading out of the north-

ern end of the town in a westerly direction, and eventually halted a little short of a bridge, which I take was one of the bridges over the Sambre.

Here we were ordered to get down in the ditch, which, by the way, was very wet, and be prepared to rush the bridge at dawn.

We had hardly done this, however, before we got another order to re-form on the road and march back.

This we did in silence, and then halted just outside the town.

While waiting here the dawn broke, and it was easy to see from one another's faces in the morning light that every one was very uneasy. Then one of our captains came and told me that he had heard some of the "powers that be" discussing the situation.

This appeared to be as bad as it could be: the 5th Brigade, apparently, who had been left behind at Pont-sur-Sambre as rearguard, had been obliged to fall back during the night, and also there had been a flying column of the enemy who had occupied Landrécies: so we were practically out off.

Whilst digesting this bit of news, however, we started to move off along the road to Noyelles, by which we had entered the town the night before. Hardly was our tail clear of the town—in fact, I believe there were some people still left there—when the shells began to arrive.

When we had nearly arrived at Noyelles, we suddenly en-

countered the advance-guard of a French Division: it was a welcome sight: they marched straight on to Maroilles, whilst we turned off to the right, and after making a fairly wide detour came up again on the higher ground south-east of Maroilles.

Here, aided by the Engineers, we prepared a position facing more or less north-west.

At about 12.30 P.M. we were relieved by the Black Watch, and started off marching once more. After another long march we arrived at Vénérolles about 7.30 P.M. Between Oisy and Étreux we passed through the 4th Guards Brigade, who were preparing a rearguard position on both sides of the road.

At Vénérolles we bivouacked in a field, and the rain proceeded to come down in torrents.

However, by this time we were ready to sleep anywhere and in anything.

It was here discovered that the boxes containing the commissariat and the kits of the officers of the two companies who had gone out on outpost duty had been left behind in their billets.

They had gone straight out on to the alarm posts, marched off, and next morning had joined the column without going back to billets at all. We, who were in reserve, had not only had time to get a meal and a change, but had managed to get our things back on to the transport before it moved off.

Such is the fortune of war.

At 6 o'clock A.M. we marched off, and just missing Hanappes, where we had spent five peaceful days such a short time ago, we arrived on the main road by the Jerusalem Auberge and proceeded, as the advance-guard to the Divisional Supply Column, towards Guise.

We passed through this historic old town about 10 A.M. The road was full of refugees and French "stragglers." During a halt about a mile south of Guise five German prisoners, under an escort, came along the road: they were surrounded by a howling mob of people, mostly children, who had followed them all the way from the town.

About 1 P.M. we came to Mont d'Origny: I remember there was an old man here who stood at the corner of the street and cursed us heartily, calling us cowards and every name under the sun.

Soon after 2 P.M. we arrived at Lucy, where we proceeded to take up an outpost position to cover the supply column, which was filling up. We spent a very pleasant and peaceful afternoon, but about 6 P.M. there was another alarm, to the effect that the Germans were in St Quentin, about 10 miles to our west flank, so instead of going back to the village to billet, as we had originally intended doing, we started to dig ourselves in again. This was, I think, one of the worst nights we spent. There were many nights when we only had a vague idea of where the enemy were and

what we were doing, but this night we seemed to be particularly at sea.

It was very cold, and there was a thick fog; and I think the strain of the long marches, little or no sleep, and constant alarms began to tell: at any rate more than one was a little light-headed that night, and one of us actually went to sleep standing up, and nothing could wake him; we put him on the Mess-cart, and he never moved till 6 o'clock the next evening, when he was quite all right again.

After standing to arms for an hour in our trenches, vainly peering into the mist for the expected attack, and shivering with cold, we were withdrawn at 4.30 A.M. Soon after passing through Le Meziere we halted by the roadside for breakfast. We had no time to cook anything, just biscuits and jam: within half an hour we were on the march again.

It turned out to be another grilling hot day, and I remember two of us took it in turn to ride the company horse, whilst the other one who was walking went to sleep, holding on to the stirrup for guidance: the idea was good, but had unfortunately to be abandoned, as in a couple of minutes all three of us were in the ditch, horse and all being overcome.

We began to get rather despondent, and for a time we thought it quite possible that we were marching to the nearest seaport to try and save the British Army from utter annihilation. This idea did not, however, last

long, and we next thought we were going to hold a fortress at La Fère. On arrival at La Fère, however, we only halted for two hours, and then moved on to the little village of Rouy d'Amigny, where we arrived at 6.30 P.M.

Here we were billeted in a very comfortable old farmhouse, and having had an excellent meal, settled down for the night feeling quite peaceful, as they had promised us that we should not be disturbed before 7 o'clock next morning. There was a certain amount of booming going on, but we were told that it was only the bridges being blown up: we were soon asleep.

The "powers that be" kept their word, but I must say it was a very close thing; for at 7.15 A.M. the word came to fall in on alarm posts: I was sent out to reconnoitre the roads leading to the two bridges in front of us, and when I got back I found that all was peace and quiet again, and we proceeded to have breakfast.

About 10.30 A.M. the Commanding Officer read out to us an official communication about the situation, and also complimentary messages from General Joffre and from the Navy. We were told that we had saved the left wing of the French Army, and that in all probability we should begin to advance next morning: we were then advised to go and get a good rest.

Hardly had we settled down to "rest," however, when at 12 o'clock we were ordered out to take up a position in

front of the town. We spent the rest of the day preparing this, and leaving one platoon in the trenches for the night went back to our billets. Two or three spies were caught during the day.

At 2 A.M. we were turned out, but as soon as we had fallen in we were sent back again for breakfast. At 3.15 we were fallen in once more and sent down to take up yesterday's positions. We were told to try and get some form of overhead cover up, as the town would probably be shelled at dawn. However, having made some very fine erections, nothing happened, and at 9 A.M. we withdrew, and started marching south towards Soissons.

After passing through Barisis we had a halt for two hours in a big wood from 11.15 A.M. to 1.15 P.M. We were told afterwards that while we were halted there was a discussion going on as to whether we should go back or not. It appeared that the French corps on our left had received a check the day before, and expecting that it would be chased by the enemy the French General Staff had ordered a retreat of the whole line to conform with it. Later on in the day, however, this corps had found that it was not being followed up, and so the order to retire was counter-ordered: unfortunately, however, most of the bridges had already been blown up, so they decided to let the order stand.

At any rate at 1.15 P.M. we started off again, and after a

very hot march through Folembray, we arrived under the walls of the Chateau de Coucy about 5 P.M. Here we bivouacked for the night.

Starting off at 4 A.M. we marched straight down to Soissons, on the outskirts of which town we arrived about 10.30 A.M. We did not go into the town, but went round through the suburbs to Pommiers. We crossed the river Aisne about 11.30 A.M. after a very hot and hurried march. Apparently we had to leave the bridge clear of British troops by 12 P.M., to allow two French divisions to cross. We halted here for a couple of hours on the river bank. The river was very tempting, and we started to bathe; almost immediately, however, one man, a good swimmer, got cramp and was drowned, so bathing was stopped. At 2 P.M. we moved off again, and arrived at the village of St Bandry at 5.15 P.M. This was a very pretty little place in the bottom of a deep valley with wooded slopes stretching up behind it.

Peace, however, was not to be found there, for we learnt that twenty Uhlans had been killed in the next village that afternoon. However, my company was in support, and did not have to go out on outpost duty; so we got to sleep early, as we expected a sudden awakening. Sure enough, at 1.30 A.M. we were marched up on to the hill-tops behind the village, where in a thick mist we awaited the dawn with bayonets fixed.

It was here, I think, that some one advanced the bright theory that the British Army was marching as fast as it could to Havre, in order to go up to Belgium by sea and cut the enemy's lines of communication.

About five o'clock, nothing having appeared, we marched off, and passing through Cœuvres and the wood of Soucy, arrived at Villers Cotterets about 11 A.M. We halted for breakfast, but in less than half an hour, however, we were off again: the guns were booming away just the other side of the wood of Soucy. After passing through Pisseleux, we entered a big wood, at the far end of which, about three miles from Villers Cotterets, we were halted. After about half an hour we were turned about, and started marching back the way we had come. We were told that the Guards Brigade, whom we had left in a rearguard position the other side of Soucy, had been surprised as they were withdrawing through the wood and rather badly handled. We were going back to help them out of it. We halted at the edge of the wood facing Pisseleux, and the Guards began coming through us.

At this moment a terrific shrapnel fire began: the shells were bursting over the railway line, which crossed the road about 600 yards to our front. Our own guns were on the edge of the wood. We got orders to go out over the railway line on the left of the road and hold on until

the guns could get away. We started off out of the wood in extended order, and just as my platoon arrived at the railway line we appeared to get hung up in front. For about twenty minutes we lay behind a small bank, about two feet high, under a perfect hailstorm of bullets. To add to the unpleasantness of the situation the telegraph wires kept on breaking, and came whistling down about our heads. As I crept forward for about the tenth time, to see if we could not possibly get on, as their guns were apparently ranging on the railway line, the word came to retire back into the wood again; so having let the platoons in front fall back through us, we doubled back in record time with the shells bursting all round and following us up right into the wood.

After some time we managed to re-form on the road about 400 yards back, and having been told that we had accomplished our object—namely, to cover the withdrawal of the guns—we proceeded on our march through Boursonne to Thury en Valois, where we arrived about 10 P.M. and bivouacked for the night.

It had been a very unsatisfactory business altogether, as we had been under a very heavy shell fire for half an hour and never even seen a German.

The two companies which left the wood lost very nearly fifty per cent in casualties, which is a pretty heavy loss

in half an hour, particularly when one did not see a single enemy.

However, we accomplished our object, which is all that matters.

We marched off again at 3.45 A.M., and after a very long, hot, and tiring march arrived at Trilbardou about 8 P.M. that night. Nothing of interest occurred on the march, and we thought that either we were going to garrison some of the Paris forts or else we were going behind them for a rest and to refit. It was a very cold and misty night. This was the nearest point we ever got to Paris, and we expected to be inside the fortifications by the next evening.

Next morning, September 3, however, on marching off at 2.45, instead of continuing our route to the south we turned in an easterly direction and passed through Meaux. The main features to be noticed here were the exceedingly fine old church and the complete emptiness of the streets. After passing through Meaux we halted for breakfast at Trilport. Here we were told we were going to Signy Signets to refit. However, we soon moved on and reached Marceaux. It was another intensely hot day, and we were very glad when we were marched into the grounds of a lovely old chateau, where we rested beneath the shade of the trees. There were some lovely old ruins here, and the fruit in the gardens was excellent. However, after an hour we moved on again, and,

passing through Pierrelevée, arrived at Bilbarteaux en Vannes, where we proceeded to bivouac. That evening a German aeroplane came over, at which we fired, and there was great excitement amongst the men, who said that it was on fire and coming down. Personally I rather fancy that a good many aeroplanes on fire can be put down to the setting sun shining on the metal work.

After a more or less peaceful morning, about half-past one there was a sudden alarm, and we were kept in a state of readiness. About 4 P.M. a heavy artillery duel began to our right front, and we got on the move again. We did not go very far, however, for at Mouroux we quite unexpectedly bivouacked in a very pleasant orchard. After a very good dinner we went to bed early.

At 3 A.M. we started off again, and, marching very fast, arrived at Chaumes about 11.30 A.M. There was a great

quantity of country carts full of refugees on the road: what struck one more than anything was the extraordinary calmness and even cheerfulness with which these poor people accepted the situation.

On reaching Chaumes we turned into a field for breakfast, and were told that we should be moving on again in a couple of hours, and were going down to Melun.

Shortly afterwards, however, we were informed that we should probably stay there for the night.

Some of us got leave to go up into the town and buy supplies: we found all kinds of luxuries in the shops there, the people being only too glad to sell things rather than keep them for the Germans to take. I remember my company Mess made a corner in honey, whilst another company bought up all the chocolate.

That night, Saturday, September 5, we turned in early, but did not know that the Retreat was at an end.

(To be continued.)

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## FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

## MUHAMMAD YUSUF, NASR: HIS TRIP TO GHAZNI.

A BEAUTIFUL Persian carpet was the most noticeable feature of the room in which Yusuf sat one evening sipping a bowl of green tea. He was plumb in the centre of the carpet, and he so admired its texture and colour that he hardly envied the position of the stout person who sat on a chair to his front. The advantage of comfort, too, was his, for a native of the East is seldom at ease on a chair, and never so when the right to sit upon one is a mark of his social status. Salim Khan, Risaldar Major of the Yaghistan Militia, had the additional discomfort of knowing that his position defeated his purpose, which was to get on confidential terms with Yusuf, who betrayed his readiness to throw aside his reserve by thoughtfully moving the palm of his hand backwards and forwards over the carpet, alternately raising and laying its nap.

"It is a beautiful carpet, is it not?" said Salim Khan, slipping from his chair into a cross-legged position in front of Yusuf.

"Truly it has wonderful colour and texture," replied the latter. "I have not seen such a carpet since I left the tents of my father."

"He had many good ones, had your father, but it is long years since I saw them. Did he ever tell you how he befriended me?"

"No."

"I came in the garb of a fakir and he treated me as a brother. When I left he gave me letters to help me on my way, yet he never even asked me my name."

"I did hear from my father of a mysterious fakir whom he fed and clothed, but he never suspected that he was in the service of the British Raj."

"I could trust your father not to betray me consciously, but I had seen too little of him to know his habits, and a word of my name would have insured my death, not necessarily at once but within the year. I might have told you sooner that I knew your father, but I wanted you to make your own way in the corps, as you are quite capable of doing. I tell you now that I am under an obligation to your family only because I want you to trust me. Do you wonder what I was doing when I stayed with your father?"

"I know you must have been on some other quest than the one he suspected, but I cannot guess what it was."

"I was playing the finest game there is: the most dangerous and the most fascinating. I was spying: spying on the Russians in Turkestan, on the gun-runners in Mekran, on a British consul in Tamkand: disguised as a coolie, as a sarwan,<sup>1</sup> as a fakir, or what-

<sup>1</sup> Camel driver.

ever else might get me to the place I wanted. Many times I was in prison, but I never came to trial, for I always had a rupee or two to buy my way out and more when I got there. The fort of Tashkend I mapped while serving as a chain-man in the works. It is a glorious game, Yusuf. Does it not stir your young blood? Even now I long for it, but I am grown too fat and too well known. You have not the education of a surveyor, and you would miss the big prizes, but the thrill awaits any man who is bold for the venture."

"I should be proud, honourable one, to follow any service in which I should be treading in your footsteps."

"I ask for something more than a polite speech, Yusuf. Does the life appeal to you? That is what I want to know. You have shown that you possess grit and judgment, but it is a life that can come kindly only to those who feel the call."

"I had never thought of it, your honour, yet I cannot but feel thrilled at your words."

"It is not an enterprise to enter upon lightly, and if you have not the call it will be better for you to employ your abilities on other lines. I shall tell you of a thing that I want done now, and your plan to effect it will show me whether or not your heart is in the game. Do you know the Sulieman Khel brothers Kajir, Lajmir, and Wazir?"

"I have heard of them, but have never met them. They

are spies, are they not, who watch the movements of the Ghazni gang?"

"That is what they are paid for, but I have long suspected that they employ themselves otherwise. When Mahseedibagh was attacked we heard no details of the gang's movements until it was all over, and we have since seen nothing of Lajmir. I learned yesterday that he had been lying up on account of a bullet wound received in a fight with a Nasr 'kirri.'<sup>1</sup> This may be true, but the coincidence is suspicious. One thing is certain—no information of theirs has ever helped us to damage the Ghazni gang; in fact the fight near Mahseedibagh is the only occasion on which it has been brought to book since I joined the Militia. I now want some one to spy on the brothers. Don't answer me at once, but if you are willing to take this on and can devise a plan, bring it to me three days hence."

The next leave vacancy that occurred in his squadron gave Yusuf an opportunity to visit the Punjab, and the letters he carried from Risaldar Major Salim Khan gave him introductions to a variety of persons, both distinguished and otherwise as the world reckons, but all of them possessing the key to some knowledge or experience likely to be of help to him. He spent the whole of his leave wandering about the Punjab and the Derajat, and then, instead of rejoining at Anambar, he attached him-

<sup>1</sup> A village of nomads.

self to a Sulieman Khel kirri bound for Ghazni. He knew that he would be written down as an absentee, and later on as a deserter, but he had to risk that and trust Salim Khan's influence to save him from punishment, while the results should determine the reward of his enterprise.

He long debated how he should approach Ghazni, and it was in the guise of a Tajak from Herat that he finally started on his venture. As a Nasr he would have been suspected and hated by the Sulieman Khels on whom he was spying, and if he had claimed kin with any other Ghilzai, or indeed with any other Pathan tribe, his speech would have given him away at once; but his Afghan-Persian was good enough to pass muster in the former country for that of a Tajak, while his Pushtu might sound anyhow it liked once he disclaimed all pretence to being an asl<sup>1</sup> Pathan. The "Farsiwan" too is not taken seriously by the rough tribesmen who infest the Indo-Afghan border, and they would expect no danger from such a source, so that if once Yusuf could ingratiate himself with the Ghazni gang he would run little risk so long as he preserved his disguise as a Tajak. Thieving, lying, cowardice, and any of the softer vices might be suspected of him by a Mahsud or a Sulieman Khel, but serious enmity never.

The sun was at its meridian when Rahmat, Mahsud, strolled into the Ghazni serai, the one by the Kandahar gate, and he was not best pleased to note that, thanks to the arrival of a large kafilā from the south, the serai was as full as it could well hold. He deliberately chose one of the shady nooks already occupied, and walking up to its Persian occupant shouted—

"O Farsiwan! cannot you make way for a better man?"

The recumbent figure curled itself up somewhat closer, allowing just sufficient room for Rahmat to sit in the shade, but made no other acknowledgment of his presence.

"It is a cursed country where I have to kennel with brutes like this," muttered Rahmat; "but it is not worth while having a fresh row, now that we are grown so unpopular."

He sat down, and, somewhat mollified by the relief from the burning sun, cast a look of less venom upon his companion.

"Stareh mah shah,"<sup>2</sup> was his polite if somewhat belated salutation.

"Mah khwar regeh,"<sup>3</sup> replied the Persian.

"You have come a long way?" he inquired.

"Yes," was the reply; "we did a double march to-day, and the sun was very hot."

"You are right, it is like Gehenna. I too feel weary, and in my own country I am

<sup>1</sup> By descent, real.

<sup>2</sup> May you never be weary—the customary Pathan greeting.

<sup>3</sup> May you never become poor—the correct reply to the above.

accustomed to march from sunrise to sunset, while to-day I have not been farther than the arsenal. But then it is very different. No hillman can move in the plains as he does in his native mountains, and the smells and dust of this accursed place are poison to the stomach: the food too is different. Seldom have I spent a day out of this inhospitable land when my lips have not known the taste of meat, while here I am reduced to a stale chupattie."

"It is a land of proud fools," replied the Persian. "They mimic us in their language, the Turks in their arms, and the British in their crafts; yet they fail to catch aught save the mistakes from each."

"Yes, and they mimic you in their wine-drinking too, O Shiah!"<sup>1</sup>

"What a pity the holy prophet forbade its use! A full bowl would be most grateful now, and a fair damsel to rub my weary feet."

"Pleasant for a harem child like you, but she'd have small effect on my horny soles," replied the Mahsud, withdrawing both feet from his chaplies.<sup>2</sup> We put women to a better purpose. What an accursed dog the Hakim<sup>3</sup> here is! Three months ago he was all smiles, and would do anything for us in return for a little 'riswat.'<sup>4</sup> Now, just because we have had a slight reverse,

he pretends that he must obey the orders of the Amir, and refuses to countenance us in any way. They are an accursed race, the Afghans, are they not, O Farsiwan?"

"You know well, O Pathan! what the Persian thinks of the Afghan."

"It makes me almost ready to take service under the British 'sarkar.' There you know at least how you will be treated from one day to another."

"What can a Pathan of your standing want from a Hakim of Ghazni?"

"A small thing, O Farsiwan! yet very necessary. My rifle is damaged, and I would have it mended. This morning I took it to the arsenal where we have always had our rifles repaired: not only there was I refused, but a half-day's search in the bazaar has failed to procure a 'mistri'<sup>5</sup> who is willing to touch it."

"What is wrong with it?"

"O Fool! if I knew that, would I waste all the time I have done?"

"Let me see it, O Pathan!"

"Pipe-filler of the harem! what can you know about a rifle?"

"I have handled them," replied the Persian, "both to shoot with and when apprenticed to a mistri in Herat."

He took the rifle from the Mahsud, and soon had its action asunder.

<sup>1</sup> All Shiahs do not drink wine, but Persians who are Shiahs do. A Tajak of Herat, although Persian by race, if you neglect the Arab fraction, would probably be an orthodox Muhammadan, for few Shiahs of Afghanistan, with the exception of the Hazaras, have succeeded in withstanding the missionary enterprise of the Amir; but all Persians are Shiahs to a Pathan.

<sup>2</sup> Sandals.

<sup>3</sup> Magistrate, governor.

<sup>4</sup> Bribe.

<sup>5</sup> Artificer.

"The mainspring is broken," he said.

"Clever lad!" sneered the Mahsud. "That knowledge helps but little unless you have a spare one in your pocket."

"True, Bahadur; but mayhap it is not the only rifle of your band that is suffering from an injury."

"Band! Who do you think I am?"

"It is not easy for the Mahsud bahadur to pass unrecognised, and there are few of the race in Ghazni who belong not to Rahmat's gang—our terror as we came up the Gomul."

"You have picked up some knowledge since you left the harem, Farsiwan, and your idea is a good one. We have a collection of damaged arms that would overload a donkey, and all of them might be repaired but for that pig of a Hakim. Come to our camp and see whether you cannot find a mainspring amongst them that will fit my rifle."

That evening saw Yusuf at Karani, a small village on the outskirts of Ghazni, where the Mahsud band harboured in the intervals between their raids. He had soon fitted a spring to Rahmat's rifle, and he spent the next day or two in re-surrecting some more of the damaged ones. As he was unknown in Ghazni he had little to fear from the Hakim, and he had no difficulty in procuring the simpler tools, which were all that he was able to use. He found the gang in a most despondent mood. They had not yet recovered confidence from their reverse some

months before, and had found it all the harder owing to the attitude of the Ghazni Hakim, who, with an Eastern's contempt for failure, had made a complete "volte face" in his treatment of them, and had finally given them the order to leave his district. He was not impelled merely by his own malice, for the instructions he received from Kabul had lately become more urgent, and he had come to the conclusion that his interests would be best served by getting rid of the gang. They were quite aware of his motives, and were anxious to bring off a great "coup" which would not only benefit themselves but would also disgrace the Hakim, whom they had decided to look upon as an irreconcilable enemy. They could then move to another field, and with the new Hakim on their side it would take years for the slow process of enforcing obedience from Kabul to turn them out once more. The door of friendship with their new patron had already been opened when Yusuf arrived at Karani, and all they awaited was an opportunity to score off the Ghazni man before they started fouling their new nest.

Yusuf quickly ingratiated himself with the gang, and his reluctant consent to serve as their mistri in return for a share of the loot was received with acclamation. Rahmat adopted him as his special "protégé," and the discovery that he could read and write filled his soul with all sorts of ambitious projects, while the suspicions that might nat-

urally have been aroused by a person of such accomplishments taking on so inferior a job were allayed by Yusuf's simple narrative of his wanderings, a narrative which was indeed partly true. It was well that he established his position so quickly as he did, for three days after his introduction to the gang the arrival of a Sulieman Khel threw the whole of them into a state of excitement, and tested Rahmat's loyalty to his new recruit.

The democratic nature of the Mahsud generally, and of Rahmat's gang in particular, made it quite impossible for them to embark on a raid which had not been discussed in open council, and to the one which now assembled Yusuf was called as an ordinary member of the band. He did not remain long in doubt as to the identity of the Sulieman Khel, and although he kept as far in the background as he safely could, his presence was soon felt by the sensitive nerves of the spy, doubly sensitive in the case of a Nasr, the hereditary foe of his race.

"Who is the new member of our gang?" demanded Wazir.

"He is a Tajak mistri," replied Rahmat. "But never mind him, tell us, where your brothers are, and what they are doing."

"They are drawing the pay of the British sarkar, and doing your work near Anambar."

"I trust they are doing our work more effectively than they did some months ago. Why did they not come with you?"

"The sahibs have become

suspicious lately, and insist on one of us always remaining at Anambar. Kajir is there now, and the other is watching the border. Lajmir's wound was unfortunate, especially as the accursed doctor dug out the bullet after the wound had healed, and found it a Lee-Enfield one with an arsenal mark. It was no proof, of course, as there are lots of British cartridges on this side of the border, but it has made them suspicious."

"Well, what is the news?"

"The door of the tower at Mahseedibagh has been moved from the ground to the first floor, so you will find it harder to assault: the fort at Spintangi is nearly complete, and unless you attack the camp of the guard over the mistri within the next month, your chance will have gone there too. The new Subadar at Murgha and all his men are full of confidence, and take few precautions when on escort or patrol, but Mahseedibagh parties are ever watching the country between Murgha and the border. The detachment at Mian Khan Killa has been changed, and the new lot are very wide awake, so you will not get a chance there at present. The Warsakh people realise, as usual, how open they are to your attack, and they have shown no slackening in their precautions on any of the occasions we have been out with them. The Lowara garrisons have all been concentrated at Palezgir, from where in the hot weather they send out patrols over the whole district, some of which is six days'

march from Palezgir. The patrols are very much on the alert just now, but they will get slack later, especially as the gang has not visited that part since Muhammad Jan was killed there five years ago. Palezgir too is very open to attack. The old fort is crumbling away, and it is not large enough for the increased garrison, some of whom have to live in the tehsil, which has a low wall scaleable at any point."

"That is an excellent report, Wazir," said Rahmat; "but what about the other thing you were told to find out? Who gave away the attack on Mahseedibagh?"

"I cannot tell you, unless it was one of the gang who is dead."

"Certain to be true, for he cannot deny it," shouted a voice from the crowd.

"No," said Rahmat, "we cannot accept that. The man who gave the information must be known, and if you do not tell us his name it means that you are concealing it."

"I am only human," replied Wazir furiously, "and if you take into your confidence any Farsiwan scalliwag that comes along, you may expect to be given away. If any one could find this out I could: I don't believe the sahibs know themselves. The youngest of the Militia sahibs takes me with him whenever he goes after markhor or oorial; he looks on me as a brother, and confides to me all he knows about the Militia. He certainly does

not know who the spy was, and he thinks the surprise at the rendezvous was a pure accident."

"We all know it could not have been an accident, and until you discover who betrayed us, we shall follow the example of the sahibs and keep one of the brothers as a hostage for the faith of the other two. At present you play for both sides, and, while a surety is held by the Militia, I see no reason why you should not play us false. What is your plan for our next raid?"

"I cannot give my plan away while a spy is sitting in our midst," was the sulky answer.

"Who?" shouted a host of voices.

"The Farsiwan. He calls himself a Tajak, but he talks like a Nasr."

"He does," cried Shaza Khan, Rahmat's lieutenant. "How do you explain that, mistrijee?"

"I had to learn Pushtu from some one, and I picked it up first in the Nasr kirri that took me down to Hindustan."

"What did you do there?" quickly demanded Wazir, now thoroughly antagonistic to a man who, even on his own showing, had friends amongst the Nasrs.

"I stayed with the kirri for some time, and then I became a lemonade seller."

"Why did you give that up?"

"I had trouble with the police. I refused to pay them dasturi,<sup>1</sup> and they trumped up a case against me: the fat

<sup>1</sup> Bribe.

babu who tried it gave me a month's imprisonment."

"Where?" shouted a new voice. The favour of a Mahsud is not a thing to stake your shirt on; and the assembly, besides being a little jealous of Rahmat's favour to the Farsiwan, were keenly interested in the possibility of his proving to be what Wazir accused him of; nor would they have been displeased to have found him as great a rogue as themselves.

"In Tank jail," he replied.

"What did you do next?" queried Rahmat, who felt it was up to him to show some interest, and who was quite ready to sacrifice his "protégé" on the slightest suspicion.

"I starved, or very nearly did, until a shikari at Tank took pity on me, and with him I used to beat for quail when sahibs went out shooting. But that did not keep me going for long, and I thought I'd try whether I could not have my revenge on the police, who had taken away my lemonade business. I was a novice at the game, and was soon in prison once more, this time for three months."

"Where?" cried the same voice that had asked the question before.

"In Montgomery jail."

"When were you there?" it continued.

"In the beginning of the year."

"I was there last year. Describe the chief warder."

"He was a fat Hindustani, with one eye blue and a cut over the left ear."

"Which was the blue eye?"

"I cannot remember."

"Describe the jemadar bhisti."

"He was a very old man, who could not stand up straight on account of the bad;<sup>1</sup> he was a Punjabi, and his name was Karim Baksh. The exercising ground of the jail has a peepul and two farash trees in its centre, and the mill we ground our atta in had one bar missing, because a prisoner fell dead while holding it, and there was a riot when they tried to make another man take his place next day."

"That is all true, brothers: he knows the inside of Montgomery jail as well as I do, and I was there for a year and headed the mutiny he refers to."

"It is no proof," said Wazir, "that he is a Tajak, nor yet that he can be trusted."

"You can leave him alone now," replied Rahmat. "You and your brothers are the people we want to discuss. What is your plan for our next raid? And mark you, the plan must commit you deeply enough to prove that you are on our side."

"A lot of use we shall be to you," sneered Wazir, "once the sahibs know that we are against them!"

"Well, what is your plan? If you are not going to commit yourselves, we must make sure of you some other way."

"I have already told you my plan; it is to attack a patrol in the Lowara."

"That is too far off; besides, it is not big enough. We want

<sup>1</sup> Rheumatism.



to retrieve our reputation and get the fat pig of a Ghazni Hakim into trouble."

"As you don't like my plan, perhaps your Farsiwan ilm wala<sup>1</sup> will propound a better," growled Wazir.

The suggestion was greeted with a chorus of approval, and Rahmat demanded a plan from Yusuf. After some deliberation he proposed a raid on Tank, with particular attention to his enemies the police and the babu magistrate who had punished him. But Tank had been raided too often for the scheme to offer any "éclat," while the size of the garrison made it peculiarly dangerous: even Yusuf's plea that the holding to ransom of the magistrate would give endless trouble to the Hakim of Ghazni failed to overcome the objections, but it gave a suggestion which was eventually formed into a plan.

"Babus and banias have been captured and held to ransom so often," said Rahmat, "that the feat is no longer one of note. We must capture a sahib to raise our name from the mud and get the Hakim into real trouble."

Some of the band demurred that this would bring matters to a head, and might even lead to their expulsion from Afghanistan altogether, which would be a very serious matter indeed, as they were already debarred by trouble with their own kith and kin from living in Mahseedistan, and Hindustan and Baluchistan were out of the question for most of them,

excepting for brief visits of rapine. Despite its patent objections, however, the plan was carried. For profit they looked to the rifles they hoped to take from the sahib's escort, for they were quite sure that they would obtain no ransom; but they trusted that the mere demand for one, made by a gang that had so long harboured in the Ghazni district in defiance of orders from Kabul, would be amply sufficient to ensure the disgrace of the Hakim.

"O Wazir!" demanded Rahmat. "You now know what we want. How do you propose that we accomplish it?"

"You have found the Farsiwan a fount of inspiration," replied the Sulieman Khel. "Why do you not continue to draw from the same source?"

"Yes, yes," was the cry of the assembly. "Let the Farsiwan give us a plan."

Yusuf professed his inability, but it was hard to combat the humour the gang were now in.

"I know nothing of the sahibs and their habits," he pleaded. "How can I form a plan for the capture of one?"

"You said you had gone out shikarring with them," snapped Wazir.

"That was only quail-shooting in the plains," replied Yusuf, "and gave me no information as to their habits; but," he continued deliberately, "the shikari I was with told me that sahibs on shikar in the hills never had large escorts,

<sup>1</sup> Man of learning.

and sometimes lost their escorts altogether, and that they were so intent on the game that they could give their minds to nothing else. Why should not Wazir, who says he shikars with the young Militia sahib, lead him into an ambush. We should then have captured our sahib and committed Wazir to our side."

"Shabas, shabas,"<sup>1</sup> was called on all sides.

"What do you say to that, Wazir?" demanded Rahmat.

"It is a fool's game. Even if you do not mind the fuss that will be made at the capture of a sahib, you will lose the service of me and my brothers."

"We leave that to you to arrange. If you care to strain your nimble wit you will find no difficulty, and the knowledge that one of you will always be a prisoner here until the 'coup' comes off should help it when it flags."

The plan was adopted and the details soon settled. A message was sent to Lajmir, the only one of the brothers who was not held a hostage, and when he had delivered his vile body to the custody of Rahmat's gang, Wazir went to Anambar to persuade young Potts sahib to carry out a markhor shoot in the Mashelak hills. The situation was somewhat humorous had there been any one to appreciate it: one brother held as a hostage on each side for the behaviour of the other two, while the third tried to keep in favour with both.

"O Mahsud!" said Wazir of

Rahmat before he left, "one thing I demand of you."

"O Sulieman Khel! what is it?"

"That you will keep a watch on that limb of Satan whom you have taken into your trust," he answered, pointing to Yusuf.

"We shall watch him here, if you like," replied Rahmat, "but we cannot take him with us when we raid. The zenana boy would keep us back, and we should have no use for him."

"He may be a Tajak as he says, but he never developed these horny feet of his tramping the floors of a zenana. Put off your pretty slippers, O Farsiwan!"

"True, O Sulieman Khel! my feet are not those of a woman; but may not even a Farsiwan adorn his feet without your permission? I can go in the hills too, although I cannot compete with a Mahsud."

"He will not be pressed when you advance," said Wazir, "and he will run away quick enough when you retire."

"Very well," said Rahmat; "it's a bargain. We shall keep a strict watch upon him, and let you know if by any chance we lose him."

The Mashelak hills offer the best markhor shooting in the Anambar district. The grazing is ample and various, consisting of olive- and schneetrees,<sup>2</sup> with a rich supply of grass to fall back on; and

<sup>1</sup> Bravo.

<sup>2</sup> A kind of ash.

the game can escape the hot weather by an easy move to the Sang-i-Ghar, which almost overshadows the lesser range. The disturbed state of the country too prevents their being much shot at, for the local Marani dislikes the thought of his rifle proving too great a temptation for his Mahsud friend from across the border while he himself is in pursuit of game; and the distance from Anambar, combined with the need of an escort, makes the visits of sahibs few and far between. The shoot requires a considerable "bandobast," but this was nothing to a keen sportsman like young Potts; and on the present occasion he had the additional incentive of knowing that the snow-white markhor, which had been famous for many years, was now returned from the Anjiram range, where it had spent the last three winters to the great exercise of the local sportsmen, to its old haunts in the Mashelak hills. Potts had sent his shikari on ahead to have a last look at the ground, and he was rather disappointed not to be met by him on arrival at Murgha. He had lately noticed a distinct change in the man, a falling off from his usual high spirits, and he had had a slight turn-up with him about a small matter—the time the escort should start from Murgha the next day. Potts had stuck to his point, and now he rather regretted having done so, for it looked as if the shikari had gone off

in the sulks not to return. His fears were set at rest late at night by the arrival of the shikari in wild spirits.

"I have seen the old 'mullah'<sup>1</sup> once more," he cried.

"Where?" demanded Potts, now equally excited.

"I cannot tell you, sahib, until you promise not to give it away to any one."

"All right; why should I?"

"And not to change your plans in any way."

"Don't talk nonsense, man. I can't send all my camp in one direction if the markhor is in the other."

"But the old 'mullah' has spies, sahib. Your only chance of getting him is to make him think you are going where he is not."

"Rot!"

"Very good, sahib. You know more about shikar than I do; but do you remember the beast I marked down last spring near Pubbi, and when you sent your camp to that place instead of to Shinakh-wasa, as you had originally intended, he went to Shinakh-wasa? This very markhor that I have seen to-day played exactly the same trick on Bamfield Sahib three years ago. They have spies out, sahib, believe me."

It is hard to get round the "old-soldier" tactics of a proved shikari, and Potts determined to humour him.

"Very well; where is he? I shall tell no one."

Wazir crept up on silent feet as if the markhor was

<sup>1</sup> A common way of referring to an old "head."

just round the corner and might hear him.

"He is at Mallao," he whispered, "not five miles from here, and I know exactly where he waters every morning just before sunrise. You will tell no one, sahib," he reminded Potts.

"Sahib," he continued, after watching the effect of his communication, "I have not been able to procure a second shikari."

"It does not matter, if the 'mullah' is so close," replied Potts. "I shall return at once if I bag him."

"A second shikari would be helpful in the case of your wounding him," was the insinuating reply. "My brother Lajmir is in the fort, and he is an excellent shikari, as your honour knows."

Now it happened to be Lajmir's turn to stand security on the British side of the border, and he had for his own convenience been sent to Murgha, together with strict orders for his custody. Potts knew perfectly well that he had no right to allow both of the brothers outside the fort at the same time; but the possibility of losing the wounded "mullah" swamped all other considerations, and he contented his scruples with the thought that one or both would always be under the fire of his own rifle, not to mention those of his escort. He sent for the post commander and informed him of his decision. When the native officer had retired Wazir broached the question of when they should start next day.

This was soon settled, and loathe to summon the Subadar again at that late hour, Potts told the shikari to inform him when the escort should be ready, and turned in for the night.

5 A.M. next morning found Potts, his orderly, and the two brothers at the fort gate, but no signs of the escort. There had apparently been some stupid mistake about the time, and recriminations took place between Wazir and the native officer, while Potts kicked his heels in silent fury.

"If we don't start soon," said Wazir, "we shall be late, and if we hurry, your hand will be too unsteady to hit the 'mullah.' Let us go on slowly, sahib, and the escort will catch us up before we have gone very far. My brother will show them the way."

"How much longer will they take to get ready?" demanded Potts of the Subadar.

"Another ten minutes."

"Very well. Let them come along behind with Lajmir. Tell them to step out so as to catch us up as soon as possible," were Potts' impatient orders as he hurried out of the fort in the wake of Wazir. After a mile of sharp walking his excitement had somewhat cooled down and he questioned himself as to whether he was not a fool to trust so much to the brothers, who, he knew, were looked upon with the gravest suspicion by all officers of the corps excepting himself. But his own childish faith in the excellent qualities of Wazir was well able, if given a fair chance, to counteract for him

all the suspicions of men of wider knowledge. It is a curious and pathetic fact that the wily Eastern, and especially the Pathan, finds no difficulty in winning the confidence of the young British officer; and what is even more strange is that the prey that falls most readily to his lure is of the type that in maturer years proves most successful in dealing with the wild tribes of the borderland. In the present instance the suspicions of the Arohangel Gabriel would have availed little with Potts against his faith, supported by the certainty he felt of bringing to book, with Wazir's assistance, the wily old mullah.

Before they had gone another mile a halt was caused by Wazir nearly tripping over a huddled mass of clothes and humanity.

"Tah tsok yeh?"<sup>1</sup> he called. No response; and despite a shaking it was not until Potts arrived that the human part sleepily unrolled itself from a blanket.

"Tah tsok yeh?" cried Potts.

"Zh Daftani yum,"<sup>2</sup> was the answer.

"Sahib!" cried the ready Wazir, "I'll tell you who he is. He is a spy of the old 'mullah,' and unless we secure him he will warn the markhor."

"Nonsense," replied Potts. "What are you doing here?" he demanded of the Daftani.

"I am a shepherd," was the reply. "I fell asleep on the way out to graze my flocks."

"Sahib, don't believe him," exclaimed Wazir. "He is a spy of the old 'mullah,' and unless we take him with us you will never get a shot. Won't you humour me, sahib? Let us take him along with us and give him a rupee for his trouble, otherwise he will break our luck.<sup>3</sup> What is a rupee to the shooting of the old 'mullah'!"

"Where is the markhor supposed to be?" asked the Daftani.

"That is where he waters," replied Potts, pointing in the direction.

"There is no water in that direction," replied the Daftani. "I have just come from there, and I know."

"You see he is lying, sahib," cried Wazir. "Who ever heard of flocks being taken down hill to graze unless they had spent the night near water?"

"We have wasted enough time already," said Potts. "Let us go on; I will give you a rupee to come with us until I get a shot; if you do not come willingly I shall take you forcibly to prevent your breaking our luck."

"Do sahibs," queried the Daftani, "go shooting in these hills without escorts?"

"My escort is behind."

"Don't listen to him, sahib. Let us get along, and your orderly can see that he does not escape."

"Sahib, I advise you to wait for your escort," persisted the Daftani. "I cannot understand an old soldier like your

<sup>1</sup> Who are you?

<sup>2</sup> I am a Daftani.

<sup>3</sup> One of the most dreadful things that can befall one on shikar!

orderly allowing you to wander so far without an escort. As for the shikari, he is known by all the men in our village as a Mahsud spy."

The orderly now put in his word, quite ready to support any one who voiced his own suspicions of Wazir, and the result was that they returned along the bed of the nala in which the track lay, hoping at any moment to meet the escort. The orderly was in front, followed by Wazir, behind whom came the Daftani, and last of all Potts. The order had been suggested by the Daftani, who disliked the thought of feeling Wazir's knife in his back; Potts was supposed to prevent his performing a similar kindness to Wazir, and also the escape of either. When they had gone back half a mile the track left the nala bed, and after rising on to a narrow spit that divided two converging nalas it returned to it again. Arrived here the Daftani gave a cry of joy.

"O Sulieman Khel! Why did you leave the nala bed here?"

"Because I wished to."

"You see, sahib," continued the Daftani, pointing to the ground, "he neither saved distance nor got round an obstruction by leaving the nala bed. Why do you think he did it?"

"I do not know. Why?"

"If you will put the Sulieman Khel over there under guard of the orderly, we will examine the tracks. You see," he continued, when Wazir had been disposed of, "this spit of

ground is hard and does not readily show footprints, while the soft sand in the nala bed does."

"How many men have passed here?" he asked, pointing to the tracks before they left the nala bed.

Potts shook his head.

"Three, or more than three?" continued the Daftani.

"More than three — many more."

"That means that your escort has passed here, yet we have not met it. Do you understand? On that hard ground where they could not easily follow your footsteps they must have been led astray by the man in front."

"Yes; I see," cried Potts, as he excitedly followed the tracks.

"Here they leave the road we took," he shouted, a short distance farther on. The Daftani was with him at once.

"You must call them back," he whispered fiercely. "There is a Mahsud ambush awaiting them as there was for you in the other nala. Send your orderly after them, while we take the shikari back to the fort."

The orderly, now thoroughly roused to his forgotten sense of duty, demurred to allowing his sahib to go back with two men who, however much they appeared to differ, were both sufficiently disreputable, and might be acting in concert.

"Search us," said the Daftani, "and let us be tied wrist to wrist. The sahib behind with a rifle can then have nothing to fear."

Potts rapidly felt both men, and declared them free of arms;

upon this the Daftani requested permission to search Wazir.

"You see, sahib," cried the former, drawing a long triangular knife from Wazir's clothing, "I might have a whole arsenal about me for all you know. Perhaps the Sulieman Khel would like to search me?"

Wazir was too sulky to make any response, and the pair were quickly bound together and returned to Murgha as swiftly as the Daftani, aided by Potts' rifle, could persuade the unwilling shikari; meanwhile the orderly went to recall the escort and effect the arrest of Lajmir.

Murgha is situated on the right bank of the Rud, just before it leaves a small open valley and plunges into a narrow defile which confines it right up to the border of Mahseedistan, twenty miles due north. To the east of the long defile lies the Mashelak range, and to the west are the Mahseedibagh hills, and beyond them to the north-west is the Afghan border. A party of raiders attacked in the Mashelak range might or might not cross the Rud if retiring on Mahseedistan, but if its composition demanded that it should make straight for Afghan territory, it would have to cross the river, and the sooner the better. These considerations had always to be kept in mind by the Yaghistan Militia in their encounters, and they were complicated by the occasional presence of another set of raiders whose

homes lay to the south in the high hills round Kaliphat, and in the lesser ones to the east of Abu Khel; in compensation, they were considerably assisted by the various posts of their own and of the neighbouring corps, which restricted the number of lines of retreat open, and, in the case of raiders attempting to pass through Mahseedistan, almost blocked them altogether.

Potts was better posted than was usual, for he knew from the Daftani whom it was that he had to deal with, and also where they had been a few hours before, and where they probably were at the time he laid his plans. There was no chance of getting on to them before it was light, so he abandoned all thought of a surprise at dawn, and decided to get across their line of retreat and make them fight it out. Leaving only six men in the post, one of whom was detailed to watch Wazir, he marched with the remainder straight down the road along the line of the river. When he felt that he was behind the Mahsuds, he made his way once more into the Mashelak hills, with his party as concentrated as he could safely keep them, and it was not long before he was in touch with his foe. A deep ravine running north and south separated the bands, and there was little to indicate the Mahsud position save a few puffs of smoke; but as the rifles of three-quarters of the gang used smokeless powder, this hint was worse than useless. The Militia on the move found it harder to conceal

themselves, and Rahmat knew their position pretty exactly before he decided to retreat round their north flank. The puffs of smoke continued unchanged, and the wild echoes from every quarter prevented the firing of the retreating part of the gang from giving any indication of the movement. To Potts it seemed that his foe might escape, if escape he did, equally well by either flank, and in any case his job was to bring him to book at once. He sent the Subadar with half his party down into the ravine, while he covered his advance with the fire of the remainder. They rushed swiftly down the slope, and the far side afforded excellent cover as they skirmished slowly up it against the puffs of smoke that still enticed their advance. Then the firing to their front suddenly ceased, and a hail of bullets, which undoubtedly came from his left, showed Potts that his foe had already nearly slipped him. He left his men in the ravine to work on their own, and getting the remainder of his party under the cover of a parallel fold of ground, he doubled for the Rud in hopes of taking toll in its open bed from the retreating Mahsuds: but long before it was within range he saw the leading men make their way over, and by the time that he was in a position to rake the crossing he was himself under a heavy flanking fire from the hills on the far side. It would have been useless to attempt an attack across the river, as

he might thereby have lost the opportunity that the heavy firing on his right told him was now approaching, and there was nothing for it but to make the best of his position and await the arrival of the raiders, who were being hard pressed by the Subadar. Slowly they trickled out into the nala bed, and it was astounding how small and few they seemed amongst the diminutive boulders and stunted farash bushes that sparsely dotted the otherwise level stretch of gravel. Only when crossing the water did they show up at all, and here they suffered their few casualties: two bundles of humanity lay half submerged in the flow, and one floundered slowly down the stream when the Militia began to cross. First went Potts, covered by the rifles of the Subadar, and, when it was evident from the lack of fire in front that the raiders had moved, the Subadar's party came up at the double and soon all were over and plunged into the Mahseedibagh hills.

No more puffs of smoke were seen, and but for the spiteful crack of the rifles and the nasty whistle of the bullets it might have been an empty countryside through which the Militia advanced all the long hot day, for not a glimpse did they catch of their nimble foe. Hill after hill they scaled, sometimes chasing a sound, at others a patch of blood or the track of careless footsteps leaving a nala bed: their last drop of water had been consumed early in the fight, and



it needed all the assurances of Potts that the raiders must be in even worse plight to keep the Militia on their rapid pursuit long after midday: nor could they afford to neglect any precautions, for with his marvellous capacity for fighting independently the Mahsud combines an intuition which is positively eerie for the right moment to co-operate, and a party taking an easy road along an unguarded nala bed would have run an excellent chance of being obliterated by the raiders, even in the apparent hurry of their retreat.

At three in the afternoon Potts felt certain from the blast of fire to his front that the majority of the raiders were still before him: he now handed over to the mercies of a fresh detachment from another Militia the weary gang that he had shepherded so faithfully throughout the day: his work was done, and well done, and he grudged not at all the kudos won by others at the expense of his stricken foe—but that is another story.

The mysterious Daftani disappeared early in the fight and was never seen again. Potts was of the opinion that he had made use of the Militia to work off a private badi (feud), but he felt none the less grateful for having been saved from capture or death, and for the chance to the Militia of taking toll from the Ghazni gang. You, who have no doubt

penetrated the thin Daftani disguise, wonder why Yusuf never declared himself, and why he was so long about warning Potts: if he had only been a little quicker the gang might have been surrounded during the hours of dark. The answer to the first is, that once his identity was known his existence on the border or even in India would have been impossible. The second point, his delay, is explained by the delicacy of his position: if he had escaped too early warning might have been conveyed to Wazir; moreover he had to let the latter commit himself, otherwise he, an unknown Ghilzai of disreputable appearance, would have had no chance of persuading Potts of the villainy of a more or less accredited agent like Wazir. His mission, too, was to find out the brothers and not to round up the Ghazni gang, against whom his enmity was somewhat appeased by the decent treatment he had received at their hands.

Wazir and Lajmir were tried by jirga,<sup>1</sup> and awarded fourteen years' imprisonment, without the Daftani or Tajak having to appear against them. Yusuf rejoined after having been absent without leave for three months, and it required all the influence of the Risaldar Major to get the offence condoned, but an entry was made in the confidential book of the corps promising him the next Jemadar's vacancy.

E. L.

<sup>1</sup> A tribal judicial assembly.

## OLD PIPRIAC.

BY CHARLES OLIVER.

I HAVE a standing invitation, the reward of certain inexpert services rendered in the harvest fields, to lunch at the Abbey Farm, and I frequently avail myself of it. The only condition is that I arrive with my head full of war telegrams and my pockets stuffed with newspapers. It is a condition I lay upon myself, and, for the repose of my conscience, am bound to observe faithfully.

There is no sweeter corner in North Burgundy than this high grassy plateau, enringed by steep timbered cliffs with their great scars of verdureless shale. The air is keen and vigorous. Through meadows dotted shiftingly by the duns and the blacks of pasturing kine, a fair stream winds in bold azure curves past russet sedges; and so sweet and pure are its waters that I fancy it must be some tributary of a river of Eden, cut off by an upheaval of ocean from its ancient outflow. The legend is that on the vigil of the "Jour des Morts," the dead, rising from their sleep, come hither to wash their shrouds, and that, so cleansed, those tomb-cloths serve them as their robes of Paradise.

The old Abbey bounds the plateau to the south with its high grey walls and turrets and its steep-pitched roofs of warm brown. Time, the great destructive architect, has

broken its lines, rounded its angles, mellowed its tones, and given it the beauty that he gives to the acquiescent age of noble masonry. If he deals less kindly with men, it is when they check his hand by their unskilful dabbings.

You would not, to judge by his outer man, suspect the Master of poetical leanings. He is small, meagre, insignificantly featured: his mouth tight-set and grim. But it softens to the semblance of a smile, caught up by his tired grey eyes, as he looks round on the domain he farms for Monseigneur.

"One is tranquil here," he says. "Or—"

No, he cannot forget his three boys under fire, his invalid wife stricken down by the harsh blow of the Mobilisation, his three best horses taken by the Commissariat, Jean's prize Normandy colt—apple of the young fellow's eye—put prematurely to the plough, the difficulties of this seed-time, the hard days that presage still harder.

"— or was," he sighs, "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

But we are a cheerful company this morning, for military post-cards, gaily decorated with the flags of the Five Nations, have come in from the front announcing that our three soldiers are in the best of form and spirits. The Mistress smiles less wanly

from her pillows and has even a touch of pink on the ivory of her sunken cheeks. The Master, to the surprise of his grim mouth, cracks half a dozen jokes that have a strong flavour of some perennial 'Jester's Companion,' and are highly appreciated by two urohins who, straying here in the character of gentlemen of leisure, have ended more importantly as small blue-aproned farm-hands. Giselle, the able daughter of the house, and Paul, its Benjamin, dispense a vigorous, almost merciless hospitality. Mars is represented by the miller's son, a fine tall youth, stalwart and bronzed. He is on convalescent leave with a Prussian bullet lodged still in his shoulder, and once a minute brings his arms up tentatively into the "Present!" position and with imaginary rifle lays low an imaginary "Boche." He passes you the salt with the same kind of action. I fancy he has hit a more amiable target than a Prussian heart, for, under pretence of much serving, pretty Giselle persistently evades his eyes that persistently seek hers. The only disconsolate figure at the board, picturesque foil to our cheerfulness, is the temporary help, a young Swiss giant in a white jersey with a huge sunflower embroidered on it.

"Max has eaten something," observes the Master, "or he would go and jodel to us. He's better than a gramophone, quoi!"

I am selfishly glad that Max has eaten something and is

suffering for it under the monstrous sunflower. What has jodelling to do with this charming old sacristy that sanctifies our bread, its narrow lights, its age-grimed vaulting? I would not have the great tranquillity disturbed, in which the ear of the dreamer seems to catch up with the soft fall of a sandalled foot and the far echo of a muttered Ave. The cooing of the ringdoves in their osier cage, the subdued murmur of the farmyard, the light rustle of the wind in the secular walnut, — these are the only sounds that should come in by the wide-open door, over which, in crumbling stone, Monseigneur of blessed memory, the Abbey's first benefactor, face to face with his lady, kneels out the centuries.

Here of all places in the world, with devout and seigneurial shades around me, I will not play honoured guest. So I eat my dessert, like the others, on the reverse of my dinner plate: like them, I stir my coffee with the butt-end of my metal fork. Polite conventions are but polite prejudices.

. . . . .

"Bonjour, m'sieurs et m'dames."

The doorway frames with generous margin a small and sturdy man in neat brown jacket and neat blue jean trousers. He has his cloth cap in his hand. Over his shoulder, at the end of a rough stick, he carries two substantial bundles, a black and a white, and suspended from them a pair of great

sabots. He has a pleasant, honest face and large dark eyes.

"Bonjour, m'sieurs et m'dames."

"Why, old Pipriac!" cries Paul.

"Monsieur de Pipriac," corrects the Master. "A count, a genuine nobleman," he explains to me, "and mighty hard of hearing. Show Monsieur your papers, old Pipriac," he yells to the genuine nobleman.

Old Pipriac—the perpetual epithet is endearing rather than statistical, for I should put his age at not more than thirty—old Pipriac swings his bundles to the ground and produces a bulging pocket-book. All manner of documents flutter out in a dingy snow: passes, testimonials, letters, newspaper cuttings, reduced by long folding to loosely connected fragments. From these he selects the most dilapidated and hands it to me. It is addressed to Monsieur le Comte Auguste-Marie de Pipriac, and most respectfully gives him by these presents to understand that his patent of nobility dates from 1441, and that he has the right to such and such armorial bearings on this or that field.

"And there's his crown!" remarks Paul, looking over my shoulder.

I will not undecieve him. It is not Monsieur de Pipriac's coronet at all, but the fancy crest of the private heraldic agency which has supplied him with the above information for ten francs fifty centimes. That is a really give-away figure,

especially when you consider the difficulty of investigation involved by the fact that the seigneurial stock disappeared from their native Brittany more than a hundred years ago, as is stated in an incautious footnote.

The metaphorical bark on which the nomad fortunes of the family were ventured should have touched in its Odyssey at the isle of Circe, and she have conjured the dispossessed seigneurs into the semblance of farm labourers.

"Father and son, they have all been cowherds," says the Master. "And old Pipriac is the best in the country. My cowhouse in his day was as clean as—quoi!—as this room. Without exaggeration."

Mademoiselle Giselle, who is responsible for the domestic arrangements of the old Abbey, appears to have other views than the Master on the subject of exaggeration, and she rather shortly inquires of old Pipriac what he may happen to want.

"A job with the cows, M'amzelle," murmurs the little man, his large dark eyes filling.

Curious, those eyes of his! They have generally something of a bovine softness in them—he has had so long to do with kine—and readily go humid. But there are thoughts in his head that turn them proud and hard at times.

"A job with the cows. Let me look after them for a month—only for a week, if you will. Just to get a bit of a rest. I've been days on the tramp."

"Why now," says the Mas-

ter, "I almost think I might  
—"

"No more hands about the place!" cries the Mistress from her pillows. "You've got Gisselle, who's worth a man. Paul saves you two, boy though he is. And there's Max—and  
—"

"—might give you a word for my cousin," continues the Master, a master of craft on his occasion, a right son of Burgundy. "He's getting up his beet, and he'd be glad of help. What do you say, old Pipriac?"

The genuine nobleman shakes a dignified head.

"Non, merci, Patron."

Which is to be interpreted, "Beet, just Heavens! and I the best cowherd in the country!"

When the others have gone out to the fields, old Pipriac, who is in no burning hurry, takes a stroll round the farm with me. As we go, I learn something of his story.

His deafness is the result of a fall. On account of his infirmity he is exempt from service, provisionally that is, for the State may yet have need of him. That is why his pocket-book is bursting with safe-conduots, all in order and multitudinously viséd. The Patrie must know where to find her sons at a critical moment. In his case, old Pipriac assures me, the Patrie will have no difficulty. Deaf he may be, but not to the supreme call. He holds indeed the Revisionary Council to be—as you might say—a

Revisionary Ass, that should have strained a point and passed him.

"A plague of the surgeon-major!" he cries. "It's no time to be so mighty particular."

Old Pipriac comes from a ravaged district, where he was in the employment of a large farmer. The marauding Prussians took all they could drive or carry, and then set fire to the commune.

"Horses, sheep, cows—everything!" groans the little man. "Twenty cows, Monsieur! Beauties—my beauties! I think the poor Patron was out of his wits. You see, we were all standing on the hill, looking down on that infernal blaze. Why burn us out, cochons de cochons? Saving your respect, Monsieur. What had we done to you, ye brigands of hell? No excuse of being fired on; there wasn't a firearm in the place: you had seen to that, cursed cowards! The Patron rocked on his feet—so—and smiled foolishly. "Are the cows all in, old Pipriac?" says he—with that smile. Dieu! Dieu! His folk got him away, and I started. North. With a job here and a job there, I've come along all right so far. And I shall work out my great plan. For I may tell you, Monsieur, that I'm an extraordinarily lucky fellow."

And under the pretence of blowing his nose, he mops his eyes—the lucky fellow.

I should like to ask this favourite of fortune about his great plan, but he is moment-

arily swept away by a flood of souvenirs.

"You see that loft window?" he says. "That's where I got my deafness. I fell from it on my head. My luck again: another man would have broken his neck. Happy days those! And here is the cow-house. Monsieur, you have no finer in England."

And indeed the thirty-seven cows of the old Abbey Farm are nobly housed, for they are lodged in the ancient refectory, about slender fluted pillars, under a superb groined roof. They will pad home soon from the dewy pastures to their racks of fragrant new-mown clover and their litters of clean straw. To my untechnical eye it seems that the Abbey cows have nothing to complain of, but old Pipriac looks round with an air of not entirely favourable criticism.

"H'm! h'm!" he snorts, abstractedly sampling the backbone of yesterday's calf as it tumbles about in its cradle of hay. "H'm! h'm! The Patron should have taken me on. Oh, là, là! Did you ever see such work? A boy's, I wager: Paul's, by the look of it. No good, that young man. Tenez, Monsieur, I used to sleep in that wooden box fastened up to the wall. Never slept sounder. A bed for a king, quoi! I was always with my cows, night and day. I had a name for each. The old bull stood in this corner, the brigand!"

Those humid eyes again! I really think old Pipriac is more than a little soft.

"I called him Baby!" he sighs.

We are at the great door again now, where Monseigneur and his lady, of blessed memory, kneel for ever. Old Pipriac stoops for his bundles and sabots.

"Without indiscretion," I shout, "what is your idea, your great plan?"

Leaving his impedimenta where they lie, the little man straightens himself up. And, behold you, a miracle! For the Circe spell is broken: the cowherd semblance has fallen away: the dispossessed nobleman is the Grand Seigneur again. He seems to have gained some inches in height: his hand rests on the knob of his cudgel as on a sword-hilt. It is no longer "old Pipriac" who stands there, but the high and puissant Comte Auguste-Marie of that name, heir indisputable to all the quarterings and emblazonments that a private heraldic agency may rake up for him from dusty parchment rolls. His eyes are dry now and sparkle wrathful fires, for the blue blood of a warrior Chouan stock surges hot in him.

"My plan?" he says grimly. "My great plan? Well, you must know, Monsieur, it was not only a matter of cows and so on. Monsieur, in that village, before they fired it, I saw—a thing.—Listen, then."

Why did he tell me it—the horror not to be written—that turns a man sick—

wakens him at night to sweat and curse and rage impotently? Christ! Why did he tell me?

“You understand now,” he finishes, “why I am going north. I *must* get there, up to the fighting line. They will take me on to carry the wounded; a deaf man is as good as another between the back-shafts of a stretcher. That’s one. Then from what they tell me, there’ll be plenty of képis, overcoats, rifles, and things lying about. A turn of the hand, and your ambulance man is in the trenches, a full-rigged ‘pioupiou,’ number and all. Nobody will ask questions there. If they do—why, I’m deaf, you know: tympana burst by a bomb. That’s two. And then I’ve got to find him—the Prussian fiend I saw that day. I shall find him. And

that’s three—and finis—for him or me.”

He slings his bundles over his shoulder and holds out his hand.

“Bonsoir, Monsieur.”

“Bonsoir, Monsieur le Comte. Good chance!”

“Oh, chance!” he laughs. “That goes of itself. For I’m an extraordinary lucky fellow.”

Thus speaks Monsieur le Comte Auguste - Marie de Pipriac, cowherd and chevalier, and twitches his trousers blue. He trudges off—northwards, battlewards—down a lane splendidly tapestried with mauve tangles of monksbeard, and already blurred by the evening mist. All that is dark about his figure is rapidly blended with the thickening shadows. Only his white bundle now stands out from the purple background. It glimmers faint—fainter— is suddenly lost.

## THE LION OF THE LEVANT.

BY ARTHUR E. P. B. WEIGALL.

(LATE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF ANTIQUITIES TO THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT.)

THE story of the life and activities of Mohammed Ali, the founder of the Khedivial dynasty of Egypt, has so direct a bearing upon the present situation in that country, and so clearly reveals the foundations upon which the Turco-Egyptian arrangements of later years have been based, that it should be studied with care by all those who would understand the affairs of the Near East. Mohammed Ali was the first to bring Egypt into the forefront of international politics, and at one time he was the cause of such grave misunderstandings between England, Prussia, Russia, Austria, and France that a European war seemed inevitable. His rugged personality dominated the Near Eastern situation in the 'thirties and early 'forties; and for some years it was generally believed that he would overthrow the Sultan of Turkey and would establish himself upon the Ottoman throne. With extraordinary energy, courage, and ruthlessness he fought his way to power, and earned for himself the splendid nickname of "The Lion of the Levant"; and, had it not been for the intervention of England and Russia, he would have restored to Egypt a dominion as extensive as any ever governed by the proudest of the Pharaohs. Instead of this, however, he

was forced to content himself with ruling Egypt as a vassal of the Sultan; and he died a disappointed man, leaving to posterity the recurrent Egyptian question and the anomalous Egypto-Turkish relationship which has been such a thorough nuisance to the Great Powers ever since.

Mohammed Ali was by nationality an Albanian, being a native of the small seaport town of Cavalla, near the frontier of Thrace and Macedonia, where his father was both a fisherman and a small landowner, and held also the position of captain of the local watchmen of the roads. He was born in 1769, the same year in which Napoleon Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington first saw the light. While yet a child he was left an almost penniless orphan, and was taken into the household of the Chief Magistrate of the town, to whom he was related. Here he was allowed to grow up amongst the serving-men, hangers-on, dogs, cats, cattle, and poor relations, who are always to be found in the back premises of the house of an Eastern notable; and it is said that he soon found favour in this motley throng by his good-humour and his courage in settling the constant brawls and fights which occurred alike amongst the company and the



animals. It was not to be expected that in such surroundings he would receive much education. He never learnt to read or write with any fluency, and throughout his life he regarded books as unnecessary lumber. "The only books I ever read," he was wont to remark in after years, "are men's faces, and I seldom read them amiss."

While still a youth he began to earn a little money by trading in tobacco, a business much practised in Cavalla; and during the course of his small operations he formed a close friendship with a wandering Frenchman, named Leon, who picked up a precarious livelihood as a general merchant in this part of the world. From Monsieur Leon he received the main portion of those scraps of general knowledge which composed his entire education; and from him he first learnt of that great European world in which he was destined to play so leading a part. The Frenchman was considerably older than himself, and the young Albanian soon came to look up to him as a kind of hero and monitor. Though entirely obscure, this roving merchant must have been a man of character, for Mohammed Ali in after years neither forgot him nor ceased to be influenced by those friendly sentiments towards France which Monsieur Leon had instilled into him at Cavalla; and it may be said that when, in 1840, France nearly took up arms against the whole of Europe in defence

of the great position which Mohammed Ali had won for himself, she was merely carrying to its romantic conclusion the attitude which, years previously, Monsieur Leon had adopted towards the uneducated Albanian boy. It is pleasant to find that when Mohammed Ali had become virtual Sovereign of Egypt he did not rest until he had discovered the whereabouts of his old friend, to whom he sent an invitation to come to Egypt, where, he said, a fortune awaited him. Monsieur Leon, who had fallen on evil days, hastened to accept the invitation; but poverty and hardship had undermined his health, and he died on the day of his departure. Mohammed Ali, on hearing the news, was much affected, and promptly sent a present of £400 to the merchant's sister as a memento of his youthful days at Cavalla.

At an early age the young man showed his courage and resourcefulness. The inhabitants of a village not far from Cavalla refused to pay a tax which had to be collected by the Chief Magistrate, and Mohammed Ali volunteered to go and get the money by force. With three or four men he rode over to the rebellious village, and, entering the mosque at the time of prayer, quietly performed his devotions there, until suddenly he found an opportunity to pinion the four principal inhabitants as they knelt unsuspectingly in prayer. He then announced to the astonished congregation that if there was the slightest show

of hostility on their part, his prisoners would instantly be knifed; and by this hazardous device he was able to march the four men to Cavalla, where they were forced to produce the tax-money, and much more besides, ere they were suffered to return to their homes. As a reward for his services Mohammed Ali was made an officer in the town-guard; but nevertheless he continued to carry on his trade in tobacco, by which means he had been able to amass a small amount of money. It will be best, perhaps, to note without comment that the commander of the guard died suddenly shortly afterwards, whereupon Mohammed Ali stepped into his shoes and married his beautiful widow. His feet were now upon the first rung of the ladder, and Fortune smiled upon him. It is said that shortly before he was born a fortune-teller had informed his mother that her child would become a ruler of men; and this prophecy now had some influence upon him, whetting his ambitions and urging him to further activities. Already his appearance indicated to those who knew him that much was to be expected of him. He was short, thick-set, and extremely active. He had a very fine head and forehead, shaggy eyebrows, and deep-set grey eyes, in which, so it is said, a strange wild fire sometimes gleamed. He had a straight nose, a large but not coarse mouth, and a heavy beard and moustache. When angry, his countenance was

very terrible; but when, as was more often the case, he was in high and dashing humour, his eyes and mouth assumed an expression of droll, rather malicious fun. His mind, as well as his body, was restless and highly strung; and there seems to have been some distinct strain of eccentricity in his blood.

In 1798, when the young man was twenty-nine years of age, the Sultan decided to send an army to Egypt to oust the French from that province of his empire, where, under the command of Bonaparte, they had established themselves, ostensibly with the purpose of protecting foreigners against the outrages of the Mameluke chieftains who held authority in Cairo and Alexandria. A troop of three hundred men was beaten up in the district of Cavalla for service in the war, the command being given to the Chief Magistrate's son; and Mohammed Ali managed to persuade his relative to appoint him as his lieutenant. This force joined the main Turkish army a few months later, and on July 14, 1799, was landed at Aboukir, on the Egyptian coast. Here, by a process of events which can but be guessed at, it was arranged that the Chief Magistrate's son should return home to Cavalla; and as soon as he had departed Mohammed Ali promoted himself to the vacant command. A few days later, on July 25, Bonaparte utterly routed the Turkish Army, driving it into the sea; and Mohammed Ali was saved from

drowning by the gig of the British Admiral, Sir Sidney Smith, who had anchored in Aboukir Bay in order to give a helping hand to the Turks. Thereafter he disappears from the pages of history for a couple of years; and the student's attention is turned to the confused bedlam in Egypt, out of which the Albanian adventurer is presently to emerge, sword in hand.

Bonaparte's invasion had been directed against the Mamelukes, the more or less independent rulers of Egypt; but England, on the other hand, being at war with France, had naturally taken the side of these picturesque ruffians. The Turks and the English had fought side by side against the French; but, in spite of this, the Porte was not friendly to the Mamelukes, who were regarded as insubordinate vassals. When Bonaparte deserted Egypt in August 1799, the French troops left behind fell upon troubled days. An Ottoman army (in which Mohammed Ali may have been serving) captured the frontier fortress of El Arish and marched on Cairo, but was defeated by General Kleber at Matarieh, outside the city. An insurrection in Cairo ensued, and large numbers of French and other Christians were massacred; but finally Kleber regained possession of his headquarters after a sanguinary battle on April 14, 1800. He was assassinated, however, two months later, and was succeeded in the command by General Menon, an eccentric personage, who, after having

distinguished himself by causing Kleber's murderer to be put to a lingering death by torture (although he had been promised a free pardon), became a Mohammedan and deprived the Egyptian Christians of many of their privileges. His inglorious and capricious rule was brought to a close by the arrival of a British army in March 1801, which defeated the French, and caused them to capitulate in the following June. The British forces were assisted by the Turks, amongst whom Mohammed Ali once more appears, now as the officer commanding a force of Albanian cavalry. On May 9 he headed a bold charge of his horsemen at the battle of Rahmanieh, and also showed great ingenuity and pluck in carrying out a night attack upon a fort held by the French. So conspicuous was his bravery on these occasions that Khosrov Pasha, the nominal Turkish Governor of Egypt, promoted him to the command of an entire Albanian contingent, consisting of some 4000 men; and in this capacity he was attached to the British army, being particularly noticed and commended by the Commander-in-Chief.

As soon as the French army had been forced to leave the country in September 1801, the British officers began to find that their association with the Turks was by no means an unqualified success. The interests of the two nations had been identical in driving Bonaparte out of Egypt, but that being accomplished, the divergence of

their points of view became daily more apparent. The Turks very naturally wished to regain control in their province, which meant that they desired to crush the independent spirit of the Mameluke chieftains whose authority was recognised by the Egyptians. These Mamelukes were mostly of Circassian origin, and were the descendants of the slaves who had been settled in the country during the Middle Ages. In some ways they were to the Egyptians what the Normans had been to the English a century or two after the Conquest; and though they acknowledged in a general way the suzerainty of the Sultan, they ruled the various districts of the Nile Valley without any appreciable interference on the part of their overlord. They were a brave, cruel, dashing, barbaric, and picturesque company, famous for their horsemanship and for the reckless extravagance of their apparel and entourage. They clothed themselves in splendid silks, stuck all over with gold ornaments and bejewelled daggers and pistols. Their horses were selected from the purest blood of Syria; their women slaves were purchased from amongst the most beautiful Georgian and Circassian stock to be found in the markets of Constantinople and Smyrna; and their trains of musicians, dancers, serving-men, and warriors were renowned alike for their splendour and their licentiousness. In their isolation from intimate comment, they made a very romantic appeal

to the British mind, and the French attack upon them caused them to be regarded as meriting all assistance, which, in actual fact, was an absurdly generous estimate of their worth.

The British Government now made representations to the Porte, urging a tolerant treatment of the Mamelukes; but in spite of this the Turkish admiral, having invited a number of these chieftains to a *fête* upon his flagship, treacherously fired upon them while they were coming to him in open boats, and killed or captured them all. General Hely Hutchinson, the British commander, was furious at this outrage, which had taken place almost under his eyes; and as a result of his protest the prisoners were handed over to his care. At the same time, the Turkish general in Cairo arrested as many of the remaining chieftains as he could lay hands on; but the British forced him to give them up. Not long after this Khosrov Pasha, with 7000 Turks, attacked a Mameluke force of 800 men commanded by two famous chieftains, Osman el Bardisi and Mohammed el Alfi; but his large force was utterly routed, and the Ottoman hold on Egypt was thereby greatly endangered.

Mohammed Ali now began to realise that he was fighting upon the losing side, for the Mamelukes had every reason to be confident both in their own strength and in the support of the British; and he therefore showed an inclination

to abandon the Turkish cause. In March 1803, however, the British army evacuated the country, taking with them to England the Mameluke chieftain El Alfî, who was to consult the Home Government as to the best method of establishing an independent Egypt under Mameluke rule. Mohammed Ali, therefore, was left to decide his attitude upon its own merits; and it was not long before he showed in which direction he believed his best interests to lie. About six weeks after the departure of the British army, the entire Albanian force in Egypt, commanded by Tahir Pasha, to whom Mohammed Ali was lieutenant, came to blows with the Turkish Governor, Khosrov Pasha, in regard to their pay. They seized the Citadel at Cairo, and from this eminence bombarded the Governor in his palace in the Esbekieh, a low-lying district at that time near the western outskirts of the city. Khosrov managed to escape by river to Damietta; and Tahir was proclaimed Governor in his stead. Less than a month later he, in his turn, found himself unable to pay his troops; and by one of those remarkable manœuvres, of which we have already noticed two instances, Mohammed Ali managed to obtain the chief command, Tahir meeting his death in the process.

Now having all the Albanians at his back, he attacked the remainder of the Turkish army, and soon afterwards made an alliance with the Mamelukes under El Bardisi.

The Porte then appointed a new Governor of Egypt, a certain Ahmed Pasha; but Mohammed Ali of course refused to recognise him. No sooner had the unfortunate Turk arrived at his official residence in the middle of Cairo, than the Albanians from the Citadel and the Mamelukes from the west bank of the Nile attacked him and made him prisoner. They then marched on Damietta, and received the surrender also of the fugitive Khosrov Pasha. Mohammed Ali, on his return to Cairo, made El Bardisi mayor of the city, or Shêkh-el-Beled, and approved the appointment of a nominal Turkish Governor whose authority was negligible. The appointment of this representative of the Porte was regarded by Mohammed Ali simply as a means of holding the post open for himself, as soon as he should have opportunity to bring his authority before the notice of the Porte; for he now aimed at nothing less than the complete control of Egypt. He had no intention of remaining in alliance with the Mamelukes when once his own position was secure; and he felt that his policy should be directed towards a rapprochement with Turkey.

In the spring an open rupture occurred between him and the Mameluke chieftains, owing, as usual, to a question of the payment of the troops; and on March 12, 1804, Mohammed Ali attacked El Bardisi in his palace and drove him out of Cairo. The Cairenes and Albanians then

invited Khurshid Pasha, the Turkish Governor of Alexandria, to assume the governorship of their city; but this personage, wishing to be secure against the domination of Mohammed Ali's troops, introduced a regiment of Moors into the city, stationing them in the Citadel, and thereby incurred the Albanian's furious displeasure. About a year later, therefore, Mohammed Ali persuaded the Cairenes to depose Khurshid and to nominate himself as Governor of Cairo. Khurshid very naturally refused to recognise any nomination not confirmed by the Sultan, and promptly turned the guns of the Citadel upon Mohammed Ali's forces in the town below. The energetic Albanian replied by dragging his cannon up to the summit of the Mokattam hills, which dominated the Citadel, and meanwhile he sent an embassy post-haste to Constantinople asking for the official deposition of his enemy. The document arrived in Cairo on July 9, 1805, and a Turkish force was sent to restore order. Khurshid then surrendered, and Mohammed Ali assumed the governorship, having attained to this exalted position at the early age of thirty-six.

No sooner was he secured in his new office than he set himself to destroy the power of the Mamelukes. In August 1805 his agents led a large number of them into a prepared ambush, where they were all shot down or taken prisoners and executed. The

news of this treachery was conveyed to England; and since the French were still as hostile to the Mamelukes as they had been during Bonaparte's invasion, the English all the more heartily espoused their cause. Mohammed Ali, calling to mind the wonderful tales of France told to him by Monsieur Leon at Cavalla, now began seriously to enter into that close friendship with the French people which lasted, with some lapses, throughout his life; but as he was at this time once more the dutiful servant of the Sultan, it followed that France now supported Turkey, while England, in defence of the Mamelukes, was estranged from the Porte.

Two years later, in 1807, a British force landed in Egypt with the object of taking possession of the country, and thereby frustrating any possible alliance between Mohammed Ali and the French, which might have been dangerous to us. The young Albanian soldier, however, was not thus to be crushed. He quickly out-manceuvred our forces, who were under the command of Generals Wauchope and Meade, utterly defeated them at Rosetta, and took most of them prisoners. A few days later he rode in triumph through Cairo between avenues of British heads, which were stuck upon stakes at regular intervals along either side of the main streets, while at certain points groups of British soldiers were exhibited in chains to be re-

viled and spat upon by all the scum of the city.

Mohammed Ali at once sent news of his triumph to France, at the same time inviting a number of French soldiers, sailors, and engineers to come to Egypt to help him to organise his forces. The invitation was readily accepted, and by the beginning of 1809 a formidable fleet had been built or purchased, while sailors and soldiers had been drilled according to European methods. His activities, however, were much hampered by the continuous hostility of the Mamelukes; and at length he obtained definite evidence that attempts were to be made upon his life. He therefore decided to rid himself once and for all of this menace, and in the early spring of 1811 he laid a trap for his enemies as audacious as it was pitiless. He sent an invitation to every available Mameluke notable to attend at a reception in the Citadel on March 1, in order to bid farewell to the officers of an expedition which was about to set out for Arabia with the object of bringing the holy cities under Egyptian protection. The invitations were readily accepted, and on the fatal day 460 Mamelukes rode in state into the Citadel, clad in their richest robes, wearing their finest jewels, and riding their superb horses. Mohammed Ali received them graciously, serving them with coffee, sweetmeats, and pipes; and when the ceremonies of the day were over he arranged

that they should be formed up into a martial procession, the position of each chieftain being assigned with punctilious correctness according to his rank.

The glittering cavalcade then rode down the hill towards the gate of El Azab, the road here passing through a cutting in the rock, above which the sheer walls of houses towered up on either side; but on their arrival at the gateway the doors were closed in their face, and immediately a fusillade was directed upon them from the windows of the houses. A horrible scene ensued. The procession was instantly converted into a confused mass of plunging horses and staggering men, and these were presently transformed into silent heaps of sprawling slain, from which the streams of blood trickled down the hill and under the barred doors of the gateway. Two or three of the chieftains, wounded and gasping, managed to regain the higher ground, but here they were cut down with the cold steel. A prince of the highest rank, Suliman el Baoub, staggered, bleeding, into the harém of Mohammed Ali's house, and claimed the right of sanctuary which, according to ancient custom, the women's quarters afforded; but the Albanian had no respect for tradition, and the head of the fugitive was struck from his body on the spot. Only one man escaped from the massacre, a certain chieftain named Emin, who galloped up the hill to a point at which

the road overlooked the precipitous wall of the Citadel and here leapt into space, landing upon the rocks some thirty feet below, his fall being broken by his horse, which no doubt was killed under him.

During the massacre Mohammed Ali is said to have shown the utmost emotion. He became very pale, and moved restlessly to and fro, muttering to himself. When no more of his recent guests remained to be murdered, his Genoese physician, Mendrici, came to convey the news to him, and to congratulate him upon what he was pleased to describe as a most happy affair; but Mohammed Ali, grey with anxiety, uttered no word except a peremptory demand for a cup of cold water. Many years afterwards he declared that his sleep at nights was made horrible by the faces of the men whom he had done to death on this occasion and on others; but it is a question whether his conscience need have troubled him unduly, for it has been truly said that the prosperity of Egypt was rooted in the shambles of the Citadel. Mohammed Ali, in after years, proved himself to be Egypt's true benefactor, and though we are appalled at the savage barbarity with which he rid the country of this crowd of undisciplined ruffians, we must remember that he thereby released the Egyptians from a tyranny which nobody in the world, except the very misinformed British Government, ever attempted to condone.

Not satisfied with the massacre at the Citadel, Mohammed Ali issued orders that the remaining Mamelukes were to be exterminated throughout Egypt. In Cairo the slaughter continued for two days, at the end of which a general amnesty was proclaimed in behalf of the few terrified survivors; but in the provinces the hunt dragged on for many years, the Mameluke bands being gradually driven far into the Sudan.

Mohammed Ali was now free to turn his full attention to the welfare of Egypt and to the enlarging of its territories; and in all directions he instituted reforms and improvements. He possessed an absolute genius for creating and maintaining order; and although entirely unscrupulous in regard to the methods employed to attain his ends, he soon showed that he acted at all times in the best interests of Egypt. During his reign crimes of violence were almost unknown throughout Egypt; and never has the country been safer for travellers. There can be no question that his ideals were, in a rough sort of way, noble, and his actions inspired by a high ambition for justice, law, and order; but he knew little of probity, considerateness, or the tenets of fair-play. The number of bad characters whom he hanged without pretence of trial was enormous, but it was far surpassed by the host of poor men whose wrongs he righted. He hated oppression, and would not tolerate it amongst his officials; and yet



his methods of dealing with offenders was cruel and savage in the extreme. It is related that once, when passing through a provincial town, a baker complained to him of the ill-usage he had suffered at the hands of the local governor. Mohammed Ali, having verified the man's story, sent for the governor, and caused him to be pitched head first into the baker's oven, where he was slowly roasted to death. He set his face against all religious intolerance, and, though a good Mussulman, he disliked fanaticism. On one occasion he hanged on the spot a Dervish who, in a frenzy of religious zeal, had stabbed a Christian girl; and he always showed his partiality to intelligent Christians. At times he must have seemed to be an incarnation of ferocious righteousness, very terrible, and yet very willingly to be obeyed and honoured. Occasionally he was generous and lenient, as when he pardoned and even rewarded a miserable man who had made a showy attempt to assassinate him owing to an eccentric misanthropy due to hunger and distress.

His grizzly beard was now prematurely turning white; his eyes had sunk deeper into his head, but had lost none of their fire; and his movements were still those of a muscular soldier, though, from lack of manual work his hands, which had always been small and feminine, were grown white and delicate. He dressed simply and without any great display. On his head he wore

a red fez, around which a fine Cashmere shawl was wound. His pelisse, in the winter season, was lined with excellent furs; his baggy Turkish trousers were supported around the waist by a Cashmere shawl, from which protruded the hilt of a dagger and the butt of a pistol; and on his feet he wore red leather slippers, with up-turned toes. A large diamond ring upon the little finger of his right hand was his only ornament. In his habits, also, he practised a certain simplicity. At this time he ate very plain food, and drank nothing but water. He did not waste much of his time with the women of his harêm, but preferred to pass his leisure hours in athletic sports or in the practice of horsemanship, in which he excelled. He slept little and usually was up before sunrise. His restless mind was always scheming for the aggrandisement both of his adopted country and of his own position; and with almost childish credulity he listened to every proposal of industrial or administrative reform which seemed to bear the cachet of European approval. Although outwardly loyal to the Porte, he shunned the thought that any man on earth was his master. Once, when he was reading a communication from the Sultan, he turned excitedly to an Englishman who happened to be present, and complained with bitterness of his vassalage. "My father had ten children," he declared, "but not one of them ever contradicted me.

Later, the principal people in my native town took no step without my consent. I came to Egypt an obscure adventurer, yet I advanced step by step; and now here I am. Yes, here I am, and," he added, savagely tapping the document, "I never had a master!"

In this manner he governed Egypt with astonishing ability and progress for eleven quiet, though strenuous, years. In 1818 he brought the war in Arabia to a successful close, restoring the holy cities of Islâm to the suzerainty of the Sultan, from which they had seceded, and establishing an Egyptian protective influence over them, which, unfortunately, has now been allowed to lapse. In 1820 he conquered the Oasis of Siwa, nowadays famous as a seat of the Senoussi sect; and in 1823 he laid the foundations of Khartoum. His rising power, however, began to trouble the Sultan, Mahmoud II., who saw in it a menace to his own authority in Egypt; and England, meanwhile, looked on with equal dissatisfaction, for it was not easy to forget that Mohammed Ali had brought disgrace upon British arms, and had treacherously destroyed the Mamelukes, whom we had supported.

In 1822 the Sultan ordered his vassal to aid him against the Greeks, who were then fighting for their independence; but Mohammed Ali, instead of complying quietly with the order as was his duty, informed his sovereign that he would

expect, as a reward for his services, the governorships of Crete, Syria, and Damascus, as well as that of Egypt. To this the Sultan agreed, and in the following year the Egyptian fleet and expeditionary force were despatched across the Mediterranean under the command of Mohammed Ali's son, Ibrahim. The war dragged on for some years, but in 1827 the Egyptian forces met with an unexpected disaster. On October 20 of that year, their ships were anchored in the harbour of Navarino, and Mohammed Ali's son, Ibrahim, was merrily burning Greek villages ashore, when a fleet of English, French, and Russian men-o'-war sailed into the harbour and anchored amongst them. The officers of these three nationalities now being united by their common interest in the Greek revolutionaries, sent a joint demand to the Egyptians that they should cease their pillaging. The Egyptians made an evasive reply; but shortly afterwards a scrimmage between the crews of an English and an Egyptian ship led to a general action at close quarters. The combined Egyptian and Turkish fleet consisted of 3 large battle-ships, 15 frigates, and some 70 smaller craft; and these were all speedily sunk or captured by the vastly superior European force, whose entire loss was only about 700 killed and wounded. Shortly afterwards Ibrahim returned to Egypt, bringing the sad tidings to Mohammed Ali, who was naturally filled with bitterness

against his old enemy, England, and against France, who had assisted him to build the very ships which now she had helped to destroy. With great courage, however, he at once set to work to construct a new fleet; and meanwhile he demanded of the Sultan the promised governorates. This demand was ignored, and with eager haste Mohammed Ali prepared to enforce his rights. In four years' time his preparations were complete, and on November 1, 1831, 9000 Egyptian infantry and 2000 cavalry crossed the frontier into Syria, where they effected a junction at Jaffa with the new fleet.

The Sultan was immensely startled by this bold move. He believed that Mohammed Ali, in collusion with the Sherif of Mecca, intended to seize not only his throne but also his office of Caliph of Islâm, which his ancestor, the Sultan Selim I., had wrested from Egypt in 1517. Mohammed Ali, on his part, stated that he was merely about to take possession of the provinces which had been promised to him. By the early summer of 1833, Ibrahim, who was again in command of his father's forces, had captured Gaza, Jerusalem, Damascus, Acre, and Aleppo; and in August he crossed the mountains into Asia Minor. The Sultan, thoroughly frightened, now appealed to the Powers for aid, and expressed a wish for an alliance with England. Sir Stratford Canning, who was at that time in Constantinople, urged the home Gov-

ernment to make this alliance, but Lord Palmerston emphatically showed his conviction that the Turk was neither desirable as a friend in his present state of civilisation, nor capable of regeneration.

On December 21 of the same year, a new Turkish force was utterly defeated by the Egyptians at Konia, and therefore the distracted Sultan, failing to enlist the aid of England, invited Russian co-operation. The Tsar was not slow to seize his opportunity. On February 20, 1834, a Russian squadron entered the Bosphorus, and Russian soldiers, sailors, diplomats, engineers, and craftsmen were poured into Constantinople. Very soon the British ambassador had to report that Turkey appeared to stand as a kind of vassal of Russia. Only Russians were admitted to the Sultan's presence; only Russian engineers were employed in the new fortifications which were being erected in the straits; and only Russian officers directed the Turkish troops.

Meanwhile Mohammed Ali again protested that he was perfectly loyal to the Sultan, but merely wished to take possession of the gifts which his sovereign had made to him. Ibrahim, at the head of the Egyptian armies, adopted the same tone, and when next he advanced against the Turkish forces he wrote to the Sultan, politely asking his permission to do so. As he had at that time some 100,000 victorious Egyptians behind him, and as the Ottoman army had practi-

cally ceased to exist, it is not to be supposed that he awaited the answer with any anxiety.

England and France were naturally very disturbed at the Russian incursion into Constantinople; and they informed the Sultan that if he would invite the Tsar to withdraw his forces they would themselves guarantee that Mohammed Ali should be kept at a safe distance. This move was, on England's part, quite in keeping with our open dislike of the great Albanian; but in regard to France, it is clear that the fear of Russia had obscured the friendly sentiments so often expressed to the ruler of Egypt. The Sultan did not take much notice of the new proposals; but French and English diplomatic pressure having been brought to bear both on him and on Mohammed Ali, a convention was signed between the belligerents on April 8, 1834, by which it was agreed that Mohammed Ali should retain the provinces of Syria, Aleppo, and Damascus, while Ibrahim should govern that of Adana, all, of course, under the Sultan's suzerainty. On July 8 the famous Turco-Russian treaty was signed, by which Russia came practically into control of the entrance to the Black Sea.

Shortly after this the inhabitants of Syria revolted against Mohammed Ali's stern and capable rule, and the Sultan immediately gave the revolutionaries his moral support. Thereupon he declared himself independent of the Porte and

ceased to pay the annual tribute, although he realised well enough that the Powers would not support his action. "If I am crushed by the Powers of Europe," he declared, "I shall fall gloriously. I rose from nothing: to nothing I shall return; and as I rose by the sword, so shall I fall by the sword." England and France continued to do their best to preserve peace, so that Russia should no longer have an excuse for remaining in Constantinople; and at the same time they encouraged Prussia and Austria to show interest in Turkish affairs. The result was that Russian prestige declined, and soon the Prussians had become the Sultan's teachers in all military matters. A large number of German officers under von Moltke were commissioned to train the Turkish troops; but Mohammed Ali, with the aid of French officers under Colonel Sève, worked ceaselessly upon the drilling of his Egyptian army, and was all the more determined to break the Sultan's power.

During all these years of warfare and diplomatic struggles Mohammed Ali had been regarded in Europe as the rising star of the Orient. It was expected that he would reorganise the entire Near East, and would bring law and order into the most backward districts of the Turkish Empire. His reforms in Egypt were watched with the keenest interest; and many sentimentalists in England, unconscious of his terrible greatness, sent him patronising little

letters of approval. Political philosophers, such as Jeremy Bentham, posted reams of good advice to him; and one may imagine the sardonic expression on the face of the splendid old Lion as these were read to him. For, let it be understood, Mohammed Ali was actually very far removed from the polite ideal of greatness. He was a born intriguer, who as heartily enjoyed the great diplomatic and political struggles of his reign as he did his military campaigns and his administrative activities. He had no regard whatsoever for human life; and all that may be said in his favour in this respect is, that he generally slaughtered his enemies in public and not by secret methods. The sudden death of his son Tusûn is said to have been due to poison administered by Mohammed Ali; but there is no proof of the crime. On more than one occasion he threatened to kill his son Ibrahim for insubordination, and he was only prevented from dealing in a like manner with his daughter, Nazli Hanûm, whose profligacy had offended him, by the intervention of his nephew Abbas. On one occasion it was reported to him that there had been some mutinous talk in the bazaars, and, desiring to check this as speedily as possible, he sent orders to the head of the police to hang forty of the worst criminals in the city, whether or not they were in this case the guilty persons. "I have no doubt," he said, "that the victims have spoken,

or might have spoken, seditiously; and anyhow they are a good riddance, and their death will put an end to the sedition of the real offenders." Any form of laziness was abhorrent to him, and during these years he kept his officials working at high pressure. Once, when he was arranging for the cutting of a new canal in Lower Egypt, he asked the local engineer what was the shortest time in which that section of the channel could be cut. The man, having made some rapid calculations, stated that the work could be done in one year. Mohammed Ali calmly turned to his servants, and ordered them to administer two hundred blows with a stick on the soles of the engineer's feet. This being done, he told the fainting wretch that he would return in four months' time, and that, if the canal were not then finished, another two hundred blows would be administered. Needless to say the work was completed long before the four months had passed.

Even after he had attained to a ripe old age Mohammed Ali did not lose the habit of walking to and fro when in thought or while conversing, his small hands clasped nervously behind his back, and his brows knitted together. He generally talked to himself when alone, and sometimes would break into violent tirades against the Sultan or his other particular enemies. His sleep was always brief and disturbed, and he could not ever lie comfortably abed.

Although his sleeping apartment was furnished with a magnificent four-poster in the European style, he liked not a soft mattress, and invariably stretched himself on the hard floor beside it, upon a small strip of carpet.

The industrial experiments which were carried out in Egypt at this time were not entirely successful. Mohammed Ali's ideas were always very grand and imposing, but often they were entirely impracticable. His attempts to grow cotton and sugar, now the main products of the country, were a complete failure; and the elaborate silk looms which he set up were soon abandoned. He purchased every new mechanical device which was brought to his notice, and after his death an English engineer, who visited his workshops at Boulak, estimated that a million and a quarter pounds worth of machinery there lay rusting and unused. He was the ready victim of all cranks and unscrupulous inventors; and when any new industrial concern which had had his approval came to inevitable bankruptcy, he paid its debts out of the public funds. On one occasion he asked an Englishman to purchase him a steamer which was to ply on the Nile above the cataracts. The Englishman answered that such a scheme was absurd, for in those regions no fuel could be obtained, nor were there any passengers or cargoes to be carried; and moreover, the initial cost would be £5000 at

least. Mohammed Ali turned furiously upon him, and exclaimed, "Pray, sir, what the devil is it to *you* if it costs me a million?" Yet with all these faults there was a rugged magnificence and strength in his character, which, combined with the charm of his manners to his friends and to foreigners, caused him to be much revered and beloved. His conversation is said to have been gay and animated, and his politeness exquisite. Thus, on one occasion when a chair had not been provided for one of the foreign diplomats to whom he was giving audience, he refused to be seated himself until this had been supplied.

The five years between 1834 and 1839 passed in superficial quietude, while urgent preparations were being made both in Egypt and in Turkey for a decisive trial of strength. The Sultan, with his German officers, was the first to consider himself ready for the fray; and in April 1839 his army crossed the frontier into Syria, with the unconcealed purpose of chastising Mohammed Ali for his insubordination, and regaining control of Syria and Egypt. The Egyptian army, with its French officers, again under the command of Ibrahim, met the Turks at Nezib on June 23, and annihilated them. A week later the Sultan died, and was succeeded by Abdul-Mejid, a boy of sixteen. Ahmed Pasha, the Turkish admiral, now went over to the Egyptians with his entire

fleet, and the Ottoman Grand Vizir wrote to Mohammed Ali, offering him the hereditary governorship of Egypt, and his son, Ibrahim, the governorship of Syria, and all manner of honours, if he would but make peace. Mohammed Ali, however, now felt that he had fairly beaten the Porte, and he knew that, if the Powers but allowed him, he could become supreme master of the Turkish Empire. He therefore sent an evasive answer to the Grand Vizir, and anxiously awaited to see what Europe would do.

The Powers, however, were in a hopeless muddle. France wanted Russia to leave Constantinople, but, on the other hand, wished Mohammed Ali to retain the provinces which he and his son had conquered with such military skill and perseverance. Austria and Prussia both favoured the Turkish point of view in regard to Mohammed Ali, but mistrusted Russia, and were determined to oppose her in all Near Eastern affairs. England was, as always, hostile to Mohammed Ali, and believed that there would be no peace until he was forced back into Egypt; and in this attitude we came into serious conflict with France. Russia then made a most praiseworthy and generous move. The Tsar informed the Powers that if only they would hold a conference and assume a united front, as it were for the honour of Christendom, he would be prepared to give up his rights according to the Turco-Russian

Treaty mentioned above, to close the Dardanelles to warships of all nations, and to retire from Constantinople. Lord Palmerston stated in reply that he had received the proposal "with surprise and admiration," and steps were at once taken with a view to joint action. France, however, was the stumbling-block. Nothing would induce her to agree to any measure depriving Mohammed Ali of the fruits of his conquests; and at last, abandoning the other Powers, she opened private negotiations with Egypt with a view to an alliance. As a result of this, the European concert deliberately left France out of its consultations; and when, on July 15, 1840, a convention was signed with Turkey, French opinion was not invited. This convention took the form of an ultimatum to Mohammed Ali. It stated that if he would make peace within ten days he should be made hereditary Pasha of Egypt and life-governor of Syria. If he had not accepted these terms within the time-limit, the offer of the governorship of Syria would be withdrawn; and at the end of another ten days the offer in regard to Egypt would also be withdrawn. When these terms became known in Paris a wave of fury swept over the French people. The brave Mohammed Ali, who had raised Egypt from the depths of misery, and had conquered the Turks in fair fight, was now to be peremptorily ordered about by the European Powers, whose only wish was to main-

tain the *status quo* lest they should fall out amongst themselves. Was this fair play, they asked?—was this chivalry? The attitude of the Powers, however, was based on the recognition of the fact that Mohammed Ali was, in spite of his splendid qualities, simply a rebellious provincial governor in revolt against his sovereign. France, however, reasoned in more romantic fashion, and the nation clamoured for war.

Meanwhile the British, Austrian, and Russian fleets appeared off Beirout, on the Syrian coast, to enforce the terms of the ultimatum upon the Egyptian garrisons; and their arrival was a signal for a second Syrian revolt. Ibrahim could not withstand the combined attacks of the three Powers, the "rebels," and the Turks; and, when Beirout and Acre had fallen to the guns of the fleet, he was obliged to retire to Egypt, and Syria was lost to Mohammed Ali. On September 15, 1840, the old man was deposed by the Sultan; but when this decree was read to him he replied with a sad smile that it signified little, since this was the fourth occasion on which he had been deposed, and he hoped to get over it as he had over the others. What confidence he had was due to his belief in the support of France; but in this he was soon to be disappointed.

On October 8, France presented a note to England demanding the reinstatement of Mohammed Ali; and to this

the British Government replied in as conciliatory a manner as possible. But while the diplomatic negotiations were still in progress the British Fleet arrived at Alexandria, and Sir Charles Napier, pointing out that France was not in a position to go to war, managed to persuade the tired and disappointed Mohammed Ali to come to terms with the Sultan. On January 30, 1841, a treaty was signed, by the terms of which Mohammed Ali became hereditary Pasha of Egypt and Governor of the Sudan, undertaking to reduce his army to 18,000 and to pay an annual tribute to Turkey of £412,000; and when this settlement was reported in Paris the French Government abandoned its chivalrous championship of Egypt, and a European war was averted. The arrangement, however, broke the aged man's heart, and a few years later a stroke afflicted his brain. The government was taken over by Ibrahim, who, however, died in November 1848, thus completing the sorrows of his stern but affectionate father. A profound gloom fell upon the old Lion of the Levant, now nearly eighty years of age. For hours he would sit staring in front of him, until suddenly the sound of the midday gun, or the neighing of a horse, would arouse him and set him pacing to and fro. At other times, with eyes ablaze, he would tell those around him that his agents had discovered mines where gold and precious stones lay as thick as the gravel, or



that his armies had conquered the world and his ships had scoured the uttermost seas. His thoughts were all of the greatness of Egypt and the supremacy of his throne, for a kindly providence had obliterated from his mind the disappointments of his life; and when, on August 2, 1849, he breathed his last, he no longer remembered that he was leaving Egypt as he had found it, a vassal of the Porte, only infinitely richer, happier, and more to be coveted by the rapacious Turks.

In view of the present anxious situation in Egypt, it will be as well to add a note on the events which have followed the death of Mohammed Ali. He was succeeded by his nephew, Abbas I., who died in 1854. The next hereditary Pasha was Said, Mohammed Ali's fourth son; and in his reign an Egyptian army was sent to help Turkey and the Allies against Russia in the Crimea, for a clause in the Turco-Egyptian agreement, to this day in force, empowered the Sultan to demand military aid of his vassal. In 1863 Ismail, the second son of Ibrahim, came to the throne. He was given the title of Khedive by the Sultan, and the Egyptian tribute was raised to its present figure (£682,000). He was deposed by the Porte at the request of the Powers owing to his debts, and was succeeded by his son Taufik in 1879. In 1882 Arabi Pasha headed a revolt, and England invaded Egypt to preserve

order, Turkey and France having failed to meet the British request to them to assist. In 1892 Taufik died, and the present Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, came to the throne. Mohammed Ali's agreement with Turkey was again recognised and confirmed, and England continued to occupy the country in behalf of the Sultan, our position there being simply that of a kind of police force temporarily keeping order in one of the Sultan's provinces. During the recent Turco-Italian and Turco-Balkan wars the Sultan did not exercise his right to demand aid from his Egyptian vassal, and, acting on British advice, the Khedive declared his neutrality. When war broke out between England and Turkey, Egypt's position became extremely awkward. Egyptians had always been recognised by us as Ottoman subjects, and thus technically we were at war with Egypt. The Egyptian Government, however, at our request, co-operated with us in certain measures against Turkey, and thus was pushed into committing a breach of Mohammed Ali's agreement with the Sultan, tantamount to a revolt against its overlord. The British Government then instructed the Egyptians to await events without resorting to arms either for or against the Sultan, and at the time of writing matters stand in this anomalous manner. The possible solutions, regularising the situation, are: (1) Egypt's ac-

knowledge of the Sultan's suzerainty, as recorded in the existing treaties, and an Egyptian attack on the British forces now in their country; (2) Egypt's separate and definite declaration of war against Turkey, and Egyptian assistance of the British, for the time being as an independent country; (3) the establishment of a British protectorate over an otherwise independent Egypt, freed by revolt from Turkey; (4) the British annexation of Egypt pure and simple; or (5) the incorporation of Egypt into the British Empire by mutual consent, as a sovereign state, with a degree of self-government somewhat more advanced than that which it now enjoys. The last-named solution appears likely to clear up Mohammed Ali's old problem in the most satisfactory manner, both for England and for Egypt; and it is to be hoped that it will speedily be adopted, in order that the irregularities of the present situation may be corrected. Ever since 1882,

England has so punctiliously regarded Egypt as being a province of the Turkish Empire, that it would be a pity for the Sultan's suzerainty to come to its inevitable end with a kind of dark and shuffling suggestion on our part that Mohammed Ali's Treaty with the Sultan has, in some indefinable way, ceased to hold good. It cannot be too emphatically stated that a war between England and Turkey does *not* abrogate a Treaty between Egypt and Turkey; for we have only a moral, and not a legal, right to concern ourselves at all with Egypto-Turkish affairs. Our position on the Nile, which did not require to be defined so long as our relations with Turkey were normal, now needs to be most carefully regularised, in order that no critic, forgetting how we have toiled for thirty-two years to bring prosperity to Egypt, may now declare that we have no right to defend this Turkish province against the incursion of its own overlord, the Sultan.

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## THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

## VII. SHOOTING STRAIGHT.

"WHAT for is the wee felly gaun' tae show us puctures?"

Second Lieutenant Bobby Little, assisted by a sergeant and two unhandy privates, is engaged in propping a large and highly-coloured work of art, mounted on a rough wooden frame and supported on two unsteady legs, against the wall of the barrack-square. A half-platoon of A Company, seated upon an adjacent bank, chewing grass and enjoying the mellow autumn sunshine, regard the swaying masterpiece with frank curiosity. For the last fortnight they have been engaged in imbibing the science of musketry. They have learned to hold their rifles correctly, sitting, kneeling, standing, or lying; to bring their backsights and foresights into an undeviating straight line with the base of the bull's-eye; and to press the trigger in the manner laid down in the Musketry Regulations—without wriggling the body or "pulling-off."

They have also learned to adjust their sights, to perform the loading motions rapidly and correctly, and to obey such simple commands as—

"*At them twa weemen*"—officers' wives, probably—"proceeding from left tae right across the square, at five hundred

*yairds*"—they are really about fifteen yards away, covered with confusion—"five roonds, fire!"

But as yet they have discharged no shots from their rifles. It has all been make-believe, with dummy cartridges, and fictitious ranges, and snapping triggers. To be quite frank, they are getting just a little tired of musketry training—forgetting for the moment that a soldier who cannot use his rifle is merely an expense to his country and a free gift to the enemy. But the sight of Bobby Little's art gallery cheers them up. They contemplate the picture with child-like interest. It resembles nothing so much as one of those pleasing but imaginative posters by the display of which our Railway Companies seek to attract the tourist to the less remunerative portions of their systems.

"What for is the wee felly gaun' tae show us puctures?"

Thus Private Mucklewame. A pundit in the rear-rank answers him.

"Yon's Gairmany."

"Gairmany ma auntie!" retorts Mucklewame. "There's no chumney-stalks in Gairmany."

"Maybe no; but there's wundmulls. See the wund-

mulld there — on yon wee knowe!"

"There's a pit-heid!" exclaims another man. This homely spectacle is received with an affectionate sigh. Until two months ago more than half the platoon had never been out of sight of at least half a dozen.

"See the kirk, in ablow the brae!" says some one else, in a pleased voice. "It has a nock in the steeple."

"I hear they Gairmans send signals wi' their kirk-nocks," remarks Private M'Micking, who, as one of the Battalion signallers — or "buzzers," as the vernacular has it, in imitation of the buzzing of the Morse instrument — regards himself as a sort of junior Staff Officer. "They jist semaphore with the haunds of the nock——"

"I wonder," remarks the dreamy voice of Private M'Leary, the humorist of the platoon, "did ever a Gairman buzzer pit the ba' through his ain goal in a fitba' match?"

This irrelevant reference to a regrettable incident of the previous Saturday afternoon is greeted with so much laughter that Bobby Little, who has at length fixed his picture in position, whips round.

"Less talking there!" he announces severely, "or I shall have to stand you all at attention!"

There is immediate silence — there is nothing the matter with Bobby's discipline — and the outraged M'Micking has to content himself with a homicidal glare in the direc-

tion of M'Leary, who is now hanging virtuously upon his officer's lips.

"This," proceeds Bobby Little, "is what is known as a landscape target."

He indicates the picture, which, apparently overcome by so much public notice, promptly falls flat upon its face. A fatigue party under the sergeant hurries to its assistance.

"It is intended," resumes Bobby presently, "to teach you — us — to become familiar with various kinds of country, and to get into the habit of picking out conspicuous features of the landscape, and getting them by heart, and — er — so on. I want you all to study this picture for three minutes. Then I shall face you about and ask you to describe it to me."

After three minutes of puckered brows and hard breathing the squad is turned to its rear, and the examination proceeds.

"Private Ness, what did you notice in the foreground of the picture?"

Private Ness gazes fiercely before him. He has noticed a good deal, but can remember nothing. Moreover, he has no very clear idea what a foreground may be.

"Private Mucklewame?"

Again silence, while the rotund Mucklewame perspires in the throes of mental exertion.

"Private Wemyss?"

No answer.

"Private M'Micking?"

The "buzzer" smiles feebly, but says nothing.

"Well," — desperately — "Sergeant Angus! Tell them what you noticed in the foreground."

Sergeant Angus (*floruit* A.D. 1895) springs smartly to attention, and replies, with the instant obedience of the old soldier—

"The sky, sirr."

"Not in the foreground, as a rule," replies Bobby Little gently. "About turn again, all of you, and we'll have another try."

In his next attempt Bobby abandons individual catechism.

"Now," he begins, "what conspicuous objects do we notice on this target? In the foreground I can see a low knoll. To the left I see a windmill. In the distance is a tall chimney. Half-right is a church. How would that church be marked on a map?"

No reply.

"Well," explains Bobby, anxious to parade a piece of knowledge which he only acquired himself a day or two ago, "churches are denoted in maps by a cross, mounted on a square or circle, according as the church has a square tower or a steeple. What has this church got?"

"A nock!" bellow the platoon, with stunning enthusiasm. (All but Private M'Micking, that is.)

"A clock, sir," translates the sergeant, *sotto voce*.

"A clock? All right: but what I wanted was a steeple. Then, farther away, we can observe a mine, a winding brook, and a house, with a wall in front of it. Who can see them?"

To judge by the collective expression of the audience, no one does. Bobby ploughs on.

"Upon the skyline we notice — Squad, 'shun!"

Captain Wagstaffe has strolled up. He is second in command of A Company. Bobby explains to him modestly what he has been trying to do.

"Yes, I heard you," says Wagstaffe. "You take a breather, while I carry on for a bit. Squad, stand easy, and tell me what you can see on that target. Private Ness, show me a pit-head."

Private Ness steps briskly forward and lays a grubby forefinger on Bobby's "mine."

"Private Mucklewame, show me a burn."

The brook is at once identified.

"Private M'Leary, shut your eyes and tell me what there is just to the right of the windmill."

"A wee knowe, sirr," replies M'Leary at once. Bobby recognises his "low knoll"—also the fact that it is no use endeavouring to instruct the unlettered until you have learned their language.

"Very good!" says Captain Wagstaffe. "Now we will go on to what is known as Description and Recognition of Targets. Supposing I had sent one of you forward into that landscape as a scout.—By the way, what is a scout?"

Dead silence, as usual.

"Come along! Tell me, somebody! Private Mucklewame?"

"They gang oot in a procession on Setterday eftarnoons,

sirr, in short breeks," replies Mucklewame promptly.

"A procession is the very last thing a scout goes out in!" raps Wagstaffe. (It is plain to Mucklewame that the Captain has never been in Wishaw, but he does not argue the point.) "Private M'Micking, what is a scout?"

"A spy, sirr," replies the omniscient one.

"Well, that's better; but there's a big difference between the two. What is it?"

This is a poser. Several men know the difference, but feel quite incapable of explaining it. The question runs down the front rank. Finally it is held up and disposed of by one Mearns (from Aberdeen).

"A spy, sirr, gets mair money than a scout."

"Does he?" asks Captain Wagstaffe, smiling. "Well, I am not in a position to say. But if he does, he earns it! Why?"

"Because if he gets caught he gets shot," volunteers a rear-rank man.

"Right. Why is he shot?"

This conundrum is too deep for the squad. The Captain has to answer it himself.

"Because he is not in uniform, and cannot therefore be treated as an ordinary prisoner of war. So never go scouting in your night-shirt, Mucklewame!"

The respectable Mucklewame blushes deeply at this outrageous suggestion, but Wagstaffe proceeds—

"Now, supposing I sent you out scouting, and you discovered that over there—some-

where in the middle of this field"—he lays a finger on the field in question—"there was a fold in the ground where a machine-gun section was concealed: what would you do when you got back?"

"I would tell you, sirr," replied Private M'Micking politely.

"Tell me what?"

"That they was there, sirr."

"Where?"

"In yon place."

"How would you indicate the position of the place?"

"I would pint it oot with ma finger, sirr."

"Invisible objects half a mile away are not easily pointed out with the finger," Captain Wagstaffe mentions. "Private Ness, how would you describe it?"

"I would tak' you there, sirr."

"Thanks! But I doubt if either of us would come back! Private Wemyss?"

"I would say, sirr, that the place was west of the mansion-hoose."

"There's a good deal of land west of that mansion-house, you know," expostulates the Captain gently; "but we are getting on. Thompson?"

"I would say, sirr," replies Thompson, puckering his brow, "that it was in ablow they trees."

"It would be hard to indicate the exact trees you meant. Trees are too common. You try, Corporal King."

But Corporal King, who earned his stripes by reason of physical rather than intellectual attributes, can only contribute a lame reference to "a bit

hedge by yon dyke, where there's a kin' o' hole in the tairget." Wagstaffe breaks in—

"Now, everybody, take some conspicuous and unmistakable object about the middle of that landscape—something which no one can mistake. The mansion-house will do—the near end. Now then—*Mansion-house, near end!* Got that?"

There is a general chorus of assent.

"Very well. I want you to imagine that the base of the mansion-house is the centre of a great clock-face. Where would twelve o'clock be?"

The platoon are plainly tickled by this new round-game. They reply—

"Straught up!"

"Right. Where is nine o'clock?"

"Over tae the left."

"Very good. And so on with all the other hours. Now, supposing I were to say, *End of mansion-house—six o'clock—white gate*—you would carry your eye straight downward, through the garden, until it encountered the gate. I would thus have enabled you to recognise a very small object in a wide landscape in the quickest possible time. See the idea?"

"Yes, sirr."

"All right. Now for our fold in the ground. *End of mansion-house—eight o'clock—got that?*"

There is an interested murmur of assent.

"That gives you the direction from the house. Now for the distance! *End of mansion-house—eight o'clock—two finger-*

*breadths*—what does that give you, Private Ness?"

"The corrnor of a field, sirr."

"Right. That is *our* field. We have picked it correctly out of about twenty fields, you see. *Corrnor of field. In the middle of the field, a fold in the ground. At nine hundred—at the fold in the ground—five rounds—fire!* You see the idea now?"

"Yes, sirr."

"Very good. Let the platoon practise describing targets to one another, Mr Little. Don't be too elaborate. Never employ either the clock or finger method if you can describe your target without. For instance: *Left of windmill—triangular cornfield. At the nearest corrnor—six hundred—rapid fire!* is all you want. Carry on, Mr Little."

And leaving Bobbie and his infant class to practise this new and amusing pastime, Captain Wagstaffe strolls away across the square to where the painstaking Waddell is contending with another squad.

They, too, have a landscape target—a different one. Before it half-a-dozen rifles stand, set in rests. Waddell has given the order: *Four hundred—at the road, where it passes under the viaduct—fire!* and six privates have laid the six rifles upon the point indicated. Waddell and Captain Wagstaffe walk down the line, peering along the sights of the rifles. Five are correctly aligned: the sixth points to the spacious firmament above the viaduct.

"Hallo!" observes Wagstaffe.

"This is the man's third try, sir," explains the harassed Waddell. "He doesn't seem to be able to distinguish anything at all."

"Eyesight wrong?"

"So he says, sir."

"Been a long time finding out, hasn't he?"

"The sergeant told me, sir," confides Waddell, "that in his opinion the man is 'working for his ticket.'"

"Umph!"

"I did not quite understand the expression, sir," continues the honest youth, "so I thought I would consult you."

"It means that he is trying to get his discharge. Bring him along: I'll soon find out whether he is skrim-shanking or not."

Private M'Sweir is introduced, and led off to the lair of that hardened cynic, the Medical Officer. Here he is put through some simple visual tests. He soon finds himself out of his depth. It is extremely difficult to feign either myopia, hypermetria, or astigmatism if you are not acquainted with the necessary symptoms, and have not decided beforehand which (if any) of these diseases you are suffering from. In five

minutes the afflicted M'Sweir is informed, to his unutterable indignation, that he has passed a severe ocular examination with flying colours, and is forthwith marched back to his squad, with instructions to recognise all targets in future, under pain of special instruction in the laws of optics during his leisure hours. Verily, in K (i)—that is the tabloid title of the First Hundred Thousand—the way of the malingerer is hard.

Still, the seed does not always fall upon stony ground. On his way to inspect a third platoon Captain Wagstaffe passes Bobby Little and his merry men. They are in pairs, indicating targets to one another.

Says Private Walker (oblivious of Captain Wagstaffe's proximity) to his friend, Private M'Leary—in an affected parody of his instructor's staccato utterance—

"*At yon three Gairman spies, gaun' up a close for tae despatch some wireless telegraphy—fufty roonds—fire!*"

To which Private M'Leary, not to be outdone, responds—

"*Public hoose—in the baur—back o' seven o'clock—twa drams—fower fingers—rapid!*"

## II.

From this it is a mere step to—

"Butt Pairty, 'shun! Formm fourrs! Right! By your left, quick *marrch!*"

—on a bleak and cheerless

morning in late October. It is not yet light; but a depressed party of about twenty-five are falling into line at the acrid invitation of two sergeants, who have apparently decided that the



pen is mightier than the Lee-Enfield rifle; for each wears one stuck in his glengarry like an eagle's feather, and carries a rabbinical-looking inkhorn slung to his bosom. This literary pose is due to the fact that records are about to be taken of the performances of the Company on the shooting-range.

A half-awakened subaltern, who breakfasted at the grisly hour of a quarter-to-six, takes command, and the dolorous procession disappears into the gloom.

Half an hour later the Battalion parades, and sets off, to the sound of music, in pursuit. (It is perhaps needless to state that although we are deficient in rifles, possess neither belts, pouches, nor greatcoats, and are compelled to attach our scanty accoutrements to our persons with ingenious contrivances of string, we boast a fully equipped and highly efficient pipe band, complete with pipers, big drummer, side drummers, and corybantic drum-major.)

By eight o'clock, after a muddy tramp of four miles, we are assembled at the two-hundred-yards firing-point upon Number Three Range. The range itself is little more than a drive cut through a pine-wood. It is nearly half a mile long. Across the far end runs a high sandy embankment, decorated just below the ridge with a row of number-boards—one for each target. Of the targets themselves nothing as yet is to be seen.

"Now then, let's get a move on!" suggests the Senior Captain briskly. "Cockerell, ring up the butts, and ask Captain Wagstaffe to put up the targets."

The alert Mr Cockerell hurries to the telephone, which lives in a small white-painted structure like a gramophone-stand. (It has been left at the firing-point by the all-providing butt-party.) He turns the call-handle smartly, takes the receiver out of the box, and begins. . . .

There is no need to describe the performance which ensues. All telephone-users are familiar with it. It consists entirely of the word "Hallo!" repeated *crescendo* and *furioso* until exhaustion supervenes.

Presently Mr Cockerell reports to the captain—

"Telephone out of order, sir."

"I never knew a range telephone that wasn't," replies the Captain, inspecting the instrument. "Still, you might give this one a sporting chance, anyhow. It isn't a *wireless* telephone, you know! Corporal Kemp, connect that telephone for Mr Cockerell."

A marble-faced N.C.O. kneels solemnly upon the turf and raises a small iron trap-door—hitherto overlooked by the omniscient Cockerell—revealing a cavity some six inches deep, containing an electric plug-hole. Into this he thrusts the terminal of the telephone-wire. Cockerell, scarlet in the face, watches him indignantly.

Telephonic communication

between firing-point and butts is now established. That is to say, whenever Mr Cockerell rings the bell some one in the butts courteously rings back. Overtures of a more intimate nature are greeted either with stony silence or another fantasia on the bell.

Meanwhile the captain is superintending firing arrangements.

"Are the first details ready to begin?" he shouts.

"Quite ready, sir," runs the reply down the firing-line.

The captain now comes to the telephone himself. He takes the receiver from Cockerell with masterful assurance.

"Hallo, there!" he calls. "I want to speak to Captain Wagstaffe."

"Honkle yang-yang?" inquires a ghostly voice.

"Captain Wagstaffe! Hurry up!"

Presently the bell rings, and the captain gets to business.

"That you, Wagstaffe?" he inquires cheerily. "Look here, we're going to fire Practice Seven, Table B.—snap-shooting. I want you to raise all the targets for six seconds, just for sighting purposes. Do you understand?"

Here the bell rings continuously for ten seconds. Nothing daunted, the captain tries again.

"That you, Wagstaffe? Practice Seven, Table B.!"

"T'chk, t'chk!" replies Captain Wagstaffe.

"Begin by raising all the targets for six seconds. Then raise them six times for five

seconds each—no, as you were! Raise them five times for six seconds each. Got that? I say, are you *there*? What's that?"

"Przemysl!" replies the telephone—or something to that effect. "Czestochowa! Krzyzskowice! Plock!"

The captain, now on his mettle, continues—

"I want you to signal the results on the rear targets as the front ones go down. After that we will fire—oh, *curse* the thing!"

He hastily removes the receiver, which is emitting sounds suggestive of the buckling of biscuit-tins, from his ear, and lays it on its rest. The bell promptly begins to ring again.

"Mr Cockerell," he says resignedly, "double up to the butts and ask Captain Wagstaffe—"

"I'm here, old son," replies a gentle voice, as Captain Wagstaffe touches him upon the shoulder. "Been here some time!"

After mutual asperities, it is decided by the two captains to dispense with the aid of the telephone proper, and communicate by bell alone. Captain Wagstaffe's tall figure strides back across the heather; the red flag on the butts flutters down; and we get to work.

Upon a long row of waterproof sheets—some thirty in all—lie the firers. Beside each is extended the form of a sergeant or officer, tickling his charge's ear with incoherent counsel, and imploring him,

almost tearfully, not to get excited.

Suddenly thirty targets spring out of the earth in front of us, only to disappear again just as we have got over our surprise. They are not of the usual bull's-eye pattern, but are what is known as "figure" targets. The lower half is sea-green, the upper, white. In the centre, half on the green and half on the white, is a curious brown smudge. It might be anything, from a splash of mud to one of those mysterious brown-paper patterns which fall out of ladies' papers, but it really is intended to represent the head and shoulders of a man in khaki lying on grass and aiming at us. However, the British private, with his usual genius for misapprehension, has christened this effigy "the beggar in the boat."

With equal suddenness the targets swing up again. Crack! An uncontrolled spirit has loosed off his rifle before it has reached his shoulder. Blistering reproof follows. Then, after three or four seconds, comes a perfect salvo all down the line. The conscientious Mucklewame, slowly raising his foresight as he has been taught to do, from the base of the target to the centre, has just covered the beggar in the boat between wind and water,

and is lingering lovingly over the second pull, when the inconsiderate beggar (and his boat) sink unostentatiously into the abyss, leaving the open-mouthed marksman with his finger on the trigger and an unfired cartridge still in the chamber. At the dentist's Time crawls; in snap-shooting contests he sprints.

Another set of targets slide up as the first go down, and upon these the hits are recorded by a forest of black or white discs, waving vigorously in the air. Here and there a red and white flag flaps derisively. Mucklewame gets one of these.

The marking-targets go down to half-mast again, and then comes another tense pause. Then, as the firing-targets reappear, there is another volley. This time Private Mucklewame leads the field, and decapitates a dandelion. The third time he has learned wisdom, and the beggar in the boat gets the bullet where all mocking foes should get it—in the neck!

Snap-shooting over, the combatants retire to the five-hundred-yard firing-point, taking with them that modern hair-shirt, the telephone.

Presently a fresh set of targets swing up—of the bull's-eye variety this time—and the markers are busy once more.

### III.

The interior of the butts is an unexpectedly spacious place. From the nearest firing-point

you would not suspect their existence, except when the targets are up. Imagine a sort of

miniature railway station—or rather, half a railway station—sunk into the ground, with a very long platform and a very low roof—eight feet high at the most. Upon the opposite side of this station, instead of the other platform, rises the sandy ridge previously mentioned—the stop-but—crowned with its row of number-boards. Along the permanent way, in place of sleepers and metals, runs a long and narrow trough, in which, instead of railway carriages, some thirty great iron frames are standing side by side. These frames are double, and hold the targets. They are so arranged that if one is pushed up the other comes down. The markers stand along the platform, like railway porters.

There are two markers to each target. They stand with their backs to the firers, comfortably conscious of several feet of earth and a stout brick wall between them and low shooters. Number one squats down, paste-pot in hand, and repairs the bullet-holes in the unemployed target with patches of black or white paper. Number two, brandishing a pole to which is attached a disc, black on one side and white on the other, is acquiring a permanent crick in the neck through gaping upward at the target in search of hits. He has to be sharp-eyed, for the bullet-hole is a small one, and springs into existence without any other intimation than a spirt of sand on the bank twenty yards behind. He must be

alert, too, and signal the shots as they are made; otherwise the telephone will begin to interest itself on his behalf. The bell will ring, and a sarcastic voice will intimate—assuming that you can hear what it says—that C Company are sending a wreath and message of condolence as their contribution to the funeral of the marker at Number Seven target, who appears to have died at his post within the last ten minutes; coupled with a polite request that his successor may be appointed as rapidly as possible, as the war is not likely to last more than three years. To this the butt-officer replies that C Company had better come a bit closer to the target and try, try again.

There are practically no restrictions as to the length to which one may go in insulting butt-markers. The Geneva Convention is silent upon the subject, partly because it is almost impossible to say anything which can really hurt a marker's feelings, and partly because the butt-officer always has the last word in any unpleasantness which may arise. That is to say, when defeated over the telephone, he can always lower his targets, and with his myrmidons feign abstraction or insensibility until an overheated subaltern arrives at the double from the five-hundred-yards' firing-point, conveying news of surrender.

Captain Wagstaffe was an admitted master of this game. He was a difficult subject to handle; for he was accustomed

to return an eye for an eye when repartees were being exchanged; and when overborne by heavier metal—say, a peripatetic “brass-hat” from Hythe—he was accustomed to haul up the red butt-flag (which automatically brings all firing to a standstill), and stroll down the range to refute the intruder at close quarters. We must add that he was a most efficient butt-officer. When he was on duty, markers were most assiduous in their attention to theirs, which is not always the case.

Thomas Atkins rather enjoys marking. For one thing, he is permitted to remove as much clothing as he pleases, and to cover himself with stickiness and grime to his heart's content—always a highly prized privilege. He is also allowed to smoke, to exchange full-flavoured persiflage with his neighbours, and to refresh himself from time to time with mysterious items of provender wrapped in scraps of newspaper. Given an easy-going butt-officer and some timid subalterns, he can spend a very agreeable morning. Even when discipline is strict, marking is preferable to most other fatigues.

Crack! Crack! Crack! The fusilade has begun. Privates Ogg and Hogg are in charge of Number Thirteen target. They are beguiling the tedium of their task by a friendly gamble with the markers on Number Fourteen—Privates Cosh and Tosh. The rules of the game are simplicity itself.

After each detail has fired, the target with the higher score receives the sum of one penny from its opponents. At the present moment, after a long run of adversity, Privates Cosh and Tosh are one penny to the good. Once again fortune smiles upon them. The first two shots go right through the bull—eight points straight away. The third is an inner; the fourth another bull; the fifth just grazes the line separating inners from outers. Private Tosh, who is scoring, promptly signals an inner. Meanwhile, target Number Twelve is also being liberally marked—but by nothing of a remunerative nature. The gentleman at the firing-point is taking what is known as “a fine sight”—so fine, indeed, that each successive bullet either buries itself in the turf fifty yards short, or ricochets joyously from off the bank in front, hurling itself sideways through the target, accompanied by a storm of gravel, and tearing holes therein which even the biassed Ogg cannot class as clean hits.

“We hae gotten eighteen that time,” announces Mr Tosh to his rival, swinging his disc and inwardly blessing his unknown benefactor. (For obvious reasons the firer is known only to the marker by a number.) “Hoo’s a’ wi’ you, Jock?”

“There’s a [adjective] body here,” replies Ogg, with gloomy sarcasm, “flingin’ bricks through this yin!” He picks up the red and white flag for the

fourth time, and unfurls it indignantly to the breeze.

"Here's the officer!" says the warning voice of Hogg. "I doot he'll no allow your last yin, Peter."

He is right. The subaltern in charge of targets Thirteen to Sixteen, after a pained glance at the battered countenance of Number Thirteen, pauses before Fourteen, and jots down a figure on his butt-register.

"Fower, fower, fower, three, three, sirr," announces Tosh politely.

"Three bulls, one inner, and an ahter, sir," proclaims the Cockney sergeant simultaneously.

"Now, suppose *I* try," suggests the subaltern gently.

He examines the target, promptly disallows Tosh's last inner, and passes on.

"Seeventeen *only!*" remarks Private Ogg severely. "I thocht sae!"

Private Cosh speaks—for the first time—removing a paste-brush and some patching-paper from his mouth—

"Still, it's better nor a washoot! And onyway, you're due us tippence the noo!"

By way of contrast to the frivolous game of chance in the butts, the proceedings at the firing-point resolve themselves into a desperately earnest test of skill. The fortnight's range-practice is drawing to a close. Each evening registers have been made up, and firing averages adjusted, with the result that A and D Companies

are found to have entirely out-distanced B and C, and to be running neck and neck for the championship of the battalion. Up till this morning D's average worked out at something under fifteen (out of a possible twenty), and A's at something over fourteen points. Both are quite amazing and incredible averages for a recruits' course; but then nearly everything about "K (i)" is amazing and incredible. Up till half an hour ago D had, if anything, increased their lead: then dire calamity overtook them.

One Pumpherson, Sergeant-Major and crack shot of the Company, solemnly blows down the barrel of his rifle and prostrates himself majestically upon his more than considerable stomach, for the purpose of firing his five rounds at five hundred yards. His average score so far has been one under "possible." Three officers and a couple of stray corporals gather behind him in eulogistic attitudes.

"How are the Company doing generally, Sergeant-Major?" inquires the Captain of D Company.

"Very well, sirr, except for some carelessness," replies the great man impressively. "That man there"—he indicates a shrinking figure hurrying rearwards—"has just spoilt his own score and another man's by putting two shots on the wrong target!"

There is a horrified hum at this, for to fire upon some one else's target is the gravest crime in musketry. In the

first place, it counts a miss for yourself. In the second, it may do a grievous wrong to your neighbour; for the law ordains that, in the event of more than five shots being found upon any target, only the worst five shall count. Therefore, if your unsolicited contribution takes the form of an outer, it must be counted, to the exclusion, possibly, of a bull. The culprit broke into a double.

Having delivered himself, Sergeant-Major Pumpherson graciously accepted the charger of cartridges which an obsequious acolyte was proffering, rammed it into the magazine, adjusted the sights, spread out his legs to an obtuse angle, and fired his first shot.

All eyes were turned upon target Number Seven. But there was no signal. All the other markers were busy flourishing discs or flags; only Number Seven remained cold and aloof.

The captain of D Company laughed satirically.

"Number Seven gone to have his hair cut!" he observed.

"Third time this morning, sir," added a sycophantic subaltern.

The sergeant-major smiled indulgently.

"I can do without signals, sir," he said. "I know where the shot went all right. I must get the next a *little* more to the left. That last one was a bit too near to three o'clock to be a certainty."

He fired again—with precisely the same result.

Every one was quite apologetic to the sergeant-major this time.

"This must be stopped," announced the Captain. "Mr Simson, ring up Captain Wagstaffe on the telephone."

But the sergeant-major would not hear of this.

"The butt-registers are good enough for me, sir," he said with a paternal smile. He fired again. Once more the target stared back, blank and unresponsive.

This time the audience were too disgusted to speak. They merely shrugged their shoulders and glanced at one another with sarcastic smiles. The captain, who had suffered a heavy reverse at the hands of Captain Wagstaffe earlier in the morning, began to rehearse the wording of his address over the telephone.

The sergeant-major fired his last two shots with impressive aplomb—only to be absolutely ignored twice more by Number Seven. Then he rose to his feet and saluted with ostentatious respectfulness.

"Four bulls and one inner, I *think*, sir. I'm afraid I pulled that last one off a bit."

The captain is already at the telephone. For the moment this most feminine of instruments is found to be in an accommodating frame of mind. Captain Wagstaffe's voice is quickly heard.

"That you, Wagstaffe?" inquires the Captain. "I'm so sorry to bother you, but could you make inquiries and ascer-

tain when the marker on Number Seven is likely to come out of the chloroform?"

"He has been sitting up and taking nourishment for the last five minutes," replies the voice of Wagstaffe. "What message can I deliver to him?"

"None in particular, except that he has not signalled a single one of Sergeant-Major Pumpherston's shots!" replies the Captain of D, with crushing simplicity.

"Half a mo'!" replies Wagstaffe. . . . Then, presently—

"Hallo! Are you there, Whitson?"

"Yes. We are still here," Captain Whitson assures him frigidly.

"Right. Well, I have examined Number Seven target, and there are no shots on it of any kind whatever. But there are ten shots on Number Eight, if that's any help. Buck up with the next lot, will you? We are getting rather bored here. So long!"

There was nothing in it now. D Company had finished. The last two representatives of A were firing, and subalterns with note-books were performing prodigies of arithmetic. Bobby Little calculated that if these two scored eighteen points each they would pull the Company's total average up to fifteen precisely, beating D by a decimal.

The two slender threads upon which the success of this enterprise hung were named Lindsay and Budge. Lindsay was a phlegmatic youth with

watery eyes. Nothing disturbed him, which was fortunate, for the commotion which surrounded him was considerable. A stout sergeant lay beside him on a waterproof sheet, whispering excited counsels of perfection, while Bobby Little danced in the rear, beseeching him to fire upon the proper target.

"Now, Lindsay," said Captain Whitson, in a trembling voice, "you are going to get into a good comfortable position, take your time, and score five bulls."

The amazing part of it all was that Lindsay very nearly did score five bulls. He actually got four, and would have had a fifth had not the stout sergeant, in excess of solicitude, tenderly wiped his watery eye for him with a grubby handkerchief just as he took the first pull for his third shot.

Altogether he scored nineteen; and the gallery, full of congratulations, moved on to inspect the performance of Private Budge, an extremely nervous subject: who, thanks to the fact that public attention had been concentrated so far upon Lindsay, and that his ministering sergeant was a matter-of-fact individual of few words, had put on two bulls—eight points. He now required to score only nine points in three shots.

Suddenly the hapless youth became aware of the breathless group in his rear. He promptly pulled his trigger, and just flicked the outside edge of the target—two points.



"I doot I'm gettin' a thing nairvous," he muttered apologetically to the sergeant.

"Havers! Shut your heid and give the bull a bash!" responded that admirable person.

The twitching Budge, bracing himself, scored an inner—three points.

"A bull, and we do it!" murmured Bobby Little. Fortunately Budge did not hear.

"Ye're no daen badly," admits the sergeant grudgingly.

Budge, a little piqued, determines to do better. He raises his foresight slowly; takes the first pull; touches "six o'clock" on the distant

bull—luckily the light is perfect—and takes the second pull for the last time.

Next moment a white disc rises slowly out of the earth and covers the bull's-eye.

So Bobby Little was able next morning to congratulate his disciples upon being "the best-shooting platoon in the best-shooting Company in the best-shooting Battalion in the Brigade."

Not less than fifty other subalterns within a radius of five miles were saying the same thing to their platoons. It is right to foster a spirit of emulation in young troops.

*(To be continued.)*

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## A GREAT JOUST.

THE very High and Mighty King of Castile and of Leon, Don Juan II., who reigned, but did not govern, from 1406 to 1453, was a most feeble and disastrous monarch. His realm was wellnigh wrecked for lack of governance while he was hiding himself from the assaults of bullies behind his favourite, that very famous and magnificent Lord Don Álvaro de Luna, Master of Santiago and Constable of Castile. His heart was set upon poets, or what he took to be the same thing—namely, poetasters. He had himself drunk the poetaster's mead. And next to a writer of courtly verse he loved the Court chivalry of his age, its make-believe, its show, and its "Passages of Arms." The fifteenth century was in its moral vile, and both treacherous and ferocious in its wars. But it had a sort of chivalry of its own, an affair of play-acting and jousts. The jousts were serious. The play-acting was all in the pretexts for them.

"When he fights and beats out's brains,  
The devil's in him if he feigns."

There can have been no feigning on the part of Ruy Diaz de Mendoza and the nineteen gentlemen of his house who held a Pass at Valladolid in 1439 on the occasion of the marriage of Don Enrique, the Prince of Asturias. They fought with sharp lances. Pedro de Portocarrero and Juan de Salazar were killed,

and Diego de Sandoval so grievously wounded that his recovery was thought a miracle. The King stopped the joust as being too dangerous. The Church had good cause to condemn the game as being so perilous to life that men were cut off in their sins, and the soul perished with the body.

The chivalry of the middle ages was ready enough to burn heretics on the request of the Church, but not to give up its amusements. The Church herself would refuse to bury in consecrated ground a gentleman who had the misfortune to be killed in the lists, but in the persons of its Prelates and Priests it encouraged tournaments and passages of arms, by not preventing them from being held and by looking on. Prelates were present on Friday the 1st of January 1434 when King John was spending his Christmas season at Medina del Campo, and it was merry in hall and beards wagged all, and they played at King Arthur and the Round Table and the emprises of Knights Errant. It was as good as a play when ten "hidalgos" of clean blood and unstained coat-armour stalked into the hall, all in "white armour," preceded by a herald whom they called Vanguard, to ask a boon of the King.

The names of the ten gentlemen were Suero de Quiñones, who was captain of them, Lope

de Estuñiga, Diego de Bazan, Pedro de Nava, Álvaro Gomez de Quiñones, Sancho de Ravanal, Lope de Aller, Diego de Benavides, Pedro de los Rios, and Gomez de Villacorta. Having with a becoming grace kissed the royal hand and shoe, Suero asked leave to make his petition by the mouth of his herald, and leave being graciously given, Vanguard read aloud: How just it was that all men languishing in prison should seek freedom, how Suero, being to the knowledge of all the Court enslaved by tyrannous love to a certain lady of unspeakable beauty, virtue, and discretion (in all the many meanings that vexatious word has in Castilian), was constrained to wear an iron collar in her honour every Thursday; how being desirous to free himself from this obligation he sought leave from the King to hold a Pass of Arms in her honour, and break or cause to be broken three hundred lances. There was a lady, and she was another gentleman's wife, but what was Suero's honest opinion of the relative values to him of her reciprocity to his refined devotion, and of a good charger, is a question not worth investigating. All this business of "the lady of his devotion" was just the game handed down by "makers" from of old, and serving as an excuse for private theatricals. The joust was the thing, and when leave to hold it was given, then Vanguard mounted the dais at the head of the hall and read out the twenty laws of the Pass of Honour

devised by Suero. The King listened with approval. He saw that the "Paso" would be a model, and we have to thank Don Juan for one business-like thing he did in an otherwise futile existence. He decided that a proper record should be taken, and he named as reporter his scrivener and notary public, Pedro Rodriguez Delena (or de Lena), to make a good downright 'Bell's Life' report. Accounts of tournaments are common enough, but they are wont to go into mere generalities, as does for instance the 'Pas des Armes de Sandricourt.' 'The Book of the Pass of Honour held by the excellent knight Suero de Quiñones,' first drawn up by the notary Delena, and then compiled from his MSS. by Brother Juan de Pineda of the Order of Saint Francis, and by him printed at Salamanca in 1588—the Armada year—is just such a detailed record of points made as might be given in a sporting paper of the mill between the Tutbury Pet and the Tipton Slasher.

Fray Juan de Pineda says he abbreviated the notary's record. If so, the good reporter must have been inordinately garrulous and minute. But the Friar cannot have out short the business of the joust. What he condensed was probably the descriptions of dressings and trappings. There is more than human patience can stand of such matters in all the records of the time. After all, crimson hose of fine Florentine cloth, doublets of blue velvet, and brocade, plumes, gold lace

and jewelry, were just the same at a joust as at any other festive and solemn social occasions. I will avail myself of a phrase dear to Mr Henley, and say: "Let us cut the cackle and come to the hoeses." Yet one remark may be made. The challengers wore devices and mottoes, and they were French. "Il faut deliberer" was Suero's motto. And this is a point worth making, for it is a reminder that the tournament and its derivatives, the various kinds of "jousts," were in origin French, and never lost that character. Tournaments and jousts might be combined, but they were not the same thing. When the tournament began in the eleventh century, it was simply a meeting of all the gentlemen of the countryside who had nothing on earth to employ them beyond hunting and fighting, for the purpose of enjoying a general scrimmage on a convenient open field. As many as fifty champions are known to have been killed in these battles. The Church set its face against them, and then the overflowing pugnacity of the heroes was drawn away to Spain to fight the Almoravides or swarmed off in the direction of the Holy Land. The tournament was brought to order. The encounter in mass, or *mêlée*, did not cease till the end of the fifteenth century. When Louis de Hé-douville, Seigneur de Sandri-court, which, like Paris, is "emprès Pontoise," held his *Pas des armes* in 1493, there were interludes of scrimmage between the jousts. The teams

which encountered one another fought on horseback and on foot, with swords and battle-axes. It sounds terrible, but as a matter of fact men were rarely killed on these occasions. The weapons were tournament swords, maces, or axes. All blows must be given from above to below. The combatants wore extra pieces of armour outside their ordinary harness, and inside they wore padded jackets covering arms, shoulders, and back, three fingers, say two inches, thick. It is not surprising that they were rarely wounded. The wonder is that they could exert themselves. René of Anjou, whom we all know from 'Anne of Geierstein,' and who was a great authority, says that in the north of Europe men wore so many extra pieces of mail and so much padding that when fully equipped they were broader than they were long. In the lists there was a barrier, and the two sides hammered at one another across the top. It must have been a pure trial of endurance, and the victory fell to those who had the strongest heart and lungs, and could bear up against the greatest number of thumps.

Suero de Quiñones did not propose to hold a tournament, but a joust in its most gentlemanly form—that is to say, a succession of encounters between single champions, wearing the full tilting armour, mounted and using the lance only. The place was the bridge over the Órbigo, southwest of Leon, and east of Astorga. It was a station on

the French or Pilgrim Road to Santiago, in Galicia. The time was fifteen days before and fifteen after the feast of St James, on the 25th July. It would be tedious to give all the twenty laws laid down by the excellent Suero. The substance of them was that he and his nine friends would hold the pass against all comers,—one defender to one challenger, in succession. All gentlemen were invited to attend, and indeed one of the Royal Heralds was sent as far abroad as time permitted, to proclaim the joust. Whoever came in answer to the invitation, or passed by the way on pilgrimage to Santiago, was to give his right spur as a pledge that he would redeem it by running courses till three lances had been broken. A lady was to leave her right glove till her champion redeemed it. This was rather part of the frippery than of the business of the joust. But the business was well looked to. A competent authority was appointed to act as umpire—the two Judges, Pero Baba and Gomez Arias de Quiñones. Defenders and challengers alike were bound to “do homage” to the Judges in the full form—that is, to constitute themselves their liege men for the joust, and obey their orders. Then care was taken to define the quality of the persons who were to be allowed to compete. The defenders declined to meet a challenger who was not a gentleman of coat-armour. Therefore whoever came to joust must

tell his name and give his coat-of-arms. He was not allowed to select his opponent, for a very sufficient reason. If he could, then there was a great probability that he would name Suero himself, or one or two of the others, and they would be overworked. Therefore the challenger must be content with knowing that he would be matched with one of the defenders, who were all gentlemen of known houses, but must not ask the name of his opponent. If this rule, which was a fair one, had been enforced at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Wilfred of Ivanhoe would not have been free to touch the shield of the Templar. Each pair of combatants must break three lances between them, but the drawing of blood constituted a broken lance.

When we remember what the tilting armour was, it appears eminently likely that no blood could be drawn. The ordinary harness was reinforced by extra pieces. The left breast and shoulder were protected by a steel cape, or part of a cape, with a high Gladstone collar fastened to the breast-plate. On the right side a small round shield—the *rondel* (in Spanish *arandela*)—was fixed to cover the inner side of the arm and the armpit. The high-peaked saddle was plated. And of course there were the helmet, gorget or throat-piece, breast-plate, and shoulder, arm, thigh, and leg pieces, and the heavy gauntlets. Another “*rondel*” was fixed on the lance to protect the hand. Even when

the lances were ground sharp, as they were at Urbigo, how could the tilters be wounded? We shall see that they were, and fatally too.

Before we finally get to the "hosses" it may not be superfluous to note that if a joust was a gentleman's game it was also a show for persons in easy circumstances. Whether Suero bore all the expenses himself, or was aided by his team, or by Álvaro de Luna, or the King, the Paso Honroso must have cost first and last a pretty penny. The building of the lists, the grand stand, the Judges' seats, and the tents provided for the defenders and their guests, entailed the use of three hundred ox-waggon loads of timber brought from the Quiñones land in Asturias and the woods of Luna. Then Don Suero undertook to entertain all comers at rack and manger, to pay all doctors' bills, and to give a diamond to the first gentleman who broke his lance to redeem a lady's glove. He also bound himself to provide horse, lance, and armour of a quality equal to the defenders' for challengers who were not provided with their own. Then he must have paid something for the marble statue of a herald, carved for him by Nicolao Frances, the architect (maestro de las obras) of Santa Maria de la Regla at Leon. It was put on the Pilgrim Road, and the right hand held a scroll bearing the words, "This way to the Pass." The crowd of workmen, grooms, trumpeters, cymbal players, and drummers on the kettle-

drums, servants of defenders and challengers, must have been paid and fed, and we may be sure they pilfered. For the better governance of these persons the Judges made a law that any man who cried out to the jousters should lose his tongue, and if he made a sign his hand was to be cut off. It would have gone ill with the well-disposed spectators at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, who gave superfluous advice to Ivanhoe, if this rule had been in force there. And now, suppressing much elaborate detail copiously recorded by Pedro de Lena and gently abbreviated by Friar Pineda, we will really come to "the hosses."

There were plenty of them, for the courses run were seven hundred and twenty-seven, and the broken lances were a hundred and sixty-six. That was little more than half the number fixed by Don Suero, but the Judges and the Ladies thought there were enough of them to redeem his vow. The proportion of courses to broken lances was therefore rather under four to one.

If all the encounters had been like the first, the proportion would have been lower. Suero naturally opened the ball, riding in well attended and to the sound of music. The chronicler dwells on the magnificence of his trappings. The challenger was a German from Brandenburg, whose name is given in Spanish as Arnaldo de la Floresta Bermeja — the Red Thicket or Shrubbery. M. de Puymaigre suggests that in German he

was von Rothwald, and perhaps he was. He was probably on pilgrimage when he heard of the joust, and, though he was not the first comer among the challengers, the place was ceded to him as being a foreigner from a far country by the brothers Mosen Juan and Mosen Per Fabla, sons of the Lord (or Laird) of Chella in Valencia. He was, we learn, twenty-seven years old, and the Spaniard was twenty-five. When the herald cried, "Legeres aller legeres aller e faire son debér" —which is very Spanish-French,—the knights laid lance in rest and rode gallantly. Suero smote the German on the rondel. The lance slipped and struck the rere-brace—*i.e.*, the armour of the upper right arm, broke its fastenings, and was itself broken in the middle. The German smote Suero on the left arm rere-brace and broke it loose, but did not break his lance. He was forced back, but the judges thought that it was as much by the force of the thrust he gave as the one he received, and therefore, we gather, did not count a point to Suero. They had broken one of the three lances. Though the chronicler does not say so, we presume that the armourers who were in attendance refitted the rere-braces. In the second course Suero hit on the "piastron," or pauldron (*i.e.*, shoulder-piece), of the German's right arm. The lance slipped without disturbing the fastenings of the piece, and passed

along the arm-pit. The German shouted "olas," and the spectators thought he was wounded—which would have counted as a second broken lance to Suero. Arnaldo of the Red Wood, Thicket, or Shrubbery, caught the Spaniard fairly on the beaver or lower part of the face-cover of his helmet, breaking his lance cleanly two spans below the head. Here were two broken lances in two courses, and if Suero's lance had drawn blood the three breakages would have been complete. But they ran six before they had performed their arms. After the second shock, they rode past one another "with very good form," neither having bent before the shock. In the third course Suero touched the German's left gauntlet; Arnaldo missed him. In the fourth course Suero touched the left rere-brace, but did not hold, and again the German missed. In the fifth course both missed. In the sixth course the German missed once more, but Suero smote the left rere-brace firmly, the point pierced, and the lance broke in the middle. The arms were performed, but we see that there were five misses to seven hits in this encounter of well-matched opponents.

And what else could be expected? Here were two men cased in double and treble sheets of metal, reduced to see through narrow openings in their helmets. They stood upright in their stirrups, supported by the high back peak of their saddles. Each had a heavy lance in

his right hand, resting on a hook fastened to the breast-plate. What could they do more than hold themselves steady, keep their lance bearing across the horse's neck from right to left at the opponent, and receive the shock without flinching? A joust was, in fact, a trial of nerve and steadiness rather than of skill, and whether the jousts met at all depended at least as much upon the horse as upon the rider.

It is true that the decision was reached even more quickly in one case. Gomez de Villacorta, defender, and Juan Freyre de Andrada, challenger, broke three lances in three courses. In the first they passed without touching. In the second Villacorta broke his lance on the left-hand gauntlet of Andrada. The lance-head remained fixed in the armour. In the third, Villacorta broke his lance on the challenger's left arm, and Andrada broke his also on the left arm and "in the direction of the heart." But this was an exceptionally hasty conclusion, and Andrada did not think he had run as much as he ought, in order to show a becoming zeal for his lady. He applied to be given another chance. Suero gravely thanked him and promised to make use of his services if any occasion should offer. The knights frequently rode past one another again and again without touching, as often as nine and ten times in succession. Late in the thirty days of the joust Gomez de Villa-

corta and Juan de Cavallo ran twenty times and only broke two lances. As the sun was set, and the judges could not see properly in the twilight, they stopped the jousting, and decided that in consideration of the great trouble they had taken, these gentlemen should be supposed to have performed their arms. We cannot suppose that their failure was due to clumsiness. Villacorta had made quick work with Andrada, and Cavallo was a chosen companion of Juan de Merlo, a noted jousting in and out of Spain, who was present at this pass of arms. There was an element of mere luck in jousting—and then it is probable that Villacorta was beginning to feel the strain.

For in spite—and also because—of all the padding and armour jousting was no child's play. Men were damaged in more ways than one. At the close of the "Paso Honroso" nine of the ten defenders were disabled by shock, dislocation, or wound. Only Sancho de Ravanal remained sufficiently fit to run the last course. The mere shock of the encounter when the lance hit fair and did not slip was no trifle. The weight of a suit of tilting armour was about two hundred pounds. When the wearer was, say, a twelve-stone man he would ride about twenty-six stone. A powerful horse was required to carry the weight, and though no great speed could have been reached, still the combined momentum and weight of the two must



have called for a great exertion of strength on the part of the jousters, who had to bear up without allowing themselves to be bent back. The joust who did bend backwards under the shock incurred a bad mark. We are not at all surprised to read that one of them, Liñan was his name, was compelled to beg the judges to allow him to retire, for he "felt very sick."

Sprains and dislocations were very common, at least among the defenders. The challengers, who were allowed to compete only once—that is, once till three lances had been broken, or allowed as broken—suffered less. The defenders, who had to run turn and turn about during seven hundred and twenty-six courses, were worn out by the time the thirty days of the joust were done. The lance was heavy, and though it rested on a support fastened to the breast-plate it was not balanced. All the weight was outside the support, therefore it can have been kept in place only by a constant exercise of sheer strength of hand and arm. Occasionally the rider failed to keep the point up, and hit the head of his opponent's horse—a very bad mark—or the front peak of the saddle, which, however, was counted a fair hit. Sancho de Raval did once fail so utterly to keep the point of his lance up that he drove it into the barrier. His horse was brought up so suddenly that it nearly came down with

him, and he must have been roughly jarred.

Wounds pure and simple which drew blood were far from uncommon. There were two weak points in the tilting armour—the one bad and the other fatal. The bad one was the right arm-pit and upper arm. When the lance was laid in rest, the joust was forced to keep his elbow well out from his side. It followed that the space over the arm-pit was uncovered. The rondel was meant to protect this weak place, but it was a poor protection, for it was easily broken off. When that happened the lance would either score the arm-pit or go through the rere-brace. One gentleman did meet with this misfortune—Diego de Mansilla was his name, and he came as challenger. The defender who met him was Lope de Aller. At the very first course Don Lope, after hitting the rondel, drove his lance right through Mansilla's upper arm, and broke it in three pieces. Mansilla was thrown right backwards, and his horse bore him to the judge's platform. The broken head of the lance stuck in the wound, and when it was drawn out the blood spouted as "wine leaps from a barrel when the spigot is drawn." Don Diego fainted; and, says the chronicler, let no one be surprised at that, for an onlooker was so shocked that he too fainted dead, and remained insensible for half an hour, for all they kept pulling his nose!

Shock, dislocation, and wound might all come together. They did to the giver of the joust himself, Suero de Quiñones. Don Suero, though a gallant sportsman, was decidedly a swaggerer, and had more than his fair share of the national "boato." The mere sound of this ear-filling word conveys the meaning with its booming "o" and the broad resonant "a." It was out of "boato" that Suero tried to force the Judges to allow him to ride minus three pieces of his armour till one set of three lances was broken. They would not hear of any such extravagance, though Suero roared with fury at their refusal. It is rather pleasant to read how he met his full match in the person of another embodiment of "boato," Juan de Merlo. This other sportsman was then just starting on a famous jousting tour he made to the gorgeous court of Burgundy and to Germany. He and Don Suero were a nicely matched pair. They met, and though Quiñones broke a lance finely on Merlo, he was himself run through the right arm, and compelled to confess that he could not go on. Nor did any one hint that if he had chosen he could, for not only was his wrist, which had suffered already, dislocated, but the whole arm was swollen and black and blue, and besides the wound made by the head of the lance, there were two caused by the splinters of the broken shaft. The game in which a man could be mauled like this was no mere show.

There was a worse place to be hit on than on the right upper arm. Though the joust needed to see only what was right in front of him, he had of necessity to see so much. And he must needs breathe. Therefore there must be openings in his helmet. That being so, there was an unavoidable risk that he would be hit on the face, and perhaps in the eye, which could hardly help being fatal. A lance head might enter by the vizor or beaver, the upper and lower mask of the helmet, and on one side or other of the face, without doing harm, but it was counted an extraordinary accident and a wondrous piece of luck when it did. One case occurred in the Pass of Honour. But the usual end was that which came to Esberte de Claramonte, a gentleman of Aragon, when the joust was drawing to its close. He came as challenger, and was met by Suero Gomez de Quiñones, cousin of the captain of the joust. In the ninth course Suero Gomez struck the Aragonese on the vizor of his helmet, and the whole lance head entered by the opening and pierced Claramonte to the brain. The chronicle goes into details of the wound, which we will omit. Enough that the Aragonese in his agony drove his lance into the soil of the list, his horse bounded forward, and he rolled from the saddle dead.

If the Church could not enforce her condemnation of these dangerous sports, and

did not even try seriously, she could mark her disapproval by refusing Christian burial to the dead who perished in them. The knights and gentlemen present loudly lamented the fate of Mosen Esberte. They did all possible honour to his body, and would have done no less to his soul if they could. They were good churchmen in their way. The first thing they did at daybreak was to hear Mass. Don Suero was accompanied by his confessor, Maestro Fray Anton, and other Dominicans. But when he asked the Maestro to say prayers over the dead knight he was told that it could not be, for the Church would not recognise as her sons those who died in such sports, for they were in a state of mortal sin. An appeal to the Bishop of Astorga produced only a flat refusal to break the laws of the Church, and Mosen Esberte was buried in unconsecrated ground—cut off even in the blossoms of his sin.

Then the joust went on to its end. From this we may safely conclude that the knights of the fifteenth century did not attach any exaggerated value to the offices of the Church. They would not have condemned themselves to the awful fate of those who die contumaciously in mortal sin if they had. Still they were good Christians in their way, as may be seen from the case of Mosen Frances Davio, another Aragonese. This gentleman had broken the lances with Lope de Estuñiga, not

rapidly, for they ran twenty-three courses in all, but right stoutly when they did shock, so that the fragments of the shafts flew over the Judges' seat. His arms being performed with general approval, Mosen Frances Davio, speaking in a loud voice, and in the hearing of several persons, declared that he would never again make love to a nun, as it seems on his confession he was then doing, and that if he relapsed any man might justly call him rascal. It was probably the Francoisan editor of the edition of 1588 who comments on this outburst, to the effect that if Davio had had any Christian virtue, or even the natural shame which teaches men to conceal their sins, he would not have shouted out a scandalous sacrilege so very offensive to the monastic state and to God. The gentlemen present were not shocked, and whether Mosen Frances kept his promise, and why, if so, he did keep it, nobody knows.

These touches of manners do not leave a high impression of the morality and piety which lay behind the showy external chivalry of all these knights. They were stout men truly, the worthy grandfathers of the "conquistadores" and the heroes of the wars of Italy, in which, by the way, one of the house of Quiñones fell gloriously at Ravenna. They were polite in a stately fashion. It is pleasant to read how Don Suero, and Merlo who wounded him so shrewdly, parted with

mutual gifts and compliments. Yet it is also the fact that one of the promises which the jousts had to give was not to make any wound, or other injury which should befall them at the Pass of Honour, an excuse for starting a blood feud. There was a good deal of wrangling on points of sporting orthodoxy—the kind of dispute which is not unknown now in yacht-racing and other sports. Yet there was one example given of the courtesy of the heart which should not be omitted. There came to the joust a gentleman who was but a very small gentleman, barely “gentil ome,” and much less than hidalgo. He desired to break his lance with the rest, but nine of the defenders thought it beneath their dignity to meet him.

Lope de Estuñiga, of his courtesy and free nature, would not stand upon such a point. He provided arms and a horse for the candidate, and they ran the courses duly. When the very little gentleman, who was but barely “gentil ome,” thanked him for his courtesy, Lope replied that he was as proud to joust with him as with an emperor, and invited him to supper. There may have been better lances at the Paso Honroso than Lope de Estuñiga. On the record I incline to think that he was not quite a match for the giver of the joust, or his cousin Suero Gomez, or Pedro de Nava. But there certainly was no better fellow in the lists by the bridge of the Órbigo.

DAVID HANNAY.

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## NICKY-NAN, RESERVIST.

BY "Q."

## CHAPTER VII.—"QUID NON MORTALIA PECTORA . . ."

A MOMENT later Nicky-Nan took a step to the door, half-repentant, on an impulse to call Mrs Penhaligon back and bid her fetch a candle. God knows how much of subsequent trouble he might have spared himself by obeying that impulse: for Mrs Penhaligon was a woman honest as the day; and withal had a head on her shoulders, shrewd enough—practised indeed—in steering the clumsy male mind for its good.

But, as we have recorded, Nicky-Nan, having suffered in early life from a woman, had been turned to a distrust of the sex; a general distrust which preoccupied with its shadow the bright exception which, on a second thought, he was ready enough to recognise in Mrs Penhaligon.

This second thought came too late, however. He took one step towards the door, guided by the glimmer, beneath it, of her retreating candle. His hand even fumbled for the latch, and found it. But a sudden shyness seized him and he drew back. He heard her footsteps creaking on the party-stairs: heard the sound of her door softly closed, then the sound of a bolt thrust home

in its socket; and turned to face darkness.

His brain worked quite clearly. He guessed well enough what had happened. In his youth he had often listened, without taking note of their talk, while his elders debated how it came about that the old Doctor had left, beyond some parcels of real estate—cottage property for the most part, the tenants of which were notoriously lax in paying their rents—but a very few personal effects. There were book debts in an inordinate mass; and the heirs found an inordinate difficulty in collecting them, since the inhabitants of Polpier—a hardy sea-faring race—had adopted a cheerful custom of paying for deliverance from one illness when they happened (if ever they did) to contract another: and this custom they extended even to that branch of medical service which by tradition should be rewarded in ready money. ["I always," explained a Polpier matron, "pays 'en ver one when I engages 'en ver the next; an' the laast I'll never pay ver"—and she never did.] On top of this, Polpier folk argued that doctoring wasn't, like property, a gift which a man could pass

on to his heirs, and most certainly not if they happened to be—as they were—a corn-factor and an aged maiden sister of independent but exiguous means. “As I look at it,” some one put this argument, on the Quay, “th’ old Doctor’s mastery was a thing to hisself, and a proper marvel at that. Us brought nothin’ into the world, my sons, an’ us can’t carry nothin’ out: but that don’t mean as you can leave it behind—leastways, not when it takes the form of professional skill. . . . Why, put it to yourselves. Here’s th’ old man gone up for his reward: an’ you can hear th’ Almighty sayin’, ‘Well done, thou good an’ faithful servant.’” — “Amen,” from the listeners. — “Yes, an’ ‘The labourer is worthy of his hire,’ and what not. ‘Well, then,’ the Lord goes on, flatterin’-like, ‘what about that ther talent I committed to ’ee? For I d’ know *you’re* not the sort to go hidin’ it in a napkin.’ An’ d’ ee reckon th’ old chap ’ll be cuttin’ such a figure as to own up, ‘Lord, I left it to a corn-merchant’? Ridio’lous to suppose! . . . *The Lord giveth, an’ the Lord taketh away.* . . . With cottage-property, I grant ’ee, ’tis another thing. Cottage-property don’t go on all-fours.”

Nicky-Nan, then, guessed well enough what had happened. Almost in a flash he had guessed it.

He had surprised the old Doctor’s secret, hidden all these years. Folks used to make hoards of their money

in the old days, when Napoleon threatened to invade us and deposit banks were scarce. And the Doctor, by all that tradition told, was never a man to break a habit once formed. For more than the span of two generations this wealth had lain concealed; and now *he* — *he*, Nicholas Nanjivell — was a rich man, if only he played his cards well!

With how sure an instinct he had clung to the old house! — had held on to this relic of a past gentility to which by rights he belonged!

He was a rich man now, and would defy Amphlett and all his works—

How pleasant it is to have money,  
heigho!  
How pleasant it is to have money! —

if only he knew how much!

And yet . . . Although philosophers in all ages have desecated on the blessings of Hope, and the part played by imagination in making tolerable the business of living—so that men in the mass not only carry life through with courage but will turn and fight desperately for it, like stags at bay—it is to be doubted if one in ten ever guesses how constantly he is sustained by this spirit scorning the substance, gallantly blind, with promises lifting him over defeat. I dare to say that, save for the strength of hope it put into him, this wealth, so suddenly poured at Nicky-Nan’s feet, doubled his discomfort, physical and mental.

Of his physical discomfort,

just now, there could be no question. He could not find courage to leave his trove and climb the stairs back to his bedroom. Some one might rob him while he slept, and—horror!—he would never even know of how much he had been robbed. The anguish in his leg forbade his standing sentry: the night wanted almost three hours of dawn. Shirt and trousers were his only garments.

He knelt and groped on the stone floor to a corner clear of the fallen rubbish. On his way his fingers encountered a coin and clutched it—comfort, tangible proof that he had not been dreaming. He seated himself in the corner, propping his back there, and fell to speculating—sensing the coin in his palm, fingering it from time to time.

The old Doctor had always, in his lifetime, been accounted a well-to-do man. . . . Very likely he had started this hoard in Bonaparte's days, and had gone on adding to it in the long years of peace. . . . It would certainly be a hundred pounds. It might be a thousand. One thousand pounds!

But no—not so fast! Put it at a hundred only, and daylight would be the unlikelier to bring disappointment. The scattered coins he had seen by that one brief flash of the candle danced and multiplied themselves before his eyes like dots of fire in the darkness. Still he resolutely kept their numbers down to one hundred.

A hundred pounds! . . . Why, that, or even fifty, meant

all the difference in life to him. He could look Amphlett in the face now. He would step down to the Bank to-morrow, slap seven sovereigns down on the counter—but not too boldly; for Amphlett must not suspect—and demand the change in silver, with his receipt. Full quitance—he could see Amphlett's face as he fetched forth the piece of paper and made out that quitance, signing his name across a postage stamp.

Not once in the course of his vision-building did it cross Nicky-Nan's mind that the money was—that it could be—less than legitimately his. Luck comes late to some men; to others, never. It had come late to him, yet in the nick of time, as a godsend. His family and the old Doctor's had intermarried, back along, quite in the old days; or so he had heard. . . . Nicky-Nan knew nothing of any law about treasure-trove. Wealth arrived to men as it befell or as they deserved; and, any way, "findings was keepings." His notion of other folks' concern in this money reached no further than a vague fear of folks in general—that they might rob him or deprive him of it in some way. He must go to work cautiously.

Thus out of despair Fortune lifted him and began to install him in fear.

He must go to work *very* cautiously. Being all unused to the possession of money, but accustomed to consider it as a weapon of which fortunate men obtained a hold to employ it in "besting" others less fortunate, he foresaw endless calls upon

his cunning. But this did not forbid his indulging in visions in which—being also at bottom good-natured—he pictured himself as playing the good genius in his native town, earning general gratitude, building in a large-handed way the new Quay that was so badly needed, conferring favours right and left, departing this life amid the mourning of the township, perchance (who could tell?) surviving for the wonder of generations to come in a carved statue at the Quay-head. He had observed, in the ports he had visited abroad, such statues erected in memory of men he had never heard tell of. It would be a mighty fine thing—though a novelty in Polpier—to have one's memory kept alive in this fashion. . . . He would lord it in life too, as became a Nanjivell—albeit the last of the race. To the Penhaligon family he would be specially kind. . . . Upon other deserving ones he would confer surprising help by stealth. . . . He wished now that, in spite of experience, he had married and begotten children—an heir at least. It would be a fine thing to restore the stock to a prospect of honour. He wondered that in the past he had never realised his plain duty in this light and taken the risk. As it was, the old name could only be preserved in a commonalty's gratitude.

The flagged floor galled him cruelly; for he was of lean build. Shift his posture or his weight as he might, after a few seconds' ease his haunch-pins were pressing again upon the

pavement, with no cushion of flesh but a crushed nerve or two that kept telephoning misery to his knee and fetching fierce darts of pain for response. A quick succession of these, running into one as though a red-hot iron had been applied under the thigh, searing it to the very bone, stabbed suddenly into his brain with a new terror. He had forgotten the anonymous letter and its threat!

He was a rich man now. The business of a rich man was to stay at home and preserve his riches while making use of them—like Amphlett. Who in this world ever heard of a rich man being hauled off to serve in the Navy as a common seaman? The thing was unprecedented. He could buy himself out; at the worst by paying up the money he had drawn.

Yes, but this would involve disclosing his wealth, and the source of it. . . . He was terribly afraid of publicity. He had enemies, as the letter proved: he suspected that the law itself might be another enemy—you could never predict which side the law would take—and between them, if they got to know his secret, they would despoil him. . . . On the other hand if, covering his secret, he opposed but a passive resistance, they might carry him off to jail, and then all this money would be laid bare to the world. Intolerable exposure!

He must hide it. . . . He must count it, and then—having staved off Amphlett—hide it to-morrow with all speed and cunning. When would the dawn come?



The sun, in the longitude of Polpier, was actually due to rise a few minutes before five o'clock. But Polpier (as I have told) lies in a deep cleft of the hills. Nicky - Nan's parlour looked out on a mere slit at the bottom of that cleft; and, moreover, the downfall of plaster blocked half the lower portion of its tiny dirty window.

What with one hindrance and another, it was almost a quarter past five before daylight began to glimmer in the parlour. It found him on his knees—not in prayer, nor in thanksgiving, but eagerly feeling over the grey pile of rubbish and digging into it with clawed fingers.

An hour later, with so much of daylight about him as the window permitted, he was still on his knees. Already he had collected more than a hundred golden coins, putting them together in piles of twenty.

The dawn had been chilly: but he was warm enough by this time. Indeed, sweat soaked his shirt; beads of sweat gathered on his grey eyebrows, and dripped, sometimes on his hands, sometimes on the pile of old plaster—greyish-white, and fine almost as wood-ash—into which they dug and dug, tearing the thin lathes aside, pouncing on each coin brought to the surface.

Once only—though the kneeling cost him torture, and the sweat came no less from anguish than from exertion—did he pause and straighten himself up to listen. Upstairs the Penhaligon children had awak-

ened with the daylight and were talking—chirruping like sparrows—before they left their beds—

Hey! now the day dawis;  
The joly cock crawis . . .

—but Nicky-Nan toiled on in his dim parlour, collecting wealth.

By eight o'clock he had picked up and arranged—still in neat piles of twenty—some eight hundred coins of golden money. His belly was fasting: but he had forgotten the crust in the cupboard. Had he not here enough to defray a king's banquet?

Some one tapped on the door. Nicky - Nan, startled, raised himself upright on his knees and called in a tremor—

"No admittance!"

As he staggered up and made for the door, to press his weight against it, Mrs Penhaligon spoke on the other side.

"Mr Nanjivell!"

"Ma'am?"

"The postman, with a letter for you. I'll fetch it in, if you wish: but the poor fellow 'd like a clack, I can see."

It jumped to his tongue to bid her fetch and pass it in to him under the door. The outside of a letter would not tell her much, and anyhow would excite less curiosity than his own corporal envelope, begrimed as it was just now with dust and plaster and cobwebs. But the end of her message alarmed him with misgivings more serious. "Why should Lippity-Libby want a clack with him? . . . Just for

gossip's sake?—or to convey a warning?" Lippity-Libby knew, or averred that he knew, the author of yesterday's anonymous letter. . . .

"Tell him I'll be out in a moment."

Nicky-Nan beat his hands together softly to rid them of the worst of the plaster, then smoothed them briskly down his chest in a hasty effort to remove the cobwebs that clung there. The result—two damning smears on the front of his shirt—was discouraging.

He opened the door with great caution, peered out into the passage, and found to his great relief that Mrs Penhaligon, that discreet woman, had withdrawn to her own premises.

He would have reconnoitred farther, but in the porch at the end of the passage Lippity-Libby stood in plain view, with the street full of sunshine behind him. So he contented himself with closing the door carefully and hasping it.

"If," began Lippity-Libby, "you go on gettin' letters at the rate o' one a day, there's only two ways to it. Either you'll practise yourself not to keep the King's postman waitin', or you'll make it up afterwards in the shape of a Christmas-box. . . . I ought in fairness to tell you," Lippity-Libby added, "that there is a third way—though I hate the sight of it—and that's a letter-box with a slit in the door. Parson Steele had one. When I asked en why, he laughed an' talked foolish, an' said he'd put it up in self-defence. Now,

what sort o' defence can a letter-box be to any man's house? And that was six months afore the War, too!"

"Another letter for me?"

Nicky-Nan hobbled forward, blinking against the sunlight.

"'Ho-Haitch-Hem-Hess'—that means 'On His Majesty Service'; post-mark, Troy. . . . Hullo!—anything wrong wi' the house?"

"Eh?"

"Plasterin' job?"

Nicky-Nan understood. "What's that to you?" he asked curtly.

"I don't know how it should happen," mused Lippity-Libby after a pause of dejection, "but the gettin' of letters seems to turn folks suspicious-like all of a sudden. You'd be surprised the number that puts me the very question you've just asked. An' they tell me that 'tis with money the same as with letters. I read a tract one time, about a man that found hisself rich of a sudden, and instead o' callin' his naybours together an' sayin' 'Rejoice with me,' what d'ye think he went an' did?"

"Look here," said Nicky-Nan, eyeing the postman firmly. "If you're hidin' something behind this clack, I'll trouble you to out with it."

"If you don't *want* the story, you shan't have it," said Lippity-Libby, aggrieved. "'Tis your loss, too; for it was full of instruction, an' had a moral at the end in different letterin'. . . . You're upset this mornin', that's what you are—been up too early an' workin' too hard at that plasterin' job, whatever

it is." The little man limped back into the roadway and cricked his head back for a gaze up at the chimneys. "Nothing wrong on this side, seemin'ly. . . . Nor, nor there wasn't any breeze o' wind in the night, not to wake me. . . . Anyways, you're a wonderful forgivin' man, Nicholas Nanjivell."

"Why so?"

"Why, to be up betimes an' workin' yourself cross, plasterin' at th' old house, out o' which—if report's true—you'll be turned within a week."

"Don't you listen to reports; no, nor spread 'em. Here, hand me over my letter. . . . 'Turn me out,' will they? Go an' tell 'em they can't do it—not if they was to bring all the king's horses and all the king's men."

"And *they* be all gone to France. There! there! As I said to myself only last night as I got into bed—'What a thing is War,' I said, 'an' o' what furious an' rummy things consistin'—marches to an' fro, short commons, shootin's of cannon, rapes, an' other blood-thirsty goin's-on; an' here we be in the midst thereof. That's

calculated to make a man *think*.' . . . But I must say," said Lippity-Libby, eyeing the sky aloft, "by the set o' the wind they're goin' to have bootiful weather for it."

As the old man took his departure, Nicky-Nan broke the seal of his letter, opened it, and read—

To NICHOLAS NANJIVELL,  
R.N.R., Polpier.

TROY, August 3rd, 1914.

I am advised that you have failed to join the Royal Naval Reserve Force called into Active Service under the Act 22 and 23 Vict. c. 40; nor have you reported yourself at the Custom-House, St Martin's, Cornwall, as required on the Active Service Paper, R.V. 53, as duly delivered to you.

Before filling up your description on Form R.V. 26a (R.N.R. Absentees and Deserters) I desire that you will let me know the cause of your non-compliance with H.M. summons; and, if the cause be sickness or other disablement, that you will forward a medical certificate *immediately*, as evidence of same, to

JOSHUA JOHNS,  
Registrar, Royal Naval Reserve.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—BUSINESS AS USUAL.

"Business as usual!" said Mr Amphlett heartily to his clerk Mr Hendy, as he let himself in at 9.40 by the side door of the Bank. Mr Hendy lived on the premises, which his wife served as caretaker, with a "help" to do the scrubbing.

Mr Hendy, always punctual, stood ready in the passage, awaiting his master. He received Mr Amphlett's top-hat and walking-stick, helped him off with his black frock-coat, helped him on with the light alpaca jacket in which

during the hot weather Mr Amphlett combined banking with comfort.

"Business as usual!" said Mr Amphlett, slipping into the alpaca. "That's the motto. Old England's sound, Hendy!"

"Yes, sir: leastways, I hope so."

"Sound as a bell. It's money will pull us through this, Hendy, as it always has. We mayn't wear uniforms"—Mr Amphlett smoothed down the alpaca over his stomach—"but we're the real sinews of this War."

Mr Hendy—a slight middle-aged man, with fluffy straw-coloured hair which he grew long above his ears, to compensate for the baldness of his cranium—answered that he was glad Mr Amphlett took it in so hearty a fashion, but for his part, if it wasn't for the Missus, he was dying to enlist and have a slap at the Germans.

Mr Amphlett laughed and entered his private office. Here every morning he dealt with his correspondence; while Hendy, in the main room of the Bank, unlocked the safe, fetched out the ready cash and the ledgers, and generally made preparations before opening the door for business on the stroke of ten.

Five or six letters awaited Mr Amphlett. One he recognised by envelope and handwriting as a missive from headquarters: and he opened it first, wondering a little, pausing, as he broke the seal, to examine the post-marks. "Yes-

terday had been Bank Holiday. . . . But, to be sure, in these times the Head Office would very likely be neglecting bank holidays, the clerks working at high pressure. . . ."

But no: the London post-mark bore date "Aug. 1." The letter had been received and delivered at Polpier on the 2nd, and had been lying in the bank letter-box for two whole days.

He broke the seal in some trepidation: for he had spent the last sixty hours or so of national emergency on a visit with Mrs Amphlett to her brother-in-law, a well-to-do farmer, who dwelt some twelve miles inland. Here Mr Amphlett, after punctual and ample meals, had gently stimulated digestion with hot brandy-and-water (which never comes amiss, even in August, if you happen to be connected with farming and have duly kept the Sabbath), and had sat with one leg crossed over the other, exchanging—rather by his composed bearing than in actual words—confidence in Britain's financial stability against confidence in her agriculture. His presence had somewhat eased a trying situation at Lawhilly Farm, where his young fool of a nephew—an only son, too—fired by the war—had gone so far as to distress his parents with talk of enlisting.

"Business as usual!" had been Mr Amphlett's advice to the young man. "There was, for a day or two—I won't deny it—a certain—er—tendency to what I may call *nerv-*

ousness in the City. Can we wonder at it, holding as we do so many—er—threads?" Mr Amphlett held up his two hands, and spread them as though they contained a skein of wool to be unwound. "But the Chancellor of the Exchequer took steps. Opposed as I am in a general way to the present Government, I am free to admit that, at this juncture, the Chancellor of the Exchequer realised his responsibilities and—er—took steps. Markets may—er—fluctuate for some weeks to come—may, as I would put it, exhibit a certain amount of—er—unsteadiness. But we shall tide that over, easily—as I am advised, quite easily. Great Britain's credit is solid; that's the word—*solid*: and if that—er—solidarity holds true of our monetary system with"—here Mr Amphlett expanded and contracted his fingers as if gathering gossamers—"its delicate and far-reaching complexities . . . That was an excellent duck, James," said he, turning to his brother-in-law. "I don't remember when I've tasted a better."

"Maria believes in basting, I thank God," said his brother-in-law, Farmer Pearce, acknowledging the compliment. "'Tis a more enterprisin' life you lead by the sea, if your business calls you that way. You pick up more money—which is everything in these days—and you see the ships and yachts going to and fro, and so forth. But you can't breed ducks for table. Once they get nigh to tidal water, though

it be but to the head of a creek, the flesh turns fishy, and you can't prevent it. We must set it down to Natur', I suppose. But inland ducks for me!"

"Maria has a great gift with the stuffing, too. . . . You're spoilt, Ebenezer—and so too is Obed here—up in this fat of the land, though you don't know it. Eh?" said Mr Amphlett sharply as his nephew Obed, who had been sitting by and listening sulkily, made an impatient movement,—“But as I was going on to say, if we, that hold (as I may put it) the threads of commerce in these times, believe in sitting solid, why surely the same applies—only more so—to agriculture.”

"Which is the backbone of Old England," interposed Farmer Pearce, "an' always has been."

"There's two ends to most backbones," put in young Obed, who had been tracing patterns with his fingers on the surface of the mahogany table. "And I don't pretend to have the cleverer one. But I don't want the other to be kicked into doin' summat; which is what'll happen to us farmin' chaps if we don't start enlistin'."

"The aggericultural community," persisted his father, who had picked up that resonant term at meetings of the Farmers' Union, "is, an' always has been, the backbone of England."

"Then 'tis time we showed it, in the Yeomanry."

"I wish you'd hold your tongue on that word; when you know your mother never

hears it spoke but she wakes me up at night with the palpitations. . . . We *be* show-in' it, I tell 'ee. We *be* doin' something for our country in this here crisis. Why, didn' Squire Tresawna ride over but yesterday an' commandeered Tory an' Pleasant?—that's my two best waggon-hosses," the farmer explained to his brother-in-law. "An' didn' he say as most likely he'd be over again inside a fortnit, after light draught hosses for the Artillery? I don't murmur, for my part. We must all be prepared to make sacrifices in these times. But all I say is, you can't pick up draught hosses—light or heavy—off a greengrocer, nor yet off a bird-fancier; an' the man who says you can, I'll tell him to his face he's no better than a liar," concluded Farmer Pearce, suddenly growing crimson in the face, and smiting the table with unnecessary heat.

"If the hosses be goin', why should the men linger?" young Obed urged. "An' I don't see what you sacrificed either, over Tory an' Pleasant; for you told me yourself the Squire gave a very fair price for 'em."

"Well, an' I should hope so! You don't reckon as I was goin' to make Government a present of 'em, do 'ee?—a man rated up to the ears, as I be!" Here he glanced nervously at his brother-in-law, who (as a town-dweller) held the monstrous belief that farmers enjoyed their share, and even a little more, of relief from rating, and had

more than once shown argumentative fight on this subject in the piping times of peace. But Mr Amphlett tactfully ignored the unwary challenge.

"Listen to me, Obed," he put in. "By what I hear from London, as well as what I read in the papers, the most serious question before this country just now is to maintain—or, as I might put it, to keep up—an adequate supply of food-stuffs. To which end," pursued Mr Amphlett, in the weighty periods of the "leading article" from which he had gathered this information, "it appears to us—I mean, to me—that our agricultural friends would be well advised, at this juncture, in considering the advisability, as well as the feasibility, of restoring a quantity of their pasture-land to an arable condition, and cultivating it *as* such. The Board of Agriculture, it is understood, will shortly issue a circular—er—on these lines. Now you cannot effect the change thus indicated without labour—"

"Or hosses."

"That there Board of Agriculture," put in the farmer, "is always settin' up to know us farmers' business better than we d' know it ourselves. Grow wheat—must we? All very well, an' for my country's good I'm willin' enough, provided it can be done at a profit. Will Government guarantee *that*? . . . No, brother Amphlett: what you say about your callin', I says about mine. 'Business as usual'—that's my word: an' let Obed here be a good

son to his mother an' bide at home, defyin' all the Germans in Christendom."

Mr Amphlett, then, had spent his week-end in rural comfort, and with the consciousness of being useful—a steadying influence in a household threatened by youthful restlessness, which (Heaven knew) might so easily turn to recklessness. His wife, too, was devotedly attached to her sister, whose heart had always been liable to palpitations. But he realised at sight of the letter, which had been lying so long in the box, that a phrase is not everything: that "business as usual," while it might serve as a charm or formula against panic in the market-place, and even sustain in private many a doubting soul accustomed to take things on trust, was an incantation something less than adequate to calm the City of London, or the Bank directors and their confidential clerks, who maybe had been working in a frenzy through Sunday and Bank Holiday in their closed offices at headquarters. For a moment Mr Amphlett realised this, and it gave him a scare. In the act of opening the letter he cast his eyes around on the chance that a telegram had followed the letter, demanding to know the cause that took him from his post at this crisis. But there was no telegram. The envelope held two enclosures. He scanned them hurriedly: the blood came back to his face, and he was a man again.

The first enclosure merely

acknowledged, in conventional words, the receipt of certain returns posted by him last Friday. The second ran—

*New Bank Premises: Polpier Branch.*

DEAR SIR,—With reference to the above, the Board has had under consideration your letter of the 23rd ult.; and directs me to say that, in the present unsettled situation abroad, and the consequent need of strict watchfulness over capital expenditure (however small), it may be wise to defer the issuing of tenders, as suggested by you, until further notice.

The Board has, in its confidence, entrusted you with almost complete discretion in this matter; and possibly you may find it difficult, at this juncture, to delay matters as suggested. If so, please advise.

—Yours faithfully,

WALTER P. SCHMIDT,

*Managing Director.*

So *that* was all right! It might defer building operations, but it need not defer his dealing with Nanjivell, his own tenant, who paid nothing. He could turn Nanjivell out, and then—well, whenever the Bank chose to start building, the Directors (having gone so far) would no doubt consider the length of time the premises had been standing idle.

His brow cleared. He opened the next letter, with the handwriting of which he was familiar enough. One Retalack, a speculative builder, suggested a small increase on his

overdraft, offering security. This would not do, in war time. Mr Amphlett dealt with it at once—

DEAR SIR,—You are doubtless aware that the outbreak of a European War compels the Banking Houses to look jealously after all advances, or extensions of credit, even the smallest.

It is not so much a question of declining this new request on your part as of reconsidering very carefully the present position of your acct. I will satisfy myself concerning this and advise you without delay.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

ALFRED AMPHLETT,

*Manager.*

“Business as usual”—Mr Amphlett repeated it many times to himself as he went through the rest of his correspondence. His spirit—in revulsion after his brief scare—soared almost to gaiety. His bosom’s lord sat lightly on his throne. He walked into the main room of the Bank as Hendy pulled the door-bolts. Hendy on Friday and Saturday had shown himself flatly incapable of understanding the *moratorium*, whether in principle or in detail; what it was or how it worked. Mr Amphlett, for his part, was uncertain about the details. But he explained them to Hendy.

Then he returned to his private office, pausing by the rack in the passage to draw from the tail pocket of his frock-coat, hanging there, a folded

copy of *The Western Morning News*. There was something furtive in this action: he would have started guiltily had he been surprised in it, even by the meek Hendy.

Business—well, business could not be altogether as usual in these times. As a rule Mr Amphlett read his paper through, before and during breakfast, and left it at home for Mrs Amphlett to scan the births, deaths, and marriages, the “wanted,” the Court Circular, and any report there might happen to be of a colliery explosion (she specialised in colliery explosions: they appealed to her as combining violent death with darkness) before interviewing the cook. But to-day, with all Europe in the melting-pot—so to speak—Mr Amphlett had broken his rule. He craved to know the exact speed at which Russia was “steam-rolling.” There was a map in the paper, and it might repay study.

Before studying the map his eye fell on a paragraph headed “Rise in Prices.” He paused and spent some time over this.

He was still conning it when the door opened, and Hendy appeared. Mr Amphlett muttered “Consols,” and refolded the newspaper hastily.

“Nanjivell is here to see you, sir. Says he must speak to you in private.”

“Oh . . . confound Nanjivell! I’ve had enough of that man. . . . Very well; but tell him I can’t spare a moment over five minutes.”

Hendy ushered in Nicky-



Nan, who hobbled forward to the table, hat in hand.

"Good-morning, Nanjivell!" said Mr Amphlett.

"'Mornin', sir."

"Another plea, I suppose?—when you had my word on Saturday that I'd done with you."

"'Tain't that."

"Then what is it? . . . For I hardly suppose 'tis to pay up—rent *and* arrears."

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven!" Nicky-Nan dived in his pocket for the fistful of coins, picked them out carefully, and laid them one by one on the table. "I'll take the change an' a receipt, if you please."

"How came you by this money?" asked the Bank Manager, after a pause, staring at the gold.

"What the hell is that to you?" demanded Nicky-Nan.

For a moment Mr Amphlett made no reply. Then he leaned forward and picked up one of the coins.

"I asked," he said, "because one of these happens to be a guinea-piece—a spade guinea, and scarcely worn at all."

"'Tis as good as a sovereign's worth, hey?"

"Certainly: worth more in fact."

"I'll trust 'ee for the difference then," said Nicky-Nan. "As for how I came by it, I came by it honest, an' that's enough. A man o' my family may have a bit o' hoard put by—by his forefathers."

"I see," said Mr Amphlett thoughtfully. "Hendy shall

make out the receipt. But this doesn't include costs of the ejection order, you know."

"I'll bring 'em to-morrow, if you'll let me know the amount."

"Hendy shall give you a note of it. . . . No—to be fair, the ejection order still stands against you. I have power to turn you out to-morrow."

"But you won't!"

"If you use that tone with me, my man, I certainly will. If you take your receipt and clear out, I may relent so far as to give you a short grace."

When Nicky-Nan had taken his leave, Mr Amphlett picked up the spade guinea and considered it curiously. It had a beautifully sharp impression, and might have been minted yesterday. He thought it would go very well on his watch-chain.

Then he opened the paper again, sought out the paragraph headed "Rise in Prieses," and read it through, pausing now and again to pencil a note or two on the back of an envelope.

On his way homeward in the dinner-hour he called at Mrs Pengelly's shop and gave that good woman an order for groceries. The size of it almost caused her to faint. It ran into double figures in pounds sterling.

"Business as usual!" repeated Mr Amphlett to himself complacently, as he pursued his way up the hill.

## CHAPTER IX.—THE BROKEN PANE.

During his interview with Mr Amphlett, Nicky-Nan had been in a fever to get back to his parlour. It had no lock to the door, and goodness knew what the Penhaligon children might not be up to in these holiday times. Also he could not rid his mind of a terror that his wealth might prove, after all, to be fairy-gold and vanish in air.

It was a relief in a way to find that Mr Amphlett, after ringing each coin on his table, had accepted the seven pieces for currency. But this business of the spade-guinea raised a new scare to agitate him.

In a confused way he remembered that in building the coins into piles he had found some of them to be broader than others, so that their edges overlapped, and that for symmetry he had sorted these broader pieces out and stacked them apart. Of the last ten he had made a mixed pile,—four broad coins at the base, six narrower ones above; and from this he had taken, purely by chance, the seven topmost to pay his debt—that is to say, six sovereigns and one guinea-piece. Luck had stood his friend. A pretty business had he gone to the banker with seven of those old-fashioned guineas!

Mr Hendy had handed him five shillings and fourpence change with his quittance, and on his way home he made a detour to hobble into Mr

Gedye's shop—"S. Gedye, Iron-monger and Ship-Chandler"—and purchase two staples, a hasp, and a stout padlock, with key.

Mr Gedye, selecting these articles with a care that was slow torture to his customer, opined that the weather was settled at last, and trusted it would assist the Russians in mobilising. The slower Mr Gedye became, the more ardently he repeated an expression of hope that the Russians would hurry up.

"Once they get going——" said Mr Gedye, and pulled out a drawerful of staples so far that it upset and spilled its contents in an avalanche on the dark floor behind the counter. "I knew a ship's captain once, a Russian that married a woman over to Troy and would go to sleep for a week on end every time he came home from a voyage. His wife would wake him up and give him tea: that was all he took—tea without milk, between the sheets. He had been a Radical over in his own country, and the Radical agent over to Troy got wind o' this an' took steps to naturalise him. It took seven years. . . . But put him on deck in a gale o' wind and a better skipper (I'm told) you wouldn't meet in a day's march. When he got up an' dressed, he'd dander down to the butcher's an' point to the fatty parts of the meat with the end of his walking-stick, which was

made out of a shark's backbone, if you ever! In my experience, a very quiet nation until roused. . . . Well, the Kaiser's done it this time—and a padlock, I think you said? An uncomfortable man—that's my opinion of him, and I've never seen cause to change it. Now, for a padlock, here is one I can thoroughly recommend, with two keys, so that you can lose one and still have the other, which is often a convenience. You'll be lockin' up your 'taty-patch, Mr Nanjivell, against the Germans? Well, a very proper precaution."

"One can't be too careful in these times," said Nicky-Nan with feigned artlessness.

"No, indeed! Anything I can do for 'ee in the way of barbed wire?"

"No, I thank 'ee." Nicky-Nan's eyes had been wandering around the shop. "But I'll take this small sieve, now I come to think on it."

"Certainly, Mr Nanjivell. One-an'-three. Shall I send it for 'ee? No?—an' nothing further to-day? Then one-an'-three and one is two-an'-three, an' two two's four, two-an'-seven, screws and staples two two's, two-an'-eleven. If you ask my opinion, we're in for settled weather."

Nicky-Nan's business had taken time—some twenty minutes in excess of his calculations, as a glance at the sky informed him. (He carried no watch.) He hurried home in a twitter of nervousness, which increased as he drew near to

his front door. In the passage he stumbled against a pail of water, all but upsetting it, and swore under his breath at his evil luck, which had deferred Mrs Penhaligon's weekly scrubbing to Tuesday (Bank Holiday being a *dies non*).

On entering the parlour he drew a breath of relief. No one had visited it, to disturb it. The threadbare tablecloth rested as he had spread it, covering the piles of gold; the tattered scrap of carpet, too, hiding (so far as it might) the sore of fallen rubbish.

On this rubbish, after assuring himself that his treasure was safe, he fell to work with the sieve; making as little noise as might be, because by this time Mrs Penhaligon had begun operations on the brick flooring of the passage. Mrs Penhaligon's father had been a groom in Squire Tresawna's service, and she had a trick of hissing softly while she scrubbed, as grooms do in washing-down and curry-combing their horses. He could hear the sound whenever her brush intromitted its harsh *whoosh-whoosh* and she paused to apply fresh soap. So they worked, the man and the woman—both kneeling—with the thin door between.

Nicky-Nan felt no weariness as yet. He used his coal-scraper to fill the sieve, and shook the fine powdery lime into one heap, and gently tilted the coarse residuum upon another, after searching it carefully over. At the end of an hour's labour he had added

two guinea-pieces and nine sovereigns to his collection.

He vaguely remembered having been told—long ago by somebody—that sovereigns had first come into use back in the last century, not long after the battle of Waterloo; that in more ancient times gold had been paid in guineas; that guineas were then worth much more than their face value, because of the great amount of paper money; that Jews went about buying them up for twenty-three or twenty-four shillings; that, over at Troy, a Jew had been murdered and robbed of a lot of these coins by the landlord of a public-house.

He reasoned from this—and rightly, no doubt—that the old Doctor had started his hoard in early life, when Boney was threatening to invade us; and had kept up the habit in later and more prosperous years, long after the currency had been changed. That would account for the sovereigns being so many and the guineas by comparison so few.

He was aching sorely in back and reins: his leg, too, wanted ease. . . . He would take a rest and spend it in examining the window, by which alone he could get rid of the rubbish without incurring observation and courting inquiry.

It had not been opened for many years—never, indeed, in the time of his tenancy. Door and fireplace had provided between them all the ventilation he was conscious of needing.

It cost him three minutes to

push up the lower sash. He managed to open it some ten inches, and then, as a protest against this interference with its gradual decay, the sash-cord broke. He heard with a jump of the heart the weight thud down behind the wood-work: then, as he groped hastily behind him for a brick, to prop the sash, it came down with a run, and closed its descent with a jar that shook out two of its bottle panes to drop into the water that rushed below. Prompt upon this came a flutter and scurry of wings in water, and a wild quacking, as a bevy of ducks dashed for shore.

A casement window was thrust open on the far side of the stream. A woman's voice shrilled—

“That's *you*, is it? Oh, yes—you Penhaligon children! You needn' clucky down an' hide—an' after breakin' Mr Nanjivell's windows, that hasn' sixpence between hisself an' heaven, to pay a glazier!”

(But it was Mr Nanjivell himself who cowered down out of sight, clutching the wood-work of the window-sill, with wealth behind him surpassing the dreams of avarice.)

“Proper young limbs you be,” the voice went on. “With no father at home to warm 'ee!”—

(Let this not be mistaken for a tribute to Mr Penhaligon's parental kindness, good father though he was. To “warm” a child in Polpier signifies to beat him with a strap.)

“And him in danger of sub-

marines, that snatch a man before his Maker like a snuff of a candle, while you can find no better way of employing your holidays than scatterin' other folks' glass to the danger o' my ducks! You just wait till I've wiped my arms, here, and I'll be round to tell your mother about 'ee!"

Nicky-Nan had recognised the voice at once. It belonged to Mrs Climoe, possibly the champion virago of Polpier, and a woman of her word—a woman who never missed an opportunity to make trouble. Her allusion to wiping her arms before action he as swiftly understood. The window across the stream belonged to Mrs Climoe's wash-kitchen. Again he cursed the luck that had interposed Bank Holiday and adjourned the washing operations of Polpier.

But he must defend himself: for Mrs Climoe never promised anything which—if it happened to be unpleasant—she did not punctually perform. With swift cunning he snatched up his parcel of staples and screws, caught at a poker, and made a leap for the door.

Here luck aided him. Mrs Penhaligon had finished her scrubbing and carried her pail out to the porch. There she met Mrs Climoe's first accost, and it surprised her beyond measure: for her children were down upon the Quay playing. By rights they should have returned half an hour before: it was, indeed, close upon dinner-time. But she had been in the passage for a whole

hour, with just an interval now and then for a dive into the kitchen to see how the pasties were cooking. She felt morally sure that they could not have returned without her knowing it. They usually made her so exceedingly well aware of their return.

Under Mrs Climoe's onslaught of accusation she wheeled about in bewilderment, at the sound of hammering, to perceive Nicky-Nan, at the end of the passage, driving a staple into his doorpost with blows of a poker.

"There now! What did I tell you?" persisted Mrs Climoe, attempting to thrust herself past.

"This is my house," retorted Mrs Penhaligon, bravely heading her off. "If my children—but I could take my oath, here afore th' Almighty——"

"You ask Mr Nanjivell. Why d'ee reckon he's puttin' a look on his doorway, 'nless 'tis to prevent what I'm tellin' you from happenin' again?"

Mrs Penhaligon stared about her. She went to the kitchen, she passed through the kitchen to the inner room. . . . No children! She came down the passage and close behind Nicky-Nan (who continued to hammer hypocritically), she gazed up the stairway and called "'Bert!" "'Beida!" "You naughty children—come down this moment!" Still no answer.

She turned upon Nicky-Nan. "If they're really here and have been breakin' your glass——"

"You never heard no complaint from *me*, ma'am," answered Nicky-Nan, still intent on fixing his staple.

"Oh!" interposed Mrs Climoe viciously, "if you two are colleaguin' already to hush something up, the affair lies between you, of course. It seems odd to me, Maria Penhaligon, an' your proper husband not two days gone to the wars. But if Nicholas Nanjivell, here, chooses to play father to the fatherless an' cover up the sins of the children that go an' break his parlour windows afore my very eyes, well 't isn't for me to say more than I hope no harm 'll come of it."

She was preparing to say more. If she said more, Nicky-Nan did not hear it. For at this moment the three Penhaligon children broke in at the porch, burst past Mrs Climoe, and clung to their mother, clamouring for dinner.

In the hubbub Nicky-Nan meanly slipped back to his den, closed the door, and dragged two chairs against it. Then he took a worn tea-tray and propped it against the window, blocking the broken panes. It seemed to him that the world had suddenly grown full of eyes, peering upon him from every side.

(To be continued.)

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## TENURES—SPORTING AND SPORTIVE.

BY L. F. SALZMANN.

"I HAVE gone rownde aboute Crystendome, and overthwarte Crystendome and a thousande or two and more myles out of Crystendom, yet there is not so moche pleasure for harte and hynde, bucke and doo, and for roo bucke and doo as in Englande." The truth of Borde's remark will be the more readily admitted if we premise that the pleasure is rather derived from the deer than created for them. It is true that a northern prelate has within the last twelve months publicly upheld foxhunting on the ground that the foxes have a much happier life when preserved than they would if treated as common vermin (no doubt the Emperor Nero would have justified to His Grace the use of Christians in the arenas on similar grounds), but it may be doubted if the medieval stag ever appreciated his privileged position, remarkable as it was. For with all due deference, and that is very little, to the country magistrates who still consider that a rabbit has more claims to the protection of the law than a woman, it remains a remarkable fact that wild animals should be preferred above human beings. Yet so it was, and Norman William was neither the first nor the last king to love the tall deer like a father, though the imperial scale of his operations in the formation of the

New Forest,—exaggerated by the ancient chroniclers with their usual reckless disregard for exactitude,—has caught the popular fancy and given him more than his share of sporting fame. From the days when Guineverewatched King Arthur chase the white stag with his good hound Cavall, whose footprint endured a thousand years on the mountains of Bulth, and, for all I know, is still there, hunting has been the pursuit of the great ones of this land. Kings and nobles and lesser lords rivalled one another in upholding the sanctity of beasts of the chase, and medieval England was full of mutilated men who had been guilty of aping their betters in indulging an appetite for venison and sport with the added excitement of illegality, while jails, both medieval and modern, must have been unpleasantly crowded with lesser offenders who had incurred suspicion, not always unjustly, by the possession of relics of rabbits or greater game, or by wandering in the forests with bows and arrows or dogs. Nor did it require overcrowding to make some of these prisons places not merely of passive detention but of actual pain and punishment. The forest prison that Peter de Neville built at Allexton in Rutland during the lawless years which followed the Barons' War, unlike his title

to possess a private jail, not only would but did hold water, and unfortunate men such as Peter son of Constantine, who was arrested "on suspicion of a rabbit," might lie in the water if they would not or could not find two pence for the privilege of sitting on a bench. The forest bailiwick of this same Peter de Neville had a curious origin, for it was said that when Henry I., as keen a sportsman as his father and brother, was riding through the forest he saw five hinds together in one place, and at once detached one of his followers to watch the place and keep the five hinds till his return. He never did return, but, as the Russian sentry posted by Great Catherine to keep unpicked the first snowdrop of the year patrolled the palace lawn for a century after the snowdrop and the empress both were dead, so the place where once the five hinds had been was still watched over when the third Henry was tottering to his grave.

With their predominant interest in sport it was natural enough that our early kings, when they granted lands for a nominal rent, should often exact, in lieu of the lawyer's peppercorn or clove gillyflower, some hunting weapon, and the exchequer must have been cluttered up with boarspears, bows, and, above all, arrows. Arrows singly, or by twos or threes, or by the score, —barbed arrows, great broad arrows, heavy enough to "draw blood from a weather-cook," arrows fletched with

feathers of the grey goose, arrows, three in number, and sent up from Doddinghurst in Essex, fletched with eagle's feathers and bound with gold thread, arrows so numerous that even the industrious and sonorous antiquary, Hercules Malebysse Beckwith, did not trouble to record them. With the Doddinghurst arrows might be classed the three arrows feathered of peacocks which the tenant of Lympstone had to present, stuck into an oaten loaf worth half a farthing, when the King came to hunt on Dartmoor. But as a matter of fact peacock-feathered arrows were neither merely ornamental nor reserved to royalty, and Chaucer's Knight's yeoman bore "A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene." As to the accompanying loaf, it was a small but doubtless welcome contribution to the lunch of the royal hunter, who, however, fared better when he hunted on Exmoor, as then he received from a tenement in Barnstaple not only three barbed arrows, but also a salmon. Food renders were common enough, and a penurious king might have kept himself and his family, if not his household, on these rents in kind, and not had reason to complain of lack of variety in the menu. There were lampreys from the Severn, eels from a score of places, cheeses and pears from la Réole, pearmain from Norfolk, though the Lord Treasurer intercepted these and sent them off to his wife, and a gallon of honey



from the unromantic neighbourhood of Newington Butts, paid by the Queen's goldsmith, and doubtless consumed by his royal mistress in her parlour while her husband was counting out his money. Several estates supplied wine, one sent perry, and another, in Somerset, home-made clove wine, warming and good for the digestion. No fewer than three townships were concerned in supplying the King with herring pies; Yarmouth provided a hundred herrings of the first catch of the season, Norwich made them into twenty-four pies with pepper and ginger, galingale and other strange and savoury spices, and the lord of East Carleton carried them to the King, receiving on his arrival at the court a good square meal for his trouble. Besides the supplying of food, there were other tenures connected with the kitchen, lands being held by such services as providing withies with which to hang up meat in the King's kitchen (this, suitably enough, at Hungerford), supplying the King with hot rolls daily, dressing his pot herbs, or scalding his hogs. After the food had been obtained and cooked yet other lands were involved in the serving of it. Not only were there the famous service privileges connected with coronations, which are too well known to need quoting, and the hereditary offices of royal butler, server, pantler, and so forth, but the great lords, clerical and lay, exacted similar services. The Abbot of

Battle granted lands in Sussex to be held by the service of acting as his cup-bearer when he attended Parliament; Henry le Forcer held his lands by acting as butler and pantler to the Harcourts for forty days, and carving for the Prior of Wenlock on St Milberge's day, as Ela, Countess of Warwick, for her manor of Hook Norton, had to carve for Edward I. on Christmas day; and carving was no light task, but a fine art, and the Countess might well have felt flustered at being called upon to "breke that dere, lesche that brawne, rere that goose, lyft that swanne, sauce that capon, spoyle that henne, frusshe that chekyn, unlace that cony, dysmembre that heron, dysfigure that pecocke, alaye that fesande, wynges that partryche," and perform other similar feats in the correct manner. Presumably she employed some expert deputy, but the head of the ancient and noble house of Willoughby of Eresby had in his own person, or in that of his eldest son, to act as waiter, and carry dishes to the table of the Bishop of Durham at his consecration and at Christmas and Whitsun, while the still more ancient and semi-royal house of Courtenay of Devon performed a similar service at the consecration of the Bishops of Exeter. For the Yorkshire manor of Levington the first of the Louvaine Percies had to go on Christmas day to Skelton Castle, attend the lady of the Castle, his mother-in-law, to Mass in the chapel, and afterwards dine with her. But was

this a service or a privilege? As the much-bored bishop replied when asked if he did not see the hand of Providence in the preservation, narrated at great length, of his prosy companion's aunt: "Not knowing the lady, I cannot say."

Returning to the subject of food: there were many estates whose tenants had to provide refreshment for their overlord if he should happen to come to the neighbourhood. Sometimes the obligation took the form of entertainment for the night, or of a good meal for the lord and all his attendants, but often it was a smaller render of more definite character. The lord of Winterslow had to make claret-cup for the King when he came to Clarendon, and the tenant of lands in West Sussex had to present the King with two white capons if he passed his gate, while Blount records a curious tenure by which, if the King crossed Shrivensham Bridge, a neighbouring landowner brought to him two white capons, saying, "Behold, my lord, these two white capons which you shall have another time but not now." This is one of those strange jocular tenures whose origin is as tantalisingly withheld from us as were the capons from the King, and another, mentioned in the same book and said to have been performed as late as 1680, was that connected with Essington. The lord of this manor, or his deputy, had to come on New

Year's Day to Hilton and drive a goose three times round the fire in the hall (from which it would seem, incidentally, that they still had a central fire in Hilton Hall as late as 1680), while Jack of Hilton, a little brass figure filled with water which produced a whistling noise under the influence of the heat, was blowing the fire. Geese figured also at Aylesbury, where one would have expected ducks, two being given to the King if he came there in the summer, or three eels if he came in the winter, the tenants also providing litter for his bed and rushes or straw to carpet his bed-chamber.<sup>1</sup> Litter for the royal bed was also provided at Brockenhurst when the King hunted in the New Forest, while if he preferred to hunt in the Oxfordshire forest of Witchwood he was assured of a more substantial meal than the vanishing capons of Shrivensham, as one of his tenants was bound to bring him a roast of pork, and it was presumably to remove the traces of this substantial but greasy fare that another tenant had to bring a towel to wipe the King's hands. It is not improbable that occasionally the provision of the roast of pork was bringing coals to New-castle, for kings and lesser sportsmen appreciated the chase of the wild boar, and Witchwood was one of the places where they indulged therein. And a fine sport it

<sup>1</sup> The tenant of Stow in Cambridgeshire provided hay for the purpose for which Gargantua commended a goose's neck.

was, with more than a slight spice of danger. Twrch Trwyth with his seven pigs defied King Arthur and the champions of Britain, slew Arthur's two uncles and his chief architect, Gwilenhin King of France, Hirpeissawg King of Armorica, and many score others, laid waste a fifth part of Ireland, and ravaged Wales and Cornwall before he was driven into the sea. The Brawn of Braucepeth was a poor thing beside Twrch Trwyth, yet he did some killing in his day, and even the ordinary nameless wild boar of the forest could "slytte a man fro the knee up to the brest and slee hym al starke dede at one stroke."

Although the wild boar afforded such fine sport, the evidence seems to point to its having been less frequently hunted for amusement in this country in early times than killed for food. For the matter of that, even deer were looked on in a much more utilitarian light than the modern advocates of sport for sport's sake would care to admit; and although it was true that "great men do not set so moch by the meate as they do by the pastyme of kylling of it," it is equally true that the packs of royal hounds and huntsmen were largely employed in keeping the king's larder well stocked with venison. "And although the flesshe be dysprayed in physycke," said one who was himself a doctor, and a clever one at that, "I pray God to sende me parte of the flesshe to eate, physycke notwithstanding. . . . I am sure

it is a lordes dysshe, and I am sure it is good for an Englysshe man, for it doth anymate hym to be as he is, whiche is, strong and hardy." Venison might be termed the meat of the extremes, being in theory reserved to the great and, in a way, to the poorest and most wretched of men,—in practice it was, of course, eaten by many who belonged to neither class, but who ran considerable risk of being reduced to poverty and misery if caught with tell-tale bones, ears, or antlers in their possession; and while "venesoun with frumenty" might be a dish for a lord, it must be admitted that the physicians were justified in looking askance at the venison, in the shape of the bodies of deer found dead in the forests, which was given to the infirm paupers of the hospitals. Such gifts are often recorded on the forest rolls, and it is rather noteworthy that one, Walter Barun, who held land in Somerset by hanging up on a wooden gallows the deer found dead of murrain on Exmoor, had also to entertain the sick poor who came to him, at his own cost: if we are correct in inferring that he set off the two services against one another by feeding the beggars on the deer, it is probable that their sickness was emphasised and their number diminished. One instance in which the poor of Rockingham benefited in this way occurred in 1246, when they received the body of a mad hind that was seen stumbling and falling about in the forest for some time before

it died. It is surely more than a coincidence that on the very day on which the hind lost its reason and its life, a tremendous duel between two harts was witnessed in the neighbouring park of Brigstock, resulting in the death of one of the combatants. The connection between the two events is so obvious that we are surely justified in attributing the hind's insanity and death to "an affair of the heart," especially as a pun—for I will neither pretend that the play upon words was accidental, nor attempt to evade responsibility by the use of the blessed word *paronomasia*—was a medieval weakness quite appropriate to the date of the story. John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, just thirty years later, claimed sporting rights all over his vast estates on the ground that when his ancestors lost their Norman estates King John, to recompense them, gave them universal rights of warren "for the sake of their name."

Warrens and madness alike suggest that "good lytyl beest" the hare, in the hunting of whom is "mooh good sport and lykng." Coursing the hare was a very favourite sport in early days; and about the time that the Earl of Surrey and Peter of Savoy were trying, with considerable success, to appropriate all the sporting rights in East Sussex and were bullying such of their unfortunate tenants as dared attempt to preserve their crops from the inroads of the game, a West Sussex gentleman with

the not unsuitable name of Covert established the right of himself and his co-tenants to hunt hares in the woods of Bramber Rape on Shrove Tuesday, and to cut bats to throw at them. The selection of Shrove Tuesday might suggest that the hares were destined to provide the last meat feast of the season before Lent set in; but, apart from the fact that the hares would have been better for keeping, their flesh was not greatly in demand, and indeed it was considered better "for the houndes or dogges to eate the hare after they have kyllid it than man shuld eate it, for it is not praysed, nother in the Olde Testament nother in physycke; for the byble sayth the hare is an unclene beeste, and physycke sayeth hares flesshe is drye and doth ingender melancoly humors." Still, provided her flesh were not eaten,—or at least only her brains, which were held as good to strengthen the memory as her blood to remove freckles,—she "doth no harme nor displeasure to no man." Therein, it need hardly be pointed out, the hare differs from the wolf and the fox. So far as wolves are concerned, they were regarded frankly as vermin to be destroyed; and although the popular tradition of their extinction under King Edgar is wrong by about six centuries, they had become distinctly rare in England by the beginning of the thirteenth century, and towards the end of that century, when Richard de Loveraz was recorded to hold his land by the service of hunting the

wolf in Hampshire, it was added "if one can be found." The same qualification was added at a later date in the case of Alan de Wulfhunte, whose duty it was to drive wolves out of Sherwood Forest. The family of Engayne held lands in Northants by chasing the wolf through four counties, and other lands in Huntingdonshire by chasing wolf, fox, hare, and cat. Here, as in many other cases, the fox is named as vermin to be destroyed, and so he was regarded for the most part until a comparatively late date. To the medieval sportsman the fox was of little account, and almost the only thing to be said in favour of hunting him was that he was easy to follow, as "he stinketh evermore as he flieth," against which voracious but unflattering comment on the chartered libertine of the modern countryside may be set the complaint of the old huntsman that the scent had been spoilt by "them nasty stinking volets." With the harmless hare, the odoriferous fox, and the evasive wolf, was classed the wild cat—and this creature, now as extinct as the wolf in England, was perhaps the most fierce and savage of our native wild beasts, for though there was more danger in the wild boar's tusk, or in the fangs of the ravening wolf, poisoned by its diet of toads, yet "if any beest hath the develis streynt in hym without doute it is the catt, and that both the wilde and the tame."

If there were many estates

held by the service, or with the privilege, of killing cats and other vermin, there were also many for which the tenants had to take charge of their lord's hunting-dogs. Sometimes several hounds, or even a whole pack, had to be maintained, but more usually the responsibility was limited to a single hound which had to be kept or trained, and that the latter process was not "all done by kindness" may be guessed from the fact that I have found a tenure, usually described as "by nourishing (*nutriciendi*)" a dog, entered on one occasion as "by whipping (*castigandi*)" a dog,—a distinction in terminology which probably did not make much difference in practice. More humane, or at least more in accordance with modern sentiment, was the serjeanty of Purse Caundel, by which the Fitz Alans had to look after any of the king's hounds that were injured while he was hunting on Blackmoor—by no means a sinecure, for a stag at bay would play havoc with his pursuers, and Turberville tells of a boar which left but twelve out of a pack of fifty hounds unscathed. For the most part the canine serjeanties are of little interest except for their specification of the various types of sporting dogs, of which the most curious was a white brach with red ears, like the hounds of King Arawn of Annwn, whose "hair was of a brilliant shining white, and their ears were red; and as the whiteness of their bodies shone, so did the

redness of their ears glisten." With the exception of this picturesque piebald brach the colour scheme of the hounds seems to have been left to the choice of the tenant, but the kind of dog, most frequently a greyhound, was naturally specified, as otherwise the King might have been put off with anything, from the "smalle ladye's popees that bere awaye the flees" to the witless alaunt. These great alaunts and mastiffs, strong, savage, and stupid, were used for hunting the wild boar, and were also kept in large numbers as house dogs, in which capacity they occasionally contributed to their master's larder by pulling down a deer. To check this tendency all mastiffs kept in the forest districts had to have the three toes of their forefeet cut off, and in order to see that this was duly done the Somerset foresters adopted the ingenious but provocative method of marching through the villages blowing their horns and making so much noise that all the mastiffs rushed out and barked furiously at them. The trick was effective, but did not tend to the popularity of the foresters.

Horns have been associated with hunting from the earliest times, and many hunting treatises contain elaborate descriptions not only of the various calls to be blown upon them, but also of the size and materials of which they should be

constructed for the varying rank of their users; and a medieval hunt must have been a noisy affair with all the beaters, huntsmen, and foresters sounding their horns and cheering on the hounds. Oddly enough, hunting-horns do not seem to figure among the miscellaneous assortment of articles, ranging from gilt spurs to garlands of roses, paid by way of rent, but there were a number of cases in which the blowing of a horn<sup>1</sup> formed part of the annual service exacted, and several others in which a particular horn constituted the charter or title-deed by which the estate was held. At Bradford in Yorkshire, Northop of Manningham held certain lands by coming into the market-place on Martinmas with a horn, a halbert, and a hound, and blowing three blasts on his horn; finding some difficulty in manipulating the halbert, the horn, and the hound at the same time, one of the family gave a piece of land to Rushworth of Horton on condition that he should hold the hound while he sounded his horn. In Chingford there was an estate held of the rector, of which, whenever it changed hands, the new owner with his wife (I presume that, as in the case of the Hampshire wolf, we may add "if there be one"), his man servant, and his maid, each mounted on a horse, had to come to the rectory, the owner

<sup>1</sup> A blast of a different kind had to be sounded for certain lands in Suffolk, whose tenant had to come to Court at Christmas, and "faire un saut un siffle et un pet" at one and the same time.

carrying a hawk and his servant leading a greyhound. On arriving, instead of ringing the bell, the new tenant blew three blasts on his horn; they then all dined with the rector, who had the use of the hawk and the hound for the day, but had to provide a chicken for the hawk and a loaf of bread for the hound, and after dinner another three blasts were blown and the visitors went home. This was still done in the eighteenth century, but if it has been kept up till the present day, I should be glad to know whether it is more difficult to find a rector who can fly a hawk, or a maid-servant who can ride a horse. Of the charter horns which still exist, the most famous is the horn of Ulphus, or Ulf; by it the Saxon thane Ulf bestowed his lands upon the minster of York, and in the minster treasury it remained until the spoliative days of Edward VI., when it disappeared, afterwards falling into the hands of that learned antiquary and gallant soldier, Lord Fairfax, the most attractive of all the Parliamentary leaders, whose son restored it to the minster. Several others exist, including the Pusey horn, by which, according to tradition and its inscription, King Canute gave Pusey to William Pewse, who apparently had the remarkable forethought to adopt a surname some three generations before the use of such valuable aids to identification had been assumed by any persons except the equally legendary founders of other

ancient families. It was at Pusey, centuries before the name became associated with catholic revivals, that a family called Paternoster held land by saying a paternoster daily for the souls of the King's ancestors; and Richard Paternoster, on the death of his brother, duly appeared at the Exchequer and paid his death and succession duties to the Barons by reciting three paternosters and three aves: this tenure is presumably extinct, but if not it is probable that the succeeding tenant at the present day would have to throw in a credo or the ten commandments by way of super-tax. There was land in Buxted held of the Archbishop of Canterbury by similar service of a daily prayer, and it is possible that the Paternoster Wood which I see from my windows owes its name to some such circumstance; at any rate, in Leicestershire there was an estate held by saying paternoster and ave five times daily for the soul of King John, who certainly required them as much as anybody. Another curious service was the obligation of William de Valoignes, in the event of the King coming to his Kentish manor of Mappiscombe and going to hear Mass, to provide his royal guest with a penny for the offertory. Still more curious was the custom by which on Palm Sunday the representative of the lord of the manor of Broughton came to Castor Church with a new cart-whip,

which he cracked three times in the church porch; he then took his seat in the manor pew, but came out at the beginning of the second lesson and knelt in front of the reading-desk, holding over the parson's head a purse, containing thirty silver pennies, tied on to the end of the whip-lash.

We have wandered somewhat, from the forest to the church, but we can return by way of St Paul's. For some three hundred years or more, on the 29th of June, a fat buck was brought up from Essex to the cathedral, where its body was received at the choir steps by the canons in full vestments, wearing chaplets of flowers, and the horns of the buck were then carried on a spear in procession through the church with a musical accompaniment of horn-blowing. Rather similar, but even gayer, was the scene in Tutbury Church on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. On that day (15th August) a buck was presented to the Prior of Tutbury; its head "cabaged," or as the modern heralds say, "caboshed"—that is to say, out off close behind the ears—and "garnished aboute with a rye of pease," was carried by the keeper in whose ward it had been killed. In his company came all the other keepers, riding two and two, and carrying green boughs in their hands, and in front of them went all the minstrels of the honour, two and two, while the rear of the procession was brought up by the wood-master or his deputy. At the town

cross the keepers blew a "seeke" in chorus, and a little farther on they halted again and blew a "recheate"—the call by which hounds are brought back from a false scent. On reaching the churchyard the procession halted and dismounted and entered the church, all the minstrels playing on their instruments "duringe the offeringe tyme," and the wood-master offered up the buck's head, or rather, as it would seem from the wording of the record, a silver model of it, the keepers each giving a penny at the same time. As soon as the buck's head had been offered all the keepers blew a "morte" three times, and at once adjourned to a chapel, where they heard Mass, after which they marched up to the castle and had dinner at the Prior's expense.

Tutbury was associated with quite a number of curious customs, amongst which may be counted the services due from the lord of Tattenhill. Sir Philip Somerville, whom I should like to connect with William Somerville, the poet of "The Chase," had to come to Tutbury on Lammas Day (the 1st of August) and announce his willingness to hunt venison for his lord's larder. The steward then provided a horse and saddle, worth 50s., and a "bercelett" hound for Sir Philip's use, and had, further, to pay him daily for the six weeks during which his service lasted, two shillings and sixpence for himself and a shilling for his servant and his hound. The parkers and for-



esters were then summoned and put at his disposal, and he remained in control of the hunt until Holy Rood Day (14th September), when "the sayd Sir Phelippe shall returne to the Castle of Tuttebury, upon the sayd horse with his bercelett, and shal dyne with the steward or receyver; and after dynner he shall deliver the horse, sadyle, and bercelett to the steward or receyvour and shal kisse the porter and depart." Whether Sir Philip or the porter would be the more embarrassed by the affectionate leave-taking may be open to question, but it perhaps assisted matters, if indeed it had not originated the custom, that the chaste salute was given after dinner. This same Sir Philip was also lord of Whichnor, where he had to keep a "flyke of bacon" hanging in his hall, to be given on the same conditions as the more famous Dunmow fitch. When a claim was made for the bacon a day was appointed, on which Knyghtley of Rudlowe and all others who "owe services to the Baconne" attended at the manor gate at sunrise and waited for the claimant, who was led "wythe tromps and tabours and other manner of mynstralseye" to the hall door, where the fitch was lying on a sack of wheat and a sack of rye. There the claimant knelt, and with his

hand on a book resting upon the fitch, made oath as follows: "Here ye, Sir Philip de Somervyle, lord of Whichenoure, mayntayner and giver of this baconne, that I, A, syth I wedded B, my wife, and syth I had her in my kepyng and at my wylle by a yere and a daye after our marryage, I wold not have chaunged for none other, farer ne fowler, richer ne powrer, ne for none other descended of gretter lynage, slepyng ne wakyng, at noo tyme. And if the said B were sole and I sole, I wolde take her to be my wife before all the wymen of the worlde, of what conditions soever they be, good or evyle; as helpe me God and His seyntyng and this flesh and all fleshes." Two neighbours had then to swear that they believed this to be true, and the fitch was delivered to him, with half a quarter of wheat and a cheese if he were a freeman, or half a quarter of rye and no cheese if he were a villein. Then Knyghtley of Rudlowe put the corn and bacon on his horse and the successful claimant mounted his own horse, or one lent him by Sir Philip, with the cheese in front of him, "and soe shall they departe the manoyr of Whichenour with the corne and the baconne to fore hym that hath wonne ytt, with trompets, tabourets, and other manoir of mynstralce."

## BY THE POWER OF WATER.

“HARRY, my boy, you're drunk.”

The charge was irrefutable. Henry Barry, fourth Baron Santry in the peerage of Ireland, was not only drunk, but rapidly becoming more so, which was the less surprising in that his next neighbour at table, Sir John Ardagh, the same who had just twitted him on his condition, had been slyly introducing brandy into the many bumpers of claret which Lord Santry had tossed off, increasing the strength of the dose as his victim became less and less capable of detecting it. Not indeed that in the year 1737 there was anything remarkable in an Irish peer drinking himself into complete fuddlement in a common tavern such as the Blue Hoop at Palmerstown, a few miles from Dublin, where a company of choice spirits were at that moment gathered, bent upon making a night of it. Every thatched alehouse throughout Ireland possessed a store of good wine in those days, laid by for special occasions like the present, when it might please gentlemen to make merry beneath its roof. In the opinion of Lord Santry's friends and intimates, it was much more astonishing that it should be a full half-year since his young lordship, formerly the wildest blade of them all, had last reduced himself to that state. Wifely influence had caused this long-sustained

sobriety, for some months previously Harry, to the wrath and consternation of his family, had eloped with pretty Ann Thornton, daughter of the rector of Finglas, the parish that adjoined his own.

“A girl without a penny or as much good blood in her veins as there's in the prick of a gooseberry thorn!” cried the Dowager, the fashionable and doting mother who had brought Harry up.

Even worse, however, was to follow, at least to his family's thinking, for when the errant and unrepentant young couple returned home, her new ladyship, so far from adopting the submissive attitude becoming to one thus suddenly elevated, showed herself to be possessed not only of a pair of eyes bright enough to steal any young man's heart and reason away, but also of a very pretty spirit of her own, and she did not hesitate to utter sentiments which plainly betrayed her plebeian origin and upbringing. For instance, she declared that it was horrible to her that men should prefer a dozen glasses to eleven, as the saying was, and she absolutely refused to see that any man had legitimate cause for pride in being able to take off his gallon of claret without betraying it in his after demeanour by so much as the ruffling of a hair.

“A chit that drank small ale in a parsonage all her life

to set herself up to say what gentlemen are to drink!" cried her scandalised mother-in-law.

The new Lady Santry went even further, for she averred unblushingly that one of the reasons why she abhorred the convivial customs of the society in which she found herself launched, was the frequent quarrels that took place when heady dispositions were flown with wine, and the duels that resulted therefrom. Valuable lives were lost for words spoken when neither disputant was well aware what he was saying, and her young ladyship did not hesitate to declare that, so far from regarding duelling as a ohivalrous and gallant practice, she looked upon men who went out with the full intent of taking each other's lives by sword or pistol, as guilty of murder, wilful and deliberate.

"Egad, she'll make a poltroon of Harry and shame us all!" roared stout Sir Thomas Denville, the Dowager's brother, who had a dozen encounters at the least to his credit.

As for Harry himself, he saw with his wife's eyes and heard with her ears. His former allies and companions had predicted that he would break loose within a month and be back at his old pranks again, but the months had gone by, and still the pretty idyll continued, and he and Ann dwelt in all contentment in his ancestral home of Santry, upon the great north road that runs away to the Boyne and the mountains of Mourne. He had been riding homewards in the dusk of the summer

evening, his servant, Laughlin Murphy, behind him, when he had been espied by the roystering company who had just dismounted at the door of the Blue Hoop. With joyous shouts and halloos they had pounced upon their prey. Harry had been dragged from his saddle and carried, struggling and protesting, feet foremost within doors. Perhaps in his inmost heart, at sight of all those familiar faces, he had not been so sorry to be overpowered. As he was borne in through the door he had shouted over his shoulder to Laughlin to keep the horses walking, for he would be out again in half an hour. But once inside, planted down forcibly in a chair at the head of the table, with the old uproarious laughter and side-splitting sallies resounding through the room, and hands stretched out to welcome him back, all thought of Laughlin and the horses outside, and of the wife waiting for him at home, faded from Harry's mind as he drained tumbler after tumbler that was pressed upon him.

"What will my Lady Ann say when her paragon boy, her model of the virtues, comes back to her just a little unsteady on his pins—hey, Harry?" continued Ardagh, and he winked at the rest of the company.

"She's not Lady Ann, she's Lady Santry, my lawful, wedded wife," retorted the young fellow furiously, if a trifle thickly. "How dare you

call her Lady Ann? There's no one will speak of her without respect—proper respect." He had some difficulty in framing the last words, but he glared at the grinning faces round the table.

"Oh, for sure, Harry, we all know who she is," his tormentor went on. "It's a lady mistress that reigns at Santry nowadays, and not a lord and master."

"Have a care what you're about, Ardagh," muttered the man who sat next him, in his ear. "Santry's the very devil when he's roused."

Sir John, however, was not minded to be baulked of his sport.

"What will her ladyship say to you, Harry?" he went on mockingly. "Speak up, man, and give us a taste of her quality." Then standing up and drawling through his nose, he began, "Henry Barry, this is conduct which I will not permit. You have caroused with your wicked companions whom I bade you forsake. My word is law, sir, and——"

"Damn you, what do you mean?" Lord Santry had likewise sprung to his feet. He was livid with rage, but he had to grip the table with one hand to keep himself from lurching to and fro. He had just swallowed another tumbler, laced more strongly than any of its predecessors had been, and the effects were becoming apparent. "My word is law at Santry, and my word is law here. Silence, you gabbling idiots," he thundered, and his sword

flashed in his hand. "The first man who says a word till I give leave, I'll run him through."

Just then there was a sudden, loud uproar out of doors, laughter, oaths, curses, the barking of dogs all intermingled, a clatter and crash, and then the galloping of horse-hoofs, dying away into the distance. Laughlin, or as he was more familiarly called, Lally Murphy, doggedly walking the horses up and down as he had been bidden, had been the butt of pleasantries which, if somewhat coarser, had not differed very much from those within the inn parlour. Poor dunderheaded Lally, of whom it was said pityingly in the yard at Santry, "God help the crather, sure the whoule of him's not in it," could always be trusted to execute any order given him with doglike fidelity. He was devoted to the young master with whom he had grown up, and to that newcomer, her ladyship, who had ever a gracious word and smile for him.

"Yerra, man, give over," called out one of the numerous hangers-on lounging about. "Put them poor bastes in the shtable an' sot yerself down in the kitchen like a Chrissen. The shoes'll be trapezed off of yer feet before ye sot eyes on that young lord of yours."

"An' whin ye do it's not himself'll know where his horses is, nor which ind of them is heads or tails," put in another. "Small blame to the poor boy to be takin' his

pleasure whin he's got shut of herself for wanst, him that was the tearin'est, tattherin'est divvle of them all, an' wud desthroy all before him if he tuk the notion. Don't I remember seein' him on the table in theer, thrampin' on the glasses, an' kickin' down the bottles, an' oursin' that it wud do yer heart good to hear him."

"Yis, faix," added yet a third, "an' he had Timsy here kilt dead puttin' him head first in the watherbutt for conthra-dictin' him, whin he wud have it that the windy was the doore. More by token he gived Timsy three goulden guineas the nixt time he come this way, an' Timsy's lookin' out since for another souse."

"An' to think of the likes of him lettin' himself be spenched by a whitefaced shlip of a parson's girleen," said the ostler of the Blue Hoop, who had just lounged across the yard, a big mongrel cur at his heels. "If he had as much sperrit widin him as that," and he snapped his fingers contemptuously in Lally's face, "he'd give her a right skelp an' bid her mind her own callings."

"Cut gutther, ye shtag," yelled Lally, incensed at the insult to his mistress. Gutter being a colloquial term in Ireland for mud, an invitation to displace it is equivalent to a command to the individual addressed to betake himself elsewhere with all speed, and Lally, his hands being both engaged with his charges, emphasised his words by a kick

aimed in his adversary's direction. This had, however, a disastrous and unlooked-for effect. The big dog, deeming violence intended to his master, rushed in savagely in his defence. Lally met him with another well-aimed kick that hurled him half a dozen feet away. There were roars of delight from the bystanders, and cheers for man and dog as the animal came on furiously for another onslaught; but this time, shirking a frontal attack upon his enemy, who stood ready for him, he closed his teeth, with a sudden side spring, in the fetlock of the near horse that Lally led. The terrified animal reared and plunged wildly, frightening the other horse, that lashed out in its turn, striving to break away. Other dogs rushed in, barking and snarling; some of the men ran to help, others shouted with laughter, as Lally, cursing with Irish volubility, was dragged hither and thither across the yard by the maddened animals. Whether any one with mischievous intent set a bucket of water in his path, as Lally afterwards furiously asserted, or whether by mere unlucky chance the horses pulled him where it had been set down, Lally at any rate failed to see that obstacle and fell prone over it, involuntarily slackening his grasp of the reins as he fell, and the horses with one final plunge broke loose and galloped away down the homeward road. It was a drenched Lally, covered with grime and blood, who burst into the

room where the gentlemen were assembled just as Lord Santry had issued his command of silence.

"Me lord——" he gasped.

Harry turned upon him furiously. "Hold your tongue, d—n you, no man's to speak here but me."

But Lally was too excited to pay attention. "The horses is broke away, me lord, thim divvle's limbs in the yard——"

"Faith, he oan't make his own servant heed him," sneered Sir John.

"Didn't I bid you keep silence, rascal?" shouted Harry, as he lunged fiercely at Lally. He was one of the best swordsmen of his day, at a time when every Irish gentleman carried his life, so to say, on the point of his rapier, and, drunk as he was, he could measure his distance to an inch. He meant to bring his weapon within a hand's-breadth of Lally's breast, but as he stepped forward to make the thrust, his foot slipped in a pool of wine that had been spilt upon the floor. He stumbled, and the next instant his sword was through Lally's body.

"It has me destroyed," said Lally, as he fell, a huddled heap, upon the floor.

The whole company, silent till that moment, sprang to their feet with oaths and outcries. Harry, sobered on the instant by the shock, dropped upon his knees and took the dying man's head upon his arm. Poor Lally made one last prodigious effort.

"Ye niver maned it, me lord, 'twas only yer fun," he

whispered through the blood that was choking him; but only Harry heard the words.

Thereafter all was turmoil and confusion. The watch were called for and arrived, looking mightily alarmed. Very gingerly they ventured to take hold of the tall, handsome young lord, who was pointed out to them as the slayer, and they displayed the most manifest relief when he submitted to them unresisting, seeming indeed quite stupefied, and hardly aware of what was being done to him. He was bestowed in the local watch-house for the night, and conveyed under guard into Dublin the next morning to be lodged in Newgate prison.

The chief jailer, Hawkins, who has left his name to come down to us as noted, even amongst the turnkeys and jailers of his day, for his exactions and brutalities towards those so unhappy as to be committed to his custody, yet knew how to differentiate towards a noble prisoner. Instead of thrusting him into one of the filthy, underground dens, that were frequently under water, and where prisoners of both sexes were herded together without regard of sex or decency, he made haste to place his own room at Lord Santry's disposal, and it was there that his wife found him sitting, his head buried in his hands. He looked up at her light touch upon his shoulder with a face haggard with misery.

"It was an accident, Ann," he said hoarsely; "I swear it

to you by all that is sacred. I was drunk, vilely, horribly drunk, but not drunk enough to harm Lally — Lally, who played robbers and went bird-nesting with me at Santry long ago. I would have died rather than harm a hair of his head, but I have killed him, and only for the horror and the shame of it, I wish they would kill me too, and have it over."

And Ann, who was so much the stronger nature of the two, gathered her poor boy in her arms, hiding her own wretchedness whilst she strove to soothe him, and the two young creatures clung to each other, finding some poor comfort in that close companionship.

Dublin was well used to the doings of the bloods and pink-indies, the young men of fashion, who evinced their high spirit and their contempt for those whom they considered their inferiors by breaking windows, prodding and pinking peaceable citizens with the points of their swords, thrust through the ends of their scabbards for that purpose, and who wrecked the theatres whenever the actors or the plays chanced to displease them. Hitherto, however, they had not gone the length of taking the lives of those who ventured to oppose them, save by the proper and accepted method of duelling. By a most unfortunate mischance, so at least Lord Santry's family conceived it, a new Lord-Lieutenant, his Grace of Devonshire, had just been appointed, and instead of following the

comfortable custom of his predecessors, remaining in England and appointing Lords Justices to rule the country for which he was responsible, he had come over to govern in person, and had declared his intention of putting down all such disorders with a strong hand. Laughlin Murphy's death afforded a valuable opportunity of making this plain, and it was speedily announced that it was to be treated, not as the unlucky result of a young nobleman's drunken freak, but as plain and downright murder, even as if a coal-porter in his cups had felled his mate. A peer of the realm, however, whether he were a murderer or no, could only be tried by his peers, and Dublin, to its intense excitement and gratification, learnt that a state trial in fullest pomp would take place in the new Parliament House that had just risen up, white and sparkling, built of granite from the Wicklow Mountains, upon College Green.

"Not a bowshot from the College,  
Half the globe from sense and knowledge,"

had been Swift's bitter gibe concerning it, whilst the citizens of Dublin, partly to denote their opinion of the oratory within its walls, and partly in allusion to the lofty dome that crowned the pile, dubbed it Goose Pie.

So many, however, and so important were the details of procedure and ceremonial to be settled, that autumn and winter had gone by, and it was upon a bright May morning in 1738

that the Chancellor of Ireland, created Lord High Steward for this great occasion, came down in solemn state from his residence in Stephen's Green to try the issue. He rode in a chariot drawn by six horses, Ulster King of Arms in his tabard and the bearer of the Great Seal of Ireland seated opposite to him, whilst Black Rod, who carried a white staff, and the Serjeant-at-Arms, with the mace, were perched in the right and left boots of the equipage. Six gentlemen bareheaded, their hats, chapeau-bras, beneath their arms, marched on either side, and the judges and other officers of state followed in their coaches. By the legal procedure of the day a trial on the capital charge, once commenced, might not be interrupted, but had to continue unbroken to its end. It therefore behoved all concerned to set about their labours betimes, and William III., seated aloft upon his strangely proportioned steed, symbol of Protestant ascendancy, was sending a long shaft of shadow athwart the early morning sunshine that flooded College Green as the stately procession swept round and halted before the portico of the Parliament House.

The trial had occasioned the most intense excitement throughout Ireland, and all the rank and fashion of that kingdom desired to be present at a spectacle which, besides its pomp and pageantry, offered the unwonted thrill of seeing a peer tried for his life. The House of Lords being too con-

finied to accommodate such a throng, the Irish Commons had obligingly placed their own magnificently proportioned chamber at their lordships' disposal, and most of the winter had been spent in fitting it up as a court of justice. The peeresses in a shimmer of silk and satin were ranged on crimson-covered benches that sloped upwards from the floor, and the commons with their wives and daughters, and a vast company besides, filled the gallery above to overflowing. The Lord High Steward having taken his seat upon the throne prepared for him, Black Rod and Ulster fell on their knees and between them held up the white staff, which he was graciously pleased to accept. Finding it, however, an embarrassing possession, he gave it back to Black Rod for safe keeping, and the court having been thus constituted the sheriffs were bidden to produce their prisoner.

Amidst a silence so tense that the huge assemblage scarcely seemed to breathe, Lord Santry appeared, handsome and erect, though he showed manifest traces of his long confinement within prison walls. On one side of him walked the headsmen, his enormous, broad-bladed axe held with its glittering edge averted, and upon the other a pursuivant who carried a shield bearing the Santry arms and quarterings. Having made three deep congees, one to the Lord Steward, one to the peers on the right, and one to those on the left, he took his stand at the bar, and to the



question put to him by the Clerk of the Crown, answered, after a moment's hesitation, "Not guilty, upon my honour."

"Culprit, how will your lordship be tried?" was the clerk's next, quaint demand, and to it the answer rang out clear—

"By God and by my peers."

"God send your lordship a good deliverance," responded the clerk with a low bow.

Of this, however, as the trial proceeded, there did not seem much likelihood. Blacker and blacker grew the case against the prisoner, as one by one Sir John Ardagh and the rest of that jovial company were called forward, and, however unwillingly, were made by the Attorney-General's shrewd questioning to tell of Lord Santry's threats and of his fierce onslaught on the dead man. One of the drawers, too, who had entered the room at the moment with fresh supplies of wine, had heard Lord Santry swear he would run the first man through who dared to speak without his leave, and being questioned as to his lordship's demeanour, answered—

"Yer honours—me lords, I mane—he was a roarin' lion shtuffed wid shtrong dhrink."

The criminal law did not permit of a prisoner charged with felony being legally represented. Two counsellors, as barristers were then styled, were, however, allowed to stand at Harry's elbow. They whispered to him from time to time a question to put to the

witnesses, which seemed, however, to have but little effect upon the weight of their testimony against himself, and then he was called upon for his defence. He had no witnesses to produce, the only one who would have testified on his behalf was the man for whose murder he stood indicted, poor Lally, who had whispered with his dying breath that he had not meant it. He told his story manfully, poor Harry, who had never spoken in public in all his life before, whilst floor and gallery hung on his utterance, but even as he told it he knew how foolish and improbable it all sounded. That he had not meant to kill Laughlin Murphy, though he had threatened him, but had only fainted at him and his foot had slipped in the pool of wine. Before he had ended he felt that had he himself been one of the Lords-Triers he would have brushed the tale aside as a flimsy subterfuge, patently invented to excuse a deed for which no excuse was possible. The Solicitor-General's speech followed, calm, impressive, and well reasoned, carrying all the more weight because it displayed no animus against the prisoner, but yet drove home every point against him with deadly effect. At its conclusion the peers withdrew to their own house to deliberate in private. Their absence was but short, and when they returned all present knew by their pale, grave faces what their verdict would be. One by one they filed past the Lord Steward's

throne, the junior baron, a hoary-headed veteran but recently ennobled, leading the long procession, and, a peer's honour being held equal to another man's oath, each as he went by bowed low, and placing his hand upon his heart, said solemnly, "Guilty, upon my honour." Some of the voices were harsh and grating, others full and deep, but all repeated the same words. To Harry they were like drops of icy water falling upon his brain. He listened, hoping there would be even one who disagreed, one who trusted his word and believed his story; but down to the Earl of Kildare, the premier peer of Ireland, who came last, all said the same. What happened thereafter was to him all blurred and confused. He heard the death sentence spoken, and noted, almost as if it did not concern himself, that Black Rod stood forth and broke the white wand in two whilst the gleaming axe-blade swung round and pointed towards him.

Without in College Green surged a vast crowd: butchers from Ormond Quay with their cleavers in their belts, pale-faced weavers from the Liberties, fishwives, coal-heavers, and all the rabble of Dublin agog to know whether the young lord was to live or die. It was Harry himself who answered the question, coming out to the hackney coach that waited to take him back to Newgate, the executioner walking before him, the axe held significantly just at the height of his lordship's neck with its

edge towards him. Harry was deathly pale, but he held his head high, and the sound that went through the crowd at his appearance was half a groan and half a sob. A few derisive cries were raised, but they met with no response, and in respectful silence the coach with the prisoner and his guard was allowed to pass. Just as it turned out of the precincts of the Parliament House, Harry, with sudden, startled recognition, caught the gaze of a pair of star-like eyes from beneath a close-drawn hood. It was Ann herself—Ann, who must be near her boy, must know the outcome of the trial at the first moment, but who could not have borne to take the place that was hers amongst the peeresses, to feel herself the mark of all the curious eyes, the object of all the malicious whispers. Rather than that, she had stood through the long hours in the foremost rank of the close-pressed throng, disguised in her maid's clothes, and compelled to listen to all the foul talk and the ribald jests around her,—the conjectures as to whether the young sprig, if found guilty, would dance his last jig on nothing or be topped, and which would be the more pleasing and exciting sight to witness. But she had held her ground to the last, to send Harry, through all her anguish, that one brave smile of cheer and sympathy.

When the crowd had melted away, Ann walked swiftly to the Dowager's residence, a steep-gabled house, its many

windows flush with the outer walls, that stood in Peter Street, hard by St Patrick's Close. The news had travelled before her, and Ann found the elder woman flung down upon the floor in utter abandonment of misery. Her towering, powdered head-dress was awry, her brocade gown tossed and crumpled, and the tears had worn channels down her face, where the black that had been on eyelashes and eyebrows smudged the carmine of her cheeks; yet Ann's heart went out to her in all this disarray as it had never done in her painted and bewigged splendour.

"They will kill my boy, my beautiful boy, who was a king amongst them all, for the sake of a common groom," wailed her ladyship. "What if he did run Lally Murphy through? Was he not born and reared at Santry, and his father and his grandfather before him? Did they not owe us the food they ate and the clothes they had on their backs?" She turned fiercely upon Ann, standing silent before her. "It is all your doing, girl, with your mewling, canting ways, keeping up Harry like a bread-and-butter miss. Had you left him where he should have been, with his own fellows, young men of spirit like himself, this had not chanced. What wonder he should break out and forget himself when he had got away from your apron-strings."

"Harry shall not die," said Ann. The lines of her face were hard and drawn, and

there was a keen glitter in her eyes.

In an instant the Dowager's mood had changed, and she was grovelling at Ann's feet. "Yes, you can save him; you have looks, and that is all the men care for," she cried. "Go to the Lord-Lieutenant, throw yourself before him, cling to the skirts of his coat. He has an eye for a pretty woman, and he will grant you what you will to win a smile from you. God help us poor women when our bit of beauty is gone. The day was when I had all Dublin at my feet, and now, what am I?—a hag, an old harridan! Pah, the old creature, who cares for her or her son; drive her out of that! Oh, Ann, save my boy, and I will love you as no mother ever loved a daughter yet."

Ann turned to Sir Thomas, standing by, sad and pained. "Come with me," she said. "You and I are going to save Harry."

Sir Thomas's coach was at the door, and before she mounted into it Ann gave orders to the servants to drive out to Templeogue, Sir Thomas's seat upon the slope of the Dublin mountains.

"You are forgetting, dear," said Sir Thomas gently, thinking she was overwrought by all she had gone through that day. "We are going to the Castle to plead for Harry's life."

But Ann threw her head back haughtily. "We will not plead to any one; they shall come out and plead to us."

Sir Thomas said no more. Perhaps he had not had much hope of that interview with his Grace of Devonshire, nor much desire to see his nephew's wife abase herself in vain. Ann's next words, when they had left the city behind and in the gathering darkness were beginning the long ascent towards the mountains, convinced him that her wits were straying.

"You were the first, Sir Thomas, to bid Harry and me welcome after our home-coming. Do you remember the summer's day we spent at Templeogue, just a year ago? You set all the fountains and jets upon the lawn playing by a turn of your hand, and you told us that the stream that supplied your whirligigs ran on to bring water to all Dublin."

"Surely, dear, surely," said Sir Thomas, speaking soothingly as to a sick and irrational child.

"Then with that water," answered Ann, "we hold the price of Harry's life."

And Sir Thomas, comprehending at last, smote his hand upon his thigh and vowed, "The parson's lass has more wit in her little finger than all the rest of us in our wooden pates."

Four hundred years before the civic fathers of Dublin, with a wisdom far beyond their day, had dug a three-mile-long channel from the city to the little river Dodder, hurrying down from the mountains to gain the sea at the Liffey's mouth, and with it form

the wide black pool whence Dublin takes its name. Ever since the water, flowing down by force of gravity, had filled the pipes and cisterns of Dublin and saved all need for pumps or wells. No treasure was prized more highly by the citizens than that abundance of pure water running through their midst and free to all, though no man might bring it into his dwelling through a pipe thicker than a goose's quill.

The moon was rising when they reached Templeogue, and it silvered the stream that flowed, rapid and clear, athwart Sir Thomas's lawn in its straight-cut lead. Ann spoke imperiously as she alighted from the coach. "Send out and gather your men, and set them to work. There must not be a drop in that watercourse at daybreak to-morrow."

Sir Thomas's people—grooms, gardeners, keepers,—summoned in all haste and learning what was at stake, worked with a will the night through. Harry had grown up amongst them, and they loved him with all his faults. There had been long weeks of drought beforehand, and the Dodder was shrunk to a slender stream, every drop of which was carefully drawn into the city channel, leaving the river-bed rocky and bare. Now, however, the busy hands toiled to dam the channel: great stones and boulders were brought from the hillside and built into a rampart, earth and sods were piled against it, and before

the sun rose the work was complete; the ancient channel was empty, and the water was tumbling merrily down the river-bed as if rejoiced to find itself free again to run as it pleased.

The result was not long to wait for. Before a couple of hours had passed an emissary was seen pressing his sorry steed up-hill at the poor beast's utmost pace. Ann had sat out of doors all night watching the little force at its labour; but now Sir Thomas bade her go within, for what was to come was not woman's work. He himself went down, stern and resolute, to the gate, his posse of servitors drawn up behind him, armed—some with rusty swords that they had furbished up, but for the most part with spades and flails and broom-handles, and whatever else they had been able to lay hands on, but offering promise of stubborn resistance to any that might come against them.

"There is somethin' sayrious wrong with the wather, Sir Thomas," the official called out from a distance. "There's not wan drop in the whoule of Dublin, an' the people is out wild in the streets, fit to ait the faces off the Lord Mayor an' Corporation, if they could get a hould of them."

"Let them do so if they please," returned Sir Thomas coolly, "for the water is in the river bed, and it will stay there till I give leave." The official had reached the gate by this time, and he fairly

gaped with dismay, seeing the guard drawn up there and the earthen embankment blocking the channel.

"But the whoule town wud die, wantin' the wather," he expostulated indignantly.

"Let them drink the Liffey," retorted Sir Thomas, "a fine, full-bodied liquor, thick as October ale they will find it, meat and drink both. I passed through Fishamble Street a day or two ago, and the offal was lying under the fishwives' stalls waiting for the rain to swill it down into the river. I had to hold my nose, but what of that? 'Twill give a spicy flavour to the water. Then there are the curriers in Skinners' Row and the slaughter-houses on Ormond Quay, adding their share. Let Dublin drink that and be d—d; but as for you, sirrah," and Sir Thomas swore a whole string of terrific oaths, "go you back to those who sent you and tell them that these lands are mine, and while my nephew, Lord Santry, lies in Newgate, not one drop of water passes through them, and if he dies no drop of that water ever goes down a Dublin throat again."

Three days passed, three hot, breathless days, such as May can sometimes bring. The gold of the gorse on the hill-sides at Templeogue was dazzling in the sunlight, and the larks poured out their hearts in floods of ecstasy. From thence the whole expanse of Dublin Bay could be seen, lying blue and unruffled, guarded by the long projection of the Hill

of Howth, with the town clustered midway in its circumference. The sun was beating down there too upon the roofs and into the narrow streets and lanes that sweltered in the heat, and where the stench grew ever more unbearable. Men were busily employed drawing up muddy water out of the Liffey and hawking it from door to door, and children and dogs fought in the streets for the foul spillings from those buckets. Meanwhile messenger after messenger toiled out to Templeogue, offering terms, endeavouring to treat. Lord Santry should be recommended to His Majesty's clemency, the sentence should be reduced to imprisonment, but for the Lord Lieutenant to grant a pardon to any man, peer or commoner, who had been convicted of murder by legal process was impossible, it was out of all question—*ultra vires*.

"It may be *ultra* King, Lords, and Commons," swore Sir Thomas, "but till my nephew goes free Dublin goes without water."

As for Ann, she lay in her own chamber through those days, face downward on her bed, whispering to herself, "It is for Harry's life!" She knew that in Dublin down below the babies were wailing for water, and the sick moaning in vain for a drop to moisten their parched lips, and she could only pray that those in power would yield, and yield quickly, for now the scheme which she had devised was gone beyond her own

control, and even if she would have given way, she knew that Sir Thomas would not.

At last, towards evening on the third day, when a frenzied mob were gathered outside the gates of Dublin Castle, howling for water and threatening to tear down Newgate and let every prisoner within it loose if the young lord, who was the cause of all the trouble, were not given up, a mounted pursuivant rode out to Templeogue. He bore a free pardon for Lord Santry, with the Lord-Lieutenant's sign-manual upon it, and Sir Thomas went in to Ann waving it in triumph above his head.

"You have won your husband's life," he cried. "I have ordered out the coach, and it is you who shall go down to bring him the news." But not even to bring Harry his release would Ann stir till she had seen with her own eyes the barrier that dammed the stream broken down, and the water flowing swiftly down to the thirsting multitudes below. Only then did she take the coach that waited and drive down into the city. Hawkins, the jailer, looked his surliest at her. He had hoped to make large monies out of the young lord, the only titled prisoner who had ever passed into his hands. So many guineas a night for the use of his room, so many more for the bed-linen, and for the food and wine with which his lordship would have been supplied, and he chinked her purse which she gave him discontentedly in his hand. Yet even he dared not with-

stand the Lord-Lieutenant's warrant, and with an ill grace he led the way to Lord Santry's room, and bade one of his underlings strike off his irons. Harry let it be done, seeming half dazed, as if he scarce comprehended what it all meant. It was only when they had been left alone together, and Ann, kneeling by his side, had poured out all her story, that he stood up, and stretching out both his hands to her, cried, "Take me away, Ann, whither you will, so that I never see a face again that I have known." Sir Thomas's coach was with-out, pacing up and down, whilst it waited to take them back to Templeogue. Harry and Ann, standing just within the archway of the prison gate, waited till it had passed and the servants had their backs to them, then hand in hand they flitted hurriedly across the broad space before the jail, and plunging into the network of noisome lanes beyond, they gained the river-side. A ship for Bristol was lying at the quay, her lading all but com-

plete, ready to sail with the next tide. The skipper, who took the pair for runaway lovers, agreed willingly for a ring from Ann's finger to give them passage across, and by the morning's light they were far out in mid-channel, with the Irish coast fading from view.

They spent three quiet years together in a village upon the Devon coast, passing as plain Mr and Mrs Barry, but Harry never held his head up again. The spring of his life was broken within him at twenty-seven, and slowly but surely, without seeming illness, he faded away. "It is Lally who has hold of me, he is drawing me to him," he said, when Ann brought doctor after doctor to see him, and they knitted their brows and pursed their lips, and spoke learnedly of want of vitality and strengthening remedies. At the last, as he was lying on his couch in the westerling light of the sunset, he suddenly cried, "I did not mean it, Lally, you and I knew that," and so went his way.

J. M. CALLWELL.

## MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

CARLYLE ON FRANCE AND GERMANY—GERMANY'S CANT—THE FRENCH YELLOW BOOK—THE HOPES AND PLANS OF THE ENEMY—THE TRUCULENT PECKSNIFF—A DRAMATIC DIALOGUE—THE KNOWN PURPOSE OF GERMANY—LORD HALDANE'S LOVE OF THE KAISER—HOWITZERS AND VOTES.

FORTY-FOUR years ago, when France was reeling beneath the weight of the blows dealt by Germany, Carlyle took up his pen to plead the cause of the conqueror. That he should have done this is not surprising. He had a natural love of success. He worshipped the man who, taking the risks of war, carried off the cup of victory. To those who asked for mercy on behalf of France he replied with all his rugged scorn. "The question for the Germans in this crisis," said he, "is not one of 'magnanimity,' of 'heroic pity and forgiveness to a fallen foe,' but of solid prudence and practical consideration of what the fallen foe will in all likelihood do when once on his feet again." It was not for the Germans to repudiate a sympathy thus eloquently expressed. The golden words of Carlyle were reproduced, by Bismarck's order, in every corner of the European press, and there can be no doubt that they brought the sunlight of satisfaction into unnumbered German homes.

But to the critical eyes of to-day these words of Carlyle's appear dark with falsehood and prejudice. They are not the words of truth. They were inspired by lack of knowledge and by a dim perception.

Carlyle's hostility to France was based upon ignorance. He believed simply and devoutly what he, the friend of Germany and the biographer of Friedrich, wished to believe. In his eyes France deserved punishment, deserved even the loss of her honour, because she had been the aggressor. "But will it save the honour of France," he asked, "to refuse paying for the glass she has voluntarily broken in her neighbour's window? The attack upon the windows was her dishonour." Alas for the argument! France broke no windows. How could she, with the watchful eye of Bismarck upon her? All the breakage that was done lay solely at Bismarck's door, and he was far too cunning to reveal the measure of his guilt to such ardent sympathisers as Thomas Carlyle. At last we know all about the truth. By this time the blue-pencilling of the famous telegram is a commonplace of history, and since we know how to apportion the blame, we shall never again reproach France with a catastrophe which was brought about by the cynicism of Bismarck.

And if Carlyle, from whom the underworld of politics was most delicately hid, misunder-



stood the cause and origin of the war, he was yet more profoundly ignorant about the characters of the combatants. Truly, as a psychologist he was sadly to seek. Exposed to all the pitfalls of half-knowledge, he contrasted the Germans with the French in the easy spirit of the comic press. He vied with Mommsen in flattery of the Teutonic race. "That noble, patient, deep, and solid Germany," he wrote, "should be at length welded into a nation and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vain-glorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefullest public fact that has occurred in my time." How grossly even the philosopher deceives himself! The France of the Second Empire was restless and over-sensitive, to be sure; she had no more talent of government than she has today. But that she was supreme in intelligence none but a philosopher whose head was packed with German metaphysics would ever have doubted. That Carlyle had an ingrained contempt for what are called *belles-lettres* is evident to a superficial reader of his works. His condemnation of the French writers of his day is none the less astonishing, as we recall it in the cool blood of a later age. "To me at times," wrote Carlyle, "the mournfullest symptom in France is the figure its 'men of genius,' its highest literary speakers, who should be prophets and seers to it, make at present, and

indeed for a generation back have been making. It is evidently their belief that new celestial wisdom is radiating out of France upon all the other overshadowed nations; that France is the new Mount Zion of the universe; and that all this sad, sordid, semi-delirious, and, in good part, infernal stuff which French literature has been presenting to us for the last fifty years is a veritable new Gospel out of Heaven, pregnant with blessedness for all the sons of men." And assuredly a veritable new Gospel out of Heaven was preached in France, though Carlyle heard it not, and would not have understood it had he heard it. The fifty years of which Carlyle speaks included the Romantic Movement, of all modern movements the greatest, the most keenly stimulating. If Europe had fallen in these times under the spell of France, it was because the intelligence of France exerted without effort and without question its peaceful sway. And Carlyle's error is the less easily forgiven, because had he wished he might have seen about him the noble monument which France had raised to intellect and to genius. Balzac, who with his pen had re-created his country, was still an influence. The France of 1870 was the France of Hugo and Gautier, of Renan and Taine, of Flaubert and Goncourt and Zola and a hundred others. What had Germany to show that might be compared for a moment with all this shining talent? Yet Carlyle despised all that was not Teutonic, with the same

dogged blindness which obscures the sight of the vain professors who boast with frenzy of German Kultur.

And if Carlyle was already fighting the battle of Potsdam, Potsdam gave him an efficient reward of ungrudging praise. He was doing Potsdam's work with all Potsdam's effrontery. Treitschke, of course, was fighting on his side, and was no better fitted than was Carlyle for the appreciation of French genius. He could recognise nothing save the superiority of his own race and its achievements. He demanded no proofs, and he gave none. Here is the pronouncement, to which the thought of Alsace-Lorraine inspired him: "The rule of Frenchmen over a German stock was at all times a vicious state of things; to-day it is a crime against the intelligence which directs human history, a subjection of free men to half-civilised barbarians!" The subjects of Bismarck, then, were "free men"; the countrymen of Hugo and Renan were "half-civilised barbarians." Yet the error of Carlyle is far greater than the error of Treitschke. For Treitschke was a German, and was moreover a state-paid professor, whose business it was to express such opinions as were acceptable to his masters.

History is periodic, like the seasons, and Europe is to-day as Europe was in 1870, with this difference: that a far more powerful, an even more loudly braggart Germany is confronted not merely by a regenerated France but by half the civilised world. Again it is a conflict of civilisations, and this time

*Kultur* shall not win. Nor, had the contest been narrowed to France and Germany, can we doubt on which side Carlyle's sympathy would have been. It has been said that if in Carlyle's famous tirade the names "France" and "Germany" changed places, his opinion would be just and true to-day. Here, we think, is a misconception. France and Germany still remain what they were forty years ago. Carlyle was putting not the case of truth, but the case of Germany. The superiority of the French genius has not been challenged in the interval, and Germany still preaches the doctrine of "might is right," and extols what she believes the plain duty of cruelty as loudly as she did under the auspices of Bismarck.

But Germany has not the courage of her opinions. She earnestly desires that the world should think better of her than she thinks herself. By a strange kind of cant, she proclaims aloud her good intentions. She would, if she could without injury to her chance of victory, justify her actions in the sight of all men. She is never tired of making frantic appeals for the sympathy of neutral countries. In this ambition, also, she has undergone no change. She does but follow the path marked out for her by Bismarck. But Bismarck was a far finer adept in the arts of deception than his successors. As has been said, he was careful to prepare his *alibi* beforehand. The Kaiser's present advisers lacked Bismarck's

wisdom. They contrived an *alibi*, it is true, but they contrived it after they had committed their crime. They have worked for war many years loyally and zealously, with the single hope that they might catch their adversaries unprepared. And now they do not like it known. They give themselves the air of injured innocents. The sword, they say, was thrust roughly into their unwilling hands. They will persuade nobody to accept their statement of the case. For there it stands in black and white—the passion of warfare that consumed them and the devout prayer, constantly uttered, for the coming of the day.

The evidence against them accumulates week by week, and there is no excuse for the slightest misunderstanding. Indeed, there never was an excuse for doubt, since the German zeal has always outrun the German discretion, and the Kaiser's counsellors were quite content to accept the policy of the ostrich. Nor, had our politicians not found it to their interest to hide the truth from the people, would there have been a single citizen of the countries now allied who did not know, down to the smallest detail, the project of the Great War Staff. The French Yellow Book, recently published, throws a flood of light upon the hopes and ambitions of the German Empire. There exists not elsewhere so clearly illuminating a collection of documents. In M. Jules Cambon the French Republic found an am-

bassador of keen intelligence and untiring watchfulness. On April 2, 1913, more than a year before the war broke out, he sent to his Government a secret report which it is vastly interesting to read in the light of late events. The report dealt faithfully and candidly with the strengthening of the German army, and, secure as its writer believed of secrecy, it suppressed no fact which might be useful to friend or foe. The officer who compiled the report knew but one object—to ensure Germany what he termed an honourable peace, and to guarantee her influence in the affairs of the world. "Neither the ridiculous clamours for revenge of the French jingoes," said he, "nor the English gnashing of teeth, nor the wild gestures of the Slavs, will turn us from our end, which is to strengthen and to extend *Deutschtum* (or Germanism) throughout the whole world. The French may arm as much as they like. They cannot from one day to another increase their population. The use of a black army in the European theatre of operations will for long remain a dream—a dream, moreover, lacking in beauty." The compiler plainly had not the gift of prophecy, and doubtless to-day deplores the dream that came true after all.

Calling to mind the sacrifices which the Germans made in 1813, the author of the report impressed upon his countrymen the sacred duty to sharpen the sword placed in their hands, and to hold it ready for defence

as well as to strike the enemy. But here the simple cunning of his race intervened. "The idea," said he, "that our armaments are a reply to the armaments and policy of the French must be instilled into the people." And the idea, we are sure, has been duly instilled. "The people"—thus the report goes on—"must be accustomed to think that an offensive war on our part is a necessity if we are to combat the adversary's provocation. We must act with prudence in order to arouse no suspicion, and so as to avoid the crises that might damage our economic life. Things must be so managed that under the weighty impression of powerful armaments, of considerable sacrifices, and of political tension, an outbreak shall be considered as a deliverance, because after it would come decades of peace and of prosperity, such as those which followed 1870. The war must be prepared for from a financial point of view. There is much to be done in this direction. The distrust of our financiers must not be aroused, but nevertheless there are many things which it will be impossible to hide." Indeed there are; and though these words were written nearly two years ago, the Germans persist in representing themselves as the sincere champions of peace!

After the financiers had been properly deceived, much remained to do. The eminent and peace-loving official saw that there was an excellent chance to absorb the forces of the adversary by stirring up strife in Northern Africa and

in Russia. "It is therefore," he blandly observes, "vitaly necessary that through well-chosen agents we should get into contact with influential people in Egypt, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, in order to prepare the proper measures in case of European war." A pretty device, truly, for one who thought that the use of a "black army" was a dream lacking in beauty, and who belongs to a pious nation of professed peacemakers! "Whether we like it or not," here is the obviously Prussian confession, "we shall have to resort to preparations of this sort in order rapidly to bring the campaign to an end. Risings in time of war created by political agents require careful preparation by material means. They must break out simultaneously with the destruction of the means of communication. They should have a guiding head, who might be found among influential religious or political chiefs. The Egyptian school is especially suited for this. More and more it gathers together the intellectuals of the Mussulman world." It is an admirable plan, carefully thought out, and it failed completely because, though the Germans have the will to trickery and chicane, they have not the wits to translate their will into action. Babes in diplomacy, they blunder from one stupidity to another, and like clumsy children they can put their knives to no better use than the cutting of their own fingers.

No superstition is dearer to their hearts than that which

persuades them to believe that they wished Belgium well always, and that they were naturally incapable of violating its neutrality. This is the fairy-story which Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg tells to his children at the chimney-corner. It was England who violated the neutrality of Belgium, not Germany. England, in fact, considered it no disgrace to suggest that she was ready to carry out her solemn obligations. With the meanness that always distinguishes the nation of shopkeepers, she actually declared that if Belgium were attacked she would redeem her promise of retaliation. Had it not been for the knowledge of this baseness, which Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg found revealed in the Belgian archives, nothing would have persuaded a single German Uhlan to put his foot across the frontier of Belgium. (If we were dealing with any one save a German Chancellor, we might ask how it was that he shaped his policy by documents which he discovered some months after that policy was shaped. But to the German "before" and "after" have precisely the same meaning.) And then interposes the inconvenient report to prove that Germany's intention to set Belgium under the heel was firm from the first. "In the next European war," says our oracle, "the small states must be forced to follow us or must be cowed. In certain conditions their armies and their fortresses could rapidly be conquered or neutralised (this might probably be the case with Belgium and Holland), so as to prevent

our western enemy from obtaining a base of operations against our flank." In face of all these plain purposes and active preparations the Germans are still hypocritical enough to pretend that Belgium has brought destruction upon herself by a base perfidy.

At every page of the Yellow Book you may find confirmation of the Kaiser's intention. The General Staff, enraged that France had "the insolence not to be afraid of war," felt that a daily injury was inflicted upon it. It asked no less than that the rest of Europe should be humbled before it, and the smallest hint of resistance seemed to justify the most brutal advance. "The commonplaces as to the responsibility of the aggressor," said (in May 1913) General von Moltke, now retired to Homburg for his health, "must be disregarded. When war has become necessary it must be waged by ranging all the chances on one's own side. Success alone justifies it. Germany cannot and must not give Russia time to mobilise, or she will be obliged to maintain on the eastern frontier a force which would leave her in a position of equality, if not of inferiority, in front of France. Therefore we must forestall our principal adversary immediately there are nine chances in ten that we are going to have war, and we must make war without waiting, in order brutally to crush all resistance." It is a fine doctrine, this doctrine of justification by success. It

includes the "right" to mobilise before war is declared, and the relentless falling upon an adversary still striving for peace. What it does not include is a subsequent snivelling that the aggressor was hit first. Of all hypocrites the truculent Pecksniff is by far the least amiable.

Of the episodes set forth in the Yellow Book with the art of artlessness, none is more intensely dramatic than that described on November 22, 1913, by M. Jules Cambon. It is a talk which was held between the Kaiser and the King of the Belgians, with General von Moltke for witness. King Albert was astonished at what he heard, as well he might be, for the German Emperor revealed himself at last in his true colours. He ruthlessly tore off the robes of the Prince of Peace, with which he is wont to dazzle Herr Houston Chamberlain and other journalists, and came forth the fierce and bristling Lord of War. He declared that war with France was inevitable, and that the crushing superiority of the German arms would assure the victory of Germany. It was in vain for the King of the Belgians to combat the bellicose convictions of the Emperor William and his Chief of Staff. They meant war, immediate and decisive, and they were resolved to lay the burden of blame upon the back of France.

But the talk, thus reported, is less remarkable than M. Cambon's comment upon it. "During this conversation," writes the Ambassador, "the

Emperor appeared overwrought and irritable. As the years begin to weigh upon William II., the family traditions, the retrograde feelings of the Court, and, above all, the impatience of soldiers, are gaining more ascendancy over his mind. Perhaps he may feel I know not what jealousy of the popularity acquired by his son, who flatters the passions of the Pan-Germans, and perhaps he may find that the position of the Empire in the world is not commensurate with its power. Perhaps also the reply of France to the last increase in the German army, the object of which was to place Germany's superiority beyond question, may count for something in these bitternesses—for whatever one may say, it is felt here that the Germans cannot do much more. One may ask what lay behind the conversation. The Emperor and his Chief of General Staff may have intended to impress the King of the Belgians, and to lead him not to resist in case a conflict with us should arise." That indeed was surely the Emperor's purpose. His intention was not to be mistaken, and M. Cambon at any rate had no illusions. "If I were allowed to draw conclusions," said he, "I would say that it would be wise to take into account the new fact that the Emperor is growing familiar with an order of ideas which formerly was repugnant to him, and that, to borrow from him a phrase he likes to use, 'we should keep our powder dry.'" Thus was the

warning given eight months before the war. Yet on the very eve of hostilities a French Minister was forced to confess that the French Army was not properly equipped!

We share the weight of responsibility with France. What France knew was revealed to us also, and though it is unlikely that the archives of our Foreign Office include reports which rise to M. Jules Cambon's high level of history, the intention of Germany to make herself mistress of Europe should not have been hidden from any one of us. The rumour, moreover, had travelled far beyond the confines of hostile chanceries. It was the common property of us all. It was general as the air we breathe. If it were possible that any one yet remained in doubt, we would advise him to study a pamphlet, entitled "Scare-Mongerings," from the 'Daily Mail,' which gives in an easy form the predictions of eighteen years. Patriotic citizens needed no warning. When the 'Daily Mail' spoke to them it spoke to the convinced. For reasons of their own the Radical Party refused to believe in the obvious truth that lay at its feet. The slave of an interested folly, it converted the policy of Germany into a party question. Those who doubted the sincerity of the Kaiser were no true Radicals. A simple trust in the guilelessness of Berlin was the first article in the Radical creed. It is with a sense of shame that we turn over these pages of pitiful adulation. We

have little respect for Lord Haldane. A Lord Chancellor who condescends to "doctor" the report of a compromising speech seeks in vain the trust of his countrymen.

Lord Haldane, being a Minister of the Crown, has had access for the last eight years to all that was known concerning the policy of Germany. And not only in the face of knowledge, whether common or secret, did he reduce our army, but he lulled the public to sleep by lispng amiably the praises of William II. "The German Emperor," he crooned at a banquet, "is something more than an Emperor—he is a man, and a great man. He is gifted by the gods with the highest gift that they can give—I use a German word to express it—Geist. He has got Geist in the highest degree. He has been a true leader of his people—a leader in spirit as well as in deed. He has guided them through nearly a quarter of a century, and preserved unbroken peace. I know no record of which a monarch has more cause to be proud." With much more to the same purpose; and in the fitness of things we can only hope that the speech was spoken with bended knee.

But it is Mr M'Kenna who, as we should expect, comes worst out of the ordeal. Some four years ago Mr Blatchford, a kind of Socialistic Cobbett, explained in a series of articles the intentions of Germany. These articles aroused to fury the Radical press and the Radical Government, who were deeply

pledged to the support of the Kaiser. And Mr M'Kenna expressed his displeasure in the only terms which he thoroughly understands, the terms of votes. "I don't know what effect the articles that have been written," said he, "might have upon that great and friendly foreign Power, but I am sure they have had very little effect on the feeling of this country, and I am still more sure that they have no influence on a single vote." Why should they? Mr Blatchford is not a greedy politician on the lookout for a place. He is an honest man who attempted to warn his countrymen of a danger which lay ahead of them. And Mr M'Kenna spoke of votes! "Votes," retorted Mr Blatchford, "votes! what has the danger of the Empire to do with votes? I wrote those articles for men and women, not for votes; and it is to men and women, and not to votes, that Mr M'Kenna will have to answer."

The "great and friendly Power" has spoken at last in a language which even Mr M'Kenna can understand, and doubtless in the one-sided truce generously granted by the Unionist party Mr M'Kenna believes himself secure of the votes, which are his meat and his drink, his only substitute for virtue and wisdom. But what shall we say of a politician who, when he is told that the enemy is at our gates, mumbles something about votes? Only that he is not fit to be admitted to the councils of his sovereign, that he is hardly worthy to belong to a board of guardians, and that

the sooner he returns to the office which we suppose he deserted to serve the State, the better will it be for himself and the country. Does he still dream that he can fight the German howitzers with votes?

For the assumed ignorance of the Radical party, then, there is not the smallest excuse. The Cabinet cannot have hidden the facts from its eyes, even if it would. And it is proved guilty of deliberately deceiving the country. Why did it thus fall below the level of its common duty? Mr M'Kenna has given the answer in one word—votes. War is unpopular. A Radical sentimentalist cannot go to the country on a war-ory, and so the Radical sentimentalist, knowing well that Germany is an armed camp, bleats about the Emperor's Geist. Geist indeed! How the Emperor must have chuckled when the oil of flattery was poured upon his head! But there is another reason why the Radicals did not confess a knowledge of Germany's plans. Had they come forth honestly and told the country what they knew, they would have been forced to make preparations. And preparations not only are unpopular, they cost money. Now all the money which the Radicals could spare from the necessary expenses of the country was wanted for the bribing of the electorate. Doles and pensions are not to be had for nothing, and in the eyes of the demagogues, who eagerly watch the next general election, doles and pensions are far more important than the defences of the country. Even if a knowledge of foreign affairs is thrust



upon them, the demagogues are content to take a gambler's chance of peace. They turned a deaf ear to Lord Roberts when he pleaded the cause of National Service. They listened eagerly to Lord Haldane when he suggested the diminution of our diminutive army, and they had known, for the last two years at any rate, that it was Germany's fixed intention, when a favourable time came, to do her best to conquer the world.

Mr Asquith, for his part, cannot plead ignorance. For a reason which is not clear to us, he confessed at Cardiff the fulness of his guilty knowledge. "In 1912," said he, "the German Government asked us to pledge ourselves absolutely to neutrality in the event of Germany being engaged in war; and this, mind you, at a time when Germany was enormously increasing both her aggressive and defensive resources, and especially upon the sea. They asked us, to put it quite plainly, for a free hand, so far as we were concerned, when they selected the opportunity to overbear, to dominate the European world. To such a demand but one answer was possible, and that was the answer we gave." The answer given to Germany may have been as brave as Mr Asquith represents it. It is significant that Germany's plain warning went unheeded. No attempt was made to strengthen our army or our navy. It was in 1912, the year of Germany's cynical demand, that Lord Haldane dedicated to the Kaiser his most unctuous and fulsome

rhetoric. It was in 1912 that Mr Churchill, yielding to the clamour of the Little Navy Party, controlled as it was by persons of alien birth, declined to lay down more ships. The danger which confronted us was not hidden from a single one of them. But there were none of Mr McKenna's votes in taking the country into their confidence—so they not merely refused to act upon the information received from Germany, they determined to say not a word about it.

Thus it was that England and France entered upon a conflict, which their rulers knew was surely coming, unprepared. We were left by Lord Haldane and Mr Seely to make an army after the declaration of war, and a French Minister was forced to confess, not long before hostilities began, that the French soldiers were lacking in boots. In spite of these facts Germany persists, hypocritically, in saying that she was forced into the struggle. Her hypocrisy matters nothing to us. It has failed to deceive a single neutral. What in the future we must not forget is the failure of Ministers, French and English, to do their duty. Once more the inevitable corruption of democracy is proved plainly to all who are not blinded by superstition. And our corruption is far more dangerous than the corruption of France. The unworthy rulers of that great country have been charged with spending upon their own pleasures the public money. Those who thus divert the wealth entrusted to their care are less

blameworthy than their English colleagues. The sin which they commit, besides the impoverishment of the army, does harm only to themselves and their accomplices. The English Ministers who squander the King's taxes in the purchase of votes do their best to debauch a whole people.

When the war is over, there are many officers of State who must render an account of their stewardship. They will be fortunate, indeed, if they can rebut the charge of blood-guiltiness. Had we possessed a sufficient army, had our Ministers taken the trouble to decide upon a firm and vigorous policy in reply to Germany's open threat of aggression, the war might not have taken place. It will presently be the duty of patriotic citizens to see that the responsibilities are brought home to the proper personages. To the Radical who, cognisant of Germany's ambition, exposed the throat of the Empire to Germany's knife, no quarter should be given. And what punishment can be severe enough for those who declared, in the face of the loudest warning, that the Kaiser was the friend of peace, and who, when war seemed inevitable, still clamoured that England's policy was to keep out of the strife and to make what money she could out of her natural enemy and her deserted friends? "If we remained neutral," wrote the 'Daily News' on August 4, "we should be, from the com-

mercial point of view, in precisely the same position as the United States. We should be able to trade with all the belligerents (so far as war allows of trade with them); we should be able to capture the bulk of their trade in neutral markets; we should keep our expenditure down; we should keep out of debt; we should have healthy finances." What a golden dream of a full breeches' pocket! Truly the spirit of Manchester still breathes in our greedy, pinching Radicals. To them it matters not that we should have been bankrupt in honour, that our Foreign Office would be covered thick with broken treaties and torn scraps of paper. Our finances would have been healthy! We should have been out of debt, and sunk irrecoverably in the mire of sloth and falsehood. It is a noble policy, truly, to watch the death-struggle of nations and to make what profit we might out of their agony. Not to be outdone in mischief, the 'Daily Chronicle' boldly asserted that the cause of the Allies was not worth the bones of a single British soldier. Is it remarkable, then, that Germany, knowing that it dealt with Mr Asquith and the organs of his professed opinions, should continue to assert that she is a victim of aggression? Yet if we thus look back to the past, it is with the firm confidence that when the war is over a higher standard of truth, a better faith in a righteous policy, shall prevail in Britain.

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## DIARY OF A SUBALTERN.

### IV. THE ADVANCE.

#### "SILENT SUSAN."

We have burrowed like a rabbit, we have dug for all we're worth,  
We live in caves like prehistoric men :  
Our faces and our clothing are all clogged up with earth,  
For Silent Susan's calling down the glen.<sup>1</sup>  
Every time she sends a message, every time we hear her voice,  
We scrape a little deeper in the mud,  
But we can't help smiling sometimes, and our weary hearts rejoice  
When Silent Susan sends us down a dud !<sup>2</sup>  
We dare not make a fire, and we dare not show a light,  
We cannot dry our clothes or cook a meal ;  
We shiver in the trenches when the rain pours down at night,  
Awaiting Silent Susan's morning peal.  
How they keep her fed with missiles is a mystery to us,  
For she calls us quite a hundred times a day ;  
But whatever is in store for us it surely can't be "wuss"  
Than sitting right in Silent Susan's way.

ON Sunday, September 6, we were advancing at last, after a good night's rest, we had breakfast at 6 A.M. and marched off at 7 A.M. To our surprise and great joy we found we were moving in a northerly direction instead of the usual southerly trek.

What a difference it made: it was clear to every one that

we were advancing at last, and a cloud, both mental and physical, seemed to be lifted from us. Yesterday we had plodded along in silence, like men who had an unpleasant job to do, which had to be done, and yet not quite knowing why. To-day we seemed to swing along: there was

<sup>1</sup> German big gun, so called from the noise its shell makes on bursting.

<sup>2</sup> Shell which does not explode.

laughter and talking in the ranks: we knew what we were after and meant to get some of our own back.

However we did not get very far, as we were halted in an orchard near Chaubuissons Ferme, at a cross-roads about three and a half miles north-east of Chaumes. Here we learnt that we were Corps Reserve, and, as we could hear the battle going on in front, it seemed probable that we should remain where we were all day: which, as a matter of fact, we did. During the course of the day a good many of our aeroplanes came down in a field next to us: they all reported that the enemy's transport was running away as fast as it could. I remember, too, that it was here we saw the first casualty list, somebody having got hold of a 'Daily Mirror.'

About six o'clock we moved on a little way to Le Plessis, where we bivouacked outside the Chateau de la Fortelle. Next day we were up and ready to move by 6 A.M., but nothing occurred till 11.45 A.M. We then started off and marched straight to Mondollot, a small place close to St Simeon. The only items of interest on this march were the signs of the hurried German retreat all along the road. The roadside and ditches were covered with empty bottles, picture post-cards, papers, tins, and rubbish of every description. I remember picking up a scrap of newspaper, and asking some one who knew German what it meant: there

was a paragraph containing the following example of German wit: "We hear that the Prince of Wales will join his regiment as soon as his uniform is ready. Our own princes would not wait for their uniforms to be ready at a time like this, before joining their regiments."

We had breakfast at 5.30 A.M., and moved out of Mondollot about half-past six. We could hear the guns booming as soon as it was light, but they were still a long way in front. We halted in Rebais: here there were one or two houses burnt down, but whether deliberately so, or whether it was the result of shell fire, I do not know. I went into a school which appeared to have been a sort of headquarters, as in one room, into which a lot of telephone wires had been led, there were a quantity of German forms and papers, and on the table a big map of the Franco-German frontier, with a bottle of red ink spilt over it, as if the owners had left in rather a hurry. We did not stay long in the town, but moved on about half a mile, where we halted for some time. Our guns were keeping up a tremendous cannonade in front. About a quarter to five we moved on through La Trétoire. Here there was a deep ravine, at the bottom of which runs a small stream, I believe Le Petit Morin. On the far side of this there was an awful mess: our guns had apparently got the range of the road perfectly and given them the devil of a time. On arrival at the top on the

other side we passed a machine gun which had been captured.

Passing on through the 4th and 5th Brigades we took our turn as advance-guard. We arrived at La Noue about 8 P.M., and two companies went on in front as outposts. The rest of us settled down in a farmyard for the night. In the farmhouse we found the inhabitants, consisting entirely of women, who very kindly gave us some milk with which we made bread and milk. It was all they had to give us, as the Germans had taken everything else. They said that they had behaved very well towards them, but had taken all their food, wine, horses, carts, and fruit. The cattle had been left. We gave them some bully beef and biscuits in return for their hospitality.

After a quiet night we left the farm about 4.15 A.M., and coming through a gap in the trees got our first view of the valley of the Marne. At this point the valley was nearly a mile broad, and the river ran back in a loop close to the other side. Down in the bottom of the valley lay the town of Charly, approached by a bridge. This was our objective. On our side the slopes were thickly wooded, and we hid in these woods about half-way down and awaited events. It was a perfect morning, and there was not a sign of any living person. Everything seemed to be at peace, and it was very hard to realise that we were at war. Looking across the valley with glasses

one could see that there was a barricade on the bridge, and that the houses on each side were heavily loopholed. Straight behind the town rose a natural amphitheatre, where there might have been several tiers of trenches all covering the bridge. In fact it looked as though we were going to have a job to get across.

Then in the fields below appeared a string of dots, slowly advancing towards the bridge. They were a platoon sent forward to find out what there was in front of us. Every moment we expected to hear the stillness of the morning broken by the crackle of machine guns and rifle fire. They reached the bank and lay down: nothing happened. Then a figure got up and started across the bridge: we waited for the explosion: surely it was mined. No: one by one they followed their leader and started to throw the carts which formed the barricade into the river.

And so we crossed absolutely unopposed: we learnt from the inhabitants that the enemy had got everything ready for defending the bridge, and had then got hopelessly drunk.

In the town itself the walls of the houses were covered with absurd drawings in chalk, and the following proclamation in German: "Invitation to a Tango Dance in Paris on September 13th, 1914." Another example of the way they amused themselves was a statue in the market-place, to which was attached a very roughly made arrow of straw intended

to be piercing the heart. We halted just through Charly at 11 A.M., and remained there till 3.30 P.M. While there I went into one of the houses to see what damage they had done. Nothing was actually destroyed, but the contents of every drawer, wardrobe, and box had been turned out and thrown all over the place. We noticed this in nearly every house that the Germans had been in. Moving on again about 3.30, we proceeded without any further adventures to Coupru, where we bivouacked for the night. In pouring rain we left Coupru at 3.50 A.M., and passing through Marigny en Orxois and Bussiares, arrived on the hill-top by Hautvesnes at about nine o'clock.

A column had been noticed travelling along a road parallel to us, and had been taken for one of our own. Suddenly we discovered that it was German. The guns were hurriedly brought up and got the range at once. I don't quite know what happened during the first couple of hours, as we were kept behind the crest line in reserve. All the time there was a very heavy rifle fire, and our guns were banging away as hard as they could.

About eleven o'clock we were called up, and coming over the hill-top saw the Germans were in a cutting about 1200 yards to our front. The whole brigade started advancing across the open towards them. At the bottom of the hill we got into dead ground, and forming up there, we fixed bayonets and then proceeded

to advance up the forward slope. When we came over the top, however, we found that they had had enough, and the remnants, to the number of about 200, were all standing with their hands up and waving white flags. They seemed to be absolutely broken, and only too glad to be taken prisoners, and after some of the things I saw in the cutting I don't wonder at it. Our guns had just smashed the place to bits.

After collecting our prisoners we returned to Hautvesnes for a rest. The 4th Brigade passed through us and took on advance-guard. Later on in the afternoon we moved on to Chevillon, where we bivouacked.

At 6 A.M. we moved off again, and marched to Oulchy le Chateau. It was a very dull march, and the only item of interest was the cavalcade of African mounted troops which passed us in Beury. They looked very picturesque in their red cloaks. From Oulchy we moved on to Cugny les Crouttes. We ran into a very heavy rainstorm and got soaked through, so instead of bivouacking as usual we billeted in the village.

The morning was marked by a tragedy. We all overslept, and thereby lost our breakfasts, and had to content ourselves with biscuits and jam by the roadside later on. After marching all day we arrived about half-past three at Braisne. Here we had to break down several barricades. I was sent with my platoon

to search the church for some Germans who had been reported by the inhabitants as hiding in the belfry. After drawing blank in the church and in a brewery next door, we managed to rout out four tired-looking warriors from the bushes in the garden. We then proceeded on through the town up a very steep hill, and eventually arrived in the dark and torrents of rain at a big farm, where we billeted for the night.

We were up at 5 A.M. next morning, and amidst great excitement hailed the arrival of the first mail we had had for days. I was particularly fortunate in finding a parcel containing two shirts and two pairs of socks. As my clothes were still wet, and I had no other means of carrying them, I put them all on. We only went on about half a mile, and then sat down in a field for the rest of the day. The sun came out, and we just lay and dried in it. In front there were the sounds of battle: it was the advance-guard crossing the Aisne. About 5 P.M. we moved on to the village of Dhuzel, where we billeted for the night.

We had very comfortable billets, and had had a very comfortable day, and I remember remarking that night that there must be something particularly unpleasant in store for us. And there was.

Starting off at 4.20 A.M., we proceeded in a drizzling rain towards the Aisne. The road crosses a canal before it gets to the river, and the bridge

over this had been damaged, but not sufficiently to prevent the engineers from repairing it. The bridge over the river had, however, been damaged to such an extent that it was not possible for it to be repaired sufficiently quickly. It was all-important to get the remainder of the troops and the guns over as soon as possible to support the brigade which had crossed the previous evening. So we went by a pontoon bridge which had been thrown across by the engineers about 100 yards above the old one.

It had now come on to rain pretty hard and we got very wet. However, we started up the hill on the other side, and going through the village of — arrived at — about 8 A.M. — is a small village on the side of a hill, sheltered from view by the crest which is about 400 yards above it. Stretching up from the N.E. corner of it lies the valley of —, which terminates about two miles to the north in the high ground along which runs east and west the *Chemin des Dames*. About half-way up, the valley is split in two by a spur which runs down from the *Chemin des Dames*. A canal runs up the middle of the valley for some way, and then branches off up the left fork and finally enters a tunnel. The left-hand side of the valley is thickly wooded, whilst the centre on the left-hand side of the canal is fairly clear; on the right-hand side there are clear spaces and small spinneys, whilst the slopes of the right-hand spur are again thickly

wooded. The top of this ridge is open. Such, roughly, was the country over which we had to make our attack that morning.

Whilst waiting in —, before beginning the attack, we could hear shrapnel bursting just round the corner, and occasionally saw the characteristic puffs of white smoke over the edge of the hill. It had cleared up by now, and the sun was coming out as we extended by platoons and started off. Our objective was the *Chemin des Dames*. Our line of advance was roughly from the canal to the top of the right-hand spur.

Mine was the leading platoon in my company, and I started off, keeping as far as possible under cover in the wood and spinneys, at the same time clearing all the ground. After about 500 yards, during our advance over which we were not fired upon at all, we came to an open space about 500 yards across, practically surrounded by woods. As I had to keep touch on my right and left I had to go straight across this, and for the first 200 or 300 yards plenty of bullets came our way from the high ground in front, at too long a range, however, to do much damage; I think only one man was hit. About half-way across we got into "dead ground," and here we rested a minute to recover our breath.

I then got orders to close in the wood on my right, which I did, and we proceeded in Indian file through the wood, which was very thick in parts. For

the next few hours I had only a very hazy idea of what happened.

As we went on the woods got thicker, and it became more and more difficult to keep in touch with one another. Then bullets began to come whistling down from the hill-top above and behind us, and we got orders to retire, so back we went to the "dead ground" from which we started; here some of us re-formed and started to advance up the hill on our right to clear the crest. Some of us got over the crest, but before I could get out of the wood with my little lot, the enemy began to sweep the whole of the open ground with a terrific shell fire. Seeing that it was madness to go out into this, I lay still for a bit where I was. Soon, however, they began to drop "high explosives" into the wood where we were, and we had to shift.

We went down the hill again, and took up a position where we could cover any one who might have to retreat. We were soon shelled out of this position, and had to move on once more. I had about forty men with me, and one prisoner, at this time, and we went wandering on, always pursued by those beastly shells. However, down by the canal bank we came on a big mound, behind which we managed to take cover. Here we sat till dark, the shells whistling over our heads, but bursting 200 or 300 yards beyond.

As soon as it got dark we got into touch with the rest of the battalion, who were in the



wood on the side of the hill about 600 yards away. We then learnt that our orders for the present were to hold on where we were, so we started to dig ourselves in. It was a very wet night, and pretty cold, and I had left my burberry and waterproof sheet behind with the transport when we had started with the attack in the morning. But we had plenty to do, and kept fairly warm.

When it was light the shells started coming over again, and the German big gun, commonly known as "Silent Susan," began to get very busy on the village behind us. It was rather weird at first: of course one heard no report from the gun, it was too far away, but one heard a sort of shrieking whistle in the distance, growing louder and louder, until one thought the shell was bound to drop just where one was, and then it would pass over the hill-top behind us: there was an awful silence for a few seconds, and then a dull roar as it burst in the village behind.

I do not know what the radius of action of these big shells is, but it must be pretty big, for nearly every time that one burst, either just over the hill-top or on it, after about thirty seconds the air was full of humming noises, rather like a gigantic bumble-bee, and then pht-pht in the mud. These were fragments of the shell: they always came down at a very nearly vertical angle, and were usually about an inch square, sometimes larger, and

very jagged. I have got several pieces which I picked up as they dropped: they only sank about two inches into the mud, and if one dug them out at once they were much too hot to touch. I do not suppose they had sufficient velocity to do any really serious damage, but they would have made a very nasty wound, so we started to build for ourselves dug-outs. A dug-out is merely a hole in the ground, with a roof made of logs of wood laid across, and covered with sods and mud laid on the top. The thickness of the roof depends on the energy of the bulder. I shared one with another fellow, and we had about nine inches to a foot of earth on top: we agreed that this ought to keep out shrapnel or splinters; but if a shell was going to drop on top of it, it did not matter much how thick it was. The furnishing of the interior depends on time and circumstances, and on the ingenuity of the occupant. Our own particular residence was not a very grand one: there was only just room for us to lie down in it, and it was not high enough to sit up in. However, it was somewhere to hide one's head, and it had been made in a great hurry. Later on the roof gave way, and making use of our experience we constructed a new one on a more magnificent scale. We took care to make it deep enough to allow of sitting up in comfort.

We had been expecting orders to advance in the

morning, but as the day wore on and nothing happened, we began to improve our "fortifications."

During the afternoon there were sounds of heavy gun fire away on our left: this was very cheering, as we thought it meant that the position was being turned.

As soon as darkness fell we began to dig a line of trenches outside the wood: these were only to be occupied at night, and we had to withdraw from them just before daylight, as it was most important that our presence in the wood should not be discovered.

We soon got into a regular routine: in the daytime the trenches in the wood were lightly held, with groups and patrols out in front. As soon as it was dark enough these trenches were filled with men, and also the ones outside the wood. Just before daylight the outside trenches were covered over with grass, so as not to give our position away, and the men withdrawn. In this way a regular system of relief was carried out: most of us were in the trenches at night, but in the daytime at least half of us were able to get a rest in the dug-outs which were in the wood about 400 yards behind the trenches. One calls it a rest, but it was not very comfortable or peaceful, as the shells were whistling over us all day, and every now and then one would burst unpleasantly close to us: also our own batteries were firing most of the time, and their reports

used to go right through one's head.

There were only two companies at this particular point of the line; the other two were prolonging it down to the canal, but I never went down to see what their trenches were like.

On the morning of September 16 I was sent out on a patrol: it was one of those really wet mornings when the rain seems to cover everything up, and one could not see more than fifty yards in front. However, I got my orders to go and find out how many of the enemy there were in front of us, and where they were. If necessary, I was to go right up to the *Chemin des Dames*. Taking with me my sergeant and two good men, I set forth. We got through the first part of the wood all right, and then entered an overgrown track: the woods on each side were very thick, and one could not see more than a few yards on either side. We wandered along here for some way, finding many traces of Monday's fight—two or three dead Germans, rifles, puttees, equipment, &c. Every now and then we came to tracks which crossed ours at right angles: down each of these I sent a man, but he could see nothing. At last we came to a clearer space, where there was one track leading to the left into the wood and another leading up to the open hill-top. The mud here was churned up with footmarks, as though a big body of men had passed by lately. How-

ever, the man who had gone down to the left had nothing to report, so on we went.

About 150 yards farther on there was a footpath leading down to the left, and as the man who went down it seemed to be rather a long time, I began to get a bit anxious. However, just as I was going to look for him he came crawling back, and said that there was a company in bivouac only about 200 yards away. This appeared to be good enough information, so I turned for home. Hardly had we started, however, when we discovered an officer's patrol of the enemy with eight men right across our path. I think they were just as surprised to see us as we were to see them: for a second or two we stared at each other, and then I gave the word to scatter in the wood and get home as best we could. I hoped one of us might get back all right with the information. We dived into the wood, and started running up the hillside, dodging from tree to tree. For some reason or other they never fired on us, or we should probably have been done, as they would have roused the company behind. As it was, they merely pursued us: we had a start, and we could hear them panting up after us.

At the top of the hill we did not dare come out into the open, as we were behind the German trenches, so we crept along in the edge of the wood. Fortunately we found these trenches were not occu-

pied—later we found that they were only occupied at night—and so, having thrown off our pursuers, we slowed down a bit. A little farther along we came across two German wounded, who, as I advanced with my revolver, shouted "Don't shoot, don't shoot!" We had no time to question them, as we were still in the wrong half of "No Man's Land," and so we went on.

A little farther on, in a clearing at the edge of the wood, we came across one of our men who had been wounded on Monday. He was very glad to see us, and I promised to send out a stretcher party that night to fetch him in. I put his rations and water-bottle beside him and made him comfortable, and thence we got back without further incident. I reported what I had seen, and then retired to my dug-out for breakfast.

The shelling was pretty hot all the morning, but in the afternoon I took some of my men out with a stretcher to try and get the wounded man in. We could not get out far enough, however, owing to the shell fire, but found a wounded German officer in the wood, whom we brought in. I made another effort later on, but without any success. However, I got leave to go out at midnight and have another try. It was rather a ticklish job, as the place was only about 150 to 200 yards from the German trenches, and we could hear them talking all the time we were getting him on the

stretcher. We got him away at last, and safely into our own lines: this, by the way, is not the least dangerous part of night patrol work: as, however much you warn the groups and men in the trenches before you go out, there is a very sporting chance, and particularly in a wood, of somebody with a fit of the jumps loosing off his rifle, and when once rifle fire starts at night it runs down the line, and goodness knows where it will stop.

The next day was fairly uneventful: the only entry in my diary being "Much quieter this morning (6 A.M.): shelling begins about 9 A.M., later on very hot, 12 P.M., till dark." This shows that it is better not to put down any remarks until the day is finished.

It was another very wet night and also exceedingly cold in the early morning; also the mud was getting very bad, in most places it came well over the ankles, and as our home had not got a scraper, I am afraid the floor got very dirty, and as we sat on the floor our clothes got very caked. In fact everything got plastered with mud, even our food. We managed to keep our dug-out a bit cleaner by putting down fir-branches as a carpet, and changing these fairly often.

Early this morning I was sent out to try and capture a German patrol which had been seen in the wood. We searched about for an hour or two, but, beyond discovering the tracks by which they came up, we found nothing, and so came back.

In the afternoon there was a heavy attack on the other side of the valley. We had a very good view of this, and could see the enemy coming over the top of the hill in thick lines, only to be cut down by our shell-fire. Line after line seemed to go down like ninepins, and yet they came on. We had all left our dug-outs and were watching through the edge of the wood, when suddenly "Silent Susan" sent down a very short one, which only just went over our heads and burst about fifteen yards behind us: none of us were hit, but it fell right in the middle of some dug-outs farther up the hill, completely burying ten men. This brought us back to earth again, and reminded us that we were also taking part in the show, and not only on-lookers, and so we returned to our funk-holes.

We had now been here for six days.

At about five o'clock in the morning we would come in from the trenches, and draw rations, which had been brought up from the village under cover of darkness. Sometimes a mail would arrive too. Then if the shelling was not too bad we would sit outside our dug-outs and have breakfast—biscuits and jam, or "bully beef" washed down by very muddy water. Of course we could not light a fire, and so could not cook anything or get a hot drink: we tried having hot stuff brought up from the village, but it was generally cold by the time it arrived. After breakfast we would re-

tire to our dug-outs and sleep. We had an observation pit at the edge of the wood, and we used to take it in turns to sit in this, and watch through glasses the movements of the enemy. If we saw them leaving their trenches in the evening, and coming down into the valley, we knew that in all probability there was going to be a night attack. The day was thus spent in sleeping, eating, watching, and sometimes reading the paper, which was of course some weeks old. In the evening, just before dark, we would sneak out to the trenches for the night.

So far, beyond a few snipers and patrols, we had not been troubled at all, except by the incessant shell fire. Next morning, however, the enemy having failed in their attack of yesterday on the other side of the valley, elected to have a try at us. We had just come in from the trenches, and were about to serve out rations, when we heard the sound of a machine gun and rifle fire from in front. Leaving the rations in the mud we hurried back to the trenches. The enemy had brought up two machine guns to the edge of the wood, about five hundred yards in front of us, but these we put out of action almost immediately. For a time there was a period of comparative calm to our immediate front, and we were only worried by a few snipers. There were one or two spots where any one who appeared there was certain to be picked off.

The beginning of the attack

was directed against the left of our line down by the canal bank, and for a bit it looked critical there: gradually, however, the enemy were beaten back into the wood, and eventually withdrew. Not altogether, however, for later on we could see them moving about in the woods in front of us, and apparently collecting for an attack on the open ground above us. Between 12 and 2 P.M. things looked very bad, as the Germans had apparently succeeded in driving back the people on our right, and were now on the hill-top above us, and enflading us from above. However, by making a strong demonstration with rapid fire in the wood below, we frightened them into believing that it was a counter-attack, and they gradually withdrew.

By about 3 P.M. matters had more or less regained their normal state, and we were able to have breakfast. We had lost no point in our line, and had completely driven back the foe, and though our losses were fairly heavy, I think we gave as much as we took.

That night was the same as any other night, except that our nerves were a bit more jumpy than usual: however, nothing occurred.

Next morning was brighter, and the sun came out for the first time since we had arrived in that horrible wood. Also we had an absolutely quiet morning, free from shell fire. I remember sitting on the roof of my dug-out and hanging my

puttees in festoons on the trees to try and get them a little bit dry. Just as I was going out to the trenches at night there came a rumour that we were to be relieved. It sounded too good to be true! Still, about 11 P.M. the word came along to form up outside the trench, and we handed over the trenches by platoons.

It is no easy job handing over trenches in the middle of the night, and the mud made it even more difficult in this case. Fortunately the enemy were not on the move, and it was all carried out safely, and we got back to the village at about 2 A.M. Here we halted for some time, and finally marched to another village behind the firing line, about five miles away. We arrived here about 6 A.M. and went into billets.

We all lay down and slept. About 10 o'clock we had breakfast—bacon and fried bread and tea, all hot; you can have no idea how good hot tea really is until you have been for eight days without hot food or drink of any kind. After this repast we started to dry our clothes and get clean: shaving after eight days is a somewhat painful process. Our clothes were of course caked with mud, which had to be scraped off with a knife when dry before one could think of using a brush. The day was spent entirely in cleaning up, and sleeping.

In the afternoon some "Black Marias" started falling on the top of the hill behind which the village is situated: this

was rather disconcerting, as we thought that we had really got away from them for a bit: however, we were assured that they never shelled this village, and after all we were so used to them by now we could afford to ignore them.

The next four days we spent in billets cleaning up everything, rifles, equipment, &c., and making up deficiencies. Nothing much of interest occurred while we were here: the time was taken up in eating and sleeping, with a few parades, and a certain amount of interior economy work. One evening an aeroplane came over and dropped three bombs: they all fell on the outskirts of the village and did no harm, though one came pretty close to me. A bomb is a much more unpleasant thing than a shell, as one cannot judge it in the same way: it makes a tremendous noise swishing through the air, and it is impossible to say in the least where it is going to fall.

As soon as it was dark on Saturday, September 26, we fell in and started marching back to our old trenches. My company was left behind at the next village, where Brigade Headquarters were, while the rest of the battalion went on to the old village.

We spent the night in dug-outs and went back to the village for the day, which we spent in cellars. That evening, about 7.30 P.M., there was an alarm, and we fell in with bayonets fixed: there had been a certain amount of firing at dusk, and a report had come

in that some of the enemy had broken through the line and were firing on our gunners. We were sent up to clear them out. We advanced up the hill towards the place where our battery was: as we approached we heard talking and laughter, and in the moonlight saw a white object moving about under the hedge: this turned out to be a gunner having a bath! They were very amused, and told us they had not seen any Germans. However, I was sent on with my platoon to go right up to the trenches and clear out anything I might find, and if necessary fill up any gap there might be in the line. After some wanderings we arrived at the trenches, and finding there was a small gap, proceeded to occupy it. We had encountered nothing on the way up, and on asking the occupants of the trench what it was all about, they said they did not know. Later on I got orders to leave one section where I was, and with the remainder of my platoon to withdraw to the village, where our battalion headquarters were. On arrival I found the rest of my company already settled in billets (cellars), and we turned in immediately.

We had breakfast about 8 A.M., and then went down to our cellar for the day. We (the officers of the company) had a small room in a house in which we slept, and a cellar in front of the house for day occupation. There was a passage outside the room, and outside this was a small courtyard, across which lay

the kitchen, in which our servants cooked the meals. We had not been in the cellar long when there was a tremendous bang above our heads, and the servants came running down to our cellar: a shell had burst in the courtyard. Fortunately no one was hurt, although the cooking had been somewhat upset, but on going up later on to view the damage we discovered that two large bits of the shell had gone right through both the passage walls on to the bed, on which one of us had been sleeping such a short time before. The shelling was, of course, worse in the village than up in the trenches, but one had cellars to get into, and they gave one a sense of security, though I doubt if they would have been much protection if "Black Maria" had landed right on the top. We found that we were holding the same line of trenches as before, but this time with only three companies instead of four, so that each company got one day's rest in four. That night we went up to the trenches and found them much improved, in that the mud had dried up completely and was nice and hard.

In the morning the shelling started again just as hard as when we were there last. There was also a fair amount of sniping during the day, and a man was hit in the observation post. In the evening I was sent down to the canal to take over command of another company, whose commander had gone sick with

dysentery. We had a peaceful night, and nothing much happened during the morning: after lunch the enemy's howitzers, for some reason or other, suddenly sent down twenty-four high explosives one after the other into the dug-outs by the canal. Fortunately the dug-outs there had been made for two companies, and there was only one company there at the time. Half of the dug-outs were blown to bits, but happily they were unoccupied, the men having moved round the other side of the mound.

Later on in the afternoon we had a new arrival in front of us in the form of a pom-pom or mountain battery. This "Little Demon," as we called it, seemed to have got up extremely close to our trenches, although we could not spot it. It was rather a nuisance, as it gave one no warning at all: the report and the explosion appeared to be practically simultaneous. That evening I went back to the village with my new company for our day's rest. The next day was quiet, and we spent it resting in the cellars: the "Little Demon," about 4 P.M., started bombarding the village and lower road, but without doing any damage.

In the evening back to the trenches again: it was a very cold night with a thick fog, followed by a quiet day. The next night, or early next morning, to be exact, about 2 A.M., word came in that the enemy could be heard digging trenches about 300 yards in front of us.

This was unheard-of cheek, so we gave them a couple of minutes' rapid fire with two machine guns and one section. The patrol that was sent out afterwards came back with the report that there were no signs of the enemy, so, though we had apparently done no damage, we had frightened them off, as they did not worry us again. The day was spent, so far as I was concerned, in sleep, as much as the shells would permit. In the evening, soon after dusk, there was an attack on our right, accompanied by heavy shelling: it fizzled out, however, and all was quiet again by 8 P.M.

Next morning I was relieved of my command, some one senior having come up from the base. The only incident of the day was a shell which fell through the roof of a dug-out, passed right between the heads of two men sitting in it, and then never exploded. We dug them out, uninjured, but naturally very shaken. It was the nearest escape from death they will ever have. About this time we had a lot of shells over, which did not explode: I counted seven in succession that morning. In the evening I went back to the village for the "rest," and as my old company, to which I was to return, came in the next day, I got two days running in billets.

Then on the evening of the 6th, when we were about to go up to the trenches, we were relieved by another regiment. We went along to another



village about a mile and a half away, where we got into very comfortable billets, and we were at peace once more. The next seven days we spent fairly quietly out of the firing line. The billets we were in were good, and we had really quite a pleasant time. There were three shot-guns in the village and a certain amount of cartridges, and some of us used to go out shooting in the fields beside the Aisne. There was quite a fair number of partridges and hares about.

I spent one or two mornings "aeroplane shooting," but without any success. I used to take a party of about forty picked shots, and we lay down in straw round about some hayricks down by the river. I used to divide them up into four parties, all of which fired with different elevation and aiming different lengths ahead. But somehow or other we never managed to wing one, although I think we went pretty close sometimes, as we seemed to drive them off. The last three or four days we did two short

route marches a-day, one before breakfast in the dark, and one in the evening after dark. We found that we had got out of training for marching after a month of sitting in trenches, but we gathered that we were soon going to do some more marching, although we did not know where. The next evening, October 13, we were relieved by the French, and marched to the village that we were in before, arriving there just after midnight. We spent the next day there, and early the following morning marched right back over the Aisne to a place called —: we arrived here about 6.30 A.M., and spent the day there: later in the evening we marched down to Fismes, where we entrained. At 9.30 P.M. the train started, and we left the Aisne and all its "rabbit-warrens," I hope for ever.

We did not know our destination, but thought that we could not be going to anything worse than what we had gone through. But we were wrong.

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## THE OLD JUNKER: A SOUVENIR.

BY CHARLES OLIVER.

As my train moved out of the station, the old Junker lifted his hat six inches in the direct vertical, very much as one might raise the lid of a saucepan. It was the distant salute he reserved for those outside the pale of his caste. A moment he stood there, dignified, rigid, impassive. Then he turned away—in the direction of the first-class buffet.

That was five years ago. Our correspondence dwindled from long, familiar epistles to skimpy letters, to closely-written cards, to the illustrated article with five words of greeting on them. At that point it ceased altogether. Now Louvain and Rheims have widened the rift of silence between us to an unbridgeable chasm.

And if the old Junker and I ever meet again in the remoulded world, our hats will remain on our heads.

The old Junker began his career as a man of considerable property and an officer in an imperial cavalry regiment. He ran through his money, one of his chief merits as a captain of horse, with great spirit and rapidity. Then, for he was a man of initiative, he resigned his commission and turned his mind to heaven, while the Frau Baron started a Pension de Famille.

For a good reason, which

will appear hereafter, the Pension was never a success, despite the undoubted capacity of the Frau Baron. At the time when I was under the old Junker's roof, I was his only pensionnaire. I had no reason to complain of the situation, which was most favourable for the study of a limited section of Junkerdom.

The domestic staff was composed of two handmaidens, who represented respectively the great cosmic principles of stability and fluctuation. The permanent element was called Liesel Hundertmark: the fluctuating had a hundred names and a perplexing variety of face. Liesel was reported of the old Junker to be efficient but incorrigibly insolent. Once a fortnight at least he would come to table in a fine frenzy of rage.

"Ausgeschmissen—die Hundertmark!" he would cry. Which is to be interpreted: "The Hundertmark is cast out, root and branch!"

But I was always sure that I should find Liesel going about the house as if nothing had happened, while a new secondary star had risen above the domestic horizon. For the under-girl paid the price of the Hundertmark's tantrums, and the old Junker's anger was mainly a theatrical demonstration.

It was impressive, however,

in its way. The old Junker was tall, slim, upright: he carried his sixty years with an elegant uprightliness and cultivated a waist. He had bushy white whiskers brushed out fiercely from his ruddy cheeks: bushy white brows, under which his eyes could gleam right martial fires. The dare-devil cavalry officer lingered in his heavy white moustache. His splendid teeth were spears and arrows. But the pity of it was that the splendour of those teeth was too palpably borrowed, and that he had a lamentably weak mouth and chin. It was easy to comprehend why he could not stand up to the Hundertmark.

The old Junker was a more convincing figure when, seated quietly in his study at his desk, he made up his accounts and worked off his correspondence. He was constantly balancing the former to pfennigs and fractions of pfennigs, for he was the most honest of men, and no tradesman ever lost a mark over the old Junker. The foundation of this honesty was probably caste pride: the high duty of keeping the reputation of Junkerdom pure and spotless before the base Philistia of petty commerce. But it salted the old Junker's dealings with his neighbours in general, and he was in a way respected.

The old Junker worked his correspondence with a typewriter, chiefly because he was an inveterate waster of time, and this process, which he never more than approximately mastered, gave his pottering

tendencies ample scope. He typed everything, down to the "mit herzlichstem Gruss" on an illustrated post-card. Naturally he typed the innumerable letters he sent out for the Navy League and the Anti-Duelling Association, of which he was the district representative: of the former, because he had once worn the sword; of the latter, because he had hung up his sword.

God—the God of Germany—loomed large in the old Junker's house and life. He had not then taken the Moloch form that he wears to-day: the Moloch who suggests the bombardment of his own most beautiful temples, and inspires the massacre of women, children, and unarmed men, and the employment of dum-dum bullets and jig-saw bayonets. He was a domestic, comfortable, vaguely commercial deity at that time. His ambition for Prussia had not quite grasped the idea of a world-empire: and the Pan-Germanic notion was not very distinct in his projects. "Deutschland über alles" did not mean as now, "Germany first and the rest nowhere," but "For a German, Germany is the best country on earth." Of course, however, the Germans, more especially the Prussians, more especially still the Prussian Junkers, were his Chosen People: he made their virtues his own, and on their vices he smiled indulgently as on the peccadilloes of dear, spoilt children.

This was the God to whom the old Junker had turned

with an active and proselytising ardour. But, mercifully for those who had other ideas, there were bounds to his enthusiasm. The old Junker was splendidly courteous in his dealings with heaven as with men. He did not disturb God after eight on week-days and twelve on Sundays. It seemed to me that, when those hours struck, some heavy, depressing, decidedly vulgar factor of existence had been eliminated from daily life.

At eight o'clock the old Junker read family prayers. A huge calendar with detachable leaves gave the date in red and the appropriate prayer for the day in black. The prayers were always very long and of the kind which, as has been said, offer a deal of information to the Deity. They were silent, however, as to the way in which the old Junker had spent the past night and early morning; compilers of devout calendars cannot deal with special cases. The old Junker read with much fervour and reverence, and wound up with an extempore effort of his own, in which again he made no step towards filling in the hiatus referred to. One must not worry heaven with trifles.

The behaviour of the old Junker at church was very correct. You felt that in him Junkerdom was on divine parade. He was quite natural: there was no touch of Pharisee in him. He shut his hymn-book when he had had his sufficiency—three verses—of the slow, interminable chorales.

He made no attempt to trick his neighbours into the belief that the nickel of his alms was silver. He was as honest in church as out of it.

But when the clock struck eight or eleven, as the case might be, the old Junker considerably left God to himself for the rest of the day and transferred his devotion to the Naval League, the Kaiser, the old Kaiser, Bismarck, Zeppelin, Krupp, the German army, the German soldier, or any other of the patriotic ideals that Junkerdom approved. The Anti-Duelling Association was a rather delicate subject, being one which the military caste censured as an effeminate and Philistine movement. The old Junker, however, stuck to the guns of his convictions in the matter of duelling with firm but unostentatious courage.

In those days the respect for the imperial principle was of three degrees: that of the Junkers, whole-hearted and fervent; that of officialdom, conventional; and that of the masses, considerably diluted with irony and scepticism. The second category sneered privately at the pompousness of the Kaiser and his theatrical quick-changing mania; the third indulged in more open sarcasm. The position has much changed, now that the Kaiser has gone into business. It is a disfavoured Junkerdom that pouts, and the people that, regarding the Emperor as Leading Tradesman, shout "Der Kaiser soll leben!" But the old Junker was of his day; the imperial

for him was second to the divine—and a remarkably good second.

The *Parademarsch*—that noble Grand-Electoral institution—moved him to bursts of rapture. He almost wept to see a regiment of thinking men move like a regiment of mechanical tin soldiers, and he was less amused than scandalised when I suggested that it would be a more admirable achievement to train a goose to walk like a man than to train a man to walk like a goose. Neither he nor I foresaw then that to-day Prussia would be attempting to force her preposterous goose-step on the world, for the whole present situation may be so summed up, and that the matter was by no means one for jesting.

Most of the old Junker's ideas marched at the goose-step. Some small summer manoeuvres were going on in the neighbourhood at that time, and one day when the troops were out a terrific thunderstorm came on. It was suggested to the officer in command that the men should take off their helmets, which with their metal spikes formed veritable lightning-conductors. The idea was repulsed as wanting in dignity, and a captain and two privates were struck dead. The old Junker was louder in his enthusiasm than the families of the victims. He talked of duty. He quoted the "*dulce et decorum*" of Horace most inappropriately. The captain and his men had

not died for the Fatherland but for the goose-step.

On another occasion I was led to ask the old Junker why his Government treated the Prussian Poles so atrociously.

"Because they belong to us, lieber Herr," he replied with dignity.

And this, again, was rank goose-step, in the form in which it is now being inculcated at Louvain and Rheims.

The sense of humour may perhaps be defined as the sense of proportion, and it was substantially lacking in the old Junker. He brought his religion into play too heavily or left it out too completely. He was foolishly exclusive. A strict Lutheran, he firmly believed that men of other sects were neither honest nor gentlemen. He was devoid of tact, which again is a sense of proportion and not merely the ceremoniousness which he always observed and always overdid. Thus the old Junker was much of a bore, and I should not have remained his guest as long as I did had it not been for the Frau Baron.

The Frau Baron saved the situation, as far as it could be saved. She dressed very badly, and her "*salonng*" was as much lacking in style as her gowns. But she was a kind and good woman: sentimental, of course, or she would not have been a German, but not distressingly so. Having only married into Junkerdom, she had one foot, and the firmest, in that unparticled Philistia where I have both. Thus we

had a strong bond of sympathy. She led a hard and anxious life of it, but was not in the least soured by her trials. The Hundertmark loved her and reserved her insolence for the old Junker, whom she despised, for she could fill up that hiatus in the calendar prayer. The Frau Baron had countless little attentions for me, and the score of kindnesses would have been very one-sided had I not frequently been able to do her the important service of leading the old Junker home when he was drunk.

For that was the reason why the Pension did not succeed, and why Liesel Hundertmark felt herself under no obligation to be respectful to her master. The old Junker was an aristocratic, pious inebriate.

It is difficult to analyse to one's complete satisfaction the mentality of a man who devoutly worships God in the morning and deliberately sets to intoxicating himself in the evening. But that mentality was not at all uncommon in our little German town, and those who had a higher one condoned and excused the lower. You can only suppose that Prussia makes its God somewhat in the image of a Viking, rejoicing greatly in wine always and greatly in carnage when he sees his occasion. Added to this is the Junkerdom tenet that the Junker is a kind of superman, whose very failings would make quite respectable virtues for the ruck of the human race.

Be this as it may, the old Junker fuddled himself every

evening of his life, and got extravagantly drunk on many. There was hard by a discreet little "Restaurong" that opened on to a discreet little side-street, and had respectably curtained windows and a most demure, unostentatious entrance. It was here that the old Junker and his friends—impecunious Barons, Grafs, Freiherrs—met to celebrate their own birthdays and those of the Kaiser, the Kaiserin, the Princes and Princesses of the Blood, Bismarok, Moltke, and all the rest of the unhalloed saints of the lay calendar. They drank, and deeply, of a wine called "Sekt," by which, but for its exceeding sweetness, I should have understood dry champagne to be indicated. They were the most foolish company of elderly gentlemen imaginable. They sang sentimental songs—"Sillertal, du bist mein' Freud'," "Mädel mit dem gold'nen Haar'"—in their old quavering voices, with ruins of trills and wrecks of twirls. They called up reminiscences of ancient revels: "Fritz, old comrade, dost remember?" As the evening progressed, the songs and stories went on concurrently. The old Junkers laughed and wept, swore or were intensely uprighteous, quarrelled and made it up; all this amid thick cigar-smoke and heady fumes of that strange wine called "Sekt."

I am one of those curious people who drink when they are thirsty, and such carousings appeal but faintly to me. After one full evening of it I resigned my honorary membership of

the informal club. Afterwards I used to waylay the old Junker as he stumbled forth, or go in boldly and hale him out by the collar, and this to the great gratitude of the Frau Baron. For the old Junker, after his excursions, had the way of jamming his latch-key into the door of the wrong house; and then, planted unsteadily in the middle of the road, he would wake the night echoes with bursts of strong language and fragments of song.

His neighbours did not recommend the Pension of the old Junker.

Junkerdom is an enormous caste, for once a Junker you are always a Junker, in yourself and your descendants, male and female, till the end of time. There are good, bad, and indifferent Junkers. It is only by the study of a great variety of individuals that you could

arrive at something like a general type.

The old Junker of this souvenir presents a certain amount of characteristics that seem to be fairly widely distributed among the clan: pride of caste; a kind of commercial honesty based on that pride; a blind and childish conservatism; the "Chosen People" proposition with its corollary of a special privilege of drunkenness for the select among that people; and the conception of God as an indulgent Odin.

It is perhaps the religious error that is principally responsible for the decadence of Junkerdom. So when the armies of the Cross have vanquished the armies of the Hammer, and Junkerdom has learnt that there is no such thing as divine favouritism, it may find some nobler mission for its preponderating social influence.

## ACROSS ASIA MINOR ON FOOT.

BY W. J. C.

NO one who delights to go on foot, and have the unknown and its adventures before him, can see the white main roads of Asia Minor winding down the mountains to the ports without longing to get upon them. By some curious trick of the eye and imagination it is at first more as roads of coming than of going that they captivate the fancy. They seem to leave instead of enter the unknown, mysterious land beyond the mountains. But when the ear hears of the cities and countries to which the roads proceed, names that by themselves sometimes convey half the glamour of the East, the direction of interest is reversed at once.

One of these white roads crosses the Amanus Mountains by the Beilan Pass, and descends into the port of Alexandretta, on the Mediterranean. It is visible from the steamer; and you hear that it is the highway to Aleppo and Mesopotamia. If your steamer anchors in just the right spot you may see another road coming down through the forest behind Ineboli, on the Black Sea. It is from Kastamouni, a place of no particular interest or importance, but seen hiding and then revealing itself among the trees, the road has a charm and suggestion all its own. Into old Trebizond, too, a city that saw the Ten Thousand, comes one of these

roads—one by which you may go to Persia.

Yet another is that which winds down to the port of Samsoun, on the Black Sea, three hundred miles east of Constantinople. You catch sight of it first as it crosses the pass at least a dozen miles away and some 3000 feet above the town. It curves in and out round the spurs, disappearing and reappearing, between fields of maize and tobacco. At last it enters the olive groves, and when you see it again it is descending steeply into the hot, cobbled, tree-lined main street of Samsoun, and bringing in the strangest medley of Eastern traffic. Perhaps it is the busiest highway in Asia Minor; it is certainly the one with the most alluring name. It is the Bagdad Road, by which, through Sivas and Malatia and Mosul, you may go to Bagdad, of old a city of gardens, where Haroun el Rashid was Khalif, and Sinbad the Sailor one of the citizens.

To me, when proposing to walk from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean and considering my route, this road made an irresistible appeal. At various times I had travelled some fifty miles along its northern end, and seen the caravans break camp at early dawn, and heard the camel bells across the valleys. All that I had seen and heard only made me long to go farther, and to go afoot.



August was to have been the month for setting out, so that I might travel without fear of snow, but during spring and summer cholera was ravaging Northern Anatolia. Inland towns established quarantine against each other, and villages off the main roads turned travellers back by force. The disease abated with the coming of cooler weather, but it was mid-October before I could land in Samsoun with any good prospect of making the journey. And then winter seemed to have begun. Five days of north-easterly gale had brought snow, and the coast ranges were covered. I paced the streets of the town in a sleety rain, and felt that my chances of walking to the Mediterranean this year were growing small.

I had meant to travel with my baggage on a pack-horse led by a Turkish servant. But now with winter upon me, and stores and equipment weighing over two hundredweight and a half, a pack-horse seemed out of the question. Carrying this load it would not average more than twenty miles a day, whereas I could do thirty without undue effort. My only hope was to get out of the region liable to be closed by impassable snow before snow of that kind should come. So to carry my luggage for the present I decided on an *araba*, a light spring waggon drawn by two horses, a vehicle whose pace could exceed my own.

As I was going to a *khan* to find an *araba*, the driver of one accosted me on the steps of the hotel. He was a tall, strongly made man, a

Moslem — I would have no Greek or Armenian on a trip of this kind—and took my fancy. He said he was a Bulgarian *mohaji* (an emigrant for the faith), brought by his parents from Varna, after the Russo-Turkish War. His name he gave as Achmet. With his honest Slav face and strong figure he was exactly the sort of man I wanted; and I engaged him on the spot to go with me to Marsovan. If he pleased me during this stage he was to go farther. When I suggested that we might have snow, he answered, "Let us see it," in a spirit of "Let 'em all come," that was entirely satisfactory.

The following morning Achmet called for me, his *araba* drawn by two cream-coloured ponies; and at seven we were on the road. The rain had ceased; but the weather was cold and gloomy, and clouds were flying low. In half an hour we had reached the olive groves, whose trees, gnarled and twisted and huge, might have been growing there when Samsoun, as Amisos, was besieged by the Romans under Lucullus. Thence the climbing road passed out on to the open, grassy mountain-side, and the journey was fairly begun.

As it happened, I did not set out alone. A party of Americans going to join the Mission at Marsovan had come with me on the steamer from Constantinople, and we left Samsoun together. On foot one could go faster than the *arabas*, and so now and then I walked beside a pleasant and entertaining

American girl. She was not long from college (Wellesley, I think), had rowed in the college "eight," and tramped and camped throughout the summer in New England pine woods. Straight from this life she found herself on the Bagdad Road, and could hardly believe that she was not dreaming. She had thrills at every turn. Now the long strings of sneering, betasselled camels, with bells the size of buckets. Now a party of fierce-looking, gaily-dressed men on foot, their faces burnt almost to blackness by the sun. Now two men at the roadside, their arms soaked in blood to the elbows, absorbed in the work of flaying a dead camel. And then a little group coming down the slope caught her eye. She looked at it with extreme curiosity, that presently passed into something else, and led me to look more closely myself. I saw a portly, able-bodied Turk riding comfortably on a donkey and smoking, with his wife trudging heavily in the mud behind, and carrying two young children. Now and then the woman managed to get in a blow at the donkey by way of driving it. As an American girl, my companion thought she was unlikely to see a more astonishing sight anywhere.

From the summit of the pass I took my last look at the Black Sea, and the air was clear enough for a wide view of mountains and salt water. It went over a stretch of country, the rich tobacco lands of Baffra and Samsoun

and the delta of the Yeshil Irmak, whose people long have felt themselves to be in the shadow of Russia. Some, indeed, count upon being Russian subjects before they die; and, except by Moslems, a change in sovereignty would be welcomed by most.

Looking inland from the pass I could see no snow except upon the higher ridges. The mountains along the seaboard had intercepted the fall, and before me, under the clouds, was a sun-baked country hardly touched even by rain.

Twenty miles from Samsoun the village of Chakallu—"Place of Jackals"—lies in the deep valley behind the coast range. Here I halted for the night; but the Americans went on, to make a long stage and reach Marsovan the next afternoon. What with pleasant company and a prospect of dry travelling ahead, even of a "Little Summer" yet to come, my first day on the road seemed to have gone uncommonly well.

A khan on the great highways bears some slight resemblance in arrangement to an old English coaching inn. The building lies against the road, with an archway through it large enough for covered vehicles to reach the yard and stabling behind. From the yard a rough staircase leads up to a balcony off which the rooms open. Such a khan was the one I entered at Chakallu.

A man-servant unlocked the door of a room for me with a flourish, for it was "the best room in the inn." Floors, walls, and ceiling were of unpainted

wood. For blinds the windows were screened by lengths of dirty white cotton nailed along the top. Dust lay thick on the floor and rickety table, the only article in the room except a red earthenware pitcher. On the walls were smears of blood, where gorged and lethargic *tahkta bitis*—horri-fying insect to British housewives—had perished under the hands of enraged owners of the blood. But there were also projecting nails, upon which things might be hung; and that is not a bad test of a khan. With lamp alight, my bed set up, and food cooking upon the stove, the room appeared quite snug.

When I woke the next morning and looked out the road was filled with fog. The morning routine of shaving, dressing, cooking, breakfasting, washing-up, and packing took two hours, and soon after eight I left the khan. For the night's accommodation I paid 10 piastres (less than two shillings). The road began to climb at once, and as it rose the fog thinned, blue sky appeared in the rifts, and soon the sun was shining. To reach the pass the road went in long loops with hairpin bends; but there was a direct track through the scrub up the face of the mountain. Up this I went in sheer lightness of heart, and could hear the jingling of the *araba*, and Achmet singing to himself, and the clanking of camel bells as a caravan slowly wended its way down from the pass.

I reached the summit long before the *araba*. There was a little *kahveh* here, a place of

welcome refreshment for man and beast. I sat on a bench before it, and had coffee with the owner while awaiting Achmet, and looked over the deep valley to the range of Kara Dagh that I was to cross during the day. Larks were singing in a blue sky. The fog had melted into thin wisps that rolled in the wooded glens below. The sun was hot, and the air clear and fresh as spring. Winter seemed far off—and so it proved to be. This glorious weather of the "Little Summer" into which I had come was to go with me, almost without break, for more than six hundred miles.

As we rose out of the next valley a donkey and a figure beside it on the ground attracted my notice. They were in the shadow of a solitary wild pear-tree growing at the road's edge. The donkey stood with drooping head, the picture of patience; but the figure moved in a curious fashion, and I went up to look more closely. I had fallen into the trap of a beggar, one of those mendicants who infest the road. He asked for alms, and when I did not give at once he sprang up and ran about on all-fours like a dog. Then I saw that he was without thighs; that the knee-joint was at the hip, and his legs only half the usual length. He showed a number of antics, imitating a goat and other animals to admiration. With his grim bearded face thrust upwards, and the odd movement of his little legs, he lacked only a stump of tail to make me think I had come

upon a satyr in life. At last I photographed him, and gave him three piastres for doing so. Achmet protested against the amount; the beggar was rich, he said, and then explained, with a touch of admiration, that the fellow had two, or perhaps three, wives.

From the pass of Kara Dagh a long, dusty road descended gently into the little town of Khavsa, that faced me from its sunburnt hillside almost the whole way. It has medicinal baths that from Roman times to the present have drawn many visitors. Through half-open doors at my khan I could see families who had come for their health living in a single room. Bedding and cooking utensils lumbered the floor, there seemed to be hardly space to turn, but three or four people managed to live together thus with apparent satisfaction.

A khan provides nothing but shelter, light, and water, with fire as an extra; everything else the traveller brings himself. For this reason a good deal of baggage is necessary when journeying in Asia Minor, even for natives. As for me, though visibly a pedestrian, and therefore one who might be supposed to go light, I was accompanied by gear that, when spread out, looked enough for a harem. Nor could I reduce it, though I often tried. My travelling bed, mattress that rolled up, blankets, sleeping-bag, and pillow certainly did not amount to much, and packed into a single canvas bag. It was a sort of kitchen accompanying me that made the bewildering

display in the khans at night. Cholera had just taken off 50,000 people, and as it had not yet disappeared precautions against it were necessary, even by a pedestrian. Therefore I cooked for myself, drank nothing without first boiling it, or seeing it boiled, scorched each slice of bread I ate, and did my own washing-up. For these purposes I had two small stoves, one burning kerosene vapour, the other methylated spirit. And to carry food and stores in daily use there was a whole battery of aluminium, screw-topped canisters and boxes of various sizes, besides cooking utensils, plates, cups, and the like. They made a brave show of polished metal, and were generally supposed to be silver.

Even with all these domestic appliances the problem of food was not altogether simple. For bread, eggs, poultry, potatoes, fruit, and *yoghourt*, I looked to the country; the remainder I carried, and that was a good deal. Some like to travel and eat native foods; I intended to have honest English breakfasts the whole way. There was to be no beginning the day stayed only on coffee and bread; so I had a supply of bacon, Cambridge sausages, beef, soups, jam, butter, milk, and cheese, all in tin, also cocoa and tea. Of English tobacco, an article forbidden in the country, I had three pounds. A powerful Browning with 200 rounds, and a heavy steel-pointed stick for use against dogs, were my arms. I also carried two cameras, one taking quarter-plate views, the

other post-card size. So fitted out I thought myself competent to go anywhere.

Through a bare, rocky gorge, with a river flowing in the bottom, I travelled the next morning to the plain of Marsovan. At the edge of the plain the road turned eastward for Amasia, and I left it at this point to visit Marsovan town. Soon after midday I entered the dense belt of vineyards, orchards, and gardens that surround the place wherever water for irrigation can be brought. The road became a narrow lane going between rough hedges of hawthorn tangled with wild clematis, and overhung by walnut-trees, the tree of the district. Then after passing the burying-grounds, containing many fresh cholera-graves, and the great mound of loose stones above the Armenian victims of a massacre, I reached the town.

Marsovan is of small interest either in itself or its past. It has, however, one link connecting it with European history that it does not readily forget. Here was born Kara Mustapha Pasha—"Black Mustapha" in English—who commanded the Turkish Army at the siege of Vienna in 1683, and came so near to establishing the Crescent in Central Europe. Doubtless his name, though dreaded enough in Christendom once, is almost forgotten now; but in Marsovan it is still in daily speech in shortened form. They have the "Pasha Mosque" and "Pasha Baths," and their public water supply is the "Pasha Water," gifts of Kara Mustapha to his native place.

The rents of a large commercial building that he also erected go to his descendants to the present day.

In curious contrast with the aims of the town's greatest son is the fact that here is the largest American Mission in Asia Minor. The Mission is something more than the mind usually connects with the word. Within the walls of the old compound are Anatolia College, a large Girls' School, a hospital, schools for the deaf and dumb, a flour mill, workshops, and the Mission houses, to say nothing of college and private gardens, and the little burying-ground, where for fifty years the Mission has laid its dead. Some 800 souls in all, forty or so of whom are Americans, live inside the compound. The Mission houses form what may almost be called an American village—township will not do, for it has the picturesqueness of a village. The houses are red-roofed—the older ones grown with lichen—no two alike, and none on the same frontage; some were built on the slope to get the eastern view, others for the western. There are narrow cobbled passages and alleys passing under old quince trees, and cherry, and white mulberry, and walnut, and each house has its garden. And in the sense that it is enclosed by high walls, and has a North Gate, Town Gate, and West Gate, it is a walled village. You pass at a step from the dirt and squalor of the native streets into the cleanliness and brightness and flowers of the compound. But there is no im-

pression of village calm in this American settlement. They breakfast at seven, or earlier, and at eight o'clock the long day's duties begin. They are always short-handed, and in the hospital work literally at the run. I was the doctor's guest, and the sound and sight of running feet upon the long hospital balcony after eight o'clock became familiar to me.

Peculiarities of Anatolian life are reflected sharply in the hospital records. Gunshot wounds are numerous; but there is also a clearly defined "shooting season." The season is in spring, when water is most valuable for the growing crops, and cultivators in the irrigated orchards and vineyards fall out over the distribution. It was after an affair of this sort that two men came running to the hospital, each with a hand clapped over the hole in his abdomen made by the bullet of the other. One was found to have five perforations of the intestines; the other seven. But they were hardy folk, and in three weeks' time were about again, in a condition to renew the quarrel if desired.

Under pressure of necessity the hospital is glad to make use of any help available. In me, as a man known to have seen blood, and unlikely to faint, they recognised one day a promising emergency anæsthetist. Their regular man had been called up to the army, and the substitute who took the duty wrote that he suddenly found himself unable to attend. Operations had to be done, so I was to be instructed quickly, and fill

his place. Fortunately, however, he came after all, and the value of my newly-discovered usefulness was never tested.

When I came to set out again Ahmet limited the distance he was to go. He would go to Sivas, but no farther, fearing that if he did snow would prevent his return to Marsovan before the spring. Earlier in the year, he said, he would have been willing to accompany me anywhere.

On a fresh morning, as bright and sunny as any, I left the Mission compound, and at the edge of the town entered the Amasia road beside the ruined tomb of some long-forgotten holy man. A thousand miles—perhaps more, I hoped—of Asia Minor lay before me, and I would have changed places with no one. The road wound over the open plain, with the precipices of Amasia, thirty miles away, showing my evening destination. Farmers were clearing up their threshing-floors after the threshing, and loading the straw into great wicker baskets placed on carts drawn by black oxen. Flocks of goats and sheep were scattered about, a man and dog to every flock, and droves of horses roamed at large. Here and there the plain was dotted with clumps of trees, from each of which rose a white minaret. Village spires seen rising over a wide English countryside give the impression of native piety, and here the minarets produced the same effect, undiminished even by the flashing crescents that surmounted them.

About two o'clock I reached

the entrance to the ravine, seven miles long, by which my road found its way into the great Amasia Gorge. On the opposite side of this ravine, across a river, lay the Bagdad Road, smoking with the dust of crowded traffic drawing into Amasia for the night. Presently a dull, rumbling sound began, and grew louder and louder as I advanced, till it became almost a roar. Between the cliffs of the quarter-mile-wide gorge it filled the air. It seemed to be coming towards me, and for my life I could think of no explanation. And then round a bend of the Bagdad Road appeared a long column of ammunition wag-gons, jolting heavily at a trot, on their way to Samsoun. It was the time of the Italian war, and ammunition being none too plentiful at Constantinople, some was being transferred from the Russian frontier. A little farther on my road and the Bagdad Road united, and I entered the Amasia Gorge with a dusty procession of animals and bullock carts. The sun was still high, but already the shadow of the western precipices lay on the town.

When better conditions are established in Asia Minor, and railways make travelling easy, people will go to Amasia and say that they have never seen anything to equal it. It has a slight resemblance to Dinant, but with the physical features of that town magnified out of comparison.

With a population of 60,000, this old city, once the capital of Pontus, stretches for more than a mile along both banks

of the Yeshil Irmak, called in old times the Iris river. The gorge is perhaps a mile in width, enclosed by precipices that on the east are said to rise over 3000 feet, and on the west to about a third that height. Small lateral ravines run out of the gorge into the heart of the rocks. On the western side is a fine old castle, crowning a crag 1000 feet above the town. More than twenty bridges span the river, which runs between gardens, and trees, and quaint old overhanging houses, and mosques, and thronged Eastern streets. There are scores of great water-wheels raising water for irrigation, and their slowly-tipped buckets make a pervading sound like the ticking of gigantic clocks.

Between the cliffs the gorge is packed with houses and gardens terraced on the slopes and ravines. There are old Seljukian mosques, colleges, and monuments. There is Roman work and Mithridatic work. And looking down on all from the western precipice are the five great rock-hewn "Tombs of the Kings." They were old in the time of Strabo, who was born here, and they remain now as unchanged as when they were out. I had heard much about Amasia, but no one had overstated its charms; all, in fact, had quite understated them.

I should have liked to spend a week in the place, but could only give it two days. On reaching my khan on the main street I told Achmet to be ready to go out with me at eight the next morning.

I wandered in the streets and hung over the bridges till darkness came on, the transparent darkness of shadow, for the hour was early, and the sky above still held light. On returning to the khan I went through my domestic labours, and after a meal strolled out on the balcony behind. The yard was filled with waggons and *arabas*. Now and then came the stamping and whinnying of stabled horses. Groups of men were smoking, and I could hear the low tones of their voices. The great eastern precipice stood black and overpowering above me, with a ragged edge against a sky I thought still strangely light. I looked at the minarets below, watched the waxing and waning of the smokers' cigarettes, sniffed the indescribable smell of a Turkish city—nowhere stronger than here—and then I paused. A curious light seemed to be spreading around me, and looking up there was the moon pushing its upper half above the edge of the precipice. It looked exactly like an inquisitive face peeping over a wall. I could almost see it move. It came up, a hunter's moon, round and brilliant, and shone on the city with a flood of light that made the mosques, and minarets, and domes, and gardens visible as by day. In a little while distant singing began, a voice here, a voice there, wailing melancholy Turkish songs to the twanging of a mandoline. And then a little drum began to beat, the *saz*, with

its skin stretched hard as a board, and the most defiant note of any instrument I have ever heard. I did not go to bed till every sound had ceased.

At eight the next morning there was no Achmet. I looked for him, but they said he had gone down the street and would come back presently. I waited, and he did not come, and leaving a message that he was to wait for me here, I went out with two cameras to make the most of a bright morning.

I had not been out long when two *zaptiehs* stopped me. They asked civilly enough where I came from and where I was going. I told them, but they said I must now go with them to the Chief of Police. We walked down the busy main street, and an interested crowd began to gather. Boys ran behind me, and people lined the side of the road. Presently a voice called out in English—

"What is it you do?" and a young man, evidently an Armenian, came up to me. He introduced himself as a graduate of Sivas American College, and a printer in business in Amasia.

"The Governor is my friend," he said, when I had given him a few particulars of myself. "Let us go to the Governor when he comes to the Konak." I thought a Turkish governor unlikely to acknowledge the friendship, but was grateful to my new-found Armenian supporter.

Presently the *zaptiehs* led into the shop of a Turkish chemist, who, it was said, would be able to examine my



passport as a sort of preliminary investigation. The chemist looked at the document gravely, but did not venture at first to read it aloud. Evidently he made something of it, but what, I could hardly guess.

The stately phrasing of the British passport must often have given rise to such a scene as followed here. The chemist had trouble with the opening words. "We, Sir Edward Grey," eventually detained him so long that we got no further, and he found that I was a person to go before the higher authorities. Meanwhile coffee and cigarettes were brought in, for there was no lack of politeness. At length it was decided that the Governor might be seen, and we went on to the Konak.

We found him, and the passport was carefully examined again, but without removing the suspicion that I was an enemy of the State. In my pocket was an old *teskere*, a permit that had authorised me to travel in the interior eighteen months before. *Teskeres* had since been abolished, and I regarded this one more as a curiosity than anything else. But it had not lost its importance here. The Governor looked at it and his manner changed.

"Stature high" he read, and, asking me to stand, went on with the description that a somewhat exaggerative Turkish official had drawn up. Eyes were described as red and grey, but he took that

as near enough. He now was satisfied, and apologised for my detention. The country was at war; agents of the enemy were known to be going about; and care had to be taken. It gave him much pleasure to meet an Englishman, and to do anything for one, for England had always been the friend of Turkey. He would give me a letter to the Chief of Police securing me from further trouble, and allowing me to take photographs wherever I might go, even in Syria.

I never saw the letter, for it was entrusted to the soldier who accompanied us to the Police quarters. But—whether due to the Governor's promise or not—wherever I went afterwards, even into districts under martial law, I was always free to photograph, and never was troubled again by the authorities.

This business occupied five hours; and when I got back to the khan Achmet was in doubt as to what had happened to me. During the afternoon we climbed to the castle by a steep slope at the rear. In his cumbersome garments and heavy shoes, which continually came off owing to being open at the heel, Achmet had trouble the whole way. But he kept at it, and at the top clambered about on the broken walls, going wherever I went.

Even Timur, great in sieges, found this castle beyond his power to take. Most of it is in ruins, and what remains intact is chiefly blank masonry, interesting only for its careful work. Looking over a wall was a

field-gun with a thousand-feet drop under its muzzle. During the thirty days of Ramazan it would nightly give the time of sunset, important moment to a population waiting at tables below to break the day's fast. When I left this rock the city was growing dark, and lights began to shine though the sun was only just setting.

The next morning I gave to the town; but a month would not exhaust the interest of its old mosques with cloistered courtyards, its Seljuk colleges and monuments, the bridges, old houses, and Tombs of the Kings. These last are similar to the Mirror Tomb, in visiting which I spent the afternoon. It lies in the gorge, about two miles below the town, and is cut in a face of rock looking east over the river. Outwardly it is a semicircular arch, about thirty feet in span and somewhat more in height, sunk in the cliff to a depth of ten feet. A flight of eight steps leads up to a narrow platform from which the jambs of the arch rise, and twelve or fifteen feet above the platform is a rectangular doorway to the tomb. The tomb is polished within, and from this fact comes the popular name. The front was shaded by walnut trees that made a grateful shelter as I sat on the steps this hot, windless afternoon, and looked across the river and gardens to the opposite rocks. The only sound was the ticking of a water-wheel; and the spot was so pleasant that I might have lingered an hour if barefooted Turkish children had

not come with a rush demanding *baksheesh*.

Above and below Amasia the gorge is filled with gardens, and they also extend the whole length of the ravine from Marsovan plain. In all Asia Minor there are no such gardens and orchards. Abundance of water, strong sunlight reflected by the precipitous rocks, and a rich soil, make the gorges a gigantic hot-house. The best apples known in Constantinople come from Amasia. In Amasia some call them "English apples," the original stock having come from England nearly a century ago. They are of no sort known to me; but conditions may have changed the characteristics. Whatever the original, however, it has not degenerated, for better apples I have never eaten anywhere.

I left Amasia on a morning when country-folk were coming into market, and for miles I travelled against a stream of animals and peasants. The gorge soon began to open, but it still showed bold precipitous sides, and in this valley bottom the river still wound among gardens, orchards, and vineyards that filled the whole space. Presently I came to a rocky knoll from which, seemingly from the earth, smoke was rising in various places. I thought of lime-kilns and tile-burners, but was altogether astray. When I got abreast of it I found that here was a colony of cave-dwellers, with people running in and out of burrows like rabbits in a warren.

Presently the road left the valley of the Yeshil Irmak, and climbed over a neck between hills dotted with beech scrub and Christ's thorn. Their autumn foliage was so brilliant that in the distance the slopes seemed to be splashed with scarlet poppies.

Yeni Bazaar was my stopping-place for the night, a little khan in an open valley with bold scrub-covered mountains in the south. Fifteen miles across the same mountains, as the crow flies, is the little town of Zilleh, with its lasting name. Zilleh was the scene of the battle that produced Cæsar's *veni, vidi, vici*, and I almost went two days' journey off my road to see the place.

Soon after leaving Yeni Bazaar, I discovered one of the few drawbacks of going on foot on this road. As a pedestrian I could not keep the *araba* stages between the large towns and so missed the good khans. It was at Chengel, a dozen miles beyond Yeni Bazaar, that this fact dawned on me. The road went down into a little wooded valley, and there at the bottom were two excellent khans that *araba* passengers, into and out of Amasia, make a point of reaching. My stages were those of donkey-men and carters, and I had to use their khans.

In this way I found myself limited to Turkhal after passing Chengel, and Turkhal had a very bad name.

"Don't stop at Turkhal," was advice that had been given me half a dozen times, sometimes with the explanation

that the place was Turkish, filthy, and fanatical. At a pinch I thought I could stop anywhere, and so was not much troubled on finding that my quarters for the night must be in Turkhal, unless I was willing to go some distance farther.

The town lies in a little plain. The road by which I entered had water on either side, and beyond the water rich green meadows, in vivid contrast to the brown countryside through which I had passed. A bold island rock, crowned by a castle, rose over the houses. I thought that Turkhal had been strangely slandered. But any favourable impression due to distance fell away immediately I entered the main street. I had seen dirty Turkish towns before—Vizier Keupru, for instance, that has a typhoid of its own—but none so bad as this. To pass dry-footed I sometimes had to go sideways between the little, one-storied, fly-blown shops, and the fetid blue liquid, a foot deep, that the *araba* was churning. I mounted the *araba* at last, and driving to the only khan, looked into the building. There were flies like the fourth plague of Egypt, and their buzzing made a level, unvarying sound that filled the air. Not only were there ordinary house-flies, large and small, but also those flat, quick-flying ones that in Asia Minor accompany animals. They settle on the human neck sometimes, and as they refuse to be brushed away, have to be scraped off. I thought I would rather walk

ten miles farther than spend the night in this hive.

Achmet said there was a little khan an hour beyond, and we left to go there; but his hour turned out to be nearly three. At sunset the wide undulating country, ringed by mountains, was bathed in violet. It was no mere suggestion of colour, but so vivid as to cause wonderment. The black tents of Yuruk nomads near the road became deep purple, under a lemon-coloured western sky, and with the dancing campfires, and dim moving figures, made a scene that I set against the unpleasantness of Turkhal.

A bright moon lighted us into the Circassian village of Jelat, a mile or two off the main road, and though the khan was crowded I managed to get a room. It was in the roof, and had a ceiling of fresh pine twigs, and a hole in the wall for window. Pigeons used the room as loft, and I had trouble in driving them out; and when I was shaving before the opening in the morning one of these birds entered it in flight and cannoned against my head. I have doubt whether man or bird was the more startled.

When I left Jelat at eight the sun had grown so warm that I was glad the month was November and not August. It proved to be the hottest day of

the journey; and when I saw a shaded thermometer about four o'clock it showed a temperature nearly equalling 80° Fahr.

The road wound along a wide, treeless valley towards Tokat. Many robberies had happened here in the past, and victims had told me of their experiences. The robbers had ridden up from behind, as if passing, and then suddenly covered driver and occupants of the *araba* with revolvers. Highway robbery on Turkish roads is usually due as much to the victims' carelessness as any special daring by the robbers. Make the opportunity difficult for them, and they may think it no opportunity at all, and go by with salutations to rob some one less prepared. So now when I saw two Circassian horsemen overtaking us, one some little distance behind the other, and that Achmet was a similar distance behind me, I became suspicious. I slipped the Browning into my jacket pocket, and with it in hand drew to the side of the road and waited. As the leading rider came towards me after passing the *araba* I watched his free hand and was ready to cover him if necessary. He looked at me furtively as he rode by, and so did the other man, and I had a feeling that my caution had not been altogether unwarranted.

(To be continued.)

## THE LAW OF THE MEDES.

BY "BARTIMEUS," AUTHOR OF 'NAVAL OCCASIONS.'

## I. COMPULSORY BATHING.

IN moments of crisis the disciplined human mind works as a thing detached, refusing to be hurried or flustered by outward circumstance. Time and its artificial divisions it acknowledges not. It is concerned with preposterous details: with the ludicrous, and is acutely solicitous of other people's welfare, whilst working at a speed mere electricity could never attain.

Thus with James Thorogood, Lieutenant, Royal Navy, when he, together with his bath, bedding, clothes, and scanty cabin furniture, revolver, first-aid outfit, and all the things that were his, were precipitated through his cabin door across the aft-deck. The ship heeled violently, and the stunning sound of the explosion died away amid the uproar of men's voices along the mess-deck and the tinkle and clatter of broken crockery in the ward-room pantry.

"Torpedoed!" said James, and was in his conjecture entirely correct. He emerged from beneath the débris of his possessions shaken and bruised, and was aware that the aft-deck (that spacious vestibule giving admittance on either side to officers' cabins and normally occupied by a solitary Marine sentry) was filled with figures rushing past him to-

wards the hatchway. It was half-past seven in the morning; the morning watch had been relieved, and were dressing. The middle watch, of which he had been one, were turning out after a brief three hours' spell of sleep. Officers from the bath-room, girt in towels, wardroom servants who had been laying the table for breakfast, one or two warrant officers in sea-boots and monkey jackets, the watch below, in short, appeared and vanished from his field of vision like figures on a screen. In no sense of the word, however, did the rush resemble a panic. The aft-deck had seen greater haste on all sides in a scramble on deck to cheer a troopship passing the cruiser's escort. But the variety of dress and undress, the expressions of grim anticipation in each man's face as they stumbled over the uneven deck, set Thorogood's reeling mind, as it were, upon its feet.

The Surgeon, pyjama-clad, a crimson streak running diagonally across the lather on his cheek, suddenly appeared crawling on all-fours through the doorway of his shattered cabin. "I always said those safety razors were rotten things," he observed ruefully. "I've just carved my initials on my face. And

my ankle's broken. Have we been torpedoed, or what, at all? An' what game is it you're playing under that bath, James? Are you pretending to be an oyster?"

Thorogood pulled himself together and stood up. "I think one of their submarines must have bagged us." He nodded across the flat to where, beyond the wrecked débris of three cabins, the cruiser's side gaped open to a clear sky and a line of splashing waves. Overhead on deck the 12-pounders were barking out a series of ear-splitting reports, — much as a terrier might yap defiance at a cobra, over the stricken body of its master.

"I think our number's up, old thing." Thorogood bent and slipped his arms under the Surgeon's body. "Shove your arms round my neck. . . . Steady!—hurt you? Heave! Up we go!" A midshipman ascending the hatchway paused and turned back. Then he ran towards them, spattering through the water that had already invaded the flat.

"Still!" sang a bugle on deck. There was an instant's lull in the stampede of feet overhead. The voices of the officers calling orders were silent. The only sounds were the lapping of the waves along the riven hull and the intermittent reports of the quick-firers. Then came the shrill squeal of the pipes.

"Fall-in!" roared a voice down the hatchway. "Clear lower deck! Every soul on

deck!" The bugle rang out again.

Thorogood staggered with his burden across the buckled plating of the flat and reached the hatchway. The midshipman who had turned back passed him, his face white and set. "Here!" called the Lieutenant from the bottom of the ladder. "This way, my son! Fall-in's the order!" For a moment the boy glanced back irresolute across the flat, now ankle-deep in water. The electric light had been extinguished, and in the greenish gloom between decks he looked a small and very forlorn figure. He pointed towards the wreckage of the after-cabin, called something inaudible, and, turning, was lost to view aft.

"That's the Pay's cabin," said the Doctor between his teeth. "He was a good friend to that little lad. I suppose the boy's gone to look for him, and the Pay as dead as a haddock, likely as not."

Thorogood deposited the Surgeon on the upper deck, fetched a life-buoy, and rammed it over the injured man's shoulders. "God forgive me for taking it," said the latter gratefully, "but my fibula's cracked to blazes, an' I love my wife. . . ."

All round them men were working furiously with knives and crowbars, casting off lashings from boats and baulks of timber on the booms, wrenching doors and woodwork from their fastenings, anything capable of floating and supporting a swimmer. The officers were encouraging the men with words and example, steadying

them with cheery catch-words of their Service, ever with an eye on the fore-bridge, at the extreme end of which the Captain was standing.

On the after shelter-deck the Gunner, bare-headed and clad only in a shirt and trousers, was single-handed loading and firing a twelve-pounder as fast as he could snap the breech to and lay the gun. His face was distorted with rage, and his black brows met across his nose in a scowl that at any other time would have suggested acute melodrama.

The figure on the fore-bridge made a gesture with his arm. "Fall-in!" shouted the Commander. "Fall-in facing out-board and strip! Stand by to swim for it!" Seven hundred men, bluejackets, stokers, and marines, hurriedly formed up and began to divest themselves of their clothes. They were drawn up regardless of class or rating, and a burly marine artilleryman, wriggling out of his cholera-belt, laughed in the blackened face of a stoker fresh from the furnace door. "Cheer up, mate!" he said encouragingly, "you'll soon 'ave a chance to wash your bloomin' face!"

The ship gave a sudden lurch, settled deeper in the water, and began to heel slowly over. The Captain, clinging to the bridge-rail to maintain his balance, raised the megaphone to his mouth—

"Carry on!" he shouted. "Every man for himself!" He lowered the megaphone and added between his teeth, "And God for us all!"

The ship was lying over at an angle of 60°, and the men were clustered along the bulwarks and nettings, as if loath to leave their stricken home even at the eleventh hour. A muscular leading seaman was the first to go—a nude, pink figure, wading reluctantly down the sloping side of the cruiser, for all the world like a child paddling. He stopped when waist-deep and looked back. "'Ere!" he shouted, "'ow far is it to Yarmouth? Not more'n a 'undred an' fifty miles, is it? I gotter aunt livin' there. . . ."

Then came the rush, together with a roar of voices, shouts and cheers, cries for help, valiant, quickly-stifled snatches of "Tipperary," and, over all, the hiss of escaping steam.

"She wouldn't be 'arf pleased to see yer, nobby!" shouted a voice above the hubbub. "Not 'arf she wouldn't! Nah then, 'oo's for compulsory bathin'? . . . Gawd! Ain't it cold. . . ."

How he found himself in the water Thorogood had no very clear recollection, but instinctively he struck out through the welter of gasping, bobbing heads till he was clear of the clutching menace of the drowning. The Commander, clad simply in his wrist-watch and uniform cap, was standing on the balsa raft with scores of men hanging to its support. "Get away from the ship!" he was bawling at the full strength of his lungs. "Get clear before she goes——!"

The stern of the cruiser rose high in the air, and she dived with sickening suddenness into

the grey vortex of waters. Piti-  
ful cries for help sounded on all  
sides. Two cutters and a few  
hastily constructed rafts were  
piled with survivors: others  
swam to and fro looking for  
floating débris, or floated, re-  
serving their strength. The  
cries and shouts grew fewer.

Thorogood had long parted  
with his support, the broken  
loom of an oar, and was float-  
ing on his back, when he found  
himself in close proximity to  
two figures clinging to an  
empty breaker. One he re-  
cognised as a Midshipman, the  
other was a bearded Chief  
Stoker. The boy's teeth were  
chattering and his face was  
blue with cold.

"W-w-what were you g-g-g-  
oing to have for b-b-b-breakfast  
in your m-m-mess?" he was  
asking his companion in mis-  
fortune. Hang it all, a fel-  
low of fifteen had to show  
somehow he wasn't afraid of  
dying.

"Kippers," replied the Chief  
Stoker, recognising his part,  
and playing up to it manfully.  
"I'm partial to a kipper, me-  
self. An' fat 'am."

The Midshipman caught  
sight of Thorogood, and raised  
an arm in greeting. As he did  
so, a sudden spasm of cramp  
twisted his face like a mask.  
He relaxed his grasp of the  
breaker and sank instantly.

The two men reappeared half  
a minute later empty-handed,  
and clung to the barrel ex-  
hausted.

"It's all chalked up some-  
where, I suppose!" splut-

tered James, gasping for his  
breath.

"Child-murder, sir, I reckon  
that is," was the tense reply.  
"That's on their slop-ticket<sup>1</sup> all  
right. . . . 'Kippers,' I sez, sky-  
larkin' like . . . an' 'e sinks  
like a stone. . . ."

Among the wave-tops six  
hundred yards away a slender  
upright object turned in a wide  
circle and moved slowly north-  
ward. To the south a cluster  
of smoke-spirals appeared  
above the horizon, growing  
gradually more distinct. The  
party in one of the cutters  
raised a wavering cheer.

"Cheer up for Chatham!"  
shouted a clear voice across  
the grey waste of water. "Here  
come the Destroyers! . . . Stick  
it, my hearties!"

After a month's leave James  
consulted a specialist. He was  
a very wise man, and his jerky  
discourse concerned shocked  
nerve-centres and reflex ac-  
tions. "That's all right,"  
interrupted the thoroughly  
startled James (sometime wing  
three-quarter for the United  
Services XV). "But what de-  
feats me is not being able to  
cross a London street without  
'coming over all of a tremble'!  
An' when I try to light a  
cigarette"—he extended an  
unsteady hand—"Look! . . .  
I'm as fit as a fiddle really.  
Only the Medical Department  
won't pass me for service afloat.  
An' I want to get back, d'you  
see? There's a Super-Dread-  
nought commissioning soon  
——"

<sup>1</sup> = Account.



The specialist wrote cabalistic signs on a piece of paper. "Bracing climate—East Coast for preference. . . . Plenty of exercise. Walk. Fresh air. Early hours. Come and see me again in a fortnight, and get this made up—that's all right——" he waved aside James's proffered guineas. "Don't accept fees from Naval or Military. . . . 'Least we can do is to mend you quickly. 'Morning. . . ."

James descended the stair-

case and passed a tall, lean figure in soiled khaki ascending, whom the Public (together with his wife and family) had every reason to suppose was at that moment in the neighbourhood of Ypres.

"If it weren't for those fellows I couldn't be here," was his greeting to the specialist. He jerked his grey, close-cropped head towards the door through which Thorogood had just passed.

## II. THE TINKER.

A ramshackle covered cart, laden with an assortment of tinware, had stopped on the outskirts of the village. The owner, a bent scarecrow of a fellow, was effecting repairs to his nag's harness with a piece of string. Evening was setting in, and the south-east wind swept a grey haze across the coast road and sombre marshes. The tinker completed first-aid to the harness, and stood at the front of the cart to light his lamps. The first match blew out, and he came closer to the body of the vehicle for shelter from the wind.

At that moment a pedestrian passed, humming a little tune to himself, striding along through the November mirk with swinging gait. It may have been that his voice, coming suddenly within range of the mare's ears, conveyed a sound of encouragement. Perhaps the lights of the village twinkling out one by one along the village street suggested stables

and a nose-bag. Anyhow, the tinker's nag threw her weight suddenly into the collar, the wheel of the cart passed over the tinker's toe, and the tinker uttered a sudden exclamation. Under the circumstances it was a pardonable enough ebullition of feeling, and ought not to have caused the passing pedestrian to spin round on his heel, astonishment on every line of his face. The next moment, however, he recovered himself. "Did you call out to me?" he shouted. The tinker was nursing his toe, apparently unconscious of having given any one more food for thought than usual. "No," he replied gruffly; "I 'urt myself." The passer-by turned and pursued his way to the village.

The tinker lit his lamps and followed. He was a retiring sort of tinker, and employed no flamboyant methods to advertise his wares. He jingled through the village without

attracting any customers, or apparently desiring to attract any, and followed the sandy coast road for some miles. At length he pulled up, and from his seat on the off-shaft sat motionless for a minute, listening. The horse, as if realising that its dreams of a warm stable were dreams indeed, hung its head dejectedly, and in the faint gleam of the lamp its breath rose in thin vapour. The man descended from his perch on the shaft, and, going to his nag's head, turned the cart off the road. For some minutes the man and horse stumbled through the darkness; the cart jolted, and the tin merchandise rattled dolefully. The tinker, true to the traditions of his calling, swore again. Then he found what he had been looking for, an uneven track that wound among the sand-dunes towards the shore; the murmur of the sea became suddenly loud and distinct, and with a jerk the horse and cart came to a standstill. In a leisurely fashion the tinker unharnessed his mare, tied a nose-bag on her, and tethered her to the tail of the cart. In the same deliberate manner he rummaged about among his wares till he produced a bundle of sticks and some pieces of turf, and, with these under his arm, scrambled off across the sand-hills to the sea.

This incoming tide sobbed and gurgled along miniature headlands of rock that stretched out on either side of a little bay. The sand-hills straggled down almost to high-water

mark, where the winter storms had piled a barrier of kelp and débris. At one place a rough track down to the shingle had been worn in the sand by the feet of fishermen using the cove in fine weather during the summer.

The tinker selected a site for his fire in a hollow that opened to the sea. He built a hearth with flat stones, fetched a kettle from the cart, kindled the fire, and busied himself with preparations for his evening meal. This concluded, he laid a fresh turf of peat upon the embers, banked the sand up all round till the faint glow was invisible a few yards distant, and lit a pipe.

The night wore on. Every now and again the man rose, climbed a sand-hill and stood listening, returning each time to his vigil by the fire. At length he leaned forward and held the face of his watch near the fire-glow. Apparently the time had come for action of some sort, for he rose and made off into the darkness. When he reappeared he carried a tin pannikin in his hand, and stood motionless by the fire, staring out to sea. Ten minutes he waited, and suddenly made an inaudible observation. A light appeared out of the darkness beyond the headland, winked twice, and vanished. The tinker approached his fire and swilled something from his pannikin on to the glowing embers. A flame shot up about three feet and died down, flickering. The tin contained paraffin, and three times the tinker repeated the strange

rite. Then he sat down and waited.

A quarter of an hour passed before something grated on the shingle of the beach, scarcely perceptible above the lap of the waves. The tinker rose to his feet, shovelled the sand over the embers of his fire, and descended the little path to the shore. The night was inky dark, and for a moment he paused irresolute. Then a dark form appeared against the faintly luminous foam, wading knee-deep, and dragging the bows of a small skiff towards the shore. The tinker gave a low whistle, and the wader paused.

"*Fritz!*" he said guardedly.

"*Ja! Hier!*" replied the tinker, advancing.

"*Gott sei dank!*" said the other. He left the boat and waded ashore; the two men shook hands. "Where's the cart?" asked the low voice, in German.

"Among the sand-hills. You will want assistance. Have you more than one with you in the boat?"

"Yes." The newcomer turned and gave a brusque order. Another figure waded ashore and joined the two men, a tall bearded fellow in duffle overalls. As his feet reached the sand, he spat. The tinker led the way to the cart.

"It is dark," said the first man from the sea. "How many cans have you got?"

"Forty-eight; I could get no more without exciting suspicion. They have requisitioned one of my cars as it is."

The other gave a low laugh.

"What irony! Well, that will last till Friday. But you must try and get more then. I will be here at the same time—no, the tide will not suit—at 3 A.M. We can anchor inside then. Did you remember the cigarettes?"

"Yes." The tinker climbed into the cart and handed a petrol tin down to the speaker. "*Ein!*" he said, "Count them," and lifted out another. "*Zwei!*" The third man, who had not hitherto spoken, received them with a grunt and set off down to the boat with his burden.

Eight times the trio made the journey to and from the beach. Three times they waited while the tiny collapsible boat ferried its cargo out to where, in the darkness, a long black shadow lay with the water lapping round it like a partly submerged whale. The last time the tinker remained alone on the beach.

He stood awhile staring out into the darkness, and at length turned to retrace his steps; as he reached the shelter of the sand-dunes, however, a tall shadow rose out of the ground at his feet, and the next instant he was writhing on his face in the grip of an exceedingly effective neck-and-arm lock.

"If you try to kick, my pippin," said the excited voice of James Thorogood, "I shall simply break your arm—so!" The face in the sand emitted a muffled squark. "Keep still, then." The two men breathed heavily for a minute. "Don't swear, either. That's what got you into this trouble, that deplorable habit of swearing

aloud—in German. But I will say, for a tinker, you put a very neat west-country whipping on that bit of broken

harness. I've been admiring it. 'Didn't know they taught you that in the German navy —*don't wriggle, & . . .*'

### III. UNCLE BILL.

James Thorogood, retaining a firm hold on his companion's arm, bent down and gathered a handful of loose earth from a flower-bed at his feet. The moonlight, shining fitfully through flying clouds, illuminated the face of the old house and the two road-stained figures standing under its walls. It was a lonely, rambling building, partly sheltered from the prevailing wind by a clump of poplars, and looking out down an avenue bordered by untidy rhododendrons.

"Won't Uncle Bill be pleased!" said James, and flung his handful of earth with relish against one of the window-panes on the first floor. They waited in silence for some minutes, and he repeated the assault. This time a light wavered behind the curtains; the sash lifted, and a head and shoulders appeared.

"Hullo!" said a man's voice.

"Uncle Bill!" called James. There was a moment's silence.

"Well?" said the voice again, patiently.

"Uncle Bill! It's me—Jim. Will you come down and open the door? And don't wake Margaret whatever you do." Margaret was the housekeeper, stone-deaf these fifteen years.

The head and shoulders dis-

appeared. Again the light flickered, grew dim, and vanished. "This way," said James, and led his companion round an angle of the house into the shadows of the square Georgian porch. The bolts were being withdrawn as they reached the steps, and a tall, grey-haired man in a dressing-gown opened the door; he held a candle above his head and surveyed the wayfarers through a rimless monocle.

"Didn't expect you till tomorrow," was his laconic greeting. "Brought a friend?"

"He's not a friend, exactly," said James, pushing his companion in through the door, and examining him curiously by the light of the candle. "But I'll tell you all about him later on. His name's Fritz—d'you mind if I look him in the cellar?"

"Do," replied Uncle Bill dryly. He produced a bunch of keys from the pocket of his dressing-gown. "It's the thin brass key. There's some quite decent brandy in the furthest bin on the right-hand side, if you're thinking of making a night of it down there. Take the candle, I'm going back to bed."

"Don't go to bed," called James from the head of the stairs. "I want to have a yarn with you in a minute.

Light the gas in the dining-room."

Five minutes later he reappeared, carrying a tray with cold beef, bread, and a jug of beer upon it. Uncle Bill stood in front of the cold ashes of his hearth, considering his nephew through his eyeglass. "I hope you made—er, Fritz, comfortable? You look as if you had been doing a forced march. Nerves better?"

James set down his empty glass with a sigh and wiped his mouth. "As comfortable as he deserves to be. He's a spy, Uncle Bill. I caught him supplying petrol to a German submarine."

"Really?" said Uncle Bill without enthusiasm. "That brandy cost me 180/- a dozen; wouldn't he be better in a police station? Have you informed the Admiralty?"

"I venerate the police," replied James flippantly. "And the Admiralty are as a father and mother to me. But I want to keep this absolutely quiet for a few days—at all events, till after Friday. I couldn't turn Fritz over to a policeman

without attracting a certain amount of attention. Anyhow, it would leak out if I did. I've walked eighteen miles already since midnight, and it's another fifty-nine to the Admiralty from here. Besides, unless I disguise Fritz as a performing bear, people would want to know why I was leading him about on a rope's end——"

"Start at the beginning," interrupted Uncle Bill wearily, "and explain, avoiding all unnecessary detail."

So James, between mouthfuls, gave a brief *résumé* of the night's adventure, while Sir William Thorogood, Professor of Chemistry and Adviser to the Admiralty on Submarine Explosives, stood and shivered on the hearthrug.

"And it just shows," concluded his nephew, "what a three-hours' swim in the North Sea does for a chap's morals." He eyed his Uncle Bill solemnly. "I even chucked the fellow's Seamanship in his teeth!"

Sir William polished his eyeglass with a silk handkerchief, and replaced it with care.

"*Did you!*" he said.

#### IV. CRAB-POTS.

A squat tub of a boat, her stern piled high with wicker crab-pots, came round the northern headland and entered the little bay. The elderly fisherman who was rowing, rested on his oars, and sat contemplating the crab-pots in the stern. A younger man, clad in a jersey and sea-boots, was busy coiling down some-

thing in the bows. "How about this spot," he said presently, looking up over his shoulder, "for the first one?" The rower fumbled about inside his tattered jacket, produced something that glistened in the sunlight, and screwed it into his eye.

"Uncle Bill," protested the younger fisherman, "do unship

that thing. If there is any one watching us it will give the whole show away."

Sir William Thoregood surveyed the harbour with an expressionless countenance. "I consider that having donned these unsavoury garments—did Margaret bake them thoroughly, by the way?—I have already forfeited my self-respect quite sufficiently. How much of the circuit have you got off the drum?"

"Six fathoms."

"That's enough for the first, then." The speaker rose, lifted a crab-pot with an effort, and tipped it over the side of the boat. The cable whizzed out over the gunwale for a few seconds, and stopped. Uncle Bill resumed paddling for a little distance, and repeated the manoeuvre eight times in a semicircle round the inside of the bay, across the entrance. "That's enough," he observed at length, as the last crab-pot sank with a splash. "Don't want to break all their windows ashore. These will do all they're intended to." He propelled the boat towards the shore, while James paid out the weighted cable. The bows of the boat grated on the shingle, and the elder man climbed out. "Hand me the battery and the firing-key—in that box under the thwart there. Now bring the end of the cable along."

As they toiled up the shifting flank of a sand-dune James indicated a charred spot in the sand. "That's where he showed the flare, Uncle Bill."

Uncle Bill nodded disinterestedly: side by side they topped the tufted crest of a dune and vanished among the sand-hills.

Somewhere across the marshes a church clock was striking midnight when a big covered car pulled up at the roadside in the spot where, a few nights before, the tinker's cart had turned off among the sand-hills. The driver twitched the engine off and extinguished the lights. Two men emerged from the body of the car: one, a short thick-set figure muffled in a naval overcoat, stamped up and down to restore his circulation. "Is this the place?" he asked.

"Part of it," replied the voice of Uncle Bill from the driving seat. "My nephew will show you the rest. I shall stay here, if Jim doesn't mind handing me the Thermos flask and my cigar-case—thanks."

James walked round the rear of the car, and began groping about in the dry ditch at the roadside.

"Don't say you can't find it, Jim," said Sir William. He bent forward to light his cigar, and the flare of the match shone on his dress shirt-front and immaculate white tie. He refastened his motoring coat and leaned back, puffing serenely.

"Got it!" said a voice from the ditch, and James reappeared, carrying a small box, and trailing something behind him. He held it out to the short man with gold oak-leaves

round his cap-peak. His hand trembled slightly.

"Here's the firing-key, sir!"

"Oh, thanks—let's put it in the stern-sheets of the car till I come back. I'd like to have a look at the spot——"

"You'll get your boots full of sand," said Uncle Bill's voice under the hood. James lifted a small sack and an oil-can out of the car, and the two figures vanished side by side into the night.

Half an hour later the elder man reappeared. "He's going to blow a whistle," he observed, and climbed into the body of the car, where Sir William was now sitting under a pile of rugs. He made room for the newcomer.

"Have some rug, . . . and here's the foot-warmer, . . . I see. And then, you—er—do the rest? The box is on the seat beside you."

The other settled down into his seat and tucked the rug round himself. "Thanks," was the grim reply. "Yes, I'll do the rest!" He lit a pipe and smoked in silence, as if following a train of thought. "My boy would have been sixteen to-morrow——"

"Ah!" said Uncle Bill.

An hour passed. The naval man refilled and lit another pipe. By the light of the match he examined his watch. "I suppose you tested the

contacts?" he asked at length in a low voice.

"Yes," was the reply, and they lapsed into silence again. The other shifted his position slightly, and raised his head, staring into the darkness beyond the road, whence came the faint continuous murmur of the sea.

Somewhere near the beach a faint gleam of light threw into relief for an instant the dark outline of a sand-dune, and sank into obscurity again.

Uncle Bill's eyeglass dropped against the buttons of his coat with a tinkle. The grim, silent man beside him lifted something on to his knees, and there was a faint click, like the safety-catch of a gun being released.

A frog in the ditch near by set up a low, meditative croaking. Uncle Bill raised his head abruptly. Their straining ears caught the sound of some one running, stumbling along the uneven track that wound in from the shore. A whistle cut the stillness like a knife.

There was a hoarse rumble seaward that broke into a deafening roar, and was succeeded by a sound like the bursting of a dam. The car rocked with the concussion, and the fragments of the shattered wind-screen tinkled down over the bonnet and footboard.

Then utter, absolute silence.

## CIVILIAN CONTROL IN WAR.

THERE are many things about the present war which are new; one fact about it is unique, remarkable, and perhaps bewildering in its novelty: it is that, for the first time in the history of this country's wars, the War Office is in the hands of an eminent soldier. For this amazing piece of what is sardonically called common-sense among her politicians, England may well be grateful—if indeed it was the politicians who made the brilliant discovery that a man who has given his life to the business of war is the right man to have the managing of it. But so it is. Never before has a great soldier held the post; presumably *at last* sound military considerations get the first hearing in the Cabinet, wiseacres in amateur strategy remain more or less mum, and civilian control will be deprived of the chance of those master-strokes of muddle which it has displayed in all countries and at all times when it has undertaken to teach the ignorant soldier his own trade.

Into the reasons why heads of the War Office have been civilians, and into all the ramifications of divided authority between the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards and the Master of the Ordnance, whom he could not control, while neither could control the Secretary of State at War, who had huge powers in military matters as holding the purse, but in his turn

had no authority over the other two functionaries, it were long to go. The Secretary at War in the eighteenth century was commonly a political place-man, but distinguished men sometimes held the place. For example, among the six Secretaries at War who ruled during the war of the Spanish Succession were St John—better known as Bolingbroke—and Robert Walpole. Henry Fox held the office in 1746, Charles Townshend in 1761, Jenkinson (Liverpool) in 1778, and William Windham in 1794. But out of the whole fifteen who held office in the war years of the bellicose eighteenth century, not one was a soldier. A vague recollection comes to the mind that a certain Lord George Germaine indeed had control of the American war—if any one issuing orders from five weeks' to two months' distance can be said to control anything—and that he had had some military experience. This is true, but not accurate. It was not a war, but a rebellion of the American *colonists*, and therefore the Secretary of State *for the Colonies* had the conduct of it. So we must in this respect regard Lord George Germaine as a civilian—and his colleagues had the best of reasons for doing the same, since in the court-martial on him after the battle of Minden, he was declared "unfit to serve His Majesty in any *military* capacity whatsoever." This he demonstrated again as Secretary for the



Colonies, for when Burgoyne and Howe were to co-operate, Burgoyne got his orders but Howe did not, because "they were not fair copied, and upon Germaine's growing impatient at it, the office, which was a very idle one, promised to send it to the country after him" for signature. The "idle office," however, failed, and so Howe had no orders and Burgoyne no support. Temple Luttrell, speaking in Parliament upon Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, said "flight was the only safety that remained for the Royal army, and he saw one who had set the example in Germany and was fit to lead them on such an occasion."

In 1794, however, the existing confusion in military matters was modified by adding a new official, the Secretary of State for War,—a more permanent luminary, for 'At War' was only intermittent,—but 'For War' also almost invariably brought to his military duties that same untrammelled freshness and width of mind which is held in our political system to accompany innocence of all technical knowledge. No eminent soldier found himself at the War Office during the Napoleonic war,—our eminent soldier was well employed elsewhere,—nor again during the Crimean war. Still, in 1806 and 1807 there were a couple of Generals employed as Secretaries of State at War (Richard Fitzpatrick and Sir J. M. Pulteney), but this did not commend itself, and in 1809 'At War' went back to its civilian ways. Eventually, of course, the Master of the

Ordinance decayed, 'At War' was absorbed in his younger brother, the Commander-in-Chief transformed himself into a board, and thus 'For War' was left in his civilian simplicity—as England has known him—till a few months ago.

Some examples of civilian control and its fruits may be gathered from English history, although, as will be seen later, our soil has not hitherto been very favourable to its growth. Stair, in command of the army in Germany in 1742, suffered a good deal from what he calls the "men of skill in England" who opposed all his plans. His worst bugbear was King George II., who, as a soldier, was great on "belts, buttons, trimmings, lacings, disciplines, and parades." His Majesty's orders—from England—were most minute and peremptory, directing what units were to garrison particular towns, and bidding Stair alter the disposition of the cavalry, and locate the artillery at Dusseldorf instead of Mühlheim. Carteret, writing at the royal command pages of royal wisdom to the commander in the field about the duties of grenadiers and how they were to perform them, thought it well to apologise that he "was ignorant of all military matters, and only wrote in obedience to the King." Again on a reminder from home that "entrenchments were not honourable in war," Stair replied that in order "not to offend the delicacy of some generals who had spoke against entrenching, I never once proposed to entrench." Finally, when, after

approval from home, the army was in the act of crossing the Main, another despatch bade them re-cross.<sup>1</sup> Stair read the despatch, said nothing, courageously put it in his pocket, and went on with the crossing.

Cumberland also got a series of contradictory orders when he marched north after the Young Pretender in 1745. He went in pursuit with cavalry and a thousand infantry, mostly mounted, reached Lichfield on December 9th, and Macclesfield on the 10th, having made 50 miles over snow and ice. At Macclesfield he got a minute from the Cabinet, dated December 8th, bidding him halt at Coventry. He suggested that he would garrison Manchester till there was no danger of a rebel return. On December 12th he was ordered to "come back to London," as there was danger from France. He started back, but had another order two days later to "go on as he saw fit." To which he replied—with perhaps a touch of sarcasm—"I will attempt, if possible, to make up for the delay caused by yours of the 12th."

Mr Fortescue<sup>2</sup> details some amazing vagaries of the Council of Madras at the expense of their commander, Colonel Joseph Smith, in 1768. Instead of letting him strike at Bangalore, they began by making him waste two months

in blockading Kistnagerry. Then, as they did not trust him, they appointed two of their members "to be field-deputies after the Dutch manner"—that is, to accompany and hamper Smith in the field. One of these persons held the contract for transport and victualling—a venture, by the way, in which all the Council except the Governor had a pecuniary interest—and the same man was also Commissary-General. Relations between him and Smith must have been a little complicated, for (1) as member of Council he was Smith's superior, (2) as Field-Deputy he was his colleague, (3) as Commissary-General he was Smith's subordinate. It must have been quite confusing for Smith when he met him of a morning to know whom he had to deal with. Mr Fortescue adds, "that no source of distraction, inefficiency, or encumbrance might be wanting, the Nabob Mohamed Ali accompanied the deputies to assume the fiscal management of the conquered territory. Finally, the deputies carried in their train a Frenchman calling himself the Chevalier de St Lutin, who was certainly an impostor and probably a spy," thus completing "a staff of rogues and vagabonds appointed to assist one of the ablest of living commanders." However, things did not stop there. Smith knew that Nizam Ali was in-

<sup>1</sup> The fondness for this kind of manœuvre must have been hereditary among the Hanoverian royalties: compare the Duke of York who "marched them up a hill and marched them down again."

<sup>2</sup> History of the British Army. By Hon. J. W. Fortescue.

tending to go over to the enemy, Hyder Ali, and duly warned the Council to withdraw their troops which they lent Nizam Ali. The Council replied with an order making all movements of troops dependent on the consent of the civil commissioner. Smith, paying no heed, withdrew his force to his own frontier, but the Council then instructed him to leave three battalions with six battalion guns as a guard of honour for the Nizam—which Smith reluctantly did, and the Nizam, to his credit as a gentleman, let them go again. Safely out of that trouble, the Council, “with the delightful confidence of irresponsible strategists designing a campaign with unfit maps of unexplored country,” assured Smith that there was only *one* way through the Ghauts from Mysore. This Smith proceeded to block, but the enemy descending through another pass destroyed a third of his mounted troops and all his transport bullocks. Presumably the Member of Council—Field-Deputy—Transport-Contractor had to supply more; it’s an ill wind that blows into nobody’s mouth.

These are examples of civilian control on a small scale, and nothing disastrous resulted. We encounter the same thing on a larger scale when we come to the campaigns of Marlborough and Wellington. Here

the control was mainly of a different nature. Each general had Allies to deal with—Marlborough Austrians and Dutch, Wellington Portuguese and Spaniards. They were little hampered from home;<sup>1</sup> and Wellington made short work of the meddling of the Portuguese Regency. In 1810, when Almeida fell, the Regency, voiced by the Principal de Souza and the Patriarch, advised the reduction of the Portuguese military establishment, the disbanding of the corps at Lisbon, the dismissal of Beresford’s chief staff officers, and the removal of the British Fleet and transports from the Tagus: they added the recommendation that as they would do less Wellington should do more—namely, (1) garrison Oporto, (2) take the offensive and maintain the war on the frontier (this in face of Masséna’s great Army of Portugal), and finally (3) *consult the Regency as to the disposition of his troops*. Wellington retorted by saying that if the Regency carried out any of their intentions he should advise the British Government to withdraw the troops from Portugal. This reduced the Great Twin Brethren—Principal and Patriarch—to their lowest terms. “The Principal de Souza,” wrote Wellington, “is a mountebank with whom, notwithstanding every attempt, I find it impossible to converse reason-

<sup>1</sup> Wellington was certainly pestered by suggestions to divert a force to Sicily, or Calabria, or the East of Spain, or somewhere where the Cabinet ‘had intelligence’ that the country was ready to revolt against the French. But he paid little attention to the ‘intelligence’ which they had—or had not.

ably. I have therefore been compelled to frighten him—which is not very difficult.”

Marlborough, however, found the dealing with his civilian controllers difficult enough—in spite of his well-known tact and good temper. Their ‘High Mightinesses’ the States General burdened him with field deputies who, though civilians, had entire charge of the Dutch troops: they were jealous of Marlborough, suspicious that he might give them the slip again as he had done in his march to Blenheim, and they made the Dutch generals obstructive and fractious. Marlborough did his best to “cheat them into victory” by getting their consent to what they did not understand. Though the things they did not understand were plentiful, consent was quite another matter. They had been appointed to prevent Marlborough doing anything rash: and this part of their orders they would carry out. Thus in 1705, when Marlborough prepared to cross the Dyle, hoping that the Dutch troops would follow, the deputies sent information of his movement to the enemy—which effectually stoppered him. Again on August 18th, when, having turned the French, he wished to attack at once, he was disgusted to find that the Dutch General Slangenberg, who was hand-in-glove with the deputies, either by neglect or malice had let his baggage get in front of his guns. Marlborough still urged

an attack, arguing that to wait till to-morrow would give the French time to fortify. Slangenberg cried that an attack would be “murder or massacre!” Marlborough offered to send in two English regiments for every Dutch one, but then Slangenberg complained that he did not understand English. Marlborough turned to the Dutch deputies and made a last appeal. “I disdain to send troops into dangers which I will not myself encounter. I will lead them. . . . I adjure you, gentlemen, do not let us lose so favourable an opportunity.” Whereon the Dutch Generals and deputies withdrew to consider, debated till nightfall, and the next day the French had made themselves too strong for anything to be done. However, this emerged. The Dutch Generals made formal complaint to the States General that Marlborough, “*without holding a council of war, made two or three marches in the execution of some design formed by his Grace, and we cannot conceal from your High Mightinesses that all the Generals of the Army think it very strange that they should not have the least notice of the said marches.*”

When such impediments are remembered it is marvellous that Marlborough did so much; and perhaps still more marvellous that as Commander-in-Chief he tolerated and even winked at civilian meddling at home. Yet the historian of the War Office<sup>1</sup> says, “It

<sup>1</sup> The War Office, Past and Present. Capt. O. Wheeler.

is a curious circumstance that this great soldier should have been the first Commander-in-Chief to allow the administration of the Army, not only to be subordinated to political party aims, but to pass almost completely into the hands of successive civilian Secretaries of War." Marlborough, however eminent as a soldier, was also an unscrupulous politician, which probably had something to do with his action.

To get the big examples of civilian control and what it may lead to, one must go to countries with democratic governments. One of Bagehot's acute observations is that tyrannies are commonly lazy because they are nervous, and aristocratic governments are usually satisfied to leave well alone, but democracies are self-confident, active, and interfering. The 'elected of the People' have 'the People' at their back—or think they have. They particularly dislike the 'cold, proud, military element' as 'a caste': they are put in high place to do something, and nothing is beyond their province. Having few scruples they are suspicious of others; having little knowledge they are cock-sure; having no responsibility they have no caution. Hence it has been Republics—especially the democratic Republics—who have astonished their soldiers and themselves by strokes of civilian strategy. The United States and France are, so far, in a class by themselves.

Some remarkable exploits were performed by the President and Cabinet of the U.S.A. in 1813-1814. They made all the plans of campaign, or rather Mr Armstrong, Secretary for War, did so, submitted them to the President, sent them out, and then repaired to the field to see to their execution. It is not surprising that there was some friction between him and the Generals. Thus on October 4th Armstrong ordered an attack on Kingston, but General Wilkinson "remonstrated warmly and freely." A fortnight later parts were exchanged; the General was for attack, but Armstrong would not hear of it. More curious still were the proceedings which ended in the battle of Bladensburg and the capture of Washington. For some months a British fleet with a force of 3000 men had hovered about the Chesapeake, so the American Government was certainly not without the chance of preparation. In June when their force consisted of 2208 men, mostly recruits, scattered along the Chesapeake, the Cabinet made "no comment and showed no alarm." General Winder was chosen to command, the reason given being that "as a native of Maryland and a relative of the Governor, Brigadier Winder would be useful in mitigating opposition to the war." On July 1st it was decided to call out some more men, and on July 4th a circular was sent to the Governors of the different States asking for 93,500: this was magnificent—on paper—but on July 9th Winder,

finding that he had only 700, asked for 4000. He confessed that he "deemed it advisable to ask for the largest number directed by the President, *supposing that by this means we might possibly get the smallest.*" 3000 were authorised, but 1000 was all he got. On August 20th President and Cabinet suddenly took alarm, and ordered a levy *en masse*, and the *next day* the troops were mustered and the articles of war duly read to them. They were in for a round of delirious excitement, for on the 22nd they were reviewed by the President and Cabinet, and two days later, "without organisation, discipline, or officers of the least knowledge of service," they were, "to the number of 4501" (civilian accuracy, here), formed up in order of battle at Bladensburg, where, *with President and Cabinet actually looking on*, they were attacked and routed. The losses, however, were not serious—"eight killed and eleven wounded." As the army was in (somewhat rapid) retreat on the Capitol Hill a brief "meeting and consultation" took place between the Commanding General, the Secretary of State (Mr Monroe), and the Secretary for War (Mr Armstrong). This last recommended a speedy occupation of the Capitol, but—in his own words—"this proposal was promptly and even peremptorily rejected by the General. Mr Monroe, having supported the opinion of the General, finding the majority of the

council two to one against him, and having that morning received the President's order *to leave to the military authorities the discharge of their own duties on their own responsibility*, the Secretary of War no longer opposed the retreat."

These events border on the farcical: "eight killed and eleven wounded" is not a heavy butcher's bill. But the civilian follies on the War of Secession were tragic. President Lincoln knew nothing of war, and though a hard-headed sensible man, held, at any rate at first, the belief that a brave man in a uniform with a musket was a soldier, that enough of these made an army, and that he and his Cabinet could direct them. His Secretary for War, Stanton, knew less than Lincoln, and thought he knew far more. "Nothing," says Mr Ropes,<sup>1</sup> "could exceed his determination to push himself forward at whatever cost. Full of himself he was intolerant of delay from whatever course. Utterly ignorant of military matters, despising from the bottom of his soul what is known as military science, making no secret of his general distrust of educated officers, rarely if ever lending an intelligent support to any general in the service, treating them all in the same way in which the Committee of Public Safety treated the generals of the First French Republic, arrogant, impatient, irascible,

<sup>1</sup> Ropes' 'Story of the Civil War.'

Stanton was a terror and a marplot in the conduct of the war."

The task was to subdue a rebellion stretching over a country which measured some eight hundred miles from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico, and seventeen hundred miles from the Atlantic to the western border of Texas. Atlanta, the heart of the Confederacy, was as far from Washington as Vienna is from the English Channel. Roads were few and bad, towns small and scattered, much of the country was either mountainous or swampy, full of huge rivers, mostly unbridged. Only six continuous lines of railway penetrated it. Yet Lincoln and Stanton's first idea was that 75,000 volunteers would be enough!

From the beginning the Northern armies were hampered by civilian interference. In the first advance to Bull Run the soldiers (Scott and M'Dowell) protested that the force was unfit. It had never exercised in mass, never deployed for battle; many of the troops had never fired a rifle. However, the Cabinet decided that *in the face of public impatience* it was impossible to postpone, so, accompanied by bands and scores of carriages, in which were Senators, members of Congress, ladies, and newspaper reporters, it moved out, a well-armed and well-clothed army in appearance—in reality a mob of men who 'fell out'

by every brook, straggled round every blackberry bush, sat down in the shade when they were so minded, and with difficulty marched six miles—to be beaten at Bull Run. Two days before the battle "a regiment and a battery who had enlisted for three months, and whose time was up, demanded their discharge, and *notwithstanding the appeals of the Secretary for War*, moved to the rear to the sound of the enemy's cannon."<sup>1</sup>

The whole war teems with illustrations of the disasters of civilian control, but the crucial example is afforded by Jackson's famous battle of Kernstown and its results.

It is not unlikely that this phrase may provoke a mental interrogation: "famous battle of Kernstown? Chancellorsville, Shiloh, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness are famous of course. But what is Kernstown?"<sup>2</sup> And if it be looked up it stands thus: that on March 23rd, 1862, Stonewall Jackson, coming down the Shenandoah valley from the south with 3000 Confederates, attacked Shields's division (a part of Banks's army); that he was mistaken in thinking the enemy to be in smaller force than he really was—Shields had 9000 men; that his attack was beaten off with a loss of about a quarter of his infantry and two guns, but he had so roughly handled the 6000 men brought against him that there was no Northern

<sup>1</sup> M'Dowell's Report: quoted by Col. Henderson in his 'Stonewall Jackson.'

<sup>2</sup> No soldier will ask this question.

pursuit. Having read so far, the phrase "famous battle" applied to this little "indecisive" action becomes still more bewildering.

It is difficult to put the whole thing briefly. But imagine the Northern army of the Potomac, whom we will call the Big Man, standing on that river facing south across it; his left fist guards his head (Washington), his right is a little way up-stream to the west.<sup>1</sup> The year before he had "led with his left" and been beaten at Bull Run. Now, however, he has gathered more force, and his left fist is apparently a very formidable weapon indeed. Both fists wish to strike at the Confederate capital (Richmond on the James river), a little more than 100 miles away to the south: the left has the shorter distance to go—a direct line; the right hand must go round—up the Shenandoah river (tributary of the Potomac from the south) and "on to Richmond" from the west. That is one reason why the left fist is very big and strong, the right fist relatively small; but another is that the Confederate main body is opposite to the left fist. Early in March this Confederate body fell back from the neighbourhood of Washington, and the Big Man then changed his tactics. He decided to extend his left arm to its fullest length, keeping it well to his left, and so come round on his enemy's

capital from the south-east—hitting his enemy, so to speak, behind the ear. Then imagine that while he was reaching out his left arm, a Southern hornet—in the employ of his enemy—audaciously attacked his right arm. The creature was beaten off, but remained buzzing round. "One moment," says the Big Man, "let's kill this beast first, otherwise while my left hand is occupied elsewhere it may get to my face." So right hand is strengthened at the expense of left. Hornet is pursued (cautiously) far up the Shenandoah valley—disappears—reappears with a buzz over the mountains—stings Man's elbow and threatens right shoulder—right hand hastily drawn back to protect face, and further reinforced—fist again widely opened to grab the creature—buzz—missed it—up the valley again after it—buzz—stings his finger—buzz—stings his thumb—totally disappears—and while the right hand is cautiously feeling for it in every direction but the proper one, and the left hand is still waiting till the creature be caught, it flies away 120 miles and helps to drive the left hand away from Richmond.

The left hand is M'Clellan's big army of 150,000 men based on Washington; the right hand is Banks's army of 40,000 working in the Shenandoah valley. The Southern hornet,

<sup>1</sup> Not a skilful boxer, unless we imagine him framing for a right hook, which he was not doing. He was, as will be seen, putting his weight on his left.



of course, is Stonewall Jackson with the 'Valley' army. Kernstown is the attack on the right arm, beaten off on March 23rd. *At that date the greater part of M'Clellan's army was at sea, being carried to the peninsula between the York and James rivers to attack Richmond from the south-east.* Shields, impudently assaulted by his little foe, jumped to the conclusion that Jackson would never have ventured to attack 9000 men unless he had had reinforcements near, so he *at once stopped the nearest division that was going off to reinforce M'Clellan.* Lincoln shared his alarm. His face—Washington—must be protected, and M'Clellan was not there to do it, so he transferred another division to the right, inquired of the generals in Washington if the town was adequately protected, and on their replying no, he proceeded to rob M'Clellan of an entire army corps (M'Dowell) in order to cover Washington. Meanwhile, *for the whole of April, May, and June,* Banks, Frémont, and Shields hunted Jackson up the Shenandoah (or were hunted down it by him), were always beaten by him in detail—the President and Stanton having ingeniously isolated all three of them—and M'Clellan was left waiting for M'Dowell, who was waiting for Banks to catch Jackson. Colonel Henderson sums it up in one sentence—"175,000 men absolutely paralysed by 16,000!"

But the Northern misfortunes did not end at that. At the

end of June Jackson gave his pursuers the slip, and swept down to Richmond to join Lee's army. Between them they pounced on M'Clellan, who was within four miles of Richmond, actually in hearing of the Richmond bells—the citizens of the town could see the gleam of their enemy's camp-fires every night; they drove him back in rout to his transports. Lincoln, in terror as to what might come next, ordered M'Clellan back to Washington. While he was once more at sea, Lee and Jackson fell on Pope (Banks' successor), whose army was intended to cover Washington, surprised and wrecked him, and hunted him across the Potomac. They followed and met M'Clellan at the Antietam, where, it is true, they did not win, but the Northerners, although more than double Lee's army, were so punished that they dared not renew the fight: and for the rest of the year the Federals were practically out of Virginia. In every battle the Northerners were superior in force, and the men fought fiercely, but they had come to believe that they would be beaten—and so they were.

All these disasters, lost battles, lost opportunities, and, worse still, lost *moral*, were directly due to civilian control. *Lincoln was nervous for the safety of Washington:* he feared that Jackson would cross the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and threaten the capital. M'Clellan knew better; he saw that a resolute offensive against Richmond would com-

pel the Confederates to concentrate every man for its defence. Jackson's army was too small to be dangerous. The one thing needful was to be superior at the decisive point—namely, Richmond. But Lincoln and Stanton would not see it: they insisted that Jackson must first be destroyed, and they reinforced their right and so split up their armies that they gave him the chance of striking one after another in detail. Hence the whole campaign was wrecked, and the South was so much encouraged that the war went on for more than two years. It was not till 1864 that Lincoln gave up the attempt to learn the art of war by midnight studies of Jomini and Clausewitz, and put the whole thing into the soldier Grant's hands.

As the first step in all this Kernstown deserves more fame than it has. The night of the battle a young trooper in Ashby's Horse came up to Jackson at the camp-fire and said, "It was reported that the Yankees were retreating, General, but I guess they are retreating after us." Jackson's meditative answer was, "I think I may say I am satisfied, sir." He had good reason to be.

Civilian control in the Revolutionary armies was a mixture of comedy and tragedy. The Representatives of the People sent by the Committee of Public Safety appeared dressed in round hats with tricolour plumes, girt with

scarves and armed with huge swords. They desired to be ranked as Generals—or indeed 'Super-Generals.' "For the future," said Fabre, "generals shall be simply the lieutenants and the delegates of the Convention." Said Gaston, "I know neither generals nor privates. . . . I am in command here and must be obeyed;" and his colleague Guiter was even more contemptuous: "What are generals good for? The old women in our faubourgs know as much as they do. Plans, formal manœuvres, tents, camps, redoubts! All this is of no use. The only war suitable to Frenchmen is a rush with the bayonet." They did amazing things. At Mainz Merlin de Thionville wrote to a subordinate—without telling St Cyr, who was in command,—*Vous ne ferez pas mal d'attaquer avant le jour l'autre rive du Rhin.* So the obedient officer—it was no time to trifle with a hint from a Representative of the People—dutifully fired some 600 shells, which "fell in the ditches, fields, and on the noses of our own men—childishness which made the enemy smile a pitying smile." There is a tale, perhaps not well founded, that a pair of these worthies walking round the French siege-works at Toulon stumbled on a recently-built masked battery. "How long has this been ready?" "A few days, citizen." "Let it fire at once!" Certainly it was Salicetti, Representative of the People, who first gave Napoleon his opportunity at Toulon. He was well pleased with him,

because Napoleon explained the simple fact that the batteries were useless because they were out of range. They wrote to the Committee of Public Safety, "Bonna Parte is the only officer of artillery who knows his duty, and he has too much work." But Napoleon did not retain their high opinion; he was too independent. "You do your job as Commissary and leave me mine as Gunner," said he to one of them; and he in turn began writing direct to the Committee. One remarkable letter says that he had had to "struggle against ignorance and the base passions which it engenders," and goes on with sixteen consecutive sentences all beginning with I. Eventually his friendship with one of the Representatives—the younger Robespierre—nearly cost him his life when the 'Incorruptible's' party fell. He was summoned to appear before the Committee, but wisely did not go.

For combined with the laughable ignorance of these representatives was the fact that they held every general's life in their hands.<sup>1</sup> A suspicion, a hint to the Committee, a summons to Paris—so fell the heads of Luckner, de Custine, de Biron, Houchard, Beauharnais, Chancel. A commander had to be wary. If he were defeated he was incap-

able; if he were flushed with victory he was dangerous to the Republic; if he asked for supplies he was discontented; if he did nothing, he was in league with the enemy—then "l'argument suprême," the guillotine. Commanding officers changed incessantly: in 26 months the Army of the North had 13; the Army of the Rhine 9 in a year. At times no one would take a command. Meunier, left as a stop-gap, "every hour of the day" demanded to be relieved. As the Committee would not send a successor, he refused to issue any orders; in the end a *dépôt-captain* (Carlin) was put in his place, as no one else would take the post. During his mission to the Army of the North, Billaud Varennes dismissed and arrested six generals in one day: Ronsin denounced, on his tour, four generals and seventeen superior officers. Short shrift was given at times—"arrest at 8, condemned at 9, shot at 10,"—*Veni, vidi, vici*. St Just at Strasburg ordered a battery to be set up in 24 hours: the officer worked all night with all the men the place would hold, but it was not ready, so—the guillotine.

Strange ups and downs befell military careers under the Republic. Take the case of Jourdan, appointed to succeed Houchard.<sup>2</sup> He was an old retired regular who re-enlisted

<sup>1</sup> All generals did not dislike them. Rochambeau asked for them, but Lafayette imprisoned his in Sedan—a curious piece of the irony of history.

<sup>2</sup> Who, if he had not done all he might have done, had at any rate relieved Dunkirk and fought two successful actions. He was guillotined chiefly because he took the advice of a friend of Custine's, "whose eyes," wrote one of the Representatives, "do not please me at all."

as a volunteer in 1791: his comrades elected him colonel: the Representatives took a fancy to him and promoted him from colonel to general in May 1793, and made him general of division in October 1793. He commanded the Army of the North in that month, won the battle of Wattignies, but soon after fell out with the Committee of Public Safety over the question of going into winter quarters, was dismissed the army in January 1794, and had a narrow escape from the guillotine. He retired to his draper's shop, where he hung up his general's uniform on a nail in the door. But his soldiering was not over: he served under the Directory, lost the battle of Stockach (through civilian interference), and Napoleon gave him the bâton<sup>1</sup> of a Marshal of France.

The latest examples of civilian control are the most disastrous. The luckless MacMahon had two terrible impediments: with him an Emperor who no longer commanded, but was only an embarrassment; at Paris a Minister of War who drove him to his ruin. On August 27 came the order to go on, instead of turning back to safety—"If you abandon Bazaine, Paris will be in revolution." On the next day Palikao telegraphed, "*Au nom du conseil des ministres et du conseil privé*, I order you to help Bazaine"; and although the Emperor pressed him to

retreat, MacMahon went on to Sedan.

Even so nothing was learnt; the Empire vanished, the Republic took its place, but the Republican ministers interfered far more and quite as fatally as their Imperial predecessors. The whole record of the Army of the Loire, indeed of the whole *Guerre en Province* which went on after the investment of Paris, is an amazing story of civilian meddling. Gambetta's energy was admirable, if only he had kept himself to the part of beating the patriotic Big Drum, and left the generals to use the men whom he gathered. Being a lawyer, however, he desired help in the management of armies, and so he called to him de Freycinet, who was a mining engineer, and (after November 2) de Serres, who was a young railway engineer of Austrian railways, Pole by birth, French by choice. Of course the collective wisdom of these three included every branch of military science—as de Freycinet proved in his first letter<sup>2</sup> to General d'Aurelle de Paladines, in command of the Army of the Loire: he impressed on the general that the simple way to beat the Prussians was to catch them between two fires; "tout est là," said he; that if he wished General Pourcet to co-operate with him he must let that officer know place and time; that if the Prussians

<sup>1</sup> Which, by the way, we captured at the battle of Vittoria. Napoleon's career was almost as chequered as Jourdan's; he was three times cashiered before he got command of the Army of Italy (in 1792, 1794, and in 1795).

<sup>2</sup> Quoted in full in *La Première Armée de la Loire*. D'Aurelle de Paladines.

were near Orleans it was necessary to consider whether he should attack them or not; that he must send out lots of scouts, use spies, keep in touch with his bases, keep up supplies, and finally write often and fully to de Freycinet. Advice of this sort is invaluable to generals.

D'Aurelle's troubles were endless. When the news of the surrender of Metz came, Gambetta put out a proclamation that the army was "*engloutie, malgré l'héroïsme des soldats par la trahison des chefs.*" The officers were naturally furious at this suggestion, while the non-coms. and soldiers held solemn meetings to discuss whether they had not better refuse all obedience to their officers. D'Aurelle did his best to soothe both parties—with little success. On November 3, de Freycinet sent him de Serres with a proposal exactly the reverse of the plan last settled on: d'Aurelle (November 5) pointed out that the change would take thirteen days instead of the six required by the first plan. On the same day (November 5) he received the following orders: first, a telegram, "Carry out your own plan, if you don't receive further orders to the contrary"; secondly, two letters, both ordering him to move forward, the one ending with some exalted copy-book sentiments, and the other saying "your move-

ment may be suspended to-day or to-morrow by political considerations, but for the present accept our instructions as irrevocable." Orders of this kind do much to illuminate the "fog of war."

Witness again the marvellous council of war held at Ville-neuve d'Ingre on November 12. D'Aurelle and his staff chief officers, his colleague des Pailières; to them enter Gambetta, de Freycinet ("le Carnot qu'il avait improvisé"), de Serres, Spuller (friend to Gambetta), Steenackers (director of post and telegraph), the *préfet du Loiret*<sup>1</sup> and his secretary. Gambetta soon withdrew to indite a flowery proclamation, perorating with *Vive la République une et indivisible*. The other civilians all remained to give their opinions, including the *préfet*—and his secretary. They all agreed, at the time, that the army was to hold its position at Orleans, which they had just taken; but many of them blamed d'Aurelle afterwards for wishing to do it.

So things went till at last they pushed him to an advance for which the troops were not fit.<sup>2</sup> When they were being beaten in detail because the civilians had scattered them, Gambetta telegraphed:—

"TOURS, 2 Dec. 1870.

"From to-day, and in consequence of the operations going on, you will give orders to the

<sup>1</sup> The *préfet* d'Orléans is the *préfet* du Loiret: official somewhat similar to (say) the Mayor of Birmingham in military rank.

<sup>2</sup> Des nécessités d'ordre supérieur nous obligent de faire quelque chose. De Freycinet to d'Aurelle.—November 23, 1870.

15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 20th Army Corps. *Till yesterday I had myself directed the 18th and the 20th, and at times the 17th.* I leave you this task henceforward."

In other words, "I have hitherto taken out of your hands more than a half of your army, and have now got it into a horrid mess. You can have it all now." Two days later Orleans had to be given up, and the civilians then got rid of their 'unsuccessful' general.

Poor d'Aurelle de Paladines: perhaps the bitterest blow was the heartfelt gratitude of the enemy at his dismissal. Says General von Rustow, "In this campaign of the Loire, where French bravery remained as God made it, one man alone inspired us with serious alarm—General d'Aurelle de Paladines. Gambetta, sovereign of France at the time, took the first opportunity of ridding us of him—and as Prussians we cannot thank him too much."

General Chanzy had no better treatment: to the end the civilians continued to meddle and muddle<sup>1</sup>—and even the little local functionaries thwarted the soldiers. In order to get into touch with Chanzy, Trochu (in command of beleaguered Paris) sent out de Boisdeffre in a balloon with six carrier-pigeons. De Boisdeffre came down in the department Maine-et-Loire, and the préfet

at once impounded the pigeons. Chanzy humbly asked for only four of them to be restored to him; he received in reply a long lecture on the difficulties of pigeon-post, and on his duty of sending all despatches through the Ministry at Bordeaux. But he never got any of the pigeons.

Perhaps one may best judge the fitness of Gambetta and his assistants to control what they could not understand by seeing what they did in things which they might reasonably be expected to manage. At the end of November Ducrot made a sortie from Paris, which at first met some success. Gambetta believed that d'Aurelle would join him, and Paris be relieved. So he planned a triumphal entry of troops, to be followed by a horde of bullocks. On December 2nd, 1175 bullocks were entrained at Laval *via* Mans and Tours. On the 3rd came the defeat of Loigny, and the bullocks returned to Laval on the 7th. However, bullock-buying still went on, and by the end of December there were 3550 at Mayenne, Fougères, and Laval, out in deep snow in a temperature below zero. They were driven off again between 12th and 15th January, but they were so riddled with disease that 400 soldiers were kept busy night and day burying the corpses. Everywhere this plague-stricken herd went it infected the countryside. At last two condemned

<sup>1</sup> Gambetta's last stroke was to send Bourbaki to relieve Belfort in order to raise the siege of Paris—then at its agony!

ships, the *Pont d'Or* and the *Orénoque*, were taken, the bullocks hurled into their holds, and the ships towed out to sea and sunk by cannon fire off Ouessant. "These bullocks cost," says Ambert,<sup>1</sup> "in food, freight, tickets *aller et retour* (1), and wages, thirty million francs, and not one of them fed a soldier or a Frenchman."

Such are some of the fruits of civilian control and civilian meddling in the highly technical business of war. When once a general is entangled in the toils, he seldom has the chance of escape. Few have either the luck or the resolution of Pélissier in the Crimea, who often kept the Imperial despatches unopened in his pocket, and acknowledged receipt of them after the action they forbade had been carried out, explaining that *par hasard incompréhensible* they had arrived too late. Indeed, he boasted that he had himself cut the telegraph wire. Most generals bear their incubus,

their Old Man of the Sea, with no hope of release, and are driven into actions which they know to be unwise, hazardous, and perhaps disastrous, because they are under a civilian's orders, and as soldiers they have learnt to obey.

Here are three simple truths demonstrated over and over again in history—(1) Civilian control in war has always been injurious and often disastrous, and since war becomes increasingly technical and difficult, the harm done by civilian meddlers has increased in the most recent wars in which they have interfered. (2) It is democratic states who are particularly addicted to attempting civilian control in war. (3) England is becoming more and more a democratic state.

Grave then the peril in which England stood at the outbreak of this war; much does she owe to the wise head that, in defiance of all precedent and in consonance with common-sense, put her greatest soldier at the War Office.

G. T. W.

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<sup>1</sup> Ambert, 'Guerre de 1870-71.'

## THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

## VIII. BILLETS.

*Scene, a village street, deserted. Rain falls. (It has been falling for about three weeks.) A tucket sounds. Enter, reluctantly, soldiery. They grouse. There appear severally, in doorways, children. They stare. And at chamber-windows, serving-maids. They make eyes. The soldiery make friendly signs.*

SUCH is the stage setting for our daily morning parade. We have been here for some weeks now, and the populace is getting used to us. But when we first burst upon this peaceful township I think we may say, without undue egoism, that we created a profound sensation. In this sleepy corner of Hampshire His Majesty's uniform, enclosing a casual soldier or sailor on furlough, is a common enough sight, but a whole regiment on the march is the rarest of spectacles. As for this tatterdemalion northern horde, which swept down the street a few Sundays ago, with kilts swinging, bonnets cocked, and pipes skirling, as if they were actually returning from a triumphant campaign instead of only rehearsing for one—well, as I say, the inhabitants had never seen anything like us in the world before. We achieved a *succès fou*. In fact, we were quite embarrassed by the attention bestowed upon us. During our first few parades the audience could with difficulty be kept off the stage. It was impossible to get the children into school, or the maids to come

in and make the beds. Whenever a small boy spied an officer, he stood in his way and saluted him. Dogs enlisted in large numbers, sitting down with an air of pleased expectancy in the supernumerary rank, and waiting for this new and delightful pastime to take a fresh turn. When we marched out to our training area, later in the day, infant schools were decanted on to the road under a beaming vicar, to utter what we took to be patriotic sounds and wave handkerchiefs.

Off duty, we fraternised with the inhabitants. The language was a difficulty, of course; but a great deal can be done by mutual goodwill and a few gestures. It would have warmed the heart of a philologist to note the success with which a couple of kilted heroes from the banks of Loch Lomond would sidle up to two giggling damosels of Hampshire at the corner of the High Street, by the post office, and invite them to come for a walk. Though it was obvious that neither party could understand a single word that the other was saying, they never failed to arrive at an un-



derstanding; and the quartette, having formed two-deep, would disappear into a gloaming as black as ink, to inhale the evening air and take sweet counsel together—at a temperature of about twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit.

You ought to see us change guard. A similar ceremony takes place, we believe, outside Buckingham Palace every morning, and draws a considerable crowd; but you simply cannot compare it with ours. How often does the guard at Buckingham Palace fix bayonets? Once! and the thing is over. It is hardly worth while turning out to see. *We* sometimes do it as much as seven or eight times before we get it right, and even then we only stop because the sergeant-in-charge is threatened with clergyman's sore throat. The morning Private Mucklewame fixed his bayonet for the first time, two small boys stayed away from school all day in order to see him unfix it when he came off guard in the afternoon. Has any one ever done that at Buckingham Palace?

However, as I say, they have got used to us now. We fall in for our diurnal labours in comparative solitude, usually in heavy rain and without pomp. We are fairly into the collar by this time. We have been worked desperately hard for more than four months; we are grunting doggedly away at our job, not because we like it, but because we know it is the only thing to do. To march, to dig, to extend, to close; to practise advance-guards and

rear-guards, and pickets, in fair weather or foul, often with empty stomachs—that is our daily and sometimes our nightly programme. We are growing more and more efficient, and our powers of endurance are increasing. But, as already stated, we no longer go about our task like singing birds.

It is a quarter to nine in the morning. All down the street doors are opening, and men appear, tugging at their equipment. (Yes, we are partially equipped now.) Most of B Company live in this street. They are fortunate, for only two or three are billeted in each little house, where they are quite domestic pets by this time. Their billeting includes "subsistence," which means that they are catered for by an experienced female instead of a male cooking-class still in the elementary stages of its art.

"A" are not so fortunate. They are living in barns or hay-lofts, sleeping on the floor, eating on the floor, existing on the floor generally. Their food is cooked (by the earnest band of students aforementioned) in open-air camp-kitchens; and in this weather it is sometimes difficult to keep the fires alight, and not always possible to kindle them.

"D" are a shade better off. They occupy a large empty mansion at the end of the street. It does not contain a stick of furniture; but there are fireplaces (with Adam mantelpieces), and the one thing of which the War Office never seems to stint us is coal.

So "D" are warm, anyhow. Thirty men live in the drawing-room. Its late tenant would probably be impressed with its new scheme of upholstery. On the floor, straw palliasses and gravy. On the walls, "cigarette photties"—by the way, the children down here call them "fag picters." Across the room run clothes-lines, bearing steaming garments and (tell it not in Gath!) an occasional hare skin.

"C" are billeted in a village two miles away, and we see them but rarely.

The rain has ceased for a brief space—it always does about parade time—and we accordingly fall in. The men are carrying picks and shovels, and make no attempt to look pleased at the circumstance. They realise that they are in for a morning's hard digging, and very likely for an evening's field operations as well. When we began company training a few weeks ago, entrenching was rather popular. More than half of us are miners or tillers of the soil, and the pick and shovel gave us a home-like sensation. Here was a chance, too, of showing regular soldiers how a job should be properly accomplished. So we dug with great enthusiasm.

But A Company have got over that now. They have developed into sufficiently old soldiers to have acquired the correct military attitude towards manual labour. Trench-digging is a "fatigue," to be classed with coal-carrying,

floor-scrubbing, and other civilian pursuits. The word "fatigue" is a shibboleth with the British private. Persuade him that a task is part of his duty as a soldier, and he will perform it with tolerable cheerfulness; but once allow him to regard that task as a "fatigue," and he will shirk it whenever possible and regard himself as a deeply injured individual when called upon to undertake it. Our battalion has now reached a sufficient state of maturity to be constantly on the *qui vive!* for cunningly disguised fatigues. The other day, when kilts were issued for the first time, Private Tosh, gloomily surveying his newly unveiled extremities, was heard to remark with a sigh—

"Anither fatigue! Knees tae wash noo!"

Presently Captain Blaikie arrives upon the scene; the senior subaltern reports all present, and we tramp off through the mud to our training area.

We are more or less in possession of our proper equipment now. That is to say, our wearing apparel and the ap-purtenances thereof are no longer held in position with string. The men have belts, pouches, and slings in which to carry their greatcoats. The greatcoats were the last to materialise. Since their arrival we have lost in decorative effect what we have gained in martial appearance. For a month or two each man wore over his uniform during wet weather—in other words,

all day—a garment which the Army Ordnance Department described as—“Greatcoat, Civilian, one.” An Old Testament writer would have termed it “a coat of many colours.” A tailor would have said that it was a “superb vicuna raglan sack.” You and I would have called it, quite simply, a reach-me-down. Anyhow, the combined effect was unique. As we plodded patiently along the road in our tarnished finery, with our eye-arresting checks and imitation velvet collars, caked with mud and wrinkled with rain, we looked like nothing so much on earth as a gang of welshers returning from an unsuccessful day at a suburban race-meeting,

But now the khaki-mills have ground out another million yards or so, and we have regulation greatcoats. Water - bottles, haversacks, mess - tins, and waterproof sheets have been slowly filtering into our possession; and whenever we “mobilise,” which we do as a rule about once a fortnight—owing to invasion scares or as a test of efficiency we do not know—we fall in on our alarm-posts in something distinctly resembling the full “Christmas-tree” rig. Sam Browne belts have been wisely discarded by the officers in favour of web-equipment; and although Bobby Little’s shoulders ache with the weight of his pack, he is comfortably conscious of two things—firstly, that even when separated from his baggage he can still subsist in fair comfort on what he carries upon his person; and secondly,

that his “expectation of life,” as the insurance offices say, has increased about a hundred per cent, now that the German sharpshooters will no longer be able to pick him out from his men.

Presently we approach the scene of our day’s work, Area Number Fourteen. We are now far advanced in company training. The barrack-square is a thing of the past. Commands are no longer preceded by cautions and explanations. A note on a whistle, followed by a brusque word or gesture, is sufficient to set us smartly on the move.

Suddenly we are called upon to give a test of our quality. A rotund figure upon horseback appears at a bend in the road. Captain Blaikie recognises General Freeman.

(We may note that the General’s name is not really Freeman. We are much harried by generals at present. They roam about the country on horseback, and ask company commanders what they are doing; and no company commander has ever yet succeeded in framing an answer which sounds in the least degree credible. There are three generals: we call them Freeman, Hardy, and Willis, because we suspect that they are all—to judge from their fondness for keeping us on the run—financially interested in the consumption of shoe-leather. In other respects they differ, and a wise company commander will carefully bear their idiosyncrasies in mind and act accordingly, if he wishes to

be regarded as an intelligent officer.)

Freeman is a man of action. He likes to see people running about. When he appears upon the horizon whole battalions break into a double.

Hardy is one of the old school: he likes things done decently and in order. He worships bright buttons, and exact words of command, and a perfectly wheeling line. He mistrusts unconventional movements and individual tactics. "No use trying to run," he says, "before you can walk." When we see him, we dress the company and advance in review order.

Willis gives little trouble. He seldom criticises, but when he does his criticism is always of a valuable nature; and he is particularly courteous and helpful to young officers. But, like lesser men, he has his fads. These are two—feet and cookery. He has been known to call a private out of the ranks on a route-march and request him to take his boots off for purposes of public display. "A soldier marches on two things," he announces—"his feet and his stomach." Then he calls up another man and asks him if he knows how to make a sea-pie. The man never does know, which is fortunate, for otherwise General Willis would not be able to tell him. After that he trots happily away, to ask some one else.

However, here we are face to face with General Freeman. Immediate action is called for. Captain Blaikie flings an order over his shoulder to the sub-

altern in command of the leading platoon—

"Pass back word that this road is under shell fire. Move!"

—and rides forward to meet the General.

In ten seconds the road behind him is absolutely clear, and the men are streaming out to right and left in half-platoons. Waddell's platoon has the hardest time, for they were passing a quickset hedge when the order came. However, they hurled themselves blasphemously through, and doubled on, scratched and panting.

"Good morning, sir!" says Captain Blaikie, saluting.

"Good morning!" says General Freeman. "What was that last movement?"

"The men are taking 'artillery' formation, sir. I have just passed the word down that the road is under shell fire."

"Quite so. But don't you think you ought to keep some of your company in rear, as a supporting line? I see you have got them all up on one front."

By this time A Company is advancing in its original direction, but split up into eight half-platoons in single file—four on each side of the road, at intervals of thirty yards. The movement has been quite smartly carried out. Still, a critic must criticise or go out of business. However, Captain Blaikie is an old hand.

"I was assuming that my company formed part of a battalion, sir," he explained. "There are supposed to be

three other companies in rear of mine."

"I see. Still, tell two of your sections to fall back and form a supporting line."

Captain Blaikie, remembering that generals have little time for study of such works as the new drill book, and that when General Freeman says "section" he probably means "platoon," orders Numbers Two and Four to fall back. This manœuvre is safely accomplished.

"Now, let me see them close on the road."

Captain Blaikie blows a whistle, and slaps himself on the top of the head. In three minutes the long-suffering platoons are back on the road,

extracting thorns from their flesh and assuaging the agony of their abrasions by clandestine massage.

General Freeman rides away, and the column moves on. Two minutes later Captain Wagstaffe doubles up from the rear to announce that General Hardy is only two hundred yards behind.

"Pass back word to the men," groans Captain Blaikie, "to march at attention, put their caps straight, and slope their shovels properly. And send an orderly to that hill-top to look out for General Willis. Tell him to unlace his boots when he gets there, and on no account to admit that he knows how to make a sea-pie!"

#### IX. MID-CHANNEL.

The Great War has been terribly hard on the text-books.

When we began to dig trenches, many weeks ago, we always selected a site with a good field of fire.

"No good putting your trenches," said the text-book, "where you can't see the enemy."

This seemed only common-sense; so we dug our trenches in open plains, or on the forward slope of a hill, where we could command the enemy's movements up to two thousand yards.

Another maxim which we were urged to take to heart was:—When not entrenched, always take advantage of *natural* cover of any kind;

such as farm-buildings, plantations, and railway embankments.

We were also given practice in describing and recognising inconspicuous targets at long range, in order to be able to harass the enemy the moment he showed himself.

Well, recently generals and staff officers have been coming home from the front and giving us lectures. We regard most lectures as a "fatigue"—but not these. We have learned more from these quiet-mannered, tired-looking men in a brief hour than from all the manuals that ever came out of Gale and Poldens'. We have heard the history of the War from the inside. We know why our Army retreated

from Mons; we know what prevented the relief of Antwerp. But above all, we have learned to revise some of our most cherished theories.

Briefly, the amended version of the law and the prophets comes to this:—

Never, under any circumstances, place your trenches where you can see the enemy a long way off. If you do, he will inevitably see you too, and will shell you out of them in no time. You need not be afraid of being rushed; a field of fire of two hundred yards or so will be sufficient to wipe him off the face of the earth.

Never, under any circumstances, take cover in farm-buildings, or plantations, or behind railway embankments, or in any place likely to be marked on a large scale map. Their position and range are known to a yard. Your safest place is the middle of an open plain or ploughed field. There it will be more difficult for the enemy's range-takers to gauge your exact distance.

In musketry, concentrate all your energies on taking care of your rifle and practising "rapid." You will seldom have to fire over a greater distance than two hundred yards; and at that range British rapid fire is the most dreadful medium of destruction yet devised in warfare.

All this scraps a good deal of laboriously acquired learning, but it rings true. So we site our trenches now according to the lessons taught us by the bitter experience of others.

Having arrived at our allotted area, we get to work. The firing-trench proper is outlined on the turf a hundred yards or so down the reverse slope of a low hill. When it is finished it will be a mere crack in the ground, with no front cover to speak of; for that would make it conspicuous. Number One Platoon gets to work on this. To Number Two is assigned a more subtle task—namely, the construction of a dummy trench a comfortable distance ahead, dug out to the depth of a few inches, to delude inquisitive aeroplanes, and rendered easily visible to the enemy's observing stations by a parapet of newly-turned earth. Numbers Three and Four concentrate their energies upon the supporting trench and its approaches.

The firing-trench is our place of business—our office in the city, so to speak. The supporting trench is our suburban residence, whither the weary toiler may betake himself periodically (or, more correctly, in relays) for purposes of refreshment and repose. The firing-trench, like most business premises, is severe in design and destitute of ornament. But the suburban-trench lends itself to more imaginative treatment. An auctioneer's catalogue would describe it as *A commodious bijou residence, on (or of) chalky soil; three feet wide and six feet deep; in the style of the best troglodyte period. Thirty seconds brisk crawl (or per stretcher) from the firing-line. Gas laid on—*

But only once, in a field near Aldershot, where Private Mucklewame first laid bare, and then perforated, the town main with his pick.

—*With own water supply—*ankle-deep at times—*telephone, and the usual offices.*

We may note that the telephone communicates with the observing-station, lying well forward, in line with the dummy trench. The most important of the usual offices is the hospital—a cavern excavated at the back of the trench, and roofed over with hurdles, earth, and turf.

It is hardly necessary to add that we do not possess a real field-telephone. But when you have spent four months in firing dummy cartridges, performing bayonet exercises without bayonets, taking hasty cover from non-existent shell fire, capturing positions held by no enemy, and enacting the part of a "casualty" without having received a scratch, telephoning without a telephone is a comparatively simple operation. All you require is a ball of string and no sense of humour. Second Lieutenant Waddell manages our telephone.

Meanwhile we possess our souls in patience. We know that the factories are humming night and day on our behalf; and that if, upon a certain day in a certain month, the contractors do not deliver our equipment down to the last water-bottle cork, "K" will want to know the reason why; and we cannot imagine any contractor being so foolhardy

as to provoke that terrible man into an inquiring attitude of mind.

Now we are at work. We almost wish that Freeman, Hardy, and Willis could see us. Our buttons may occasionally lack lustre; we may cherish unorthodox notions as to the correct method of presenting arms; we may not always present an unbroken front on the parade-ground—but we *can dig!* Even the fact that we do not want to, cannot altogether eradicate a truly human desire to "show off." "Each man to his art," we say. We are quite content to excel in ours, the oldest in the world. We know enough now about the conditions of the present war to be aware that when we go out on service only three things will really count—to march; to dig; and to fire, upon occasion, fifteen rounds a minute. Our rapid fire is already fair; we can march more than a little; and if men who have been excavating the bowels of the earth for eight hours a-day ever since they were old enough to swing a pick cannot make short work of a Hampshire chalk down, they are no true members of their Trades Union or the First Hundred Thousand.

We have stuck to the phraseology of our old calling.

"Whaur's ma drawer?" inquires Private Hogg, a thick-set young man with bandy legs, wiping his countenance with a much-tattooed arm. He has just completed five strenuous minutes with a pick. "Come away, Geordie, wi' yon shovel!"

The shovel is preceded by an adjective. It is the only adjective that A Company knows. (No, not that one. The second on the list!)

Mr George Ogg steps down into the breach, and sets to work. He is a small man, strongly resembling the Emperor of China in a third-rate provincial pantomime. His weapon is the spade. In civil life he would have shovelled the broken coal into a "hutch," and "hurled" it away to the shaft. That was why Private Hogg referred to him as a "drawer." In his military capacity he now removes the chalky soil from the trench with great dexterity, and builds it up into a neat parapet behind, as a precaution against the back-blast of a "Black Maria."

There are not enough picks and shovels to go round—*cela va sans dire*. However, Private Mucklewame and others, who are not of the delving persuasion, exhibit no resentment. Digging is not their department. If you hand them a pick and shovel and invite them to set to work, they lay the pick upon the ground beside the trench and proceed to shovel earth over it until they have lost it. At a later stage in this great war-game they will fight for these picks and shovels like wild beasts. Shrapnel is a sure solvent of professional etiquette.

However, to-day the pickless squad are lined up a short distance away by the relentless Captain Wagstaffe, and informed—

"You are under fire from that wood. Dig yourselves in!"

Digging oneself in is another highly unpopular fatigue. First of all you produce your portable entrenching-tool—it looks like a combination of a modern tack-hammer and a medieval back-scratcher—and fit it to its haft. Then you lie flat upon your face on the wet grass, and having scratched up some small lumps of turf, proceed to build these into a parapet. Into the hole formed by the excavation of the turf you then put your head, and in this ostrich-like posture await further instructions. Private Mucklewame is of opinion that it would be equally effective, and infinitely less fatiguing, simply to lie down prone and close the eyes.

After Captain Wagstaffe has criticised the preliminary parapets—most of them are condemned as not being bullet-proof—the work is continued. It is not easy, and never comfortable, to dig lying down; but we must all learn to do it; so we proceed painfully to construct a shallow trough for our bodies and an annexe for our boots. Gradually we sink out of sight, and Captain Wagstaffe, standing fifty yards to our front, is able to assure us that he can now see nothing—except Private Mucklewame's lower dorsal curve.

By this time the rain has returned for good, and the short winter day is drawing to a gloomy close. It is after three, and we have been working, with one brief interval, for



nearly five hours. The signal is given to take shelter. We huddle together under the leafless trees, and get wetter.

Next comes the order to unroll greatcoats. Five minutes later comes another—to fall in. Tools are counted; there is the usual maddening wait while search is made for a missing pik. But at last the final word of command rings out, and the sodden, leaden-footed procession sets out on its four-mile tramp home.

We are not in good spirits. One's frame of mind at all times depends largely upon what the immediate future has to offer; and, frankly, we have little to inspire us in that direction at present. When we joined, four long months ago, there loomed largely and splendidly before our eyes only two alternatives—victory in battle or death with honour. We might live, or we might die; but life, while it lasted, would not lack great moments. In our haste we had overlooked the long dreary waste which lay—which always lies—between dream and fulfilment. The glorious splash of patriotic fervour which launched us on our way has subsided; we have reached mid-channel; and the haven where we would be is still afar off. The brave future of which we dreamed in our dour and uncommunicative souls seems as remote as ever, and the present has settled down into a permanency.

To-day, for instance, we have tramped a certain number of miles; we have worked for a certain number of hours; and

we have got wet through for the hundredth time. We are now tramping home to a dinner which will probably not be ready, because, as yesterday, it has been cooked in the open air under weeping skies. While waiting for it, we shall clean the same old rifle. When night falls, we shall sleep uneasily upon a comfortless floor, in an atmosphere of stale food and damp humanity. In the morning we shall rise up reluctantly, and go forth, probably in heavy rain, to our labour until the evening—the same labour and the same evening. We admit that it can't be helped: the officers and the authorities do their best for us under discouraging circumstances: but there it is. Out at the front, we hear, men actually get as much as three days off at a time—three days of hot baths and abundant food and dry beds. To us, in our present frame of mind, that seems worth any number of bullets and frostbites.

And—bitterest thought of all—New Year's day, with all its convivial associations, is only a few weeks away. When it comes, the folk at home will celebrate it, doubtless with many a kindly toast to the lads "oot there," and the lads "doon there." But what will that profit us? In this barbarous country we understand that they take no notice of the sacred festival at all. There will probably be a route-march, to keep us out of the public-houses.

*Et patiti, et patita.* Are we fed up? YES!

As we swing down the village street, slightly cheered by a faint aroma of Irish stew—the cooks have got the fires alight after all—the adjutant rides up, and reins in his horse beside our company commander.

Battalion orders of some kind! Probably a full-dress parade, to trace a missing bayonet!

Presently he rides away; and Captain Blaikie, instead of halting and dismissing us in the street as usual, leads us down an alley into the backyard which serves as our apology for a parade-ground. We form close column of platoons, stand at ease, and wait resignedly.

Then Captain Blaikie's voice falls upon our ears.

"A Company, I have an announcement to make to you. His Majesty the King—"

So that is it. Another Royal Review! Well, it will be a break in the general monotony.

"—who has noted your hard work, good discipline, and steady progress with the keenest satisfaction and pride—"

We are not utterly forgotten, then.

"—has commanded that every man in the battalion is to have seven days' full leave of absence."

"A-a-ah!" We strain our tingling ears.

"We are to go by companies,

a week at a time. 'C' will go first."

"C" indeed! Who are "C," to—?

"A Company's leave—our leave—will begin on the twenty-eighth of December, and extend to the third of January."

The staccato words sink slowly in, and then thoughts come tumbling.

"Free—free on New Year's Day! Almighty! Free to gang hame! Free tae——"

Then comes an icy chill upon our hearts. How are we to get home? Scotland is hundreds of miles away. The fare, even on a "soldier's" ticket—

But the Captain has not quite finished.

"Every man will receive a week's pay in advance; and his fare, home and back, will be paid by Government. That is all."

And quite enough too! We rock upon our squelching feet. But the Captain adds, without any suspicion of his parade-ground manner—

"If I may say so, I think that if ever men deserved a good holiday, you do. Company, slope arms! Dis—miss!"

We do not cheer: we are not built that way. But as we stream off to our Irish stew, the dourest of us says in his heart—

"God Save the King!"

*(To be continued.)*

## THE NEW EGYPT.

BY ARTHUR E. P. B. WEIGALL.

AT such a time as this it is very necessary for us to have in mind a general outline of the events which have brought about the present changes in Egypt, for there can be no doubt that a great many of our actions during the last few months are open to criticism on the grounds of irregular procedure. Since, however, our moral right has been so overwhelmingly great, we must be prepared to bear any such criticism undismayed, and must be fortified against the attacks on England's honour which are certain to be made, with apparent justification, by those who can only see the very obvious technical carelessnesses of the British Government, and who choose to be blind to the equally obvious high-mindedness of British action in general. England has not been called "Perfidious Albion" for nothing. As Professor Seeley once remarked, "we seem, as it were, to have conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind;" and in Egypt our actions lately have constituted a very typical instance of this cheery obliviousness to the letter of the law which has earned for us from time to time the mistrust of other nations. When we know by a kind of healthy instinct that we are doing good, and that we have the force of moral right behind us, we are apt to prance along with small regard

for technical niceties, and hence the nations with more pharisaical tendencies find us a very rude people.

When the Turks conquered the Egyptians in 1517 it was agreed that Egypt should be governed by twenty-four native Mameluke chieftains under the supervision of a Turkish governor, that a considerable tribute should be paid annually to the Porte, and that 12,000 Egyptian troops should be supplied to the Sultan in time of war. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Mohammed Ali, the Turkish Governor of Egypt, made war on the Turks, and would probably have dethroned the Sultan had not the Powers intervened to preserve the *status quo*. In 1842 England successfully urged Mohammed Ali to sign a treaty with the Porte, in which it was agreed that his descendants should hold the hereditary governorship of Egypt, that a tribute of £412,000 should be paid annually to Turkey, that the Egyptian army should have a maximum strength of 18,000 men, who should be at the disposal of the Sultan in war time, and that the Egyptians should be regarded as Ottoman subjects. In 1867 Ismail Pasha, the grandson of Mohammed Ali, made a new treaty with the Sultan, in which it was agreed that the ruler of Egypt should no longer be called simply governor, but should have the

hereditary title of Khedive. The tribute was raised to £682,000 per annum, but the clauses of the earlier agreement were more or less maintained.

In 1882 the Powers felt it necessary that some steps should be taken to restore order in Egypt, as the lives of foreigners were greatly endangered by the revolution led by Arabi Pasha. There was much delay, however, in deciding on a course of action, and at last England, having unsuccessfully invited the co-operation of France and, of course, of Turkey, invaded Egypt. Our avowed object was to maintain the Khedive upon his throne, to restore order, and to establish a sound administration in this province of the Turkish Empire, thereby encouraging native and foreign commerce, and also securing the safety of the Suez Canal. We undertook to uphold the integrity of the existing Turco-Egyptian treaties, and to continue to regard Egyptians as Ottoman subjects. Ten years later, in 1892, the recently deposed Khedive came to the throne, and the arrangement with the Porte was restated. In the decree dated March 27th of that year, it was laid down that Egyptian territory was a part of the Turkish Empire, and that Egyptians were subjects of the Sultan, paying annual tribute to the Porte; that the Egyptian army was at the disposal of the Sultan, and was to use the Turkish flag and the Turkish military ranks, all appointments above the rank of colonel being made by the Sultan himself and not by the

Khedive; that the coinage of Egypt was to be issued in the Sultan's name, and taxes collected in his name; and that the Khedive was not empowered to make peace or war, nor any political treaties with foreign Powers. This decree was never revoked, and was, until the recent declaration of the Protectorate, officially acknowledged by us as the recognised basis of our position in Egypt.

The attitude of the British Government has always been, until recently, perfectly clear. Lord Cromer emphatically stated that so long as the Turco-Egyptian treaty, which it was thus our avowed object to uphold, was still in force, "there could be no such thing as an Egyptian state or an Egyptian nationality separate from Turkey." Our Army of Occupation in Egypt was maintained simply and solely to prevent any disorders which might impair the prosperity of the country and injure native or European interests. The Egyptian governmental departments remained under native Ministers, holding office by favour of the Sultan, to each of whom an English "Adviser" was assigned. British officials in Egypt were in no way connected with the British Government, but were simply private persons in the service of the Khedive. The British officers in the Egyptian army were seconded from their British regiments, and were lent to the Khedive for a certain number of years. The British interests were supervised, not by a High Commissioner or an Am-

bassador, but by a simple Consul-General (in turn Lord Cromer, Sir Eldon Gorst, and Lord Kitchener), whose actual rank was not above that of the Consuls-General of the other Powers. Thus, except for the presence of England's strong guiding hand and enforcement of internal peace, the relations between Egypt and Turkey were in no way affected, and the country still remained the dutiful vassal of the Porte. It was definitely stated by Lord Dufferin at the beginning of the Occupation that our object was to establish good government, and that we should evacuate the country as soon as a more or less permanent security was assured. In 1910 Sir Eldon Gorst repeated this interpretation of our position in Egypt, but explained that, so far as could be seen, the day of our departure was still a long way off.

Now, since we upheld the Turco-Egyptian agreement in such a very correct manner, the Sultan had little objection to our occupation of this province of his. We maintained order and kept the peace there; we upheld the Sultan's authority and that of his Viceroy, the Khedive; we saw that the tribute was paid with punctilious regularity; our presence encouraged the investment of European capital in the country; and, in a word, we saved the Porte a great deal of trouble and expenditure. On our part we had the advantage of having a dominating influence in a country strategically important to us; we there found noble employment for

hundreds of our young men; and, really above all, we had the immense pleasure of organising, developing, and bringing happiness and prosperity to a most engaging nation. But there was one point in the agreement with Turkey which was a source of anxiety—namely, the undoubted Turkish right to demand Egyptian military help in time of war. In 1768 the Sultan had asked his Egyptian vassal for troops to help him against Russia; during the Greek war of Independence Egypt had been obliged to furnish an army; and in the Crimean war the Egyptians had fought for the Turks. It was therefore quite apparent that, since we were pledged to maintain the existing treaties, Egyptian troops would have to be supplied to the Sultan should he demand them at any time. Fortunately, however, the Porte was persuaded never to ask for them in her recent wars; and thus England was saved from a very awkward situation. But it must be remembered that this hesitation on Turkey's part to cause complications with us by insisting on its rights, did not in any way invalidate those rights nor abrogate our pledge to maintain them. During the Turco-Italian and Turco-Balkan wars the Sultan's decision to refrain from demanding Egyptian help enabled Egypt to declare its neutrality—an attitude which, it seems, was not in opposition to the letter of the Turco-Egyptian Treaty, though it was to the spirit.

When war was declared be-

tween England and Germany, it at once became apparent that the Germans in Egypt would renew with vigour their everlasting efforts to upset our administration in that country. Legally, of course, no action against them could be taken, since Egypt was, according to our oft-repeated definition, an integral part of the neutral Turkish Empire, and we had no actual rights there. But it was fully realised that the Germans intended to stir up the natives against us, and it was necessary that steps should be taken to prevent them from involving both us and the innocent Egyptians in this further far-rago of bloodshed and misery. The British authorities, therefore, persuaded the Egyptian Government to regard itself as in a state of war with Germany and Austria, and the people of those nationalities were either turned out of Egypt or were put under restraint, while their shipping was given forty-eight hours to leave Egyptian ports.

Technically this was as audacious an act of justifiable illegality as any ever committed by a British Government, for it really constituted an enforced act of rebellion on the part of Egypt against the suzerainty of the Sultan. It will be remembered that the Turco-Egyptian treaty, the integrity of which we had emphatically stated our intention to maintain, clearly said that Egypt, being a vassal State, was not allowed to declare war on anybody, and that all its political relations with other nations were to be

conducted through the Turkish sovereign. The British Government had laid down as one of the fundamental axioms of our occupation of Egypt that "the rights of the sovereign and vassal as now established between the Sultan and the Khedive should be maintained"; and Egypt's inability to make war or peace was recognised by us in documentary form as late as 1892. Now, however, in these days of excitement, when the authorities felt that at all costs bloodshed in Egypt must be prevented, I do not suppose that anybody remembered the clauses of the Turco-Egyptian treaty which we were pledged to respect. The British Government did not deliberately ignore this particular clause: it literally forgot to consult the archives. Had this been done and the irregularity observed, the position could have been regularised with ease by means of a frank Egyptian announcement to the Porte, either (1) that Egypt was in a state of open rebellion against the Sultan, or (2) that it was not in revolt, that it had simply broken this one clause of the treaty in the exceptional circumstances, and that it craved the Sultan's indulgence. No such step was taken, however; and, hand in hand with the Egyptians, the British agents went boldly on their way, rounding up the Germans in this portion of the territory of Germany's friend, Turkey.

The wisdom of these precautions was soon made apparent. A German officer named Mors,

who was employed in the Alexandria police, was proved to have incited the natives against us, to have acted as a spy in German interests, and to have planned to blow up the Suez Canal. He was publicly degraded and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Revelations in regard to the activities of a German political agent, named Dr Pruffer, also now came to light; and already in September it was perfectly obvious that Germany was urging Turkey to send an expedition to Egypt to turn the British troops out of the country and to reassert the sovereign rights of the Porte. Turkey was, somewhat unconsciously, within those rights in showing the intention of attempting to punish Egypt for its insubordination; but I do not think that many persons in England were well enough versed in Turco-Egyptian history to realise that we, first of all, had given the Sultan so very clear a technical *casus belli* against us. One thing, however, was quite obvious: Turkey would never have troubled to assert herself unless she had been urged to do so by Germany. The Porte had nothing to fear from England in Egypt. The British, as has been said, maintained order, upheld the Sultan's authority, and saw that the tribute was paid regularly. Moreover, as early as the first week in August, the Home Government had definitely stated that if Turkey remained neutral they "did not propose to alter the status of Egypt," and had "emphatically contradicted the report

that the annexation of Egypt was under consideration."

The Turks, however, were soon teased by the Germans to feelings of some anger at our actions on the Nile; and the French Ambassador reported a Turkish Minister as saying that "England was treating Egypt as if it belonged to her, whereas it formed part of the Ottoman dominions, and that . . . England should now sign a convention providing for the evacuation of Egypt by British troops at the end of the war." Meanwhile the Turkish newspapers were full of denunciations of what they called our high-handed proceedings; and the Mosul and Damascus army corps of the Turkish army were hurriedly massed on the Egyptian frontier, ostensibly with a view to chastising the insubordinate province if further acts of hostility to its overlord were committed. Roads were prepared, and transport collected; mines were sent to the Gulf of Akaba to protect the Turkish forces there from naval attack; many German officers were hurried into Syria; and the Hedjaz railway was seized for military purposes. On one occasion some Bedouin levies actually crossed the frontier, the ground here being more or less open desert.

The anomaly of the situation rapidly increased. Not a word had yet been uttered by England to indicate that the Sultan's authority in Egypt had ceased to be recognised, or that the country was no longer regarded as part of

the Turkish Empire; and yet circumstances were forcing the British authorities to act as though they did not admit these very points which England was in Egypt to emphasise. When the Foreign Office asked the Sultan why the Turkish troops were massed on the Egyptian frontier, he replied by asking us what on earth many thousands of our troops were doing in his province of Egypt. When, later, Sir Edward Grey insisted on knowing whether the Sultan intended to invade Egypt, he replied that, "as Egypt was one of his own provinces, how could he dream of invading it?" These queries and answers were at first exchanged in the most sprightly spirit, and the Turkish play upon the intricacies of the situation must have caused real amusement in the British chanceries. England felt no enmity to Turkey. We hoped sincerely that the Porte would keep out of the mess, and we had every intention of holding Egypt intact on the Sultan's behalf. The British mind, obtuse in its inherent humanity, cared only for the welfare of the Egyptians and the confining of the sufferings of the war to their then limits. But as time passed a growing sense of irritation was felt on both sides. Egypt was found to be full of Turkish and German spies, and on more than one occasion weak-minded Egyptians were persuaded to cause local disturbances. One night a native whose emotions had thus been worked upon aroused his neighbours by rushing

madly round and round the cemetery of his district shouting "War! war!" until he was taken in charge. Two men, dressed like Turks, and professing to be Persians, were found tampering with a railway line in the Delta, but when interrogated they gave the ominous names of Goldstein and Goldberger. A well-known Turkish senator was discovered to be in Egypt, engaged in inciting the natives; and shortly afterwards three prominent Turkish officers were arrested while similarly occupied.

At last, three months after the outbreak of hostilities in Europe, war was declared between England and Turkey; and thereby the political situation in Egypt was made more anomalous than ever. Legally, war between England and the Porte meant that we were also at war with Egypt, for the British Government had not yet advised Egypt to declare itself in revolt against the Sultan. The British officers serving in the Egyptian army had been merely lent to the Khedive for short terms of years; and it had always been fully recognised that they were thus for the time being in the service of the Sultan, since the Egyptian forces were, according to treaty, a part of the Turkish army. These officers were now, therefore, in the pay of our enemy; and similarly all British officials in the Egyptian Government were under certain obligations to the Sultan. The native Ministers and high officials found themselves in a still more



delicate and awkward situation, for they held their office by mandate of the Khedive as Vassal of Turkey, and they naturally regarded the measures which they were required to take as totally inconsistent with that mandate. Nobody, however, seems to have been very deeply troubled by these technical irregularities, and no Englishman dreamed of resigning his office. All the precautionary measures exercised against the Germans were now extended to the Turks; all suspicious Ottomans were arrested, and Turkish shipping was ordered to leave Egyptian waters immediately. These actions were totally illegal, for a state of war between Turkey and England did not in any way nullify the terms of the unrevoked agreement between Turkey and Egypt. The situation could have been regularised by an Egyptian declaration of independence from Turkey, but none was made. Egyptians were still officially regarded as Turkish subjects, and in London and Paris they were obliged to register themselves as alien enemies, and were prevented from returning to their own country, in case they should there act in favour of the Turks. At the same time those of military age in Egypt were prevented from going abroad in case they should be required to serve against the Turks!

During these anxious times the Khedive remained in Constantinople as a willing prisoner of his Overlord; but soon after war was declared be-

tween Turkey and England he definitely took sides with the Sultan. In adopting this attitude he was acting in the most correct manner and strictly in accordance with the Turco-Egyptian treaties which England supported; but nevertheless there is no doubt that he was inspired by nothing more or less than hostility to the whole British race. He had always disliked us. He had been educated in Vienna and had there learnt to sneer at the British army; and soon after his accession he passed such disparaging comments upon our troops that Lord Kitchener, who was then *Sirdar*, or *Commander-in-Chief* of the Egyptian forces, threatened to resign unless an apology was forthcoming. A story is related which tells how one night at the opera in Cairo Lord Cromer visited the Khedive in his box and requested him to make the necessary apology on the instant. The Khedive refused, and thereupon Lord Cromer invited him to step out on to the balcony which overlooked the *Place de l'Opera*. The Khedive did so, and Lord Cromer then directed his attention to a closed brougham which stood below, surrounded by a small detachment of British Hussars, and coldly remarked that it was waiting to drive His Highness into exile should he feel unable to make amends to the Army. Whether this tale be true or not, the fact remains that the apology was not delayed. Throughout his reign the Khedive has intrigued against

us, and though from time to time his relations with the British Agency have rightly been described as cordial, there has always been an undercurrent of political enmity. His friendship to Sir Eldon Gorst was quite sincere, and English people were much touched by his incognito visit to Sir Eldon when he lay dying at his home in England. He detested the bluff Lord Cromer, however, and thoroughly disliked Lord Kitchener. Thus, doubtless, he welcomed the opportunity of being able to turn against England without placing himself legally in the wrong, and, certainly, had he simply protested his fidelity to the Sultan in the Turco-British conflict, we could have had no case against him; but he chose to display his friendship for Germany and Austria before the Sultan became the ally of those countries, and thus he showed publicly and gratuitously his adherence to our enemies.

Soon after war was declared against Turkey, Mr Asquith, in his Guildhall speech, spoke of the Turkish violation of the frontier, mentioned above, as being an act of "lawless intrusion" on the part of the Porte; and he thus made confusion more confounded, for he issued this statement as the head of a Government which, on paper, still definitely recognised Turkey's suzerainty over Egypt, and therefore recognised the Sultan's right to take such steps to punish the insubordinate acts which Egypt had committed, for example, in treating the Germans as enemies with-

out the consent of the Porte. Mr Asquith probably had never read the treaties, and, after all, they were now of little consequence, since Turkey had become the ally of our enemies; but nevertheless he could well have afforded to give the Turks their due, and to have described their incursion across the frontier as hostile but, under the circumstances, in no way lawless. England went to war with Turkey because the Sultan's Government had been intolerably provocative and because they obviously intended to go to war with us. That was reason enough. For more than thirty years the British have honourably held Egypt for the Porte, and have received the approbation of the world for the punctilious correctness in continuing to recognise the Turkish rights there; but by describing the Sultan's proposed punitive expedition into his own Egyptian province as "lawless," Mr Asquith threw away the fruits of this correctness, for his remarks implied that the British Government had been unconscious of Turkish suzerainty over Egypt.

Ever since September the danger of a Turkish invasion had been felt to be very great. It was expected that the Turks would attempt to march across the desert from the Syrian frontier to the Suez Canal, and it was known that Enver Pasha had himself prepared the plan of campaign, while the command had been given to Djemal Pasha, one of the ablest of the Turkish generals. At that time we had some 20,000 Territorials in Egypt

and a certain number of Indian troops; but these were presently reinforced by a large contingent of Australians and New Zealanders, and the forces ready for the defence of the Canal soon became formidable. Large tracts of desert near Port Said were flooded, and outer trenches and fortifications were constructed some thirty miles to the east of the Canal. Battleships were held in readiness to patrol the waterway and to serve as floating batteries, while heavy guns were mounted at all strategic points. As a result of these great preparations the Turkish hopes of a successful invasion rapidly diminished, and this southern campaign, which was at first expected to be the main Ottoman enterprise, came to have only a secondary importance.

The Turks, of course, relied to a great extent on the loyalty of Egypt to its Overlord. They thought that the Egyptians would be as ready to strike a blow at the British Occupation as was the Khedive; and they believed that all Mussulmans—that is to say, some five-sixths of the population of Egypt—would respond to the call of the Sultan in his capacity as Caliph of Islâm. The temper of the Egyptian people was, indeed, a little uncertain at first, for the Turks had always been respected by them as the chief Mohammedan Power.

Moreover, the acute financial depression in Egypt at this time was causing a certain amount of distress and consequent unrest. Owing to the ravages of the boll-worm the

cotton crop had been bad, and now, since the outbreak of the war, the market was very limited. (The total export of cotton in the year 1913 was over £26,000,000, of which 43 per cent went to the United Kingdom, 20 per cent to countries neutral in the present war, and the remaining 37 per cent mostly to Germany and Austria.) There was also a great falling off in general trade, which was seriously felt in Alexandria and Cairo. The imports for October 1914, the month preceding the declaration of war with Turkey, were £2,000,000 less than in October 1913, and the exports £3,500,000 less. The British Government, however, very wisely lent the Egyptian Government £5,000,000 with which to purchase the unsold cotton from small growers; and thus the distress and irritation of the peasants were eased, and consequently they were in no mood to engage in a revolution.

The air was further clarified by a proclamation issued by Sir John Maxwell, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Egypt, in which he stated that the British Government would not call upon the Egyptians to fight against the Turks, or to bear the expenses of the campaign, but that England would shoulder the entire burden, and would fight without the assistance of the Egyptian army, "to protect the rights and liberties of Egypt, which were originally won by Mohammed Ali."

This proclamation, of course,

had much the same sense as the establishment of a British Protectorate, for it meant that England would literally *protect* this portion of the Turkish Empire against the big stick of its Overlord. But technically it was astonishingly irregular, since no declaration had yet been made that Egypt had ceased to be the Sultan's vassal province, and England's reason for being in Egypt at all was still the original "maintenance of the treaties established between the Sultan and the Khedive." With their usual absent-mindedness, the British authorities forgot that "the rights and liberties won by Mohammed Ali," referred to in General Maxwell's proclamation, were granted in 1840 at England's special request, on the explicit understanding that Egyptians should be regarded as Ottoman subjects, that Egyptian troops should be at the disposal of the Sultan, and that the Egyptian Government should make neither peace nor war with any nation without Turkish consent. Thus, like characters in 'Alice in Wonderland,' we now stated that we were making war on the Turkish Empire on behalf of Egypt, which we admitted was part of the Turkish Empire; and we further declared that we were fighting in defence of a treaty which we broke in fighting in defence of it. In supporting Mohammed Ali's treaty rights we were upholding the position of Egypt as vassal of the Sultan, and, mad though it sounds, we were presumably fighting to uphold the Sultan's right to fight us for allowing the

Egyptians to allow us to fight the Sultan on the Sultan's own territory! Moreover, although we already knew that the Khedive had sided against England, we still recognised that the Sultan was his Overlord, and we therefore technically supported his action in attacking us.

A pretty muddle, indeed! The British Government could have set matters right with ease had it now issued a declaration of some kind to show that it regarded Turkish suzerainty as at an end; but no such statement was issued. Yet there was nothing to hide, or of which to be ashamed. England's work in Egypt since 1882 formed one of the most noble pages of our history. A band of Englishmen had toiled there for over thirty years, not consciously for national gain and not at all for personal profit; and a nation which we found starving and oppressed had been transformed into one of the most prosperous and contented peoples in the whole world. Moreover, for thirty years we had honourably held Egypt for the Turks; and even when Austria seized the two Balkan provinces from Turkey and Italy laid hands on Tripoli, we not only refrained from annexing Egypt, but actually restated our expectation to evacuate the country ultimately. Our action in taking steps against Germans in Egypt was justified by the fact that it prevented bloodshed; for the agents of Germany were determined to stir up the natives against us. Why, then, did we give the impression that we

were attempting to blind ourselves to the hard facts of the case? What ill counsel prompted us to deny the Turkish rights which for thirty years it had been our pride to uphold, and thus to endanger the respect which our punctiliousness in Egypt had earned for us? It was sheer carelessness. We knew that we were in the right, that every dictate of God and man demanded that we should not let the Egyptians fall back into that utter misery from which England, and England alone, had rescued them. And in the single resolve to save twelve million human beings from the ruthlessness of Turkish domination, the Government did not bother to think about technicalities. That is the only explanation. The hostile critic will doubtless remark that England, then, is shown to have as little regard for the sanctity of treaties as has Germany; and in reply one can only say in all sincerity that whereas Germany disregarded a treaty for the sake of self-aggrandisement, England did so, not for British gain, but for another nation's happiness—not as an aggressor, but as a protector.

The reward of our labours in Egypt was soon abundantly offered by the Egyptians and Sudanese. Prince Hussein Kamel (now Sultan of Egypt) clearly showed his devotion to the British cause. Prince Said Halim, the Khedive's cousin, stated in the English press that "every true Egyptian will remain loyal to the great Mother Country who civilised and enriched the Egyptians."

The Khedive's poet-laureate published a set of Arabic verses, from which the following lines deserve to be quoted:—

"What is Thy judgment, O Lord, what is Thy opinion of the Kaiser's tremendously expansive dream?

"The Emperor of Germany has delivered a speech, decreeing that in the Great Kingdom he will appropriate the larger part himself, and will leave the smaller part to Thee.

"Which sword, O Lord, is sharper—Thine or his?

"Should his dream be realised, the calamity to Islâm would indeed be great.

"O God, forget not Thy flock because it appears to be the humbler side.

"We are the victims of a reckless band of men" (*i.e.*, the Turkish war party).

Another well-known Arabic poet dedicated an ode to "Tommy Atkins," and bade him to crush German militarism which had ruined Turkey, and to "return the Prussian's arrow into his own neck."

The Egyptian newspapers unanimately denounced the Turkish action, and 'El Moayad,' the leading organ, published an article showing that the Arab world had always been badly treated by the Porte. The Grand Sheikh of the Senoussi proclaimed his friendliness to Egypt and to the British. The chief ulemas of El Azhar University in Cairo issued instructions to the people, in the name of the Prophet, to keep the peace. The ulemas and sheikhs of the Sudan declared that they were

“with the British Government heart and soul, having no bond with Turkey.” A distinguished Arabic writer, formerly editor of an Alexandrian newspaper, published an appeal to Ottomans to realise that England has always been Turkey’s good friend. Hundreds of letters were received by the Government and the British Agency protesting the writers’ devotion, and large numbers of natives sent subscriptions to the Prince of Wales’ Fund. But perhaps the attitude of the Egyptians in general towards the English was rather one of kindly toleration than of warm friendship, while their relationship to the Turks had more in it of indifference than of liking or dislike. “*Auzin-hum taiyib min bayid*,” said the peasants in regard to the Ottomans: “We wish them well—from afar.”

The anomalous and utterly irregular situation in Egypt was at last brought to an end on December 18, 1914, by a proclamation which stated that “the suzerainty of Turkey over Egypt is terminated,” and that “Egypt is placed under the Protection of His Majesty, and will henceforth constitute a British Protectorate.” On the next day another proclamation was issued, stating that “in view of the action of His Highness Abbas Hilmi Pasha, lately Khedive of Egypt, who has adhered to the King’s enemies, His Majesty’s Government have seen fit to depose him from the Khedivate, and that high dignity has been offered, with the title of Sultan of Egypt, to His Highness

Prince Hussein Kamel Pasha, eldest living prince of the family of Mohammed Ali, and has been accepted by him.”

A very general tribute was paid both by natives and Europeans to the unselfish restraint of England in refraining from taking forcible possession of Egypt at this time, when such a movement could have been backed by an irresistible army. In refraining from annexing Egypt and in declaring a simple Protectorate, England has given the best answer to those who would criticise our recent irregular actions on the Nile; for it is thus clearly shown, beyond all dispute, that the British Government has been actuated throughout by the most disinterested desire for the welfare of the Egyptian nation, without regard to the aggrandisement of our own Empire. England still adheres to the original policy of training the Egyptians to govern themselves, and the fact that no advantage whatsoever has been taken of the helplessness of Egypt has given the greatest satisfaction to the natives, and has raised British prestige to a height never before attained.

The attitude of the British troops to the populace is exemplary. In one of his first speeches the new Sultan stated that the behaviour of officers and men since the beginning of the Occupation had been “perfect.” “There has been,” he said, “no swaggering and no sabre-rattling in their relations with the inhabitants of this country.” As an example of this spirit, which is so happily

in contrast with German militarism, I may relate an incident which occurred at a grand march-past in connection with the new Sultan's accession. As the procession was passing the saluting point, a native funeral came into sight along a side-street, and was, of course, stopped by the police. Seeing this, Sir John Maxwell, who was taking the salute, instantly intervened. He ordered the band of the Rifles, which was just passing, to cease playing, and he directed the troops to halt. He then moved aside, and allowed the simple native *cortège* to proceed through the British lines. The incident, though trifling in itself, caused a deep impression, and demonstrated in a noteworthy manner the policy of the protecting Power.

The Egyptians received the announcement of the Protectorate without emotion. They showed no frothy enthusiasm which might afterwards have given way to a revulsion of feeling in our disfavour; but their relief and general approval was manifest. The deposition of the Khedive was, on the whole, popular. One cannot help a feeling of sorrow in recalling to mind the short, rotund, double-chinned figure, who for so many years waddled through the halls of Abdin Palace, with amiable expression and shifty eye; for in many ways he was a kindly and pleasant personage, having something of the inherent charm of his great house. Had he played the game in his dealings with England, he would now be Sultan of Egypt,

and in the future he might possibly have become Caliph of Islâm, an office which for many centuries was vested in Egypt, and which was seized by the Turkish sovereign in 1517. Now, owing to his personal dislike of Englishmen, and to his erroneous belief that the German cause would triumph, he has been led to turn against us, and therefore has been sent to join the sad little company of exiled rulers whose lives must necessarily be shadowed by vain ambitions and bitter remorse.

The new sovereign is a man of very different stamp. He possesses a manner of perfect royalty, is as honest as the day, and is admirable from every point of view. He has been called the "Father of the *fellah*"—the Egyptian peasant; and his dealings both with the working men and with the upper classes have been always marked by kindness, justice, and sound sense. In an interview granted to a press representative shortly after his accession, he expressed sentiments which none but a high-minded statesman could have uttered. "If I can succeed," he said, "in inspiring the people of Egypt with some of that civic spirit which the young nations of the British Empire have displayed, I shall be content. To reach that goal education is required—not mere book-learning, but social and moral training which men learn first from their mothers. Female education is what the country greatly needs, and if I am in some things a Conservative, I am a Liberal in this.

I believe there is a great future for my country. Once the disturbance caused by the war has ceased, Egypt will be a centre of intensive cultivation, moral as well as material. Remember we have three great assets—the Nile, the Egyptian sun, and, above all, the Fellaheen who till the fruitful soil of Egypt. I know them well and love them. You will not find a race of men more accessible to progress, better tempered, or harder working. . . . I trust entirely in England, and hope she trusts me. I have always worked for a good understanding between England and Egypt.” His Highness has been most ably supported throughout these trying times by the ex-Regent and present Prime Minister of Egypt, Hussein Rushdy Pasha, to whom British thanks are due. He is an honest, bluff, and very intelligent man, of somewhat Bohemian habits. He has helped to steer his country round one of the most awkward corners in its career, and he merits the greatest credit for his tactful interpretation of a most difficult rôle.

The future of Egypt is still somewhat uncertain; for, although the corner has been turned, the road is still difficult and full of pitfalls. The new form of government does not bring with it many changes in the actual methods of administration. The main difference will be noticed in the abolition of the Capitulations which have always been such a thorn in the flesh of the Government. These Capitula-

tions have given foreigners in Egypt certain privileges which have been very greatly abused. A foreign subject, let us say, committed a crime against an Egyptian; but, by the capitulatory rights, he could not be tried by an Egyptian court, although an English judge was seated upon the bench. He had to be taken in custody by his Consulate, and tried in the Mixed Courts, or deported to his own country for trial. Again, when a reform was to be instituted in Egyptian administration which had some vague bearing upon foreign interests, the consent of innumerable foreign governments had to be obtained, a process often occupying many years. The establishment of one law both for Egyptians and for foreigners will remove a drag upon the Government which has been most seriously felt in recent years, and which has very rightly been resented by the natives and their British colleagues. As regards the tribute of £682,000 paid annually to Turkey, no final arrangements have yet been made. The whole of this sum is hypothecated for the payment of a Turkish debt; and, of course, the interests of the Allies' bondholders have to be safeguarded.

As heretofore, the Egyptians will play a large part in their own government, and England will exert only a guiding pressure upon the administration. A small Army of Occupation will remain in the country after the establishment of peace, to serve as a kind of police force for the maintenance of order; but it is still a question whether



the native army will be increased beyond the 18,000 men which was the maximum authorised by the Turco-Egyptian treaties. The British Consul-General is replaced by a High Commissioner, and to this office Sir Arthur M'Mahon, late Foreign Secretary to the Government of India, has been appointed, but the actual activities of the earlier office will not be greatly altered.

For the moment the contemplated invasion of Egypt by a Turkish army occupies public attention; for, in spite of the great difficulties of crossing the desert, the scheme has not yet been abandoned. Djemal Pasha, the Turkish commander, is said to have been superseded by General von Falkenberg, an able German officer, who believes the task of successfully attacking the Suez Canal to be practicable. This officer has been instructed to effect the arrest of the new Sultan of Egypt, and to try him by court-martial for his insubordination to the Turkish Sultan. The very large British Imperial forces now assembled in Egypt, however, are confident of their ability to defeat these designs, and little fear is felt of a native rising in favour of the Porte. It is to be hoped that

in future years Egypt will be able to re-establish its protective influence over the Hedjaz, where the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina are situated; and Mr Asquith has recently reminded the world that it is England's determination "to defend against all invaders, and to maintain inviolate, the Holy Places of Islâm."

The relationship of Egypt to Syria is as yet undecided; but it is to be remembered that in the past the latter country has usually been a dependence of the Egyptian dominions. If, as is expected, the Turkish overthrow is complete, Syria will certainly come under the protection of either England or France. Meanwhile German East Africa, which adjoins the Sudan, will probably pass into our hands; and thus the valley of the Nile will be surrounded by friendly territory, and will become, as the dynasty of Mohammed Ali has always wished, the centre of Near South-Eastern civilisation.

Thus we have brought to a close the first period of our great work in the ancient land of the Pharaohs, and have opened in all happiness and with all good auguries the clean page upon which we are about to write the mighty story of the new Egypt.

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## FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

## GOING NORTH.

BY EDMUND CANDLER.

IN the clear mornings and evenings of the cold weather one can see the hills sixty miles away,—a low purple web with white threads strung across the horizon like gossamer in hoar-frost, a magic web with some enchantment in it. The heaped mountain-chains behind it, one is told, deflect the surveyor's plummet; much more so the heart of man. I had a bare week for a journey, most of which I owed to the super-humanity of some old sage who ordained that fixed days in the year should be set apart for the needs of the spirit. I believe the personality of this good man is lost in the obscure mists of legend. His spiritual needs probably differed from mine, but I have no doubt he would have approved that I, an alien and unbeliever, of a generation ten—or is it twenty?—centuries after his teaching, should by dint of it be drawn into the hills. A day and night each way had to be given to the train. Five hundred miles in all, and most of the day I spent looking out of the window, for the mountains were in sight nearly all the while. I left the base of the high ranges behind me. A friend in a post on the other side of the Khyber had given me the chance of spending three nights among the bare

broken spurs that drop down into Afghanistan—mountains of no particular natural beauty, but invested with a human interest that appeals to Englishmen when they are tired of the forced air in which they live. I was glad to be for a day or two among men who pander to no weak-kneed gods.

One feels the difference in the air as the train speeds north—the difference in the air that makes the difference in men. It is a showery afternoon, and the slant sun throws a glow on the mustard-fields stretched like yellow scarfs across the red soil. The reflection of it burnishes the Siris and Shisham trees in their rufous winter garb of dried-up pod and leaf. The mountains loom a dull purple under the labouring clouds. A few miles north of Rawal Pindi we pass the point where Nicholson's gaunt monument guards the Pass, as if he still held the breach against the tribesmen. North of this it is the soldier who counts.

Between Lawrencepur and Campbellpur we enter a wide rolling plain, soft underfoot, with just the undulations a cavalryman loves. The talk in the carriage is of manœuvres, the race for a hill or a bridge, the iniquity of umpires. It is here in the North that our best

leaders of men have left their names. Jacobabad, Edwardesabad, Fort Sandeman, Lawrencepur—strange uneuphonious patronymics, alien to the soil. If we can stomach them, it is because our love for the men who bore them is great. Perhaps this is the only strip of Asia where the English place-name is not a profanation. Deep under the soil lie buried Buddhist cities, Taxila and the capitals of Gandhara; but the North-West Frontier is primarily a battlefield. Cities that are not buried are destroyed; the land has no ancient shrines. But the brave ghosts who stride these fields and live in the people's mind, as well as in our own, are Englishmen. And their names survive fitly, for they were gods to the men they led and inspired in battle. One of them at least has become an *avatar*, and the faithful scatter flowers on his altar and place lighted wicks in the niches of his shrine.

At Attock we cross the Indus, where the stream frets through a gorge no wider than its pent-up channel in Chilas. I had expected a broad free stream, but the river strains along here as there. Seven hundred miles to the north, under the bold scarp of Nanga Parbat, I had followed the stream by moonlight, listening to its burden and thinking of it as soon to be free. Now through the rattle of the train over the girders I imagined that I could hear the same undersong, only angrier and more insistent, the voice of a

river long baulked of its freedom. The fort above it looks like a natural excrescence. One cannot think of the brown rocky hill over the river without battlements. Bastions just like these must have frowned down on Alexander: the stone-age man must have made the rock his citadel.

One can imagine that care and the consciousness of files in pigeon-holes sits lightly on the shoulders of that young officer riding at the head of his battery into the gates of the fort. As one goes north one is carried back into the past; every fifty miles is a decade towards individualism. At Peshawur a man is almost completely a man. In the Kurram or the Khyber the fire might still burn in a Nicholson, unquenched even in times of peace. One is still at the end of the telegraph poles, but every hundred miles of wire the coil is thinner, the current weaker; the voice of the Blue Funk School scarcely filters through. The "brass-hats" at Simla and Delhi are considerate—up to a point.

At Akola Khattak the verandah pillars of the station are sangared; there is a guard on the train. The tribesmen have had the impudence to fire into the blockhouse by Attock bridge. Five weeks ago the Sangu Khels came down and looted the Calcutta mail at Jahangira Road, thirty-five miles from Peshawur. Two nights afterwards they raided Khairabad, the next station, and carried off the Hindu assistant station-master on

ransom into the hills. The man was valued at Rs. 1300, and the money paid. Holding up the train was a new move on the part of the tribesmen. A Pathan wandering in Peshawur city had been drawn into a cinematograph booth and seen an American train looted. This gave him "the brain-wave," as my friend said. Otherwise he was unspoilt by Western education.

At Rawal Pindi I heard that an officer had been shot in Wana Fort the day before. Friends of mine in his regiment got into the train; they were going to his funeral at Mardan the next morning. There had been a Khattak dance in the fort, a kind of "send-off" to a Subadar who was going on pension. The young recruit was lying by his loaded rifle, as they do on this frontier, when he got up and shot his officer through the back at three yards; then he took cover and fired at the unarmed havildar who closed with him. He said he was sorry; he did not mean to do it, and did not know why he did. He was excited by the music; the pipes got to his head. It is believed now that he was under the influence of a mullah, and that he enlisted to become a *ghazi*, to enter Paradise by the click of a trigger; but he did not speak of these visions. A few months in the regiment might have moulded him otherwise,—he was of plastic stuff,—but the pipes awoke the fanatic in him, sent a drop of blood to his head. Justice was summary.

The Political arrived at Wana the next day at two; he was tried at three, and hanged at four.

One feels that the best men get shaken up to the top of the map, or if they are not the best they soon become assimilated to the type. Every one told me that the murdered man was of the very best. My friend Graeme, with whom I was going to stay beyond the Khyber, went to his funeral, so I had a day to spend in Peshawur. In the afternoon I drove round the city, a clean, dry, grey and brown city of caked mud, very compact within its walls. Many of the stalwarts one sees in the bazaars are freebooters from over the border. They will return enriched, perhaps deviously by night threading the picquets at the foot of the hills; or they will leave rifle and loot buried somewhere until they come for it again, and return unarmed, though not innocent-looking, driving the donkeys back that have carried wood into the bazaar. It is an intriguing, mysterious city, with its full complement of robbers, secret police, and cosmopolitan adventurers.

On Monday my friend returned, and we started off to Landi Kotal. On the plain outside Peshawur I tried to shed my civil slough. Every squadron, company, or battery we met impressed me more and more with the fact that a soldier's is the most consistently clean and thorough work that is done. My own "show" had seemed a particularly ped-

dling and finnickin' business during the last few weeks, and I put the thought of it from me with distaste. I believe I felt something of the contempt for myself and others of civil caste and occupation that the Pathan feels for the Hindu shopkeeper of his village, that poor necessary drudge who is allowed to go about unharmed so long as he wears the red-striped trousers, badge of his race, which protect him, like a woman's garment, from lead and steel. We met a squadron of the 1st Bengal Lancers exercising, two companies of the 51st Sikhs on reconnaissance, a battery of Field Artillery galloping across the boulders and broken banks of a dead river-bed, one section supporting another as they fought a rearguard action; and at Jamrud the young remounts of the Khyber Rifles were learning to face "sights and sounds," nosing a traction-engine or a "stink-bike," sliding down shale slopes, making the acquaintance of everything new, or loud, or bright, or hideously discordant with a decent horse's idea of the fitness of things.

Jamrud lies at the foot of the Pass. I will not write about the Khyber; it has been too often described for me to describe it. I can imagine the gorge rising at the epithets heaped upon it. The little mosque of Ali Masjid, by the patch of corn and willows, no bigger than a shepherd's hut, has become a name as often on men's lips as busy capitals.

Let the faithful tie their red flag or tattered garment to the thorn-bush by the shrine. The cairn is high enough; I will not fling another adjective or stone.

Besides, these hills are not unique, though the importance of them is. I have seen their like in many lands. Mountains in dry countries are always bare, broken, verdureless, ravine-bitten, strategically a nexus of ambushes, crag commanded by crag, passes innumerable, a warren of thieves, with a maze of bolt-holes to guard which needs a frontage of picquets extending over miles. On the map the line of posts of the Khyber Rifles would form a T, the head lying almost north and south from the Kabul river to Bara, and the foot covering the thirty odd miles north-east and south-west—the length of the Pass from Jamrud to Tor Kham, where the road enters Afghanistan. To the north-east the Guides guard the Malakand; to the south and south-west the Kurram Militia, the North and South Waziristan Militias, and the Zhob levies keep the road open across the frontier.

We reached our snug quarters in the fort at Landi Kotal, after a thirty miles' drive, in good time for lunch. The air here was as keen as a breeze off the North Foreland, and we had the appetite of berserkers. In the afternoon we rode down the Pass to the frontier, or the disputed tract where the road is neglected by the Amir's Government and our own.

Brown figures lined the crags, still as trees. The picquets were doubled, to guard the road for the Kabul kafila, which was due in the caravanserai at Landi Kotal before nightfall. We met the van of it four miles down the road, strong men on strong camels. The hairy Central Asian beast puts our own Indian breed to shame. It would have been a reversal of history if it were not so. Strength, whether in man or brute, has always passed south through this gorge, and, remaining south, has become weakness.

We left Cavagnari's camp on our right, and entered a sandy flat overgrown with scrub willow. An immense dark cliff, Tor Kham, overhung the valley to the south. Graeme sent a covering party to a rise on the left, and we halted a little beyond it. "They might loose off at us here," he said, "if they saw us, but if we rounded that spur a furlong down the road it would be simply asking for trouble." We turned back. "You'll see the whole country to-morrow from Spina Sukha," he said consolingly. "If we have rain to-night you may see Jalalabad."

On the way home Graeme inspected the Michni Kandao blockhouse, the last on the frontier. The line of white boulders on the hill across the dip were range-stones. Ten white stones at a thousand yards, nine at nine hundred. They are too big for Khyber marksmen to waste powder on, so there are small white slabs,

the size of your hat, laid parallel with them for rifle practice. I saw the men turn out to shoot. The Afridi on his own heath, or scree, is part of the earth, like a markhor or chamois; whether it is fanged rock or a shelf of sliding shale it is all the same. Elbow and knee are firm and easy as the rifle comes up and he takes his sight. One feels that the weapon is as much a provision of nature as horn, tooth, or claw. They shoot with a quiet glee. I could imagine the havildar saying as the dust flew up behind the mark, "There goes old Madghali: damnation on his soul! So perish all his kin."

When they had pounded the small white stone to pieces, Graeme climbed up the iron ladder into the blockhouse and I peeped in from the top rung. The sweet scent of a wood fire and hot chapatties greeted me from inside. The long, low-raftered room with the smooth boards, wooden supports, and ladder leading up by a trap-door to another floor, and above all the smell of the flour, reminded me of an old water-mill I had haunted in my youth. From my perch I looked down on the road we had come up, winding under the heavy clouds into Afghanistan. The cave-dwellers were herding their goats; we could see the thin line tailing into a black hole in the *khud*, and donkeys following laden with their thorny provender.

The Michni Kandao blockhouse was attacked in 1908, during the Mohmund cam-

paign, by a horde of Afghans. The garrison of forty had the time of their lives. The night was black as ink; the besiegers had got under the walls, and were laying a charge of gunpowder, when the Khyber men took off their shirts, soaked them in oil, and threw them over the parapet. In the flare they shot down twenty. Graeme was telling me about it when the havildar came up, and I was introduced. "My friend Mr —, Havildar Mir Ashgar—he comes from the Ratgal valley in the Kuka Khel country." We shook hands. He had a grip which warned me to get in first with the next man—the loose, perfunctory, hyper-civilised hand-grip is punished with cracked fingers. "May you never grow tired. You are the most welcome person," he said in Pushtu, and I asked for his "holy health" in an Urdu he did not understand. He had prepared tea for us—a good warming drink. When we had finished we laid our cups upside down on a board, implying a thirst eternally quenched, as etiquette required. Graeme signed a voucher for 135 rounds, checked the empty cartridge-cases, and we cantered off. The last picquets were coming in from the hills, and the last camel of the Kafila was being prodded and dragged along the road into the caravanserai as we entered the gate of the fort.

My hosts would not talk shop that night, but there was a man dining in the Mess from the Mahsud border, and he

told me how they settle up feuds there. When both sides are tired, they come to the Political. He had just presided at a kind of *jirgah*, in which Faction A and Faction B met. They have a kind of *nirik-nameh*, or tariff, like the list of current rates in the bazaar; but instead of grain and eggs and chickens the account is made up in the lives of men. A life here, a rape there, the theft of a bullock, are entered, discussed, and in most cases admitted by the offending party. When the palaver is finished and the items checked, the Political proceeds to strike them off, one against another, like a Bridge score. In this particular case it was found that the balance of offence lay with A Faction; but, as my friend put it, it amounted to little more than "rubber points," A owed B 150 rupees: both parties were genuinely glad of a settlement, and it was agreed that the representatives of A were to hand over the money to the representatives of B on the following Monday at noon, when, after some amiable formality, the feud would be declared at an end.

It was a broiling-hot day in June, and the Political's temper was not at its best when, after a ride of forty-three miles, he arrived at the little outpost that was to be the scene of the peacemaking. At noon the delegates had not put in an appearance; just as it was getting dark, men came in with the news that two irresponsible young blades of B Faction had

ambushed the messengers who carried the money, shot them, and made off with the spoil. The Political spoke a few terse words suitable to the occasion. He told the tribesmen in Pushtu that they were impossible, and said that he would wash his hands of the whole affair. But as the elders on both sides were still for peace and the readjustment of the *nirik-nameh*, he agreed to reopen the case—on one condition. The two “young sparks” were to be hunted down at once and despatched. To this B Faction did not demur, the young men’s heads were forfeit; the elders offered to bring them in to the Mess at——! It might seem that, with such eagerness for a settlement on both sides, peace was assured, but in the meanwhile the account had swollen.

The two messengers of A were to be added to the *hissab*<sup>1</sup>—a heavy item. The Political passed it; B admitted it, but at the same time put in for payment on account of the two “young sparks.” This the Political disallowed. The delegates, he said, were treacherously murdered; the “young sparks” were executed; it was an act of justice. But B Faction did not see the difference, so the fat was in the fire again.

“Swine-dogs,” was Graeme’s comment. These Waziris are savages. Imagine two Afridis haggling over a *nirik-nameh* before a magistrate like a pair of old apple-women.

The mere hint of the desire to avoid the obligations of honour is counted to a man’s shame in the Khyber.

## II.

Snow fell on the hills in the night, and there had been a sleety wind. When we got up in the morning we knew no film of dust or haze could veil Afghanistan. We rode out to Spina Sukha after lunch, over rolling plateaus, gradually ascending. The track we followed lying north and south, is used sometimes as a gun-running route between Kohat and the Mohmund country, and it must be crossed by raiders returning from the plains between the Khyber and the Kabul river. We passed a maze of little passes where

the track topped the ridge; it would take the best part of a company to picquet them, and even then the loopholes would be many by which these night-hawks might slip through. Nevertheless I would rather be a picquet than a raider. The upright form has little chance against the man lying tight under the rock. One shoots at sight, or the shot echoes the challenge; no one is out for good on these dark nights.

“Don’t you shoot the wrong man sometimes?” I asked Graeme.

“It did happen once, but it

<sup>1</sup> Bill.



was a useful life. It stopped night-walking in the neighbourhood, and made things simpler.... These chaps can't live on their fields," he added indulgently.

"No, of course not!"

Obviously. The crops were thin and problematical. We were riding in a narrow gully between two Shinwari villages, or groups of mud forts, each with its courtyard and loop-holed tower.

"What is that rickety little tower doing in the middle of the field?" I asked.

"It was put up by the old sportsman in the house on the left to guard his crop. He was at feud with the people in the first house in the village opposite. You see that stony path between. Well, that's all dead ground; the tower covers it." Graeme pointed out the remains of the trench along which the old man used to creep to cover.

"What started it?" I asked.

"It is always a woman or a boundary-stone. A woman, I think, in this case; his son was the Lothario. The youth came into our hospital with a bullet in his knee, lodged there by a cousin. It looked a bad case, but the Doctor mended him. "I suppose we will have your cousin in next," he said the day he sent him off. "Not if I get a shot at him," the lad answered. And he was quite solemn about it.

"Is the old chap dead?"

"No, I saw him the other day. They made up a truce, or the other paid blood-money. I forget which. By Jove, there he is."

As we rounded the corner of the fortified *haveli* we came upon a group of Shinwaris squatting on the ground, deep in some palaver. One of them, the most benevolent patriarchal-looking old gentleman, rose up and saluted the Kapitân Sahib. The others squatted stolidly and stared.

"He was one of our fellows," Graeme explained—"before my time, though. It was not a very big vendetta. The old chap himself has accounted for about fifteen; but it mounts up, of course, if you count collaterals."

Graeme stopped and talked and laughed with the patriarch, and I sat musing on my horse, admiring the bluish tint a thorn hedge has in this cold dry air. Outside the fortified wall of the house there were a few thin lines of corn between sandy spaces, like a field in High Hertfordshire. The crop looked as if it must wither before any moisture fell. The very tissue of the clouds seemed warped and dry, though the rocks glimmered with a slaty sheen as if freshly bathed in rain. The soil beyond the field was the skin-yellow of the ball of the foot. The crags above wore a faint veil of mauve. In this rocky setting the sparse corn-field with its single apricot-tree in full blossom clearly etched against the sky, the herd of goats, the fortified tower, the group of immobile tribesmen with their rifles slung at their backs, made up a mountain pastoral—a pastoral with no allurements, nothing soft in it to wean folk from

keen-edged reality or to lull them to dreams of any but first and last things.

Graeme told me as we rode away that the patriarch had been speaking of some young blade of his stock who had not been cut down in the family differences, and who thought of enlisting in the Rifles. I dwelt inwardly on the initial usefulness of a recruit from these villages, a lad who had been a mark for a bullet from his infancy, who could slip through an enemy's country with a quiet heart, and lie up like a hare in its form when the lead spattered against the stone by his side. I knew how he would slide his hand up to the bolt like a lover, his head becoming part of the still rock, and get his own shot in before he budged. Our border militia is made up of such stuff, and when they have learnt from us everything there is to know about the last rifle, we send them off to their homes.

Against these, when there is war, we bring men of diverse origin and training. Our own half-baked recruits will have to take his chance, a youth perhaps city-bred, born in tenements, amidst the smell of naphtha-lamps, tar, beer, and fried fish; municipally protected, unacquainted with anything more perilous than the kick of a coster's donkey or the fall of a brick. In youth his comings and goings have been guided by street names and policemen; he has moved along carefully aligned roads in rectilinear towns. He knows not the points of the compass

or the stars or the dreadful whisperings of night. Earth has had for him but two elevations, the pavement and the kerb—yet such is the resilient disposition of the breed, the inspired conceit, he will not be awed when he looks for the first time on her naked face, though he has no more instinct for cover than a brewer's dray-horse.

Urgency and the fulness of time may in the end make as good a man of him "at the end of a gun" as a border Pathan, but my respect for our officers increases when I think how nonchalantly they hold the passes and pray for "a show," though we may have a hundred and fifty thousand of these wolves on our flanks if the frontier rises when next we cross the Khyber.

Of course every Sahib believes in his own men, and it has been proved time after time that the English officer can count on the Pathans' loyalty. There are a number of Zakka Khels in the Khyber Rifles. When our punitive expedition entered their country in 1908 the Political called the tribesmen in the corps and told them he would not ask them to fight against their own blood. They might all take six months' leave if they liked, and no questions would be asked when they came back. The spirit of the offer appealed to them, and they stayed.

Our officers get on better with these tribesmen than they do with any Aryan stock, or with any Semitic stock domiciled within the border. "The

Pathan is more like an Englishman," they say, if you ask them why. Or, "They are such sporting fellows." And one wonders, remembering how bloody, treacherous, and ruthless they can be. Our code is not theirs. But the nature of a code is incidental; loyalty to it is the main thing. The small community that can hold together by an unwritten law and maintain its independence, if not saved, is at least "eligible for salvation," as my Babu friend would say.

They respect sanctuary and truce; but certain acts are followed by certain consequences. A blow to a man or an insult to a woman means death. The life of the aggressor is forfeit: it may be filched by any wile, and the feud extends to the blood-relations, male and female, on both sides. Being naked, sick, or asleep does not save one from a bullet in the back. This is not treachery but law; it is all part of the game and makes for alertness. I had not realised how general these vendettas are. It happens as often as not that when a man goes on leave from his regiment he must conceal the day he starts or he will be stalked like a mountain sheep, and once in his village he must lie up till it is time to go back and return by a circuitous route. Passion may keep a man's blood at the required heat, but it must be galling to be drawn into the quarrel of some fool of a collateral whom one values less than a round or two of cartridges. Yet the Pathan does not seem to mind his liberty

being circumscribed in this way.

"It is like milk in his tea," Graeme explained. "You see, they have no nerves. It is no strain to them to be always stalking and being stalked."

It is part of the day's work, though the feud may be a mere obligation, a matter of form with little passion in it. Peace, though rare, is not prized. The road is sanctuary, and a man whose house is near by can dig a trench to it and sit and smoke his *hugga* in the sun all day under his enemy's eye; yet the privilege does not seem to be valued highly. The tribesman's tower and courtyard are bounds sufficient for his body and spirit, and when there is ploughing or reaping the need will be common and a truce can easily be patched up. In the regiment, I think, they are glad to ease the strain. Here the unwritten law is inviolable. Even when the sore is new or revived the man is safe; his blood enemy will stay his hand when it is against the code to shoot. A man may have to watch philosophically in a lonely picquet all night with the muzzle of his rifle against the side of his heart's abhorrence, whom he has been lying-up for in his village, and whom he will lie up for again. The psychology of such meditation under the stars is a subject made for a poet's hand.

As for the Sahib, there is always the chance of a *ghazi* in the regiment. The present Commandant of the Khyber Rifles was shot through the stomach at point-blank range

in the verandah of his mess; the bullet passed through his back, and he survived by a miracle. Graeme pointed me out a youth who was road-making in the Pass, another visionary perhaps like the Wana assassin, but ridden by gentler spooks. The lad, whose name was Dhandal, had an honest dreamy face. He had been in the Khyber Rifles, but he had to leave, as he saw fairies. They came to him awake and asleep. They visited him once on sentry duty, and he challenged Graeme three times, but did not seem to hear his "Friend." He started after him in stealthy pursuit, with his loaded rifle stretched out as if he meant to bayonet him in the back. A subaltern following saw what was going on, and was just in time to snatch the rifle from him. He remembered nothing of it when the fairies left him, and was very unhappy when he had to leave the regiment and take up road-work instead of soldiering, although it meant fifteen rupees a month instead of nine.

I wondered how a sociologist would place these tribesmen. He might describe their state as a kind of socialism, because privilege is unknown among them, unless it is the privilege of being more manly than one's neighbour, or of having a finer sight to one's rifle, or a more cleanly-sliding bolt, things acquired by inherent manhood more often than by heredity. Or he might describe them as individualists, because public

opinion is sufficient control for them without law. Collectively the tribes preserve an easy federalism; among themselves they are individualists in times of peace, socialists in a tribal emergency—a simple solution of difficulties, and one denied to more complex organisms. Theirs is the social state from which we are so feverishly flying. No two political ideals could be more antithetical than those of the patriarch and Mr Lloyd George. Yet both are idealists. A border village might stand for the visualised hell of beadleism; and hell or bedlam to these blades would be a community in which one is pampered, protected, salaried, pensioned, insured, where men are given a money payment in a public law court by way of compensation for the infidelity of their wives.

The path broke up and we dismounted and walked through thorns to Spina Sukha. To be with a keen man on his own ground and to get him to talk about his work is an experience I always covet, especially when it is work which calls for the handling of men under conditions in which personality counts for more than the machine. I learnt much on that hill about raids and feuds and the heart of a Pathan.

At five in the evening we stood on the spur and looked across the wide plain of Afghanistan to where the distant clouds hid the summits of the Hindu Kush. There had

been rain across the frontier; I can think of no image to describe how clean and new-bathed the country looked. Dakka lay right under us among the corn-fields by the Kabul river, and Lalpura, the nearest Afghan cantonment, a few miles beyond. We could see where the Kabul road makes the great bend westward, skirting low hills and marsh, and farther to the north-west the dark patch of wood and rock that shadows Jalalabad. As a new chart in the mental Atlas one likes to carry about in one's head, it was the most satisfying view I had seen.

The next day we turned our faces southwards. Two hours in a motor-car took us over the Pass, back to modernity and the hot forced air of progress. We were received again by the unhappy land of whose troubles we have made ourselves co-heirs. Right in the path from Jamrud to Peshawur, as if to remind us of our joint inheritance, stands an enormous towered college. It is yet in the building, but it is to be the forcing-house of the new generation. Young men are to come here from over the frontier to "gentle their condition," to acquire by mild persuasion a culture and code which, as Graeme put it, has only been rubbed into us with great difficulty, and after some centuries, at the end of a stick. As far as the training of character goes, they have worked out a system for them-

selves, which at least ensures the young barbarian an inherent manliness, self-reliance, respect for his parents, loyalty to tradition. In the place of this we invite them to seek a spurious salvation. The state of mind of a Mahsud B.A. is unthinkable, whether he returns to eat his heart out in his village, scorned and scornful, or remains to drive a degenerate quill in a Government office. Allah never meant him for a *vakil*. One cannot picture him taking his stand with his Indian cousin on "platforms" whose figurative "planks" groan under the weight of ideals, principles, aspirations, causes—all that is at war with common-sense. I have an impious hope that the Moral Reader may never find its way into the patriarch's house or divert the disciplinary bullet a hair's-breadth.

In Peshawur I asked a Hindu why they were building this great Muhammadan college, and he told me among other things that it was to bring "civilised blessing of peace upon benighted frontier," to "soften turbulent tribesman," to "ameliorate his condition," and to "render him amenable to law." Nevertheless I gathered that this fostering of Islam was viewed with suspicion by his community. The man who is a Hindu first and a Nationalist afterwards, resents it. He knows that if these tribesmen are gathered into the net of "progress," there will be no more talk of a pampered Muhammadan

minority or of Islam going to the wall in a premature Swaraj. But the extremist, if he still exists, must be laughing in his sleeve, for it is as impolitic as it is unkind to hybridise the Pathan. It is better for us to have hordes of declared freebooters on our flanks, whom we can fight and understand, than an intriguing hybrid people who will traffic with the enemy

inside our gates. Heaven defend us from an agitated frontier, sensitive to political catchwords, jealous of privilege, suspicious of grievances, sucking its wisdom from the lips of demagogues and lawyers! It will be a sad day when the jolly urchin, who flings us his *starri mshai*, "May you never grow tired!" across the road, greets us with a pert "Good marning!"

#### A PROPHET WITH HONOUR.

##### I.

THERE are certain men whom I meet who, professedly from a compelling sense of the romantic, but really, I think, from an overmastering desire to grumble, maintain that the advent of the British to India has been in many ways a disaster to that long-suffering country. It has banished, in their view, all the glamour—awful word—of the East, it has crushed all the pretty native superstitions. These people have rarely seen the East, so it is not worth while telling them that the native superstitions were not invariably pretty, or that, so far as the Anglo-Indian is concerned, the glamour of the East is often apt to begin and end with the conjurer who comes on board at Port Said. They will, if at all encouraged, wax mightily eloquent. "How," they will say—I quote my friend Dawson of the Carriers Club, but they are all much

alike—"How can it be otherwise? How can superstition hold or magic live by the side of rattling railway trains or the hooting of English motors?" Normally I hear them out in silence, but once in a way they will provoke me too far. Then, just to show what a difference the railway has made, and how free are it and its officials from any but mundane considerations, I will perhaps tell them of the strange journey of B 16 Intermediate from Kondacole to Hylarpet on a certain night of May.

To tell the tale with any effect one must go back a long way, and it is perhaps well to begin with M'Guinness, the Chief Traffic Superintendent of the Line—I am not going to tell you what Line—at Kondacole. Kondacole is the big junction and Section Headquarters where the West Deccan line catches on to the main just before the big bridge

over the Amganeru, and across this bridge the trains go rumbling out south to Hylarpet, which is the other end of the section. Hylarpet is a horrid sandy place, very hot and glaring, and Kondacole is much the same—a great ramification of sidings and loop-lines laid down on the bare sand, into which urgent goods traffic may be shunted and forgotten for weeks at a time. M'Guinness's office was a little tiled two-room building dumped down on a patch of sand in the middle of this labyrinth; and in it, deafened by the crashing of waggons all around him, and driven forth at times blaspheming by the strange odours of cargoes halted outside his door, M'Guinness sat and superintended traffic.

M'Guinness, you must understand, was a man utterly devoid of all imagination, and he would no more have thought of allowing the supernatural to interfere with his projects than he would have set a dynamite block in front of the Madras Mail. He was a bachelor and a man of absolute routine. He was a small man, with a reddish face and a neglected moustache, and you could see at a glance that he was just such a butcher of romance and extinguisher of glamour as my friend Dawson above mentioned would most bitterly deplore. Every evening he rattled up to the club on an evil-smelling motor-cycle, sat for two hours on the bastion with the two missionaries and the Executive Engineer and

the Assistant Superintendent of Police, drank a good deal, and rattled home to dinner about nine o'clock. His talk was solely of railway shop and official transfers, and the temperature; sometimes, if the missionaries were absent, he told strange anecdotes of the type in which his class delights. This is all of no importance, but it serves to show what manner of man M'Guinness was; and M'Guinness's character is noteworthy, because it set the tone and keynote to the whole Section. They were entirely under his thumb; and I firmly believe that if M'Guinness had asserted the existence of a blue devil on the Amganeru bridge, not a Eurasian ticket-clerk or guard from Kondacole to Hylarpet but would have admitted it was so. Mercifully it was the last thing he was likely to do. If you had asked him his grievance, he would probably have replied that it was the Assistant Superintendent of Police's inability to play bridge; he certainly would not have told you that he was the victim of magical and uncanny prophets. Yet so he was.

On a hot morning, when M'Guinness, more than usually short of temper, sat in his unpleasant office, there entered to him a tall and stately Brahman making reverent salaams. He was an astonishingly good-looking old man, with the curiously tranquil expression of Brahmans after middle age, and he spoke in English in a soft voice.

"Your honour," said he, "I am the nephew of the astrologer Venkata Raidu, of whom your honour has doubtless heard."

"Eh?" said M'Guinness uncivilly, going on with his work. "No, never heard of him." To do him justice, he expected this to be merely the preamble to the usual complaint of overcrowded trains, mixed company, or the like.

"My own name is Venkata Rama," went on the Brahman. "My uncle has taught me the knowledge of the stars. Last night I studied the stars."

"Three stars, I should think," said M'Guinness. It was an imbecile joke, but it put him in a good humour and disposed him to hear the rest of his visitor's remarks, which was well.

"I learn by the stars," said the Brahman, "that your rail is in danger. A misfortune will happen, which you may still avert. But if no precautions are taken, then assuredly the A 8 train"—that was the night Madras Mail—"will tomorrow night be destroyed by God."

"Look here," began M'Guinness truculently, but the Brahman stopped him with a gesture.

"Have patience, your honour," said he. "Even I can tell you where it will be. I learn from the stars that it will occur, this terrible calamity, at the three hundredth mile and the seventh furlong. Unfortunately——"

M'Guinness stopped him,

grinning. He had a rough sort of humour, and he deemed this a suitable occasion to exercise it.

"I learn from the stars," said he, "that I'm uncommon busy this morning. You may take leave."

The Brahman grasped the arms of the office chair in which he sat, and gazed at M'Guinness with extraordinary earnestness.

"I will explain to your honour," said he, and burst, after a moment's hesitation, into a torrent of Sanscrit, with many uncouth noises. It was the last straw.

"Oh, *po! po!*" roared M'Guinness, less from intent to be rude than from lack of knowledge of the politer linguistic forms, and waved him bodily out of the office and thought no more of it.

Now the subsequent facts, carefully elicited, are these. At a quarter to eleven the following night the Madras Mail drew into Kondacole in pride and glory, like a small thunderstorm. At eleven sharp it went roaring and blazing out across the Amganeru bridge and away into the night. Midway between Kondacole and Hylarpet—that is to say, just short of Indole station,—for no reason that any one could discover, it piled itself up in wreckage and disaster. They said that the track had spread, perhaps owing to the heat, perhaps not. Be that as it may, the smash was colossal. There were two big iron vans in front, and these jammed on



the wreck of the tender, and upon them the light wooden carriages pitched and shattered one after another. The death rate was confined to third and second class passengers—which was fortunate, inasmuch as there were several Personages of Government on the train—but among these it was appalling. It was far and away the worst thing that ever happened on the line. Even the big

landslide at Hettiapur was nothing to it.

But the thing that caused M'Guinness's hair to stand on end was simply this—that the big black engine, plunging off the track, rooted up and pitched into an adjacent paddy-field the seven furlong stone of the three hundredth mile. And there it lay staring at M'Guinness when he came down to Indole first thing in the morning.

## II.

The proverbial ill wind held good in the case of the Indole disaster. That sorry business shook the credit of the line for many a day, and spread a gloom over two districts; but one man made capital out of it that lasted him a lifetime. I suppose the next year or two are chiefly memorable in the minds of a certain stratum of the populace for the astonishing rise of Venkata Rama the prophet. Venkata Rama, after leaving M'Guinness, had advertised the disaster well in Kondacole and in Buddiapetta, and even as far away as Imanabad. It is impossible to compute the number of people who knew that he had said it would happen. Of course he was examined and cross-examined and re-examined, but on all occasions he stuck to what he had said to M'Guinness—he had learnt it from the stars. He produced strange volumes, and drew maddening diagrams and made endless Sanscrit explanations

which explained nothing. His astrology was genuine enough, because when they brought a great man from Madras to confute him it was a lamentable failure, the great man declaring that he felt much refreshed and enlightened by the conversation, and adding further testimonials. In the end they had to send Venkata Rama away with his reputation made for all time.

As for M'Guinness, he managed to live through it and no more. Had he had any imagination, I suppose he would certainly have gone mad; as it was, he stayed on where he was and did his work fairly efficiently.

The native mind, like all popular minds, is a thing of curious tendencies. Great movements sweep over it and touch it not; years of vivid argument and demonstration leave it where it was, but some small thing catches its fancy and is magnified into half the world. So it was

with Venkata Rama : he caught the popular mind. I well believe that if he had never prophesied again his reputation would have gone on undiminished. As it was, by dint of some further fortunate prognostications with regard to weather and crops, and a lucky shot over the cholera epidemic at Patallem, he had the credit of having prophesied every single event that occurred in the district. As a rule, he hedged to the extent of prophesying "unless so and so were done," and as his instructions were always complied with to the letter, his name was rather enhanced than otherwise when nothing happened. I do not know how much money he made ; but his nephew was married in the hot weather a year after the Indole disaster, and I happened to see the procession. It was an illuminating comment on the profits to be drawn from successful astrology.

On the top of it all came his prophecies with regard to the wretched affair of poor young Ellis—that same Assistant Superintendent of Police whose ignorance of bridge so vexed M'Guinness. I am convinced myself that the prophecy was merely general—that the prophet only said Ellis would come to a sudden end, as many another of us had said before him ; but the District had it that time and place were specified to the last detail and circumstance. Ellis was given to tearing about the

countryside on a motor bicycle at a pace that was simply criminally insane, and one evening at dusk, on the high revetment above the Am-ganeru, he ran full tilt into a wandering buffalo and went down the revetment, buffalo, bicycle, and all. He was killed on the spot, and within the hour we heard at the Club that Venkata Rama had so foretold it. M'Guinness was there, and for the first time in history he thoroughly lost control, and, disregarding the missionaries, blasphemed with absolute abandon.

And then, less than a fortnight after Ellis's funeral, Venkata Rama walked into M'Guinness's office and prophesied the fate of B 16 Intermediate, specifying again mile and furlong with the utmost accuracy. This time M'Guinness heard him to the end, and then collapsed in his uncomfortable office-chair.

"Boy!" said he (he always had a servant sitting outside his office), "take this chap away and give me a drink."

Now, no one but a raving madman drinks two stiff brandy-and-sodas hard on top of one another at eleven of a May morning at Kondacole, but that is what M'Guinness did. This is interesting, because it is the first step or symptom of that panic that burst and ran and spread over the whole section from Kondacole through Raxpur and Indole and Ramanattaram and right down to Hylarpet. Hayes, the engineer in charge of the

section, who came up post-haste, told me—I happened to be there—that a sort of hush had fallen in which you seemed to hear teeth chattering all along the line. Hayes, however, was imaginative.

As I said, I happened to be in Kondacole on that memorable night when B 16 Intermediate was due to start off upon her doom at 22.15—that is to say, in decent European language, at a quarter past ten. I met M'Guinness at the Club earlier in the evening; he had drunk an amazing quantity, but he was a very sober man to talk to. He professed to be thankful to see any one who had nothing to do with the railway, and we had a long talk till the missionaries came.

"The train'll run," said M'Guinness. "And if any-

thing smashes her it'll be something I can't stop."

Presently he implored me to tell him if I thought he was making a fool of himself.

"The precautions we've taken would surprise you," said he. "And I suppose you think we're a lot of hysterical asses. But I'm doing it for the best. And I hope to God I've done right."

I told him I certainly thought he had, and he was inordinately pleased and grateful.

There was panic in the air even then, you see. I daresay it strikes you as extremely absurd—all this because of a half-crazy native astrologer; but remember what happened before, and remember about Ellis, and try to put yourself in M'Guinness's place when Venkata Rama came into his office for the second time.

### III.

I know now that I shall never be sufficiently grateful for the chance that brought me to Kondacole on that celebrated evening; it was an illuminating experience. I went down to the station with M'Guinness, who was now in a state bordering on insanity, after a meagre and unsatisfactory dinner, and at first I was inclined to think it was going to be a failure. The long platforms stretched out as usual, the shunting waggons banged and jostled in the yards under the big arc-lights, and of B 16, as was natural at that early hour,

there was no sign whatever. Presently, however, one became aware of a tension in the air, of ticket inspectors and gang foremen standing about in knots, of Hayes wandering about cursing aimlessly, and suddenly—in my case—of a huge and absolutely silent crowd of natives gazing in upon us through the railings. I think it was the silence of that usually uproarious gathering that first brought it home to me; and then in a flash I saw that nothing was really as it should be, and that black fear had laid hold of every

soul in the yards. I ask you to bear in mind, for the sake of the point of this story, that this and the other things were due not to insurrection or invasion or even an ordinary strike, but simply to the fact that an old and probably half-imbecile Brahman had "learnt from the stars" that a train would be wrecked that night.

B 16 backed down into her appointed dook half an hour behind time, and the lamp the guard held up to guide her danced about in the air like a will-o'-the-wisp. Usually she was drawn by a powerful tank engine, but to-night they had coupled on two huge express locomotives, rearing under a head of steam that seemed like to lift them off the ground. The faces of the Eurasian drivers were the faces of men going to execution. The engine that had drawn the Madras Mail of fatal memory had come on fresh at Kondacole, and had been driven by a Eurasian called Lake, and this bird of ill omen had been sitting in the drivers' sheds for a good two hours back. When his engine went off the rails, Lake had been flung twenty yards into a prickly-pear hedge, and ever afterwards he walked with a limp, and looked as if he had had smallpox. It is certain that the tale of the Indole disaster never lost anything by Lake's telling, and I suppose that to-night he had told it about twenty times. Now the whole section from Kondacole to Hylarpet had been patrolled since daybreak, there

was nothing visibly wrong anywhere, and at the place of the prophecy huge flares had been alight since dark fell; everybody knew this perfectly well, and yet nothing could get B 16 to take the road. In the end, an hour after starting time, the two drivers came rather sheepishly and asked for a pilot engine.

There was another nerve-racking delay, and at last a donkey-engine, with Hayes himself in command—no one else would go—came shrieking down from the sheds, and took up position fifty yards ahead of B 16. Hayes was speechlessly angry, but cheerful withal.

"If you were me sitting on this engine," said he, "you'd feel the prize ass of India this night."

I said something about wise precautions, and Hayes snorted.

"The only thing that's likely to happen to-night," said he, "is that these dithering idiots behind 'll drive their train on to the top of me."

B 16 eventually drew out, just after half-past twelve, with nine empty third-class carriages and four first or second class passengers. These were Beadman, the missionary, who had to get to a meeting at Hylarpet; the Zamindar of Ramanattaram, who knew nothing about the prophecy, and fell asleep the moment he got into the train; and M'Guinness, who thought he would go mad if he stayed behind. The fourth passenger was a rather incoherent person, who

appeared at the last moment: we eventually gathered that he was a professional rival of Venkata Rama, who had pledged his reputation that nothing would happen to the train, and was willing to stake his life on it as well. M'Guinness and the missionary shared a compartment, and the missionary made M'Guinness his enemy for life by falling asleep soon after they crossed the Amganeru.

I went to the very end of the platform and watched them go. They went out at a crawl, the pilot shrieking in front, and the two express engines hooting dismally after. The empty carriages bumped past me one by one, and lurched with a grinding noise over the diamond crossing; then gradually the tail-lights dwindled into the dark, there was a tremendous deal of desultory whistling, and then at last the deep rumble of the bridge. But quite a while afterwards,

when I was almost back at the rest-house, the shrill scream of Hayes's pilot came back faintly from somewhere a mile or two down the line.

Of course nothing happened to them: short of the direct interference of a divine or hellish agency, nothing could have happened to them. They made Hylarpet nine hours behind time, going gaily and all inordinately cheerful: day had found them somewhere on the far side of Indole, and they had actually passed the danger-point when the first streaks of dawn were showing up. Hayes left his engine at Hylarpet and went to find M'Guinness. They looked at each other, I am told, saying nothing, and went off in search of breakfast.

This seems an incredible tale. I venture to suggest that if the Dawson theory were indeed true, and the Railway had so completely crushed the "pretty native superstitions," it would be. But it happened.

#### IV.

At the cost of a postscript and an anticlimax and an explanation, and everything else that is bad, I now find it incumbent upon me to shatter the great name of Venkata Rama. As I have hinted, none of his prophecies were so very puzzling, save the first and most successful—that of the Indole disaster. The solution of this, too, appeared not so long after the escape of B 16. It came out through the blunders of a

gentleman called Sunnyasayya, who was discovered in the act of placing an infernal machine under the seat of a first-class compartment in which a Very Exalted Personage was about to travel. The subsequent disclosures of Mr Sunnyasayya implicated a number of suspected and a few very much unsuspected persons.

I imagine that without further details on an unpleasant subject you will now be able to

guess how Venkata Rama received his information as to the probability of a disaster at Indole. I told you there were Dignitaries in the train. Why he quarrelled with his anarohistic friends is a question still largely open to speculation: I have heard that there were financial reasons. Reasons are usually financial in India. I suppose it occurred to him suddenly that he was in a strong position. If M'Guinness listened to him and took precautions, he scored off his late friends; if not, he seemed likely to make a considerable fortune as a prophetic genius. Having no great opinion of Venkata Rama's clemency, I cannot suppose he was disappointed at the turn things took.

The affair of B 16 is for ever a mystery. It is incredible that an attempt such as the former could have been in

contemplation, or, if it had been, that Venkata Rama would know of it. Unless he "merely did it to annoy," or to amuse himself, there seems no obvious reason to account for it. It brought him great kudos, as his agitations were believed to have saved the lives of many of his countrymen. Perhaps he had persuaded himself that he really was a prophet and saw this in the stars. Or perhaps there really would have been an accident . . .

But when Dawsons talk of the railway as a thing the breath of superstition or fancy could never touch, I am transported back to that black Sunday when Fear fell upon Kondacole, and I stand in spirit on the end of the dark platform and listen to the gloomy rumble of B 16 going out across the Amganeru bridge.

HILTON BROWN.

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## NICKY-NAN, RESERVIST.

BY "Q."

## CHAPTER X.—THE VICAR'S MISGIVINGS.

MRS STEELE, the Vicar's wife—a refined, shy little woman, somewhat austere in self-discipline and her own devotional exercises, but incapable of harsh judgment upon any other living soul—had spent Bank Holiday in writing letters and addressing them (from a list drawn up in long consultation with her husband) to "women-workers" of all denominations in the parish, inviting them to meet in the Vicarage drawing-room at 3.30 P.M. on Wednesday, to discuss "what steps (if any) could be taken to form sewing-parties, ambulance classes, &c.," and later to partake of afternoon tea.

The list was a depressing one, and not only because it included the names of Mrs Polsue and Miss Oliver. "It makes my heart sink," Mrs Steele confessed. "I hadn't realised till now, dear, how lonely we are—after five years, too—in this parish. Three out of every four are Nonconformists. It seems absurd, my taking the chair," she added wistfully. "Most likely they will wonder—even if they don't ask outright—what business I have to be showing the lead in this way."

The Vicar kissed his wife.

"Let them wonder. And if they ask—but they won't, being west-country and well-mannered—I shall be here to answer."

"I wish you would answer them before they start to ask. That would be running no risks. A few words from you, just to explain and put them at their ease——"

He laughed. "Cunning woman!" said he, addressing an invisible audience. "She means, 'to put *her* at her ease,' by taking over the few well-chosen remarks expected of the chairwoman. . . . My dear, I know you will be horribly nervous, and it would be easy enough for me to do the talking. But I am not going to, and for two reasons. To begin with, you will do it better——"

"My dear Robert!"

"Twice as effectively—and all the more effectively if you contrive to break down. *That* would conciliate them at once; for it would be evident proof that you disliked the job."

"I don't quite see."

"The religion of these good people very largely consists in shaping their immortal souls against the grain: and I admire it, in a sense, though on the whole it's not comparable with ours, which works towards

God by love through a natural felicity. Still, it is disciplinary, and this country will have great use for it in the next few months. To do everything you dislike, and do it thoroughly, will carry you quite a long way in war-time. The point at which Protestantism becomes disreputable is when you so far yield to loving your neighbour that you start chastising his sins to the neglect of your own. I have never quite understood why charity should begin at home, but I am sure that discipline ought to: and I sometimes think it ought to stay there."

"That Mrs Polsue has such a disapproving face! . . . I wonder she ever brought herself to marry."

"If you had only been following my argument, Agatha, you would see that probably she had no time for repugnance, being preoccupied in getting the poor fellow to do what he disliked. . . . Secondly——"

"Oh! A sermon!"

"Secondly," pursued the Vicar with firmness, "this War is so great a business that, to my mind, it just swallows up—effaces—all scruples and modesties and mock-modesties about precedence and the like. If any one sees a job that wants doing, and a way to put it through, he will simply have no time to be humble and let another man step before him. The jealousies and the broken pieces of Etiquette can be left to be picked up after the smoke has cleared away; and by that

time, belike, they will have cleared away with the smoke. Do you remember that old story of Hans Andersen's, about the gale that altered the signboards? Well, I prophesy that a good many signboards will be altered by this blow, up and down England, perhaps even in our little parish. If it teach us at all to see things as they are, we shall all be known, the rest of our lives, for what we proved ourselves to be in 1914."

"I saw in this morning's paper," said Mrs Steele, "that over at Troy they have an inn called the King of Prussia, and the Mayor and Corporation think of changing its name."

"Yes," said her husband gravely; "the Kaiser wrote to the Town Clerk suggesting the Globe as more appropriate: but the Town Council, while willing to make some alteration, is divided between the Blue Boar and the Boot. . . . But that reminds me. If I am to attend your meeting, let us call in the Wesleyan Minister as a set off. There's nothing makes a Woman's Meeting so womanly as a sprinkling of ministers of religion."

"Robert, you are talking odiously, and you know it. I hate people to be satirical or sarcastic. To begin with, I never understand what they mean, so that I am helpless as well as uncomfortable."

The Vicar had taken a step or two to the bay-window, where, with hands thrust within his trouser-pockets, he stood



staring gloomily out on the bright flower-beds that, next to the comeliness and order of her ministering to the Church,—garnishing of the altar, lustration of the holy vessels, washing and mending of vestments,—were the pride of Mrs Steele's life.

“See how the flowers, as at parade,  
Under their colours stand display'd :  
Each regiment in order grows,  
That of the tulip, pink, and rose.—  
O thou, that dear and happy Isle,  
The garden of the world erstwhile,  
Thou Paradise of the four seas  
Which Heaven planted us to please,  
But, to exclude the world, did guard  
With wat'ry, if not flaming, sword ;  
Unhappy ! shall we never more  
That sweet militia restore ?  
When gardens only had their towers,  
And all the garrisons were flowers. . . .”

He murmured Marvell's lines to himself and, with a shake of the shoulders coming out of his brown study, swung around to the writing-table again.

“Dear, I beg your pardon ! . . . The truth is, I feel savage with myself: and, being a condemned non-combatant, I vented it on the most sensitive soul I could find, knowing it to be gentle, and taking care (as you say) to catch and render it helpless.” He groaned. “Yes, yes—I am a brute! Even now I am using that same tone which you detest. You do right to detest it. But will it comfort you a little to know that when a man takes that tone, often enough it's because he too feels helpless as well as angry? ‘Mordant’ is the word, I believe: which means that the poor fool bites *you* to get his teeth into himself.”

She rose from her writing-

chair and touched him by the arm.

“Robert!” she appealed.

“Oh, yes—‘What is the matter with me?’ . . . Nothing—or, in other words, Everything—that is to say, this War.”

“It's terrible, of course; but I don't see——” She broke off. “Is it the War itself that upsets you, or the little we can do to help? If *that's* your trouble, why, of course it was silly of me to worry you just now about my being nervous of facing these people. But we're only at the beginning——”

“Agatha!” The Vicar drew a hand from his pocket, laid it on his wife's shoulder, and looked her in the eyes. “Don't I know that, if the call came, you would face a platoon? It's I who am weak. This War——” He stared out of the window again.

“It is a just War, if ever there was one. . . . Robert, you don't doubt *that*, surely! Forced on us—— Why, you yourself used to warn me, when I little heeded, that the Germans were preparing it, that ‘the Day’ must come sooner or later: for they would have it so.”

“That's true enough.”

“So positive about it as you were then, proving to me that their Naval Estimates could spell nothing else! . . . And now that it has come, what is the matter with *us*? Have *we* provoked it? Have *we* torn up treaties? Had you, a week ago—had any one we know—the smallest desire for it?”

“Before God, we had not.

The English people—I will swear to it, in this corner of the land—had no more quarrel with the Germans than I have with you at this moment. Why, we saw how the first draft—the Naval Reservists—went off last Sunday. In a kind of stupor, they were. But wars are made by Governments, Agatha; never by peoples.”

“And our Government—much as I detest them for their behaviour to the Welsh Church—our Government worked for peace up to the last.”

“I honestly believe they did. I am sure they did . . . up to the last, as you say. The question is, *Were they glad or sorry when they didn't bring it off?*”

“Robert!”

“I am trying—as we shall all have to try—to look at things as they are. This trouble has been brewing ever since the South African War, . . . and for ten years at least Germany has been shaping up for a quarrel which we have hoped to decline. On a hundred points of preparation they are ready and we are not; they have probably sown this idle nation with their spies as they sowed France before 1870: they make no more bones about a broken oath or two to-day than they made about forging the Ems telegram. They are an unpleasant race,—the North Germans, at least—and an uncivilised—”

“They make the most appalling noises with their soup. . . . Do you remember that German baron at the *table d'hôte* at Genoa?”

“The point is that, with all

their thoroughness in plotting, they have no *savoir faire*; they are educated beyond the capacity of their breeding; and the older, lazier, civilised nations have—as the saying is—caught the barbarian stiff. It is—as you choose to look at it—a tragedy of tactlessness or a triumph of tact; and for our time, anyway, the last word upon the Church of Christ—call it Eastern or Western, Roman, Lutheran, or Anglican.”

Mrs Steele looked at her husband earnestly. “If you believe that—”

“But I do believe it,” he interrupted.

“If you believe that,” she persisted, “I can understand your doubting, even despairing over a hundred things. . . . But below it all I feel that you are angry with something deeper.”

“Eh?”

“With something in yourself.”

“Yes, you're right,” he answered savagely. “You shall know what it is,” said he, on the instant correcting himself to tenderness, “when I've taken hat and stick and gone out and wrestled with it.”

As luck would have it, on his way down the hill he encountered Mr Hambly, and delivered his message.

“The notion is that we form a small Emergency Committee. Here at home, in the next few weeks or months, many things will want doing. For the most important, we must keep an eye on the wives and fam-

ilies whose breadwinners have gone off to fight; see that they get their allotments of pay and separation allowances; and administer as wisely as we can the relief funds that are already being started. Also the ladies will desire, no doubt, to form working-parties, make hospital shirts, knit socks, tear and roll lint for bandages. My wife even suggests an ambulance class; and I have written to Mant, at St Martins, who may be willing to come over (say) once a-week and teach us the rudiments of 'First Aid' on the chance—a remote one, I own—that one of these days we may get a boat-load of wounded at Polpier. I'll admit, too, that all these preparations may well strike you as petty, and even futile. But they may be good, anyhow, for our own souls' health. They will give us a sense of helping."

Mr Hambly took off his spectacles and wiped them, for his eyes were moist. "Do you know," said he, smiling, "that I was on my way to visit you with a very similar proposal? . . . Now, as you are a good thirty years younger than I, and, moreover, have been springing downhill while I have been toiling laboriously up, it's providential——"

—"That I took duty for you and did the long-windedness," put in the Vicar with a laugh. "And I haven't quite finished yet. The idea is (I should add) that, as in politics, so with our religious differences, we all declare a truce

of God. In Heaven's name let us all pull together for once and forget our separation of creeds."

The Minister rubbed his eyes gently; for the trouble, after all, seemed to be with them and not with his spectacles.

"And I ought to add," said he, "that the first suggestion of such a Committee came from the ladies of my congregation. The only credit I can claim is for a certain obstinacy in resisting those who would have confined the effort to our Society. . . . Most happily I managed to prevail—and it was none the easier because I happen just now to be a little out of odour with some of the more influential members of what I suppose must be termed my 'flock.'"

"Yes: I heard that your sermon last Sunday had caused a scandal. What was it you said? That, in a breakdown of Christianity like the present, we might leave talk of the public-houses and usefully consider Sunday closing of churches and chapels—or something of the sort."

"Was it in that form the report reached you?" the Minister asked with entire gravity. "There is an epigrammatist abroad in Polpier, and I have never been able to trace him—or her. But it is the truth—and it may well have leaked out in my discourse—that I feel our services to have lost their point and our ministrations their savour. . . . I—I beg your pardon," he corrected himself: "I should have said 'my ministrations.'"

"Not at all. . . . Do you suppose I have not been feeling with you—that all our business has suddenly turned flat, stale, unprofitable?"

"It is a natural discouragement. . . . Let us own it to none until we have found our hearts again. I see now that even that hint of it in my sermon was a momentary lapse of loyalty. Meanwhile I clutch on this proposal of yours. It will give us all what we most want—a sense of being useful."

The Vicar stepped back a pace and eyed him. Then, on an impulse—

"Hambly," he said, "you have to hear Confession. I am going to tell you something I have kept secret even from my wife. . . . I have written to the Bishop asking his permission to volunteer for service."

"May God bring you safely back, my friend! If I were younger. . . . And the Army will want Chaplains."

"But I am not offering myself as a chaplain."

"How, then?"

"I am asking leave to *fight*. . . . Don't stare, man; and don't answer me until you have heard my reasons. Well, you have read your newspaper and must have noted how, all over Britain, the bishops, clergy, and ministers of all denominations are turning themselves into recruiting sergeants and urging men to fight. You note how they preach this War as a War in defence of Law, in defence of Right against Might, a War for the cause of humanity, a War for an ideal. In to-day's paper it has even become a

War against War. . . . Well, if all this be true, why should I as a priest be denied my share in the Crusade? Why should I be forbidden to lay down my life in what is, to these people, so evidently my Master's service? Why should it be admirable—nay, a fundamental of manhood—in Tom and Dick and Harry to play the Happy Warrior life-size, but reprehensible in *me*? Or again, look at it in *this* way.—You and I, as ministers of the Gospel, have gone about preaching it (pretty ineffectively, to be sure) for a Gospel of Peace. Well now, if these fellows are right, it turns out that we have been wrong all the time, and the sooner we make amends, by carrying a gun, the better. Any way—priest or no priest—I have in me certain scruples which deter me from telling Tom or Dick or Harry to take a gun and kill a man, and from scolding him if he is not quick about it, while I myself am not proposing to take the risk or earn the undying honour—or the guilt—whichever it may be."

"My mind moves slowly," said the Minister after a pause, during which the Vicar drew breath. "And often, when confronted in a hurry with an argument which I dislike but see no present way to controvert, I fall back for moral support on the tone of the disputant. . . . I have a feeling at this moment that you are in the wrong, somewhere and somehow, because you are talking like an angry man."

"So my wife assured me, half

an hour ago. . . . Then let me put it differently and with a sweet reasonableness. If this War be a Holy War, why may I not share actively in it? Or on what principle, if the military use of weapons be right for a layman, should it be wrong for a clergyman? What differentiates us?"

"In a vague way," said the Minister, "I see that a great deal may differentiate you. Suppose, now, I were to ask what separates you from a layman, that you should have a right, which you deny him, to pronounce the Absolution. You will answer me, and in firm faith, that by a laying-on of hands you have inherited—in direct succession from the Apostles—a certain particular virtue. You know me well enough by this time to be sure that, while doubting your claim, I respect its sincerity. . . . It is a claim, at least, which has silently endured through thousands of generations of men, to reassert itself quietly, times and again, after many hundreds of accesses of human madness. . . . I do not press

the validity of *my* mission, which derives what sanction it may merely from a general spiritual tradition of the race. But yours is special, you say; by it *you* are consecrated, separated, reserved. Then if you are reserved to absolve men of their sins, may you not be rightly reserved against sharing in their combats?"

"I am hot," the Vicar acknowledged; "and in my heart the most I can manage is sarcasm. But I have the grace to hope that in process of time I shall acquire the sweeter temper of irony."

A dull thud shook the atmosphere overhead, and was followed some four seconds later by another and louder reverberation. The two men, startled for a moment, smiled as they collected their thoughts. "That means security, not danger."

"Gun-practice. We were warned of it by advertisement in this morning's paper. A 9.4-inch gun, by the sound of it—and there goes another! A battle-cruiser at least!—Shall we walk out to the cliffs for a sight of her?"

#### CHAPTER XI.—THE THREE PILCHARDS.

"Boo-oom!" echoed Un' Benny Rowett on the Quay, mocking the noise of the cannonade. "War—bloody war, my hearties! There goes a hundred pound o' taxpayers' money; an' there go all our pilchards for this season, the most promisin' in my recollection."

"He'll be tellin' us," sug-

gested a humourist, "that the British Navy is firin' on pilchards, in the hope there may be a submarine somewhere amongst 'em."

"I never rose to the height o' puttin' myself into the enemy's mind," retorted Un' Benny; "which they tell me, in the newspapers, is the greatest art o' warfare. I be a

modest man, content with understandin' pilchards; and if you'd ever taken that trouble, Zack Mennear—Boo-oom! there it goes again!—you'd know that, soon as they hear gun-fire, or feel it—for their senses don't tally with mine, or even with yours—plumb deep the fish sink. Th' old Doctor used to preach that, when sunk, they headed back for Americy; but seein' as they sunk, and out o' reach o' net, I never could see the matter was worth pursocoin'. The point is, you an' me 'll find ourselves poorer men by Christmas. And that's War, and it hits us men o' peace both ways. Boo-oom!—plunk goes one hundred pounds o' money to the bottom o' the sea; an' close after it goes the fish! You may take my word—'tis first throwin' away the helve and then the hatchet. I could never see any sense in War, for my part; an' I remember bein' very much impressed, back at the bye-election, by a little man who came down uninvited in a check ulster and a straw hat. The Liberal Committee disowned him, and he was afterwards taken up an' give three months at Quarter Sessions for payin' his board an' lodgin' somewhere with a fancy cheque. But he was most impressive, even convincin', while he lasted; and I remember to this day what he told us about the South African War. 'That War, my friends,' he said, 'has oost us, first an' last, two hundred an' fifty millions of money—and 'oo paid for it? You an' me.'

Boo-oom! once more! That's the way the money goes,—an', more by token, here comes Amphlett to know what the row's about, an' with the loose cash, I'se wage, fairly skipping in his trouser-pockets."

Sure enough, Mr Amphlett, as the cannonade shook the plate-glass windows of his bank, had started up in some alarm, and was sallying forth to seek reassurance. For again the inner sheet of the newspaper, with its reports of the mobilisation of armies and of embassies taking flight from various European capitals, had engaged all his attention, and he had missed the advertisement columns.

On his way to ask news of the group of fishermen at the Quay-head he hurried—and almost without observing him—past Nicky-Nan; who likewise had hobbled forth to discover the meaning of the uproar, and, having discovered it, had retired to seat himself on the bollard outside the "Three Pilchards" and nurse his leg.

"What's this firing about?" asked Mr Amphlett, arriving in a high state of perspiration. "I—I gather, from the cool way you men are taking it, that there's no cause for alarm?"

Now Un' Benny, who found it hard as a rule to bear ill-will toward any living creature, very cordially disliked Mr Amphlett—as indeed did most of the men on the Quay. But whereas the dislike of nine-tenths of Polpier was helpless as the toad's resentment of the

harrow—since the banker held the strings of sundry Fishing Companies, and was a hard taskmaster—Un' Benny, with a few chosen kinsmen, had preserved his independence.

"The kings o' the earth rise up together, sir," answered Un' Benny very deliberately; "an' by consikence the little fishes take hidin'. 'Tis a poor look-out for our callin'—a wisht poor job altogether! Fishers and apostles always stood in together, an' War's the ruination o' both. What with the Gospel gone scat, an' no dividends this side o' Christmas——"

"I asked you," interrupted Mr Amphlett, "what that firin' means, out there? It's friendly, of course? A British battleship?"

"As to that," replied Un' Benny, slowly ruminating, "I wouldn' call it *friendly* in any man to let off a big-inch gun at anything. That's not the word I'd choose. And I don't grant 'ee that there's no danger because we men, as you call us"—here Un' Benny distributed the emphasis delicately—"happen to be takin' it cool. But if you ask my opinion, she's a first-class cruiser; an' you hit it off when you asked, 'What's this firin' about?' 'Firin' about,' that's *of* it, as I reckon; and aboard of her, belike, the boys that left us o' Sunday, takin' a little practice to get their hands in. But there! A guess is a guess; and if you're anxious about it, and 'll step into my boat, sir, we'll put out and make sure."

Mr Amphlett ignored this

proposal. He turned on the other men. "It's a fine day, anyhow," he said; "and the wind turning nor'-westerly. If sure she's only a cruiser at practice, why are you fellows loafin' in harbour?"

"As for *that*"—Un' Benny intercepted the question blandly—"they can answer for themselves, them that's under obligation to 'ee. But you started on *me*, an' so I'll be polite an' lead off. In th' first place, with all this tow-row, the fish be all gone to bottom; there's not one 'll take hook by day nor net by night. An' next, with a parcel o' reservists pickin' up the gunnery they've forgot, for a week or so the firin' is apt to be flippant. Yes, Mr Amphlett, you can go back to your business an' feel all the easier in mind every time a bangin' great shell makes ye bob up an' down in your chair. 'Tis a fine thing to stand here an' feel we've a Navy protectin' us all; but don't send these poor fellows out to be protected *too near*." Un' Benny's eyes twinkled a moment. "It does 'em good, too, to take a rest now an' then, an' smoke a pipe, an' praise the Lord that made 'em Englishmen."

Mr Amphlett detested Un' Benny's conversation. It always struck him as significantly meaningless. Again he addressed himself to the other men.

"What Rowett says about the fish is true enough, I dare say. When they hear all this noise——"

But Un' Benny took him up, blandly as before. "There's a

man, down to Mevegissey," he said, "that holds 'tis no question of hearin', or of what you and I do call hearin'. Accordin' to him the fish have a sixth sense, denied to ordinary Christians——"

"I don't want to hear what this or that fool says at Mevegissey——"

"He's a County Councillor," murmured Un' Benny. "But, to be sure, it don't follow."

"What I say," pursued Mr Amphlett, shaking a forefinger at the group, "is that Rowett may be his own master, but the rest of you mustn't take it into your heads that because our country happens to be at war you've an excuse to be idle. 'Business as usual'—that's my motto: and I doubt if Rowett here will find you a better-paying one, however long you listen to him." On secure ground now, Mr Amphlett faced about, challenging the old man.

"Heigh?" said Un' Benny with a well-affected start of surprise. "There now!—and I was allowin' you'd had enough o' my chatter. 'Business as usual'——" he looked closely at Mr Amphlett, and so let his gaze travel down the street, till it rested meditatively on the Bank doorway. "'Business as usual' . . . aye to be sure! Well, well!"

There was nothing in this upon which Mr Amphlett could retort. So, after wagging his forefinger again at the group of men, he turned and left them.

On his way back he came

face to face with Nicky-Nan, still solitary and seated on his bollard; and pulled up before him.

"Oh, by the way, Nanjivell!—I hope you understand that the ejectment order still holds, and that I can take possession of the premises at any time?"

"That's as may be," answered Nicky-Nan slowly. "You tell me so, and I hear you."

"I tell you so, and it's the law. . . . But I've no wish to be hard, even after the trouble you've given me; and moreover this War may—er—tend to interpose some delay in one or two small matters I was—er—projecting. 'Business as usual' is, and has been—as I have just been telling those fellows yonder—my motto since the early days of the crisis"—Mr Amphlett could not accurately remember when he had first come upon that headline in his newspaper—" 'Business as usual,' but with—er—modifications, of course. As I remember, I told you yesterday that, if you behave yourself, I may relent so far as to give you a short grace."

"Thank 'ee," said Nicky-Nan. "I'm behavin' myself—that's to say, so far as I know."

"But I want to make one or two points very clear to you. In the first place, what I'm about to say is strictly without prejudice?" Mr Amphlett paused, upon a note of interrogation.

"I don't rightly know what that means. But no matter: since you're sayin' it and I'm not."



"Secondly, if I give you yet a few weeks' grace, it is on condition that you bring me your rent regularly from this time forward."

"Go on."

"Thirdly, you are to understand plainly that, as I have the power and the right, so I shall use my own convenience, in ordering you to quit. Happen this War will last a long time."

"Then 'tis an ill wind that blows good to nobody."

"Happen it may be a short one. Or again, even if it lasts, I may change my mind and decide to start work on the premises at once. There may be a depression in the building trade, for example, and even putting in hand a small job like that would help to restore public confidence."

"You may give any dam reason you please to yourself," said Nicky-Nan uncompromisingly, "so long as you don't start palmin' it 'pon me. I paid Hendy the costs o' the order this morning—which is not to say that I promise 'ee to act on it. Whatever your reason may be, the point is you don't propose turnin' me out till further notice—hey?"

"Provided your rent is duly paid up to date."

"Right." Nicky-Nan slid a hand into his trouser-pocket, where his fingers met the reassuring touch of half-a-dozen sovereigns he carried there for earnest of his good fortune.

"And on the understanding that I claim possession whenever it suits me. When I say 'the understanding,' of course,

there's no bargain implied. I am in a position to do as I like at any time. I want to make that clear."

"Very thoughtful of you."

"Well, I'm glad you're grateful."

"Who said so?"

"At least," answered Mr Amphlett with rising choler, "you must own that I have shown you great consideration—great consideration *and* forbearance." He checked his wrath, being a man who had severely trained himself to keep his temper in any discussion touching business. To the observance of this simple rule, indeed, he owed half his success in life. [During the operation of getting the better of a fellow-man, it was well-nigh impossible to ruffle Mr Amphlett.] "I'll leave you to think it over."

"Thank 'ee," said Nicky-Nan as the banker walked away; and sat on in the August sunshine, the potable gold of which harmonised with the tangible gold in his pockets, but so that he, being able to pay the piper, felt himself in command of the tune. He had ballasted both pockets with coins. It gave him a wonderful sense of stability, on the strength of which he had been able to talk with Mr Amphlett as one man should with another. And lo! he had prevailed. Obedient to some subtle sense, Amphlett had lowered his usual domineering tone, and was climbing down under the bluff he yet maintained. . . . Nicky-Nan was not grateful: but already he

felt inclined to make allowance for the fellow. What a mastery money gave!

A voice hailed him from the doorway of the Three Pilohards.

"Mornin', Nicky!"

Nicky-Nan slewed himself about on the bollard, and encountered the genial gaze of Mr Latter, the landlord. Mr Latter, a retired Petty Officer of the Navy, stood six feet two inches in his socks, and carried a stomach which incommoded even that unusual stature. The entrance-door of the Three Pilohards being constructed in two flaps, Mr Latter habitually closed the lower one and eased the upper part of his façade upon it while he surveyed the world.

"Mornin', Nicky!" repeated Mr Latter. "I han't seen ye this couple o' days; but I had word you weren't gone with the rest, your leg bein' so bad. Step indoors, an' rest it over a drink."

"You're very kind, Mr Latter," Nicky-Nan answered somewhat stiffly. "I was just then thinkin' I'd come in and order one for the good o' the house." To himself he added: "One o' these days I'll teach that man to speak to me as 'Mr Nanjivell'—though it come to remindin' him that his wife's mother was my father's wet-nurse, and glad of the job." But this he growled to himself as he hobbled up the steps to the door.

"I didn't say anything about payment," Mr Latter remarked affably, stepping back a pace as he pulled open the

flap of the door, and politely suppressing a groan at the removal of that abdominal support. "I was askin' you to oblige me by takin' a drink, seein' as how——"

"Seein' as how *what?*"

Nicky-Nan asked with suppressed fierceness as he pushed his way in, conscious of the ballast in his pocket.

[Wonderful—let it be said again—is the confidence that money carries, so subtle are the ways by which its potency attacks and overcomes the minds of men.]

—"Seein' as how," Mr Latter corrected himself, drawing back again, and giving such room in the passage as his waist allowed—"seein' as how all true patriots should have a fellow-feelin' in times like the present, an' stand shoulder to shoulder, so to speak, not refusin' a drink when offered in a friendly way. It gives a feelin' of solidarity, as one might say. That's the word—solidarity. Still, if you insist," he paused, following Nicky-Nan into the little bar-parlour, "I mustn't say no. The law don't allow me. A two of beer, if I may suggest?"

"Brandy for me!" said Nicky-Nan recklessly. "And a soda."

"Brandy for heroes, as the sayin' is. Which, if Three Star, is sixpence, an' two is a shilling, and a split soda makes one-an'-four. 'Tis a grand beverage, but terrible costly." Mr Latter took down the bottle from its shelf and uncorked it, still with an incredulous eye on Nicky-Nan. "What with

the War breakin' out an takin' away the visitors, an' money certain (as they tell me) to be scarce all over the land, I didn' reckon to sell another glass between this an' Christmas; when in walks you, large as my lord, and calls for a brace! . . . Sure ye mean it?"

"I never insisted 'pon *your* choosin' brandy," said Nicky-Nan, beginning to fumble in his left trouser-pocket. "You can make it beer if you wish, but *I* said 'brandy.' If you have no——" He ended on a sharp outcry, as of physical pain.

For a dire accident had happened. The men of Polpier (as this narrative may or may not have mentioned)—that is to say, all who are connected with the fishery—in obedience to a customary law, unwritten but stringent, clothe the upper part of their persons in blue guernsey smocks. These being pocketless, all personal cargo has to be stowed somewhere below the belt. [In Mrs Pengelly's shop you may purchase trousers that have as many as four pockets. They cost anything from eleven-and-sixpence to fifteen shillings, and you ask Mrs Pengelly for them under the categorical name of "non-plush unmentionables"—"non-plush" being short for *Non Plus Ultra*.]

Nicky-Nan, then, plunging a hand into his left trouser-pocket in search of a florin which he believed to lie there amidst the costlier cargo, and confident that by its size and his sense of touch he could separate it from the gold, found

that he must first remove his pocket-handkerchief. As he drew it forth, alas! two golden sovereigns followed in its fold, fell, and jingled on the slate-paved floor. Not all the fresh sawdust strewn there could deaden the merry sound of wealth. The two coins ran trickling, the one to clash against a brass spittoon, the other to take hiding in a dark corner under the counter.

"You might," said Mr Latter that evening, relating the occurrence to a circle of steady customers, "have knocked me down with a feather. To see old Nicky, of all men, standin' there before my very eyes an' sheddin' gold like a cornopean!"

What Mr Latter did at the moment, or as soon as he recovered his presence of mind, was to set down his bottle and dive under the counter; while Nicky-Nan chased the coin which had ricocheted off the spittoon and lodged against the wainscot. Their physical infirmities made the pursuit painful for both, as the darkness in a small room overcrowded with furniture made it difficult. Mr Latter emerged panting, in audible bodily distress. His search had been longer than Nicky-Nan's, but it was successful. He straightened himself up and held up the coin to the light.

"A sovereign! . . . I'll have to go out an' fetch change. A sovereign, send I may never!" He rang it on the bar-counter. "I'll step along an' get change from the Bank."

"There's no hurry," stammered Nicky-Nan hastily and in confusion. "Let's have the drink, an' maybe I can fish out something smaller. . . . You keep your parlour very dark," he added, repocketing both coins.

"I reckon now," observed Mr Latter thoughtfully as he measured out the two tots of brandy, "that 'taty-patch o' your'n has been a perfect goldmine this season. Everyone tells me how agriculture is lookin' up."

Nicky-Nan sought refuge in a falsehood.

"'Tis my rent," said he, "that I've been savin' up for Amphlett. Didn' you see him stop an' speak wi' me five minutes since? Well, that was to make an appointment an' give me the receipt. Between you an' me, I've been gettin' a bit to leeward with it lately."

"Ay," said Mr Latter, opening the soda-water and pouring it. "Everybody in the parish knows *that*. . . . Well, things are lookin' up, seemingly, and I congratulate 'ee. Here's Success to Agriculture! . . . Brandy for heroes! 'Tis a curious thing, how this partic'lar drink goes straight to the heart an' kindles it. Champagne has the same effect, only more so. A glass o' ohampagne will keep kickin' inside o' ye for an hour maybe.

With brandy 'tis soon over and you want another go. I've noticed that often."

"You won't have a chance to notice it to-day." Nicky-Nan drained his glass at a gulp, and searched again in his pockets. . . .

"And if you'll believe me," reported Mr Latter to a wondering audience that evening, "the man pulled out of his pocket—his *right* pocket, this time—a two-shillin' piece and a penny; and as he picks out the two-shillin' piece, to pay me, what happens but he lets drop another sovereign, that had got caught between the two! It pitched under the flap o' the counter an' rolled right to my boot! 'What did I say to en?' Well, I don't mind ownin' that for a moment it took me full aback an' tied the string o' my tongue. But as I picked it up and handed it to en, I says, says I, 'Mr Nan-jivell,' I says, 'at this rate I don't wonder your not joinin'-up wi' the Reserve.' . . . What's more, naybours, I don't mind admittin' to you that after the man had paid an' left, I slipped to the door an' keeked out after him—an' that story of his about it bein' his rent-money was all a flam. He went past Amphlett's Bank, never so much as turnin' to look at it."

#### CHAPTER XII.—FIRST ATTEMPT AT HIDING.

Nicky-Nan belonged, congenitally and unconsciously, to that happy brotherhood of men—*felices sua si bona norint*

—whom a little liquor exhilarates, but even a great deal has no power to bemuse. But what avails an immunity above

your fellows, if life seldom or never gives you opportunity to prove it?

Nicky-Nan had drunk, after long abstinence and upon a fasting stomach, one brandy-and-soda. He was sober as a judge; he walked straight and—bating his weak leg—firmly, yet he trod on air: he looked neither to the right nor to the left, yet he saw nothing of the familiar street through which he steered. For a vision danced ahead of him. Gold in his pockets, golden sunshine now in his veins—thanks to the brandy-and-soda,—a golden vision weaving itself and flickering in the golden August weather, and in his ears a sentence running, chiming, striking upon the word “gold”—“Ding-a-ding-a-dong! ’Taty-patch a *gold* mine—’taty-patch a *gold* mine!” The prosaic Mr Latter had set the chime ringing, as a dull sacristan might unloose the music of a belfry; but like a chime of faëry it rippled and trilled, closing ever upon the deep note “gold,” and echoed back as from a veritable gong of that metal.

“’Taty-patch a gold mine”—How came it that, until Latter put the idea into his head, he had never thought of this, his one firm holding on earth, as a hiding-place for his treasure? His lodging in the old house, hard as he would fight for it, acknowledged another man’s will. But the patch of ground by the cliff was his own. He had claimed its virginity, chosen and tamed it, marked it off, fenced it about, broken the soil, trenched

it, wrought it, taught the barren to bear. It lay remote, approachable only by a narrow cliff-track, overlooked by no human dwelling, doubly concealed—by a small twist of the coast-line and a dip of the ground—from the telescopes of the coastguard in their watch-house. Folks had hinted from time to time (but always chaffing him) that the land must belong to *some one*—to the Crown, maybe, or, more likely, to the Duchy. But he had tilled it for years undisturbed and unchallenged. The parcel had come to be known as “Nicky-Nan’s Chapel,” because on fine Sundays, when godlier folks were in church, he spent so much of his time there, smoking and watching the Channel and thinking his thoughts. It was inconceivable that any one should dispute his title now, after the hundreds and hundreds of maundfuls of seaweed under which, first and last—in his later years—he had staggered up the path from the Cove, to incorporate them in the soil.

At the turn of the street he fetched up standing, arrested by another bright idea. Why, of course! He would carry up a part of his wealth to the ’taty-patch and bury it. . . . But a man shouldn’t put all his eggs in one basket, and—*why* hadn’t he thought of it before? The money had lain those many years, safe and unsuspected, under the false floor of the cupboard. Simplest thing in the world, now that Amphlett had given him a

respite, to plank up the place again with a couple of new boards, plaster up the ceiling of the sitting-room, and restore a good part of the gold to its hiding!—not all of it, though; since Amphlett might change his mind at any time, and of a sudden. No, a good part of the gold must be conveyed to the 'taty-patch. He would make a start, maybe, that very night—or rather, that very evening in the dusk before the moon rose: for (now he came to remember) the moon would be at her full to-morrow, or next day. While the dusk lasted he could dig, up there, and no passer-by would suspect him of any intent beyond eking out the last glimpse of day. To be surprised in the act of digging by moonlight was another matter, and might start an evil rumour. For one thing, it was held uncanny, in Polpier, to turn the soil by moonlight—a deed never done save by witches or persons in league with Satan. Albeit they may not own to it, two-thirds of the inhabitants of Polpier believe in black magio.

He would make a start, then, towards dusk. There was no occasion to take any great load at one time, or even to be seen with any conspicuous burden. As much gold as his two pockets would carry—that would serve for a start. To-morrow he might venture to visit Mrs Pengelly and purchase a new and more capacious pair of trousers—to-morrow, or perhaps the day after. Caution was necessary. He had already astonished Mr Gedy, the iron-

monger, with his affluence: and just now again, like a fool, he had been dropping sovereigns about Latter's bar-parlour. That had been an awkward moment. He had extricated himself with no little skill, but it was a warning to be careful against multiplying evidence or letting it multiply. A new pair of trousers, as this narrative has already hinted, is always a somewhat dazzling adventure in Polpier. No . . . decidedly he had better postpone *that* investment. Just now he would step around to boatbuilder Jago's and borrow or purchase a short length of eight-inch planking to repair the flooring of the bedroom cupboard. Jago had a plenty of such odd lengths to be had for the asking. "I'll make out the top of the water-butt wants mending," said Nicky-Nan to himself. "Lord! what foolishness folk talk about the contrivances of poverty. Here have I been living in fear and trembling over a dozen things never likely to befall, and all because my brain has been starving for years, along with my stomach. Start the pump with a dose of brandy, and it rewards ye by working sweet and suent. Here at this moment be a dozen things possible and easy, that two hours ago were worrying me to the grave. Now I know how rich men thrive, and I'll use the secret. Simplicity itself it is: for set me on the Lord Mayor's throne and fill me with expensive meat and drink, and I'll be bold to command the Powers o' Darkness."

This was fine talking. But he had not freed himself from the tremors of wealth: and now again—

Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder?

—now again and for about the twentieth time—now again, as he turned to bend his steps toward boatbuilder Jago's yard—suddenly and without warning, as a wave the terror took him that in his absence some thief or spy had surprised his hoard. Under its urgency he wheeled right-about and hurried for home, to assure himself that all was safe.

Such was his haste that in passing the corner of the bridge he scarcely observed a knot of children gathered thereby, until 'Beida's voice hailed him and brought him to a halt.

"Mr Nanjivell!"

"Hey! Is that you, Missy?" Nicky-Nan wheeled half-about.

"If you had eyes in your head, you wouldn't be starin' at me," said 'Beida, "but at 'Bert. Look at him—And you, 'Biades, can stand there an' look up at him so long as you like, provided you don't bust out cryin' at his altered appearance: no, nor crick your neck in doin' it, but bear in mind that mother used up the last of the arnica when you did it last time tryin' to count the buttons up Policeman Rat-it-all's uniform, an' that if the wind should shift of a sudden and catch you with your eyes bulgin' out of your head like they'm doin' at this moment, happen 'twill fix you up comical for life: an' then

instead of your growin' up apprenticed to a butcher, as has been your constant dream, we'll have to put you into a travellin' show for a goggin' May-game, an' that's where your heart will be turnin' ever, far from the Old Folks at Home. . . . You'll excuse me, Mr Nanjivell, but the time an' trouble it costs to wean that child's eyes off anything in the shape of a novelty you'd hardly believe. . . . Well, what do you say to 'Bert?"

"I'd say," answered Nicky-Nan slowly, contemplating the boy—who wore a slouch hat, a brown shirt with a loosely tied neckerchief, dark blue cut-shorts and stockings that exhibited some three inches of bare knee—"I'd say, if he came on me sudden, that he was Buffalo Bill or else Baden Powell, or else the pair rolled into one."

"You wouldn't be far wrong either. He a Boy Scout, that's what he is. Walked over to St Martin's this mornin' an' joined up. A kind lady over there was so took with his appearance that she had to improve it or die on the spot, out of her own pocket. He's walked back with his own trousers in a parcel, lookin'—well, like what you see. I think it becomin', on the whole. He tells me his motto is 'Be British,' an' he has to do a kind action every day of his life: which he won't find easy, in a little place like Polpier."

As 'Beida drew breath, the boy faced Nicky-Nan half sulkily.

"They put me into this outfit. I didn't *ask* for it."

"If you want my opinion, 'Bert," said Nicky-Nan, "it suits 'ee very well; an' you look two inches taller in it already."

He hurried on in the direction of boatbuilder Jago's yard, which stands close above the foreshore, on the eastern side of the little haven. When he returned, with the boards under his arm, it was to find 'Bert the centre of a knot of boys, all envious—though two or three were making brave attempts to hide it under a fire of jocose criticism. It was plain, however, that morally 'Bert held the upper hand. Whilst they had been playing silly games around the Quay, he had walked to St Martin's and done the real thing. No amount of chaff could hide that his had been the glory of the initiative. Indeed, he showed less of annoyance with his critics than of boredom with 'Biades, who, whichever way his big brother turned, revolved punctually as a satellite, never relaxing his rapt, upward gaze of idolatry.

"You can shut your heads, the whole lot," said 'Bert airily. "First thing to-morrow mornin' the half of 'ee 'll be startin' over for St Martin's to enlist; an' you know it. Better fit you went off home and asked your dear mummies to put 'ee to bed early. Because there's not only the walk to St Martin's an' back—which is six mile—but when you've passed the doctur for bandy

legs or weak eyesight, you may be started on duty that very night. I ben't allowed to say more just now," he added with a fine air of official reticence. "And as for *you*"—he turned impatiently on 'Biades—"I wish you'd find your sister, to fetch an' shut 'ee away somewhere. Where's 'Beida *to*?"

"She's breakin' the news to mother," answered 'Biades.

By seven o'clock Nicky-Nan had measured and cut his boards to size. He fitted them loosely to floor the bedroom cupboard. Later on he would fix them securely in place with screws. But by this time daylight was dusking in, and more urgent business called him.

Returning to the parlour downstairs, he refilled his pockets with the gold of which he had lightened himself for his carpentry, knotted another twenty sovereigns tightly in his handkerchief, piked up the lighter of his two spades—for some months he had eschewed the heavier—and took his way through the streets, up the cliff-track by the warren, and so past the coastguard watch-house.

The sun had dropped behind the hill, leaving the West one haze of gold: but southward and seaward this gold grew fainter and fainter, paling into an afterglow of the most delicate blue-amber. In the scarce-canny light, as he rounded the corner of the cliff, he perceived two small figures standing above the hollow which ran down funnel-wise



containing his patch, and recognised them.

"Drat them children!" he muttered; but kept on his way, and, drawing near, demanded to know what business brought them so far from home at such an hour.

"I might ask you the same question," retorted 'Beida. "Funny time,—isn't it?—to start diggin' potatoes? An' before now I've always notice you use a visgy for the job. Yet you can't be *plantin'*—not at this season——"

"I find the light spade handier to carry," explained Nicky-Nan in some haste. "But you haven't answered my question."

"Well, if you *must* know, I'm kissin' good-night to 'Bert here. They've started him upon coast-watchin', and he's given this beat till ten-thirty,

from the watch-house half-way to the Cove. I shouldn' wonder if he broke his neck."

"No fear," put in 'Bert, proudly exhibiting and flashing a cheap electric torch. "They gave me this at St Martin's—and in less than an hour the moon 'll be up."

"But the paper says there be so many spies about—eh, Mr Nanjivell?"

"Damme," groaned Nicky-Nan, "I should think there were! Well, if there's military work afoot, at this rate, I'd better clear.—Unless 'Bert would like me to stay here an' chat with 'en for company."

"We ben't allowed to talk—not when on duty," declared young 'Bert stoutly.

"Then kiss your brother, Missy, an' we'll trundle-ways home."

(To be continued.)

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## MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

LORD KITCHENER'S STATEMENT—LORD HALDANE'S POSITION—  
 AMERICA AND CONTRABAND—THE FRIENDS OF GREAT BRITAIN  
 —CORN, COAL, AND GUAVA JELLY.

THE debate held in the House of Lords concerning the progress of the war served a double purpose. It showed the country, in the first place, how much the arms of the Allies had achieved, and what was the clear and definite prospect that lies ahead of us. Lord Kitchener's speech was, as we should expect, the speech of a man of action. In style it was what Montaigne called *soldatesque*. Plain and unadorned, it was disfigured by none of the vices of Parliamentary rhetoric. The speaker made no attempt either to deceive or to dissemble. It is not for him to conciliate this foolish group or that. He is an administrator who knows what work he has to do, and who desires to waste as little time as need be in explanation.

Such a spectacle has not been seen for many a year in this verbose country, which is wont to choose its governors not for their wisdom but for the noisy rattle of their tongues, and nothing less than the greatest crisis of modern times could have made Lord Kitchener a colleague of Mr George (let us say) or Mr Harcourt. However, there he is, by a stroke of national good fortune, and we rejoice in the sense of strength and security wherewith he inspires the Empire. The accounts which he gave of the warlike operations were a model of concision and

accuracy. His confident commentary upon them was happily free from the mere suspicion of boastfulness. "These, my lords," said he, "are the principal events which have taken place since I last had the honour of addressing your lordships' House. The great initial advantages which the Germans enjoyed by reason of the numerical superiority and extensive war preparations of their Army are certainly diminishing, while the Allies are daily increasing those resources of men and material that will enable them to prosecute the war to a triumphant end." There is no over-statement here, and it is impossible to read the simple words of Lord Kitchener without feeling that the future is assured.

And the debate in the House of Lords was valuable secondly because it helped to set in a clearer light the defensive alliance which has been made between the Government and the Opposition. There is, of course, not the smallest desire among the Tories to embarrass those who are prosecuting the war. The whole country is possessed by one ambition only—to defeat the enemy. From the moment war was declared the Opposition was ready to support whatever measures seemed necessary to secure success. But this readiness did not mean that the Tory party held their opponents

guiltless of responsibility in causing the war, or worthy for one moment of a general confidence. We recognise clearly enough that our system of party government may be innocuous in times of private strife. We know that it is fatal when the Empire faces foreign aggression, and the easiest way to mitigate its evils is to leave the Radicals in power. Were the Radicals in opposition, they would be so many violent partisans of the enemy. The experience of history leaves us no doubt about that. They would continue in war the same adulation of Germany as they freely offered to Lord Haldane's spiritual home in times of peace. They would have formed pro-German societies in all the large towns, and they would have urged the German Emperor to prosecute the war with energy as they urged the Boers to refuse peace some fifteen years ago. But a Radical in office at war-time is a Radical for the moment out of mischief. He is driven by circumstances into a temporary patriotism, and by his mere silence makes the prosecution of the war a possibility. Thus it is that though we give the Government our support, we harbour no illusion about its vices. We trust neither its honesty nor its competence. We look back with shame upon the record of the last eight years, surely the dark period of our modern history. We are as little likely to forget the disgrace of the Marconi *affaire* as to efface from our minds the scandal

of Lamlash. But we know that the present Government, though in office, does not govern. If we thought that it had the power of doing evil, we should not be happy until it were driven out. We are content to place our full confidence in Lord Kitchener, Field-Marshal French, and Admiral Jellicoe, and to remember that in their hands the destiny of the Empire is safe and sound. We know that Messrs Birrell and Runcioman will never dare to pose as saviours of the country, and if only the restless amateur who now presides over the Admiralty, and who once proved his judgment by raising the cry of the Army against the People, were replaced by a sailor, we might indeed sleep comfortably in our beds.

It was Lord Crewe who summed up the situation in the clearest terms. "The consideration," said he, "which noble lords and their friends in the country have been good enough to extend to us is, of course, understood to be not in any sense for our sake, but in obedience to what they believe to be the interests of the country, and they desire to extend consideration especially to my noble friend the Secretary for War, who is not a member of our party." That is perfectly true. It is the interests of the country which are paramount to-day, and when they are no longer in danger there will be an opportunity to punish the Ministers who had so little care for the Empire that they drifted into a

conflict, which they should have known was inevitable, without an adequate army, and without the proper munitions of war. Meanwhile, we must recognise their manifest shortcomings, and make the most of their obedience to experts.

Such criticism as was directed towards Lord Kitchener was a criticism of the War Office's enforced secrecy. With much that Lord Curzon had to say we are in perfect sympathy. As he explained with truth, the leaders of the Opposition hold a watching brief for the country and for their friends. Had the Government risen to the height of the occasion, it would have forgotten the pettinesses of party, and invited one or two Tories to share the responsibility of office. This was impossible for Mr Asquith, because he had decided to fly a flag of truce and shoot under it. But the aid of Lord Curzon and his colleagues should have been rewarded by confidence. It should not be possible for him and them to say that they know little more about the war than the man in the street. Their attitude has been exemplary. It must seem strange indeed to those heroes, who poured out their sympathy to the Boers. It should make Mr Lloyd George think uneasily of his policeman's uniform. "We desire to do nothing and to say nothing," Lord Curzon confessed, and his confession was echoed by others, "that shall in the smallest degree embarrass, impede, or hamper the Government in the discharge of the

overwhelming task that is laid upon them. We shall say nothing or do nothing that would interfere in any degree with the successful prosecution of this war to the only issue that is consistent both with the declarations of His Majesty's Ministers, speaking for the nation, and the international honour itself; and, above all, we shall say nothing and do nothing, and, I hope, ask nothing that is likely in the faintest degree to give information or be of the slightest assistance to the enemy." Lord Curzon could say no more, and we should expect him to say no less. And if the Government would take him and his colleagues into its confidence, the large part of the nation, which he and they represent, would, we are sure, be easily content.

The Government does not take him into its confidence, and he is persuaded to ask publicly for the information which he deems essential to the public security. He wishes to be told across the floor of the House how many men are coming to the colours, and at what rate. He listened to the Field-Marshal's remarks on the subject of recruiting with disappointment. "There is not one of us," said he, "who did not hope that he might be able to give us some definite information as to the degree of rapidity with which men are coming in, and as to the adequacy of the arrangement that has so far been made to bring men to the colours." Here we think Lord Curzon stepped beyond the boundary

of discretion. That he himself should know these things is the least that is due to him. It is another matter when he demands a public answer to a question, which might be reasonable in private, but which would disclose to our enemies precisely what we do not want them to know. For our part we are content to leave the matter in the skilled hands of Lord Kitchener. We would not permit our curiosity for one moment to outrun our zeal. The task which has been laid upon the Minister for War is no light one. It is nothing less than to create out of nothing a new and highly-trained army. He must perform this superhuman task after his own fashion and in secrecy. We do not want the Germans to know what progress we are making and how large the army is that they will presently confront. It seems to us, therefore, that Lord Kitchener is right in withholding from the House any information which could be of service to the enemy. Whether the news which he might give be good or evil, a knowledge of it would not be without effect upon the Germans' plans. Moreover, the problem of recruiting is greatly complicated by the lack, which was felt at the outset, of proper equipment. If the call to arms was too speedily answered, the recruits were forced to do without rifles and uniforms. If the ardour of the citizens were checked, there was a danger that, when the War Office was ready to deal with fresh troops, they might be found wanting.

Thus the country was caught in a vicious circle, traced by the neglect of the Radical Ministers, who for selfish purposes of their own refused to acknowledge the German peril.

Though, so far as the conduct of the war is concerned, we are willing to support the Government, and to place an unquestioning trust in the wisdom and energy of Lord Kitchener, there are certain of its actions which it is impossible to pass over without a comment. Its tenderness to the alien is disgraceful and inexplicable. It seems as though not even a state of war can check the sympathy which our Radicals have always professed for those of German birth. The warnings which we have received from Belgium and France have fallen on deaf ears. The Teutonising of Antwerp inflicts no shock upon the hardened nerves of Lord Haldane and his colleagues. It is officially stated that some 45,000 alien enemies, men and women, are still permitted to go about their business in England untrammelled. Nearly three thousand Germans and Austrians are at large in prohibited areas, and it needs no subtlety to understand what services they might render to our enemies in case of invasion. Nor is this the worst of the danger which threatens us. Behind the aliens stands the vast army of "naturalised" Germans who, for purposes of their own, have sworn allegiance to the English throne. Many of these, as we know, in accepting a new nationality

have not renounced the old Britons in name, they remain, like Ahlers, Germans at heart, and boast publicly of their origin. Yet when Lord Portsmouth suggests, with perfect moderation, that necessary steps should be taken, "by special legislation or otherwise, to revoke certificates of naturalisation granted to aliens born of a country at war with us, who by reason of their attitude towards the enemies of this country were unworthy of English nationality," the Government murmurs "non possumus," and Ahlers, having admitted his German preferences, remains an Englishman!

Nothing could be more unsatisfactory than Lord Haldane's defence of the Government's inaction. He rested this defence mainly upon the difficulty of legislation. "In dealing with naturalisation," said he, "we are dealing with a matter of wide-reaching importance in international law." That is true enough; but since our adversaries have torn up every page and article of the international code, it would be absurd to be squeamish about a thing which, by Germany's deliberate choice, has ceased to exist. If our position is made less secure by a pedantic respect for a code which our enemies have trodden under foot, if we risk the life of a single British soldier from reverence for a code which Germany has repudiated, then we shall fail miserably in our duty. When we are fighting for our national existence, we can and must meet exceptional risks with exceptional legislation.

All the difficulties which confront us would disappear with the exercise of a little energy, if only the Government had not given hostages to the other side. It counts among its active supporters a vast number of naturalised aliens, wealthy men, and even Privy Counsellors, who have doubtless contributed to the party funds, and have made themselves useful in friendship and policy to British Ministers. That such ill-omened ties as these should hamper the Government in the proper exercise of its duty is lamentable indeed, and a heavy condemnation of the system whereby we conduct our public affairs. These British Teutons are a danger in peace as in war. They will fight for the land of their birth and their sentiment with all their might and with all their wealth. "The Government," said Lord Crawford, who has every right to be heard on this question, "has shown tremendous activity in regard to alien waiters, but the really dangerous people are the paymasters of the aliens now interned, also the paymasters of our own British subjects, upon whom our enemies are greatly relying at the psychological moment to create and foster public opinion here in favour of an inconclusive peace. The whole organisation has been prepared, and money poured out like water, to further the object in view." Thus the naturalised alien not only imperils the conduct of the war; he imperils the signing of a just and adequate peace, and the country will not long be satisfied with

the unctuous platitudes of Lord Haldane.

In truth, it would be far wiser if Lord Haldane were permitted to be no longer the spokesman of the Government. His position as a kind of maid-of-all-work cannot inspire confidence in the public mind. Now we find him speaking for the Minister for War. Now he is heard of actively engaged in the Foreign Office. And if he consulted his own dignity, he would be standing sorrowfully in the white sheet of a repentant heart. It is true he did put on some kind of a sheet in the House of Lords, but it was not white—only a dusty grey. "I am one of those," said he, "who had hoped that the better strain which was disclosing itself in international affairs might in the end prevail, but I am aware that there are those who desired otherwise, and who wished by the exercise of might to establish a position for the country with which we are now at war by means which were not moderated by those precepts which most of us thought were the governing precepts of the world. While I hoped that the more peaceful party in Germany might prevail, I was well aware of the danger of the extraordinary extent to which military notions had laid hold of the minds of that people, and I felt all along that our duty was to frame a naval and military organisation which was capable of expansion." It would be difficult to find a less satisfactory statement than this one. Lord Haldane is a member of His Majesty's Government,

and therefore it was his business not to surmise this or that, but to accept the clear evidence which was presented to him daily that Germany was preparing to make war upon Europe. There are some men in whom ignorance is not indiscretion but guilt, and Lord Haldane was one of these. He had no right to believe that outside the Socialists "a more peaceful party" had any existence in Germany. His sojourn at the War Office should have convinced him that a large and well-trained army was a necessity to us. Yet he was content to declare that "the first step to doing anything effective for developing the national basis of the Army was to cut something off the Regular Forces." To be sure he cut something off the Regular Forces, and at the same time refused resolutely to set the Army upon a national basis. He was for years the most violent opponent of Lord Roberts' scheme. For Lord Roberts himself he professed a kindly contempt. He spoke of him as the expert speaks of the amateur. He admitted that he was one of the distinguished leaders of troops in the field whom we possessed. "But," said he, "it was one thing to lead troops in the field and another to be a strategist." And therefore all the plans which Lord Roberts had formed for national defence were of no avail. "Until a man was a strategist,"—again we cite Lord Haldane,—"he could not fashion plans and organisations for the defence of the country." The patronage is exquisite. Lord Roberts had spent a long

life in the study of strategy, and Lord Haldane, a lawyer comfortably ensconced on the Woolsack, thought himself competent to criticise and denounce him.

It is, in truth, upon his objection to any form of compulsory training that Lord Haldane chiefly prides himself. "If my name should ever be mentioned in the future," said he some years since, "I should like people to say that I helped to bury conscription." They will say that and many other things far more unkind. But what trust can we put in a man who, having exhibited this strange preference, now comes forward as the timid champion of compulsory service? "The experience of this country in relation to voluntary service," said he in the House of Lords, "has been very remarkable since the war broke out. There has been no unwillingness to respond, and, so far as we see, no reason to anticipate a breakdown of the voluntary system. I wish to add this. By the common law of this country it is the duty of every subject of the realm to assist the Sovereign in repelling the invasion of its shores and in defence of the realm. That is a duty which rests on no statute, but is inherent in our Constitution. Compulsory service is not foreign to that Constitution of the country, and in a great national emergency it might be necessary to resort to it." Lord Roberts foresaw the emergency, and urged that it should be met by compulsory service. What does Lord

Haldane think of his strategy now? Does he still think that he could not fashion plans for our defence? If that is still his opinion, why does he remember the duty inherent in our Constitution, and even hint at the conscription which he helped to bury—"and in a deep grave"?

The truth is that Lord Haldane, like his colleagues, has been content to live from hand to mouth. It is in vain that you search his speeches and writings for a consistent policy. He has never had a policy for England in peace or in war. To one thing only has he been constant—a profound love for Germany. He has a natural sympathy with that nation of bloodthirsty schoolmasters; he has studied German philosophy and the thing that in Germany passes for history. He has stood face to face with the German Emperor and hymned his praises in many a pretentious rhapsody. But these exploits do not fit him to aid in the conduct of a war against those to whom he acknowledges so vast a debt, and to whose good intentions he has paid many a lofty tribute. Until the war is over, therefore, he would best consult his own dignity if he adhered loyally to a policy of unbroken silence.

A war so great in extent as that which is now being waged in Europe cannot but exercise a sad influence upon the commerce of neutral States. The trade of the whole world suffers inevitably. Certain markets are closed; certain



raw materials are not easily obtained. Whatever hardships are laid upon us we must bear with all the cheerfulness we can command. The United States of America, whose battle we are fighting as well as our own, knows not the sorrow of seeing its bravest sons die on the battlefield. The only loss of which it is conscious is a loss in its pocket, and even this is not clearly demonstrated. It is to be regretted that in this hour of stress the United States should have thought it necessary to embarrass us with an unnecessary protest. What are the motive and object of the protest we do not know. The greed of commerce has something to do with it, no doubt, and it is as well to remember that a Presidential Election takes place next year, when the Democrats would be highly gratified if they could obtain the not inconsiderable German vote. But these are not considerations which can move us. We have one object only, to bring the war to as swift and decisive a conclusion as possible, and we cannot achieve this object unless we use the superiority of our Fleet to prevent the contraband of war reaching the ports of our enemies.

The chief grievance of the United States against Great Britain is that a large number of vessels with American goods destined to neutral ports in Europe have been seized upon the high seas and taken into British ports. The Government of the United States protests that it is with no selfish desires to gain undue

commercial advantages, if it is forced reluctantly to the conclusion "that the present policy of His Majesty's Government towards neutral ships and cargoes exceeds the manifest necessity of a belligerent, and constitutes restrictions upon the rights of American citizens on the high seas which are not justified by the rules of international law, or required under the principle of self-preservation." And the Note ends upon what sounds very much like a threat: "In conclusion," writes the American Ambassador, "it should be impressed upon His Majesty's Government that the present condition of American trade with the neutral European countries is such that if it does not improve it may arouse a feeling contrary to that which has so long existed between the American and British peoples." We confess that in the present crisis we have things of greater import to remember either than the condition of American trade with neutral European countries or with the feeling which exists between America and Great Britain. President Wilson has proved himself throughout his term of office to be a man of words, not deeds. By withholding all protests against the German breaches of international law, he has shown that the country over which he presides takes no public part or interest in the affairs of Europe, and thus enforces the obvious truth that the Conferences at the Hague have been broad-based upon the hypocrisy of peace-mongers

and politicians. By permitting the interests of Englishmen and others to be wantonly sacrificed in Mexico, and by refusing to lift a hand to restore law and order in that disturbed country, President Wilson has suggested that the Monroe doctrine is wholly ineffectual, and that the United States is resolute not to interfere to protect the possessions of neutral States. So we must bear with his displeasure with what courage we can, and never forget that it is far more important for us to exclude copper and rubber from Germany than to bind closer the bonds of a friendship which cannot bear the strain of a diminished trade.

Sir Edward Grey's reply to the American note is as clear and dispassionate as any commercial State could desire. After pointing out that, if statistics are to be believed, the trade of the United States with neutral European countries has not seriously diminished, that the shipments of copper, especially to Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, have enormously increased, the British Minister presumes strongly, and justly, that "the bulk of the copper consigned to these countries has recently been intended, not for their use, but for that of a belligerent who cannot import it direct. It is therefore an imperative necessity," he goes on, "for the safety of this country while it is at war that His Majesty's Government should do all in its power to stop such part of this import of copper as is not genuinely destined for neutral countries."

To such an argument as this there can be no answer, especially when it is supported by the fact that four consignments of copper and aluminium to Sweden are now detained, which, though definitely consigned to Sweden, are, according to positive evidence in the possession of His Majesty's Government, definitely designed for Germany. In the face of such facts as these no neutral country can ask Great Britain to make her Fleet upon the high seas of no effect whatever.

Moreover, in a final passage, Sir Edward Grey makes clear our position in terms which all, save an enemy, will accept. "We are confronted," says he, "with the growing danger that neutral countries, contiguous to the enemy, will become, on a scale hitherto unprecedented, a base of supplies for the armed forces of our enemies and for materials for manufacturing armaments. . . . We endeavour, in the interest of our own national safety, to prevent this danger by intercepting goods really destined for the enemy, without interfering with those which are *bonâ fide* neutral." From this position we cannot and we shall not recede. Even the United States Government, if it took a deeper thought, should approve our action. In the interests of that commerce, which it holds sacred, it is desirable that the war should be ended as soon as possible. If the Americans pour copper and rubber into Germany through neutral countries, the conflict may be indefinitely

prolonged, and the advent of the profitable peace, for which they sigh, be most perilously postponed. Finally, if the Government of the United States was obliged to make a protest, we wish it had chosen another excuse and had sent it to another address. It is not for us to say all that we think of a neutral Power, especially when we can borrow the pen of one of its own citizens. Thus it is that President Wilson's action is summed up by a writer in the *New York Independent*, and in such terms as we should not dare to employ ourselves: "Plumes of fire," says Mr Hamilton Holt, "are dropped from the clouds on undefended towns and cities. The United States is silent. Deadly mines are strewn on the high seas. The United States is silent. Buildings dedicated to religion, art, science, and charity are razed to the ground. The United States is silent. Enormous fines, far in excess of military necessities, are levied on ravaged cities. The United States is silent. Seven millions stand emaciate in Belgium. The United States is silent. The Hague Conventions are thrown into the scrap basket. The United States is silent. But—the dollars of American trade are threatened. And the United States protests." It is a terrible indictment, which had best be drawn by an American citizen and in an American journal.

Some time since a Bavarian patriot, Herr von Heigel, asked in dismay why Germany had

no friends. He looked about him despairingly and saw that no nation, save Austria, who is not disinterested, had a kind word for the Empire which he thinks the greatest and noblest that ever the sun shone upon. He complained in bitterness of heart that neither Belgium nor Holland could look upon his fatherland with a friendly eye, though assuredly none but a German would ever be so grimly deprived of humour as to expect an assurance of amiability from the butchered inhabitants of Belgium. But Herr von Heigel's complaint is amply justified. Germany has no friends. The self-sufficient Empire, directed by William II., has always been too arrogant for friendship. Wherever it has spread itself, it has treated its dependents like slaves. It is a *parvenu* among the nations, and like all upstarts it has wished that the weight of its hand and its foot should be felt. And by a strange perversity it devoutly believed that we were in like case with itself. It was profoundly convinced that the declaration of war would leave us alone and unsupported. Its secret agents had assured it that India would fall instantly into rebellion, that Canada would be the easy prey of the United States, and that our Colonies would become the mere shadow of a happy dream. And nothing has been of a better augury in this war, nothing has filled Englishmen with a juster pride than the magnificent generosity with which the Dominions oversea

have rallied to the Motherland. We will not speak here of the contingents of fighting men that have reached us from Canada and Australia and New Zealand and India, and from yet remoter outposts of Empire. The valour and the sacrifice of these brave men are known to all the world. What we wish to recall in these pages is the munificent help in money and in kind that came to us from every quarter of the globe. Our brethren across the ocean lost not a moment in offering to our Navy and Army the best that it was theirs to give. Money was poured out with a lavish hand. The greater Dominions gave us of their wealth. Even the far-distant Fiji sent a contribution of £3000. To enumerate the presents which came to us would be impossible. Their variety is a splendid proof of the limitless resources of our Empire. Alberta and Prince Edward Island sent oats, Nova Scotia coal. A thousand gallons of port for the sick and wounded came from Australia. British Guiana offered a thousand tons of sugar, and Jamaica asked anxiously whether a similar gift would be acceptable. Nor was South Africa or Ceylon behindhand in munificence, and the Leeward Islands hastened to send what most it valued—a present of guava jelly for the troops. It is impossible to read the “correspondence regarding gifts from the oversea Dominions and Colonies” without

recognising that whatever be Great Britain’s destiny, she is well-beloved by the many daughters who acknowledge her. The correspondence has a solemn title, and the grave air of a blue-book, and yet it includes a warmth of feeling and sincerity of affection which might turn the head of the most modest nation to arrogance. Yet at the same time no Englishman can read this record of glorious enthusiasm without a certain humility. If we can inspire this loyalty and kindness, we cannot but ask ourselves narrowly what we have done to merit it. We cannot but declare that come what may, we will continue to strengthen the bonds which bind us to our Dominions, that we will never forfeit, by any act of tyranny or foolishness, the affection we as a nation have inspired. The war indeed has brought a thousand hardships in its train; it has condemned us to endure innumerable sacrifices. There is none who has not a friend or a brother or a son buried in the fields of France or Belgium. But the burden even of death is lightened when we think that from every quarter of the globe friends came offering corn, and spices, and sugar, and wealth, and even life itself; that we fight for a cause that is their cause also; that whatever happens to us in the future, we are not condemned, as the Germans are condemned, to the bitter frigidity of friendlessness.

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## WITH RAWLINSON IN BELGIUM.

ON 27th September 1914 I was appointed Interpreter to the Headquarters Staff, 21st Infantry Brigade, 7th Division. The latter was under the command of Major-General T. Capper, C.B., D.S.O., and consisted of three Infantry Brigades, the 20th under Brigadier-General H. G. Ruggles Brise, M.V.O., 1st Grenadier Guards, 2nd Scots Guards, 2nd Border Regiment, and 2nd Gordon Highlanders; the 21st under Brigadier-General H. E. Watts, C.B., 2nd Bedfordshire Regiment, 2nd Yorks Regiment, 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers, and 2nd Wiltshire Regiment; the 22nd under Brigadier-General S. T. B. Lawford, 2nd Queen's, 2nd Royal Warwicks, 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 1st South Staffs Regiment.

The Divisional Mounted Troops were the Northumberland Hussars (Imperial Yeomanry); the Cyclist Corps; the Divisional Artillery, 14th Brigade, R.H.A., 22nd Brigade,

R.F.A., 35th Brigade, R.F.A., 3rd Brigade (Heavy), R.G.A., 111th Brigade, R.G.A., 112th Brigade, R.G.A., a pom-pom detachment, and the 7th Divisional Ammunition Column.

The whole of this Division was encamped at Lyndhurst, on the borders of the New Forest, and left for the front *vid* Southampton on Sunday, 4th October. The Division embarked on fourteen transports, and, accompanied by an escort of torpedo-boats, left Southampton on the Monday morning, cheered by the crews of the various vessels lying in the Solent, some of which were carrying wounded on their way to Netley Hospital. We were told that we were bound for Belgium, and passed Dover at 11 P.M.

Woke at 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and, to our intense surprise, found ourselves in Dover harbour! It appeared that we had nearly reached Ostend when a Marconi was received, sending us back to

Dover, to wait there until the mines had been swept, as a grain ship was reported to have been blown up in front of Ostend during the night. In the afternoon I went ashore to post a letter and buy a few things for the Staff. At 8.30 P.M. we left for Zeebrugge. A beautiful moonlight night, and the sea like a lake. The sight of the other transports in the distance, and the little torpedo destroyers running silently along by the side of us in the moonlight, was most impressive.

We arrived at Zeebrugge at 6 A.M., and got our first sight of the Civil Guard, with their peculiar conical hats, reminding one of the Welsh peasantry. They were very affable, and supplied the "Tommys" with all sorts of delicacies — chocolate, butter, cigars, and cigarettes. The latter, however, were not much appreciated. It was well after 4 o'clock before we had disembarked, and were ordered to march on Bruges, and billet at St Croix, a little suburb. The roads were excellent, paved in the centre with cobbles, a very well-made macadamised path on the right for pedestrians, and on the left for cyclists. Before long it grew dark, and the moon not being up, I was put at the head of the brigade to lead the way and make the necessary inquiries from the peasantry. A large number of these could only speak Flemish, which did not make my duties any easier. Both sides of the road were lined with poplars

and a deep ditch, which is the general thing in Belgium, and is most picturesque. We arrived in Bruges that evening at about 8 o'clock, and, after reporting at Divisional Headquarters, were guided by a Belgian cyclist to St Croix, where the Brigade Headquarters were billeted in a charming little chateau belonging to a Commandant de la Leux of the Belgian Lancers who was away on duty, but had left his house under the care of his Belgian servant to mete out hospitality to the British Staffs when they came. At supper General Watts informed us that we were under the orders of the IV. Army Corps, commanded by Lieut.-General Sir H. S. Rawlinson of Ladysmith fame. Later that evening we received orders that we should have to leave early next morning for the coast to cover the retreat from Antwerp, which we were intended to have saved, but failed to do owing to our delayed departure from Dover. The IV. Army Corps Headquarters were then about to leave for Ostend. The General's Staff consisted of Brigade-Major Captain W. Drysdale, Staff-Captain Godman, and Veterinary-Surgeon Pollard. To these were attached Captain A. G. Bruce, machine-gun officer, Lieut. H. T. Chads, signalling officer, Lieut. Eustace Smith, Northumberland Hussars Yeomanry, and myself as Brigade Interpreter.

At 6.30 A.M. we left for de Hahn or Coq-sur-Mer. There was a dense morning fog and

it was very cold. About 11 the fog rose and the sun came out, revealing most beautiful country, well cultivated, with farmhouses dotted all over the landscape. We halted at a chateau of Baron van Caleon; the servants, who came running down the avenue to welcome us, were full of questions as to the possibility of their remaining there, as the guns could be heard booming in the distance. We were, however, unable to give them any information. This was the first time we had got anywhere near the fighting zone and heard guns since our landing. Lt.-Col. E. P. Lambert of the 35th Brigade, R.F.A., here rode up and introduced himself to the Staff. We marched off again at 12, and arrived at Coq-sur-Mer at 2.30. The place was full of convalescent wounded Belgians, who gave us some very vivid stories of the German style of treating their opponents. Very few civilians were there, and only those who had business premises to look after. Lunched at the Hotel du Coq, after which we received orders to bivouac at Uytkerke, about five miles out on the road to Ostend, where we were to proceed at dawn and report at IV. Army Corps Headquarters. There we came upon a crowd of Belgians, who had retreated on Blankenberghe. Fires were lighted and I bivouacked in Chad's patrol tent; very cold and misty.

We started at 5 A.M. and arrived at Ostend at 12. IV. Army Corps Headquarters at

Railway Hotel. I strolled up to the Casino, which I found occupied by wounded Belgians, who were about to be removed to make room for British wounded from Antwerp, which we heard was in flames. Lady Lethbridge, who was at the Kursaal, was much interested in the Casino Hospital, and asked me to let Sir Frederick Ponsonby (the head of the Corps of Interpreters) know that she was there, and wanted him to see the arrangements made for the reception of wounded. They were very hard worked, as they were much understaffed, though considerably helped by the Belgian principal Medical Officer. Ordered at 4 to march back to Bruges and billet again at St Croix, much to "Tommy's" disgust, as he could not understand all this marching and counter-marching. Arrived at 8 P.M.

I spent the whole morning in Bruges, and had a long talk with several Sisters of St John's Ambulance just arrived from Antwerp with wounded. They had had some terrible experiences, as they had to convey the wounded into the cellars during the bombardment, and as soon as the shelling died down to get them out and into the 'buses as quickly as possible and retire on Ghent. The Yeomanry nursing sisters with their topees and top-boots looked most workmanlike and useful. Whole batteries of French artillery poured into Bruges from Ghent, looking war-stained and completely done up. At 4 o'clock that

afternoon we received orders to retreat on Beernem, where we arrived in the pitch-dark at 8. We were to be billeted with the Divisional Headquarters Staff at the beautiful Château de Bloemendael, owned by the Chevalier and Madame Vrière. The former, a horse-breeder of repute, met us on his bicycle and conducted us to the Château. We were there most sumptuously entertained, sitting down 25 officers to dinner, which lasted two hours, the host and hostess doing the honours and bringing out their most expensive wines. The Château was splendidly furnished, but most of the valuable tapestries, wines, and antiquities had been removed by the host some days before in anticipation of a visit from the Germans. The troops were all billeted in the little village close by, and very well received they were. We here had the luxury of the first hot bath since landing. On this day we heard that the armoured motor-cars which had joined the division had drawn first blood, capturing two officers and five men in the direction of Ypres.

Having slept in the same room as Major E. Brown, A.V.C., and Major D. J. J. Hill, A.O.D., we rose at 6 o'clock and made a tour of the grounds. These were most beautifully laid out, and the large stables afforded ample accommodation for the Staff horses. I here saw the anti-aircraft pom-pom, which was always with Divisional Headquarters, and hoped before long that it would have an opportunity of bringing

down a Taube. I took the Chevalier and Madame round to inspect the lines, and they were much alarmed, as on their return a Taube flew over the Château. The aviator, however, dropped no bombs, so the pom-pom officer let him alone. In the afternoon Colonel Lambert came to represent the R.F.A. Staff, and I had to hand over my room and go to the Chevalier's cousin's chateau, the Baron de Snoy. Our host had left with his wife for England, but his maître d'hôtel remained to do the honours, and right well he accomplished his mission. I here met the interpreter of the Artillery Brigade Headquarters, Mr Herbert, and found him most affable. The Rev. Tom George, our Padre, attached to the 21st Field Ambulance, I also met that afternoon while attending an intercessionary procession by the villagers. As he was in very uncomfortable quarters I invited him and the Roman Catholic Padre, Father Moths, to share my quarters. That evening Colonel Lambert came in to dinner, and the entertainment was not far short of that of the previous evening, — the Gunners' mess being quite one of the best. Orders to move on Roulers were rumoured that evening, and that we were retreating on Ypres, as the Division was in a position of grave danger. The enemy were advancing in great force, threatening to overwhelm us before we could have time to entrench.

At 7.30 A.M. the Brigade left



for Coolscamp, the General giving me orders to remain behind to keep in touch by telephone with Ostend and themselves. The Chevalier was much perturbed, shortly after their departure, to receive a message from Ghent to the effect that all overhead communications had been cut by the Germans, that the only remaining communications with Bruges were by wire through Ostend, and that the Germans were advancing rapidly on Roulers. I lunched at the Château, and left for Coolscamp on receiving telephonic communication from 21st Brigade. On arrival at 3 o'clock I found I had been billeted with the Veterinary Pollard at a solicitor's, Monsieur David. We were well entertained, and had quite a musical evening. It appeared that the Germans had passed through some time before, and had been most careful not to damage anything. It is believed that the reason for this was that they did a lot of buying in this district in peace time and were well in with the peasantry. One private, for stealing an egg, had been tied to a cart-wheel all night.

Next morning it was reported that a Taube had been shot down at Divisional Headquarters at Thielt. I saw the French marines arrive on their retreat from Ghent, after which we left for Roulers, where the Divisional Headquarters were moving. It rained hard all the way, and we arrived and were billeted at 17 Rue du Nord, making this our headquarters for the night, Mr

Louis Maselis, a large corn merchant, being our host, who received us most cordially.

We left for Ypres at 9.30 A.M., and four Taubes flew over us on the road, but too high to be shot at. We arrived at Ypres at 6.30, and Headquarters were on the Railway Square. That evening I met Capitaine Bernaud of the 79th Reserve Regiment, and saw our first lot of Allies, reserve dragoons dismounted on the Square to receive us. The Germans had been through and stayed one night, the 7th, the day we landed at Zeebrugge. They had taken up their quarters in the famous riding school, and the first thing they had done was to break open the mess-room and cellars, and take out all the wine, after which they broke up everything and stole the mess-plate. When I saw it a week later, the school *manèges* were strewn with broken bottles, champagne, claret, port, &c., &c., and every drawer and cupboard door burst open and ransacked. They had cut all communications at the station, demanded an indemnity of 65,000 francs (£2600), and stolen all the money they could lay hands on from the Banque Nationale. 6000 loaves were requisitioned in the evening to be ready next morning, failing which there was a penalty of £800 (20,000 francs). At 10.30 A.M. a Taube, with pilot and observer, had been brought down, but they were not captured until 4.30, as they concealed themselves in a wood. They were both brought in, furious with rage, as each was

seized by the collar and a revolver pointed at their heads by Belgian officers in the car, which was driven at the rate of 60 miles an hour at least!

Next day the whole brigade marched out to Halte, on the Menin-Ypres road, dug trenches, and remained in them all night. The Headquarters of the brigade I billeted in the Secretary of Ypres' Château, not 500 yards away.

In the morning I had a good deal of trouble to requisition oats, as it was pitch-dark when we were ordered to advance to attack patrol of Germans towards Menin. About a quarter mile beyond Gheluvelt we engaged advance party of Uhlans at 8.30 A.M. in a thick fog. A file of the Bedfords brought in a suspect, whose papers not being in order I escorted into Ypres. He was there detained at the Town Hall, and I heard no more of him. Had quite an amusing skirmish with the daughter of the proprietress of the Hotel des Trois Rois. Feeling very hungry, I asked for lunch—she said she had nothing; asked for an egg, same reply; bread, the same; finally, in a fury at such dis-obliging conduct, I asked her whether she did not think herself most ungrateful, considering we were there to defend them against the Germans. This had the desired effect, and she asked me to come in, cooked me a splendid omelet, brought out a bottle of wine, and plenty of bread and cheese!! for which she only charged me two francs. While

lunching, A. C. Pharo, the Interpreter of D squadron, R. H. Guards, came in, and told me that he wanted to stable Lord Leveson-Gower's horse for some time, as he was a favourite, and had crooked up with the unaccustomed "roughing it" he had had to go through. The girl told me her mother and sister had left to go to England, and she only had her brother with her, but that they would find a groom and stable for five francs a-day as long as they remained. She also cooked another lunch for Pharo. I then returned to the firing line, and retired with them at sundown on to Gheluvelt. Here I made headquarters at the Bourgmestre's of Gheluvelt (the Mayor), a M. Vuylsteker. These turned out very comfortable, and after dinner I had a long talk with him and became most friendly. That night several refugees were brought in by the outposts as suspects, but I found them to be genuine refugees whom I sent on to Ypres.

Our first casualty was reported next morning, the 17th. Firing having taken place during the night, a captain of the Wiltshires went out in front of the lines to investigate. Missing his way on returning he was shot dead by one of the outposts. We remained at Gheluvelt all day. Several shots were exchanged with enemy's advance patrols, and we saw a farm burning  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile away, set on fire by the enemy.

On Sunday the 18th, we

marched out of Gheluvelt at 4.30 A.M., and arrived at Becelaere 7.30 A.M. The 22nd R.F.A. opened fire on our left, and the battle began. This was the baptism of fire for most of our brigade, and they stuck it well. At 8.30 A.M. the whole line advanced to Terhand. At 11 A.M. our first casualties were reported: 1 officer killed and 2 wounded in the Bedfordshires, and 20 men wounded. We took up our quarters at five o'clock in a farmhouse 200 yards in rear of Terhand windmill. A battery of our guns was posted there, and opened fire on the enemy. The farmer, his wife, two daughters, and one son, with two refugee women and three children from Ghent, were also there. The battery had hardly opened fire when the enemy replied, and soon the shells were whirling right over the farmhouse, much to the discomfiture of the inmates. By six o'clock our guns had silenced the enemy's batteries, and we were once more at peace; but the shells had done a good deal of damage to Terhand village. We did not undress that night, as we expected a night attack. This, however, did not mature.

Opened fire at 8.47 A.M., and continued all day. We took up our stand at a small farm on the Gheluvelt side of Becelaere and awaited reports on the action taking place at Zonnebeke on our left flank, which was being hard pressed. We advised the farmer and his daughters to retire to Becelaere and remain there until fire

ceased. This they did, and to my knowledge have never returned since, we having had to retire on Gheluvelt once more, where we slept that night in our old headquarters at the Bourgmeestre's.

On the 20th, heavy fire opened by the enemy at 8.30 A.M. I took the precaution to advise M. Vuylstekker to leave his house and go into Ypres, and then went to take up quarters at the Château de Gheluvelt. I found the gardener in sole possession. The place was magnificently furnished with priceless *objets d'arts* and old paintings. On going upstairs I found the bedrooms just as if the owners were returning at any moment. The proprietors, M. and Mm. Henry de Sauley, appear to have fled at a moment's notice. All the toilet requisites, the scents and scent-bottles, glass and silver stoppered, remained just as they had last been used. In the study the papers of the 3rd were still unopened and lying on the writing-desk. I presume the cellars were also in the same condition. The Brigade Headquarter Staff decided, however, to get nearer to the fighting line, and we moved into a chateau which had been completely abandoned, about three miles nearer Becelaere. There the brigade entrenched itself under heavy fire, and we took up our quarters and awaited events. The shell were screaming all round us, and the stretcher-bearers were coming up from the trenches carrying the dying and wounded to the shelter of the chateau, where

they would remain until night-fall, when the ambulances would come out from Halte. About 12.30 P.M. General Watts suggested going to see how matters stood at Becelaere. Captain Drysdale and myself accompanied him. As we got up to the firing line the shells started raining over the ridge where the Scots Fusiliers, the Wiltshires, and the Bedfords were advancing, and became so hot that the General thought it advisable to call in the machine-gun section. This he requested me to do. I therefore mounted my horse, and followed by my batman, galloped over to the ridge, where I found all the infantry advancing lying down and the bullets whirring all round. I delivered my message for Captain Bruce, and returned at full gallop, expecting every moment to be bowled over. Just as I was getting in, and almost at the side of the farm where the Staff were standing, a high-explosive shell burst about 30 feet behind me, and a large piece of casing whizzed past my head and buried itself in the ploughed field 20 yards in front. On arriving I received the congratulations of the General. About three minutes after another burst within 20 yards of the General, who thought it advisable then to move off to some more remote position. As we rounded the church shells were raining down into the village, and one carried away the arm of a Wiltshire who was standing where we had stood only two minutes before.

We retired through the village on our way back to headquarters, and a few women came running out of the cellars where they had taken refuge during the commencement of the bombardment. It is perfectly extraordinary how the lower classes in Belgium will stick to their houses until the very last minute, hoping that their house will be spared. The engagement continued until 7.30 dusk, and then the shell fire died down. In the distance we could, however, see Becelaere in flames, the church steeple standing out against the red glare. We sat up that night. After dinner Colonel Lambert came in, and he seemed to be suffering from a very bad bronchial cold. The firing was continuous, and got so persistent that the General thought it advisable to change headquarters before morning. At three o'clock, in the pitch-dark, we had orders to retire on the road to Gheluveld. The mud was deep and the night like pitch, and we had to pick our way through horses and ammunition-carts which we could only feel, as no moon was up. Colonel Lambert decided to also move his guns under cover of darkness. The enemy's guns had found his battery, and he had lost his battery-major in consequence.

At 4.30 A.M. we left in inky darkness to tramp one and a half mile west of the chateau, where we found the Yorks about to entrench. Colonel Lambert selected his position for the 35th Brigade, R.F.A., of which he was in command, and

we moved at daybreak into a small untenanted farmhouse, which we decided to make our headquarters for the time being. The farm was backed by another, some 100 yards to the left-rear. This we made our habitation, leaving the foremost for the Staff Signalling Company, batmen, &c. At 9.30 A.M. the shells started dropping again all round us, and while the colonel and I were crossing over to the rear farm a shrapnel burst rather closer than before, and we were surrounded with bullets. One struck Colonel Lambert on the legging, and proved to be a most wonderful escape. It actually cut a piece out of the calf of the legging and did no injury to the riding-breeches inside. When I advised the colonel to take it off to see if he were injured at all, a bullet dropped out from the bottom of the legging inside. He was in no way injured, and only felt as if he had been struck by an ash walking-stick. Shrapnel and high-explosives rained round us all day; and the chateau we had quitted only a few hours before was a heap of smouldering ruins.

That night, as the General and I were looking towards Beceleare, outside the farmhouse, and watching the red glow of the village in flames, a shrapnel burst, and the bullets struck the wooden door all round us, and an éclat struck the button of my tunic, thus probably saving me from a nasty wound. I carried a bruise on my chest for nearly a week.

As Colonel Lambert had de-

ecided that the best position for his battery was only a few hundred yards away, the General thought it advisable to move headquarters a little farther to the east. We accordingly moved to a still smaller farm, about 2000 yards to the right-rear. General Watts proved to be correct, as when Colonel Lambert opened fire at 6.30 A.M., shell fell like rain on our late quarters, and reduced it to ruins in ten minutes. This quarter and the surrounding neighbourhood became distinctly unhealthy. During one of the lulls Sir Frederick Ponsonby and Colonels Montgomery and Stewart arrived on the scene with a message from Divisional Headquarters to General Watts. They were standing near the corner of the farm, watching the shells bursting over the trenches, when one got so close that we were all peppered, but none struck. Colonel Montgomery then advised Sir Frederick to retire to headquarters, suggesting that it might be more salubrious. They accordingly rode off at a gallop, making straight across a ploughed field to the corner of a wood surrounding a chateau on the Gheluvelt-Ypres road. Just as they were reaching this point a shrapnel burst over and behind them, and one of their saddles was emptied and the horse brought down. We all thought it was Ponsonby, but it turned out to be Stewart, who was very badly hit, and died later from the effects in Ypres. Next day Sir Frederick received a wire

from the King calling him back to an appointment as Keeper of the Privy Purse. As the shells by this time were bursting close to our headquarters, the General suggested my going to the chateau to inspect and report. I did so, but found the place had been left in much disorder by the Field Ambulance, which had been using it as a dressing station until it became too hot. I came back and took over five orderlies to clean up and prepare it for headquarters. We crossed the Grenadier Guards coming up in open order to the attack, and the shrapnel was bursting all round; five horses were killed and wounded in the stables of the farm I had just left. While I was in the thick of tidying up, I marched a young subaltern of the Welsh Fusiliers, who introduced himself as G. I. Snead-Cox (since killed), and said he was looking for the General to report himself as orderly officer for his regiment. I told him that as I was expecting the General in about an hour he had better wait there, as to cross over might be exposing himself unnecessarily. I found out that he had only recently received his commission on passing out of Sandhurst, and he offered to help me to tidy up, which I gratefully accepted. We changed the place from a shambles to a palace in no time, and when the General arrived he was delighted at the idea of again getting into decent quarters. We had just sat down to lunch when the shelling started all

round the place, high-explosives dropping within a radius of fifty yards. At 3.30 the battle was at its highest, when the verandah cornice was blown off by a shell. An orderly galloped up without his cap, that had been shot off, slightly grazing his forehead, which was bleeding. He said he could not find the Wiltshire trenches, although he had been out half an hour in the thick of it. As he was one of the best men of the Northumberland Hussars, Eustace Smith, their orderly officer, advised him to take cover in the stables with our servants until the firing died down a bit. We got a message from Headquarters saying that we must hold out at all costs, as the 1st Army Corps were coming up as quickly as possible to our support. The shell fire was so continuous we concluded that by some means the Germans must have found out that the chateau had been turned into headquarters. At 5, however, the firing died down, and prisoners started being brought in. The corporal in charge of the first batch said that the Wiltshire Regiment had suffered terribly, as also the Scots Fusiliers, both having been badly peppered with high-explosives (Jack Johnstons), which had buried many of them alive in their trenches. On questioning one of the prisoners he informed me that they were all landwehr men, fathers of families, about the ages of thirty-nine and forty, and had been called up quite recently. There was no doubt that the Germans

were well equipped; all their clothes were in excellent order and brand-new. They seemed relieved and evidently overjoyed when I told them that they would probably be sent to England. They were afraid that the report which had been made to them that we shot all prisoners was true. These batches kept on coming in all the time until nine, and I passed them on under escort to Divisional Headquarters for interrogation. The shelling suddenly ceased, and was not renewed, which gave us the impression that the proximity of the 1st Army Corps must have been reported to the enemy, and their guns withdrawn to a position less exposing them to capture. I took a post-card from one of the prisoners, which was issued free to most of them, with "10 War Rules" which must have kept them busy if they carried out their full instructions. That night the General and Drysdale slept in the drawing-room, the Signalling Staff in the hall outside; Colonel Lambert, suffering badly from bronchitis, in a bedroom upstairs; Bruce, Pollard, and myself, outside in the passages, with all our kit on for emergencies.

Shelling started again at 8 A.M., but was not so heavy, owing to their probably having retired, and consequently having to use howitzers. Two officers of the Bedfords reported killed, and yesterday's report of a whole bunch of the Wiltshires having been blown in by high-explosives confirmed. The remainder were literally shelled

out of their trenches. Three women, three men, and then three children were brought in, with a report that they were suspected of signalling to the enemy with lights. I put them up in two rooms in the top of the chateau without lights, and mounted a guard over them for the night.

I sent my prisoners on to Divisional Headquarters at day-break, and rifle fire started at 6 A.M., but no shelling. At 7 A.M. Captain Drysdale came up to me and asked me to get out on to the road to hurry up two battalions which were expected every minute from the 1st Army Corps coming to our support. The position was most critical, as we had not *one* man left to support the firing line, which was being very hardly pressed, and might give way at any moment. At last, then, the long-expected supports were arriving! Our men had behaved like heroes all. This was the seventh day since we first engaged the Germans, one Division extending over an unheard-of front of eight miles, and holding up what I understood from one of our prisoners yesterday to be a hostile force of three Army Corps — *i.e.*, 15-20,000 men up against 150,000!!! The ordeal of the last three days had been terrible. These brave fellows actually had no sleep for seven days, and had never left the trenches, fighting night and day, sticking to them until they were literally blown out of them or buried alive. They were now becoming pieces of wood, sleeping standing up,

and firing almost mechanically, with the very slightest support from our guns, which were now out-classed, as we had no howitzers with the Division, having left Lyndhurst in a hurry to accomplish a task which never came off, through no fault of ours. Having got on to the road, I found the Northumberland Hussars coming through the gates of the chateau, evidently having been brought up with the idea of their taking possession of the trenches if the supports were not up in time. In ten minutes I sighted the head of a battalion swinging up the road, and ran down as directed to hurry them up. Found them to be the Highland Light Infantry and King's Own Scottish Borderers. I told the commanding officer the position, and he doubled them round the wood to the trenches our fellows were holding with their last gasp. I then returned to the chateau and found a signalling private, called Shepherd, posted on the gates. This man had been left with me at the chateau at Beernem, when I was told to keep up communications by telephone between Headquarters and the Division as they advanced on Coolscamp. He asked me whether I had seen an ambulance pass, as it contained a captain of the Scots Fusiliers, and that his batman had told him that their interpreter had just been shot as a spy. I asked him for further details, which were as follows: Observing that the Royal Scots Fusiliers were being particularly

marked out by the German gunners wherever they moved, the captain began to suspect the interpreter, who had been attached to them recently, and was a Belgian. He was therefore watched, and the night before had been followed to a farm close to their trenches. At four the sergeant reported that he was signalling to the German lines with an electric lamp. On the captain going up with a file of men and suddenly coming upon him signalling, he turned round, and when he found he was caught, shot the captain in the shoulder with his revolver. He was consequently shot down where he stood. On my return I reported the incident to Drysdale. Quartermaster-Sergeant brought out a note from Vuylstekker begging to be kindly remembered to the General and Staff, and expressing his wishes that when I came into Ypres I should call upon the family at 85 Rue Salemont de Volsberg and renew our friendly intercourse so well begun at Gheluvelt. I showed the letter to General Watts at lunch, and while discussing the Belgian spy incident he said that it had been reported that a German officer was known to be driving round in a motor-car disguised as a British Staff officer, and that if I could come across him and have him arrested it might be a good thing for me.

The following day I rode into Ypres with servant and called at Divisional Headquarters at Zellebeke to find out who had been appointed to



the post of Chief Interpreter in place of Ponsonby, and was informed that no appointment had yet been made. I then called on Vuylsteker, who was delighted to meet me again, and asked me to stay to lunch with them. The party consisted of himself, his wife, two sons, and his daughter-in-law, and all were most anxious to know whether their house at Gheluvelt was still untouched. Although most of the houses there and the windmill had been levelled, I was glad to be able to report that his house was still remaining untouched when we had heard from a messenger to Gheluvelt the day before. In the course of conversation the spy incident came up, and he was much concerned at the treachery of the Belgian, and said that he had well deserved his fate.

He then told me that although precautions were most necessary, a personal friend of his, who would be coming in shortly and was the Secretary of Langemarcke, had come in to see him the evening before, but had been refused admission to the town until that morning. This I could not understand, as we had so far only refused to pass any one wishing to go towards the German lines, but never those who wished to come in. This gentleman came in just as we were finishing lunch, accompanied by a Belgian officer, who was about to return to the firing line. They both confirmed the story, and I then told them that I should take them to the Intelligence Department after and find

out what had happened. Mr Vuylsteker then repeated the Belgian spy incident of yesterday, at which they were both greatly indignant, and said that it was not the first time they had heard of Belgian treachery, and such men deserved shooting at sight.

I then after lunch accompanied them to the Intelligence Department, and to my surprise the officer confirmed the incident, and added that no one would be allowed to enter or leave the town at present. This ended our interview, and I left them to see if I could find George, our Padre, who was then attached to the Convent Hospital. On calling there I found the Roman Catholic Padre, Father Moths, who had stayed with us at the Baron de Snoy's Château at Beernem, and he told me that George was at the cemetery supervising the erection of wooden crosses over our men's graves. I then returned to the Hotel des Trois Rois, where I dined and engaged a bed. I strolled out and entered into conversation with a French officer of dragoons, who informed me that a man whom they had arrested a fortnight before on suspicion of being a spy, but was released for want of evidence, had disappeared; but he had just seen him in a café standing drinks to our men, and advised me to have him arrested on suspicion, and if nothing could be found against him to expel him from the town.

I accompanied him to the café, and entering found the

man the only civilian there, and standing drinks to our men. I gave instructions to a non-commissioned officer to watch him carefully, and on his leaving to make inquiries, and if suspicious to take him over to the Intelligence Department and have him examined. I then walked through into the passage, but before I got to the door I heard a terrible hullabaloo, and on getting out found our friend had been pounced upon and bundled out into the street. I had him conveyed over the square to the Intelligence Department, where he was detained for inquiry on my stating the circumstances. They had already had him under observation for some time, it appeared.

Leaving the Intelligence Department, I strolled over to the Café de Flandres and ordered a bock. I had hardly been there five minutes when a young Staff officer accompanied by a French artillery officer entered. I hailed the French officer, whom I took for a captain, in French, and told him how pleased I was to see the French dragoons again. To my surprise he utterly ignored me. I then asked the British officer who his friend was who was so uncommonly rude for a Frenchman. To my amazement he replied in *broken English*, "He is not a capitaine; he is a commandant." I then asked him to do me the honour of sitting next to me, and I then apologised in French to the French officer, explaining that I had only seen three stripes on his cape instead of four.

To this he merely gave a grunt, and I noticed that his collar bore the number —, while I noted also that he was a major. On looking at the *soi-disant* English Staff officer I noted that he only wore two stars. I then asked him where he had come from, and he again replied in broken English, "I come from London, and have only just been appointed to the Staff by Lord Kitchinaere."

This appeared to me extraordinary. An English Staff officer unable to speak English except with a French accent, accompanied by a French officer of artillery who refused to speak at all! I then thought of the General's statement the day before. "A German officer is known to be going about in a car in British Staff officer's uniform." Still I could not account for the French accent. Then it dawned upon me that perhaps he might be a German speaking with a French accent to put me off the scent. I decided that it was good enough to have them arrested for inquiry.

I therefore got up, and, strolling quietly to the door, opened it and told the first Tommy I saw to stop every pal he came across, as there were spies in the café. As I was about to re-enter I saw both my men, looking very uncomfortable, rise and call for the bill. By this time I had twenty Tommies under the first, and I told them to wait and follow the two men coming out, as I suspected

them of being spies. They were all on tiptoe, and when the pair came out my men followed them down the square for twenty yards, when they both got into a private car! This settled it. I ordered my men to surround the car, and they did so in a second. Just as I was congratulating myself on a fine capture and saw visions of reward and honour, &c., out came the Staff officer's head and inquired, "Vat is zis?" At the same time I felt a tap on my shoulder, and, turning round, found it was an infantry captain, who whispered, "It's all right, old chap. Duc d'Orleans!" The French accent, Kitchener, and all was accounted for. I stepped forward, apologised, saluted, and withdrew my men, and off went the car. On turning round to explain the circumstances to the captain, to my amazement he had disappeared, although the whole thing had not taken a minute.

I felt absolutely "done"; saw a clever plant in the English captain, and had the satisfaction of feeling that I had the finest chance in my power of promotion and congratulation, and had been fooled into losing both.

I turned into the café again, feeling that if I reported the matter to the Intelligence Department I should only be hauled over the coals for having lost the quarry they had been hunting for when it had been in my very hands, and called a blithering idiot for my pains. I therefore decided to say nothing, and let

the incident go. After a short time I reflected that although the "bird had flown" the Intelligence Department might not know that the accomplice was dressed as a French artillery officer, that he bore a certain number on his collar, and that the British Staff officer *soi-disant* was only a subaltern, and had a little reddish moustache and pale complexion. I therefore risked a row and went over to the Intelligence Department and reported what had taken place. The officer in charge was extremely interested, although it was nearly one o'clock, and asked me to describe the French artillery officer. I did so, and he seemed relieved; then he asked for the description of the young Staff officer, which I gave him, and he then smilingly said, "It is quite right, and it was the Duc d'Orleans!" That night I returned to the Hôtel des Trois Rois and slept the sleep of the just. At any rate I considered that if the incident were reported the "powers that be" would certainly attribute a considerable amount of zeal, and admit that I was keeping my eyes well open in the "cause," if nothing more!

With the morning a report came in that the 7th Division was being very hardly pressed. "At Kruiseck the 20th Brigade, which was holding the right flank, had been compelled to fall back slightly. In the afternoon the 7th Cavalry Brigade, which was in reserve, was ordered to demonstrate in that quarter, with the idea of relieving the pressure. The

operation was most smartly carried out by the Royal Horse Guards under Colonel Wilson. The conduct of Lord Innes Ker's squadron, which formed the advance-guard, was brought to the notice of G.O.C., and trooper Nevin recommended for the D.C.M. for his services." I called to find George at the 21st Field Ambulance Headquarters, and was told that he had taken up his quarters at 12 Bd. Malou. Found the house delightful, the whole having been left in George's charge by the principal town Barrister, who left his old servant behind and retired to Poperinghe with his wife.

George then informed me that the previous day he had found two men buried and one half buried, with no identification certificates, so had refused to continue the burial service until he had seen the Mayor or Bourgmestre, Mr R. Colaert, who was responsible for the identification forms being brought in before permit of burial could be given. As he was unable to speak French he asked me to accompany him on this mission. Found Mr Colaert at the Town Hall, ready to do anything in his power, and full of apologies, which, however, did not ring true to me, and I told him that the men would have to be exhumed and their identity guaranteed before burial. I then threatened if this were not immediately done, and three other of our soldiers who had been buried behind the gaol removed to the cemetery also, that I should report

the matter to headquarters. Finally, after having brought him to his senses, I left him in a friendly spirit.

I interviewed thirty German prisoners who had been captured on our left, and reported that the road east of Veldhoek, where our Headquarters were, was full of dead Germans. I remained that night at Bd. Malou with George.

Early next day I sent my servant out to Veldhoek to get news of the Brigade. He came back at 11, saying that they had moved on to Hooge, as the firing line had fallen back. I rode out at once, and as the General asked if I could get a car for him, I told him that all cars had been long ago requisitioned by the Belgian and French armies. I, however, rode in again, and managed to requisition a two-seater, and brought that out, the owner just having come from Ghent the day before.

On getting out to Hooge, I found we had received orders to advance again on Gheluveld; so, finding the whole ready for the road, fell into my usual place behind the General and Brigade-Major at the head of the column. Night was falling, and on passing the Burgomaster's house I had the satisfaction of seeing it still standing, although slightly battered on the upper floor. Nearly all the other buildings were in ruins, and the windmill had totally disappeared. We were heavily shelled on the road to Kruseck, where we were to take up the quarters held by the 22nd Brigade, under Gen-

eral Lawford. After marching for nearly an hour we came to quite a small farm on the side of the road, half-way between Gheluveld and Zandwoorde, which had evidently been used by the late owner as a wine-shop and general provision store, as there was a counter on one side of it farthest away from the door, and the shelves were littered with broken glasses and bottles. Amongst this a pile of straw had been brought in from the outhouse at the back and carelessly thrown down on the floor, and a dingy petroleum lamp was burning on the counter amongst a litter of dirty plates, knives, bully-beef tins, and tins of butter, jam, and cocoa. In this awful place we found General Lawford and his staff, who had been living there for two days. As soon as they moved out I had the whole place cleared, and the room next door prepared for General Watts and Drysdale and Godman; then fresh straw was brought in and put down on the floor in both rooms, and we fell asleep, the shells booming and bursting a few hundred yards short of us. This was the worst night we had endured, as we had no valises up and nothing to put over us, and on waking with the cold I got up to try and walk myself into something like a condition to retire again, but I lay awake until dawn, when we all rose and had some hot tea, which was most acceptable.

We were so uncomfortable that General Watts suggested my riding round and seeing

whether I could not find something better. I therefore rode out with my servant to explore, and after riding some three-quarter mile found a farm surrounded by a bog of mud, and to my surprise a man and woman in it. The farmer told me that some nine soldiers had just left, and six were wounded, and had been there waiting for a field ambulance for three days, which had only taken them away that morning. The place was so dirty, and had a heap of manure right in front of the door, that I decided to ride back and advise the General to stay where we were. After a quarter-mile ride I came across a company of Warwicks who had somehow lost their brigade, and the captain in charge looked in a terrible condition—said he had had nothing for many hours. I brought him back and gave him breakfast, and the General put him on his brigade. Shelling began about nine, and Lieut. Jardine of the R.A.M.C. established a dressing-station in a farm over the way, and 100 yards farther towards Gheluveld. The stretcher-bearers soon started to bring in the wounded, who were deposited in the barn to await the Red Cross waggons in the evening. There were some shocking sights, but Jardine tackled them entirely, having only an orderly or two to assist him. The signallers' cart with the telephone and telegraph stood on the road with the machine-gun transport just outside our quarters. About two one of

our aeroplanes passed over us from the German lines, who followed him up with shrapnel. It was a fine sight to see him continue steadily onwards towards our lines, surrounded by small balls of white smoke where the shrapnel was bursting. He managed, however, to get away unscathed. The German guns by this time were heavily shelling Gheluvelt, and a great number of the houses were in flames, also the houses in Zandvoorde, which was on the rise on our left. Towards evening we were visited by a Taube, which threw out white fire-balls over our batteries to show the Germans where they were to shell. They were not very successful that day, however. We intercepted a message from the German lines by tapping wireless, announcing an early attack on us for the next morning. We were all ready for them!!

We were attacked at dawn, and the rifle firing was continuous. At eight the shelling started, and very heavy it was, dropping all round and over us. The day was beautiful, sun shining brightly, and beautifully crisp clear air and blue sky,—the country strewn about with dead cattle. One poor chap, an R.E. officer, was brought in frightfully mauled and in a dying condition. A captive balloon was up all day, observing from the French lines. As I was watching the woods on our left front towards the Gheluvelt-Menin road, I saw the Yorks retiring and the Gordons advancing. I pointed

this out to the General, who immediately sent to find out by whose orders they were retiring. Presently, to our consternation, the Gordons came back farther down the road towards Gheluvelt; before we could do anything the Yorks came streaming over the open ploughed land, crossing in front of the Kruseck woods. The General galloped down the road to stop the Gordons, and I tried to stop the Yorks, who persisted that the order had been given to them to retire. We concluded that it must have been a German officer, and formed them up along the Zandvoorde - Gheluvelt road under a terrible shrapnel fire, and they were being bowled over like ninepins, as the Germans must have seen them crossing the open. We tumbled them into the ditch alongside the road, and it was a pitiable sight to see the poor fellows who were still in the open and badly hit trying to crawl along towards our headquarters to take shelter from the hail of shrapnel bullets. They dragged themselves along, some with arm or leg shot off or broken, and others streaming with blood from head and face wounds. They were by now all lying out under the wall of the farm, and the place looked like a shambles. It was a splendid sight to see Jardine running out under a hail of bullets and bringing in one wounded man after another on his back. His mackintosh in ten minutes was covered with blood, and he looked like a butcher. Presently the shell fire died down

a bit, and the men in the ditches alongside the road, having had time to recover, advanced once more to regain the ground they had lost; but they left dozens of corpses lying in all sorts of positions on the field at the side of our headquarters. The General immediately had ordered out two machine-guns which were on the waggon, and under Bruce they gave the advancing Germans such a peppering that they were forced to retire, and we thus recovered our trenches and saved the situation. The retirement, however, brought headquarters for half an hour right into the firing line. The enemy, who were here found to be part of the 24th Army Corps from Lille, appeared to have suffered heavy casualties. At 4 o'clock Godman, Chads, and I, with two gunner officers attached, were discussing the shave we had had from being turned that afternoon, and the General and Drysdale had gone down towards Zandvoorde to steady up the men. We were having tea without milk, having run out of the latter commodity, when a fearful crash came. We were all thrown down, and every window frame burst out of the windows. On running out to see where the shell had fallen, we found a huge hole in the field, at the corner of the farm nearest the road and the room we were in—a hole big enough to bury a taxi-cab. Between that and the farm was a large farm waggon, which had been stand-

ing there that morning, and had evidently broken the shock, and probably saved our lives, turned upside down, and the body reduced to matchwood. We certainly shook hands with each other on our escape that time, and Godman and I spent the next two hours in a ditch at the side of the road, the top of which was being peppered all the time. At six o'clock we returned to the farm, as the fire had died down, and the rain started coming on heavily; but owing to all the windows having been blown out, we had to close the shutters. The General came back, and when he saw the damage congratulated us on our escape. He was accompanied by General Lawford and his orderly officer, Captain Grant (since killed). We had hardly settled down to another cup of tea when an orderly came up with a message directing me to report at 1st Army Corps Headquarters forthwith. The rain and wind were terrific, and the night was black as ink. The General could give me no idea what I was wanted for, but suggested that I had better go in at once, as it might be for an appointment on the Staff in Ypres, we having only just been placed under the 1st Army Corps from the 4th. I therefore called out my servant, and ordered him to saddle up and prepare to go into Ypres. As I came out I saw the houses burning away in Gheluvelt, with an incessant sound of rifle fire.

He suggested that the journey might be very uncomfortable, and could we not wait till the morning! We started off down the road towards Gheluvelt, and, just as we came up, met a patrol, who told us that to get to Ypres we should have to go back and make a round of four miles, otherwise we should have to pass between two fires, as an engagement was going on between us and the Germans, and the Ypres-Menin road was between. I decided to wait until a lull came and risk it. This we did, but I was mighty glad when we got through, as the bullets were whistling all over us as we galloped with our heads right over the horses' necks.

We arrived at Headquarters at 8.30, and I was told to report at 7.30 on the Ypres-Menin road next morning! I then went round to Bd. Malou and found that George had collected all the "padres" of the Division together, as well as some of other Divisions, and they had made this their headquarters, and very comfortable they were. That night at 12 o'clock the first shell was thrown into Ypres—and struck the Town Hall.

I reported at 7.30 A.M. at 1st Army Corps Headquarters reporting office. This turned out to be on the left of the Menin road. After being kept there nearly half an hour, I saw my old friend the French Artillery Officer eyeing me from the corner of his eye, and not being at all aware that I had recognised

him. Apparently, then, our friend the Duc and his Attaché were attached to 1st Army Corps Headquarters. I had a most entertaining conversation with Lloyd, a young interpreter, who had been transferred to the 1st Army Corps as Intelligence Officer, and was sitting in the hall translating some of the prisoners' diaries. I was in hopes that a similar transfer was in view for myself, as it was certainly more interesting work than sitting in a chateau all day with nothing to do, under a heavy shell fire, while the rest of the Staff were sitting in a dug-out 500 yards away.

Presently a Colonel came out and asked me to accompany him into the garden. He there put on a most mysterious air and asked me: "It is stated that you were heard to say in Ypres, before a Belgian officer, that we had shot a Belgian spy without court-martial." So this, then, was what I had been called in for,—all the way from the firing line, risking being killed by every sentry—and there were many along the road, and quite jumpy too, who challenged me on this horribly dark and stormy night,—and for this I had also risked my neck by passing right between two fires at Gheluvelt. I was so indignant that I am afraid I answered rather without taking the trouble to go into such details as I had been told of the treachery of the Belgian. I told the Colonel what I thought of the person who had so grossly misrepresented



what I really had said. When I got back and told my Commanding Officer about it, he roared and said, "Do you mean to say they got you in for that? They must be hard up for something to do! You had better go back to Ypres and have a good time to make up for it, as you have nothing to do here." I promptly availed myself of this permission and returned to Bd. Malou. There I found poor old George suffering agonies with face-ache, and the Rev. Stewart, Padre to the 20th Infantry Brigade, full of the shell which had been sent into Ypres the night before. We therefore walked round to inspect the damage, and wondered how a shell could have been fired in, as no German battery was supposed to be within range. On getting round the back of the Town Hall or Market Buildings, we found a whole crowd gaping at a King's Messenger with a camera, who was taking a snapshot of the damage. This consisted of a large hole, six feet in diameter, about the first storey, and below, outside, three motor-cars, the glass shattered to pieces, and large abrasions on the bodies. We then went inside and found a pile of masonry under the window next to the shell hole, and all along the hall lines of mattresses where some French troops had been sleeping. We were told by the inspector who showed us round that the man who had slept nearest the hole, and upon whom the *débris* had fallen, was almost unhurt, while those against the wall at the

left were killed and badly wounded by shrapnel bullets, which had left their mark on the walls. That night I again slept at George's, as the road to headquarters was being so badly shelled, and there was no use in risking being killed for nothing again. Besides the comfort and luxury of sleeping in a comfortable bed, and a luxurious bath, after the roughing it I had been through the last four days, was temptation enough in itself! We heard that a terrific fire had been opened on Zandvoorde ridge, and many of the trenches were blown in.

Two aeroplanes dropped bombs into Ypres at 7 A.M., in the Rue Aubeurre, killing a woman and two children. I heard that Colonels Lambert and Williamson had been wounded at Hooge, where they had been transferred from Veldhoek. I went down to the hospital but could get no information, except that they would probably be leaving by Red Cross train that evening. Nor could I get any information as to where our headquarters were, as lines had been cut, but heard that they had moved from Kruiseek, which was reduced to ruins. After dinner George and I found Williamson at the station, wounded in knee and arm. He was lying in an upper bunk, while a sister was attending to an officer who was very badly mauled, in a lower bunk opposite. Williamson told me that Colonel Lambert had been very badly hit in the fore-arm, and stuck to the guns as long as he could,

but he was in such terrible pain that they both scrambled out of the trench and were carried off by the ambulance before they knew what had happened. He had gone on by the train before. It was a dreadful sight to see all the stretchers lying on the platforms before being put into the train, but the calm and easy way the whole thing was carried out was an honour to the R.A.M.C. One poor chap of the Warwicks whom I spoke to, and had been very badly mauled, said: "Well, sir, England can't say we did not stick it to the last. I don't think I shall get home, and I wanted to tell the padre that I am not afraid to die. I used to be afraid of hell, but hell can't possibly be worse than what we have been through the last few days!"

I could get no news of the Brigade Headquarters, so remained in Ypres and attended Prince Maurice of Battenberg's funeral at 3. All the town were leaving for Poperinghe, as the guns were coming through from the front. The Provost-Marshal had to get me to help him to keep the square clear of traffic to allow them to pass. Fourteen men from our headquarters, with the Staff's seven horses, came in and said that the General had sent them out of the way, and was in a dug-out near the Château of Veldhoek, but on the left side of the road going out. The proprietress of the Hotel des Trois Rois decided to leave as well, and gave me the keys to look up before

I left. I kept the men and horses there, and decided to await the arrival of General Watts. To our surprise, half an hour later, we saw all the guns returning and going out towards Gheluvelt again. I heard that we had repulsed the Germans, and that Bruce and Godman had both been wounded, and decided, if the General was not through, to take the horses out again on the following morning. That evening the proprietress of the hotel came back, and we stayed there for the night.

I came out with signallers, grooms, &c., headquarters, fourteen men and seven horses, and found a supply waggon at Hooze, which had not been near headquarters for two days on account of the heavy shelling. I told them that if they could not get the cart up they must carry the supplies up. After some bantering I led them, under a fairly heavy fire, to the Château de l'Hermitage Zillebeke, where we had taken up our new headquarters, and found the General, Drysdale, and Chads all looking five years older than when I had left them on Thursday night. They were delighted to see me, as they were at the end of their rations. They confirmed the news of Bruce and Godman, and said that they had nearly been turned at Gheluvelt the day before. At lunch-time the shelling started heavier than ever. All the windows were broken, and the glass lying about everywhere. As I sat opposite the door I saw what I thought was a shell fuse, and

jumped up to throw it away from the verandah, when I found it was a "time fuse ring" complete, but so hot that I had to use my handkerchief to carry it. I brought it in, and the General said that the officer in charge of the guns near the dug-out, 400 yards away, would give anything for it, as it would show him the range of the German battery. I therefore volunteered to convey it down to him. Off I went, with shell bursting all round me, and shouted to the gunner officer, who came out close by me. He was awfully pleased, and congratulated me. I then ran back to the chateau, and very glad I was to get back all right—two stretcher-bearers and a messenger having both been killed outright as I was coming back. About four, a German Taube came over us and dropped fireballs, but we failed to hit him. General Lawford came up in his car and stayed to tea. The General, Drysdale, and Chads slept in the dug-out, and after they had gone, a German prisoner was brought in who was found straying. He was very much the worse for drink. He was carrying two loaves and a bottle of wine, quite unarmed, and said that he had lost himself.

I got all the glass swept up and the house put right and comfortable, hardly recognisable as the same place. Just at lunch-time, as the General came up from the dug-out, shelling started worse than ever; the lunch was hurried over, and the General advised

me to come into the dug-out. I declined, and started reading after they had gone. The shelling became worse and worse, high-explosives dropping all round. Finally came a crash, and a fuse-cap came through the ceiling and buried itself in the floor two feet from my chair. I thought this a little too hot, and got up to see where they were bursting. I found that the last was just behind the stables, and all the batmen were outside looking somewhat scared. As I looked the next one carried the gable of the stable clean away, and there was a general scuttle amongst the orderlies. I stepped out on to the verandah and shouted to them to bring out all the horses and place them under cover of the chateau.

The din was awful, and our 12-pounder battery replying did not tend to quiet the atmosphere. As the horses were being scurried out, and my two were close to the steps, I moved down to take one away from my batman. The next minute I saw a flash, and I was covered with mud from head to waist, and Lady, one of my horses which had been in front of me, stretched out as dead as a door-nail at my feet. The others, with their grooms, had got behind the shelter of the chateau, and I shouted to them to take them on the Ypres road out of fire. My man then pointed out to me that my other horse "Bobby" had a bullet hole in his head and another in the quarters. He also asked me to get my

wound dressed. I could not understand until he told me that I had blood all down the side of my face and neck. I remembered feeling a scratch like the cut of a razor just as I was bespattered with mud and water, but thought nothing of it, and said so. I then told him to get the horse away to Hooge with the others and the orderlies, and wait there for me. The chateau was in the middle of a wood through which the Gheluvelt road to Ypres runs, and it was this road that they all made for, their heads down and shoulders bucked up as shell after shell burst over them.

When a lull occurred in the shelling I followed up with all the speed I could on foot to overtake my horse and groom. As I got out on to the Ypres road I saw a battalion of the 24th Zouaves, which I hurried up to reinforce our men across the Ypres main road, and followed this, now strewn with wounded and dying Zouaves, who had suffered badly coming up under the bursting shell. I arrived at Hooge, where I found my man bathing "Bobby's" wounds, and I was somewhat surprised that they should have so little effect on him, as there was a deep bullet hole just below the eye and another in the off hindquarter. On arriving at Halte I found the 21st Field Ambulance had taken up its quarters at a farm just the other side of the railway line. I inquired for George, and was told that he was in a room at the back, which on entering I found was

occupied by orderlies making tea for the Staff. When George saw me he exclaimed, "My dear chap, what has happened to you?" I told him, and he led me to a glass. I don't think any mudlark I had ever seen could compete with the vision of grime I beheld in that glass. My face and uniform were streaked with greasy-looking black mud, interspersed with blood, which gave me a horrible appearance. As, however, George saw that I was none the worse, he suggested a wash, which I gratefully accepted; but the only water there was happened to be in the pot boiling for the tea, and after a fierce skirmish we managed to annex a cupful, which got off the worst and made me sufficiently presentable to enter Ypres. I had my horse dressed and requisitioned another in place of "Lady." The medical officer told me that I had better leave "Bobby" as he was, after he had inserted a wad of cotton-wool dipped in iodine into the hole, as he said the bullet was lodged in a cavity and would cause him no inconvenience at all if kept well plugged. He then painted my scratches with iodine, after which I put in a requisition for another mount, and rode out again to the firing line.

Next morning I rode into Ypres after breakfast to find the Remount Officer and get some things for Brigade Headquarter Staff, and was badly shelled all along the road. On arriving at

Halte, which had been shelled all night, I was told that Richardson, one of the best men I met, in the 21st Field Ambulance, had been killed by a shrapnel. He was one of their most popular officers, and George was very out up about it. He also told me that a shell had dropped into his old quarters at Bd. Malou, and advised me to go and see the damage when I got into Ypres. On arriving I did so, and found the servant in a terrible state, the shelling having started again. The kitchen was completely destroyed and open to the sky, and a mass of débris covered the ground.

Five soldier servants had been sleeping on the floor there the night before, and not one had been hurt. The servant afterwards slept in the basement cellar, and had not come out since. I, however, persuaded her to get a few things together and leave for Poperinghe. This was not done without considerable delay, as the town was now being shelled every quarter of an hour, and every time a shell burst she again rushed down into the cellar. At last, however, my servant and myself managed to collect her belongings. By this time the inhabitants were all flying from the town on to the Poperinghe road, and a motley crowd they were—old and young men, women, boys, girls, and children—all with some household goods carried in packages all shapes and sizes. I placed my charge into a Staff motor-car which

was proceeding that way, and I hope she found her master and mistress on arrival. It was a pitiable sight to see a young mother, who probably had never walked ten miles in her life, pushing a perambulator with her baby in it, and piled up with bundles of all kinds of household ware. She was followed by her husband carrying more bundles, leaving all they owned behind them possibly to be destroyed and lost for ever. As a pontoon detachment was passing I placed several in the pontoons, and got them away on the road to Poperinghe. That afternoon the 21st Field Ambulance moved in from Halte, and took up its work in the college buildings. The shells were falling on Ypres, and one struck the Hôtel de Ville as I was passing, and the concussion nearly blew me into a shop window in the square.

I went out to the firing line next day, and found General Watts, Drysdale, and Chads in the dug-out, the first with a very bad cold, and Drysdale suffering from a nasty shrapnel bullet wound in the thigh. As it was in the fleshy part, he refused to give up duty by going on the sick-list, although he must have been suffering severely. The stables of the chateau had again been badly peppered, and the grooms, horses, and servants had been sent to Hooge; and I was ordered to take charge of them, and to send the horses up with the cook-cart at sundown and receive them back in the morning. I therefore re-

turned to Hooge, and found men and horses there. The 22nd R.F.A. were in possession of the only farmhouse. They were roughing it, and sleeping on straw on the floor, and invited me to join them, which I did. Next morning I found quarters nearer Ypres, below Halte, in a very nice little cottage occupied by the guardian of the convent school, and had hardly settled down when in came Dimmock of the 111th Ammunition Column, who was looking for quarters as well. Our host and his two charming daughters did all they could for us, but as provisions were running short, Dimmock and I rode into Ypres at four o'clock for provisions. On our return I heard that the 21st and 22nd Infantry Brigades were being relieved, and would be marching to the French frontier that night to reorganise. Of our Brigade, the 21st, only 8 officers out of 120, and 750 men out of 4000, were left!! Here I had my first shave and clean-up for four days. At Halte that afternoon fifteen men and three horses were killed by a shrapnel bursting in the middle of them. I sent my servant to find out when the 21st Brigade was expected to march through, and then sat down to the best meal we had had for days. My servant, Garnham, returned with the information that the Brigade would be relieved at 2 A.M. At 10.30 the 22nd Brigade passed through — only the Brigadier-General, four combatant officers, and a little

over 700 men of the ranks left — and said the 21st were coming on behind. I ordered out the horses, and advanced towards Halte to meet them. Arriving nearly at the chateau, I met the relieving troops falling back under a heavy fire. I therefore returned to Halte to await events, and sat under the evening dew, which fell off the roof like rain, although it was a beautiful clear moonlight night. I was damp and felt horribly cold, but fell asleep sitting on the wooden bench. When I awoke it was two o'clock, and I was frozen to the bone. As there was an empty Staff motor-car drawn up alongside, I gave instructions for the police corporal to call me when the 21st came up, and turned into the car to sleep like a top under a heavy shrapnel fire until four next morning. A Yeomanry orderly galloped up and told me that the 21st had marched past during my sleep, and had sent him back to tell us to follow on to Loere. Off I started, leaving the cook-cart and servants to follow on, and passed through Ypres just as dawn was breaking, wondering if ever I should see the town again, as I had some very pleasant recollections of the old place, with its beautiful town-hall and linen market. I followed the Dikebusch road, and about eight was glad to get off at the village to have a hot cup of coffee and a slice of home-made bread and butter supplied to me by two dear old typical Flemish peasants. They

told me that about two miles ahead was a brigade of French artillery with their famous 75 mm. guns! This was too good to miss, so I pressed on, and in half an hour saw in front of me the long column taking up the whole of the cobbled centre of the road. I passed a young gunner officer leading the 2nd Battery, who greeted me in excellent English. He had resided several years in London as an art student, after having been brought up in childhood by English nurses and governesses. This interesting youth told me, amongst other things, that they were proceeding to take up a position near Kemmel, and that he had started fighting in August, at the very beginning of the war, in Alsace, had been in action before Rheims, and now was just out of action at Ypres, where they had remained nearly three weeks. He made the most interesting statement, that the same regiments from which they were taking prisoners in Alsace, in August, they had met at Rheims and now again in Flanders. This indicated that the Germans were concentrating all their best troops in Flanders, with a view to breaking through to Calais or Boulogne, as Ypres was undoubtedly the key to Northern France. The organisation of these French batteries is splendid. I remember seeing one of these only a fortnight before parked on the Dekebusche road, just outside Ypres. These wonderful guns are feared by the Germans, on account of their long range and terribly

accurate fire. I was right on it before I knew there was a battery within a mile. Here the guns were in line, covered over most ingeniously here and there with boughs and straw, giving the impression of bushes and arbours. Behind this line of guns, and right in the centre of a large open space of yellow sand, was the range-finder, covered with white and bracken to make it look like a fountain; and I should have defied any German Taube, however close, to have taken this wonderful "garden" for a battery of artillery. From each gun a set of 'phone wires ran out to the trenches many thousand yards in front, so that the effect of every shot fired by the battery might be reported back to the gun-layers from a pit close to each gun, in which sat a gunner with a receiver fixed to his ear. Every shell fired therefore told on the enemy with disastrous results. Just as I was about to ride on I saw a rather amusing sight. A French staff motor-car came along, ploughing through the mud at the side of the road, until it finally sank to the axles and stuck fast. In this car happened to be a very choleric and peppery French general. The wretched chauffeur, knowing this, and fearing the consequences if he did not manage to extricate the car, did the worst thing he could have done, and reversed his engine. The next minute he was well up to the chassis. Out jumped the general, as red as a turkey-cock, and fuming with rage at

the delay, landed right in the worst part of the road, over his knees in sticky black mire. He fairly hissed with rage as he caught a few of the drivers and gunners trying to hide their mirth. He was finally pulled up on to the car by the apologetic chauffeur, and a rope having been tied round the back of the car by two gunners, it was dragged out backwards and landed on the centre cobble-way, after the whole division had got past. The last I saw of the general was a begrimed, stout, red-faced little French figure gesticulating furiously at a group of French artillery officers who looked as if they were going to be court-martialed and shot *séance tenante*.

I soon got into most beautifully picturesque country. The road wound up a steep hill, bordered on either side by the usual high poplars, and on getting to the top and looking back, I saw Dekebusche, resting in the hollow, bathed in the red glow of the morning sunrise. Pretty little homesteads were to be seen on either side right out to the horizon, and at the top of the hill was an old farmhouse, where I found the 21st Field Ambulance. They gave me a splendid breakfast, and Jardine, whom I had not seen since the eventful battle at Kruseck woods, I found bright as usual. The lovely hot coffee and warm fire soon thawed me, and I shortly rejoined the General, Drysdale, Chads, and Eustace-Smith, whom I found lying on some straw at the foot of a stack,

basking in the hot morning sun. The relief of getting away from the sound of incessant gun fire was heavenly, and, after seeing my horse fed and watered, I joined them, and soon fell fast asleep. From this I awoke some time after to find that the post corporal was delivering the mail from England. In a few minutes we were buried in illustrated papers and correspondence for nearly an hour. The General then suggested that we should probably be billeted in Locre, as no orders for an advance had yet been given. I therefore mounted my horse to see what I could find suitable for Brigade Headquarters. The place was full of French troops of every unit, and here for the first time we saw the famous Algerian troops. "Spahis" cavalry, clothed in flowing white burnous, pale-blue short Zouave coats, broad bright-yellow sash, and wide scarlet trousers with red morocco-leather top-boots. Scarcely the kind of get-up one would think the safest in which to face a keen-sighted enemy. "Zouaves, Chasseurs, Cuirassiers, Dragons, Genie, and Artillerie,"—all were there swarming in and out of the small houses, while British mechanical transport blocked the roads and streets, making an advance almost an impossibility. As I had spent an hour hopelessly trying to find unoccupied quarters for the Brigade, I heard that we were starting for Bailleul, the first French town we had been in. I rode back to the General and



told him the good news, which he had just received himself, and was equally delighted. Orders were given to advance, and then I witnessed one of the most pathetic sights concerning our brigade. General Watts being most particular and jealous of the impression our troops would create on arriving in a French town, ordered an inspection. As I followed him round we came into the field occupied by the Royal Scots Fusiliers. Here they were drawn up, erect and grim as usual, but what a different regiment from the one which had swung out of Lyndhurst camp less than five weeks before! That magnificently smart regiment of over a thousand men was now reduced to about seventy men, with the junior subaltern in command. The men were mostly without caps, coats, or even putties, war-stained and ragged, but still full of British pluck and pride, with a "Never-say-die" look about them which made the heart swell with pride at being connected with such splendid specimens of manhood. As my place had always been just behind the General and Brigade-Major, right at the head of the column, I had really never had an opportunity of seeing the extent to which our brigade had suffered until now. As we slowly advanced, seeing this remnant of what had been a regiment at full strength so short a time before, with now only a fair curly-headed junior subaltern (the only officer left) in command,

the pathos of the whole thing occurred to me, reminding me of that fine picture of Lady Butler's, "The Roll-Call," and a choking lump rose in my throat, giving as much as I could do to restrain the tears from rolling down my cheeks. As the mechanical transport kept pouring through on its way to the front, we were continually being halted for long stretches at a time, and the day getting on, General Watts suggested that I should ride on ahead and find suitable quarters as a resting-place after the strenuous times we had been through. I accordingly rode into Bailleul just as the sun was going down. It was a dear old-fashioned village, and just the sort of place to rest in and reorganise.

I found a delightful billet at 20 Rue de Lille, and rode to the town gates to meet and guide the brigade, which arrived at dusk. That night I was made mess president in the place of Bruce, who was now, we hoped, on the road to recovery in a Boulogne Red Cross hospital.

Next morning I accompanied the General round the town and visited the old church. We mounted the tower and entered the belfry, from which we had a most beautiful view of the surrounding country farms lying under the rays of a bright, sunny, crisp morning. The verger pointed out where the Germans had smashed the tower door with the butt of a rifle to enable them to visit the same place. In the town they had

not only annexed all the boots in the various boot stores, but had thrown those intended for women and children into the streets. That afternoon, finding that no eggs were to be had for love or money, I managed to get the names of certain farmers who usually supplied the stores, and rode round and collected about a dozen at 3d. each, securing also each day's lay for our Headquarters. I heard some pitiable stories of the behaviour of the German troops towards these charming old farmers and their families when they had passed through a fortnight before. That evening we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of at least a fortnight's rest, away from the sound and turmoil of the firing line, and looked forward to the benefit such a rest would have on the troops. We went to bed feeling at peace with the whole world.

Next day was Sunday, and we went to our first church parade since leaving Lyndhurst. It was held at a hall at the back of the principal bank, and was crowded. Shortly after we returned to lunch an order came in, and to our intense disgust it ordered us to prepare to act as reinforcements or reserve to the troops in the firing line towards Rabot, and to proceed at two to march and take up our quarters at Gloegsteert, a town five miles within the Belgian frontier, and close behind the firing line. Off again we went, the General leaving me behind to settle up with the tradespeople and arrange for supplies to be sent

forward in our cart to Gloegsteert each day, while he and Drysdale went on in a car to Rabot. Here I met them at five o'clock, and then went on to take up quarters at Gloegsteert. I found these at the Curé's house on the market square. This dear old man told me that he had lived there all his life, and felt so sorry for poor Belgium, which was now only a country of ruins. He was alone with his housekeeper, who at once prepared to make things comfortable for the staff. It arrived at six, and we were told that we must be in readiness to support the troops about to surround the Germans, who had taken up their positions in the Gloegsteert woods. Two shells had dropped into the town that afternoon.

Monday was bleak and cold. Chad and I went out to a farm in the neighbourhood to buy eggs, butter, and bread, and returned at lunch-time, after which shelling started. The mud outside the Curé's house was all churned up by the heavy guns and transport, and the General sent me to the Burgomaster's to ask him if he could have it removed by the village scavengers. The Mayor happened to be the village doctor, who possessed one of the prettiest houses in the place, and was out when I called round. I was delivering my message to his servant when there was a tremendous explosion, and I thought a shell had dropped at the back of the house. The plaster from the hall ceiling came down in a shower. To my surprise, the

girl seemed quite unmoved, and when I congratulated her on her *sangfroid*, she replied quite calmly, "Oh, Monsieur, it is nothing; I am quite used to it. They have been here for a week." I replied, "They? Who?" She conducted me to a back room, which was originally a beautiful Louis XVI. drawing-room, backed by a large glass-house. The frame was there but not a vestige of glass! A gunner was sitting at a table with a receiver strapped to his ear and ticking out a Morse message on the keyboard. Every now and then he looked up towards the glass-house and gave orders, "One-eighth to the right," "Sixteenth rise," and so on. As I looked to see whom he was shouting at, I saw, on the lawn, just five yards from the glass-house, a howitzer being served by its gunners, and two seconds after the word "fire" had been given came another loud crash like the first, and down dropped some more plaster from the ceiling—where very little was now left. Apparently this gun had been doing huge execution, and never had a shell come near it, as I presume in the garden of the Mayor's house was the last place the enemy would have expected to find a gun, more especially as that garden was only about 15 feet wide. I returned to Headquarters after having watched the gunners fire three rounds, and wished we had had a few of these guns with us at Ypres.

That evening the General had orders to be ready to reinforce at nine o'clock, when

the attack on the wood was to be opened. Before he left, an order was brought in from Divisional Headquarters at Bailleul, instructing me to report forthwith to General Headquarters with a view to proceeding to England. I felt very pleased at the prospect of getting back on a short leave, and became the recipient of congratulations from the whole Staff. The General was kind enough to tell me that if my new appointment did not suit me, I should state that he wanted me back again. Poor old Drysdale that evening found his wound so painful that he had to give in and retire to his bed, for the General would not allow him to accompany him. Great were the speculations as to the reasons for my recall; all thought it was for promotion of some kind. That morning the General came back at 1.30, the supports not having been called up, as the move was postponed till the following night.

I left at six for Bailleul loaded with letters, messages, and commissions from all on my arrival in London. In fact, before I left Bailleul I became an animated letter-box, as they thought I should arrive far sooner than the post.

I was told on reporting at Divisional Headquarters that I should have to go to France, in order to report at General Headquarters, four hours by train or one and a half by car. I therefore, accompanied by Garnham my servant, borrowed a car from Major Hill,

and arrived at General Headquarters that evening, greatly excited at the prospect of getting home again. I remained here for a week, thoroughly enjoying the sights of a very fine old town, and left for Boulogne on Monday the 16th, crossing over to Folkestone on the same boat which conveyed Lord Roberts's body, who had died at General Headquarters on the previous Saturday night, having caught a chill after inspecting his loyal Indian troops, two days before. The next morning I reported to the War Office, having left behind me the flower of the British Army in the field and the most charming General and Staff that ever commanded a brigade. This brigade had formed part of the 7th Division. What it had achieved may be gathered from an order issued to the division by Lieutenant-General Sir H. S. Rawlinson. "They took up their final stand before Ypres. What that stand has meant to England will one day be recognised. What it cost these troops, and how they fought, will be recorded in the proudest annals of their regiments.

"After the deprivations and the tension of being pursued day and night by an infinitely stronger force, the

Division had to pass through the worst ordeal of all. It was left to a little force of 30,000 to keep the German Army at bay while the other British Corps were being brought up from the Aisne (the 1st Army Corps did not come to their assistance until October 21). Here they hung on like grim death, with almost every man in the trenches, holding a line which of necessity was a great deal too long—a thin, exhausted line—against which the prime of the German first-line troops were hurling themselves with fury. The odds against them were about eight to one, and when once the enemy found the range of a trench, the shells dropped into it from one end to the other with terrible effect. Yet the men stood firm, and defended Ypres in such a manner that a German officer afterwards described their action as a brilliant feat of arms, and said that they were under the impression that there had been four British Army Corps against them at this point."

"When the Division was afterwards withdrawn from the firing line to refit, it was found that out of 400 officers who set out from England there were only 44 left, and out of 12,000 men only 2336."

C. UNDERWOOD.

## A GREAT PEACEMAKER AND HIS SON.

FEW diaries of private persons have been published of which it can truthfully be said that they are at once of historical value, of interest as affording material for judging of the character and bearing of prominent personages in stirring times, remarkable for humour and not over-burdened with detail,—but all this may confidently be said of the Diary of James Gallatin, which has recently appeared, one hundred years after the date of the first entry in its pages, under the editorship of Count Gallatin, the writer's grandson.

When James Gallatin first came to Europe from America he was a mere boy of seventeen years old, but as Private Secretary to his father Albert Gallatin he saw much of the inner history of the Peace Conference between the representatives of Great Britain and the United States, which arranged and carried through the Treaty of Ghent. In Paris and London, during the years in which his father was Ambassador, he was brought into contact with many of the most eminent persons of every European nationality, was witness of many historical events, and saw and enjoyed Society from the advantageous standpoint of a son of an ancient and distinguished family of France, to whom the best houses in Paris were open as matter of right.

Albert Gallatin, his father, was born in Geneva in 1761, of a family whose members

had, to quote the words of Voltaire, "shed their blood for us from father to son since the days of Henri Quatre," and his distinguished lineage was not forgotten by the King when in after years he lived in Paris as American Minister at the Court of Louis XVIII. At a very select reception at the Tuilleries the Comtesse de Boigne, a lady who, as daughter of a Peer of France, ought to have known better, expressed her astonishment to the Prince de Condé that Gallatin and his wife should be present. "His Majesty," replied the aged Peer, "cannot too highly honour Monsieur Gallatin, as, though representing a new country, his ancestors have served France for generations, and one was a most honoured and intimate friend of Henri IV." The incident was mentioned to the King, who, when Madame de Boigne made her curtsey, turned his back on her. Madame, naturally enough, takes no notice of the incident in her Memoirs, and does not even mention the name of the Ambassador, or of his son, though she must often have met them in Society.

Albert, who had early been left an orphan, was brought up in Geneva by his grandmother, Madame Gallatin Vaudenet, who in 1780 informed him that she proposed to procure for him a commission in the army of her friend the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel; but his reply that he would

not "serve a tyrant" earned for him a box on the ear from his enraged relative. Finding himself as a disciple of Rousseau unable to acquiesce in this proposal for his future life, and possibly smarting under the indignity of the blow, he suddenly and without warning disappeared from Europe, and reappeared shortly afterwards in America, bearing with him a letter of introduction from Benjamin Franklin to Baohé, the Postmaster-General of the United States, recommending him "to your civilities, counsel, and countenance," as a young gentleman of good family and good character who wished to see America. Though his French extraction and pronounced French accent (Louis XVIII. once said to him, "Your French is more perfect than mine, but my English is far better than yours") were not altogether in his favour in the land of his adoption, he showed, in his early days, so much ability and rectitude that, having entered Congress in 1795, he rose in 1800 to the position of Secretary to the Treasury, a post which he filled with honour to himself and benefit to the nation for the next thirteen years.

The war of 1812, which had been so skilfully engineered by Napoleon through an appeal to the mercantile interests of America, and which was directly brought about by his withdrawal of the Decrees of Berlin and Milan, and prompt demand on America to carry out her offer that if either France or Great Britain would

repeal its edicts with regard to trade "America would prohibit American commerce with the other," found Gallatin in such a position that when the Emperor of Russia in 1814 proposed to act as mediator between the two countries, he was asked to go as head of a mission to St Petersburg with a view to forwarding the interests of peace. He felt it to be his duty to accept the offer, and decided to take his son with him as Private Secretary. It is at this point that the Diary, so far as it is published, begins. The negotiations in Russia came to nothing, but Gallatin did not give up hopes of success, and with the permission of the British Government, followed the Emperor to London, where he obtained a personal interview with him. Mainly through the influence of the Czar an arrangement was come to that the two countries should respectively appoint Commissioners who should meet somewhere on the Continent, there to discuss the preliminaries of Peace.

The course of the War in the west had not been favourable to Great Britain. As well on the sea as on land she had suffered reverses, and any successes she had made did not do more than balance the account, if indeed they did so much. Exhausted by her unexampled sacrifices in men and money during the long struggle in Europe, the beginning of 1814 found Great Britain not disinclined to entertain the idea of peace. Her armies were locked up in Spain, Portugal, Holland, and elsewhere,

and she was at the moment unable to send from European waters a fleet of sufficient strength to crush the efficient and growing Navy of the United States. The first abdication of Napoleon, however, in April of that year, changed the position materially, and it at once became clear to the American Government that shortly they might be brought face to face with an enemy in vastly increased strength, without correspondingly increased forces on her own side. In these circumstances the Commissioners who met at Ghent in August 1814 were all anxious for a successful termination to their labours, but from the first the prospects of an early peace did not look hopeful, as it was given to be understood that Great Britain would not concede the main points, on the granting of which America was so set that she had declared war in order to obtain them. Thus, in the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh*, we find that he instructed the British Commissioners that "the question of abandoning the practice of impressment [of British subjects in American ships] would not be so much as entertained," and the position taken up with regard to compensation for seizures of American vessels during the French War, and to the question of irregular blockades, was made equally clear. But in addition to all that, the British Commissioners, as a basis of discussion, demanded that the Indian tribes should be given the whole of the north-western

territory, comprising three whole States and part of two others, and that an Indian sovereignty should be constituted under the guarantee of Great Britain; that the frontier between Great Britain's possessions and America should be "rectified" (which, as proposed, involved a considerable addition of territory to this country); and these demands were followed by further claims, such as a claim to the exclusive rights to fishing on the Great Banks of Newfoundland. The position of the American Commissioners may perhaps best be summarised as a refusal to entertain any of the claims of the opposing nation.

It is hardly to be expected that the private diary of a boy of seventeen should go deeply into detail with regard to the progress of the Conference, and it is mainly on account of the sidelights it affords on the characters of the various representatives, and on the friction between the members who represented America, that it forms a valuable and interesting contribution to history. The United States were represented at the Conference by John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Bayard, Russell, and Albert Gallatin. That Gallatin's name appeared last instead of first on the list was due to a misunderstanding on the part of President Madison, but immediately after the first meeting of the Commissioners the American representatives settled the question of leadership in a very summary manner.

"10th August.—Father finds greater difficulty with his own

colleagues. The accident which placed him at the foot of the Commission placed Mr Adams at the head of it. Messrs Clay, Bayard, and Russell let Mr Adams plainly know that, though he might be the nominal mouthpiece, Gallatin was their leader. Clay uses strong language to Adams, and Adams returns the compliment. Father looks calmly on with a twinkle in his eye. To-day there was a severe storm, and father said: 'Gentlemen, gentlemen, we must remain united or we will fail.'" Of the representatives of Great Britain, Albert Gallatin's opinion was not high. "Father is not impressed with the British delegates. They are Lord Gambia, Henry Goulburn, and William Adams—men who have not made any mark and have no influence or weight. He attaches but little importance to them, as they are but the puppets of Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool. Father feels he is quite capable of dealing with them." The negotiations proved at once tedious and difficult. Gallatin was hampered by the antagonistic attitude towards himself personally of two at least of his own colleagues. "We are all hard at work framing our *projet*. It is a most difficult task, as both Mr Adams and Mr Clay object to everything except what they suggest themselves. Father remains calm but firm, and does all he can to keep peace;" and matters were made worse, if we can believe the Diary, by the fact that the British delegates had no individual or collective views at all, but invariably took up the

attitude that "all has to be submitted to the Superiors in London," and "Mr Goulburn does everything to obstruct matters. This may be to gain time to receive his orders from Lord Castlereagh." These entries may, of course, merely represent the views of a boy prejudiced in favour of his father, but it can hardly be disputed that the American Commissioners were of heavier intellectual metal than their opponents, and that Goulburn, the ablest of the champions of Great Britain, was far from conciliatory. We learn this from testimony on both sides. On September 3 James writes: "Father is much annoyed with Mr Goulburn. He saw him to-day. The latter said: 'I don't think you have the slightest intention of making peace.' Father answered: 'Surely you cannot mean this! Why should I have taken the long journey to Russia in 1813 and given up everything else in the one hope of making peace?'" while on November 28 he gives an excerpt from a "Strictly Confidential" despatch from the Duke of Wellington, which he had very improperly copied in part without the knowledge of his father, who "took it off the table and burned it." The letter ran as follows:—"As I gather, Mr Madison as well as Mr Monroe gave you full power to act, without even consulting your colleagues, on points you considered of importance. I now feel that peace is shortly in view. Mr Goulburn has made grave errors, and Lord Castlereagh has read him a sharp lesson."



The first real advance in the negotiations was made when Great Britain agreed to an important modification with regard to her claims in favour of the Indian tribes. But for that the Conference would undoubtedly have broken up so early as September. The American delegates had taken up the position that the recognition of the right of the Indian tribes to a territory guaranteed by either or both of the belligerents involved a loss of territory to the United States, to which they could in no circumstances submit. On this important point an agreement was come to (which was inserted in the completed Treaty) that each State should put an end to hostilities in which they were engaged with the Indian tribes, and agree to restore them to the rights which they had under treaties existing before the war. This amounted to an acknowledgment by Great Britain that the Indians were merely dwellers in the United States, who had chosen to fight on the side of her enemies, but it left to Great Britain what satisfaction she could gain from the thought that the tribes were provided for in the proposed Treaty, though they were not recognised as members of an independent nation. With that difficulty out of the way, each party framed and presented a *projet*, but neither of these proved acceptable. Fortunately, our Government became, as time went on, more and more anxious for peace, and that wish is reflected in the correspondence of Lord Liverpool where he writes to Lord Castlereagh: "If the negotiations had been allowed to break off upon the two notes already presented, . . . I am satisfied the war would have become popular in America"; and again, on November 18, "I think we have determined, if all other points can be satisfactorily settled, not to continue the war for the purpose of obtaining or securing any acquisition of territory." The question of *status quo ante bellum*, for which America had strongly contended all along, having thus been conceded, the delegates on both sides became more open to conviction, and the prospects of peace materially improved. Thus, when a *projet* presented by America, embodying her views regarding impressment, blockade, and indemnity for loss by captures and seizures of vessels, was refused by Great Britain, it was promptly withdrawn, and the Treaty, which was signed on December 24, contained no mention of these things. The settlement of the Fisheries Question was deferred for future discussion after the Peace, while it was agreed that Commissioners should be appointed to fix the boundary between the British possessions and the United States, on the understanding that Great Britain should get no accession of territory. Finally, Great Britain obtained an undertaking that both parties "would use their best endeavours to promote the entire abolition of slavery." As the Treaty contained no definite provisions with regard to the main questions on which

the two nations had gone to war, it is hardly to be wondered at that Quincy Adams and Clay were not satisfied with the result, and it is greatly to the credit of the tact and firmness of Gallatin that he was enabled to carry so negative a document, and of his sagacity that he foresaw that Great Britain, though she refused to withdraw her claims, would find it wiser not to take such action as would lead to the prolongation of the war, or to her entry into another at no distant date.

The Conference having thus ended happily on December 24, on Christmas Day "the British Delegates very civilly asked us to dinner. The roast beef and plum-pudding was from England, and everybody drank everybody else's health. The band played first 'God save the King' to the toast of the King, and 'Yankee Doodle' to the health of the President."

It is admitted by all who have dealt in historical works with this important episode in the history of the two countries, that Great Britain and America owe it to Gallatin that the delegates were enabled to come to any decision at all which would terminate the war, and the Diary contains several contemporary tributes to his tact, skill, and integrity, sent to him by his own countrymen and by eminent French persons; but it may be permitted to quote a sentence or two from a letter received by him from so exacting a critic of men and political morals as the Duke of Wellington. Writing shortly before the

Treaty was finally concluded, he said: "In you I have the greatest confidence. I hear on all sides that your moderation and sense of justice, together with your good common-sense, places you above all the other delegates, not excepting ours. The Emperor Alexander has assured me of this. He says we can place absolute reliance on your word. I have always had the greatest admiration for the country of your birth. You are a foreigner, with all the traditions of one fighting for the peace and welfare of the country of your adoption." It is no wonder that Gallatin's son writes: "Father, I think, was pleased. He is a foreigner, and is proud of it," in recording such a tribute from one who was then the most influential man in Europe.

Gallatin's great-grandson, to whom we owe the publication of the Diary, has given it to the world under the leading title of 'A Great Peacemaker.' The name is well deserved, as it is to him that the two great countries owe an uninterrupted peace of a hundred years. It is a striking reflection that a century ago our arch-enemy Napoleon, the astute, unscrupulous, and powerful ruler of France, succeeded by exploiting the trading interests and the claims of the United States as neutrals in involving this country in the war which was brought to an end in 1814 by the Treaty of Ghent. The year 1914 has seen an attempt to achieve the same end, made by an enemy equally powerful and equally unscrupulous. The

attempt has been made on practically the same lines. The plan of campaign of the German Emperor was to embroil and weaken Great Britain and the United States over the thorny topics arising out of the treatment of neutral trade, neutral shipping, and the rights of neutral individuals, during a period of war to which the nation which holds the command of the sea is a party. Until the present war is ended it is premature to say that the attempt will not succeed, though it is wellnigh incredible that it should; but the fact remains that the German Emperor has seized upon the very points which were deliberately passed by on the other side in the Treaty of Ghent, as being too dangerous to tackle, and has used them through the German element in America as an important though subsidiary means of attacking this country. Fortunately the Emperor has proved in many ways that he and his advisers, while they surpass Napoleon in unscrupulousness, and are equally powerful, are no match for him in astuteness, and there is good ground for hoping that his attempt to set the United States and Great Britain by the ears will turn out as great a failure as the Holy War.

Before turning to the lighter and more generally entertaining parts of the Diary, it may be well in a few words to trace the subsequent life of Albert Gallatin. After the Conference came to an end he, still accompanied by his son, spent six months in visiting Geneva,

Paris, and England, but he finally left for America in July 1815, after with great skill carrying through a commercial treaty between America and Great Britain. In December of that year he accepted, though with much hesitation owing to the state of his private affairs, an offer of the post of American Minister at Paris, and returned to Europe accompanied by his whole family. In 1823 he gave up his office and returned to America. In 1826, however, he was sent, on the urgent recommendation of his quondam critic, John Quincy Adams, as Ambassador to England on a special diplomatic mission to settle the North-Eastern and North-Western Boundary questions, and to arrange a Commercial Treaty between the nations. He only remained in this country for one year, and finally left Europe for America in 1827, "serenely content, and believing there will be peace for many years between Great Britain and the United States," where he remained until his death at the age of 88 in the year 1849. His son's Diary covers the whole of those important periods, and closes on the day before the family embarked for America at the end of his second term of office.

A fairly complete, and a very striking and charming portrait of the character of Albert may be gathered from passages scattered through the pages of the Diary. Somewhat stern and reserved in his intercourse with strangers, he expanded and became a genial and humorous man of the world when writing to or speaking

with his friends, of whom perhaps Madame de Staël, Baron Alexander von Humboldt, Lafayette, Pozzo di Borgo the Russian Ambassador in Paris, the Duke and Duchess de Broglie, and Alexander Baring were at this period the most intimate. Unassuming in public life, no man could better maintain the position and dignity of the Ambassador of a great nation, but he did so simply by the strength of his personality, not by outward show. "Father will not spend any money unnecessarily, as his expenses are paid by his Government. His strong idea is that the representative of a Republic should not make any show or be ostentatious." Still he insisted, especially when he was Ambassador to this country, that his allowance to cover outlays should be sufficient to enable him to live in the dignified style which he considered necessary for the representative of the United States. Blessed as he was by nature with an acute intellect, tact, common-sense, and a keen sense of humour, his training from his earliest days enabled him to make the best use of his talents. When quite a young man he visited and frequently dined with Voltaire at Ferney, where he met many of the greatest wits and celebrities of the day, of whom he said to his son, "I feel them hovering around us now, and can nearly hear their voices." Of Voltaire a striking story is told. One Sunday he took young Gallatin into the garden, and "pointing to the heavens, said, 'That is the dome made by the great

God—not the god created by man.' There was a splendid sunset, and as the sun sank behind the Vosges mountains [the Jura mountains are evidently referred to, as is pointed out by the editor], he said, 'Can anything be grander than that?—never to be imitated.' When I was older, he impressed upon me to be charitable in thought and action, to benefit my fellow-creatures as much as was within my power, always to speak the truth, and never to be afraid to give my opinion." The advice was laid to heart and acted upon. With strong likes and dislikes, he never indulged in "gossip and tittle-tattle, saying it is only fit for idle women," and his son was "specially enjoined not to record any gossip" in his Diary. When he reached America for the first time he rapidly became acquainted with and the friend of the greatest financial and political intellects of the time, and thus was well fitted, when he entered into the brilliant society of Paris and London, not merely to impress those whom he came across as being a distinguished diplomatist, but as a man with a highly-cultivated mind. His rigid adherence to truth was recognised by the diplomatists and statesmen of all nationalities; he conferred upon two great nations the inestimable benefit of peace, and it clearly appears from the following characteristic anecdote, and from many others recorded in the Diary, that he was never afraid of giving his opinion. During the Hundred Days the Emperor Napoleon requested

an interview with him purely on financial matters. His son was not present at the audience, but "Father was not at all pleased with his interview. He says the Emperor was brusque—that his speech is most vulgar. . . . I had better quote Father's own words—'The Emperor first asked my advice on important financial matters, to which I gave my frank opinion. He then began to question me about Canada, also the slave trade. I replied, "Sire, my position is such that on these subjects my lips are at present sealed." He abruptly said, "Then why did you come here?" Bowing, I answered, "I obeyed your Majesty's command out of respect for the ruler of France, but as an envoy from the United States to England I am not my own master." The Emperor, turning his back on me, walked to the window; I having backed out of the room, so ended our interview.'"

Of his father's political leanings the son records that, representing a Republic, he believed in a Republican form of government, but still had "a strong affection for the Bourbons." For the Bonapartes and their following he had no liking, and the "vulgarity" of the Emperor and of most of the family grated upon him. He was peculiarly sensitive to any breach of good breeding or indication of bad manners; and we are told that upon one American Ambassador to England, "who was absolutely 'Yankee' and of a common type," he looked, when he "burst out at times, upset-

ting everybody and everything," with "tightly compressed lips. I fear some day he will wither him; now he only makes a clever joke, which restores peace." Again, he refused an offer of partnership with one of the greatest financial magnates of the United States because, "though he respected him, he never could place himself on the same level with him." Gallatin was an excellent speaker and writer, and his speeches, like those of so many later American Ambassadors, were full of wit and humour; and judging from the numerous allusions to a "twinkle in his eye," his sense of humour did not desert him on the many occasions when, in private life, his austere and somewhat prosaic wife took a terribly serious view of minor family incidents. "Madame l'Ambassadrice," as her son delights to call her, who was the daughter of a distinguished officer in the American Navy and granddaughter of a former Governor of Maryland, was a Protestant without reproach and without humour. Her strict views on the observance of the Sabbath placed her husband as representative to the Court of the Bourbons in a somewhat difficult position, as she positively refused to conform in one respect to the etiquette of the Court. Court receptions were, as a rule, held on Sunday, and, disregarding the unwritten law that the invitation of a monarch is equivalent to a command, she was wont to excuse herself on the ground of ill-health. On the second of these occasions "His Majesty

noticed her absence, and most graciously inquired if she were seriously ill. Father, who is absolutely frank, answered, 'Sire, I regret that my wife's religious principles prevent her going to any entertainment on Sunday.' The King, instead of being annoyed, answered, 'Pray convey our respects to Madame Gallatin, and tell her we honour her principles and her courage.' Father was much relieved." It is to the credit of His Majesty that the next day he called on her in person "in a very simple coach," and, being infirm, apologised for not alighting, but "handed mamma a large roll, which was a very fine engraving of himself. Written in English is, 'To Madam Gallatin, with all the respect due to a woman who has principles.' Signed Louis." Her portrait, as drawn by her son, inevitably reminds us of that "tall and awful missionary of the truth," the celebrated Countess Southdown, and had the Diary seen the light earlier it might well have been conjectured that the historian of 'Vanity Fair' had taken Madame Gallatin as his model. The Ambassadors took every occasion "to launch packets of tracts" on those whose spiritual welfare seemed to her to require them; and she shared with Lady Southdown the love of administering in person physic to her family "without appeal, resistance, or benefit of clergy." One evening her unhappy son, who was suffering from headache, asked his mother's maid to give him a powder. "To my horror, at six o'clock this morning (with-

out knocking), in walked mamma with a black draught in her hand and a frilled night-cap on her head. No use resisting: but as she left the room I said, 'Merei, Madame l'Ambassadrice.' I don't think she liked the tone I said it in." If she never actually discovered, as Lady Southdown did with regard to the 4th Earl, that her son's morals were not all that they should be, it is clear from various passages in the Diary that she entertained suspicions on the subject, and it is equally clear that they were not ill-founded. All that we learn as to her personal appearance is that on the occasion of a dinner at the Spanish Embassy she was "very fine in red velvet. Her skin is so deadly white that she would be noticed anywhere: I was very proud of her." On that occasion she declined as a Protestant to kiss the ring of the Papal nuncio, and when the Ambassador on the way home "laughingly teased her about it, saying she should have done so, 'No such flummery for me,' she said." Despite her strict views, she was very fond of society and was not devoid of charm, and her son records that "Father represents a new republic, and with all his aristocratic relations here much more is expected of mamma, but her manners are so simple and so utterly unaffected that Father begs of her not to change them in any way." We hear a good deal of the eldest daughter, Frances, an exceedingly beautiful girl, with the pure white complexion of her mother. By nature lively and fond of every

form of gaiety, she suffered considerably from the strictness of her mother. One Sunday she came down to breakfast in a Russian costume which had been given to her the night before at the Russian Embassy: "Poor mamma's face was a study in religion. She could not utter at first, so father stepped in the breach, saying, 'How lovely you look, and where did all this finery come from?' . . . By this time mamma had recovered her speech. I saw the storm coming. 'Frances, have you forgotten that it is the Lord's Day? Go to your room and pray for forgiveness.' I left the room, so did Father." Probably there were a good many domestic rebellions to exercise the tact of the great Peacemaker, as Frances had a hot temper. "Frances was peeling some apples, and had cut her finger; like the silly little goose that she is, she fainted at the sight of her own blood. I looked at the hand, and said 'What nonsense, it's nothing.' As she passed she gave me a good kick. She has inherited something from mamma!" Of the younger members of the family we learn little or nothing from the Diary, but unconsciously the diarist paints a very pleasant picture of himself. Had he not at the early age of seventeen given promise of steadiness combined with brilliancy, it is impossible that even a devoted father should have placed him in the position of Private Secretary, when negotiations of such difficulty and importance were pending.

The short and crisp entries in the Diary show clearly that he took a most intelligent interest in the proceedings of the Conference, but it is evident that he felt the strain and responsibility of his duties, as he places it on record, immediately after the Treaty was signed, that "although I am only seventeen years of age, I feel much older." The entries in the Diary seldom exceed a score of lines, but it is interesting to note the growth of the writer's mind and power of expression as the years passed. Nothing could be more vivid and tragic than his description of the assassination of the Duc de Berri at the opera, and his thumb-nail sketches of the appearance and manners of such widely differing personages as Napoleon, Monsieur de Lafayette, Louis XVIII., Madame de Staël, Mr Canning, and the Duke of Wellington, to name merely a few, are admirable; there is no attempt made at analysis of character, but every reference seems to bring its subject more intimately to our knowledge. When relieved from the anxiety and tension of the Ghent Conference, James turned with zest to the pleasures of Society. The picture by David, of which a photograph is given, in which he appears as Cupid, with wings but no clothes, resting on a sofa beside Psyche in the same attire—"I have not seen the model," he writes, "but would like to. She must be very pretty, only seventeen. We are not to pose together. I

don't think Father will approve of my picture")—shows a boy with a beautiful, if somewhat feminine, face, and a charming expression. In Society, despite his youth, he was very popular with both sexes. One great lady christened him her Cupidon, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême "talked to me most graciously, . . . and said, 'You are too young to begin political life.' I assured her I was seventeen. She explained, 'Mais o'est un bébé,'" and such men as the Duc de Berri and the Duc de Broglie admitted him to their private friendship. His face, his position, and, it must be added, his temperament led him into many equivocal situations and liaisons with women of every degree, and the accounts of these lapses form most amusing reading. That they did not bring him into sharp conflict with his mother was mainly due to the action of his father. "We arrived home at midnight, but I went out again. Father has enjoined mamma never to ask me any questions,—very wise, I think, as if I told her the truth she would soon be in her grave, with her strict ideas." Having said so much upon this subject, it may be well to add that the book is introduced to the world by a short preface written by no less respectable a person than the Viscount Bryce, so that mere ordinary mortals may, we presume, read without blushing the record of the escapades of this clever and bright Lothario. It was not long, however, before he completed the sowing of his wild

oats, as in 1824 he was married to Mademoiselle Josephine Pascault, speaking of whose beauty Madame Bonaparte said that "to see her is to fall in love with her." Daughter of the Marquis de Poléon (a polished French gentleman of the old school who lived in Baltimore, and called himself by the name of Pascault), difficulties arose as to the marriage, James being a Protestant and his betrothed a Roman Catholic. The Archbishop of Baltimore declined to marry them if there was to be a Protestant ceremony, but M. Pascault wrote to him that he would "entirely dispense with the services of the Church of Rome, and that his daughter will be married in the Protestant Church." He added that "a wife's first duty was to obey her husband." In due time a son was born of the marriage, and it is interesting to learn that "Albertine de Staël sent the most beautiful baby clothes. The first clothes my boy wore were those of Napoleon. The Queen of Westphalia gave them to Madame Reubel when her boy was born, and she gave them to Josephine. He still wears the little dressing-gown that was made by Madame Mére." It may be explained that Madame Reubel was a charming woman, who had passed almost the whole of her life at Court, and had been first lady-in-waiting of the Queen of Westphalia. James records of her that at Baltimore she wore wigs of a colour to match the dress she happened to be wearing.

It is impossible in these



pages to do justice to the notices of great events of which James was a spectator, or to the sketches of historic personages with whom he came in contact, and only a few examples taken at random can be given. The diarist was in Paris at the beginning of the Hundred Days, and gives a vivid description of the excitement which attended Napoleon's arrival in Paris. "All day the greatest confusion—officers and their staff, couriers, messengers, &c., galloping wildly about the streets, great carts of baggage and furniture. It is very amusing; most of the shops closed, the cafés crammed, chairs even put out in the streets. Orators standing on tables making speeches; roars of 'Vive l'Empereur,' 'Vive le petit caporal.' I don't know if it is genuine or not, the French are so excitable." On March 24 he went to the opera. "The scene was superb. For fully twenty minutes the audience yelled when the Emperor appeared: I yelled too. He is fat, looks very dull, tired, and bored." Just before the escape from Elba, Albert Gallatin read aloud to Madame de Staël the account of a conversation between Mr Barry and the imprisoned Emperor; she "could hardly contain herself, and continually interrupted, exclaiming, 'Cet animal; on devrait lui tordre le cou.' Lord Huntly says that one of the reasons she hates Bonaparte so heartily is, when she once asked him whom he considered the greatest women in history, he replied, 'The women who had the most children.' Ma-

dame de Staël had only two." Madame greatly admired the American Ambassador, and was wont to take notes of his conversation on her tablets; on one State occasion, however, she carried her admiration too far for M. Gallatin's taste. "Madame de Staël was in white and gold draperies, with a turban with eight or ten white feathers. She really looked handsome. She always has a branch of laurel in her hand. At the end of the performance, with a curtsy she threw it to Father—just the thing to annoy him." The next day she kissed James on both cheeks and gave him "a beautifully bound copy of 'Corinne,' with the dedication 'A Cupidon de la part de l'auteur.' I really must look like a baby." Of Talleyrand a good story is told: "Prince Talleyrand is now in Paris; he is such an intriguer, so absolutely false that nobody trusts him. I heard a good story about him yesterday and his astuteness. When he was in power a gentleman, accompanied by a small suite, presented himself at his house as the Margrave of C., a German princeling. His credentials were all in order, but Talleyrand suspected there was something wrong from the man's demeanour. Nevertheless he asked him to dinner—putting him, as his rank demanded, on his right hand at table. When dinner was at an end and olives were passed with the wine the Margrave took a fork to eat his with. At once Talleyrand clapped his hands, a prearranged signal, saying

in a loud voice, 'Arrest this impostor. No gentleman eats olives with a fork!'" The man was arrested, and his suite tried to leave the room, but they were also arrested. It turned out that the real Margrave (who afterwards found great difficulty in being recognised as such) had been waylaid on the road to Paris, and that the impostor had robbed him of his papers and money and made use of his relays of horses to reach Paris. We have only space to devote a few lines to the impressions made on Gallatin by our own statesmen of that day. Dining one day with Alexander Baring he met Frederick Robinson, afterwards Lord Goderich, who had taken the place of Lord Gambier (who, it will be remembered, was one of the British representatives at Ghent). Of them he says, "Mr Robinson was one of the guests. . . . He seems most affable—a contrast to Lord Gambier, who reminded me of a cracker which would never go off but was always spluttering (I am forbidden to express my opinions)." Again, of a dinner at the Duke of Wellington's in London, in 1815, he writes: "Gold and silver plate superb. It lasted four hours. Everybody of note was present—all the Ministry. Of course I was much interested. I sat next Lord Grey. He did not talk, but snapped out sentences: his mouth is like a mousetrap. All the servants, they say, were bailiffs." Of Greville, the Clerk of the Council and author of the well-known Journals, he writes in 1826:

"I was amused to see him making notes of the different things I told him. Rather a pedantic person. Prince Lieven is absolutely a nonentity. Lord Goderich is always the same delightful gentleman; it is a pleasure to meet him. Lord Grey, I suppose, means to be civil, but his manners are not what they should be. Mr Canning is always most gracious to Father, who likes him very much, but does not think him a very strong man." The King shortly afterwards gave his opinion in private of the last-named statesman. "The King spoke on several political subjects, and, for a wonder, with great lucidity. He said suddenly, 'Canning is a damned old woman,'"—hardly the remark to make to the Ambassador of a foreign Power about the Prime Minister of his own realm.

We have, we trust, said enough to show that this book justifies the opinion which at the outset we ventured to express upon it. It throws many interesting sidelights on the history and society of France and Great Britain at a very interesting time, and it does so in an eminently amusing and readable way. The packet containing the Diary was handed by James Gallatin to his grandson in 1875, with injunctions that it should not in any case be published until 1900. It lay unopened and nearly forgotten till 1913, and it is matter for congratulation that now it has, after the lapse of nearly one hundred years from the events it records, at last seen the light of day.

C. C. MACONCHIE.

## THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

## X. DEEDS OF DARKNESS.

A MOONLIT, wintry night. Four hundred men are clumping along the frost-bound road, under the pleasing illusion that because they are neither whistling nor talking they are making no noise.

At the head of the column march Captains Mackintosh and Shand, the respective commanders of C and D Companies. Occasionally Mackintosh, the senior, interpolates a remark of a casual or professional nature. To all these his colleague replies in a low and reproachful whisper. The pair represent two schools of military thought—a fact of which their respective sub-alterns are well aware,—and act accordingly.

“In preparing troops for active service, you must make the conditions as *real* as possible from the very outset,” postulates Shand. “Perform all your exercises just as you would in war. When you dig trenches, let every man work with his weather-eye open and his rifle handy, in case of sudden attack. If you go out on night operations, don’t advertise your position by stopping to give your men a recitation. No talking—no smoking—no unnecessary delay or exposure! Just go straight to your point of deployment, and do what you came out to do.”

To this Mackintosh replies—  
“That’s all right for trained troops. But ours aren’t half-trained yet; all our work just now is purely educational. It’s no use expecting a gang of rivet-heaters from Clydebank to form an elaborate outpost line, just because you whispered a few sweet nothings in the dark to your leading section of fours! You simply *must* explain every step you take, at present.”

But Shand shakes his head.  
“It’s not soldierly,” he sighs.

Hence the present one-sided—or apparently one-sided—dialogue. To the men marching immediately behind, it sounds like something between a soliloquy and a chat over the telephone.

Presently Captain Mackintosh announces—

“We might send the scouts ahead now, I think.”

Shand gives an inaudible assent. The column is halted, and the scouts called up. A brief command, and they disappear into the darkness, at the double. C and D Companies give them five minutes start, and move on. The road at this point runs past a low, mossy wall, surmounted by a venerable yew hedge, clipped at intervals into the semblance of some

heraldic monster. Beyond the hedge, in the middle distance, looms a square and stately Georgian mansion, whose lights twinkle hospitably.

"I think, Shand," suggests Mackintosh with more formality, now that he is approaching the scene of action, "that we might attack at two different points, each of us with his own company. What is your opinion?"

The officer addressed makes no immediate reply. His gaze

is fixed upon the yew hedge, as if searching for gun positions or vulnerable points. Presently, however, he turns away, and coming close to Captain Maackintosh, put his lips to his left ear. Maackintosh prepares his intellect for the reception of a pearl of strategy.

But Captain Shand merely announces, in his regulation whisper—

"Dam pretty girl lives in that house, old man!"

## II.

Private Peter Dunshie, scout, groping painfully and profanely through a close-growing wood, paused to unwind a clinging tendril from his bare knees. As he bent down, his face came into sudden contact with a cold, wet, prickly bramble-bush, which promptly drew a loving but excoriating finger across his right cheek.

He started back, with a muffled exclamation. Instantly there arose at his very feet the sound as of a motor-engine being wound up, and a flustered and protesting cock-pheasant hoisted itself tumultuously clear of the undergrowth and sailed away, shrieking, over the trees.

Finally, a hare, which had sat cowering in the bracken, hare-like, when it might have loped away, selected this, the one moment when it ought to have sat still, to bolt frantically between Peter's bandy legs and speed away down a long moon-dappled avenue.

Private Dunshie, a prey to nervous shock, said what naturally rose to his lips. To be frank, he said it several times. He had spent the greater part of his life selling evening papers in the streets of Glasgow: and the profession of journalism, though it breeds many virtues in its votaries, is entirely useless as a preparation for conditions either of silence or solitude. Private Dunshie had no experience of either of these things, and consequently feared them both. He was acutely afraid. What he understood and appreciated was Argyle Street on a Saturday night. That was life! That was light! That was civilisation! As for creeping about in this uncanny wood, filled with noxious animals and adhesive vegetation — well, Dunshie was heartily sorry that he had ever volunteered for service as a scout. He had only done so, of course, because the post seemed to

offer certain relaxations from the austerity of company routine—a little more freedom of movement, a little less trench-digging, and a minimum of supervision. He would have been thankful for a supervisor now!

That evening, when the scouts doubled ahead, Lieutenant Sinclair had halted them upon the skirts of a dark, dreich plantation, and said—

“A and B Companies represent the enemy. They are beyond that crest, finishing the trenches which were begun the other day. They intend to hold these against our attack. Our only chance is to take them by surprise. As they will probably have thrown out a line of outposts, you scouts will now scatter and endeavour to get through that line, or at least obtain exact knowledge of its composition. My belief is that the enemy will content themselves with placing a piquet on each of the two roads which run through their position; but it is possible that they will also post sentry-groups in the wood which lies between. However, that is what you have to find out. Don't go and get captured. Move!”

The scouts silently scattered, and each man set out to pierce his allotted section of the enemy's position. Private Dunshie, who had hoped for a road, or at least a cart-track, to follow, found himself, by the worst of luck, assigned to a portion of the thick belt of wood which stretched between

the two roads. Nature had not intended him for a pioneer: he was essentially a city man. However, he toiled on, rending the undergrowth, putting up game, falling over tree-roots, and generally acting as advertising agent for the approaching attack.

By way of contrast, two hundred yards to his right, picking his way with cat-like care and rare enjoyment, was Private M'Snape. He was of the true scout breed. In the dim and distant days before the call of the blood had swept him into K(i), he had been a Boy Scout of no mean repute. He was clean in person and courteous in manner. He could be trusted to deliver a message promptly. He could light a fire in a high wind with two matches, and provide himself with a meal of sorts where another would have starved. He could distinguish an oak from an elm, and was sufficiently familiar with the movements of the heavenly bodies to be able to find his way across country by night. He was truthful, and amenable to discipline. In short, he was the embodiment of a system which in times of peace had served as a text for innumerable well-meaning but muddle-headed politicians of a certain type, who made a speciality of keeping the nation upon the alert against the insidious encroachments of—Heaven help us!—Militarism!

To-night all M'Snape's soul was set on getting through the enemy's outpost line, and discovering a way of ingress for

the host behind him. He had no map, but he had the Plough and a fitful moon to guide him, and he held a clear notion of the disposition of the trenches in his retentive brain. On his left he could hear the distressing sounds of Dunshie's dolorous progress; but these were growing fainter. The reason was that Dunshie, like most persons who follow the line of least resistance, was walking in a circle. In fact, a few minutes later his circuitous path brought him out upon the long straight road which ran up over the hill towards the trenches.

With a sigh of relief Dunshie stepped out upon the good hard macadam, and proceeded with the merest show of stealth up the gentle gradient. But he was not yet at ease. The over-arching trees formed a tunnel in which his footsteps reverberated uncomfortably. The moon had retired behind a cloud. Dunshie, gregarious and urban, quaked anew. Reflecting longingly upon his bright and oosy billet, with the "subsistence" which was doubtless being prepared against his return, he saw no occasion to reconsider his opinion that in the country no decent body should ever be called up to go out after dark unaccompanied. At that moment Dunshie would have bartered his soul for the sight of an electric tram.

The darkness grew more intense. Something stirred in the wood beside him, and his skin tingled. An owl hooted suddenly, and he jumped.

Next, the gross darkness was illuminated by a pale and ghostly radiance, coming up from behind; and something brushed past him—something which squeaked and panted. His hair rose upon its scalp. A friendly "Good-night!" uttered in a strong Hampshire accent into his left ear, accentuated rather than soothed his terrors. He sat down suddenly upon a bank by the roadside, and feebly mopped his moist brow.

The bicycle, having passed him, wobbled on up the hill, shedding a fitful ray upon alternate sides of the road. Suddenly—raucous and stunning, but oh, how sweet!—rang out the voice of Dunshie's fellow-townsmen and lifelong friend, Private Mucklewame.

"Halt! Wha goes there?"

The cyclist made no reply, but kept his devious course. Private Mucklewame, who liked to do things decently and in order, stepped heavily out of the hedge into the middle of the road, and repeated his question in a reproving voice. There was no answer.

This was most irregular. According to the text of the spirited little dialogue in which Mucklewame had been recently rehearsed by his piquet commander, the man on the bicycle ought to have said "Friend!" This cue received, Mucklewame was prepared to continue. Without it, he was gravelled. He tried once more.

"Halt! Wha goes——"

"On His Majesty's Service, my lad!" responded a hearty voice; and the postman, sup-

plementing this information with a friendly good-night, wobbled up the hill and disappeared from sight.

The punctilious Mucklewame was still glaring severely after this unseemly "gagger," when he became aware of footsteps upon the road. A pedestrian was plodding up the hill in the wake of the postman. He would stand no nonsense this time.

"Halt!" he commanded. "Wha goes there?"

"Hey, Jock," inquired a husky voice, "is that you?"

This was another most irregular answer. Declining to be drawn into impromptu irrelevancies, Mucklewame stuck to his text.

"Advance yin," he continued, "and give the coontersign, if any!"

Private Dunshie drew nearer.

"Jock," he inquired wistfully, "hae ye gotten a fag?"

"Aye," replied Mucklewame, friendship getting the better of conscience.

"Wull ye give a body yin?"

"Aye. But ye canna smoke on ootpost duty," explained Mucklewame sternly. "Forbye, the officer has no been roond yet," he added.

"Onyway," urged Dunshie eagerly, "let me be your prisoner! Let me bide with the other boys in here ahint the dyke!"

The hospitable Mucklewame agreed, and Scout Dunshie, overjoyed at the prospect of human companionship, promptly climbed over the low wall and attached himself, in the rôle of languishing captive, to Number Two Sentry-Group of Number Three Piquet.

### III.

Meanwhile M'Snape had reached the forward edge of the wood, and was cautiously reconnoitring the open ground in front of him. The moon had disappeared altogether now, but M'Snape was able to calculate, by reason of the misdirected exuberance of the vigilant Mucklewame, the exact position of the sentry-group on the left-hand road. About the road on his right he was not so certain; so he set out cautiously towards it, keeping to the edge of the wood, and pausing every few yards to listen. There must be a sentry-group somewhere here, he calculated—say mid-

way between the roads. He must walk warily.

Easier said than done. At this very moment a twig snapped beneath his foot with a noise like a pistol-shot, and a covey of partridges, lying out upon the stubble beside him, made an indignant evacuation of their bedroom. The mishap seemed fatal: M'Snape stood like a stone. But no alarm followed, and presently all was still again—so still, indeed, that presently, out on the right, two hundred yards away, M'Snape heard a man cough and then spit. Another sentry was located!

Having decided that there was no sentry-group between the two roads, M'Snape turned his back upon the wood and proceeded cautiously forward. He was not quite satisfied in his mind about things. He knew that Captain Wagstaffe was in command of this section of the defence. He cherished a wholesome respect for that efficient officer, and doubted very much if he would really leave so much of his front entirely unguarded.

Next moment the solution of the puzzle was in his very hand—in the form of a stout cord stretching from right to left. He was just in time to avoid tripping over it. It was suspended about six inches above the ground.

You cannot follow a clue in two directions at once; so after a little consideration M'Snape turned and crawled along to his right, being careful to avoid touching the cord. Presently a black mass loomed before him, acting apparently as terminus to the cord. Lying flat on his stomach, in order to get as much as possible of this obstacle between his eyes and the sky, M'Snape was presently able to descry, plainly silhouetted against the starry landscape, the profile of one Bain, a scout of A Company, leaning comfortably against a small bush, and presumably holding the end of the cord in his hand.

M'Snape wriggled silently away, and paused to reflect. Then he began to creep forward once more.

Having covered fifty yards,

he turned to his right again, and presently found himself exactly between Bain and the trenches. As he expected, his hand now descended upon another cord, lying loosely on the ground, and running at right angles to the first. Plainly Bain was holding one end of this, and some one in the trenches—Captain Wagstaffe himself, as like as not—was holding the other. If an enemy stumbled over the trip-cord, Bain would warn the defence by twitching the alarm-cord.

Five minutes later M'Snape was back at the *rendezvous*, describing to Sinclair what he had seen. That wise subaltern promptly conducted him to Captain Mackintosh, who was waiting with his Company for something to go upon. Shand had departed with his own following to make an independent attack on the right flank. Seven of the twelve scouts were there. Of the missing, Dunshie, as we know, was sunning his lonely soul in the society of his foes; two had lost themselves, and the remaining two had been captured by a reconnoitring patrol. Of the seven which strayed not, four had discovered the trip-cord; so it was evident that that ingenious contrivance extended along the whole line. Only M'Snape, however, had penetrated farther. The general report was that the position was closely guarded from end to end.

"You say you found a cord running back from Bain to the trenches, M'Snape," asked Cap-



tain Mackintosh, "and a sentry holding on to it?"

"Yes, sirr," replied the scout, standing stiffly to attention in the dark.

"If we could creep out of the wood and rush *him*, we might be able to slip our attack in at that point," said the Captain. "You say there is cover to within twenty yards of where he is sitting?"

"Yes, sirr."

"Still, I'm afraid he'll pull that cord a bit too soon for us."

"He'll no, sirr," remarked M'Snape confidently.

"Why not?" asked the Captain.

M'Snape told him.

Captain Mackintosh surveyed the small wizened figure before him almost affectionately.

"M'Snape," he said, "tomorrow I shall send in your name for lance-corporal!"

#### IV.

The defenders were ready. The trenches were finished: "A" and "B" had adjusted their elbow-rests to their liking, and blank ammunition had been served out. Orders upon the subject of firing were strict.

"We won't loose off a single shot until we actually *see* you," Captain Blaikie had said to Captain Mackintosh. "That will teach your men to crawl upon their little tummies, and ours to keep their eyes skinned."

(Captain Wagstaffe's string-alarm had been an afterthought. At least, it was not mentioned to the commander of the attack.)

Orders were given that the men were to take things easily for half an hour or so, as the attack could not possibly be developed within that time. The officers established themselves in a splinter-proof shelter at the back of the supporting trench, and partook of proven-der from their haversacks.

"I don't suppose they'll attack much before nine," said the voice of a stout major

named Kemp. "My word, it is dark in here! *And* dull! Curse the Kaiser!"

"I don't know," said Wagstaffe thoughtfully. "War is hell, and all that, but it has a good deal to recommend it. It wipes out all the small nuisances of peace-time."

"Such as——?"

"Well, Suffragettes, and Futurism, and—and——"

"Bernard Shaw," suggested another voice. "Hall Caine, Kemp Hardie——"

"Yes, and the Tango, and party politics, and golf-maniacs. Life and Death, and the things that really are big, get viewed in their proper perspective for once in a way."

"And look how the War has bucked up the nation," said Bobby Little, all on fire at once. "Look at the way girls have given up fussing over clothes and things, and taken to nursing."

"My poor young friend," said the voice of the middle-aged Kemp, "tell me honestly, would you like to be attended to by

some of the young women who have recently taken up the nursing profession?"

"Rather!" said Bobby, with thoughtless fervour.

"I didn't say *one*," Kemp pointed out, amid laughter, "but *some*. Of course we all know of one. Even I do. It's the rule, not the exception, that we are dealing with just now."

Bobby, realising that he had been unfairly surprised in a secret, felt glad that the darkness covered his blushes.

"Well, take my tip," continued Kemp, "and avoid amateur ministering angels, my son. I studied the species in South Africa. For twenty-four hours they nurse you to death, and after that they leave you to perish of starvation. Women in war-time are best left at home."

A youthful paladin in the gloom timidly mentioned the name of Florence Nightingale.

"One Nightingale doesn't make a base hospital," replied Kemp. "I take off my hat—we all do—to women who are willing to undergo the drudgery and discomfort which hospital training involves. But I'm not talking about Florence Nightingales. The young person whom I am referring to is just intelligent enough to understand that the only possible thing to do this season is to nurse. She qualifies herself for her new profession by dressing up like one of the chorus of *The Quaker Girl*, and getting her portrait, thus attired, into *The Tatler*. Having achieved this, she has graduated. She then proceeds to invade any

hospital that is available, where she flirts with everything in pyjamas, and freezes you with a look if you ask her to empty a basin or change your sheets. I know her! I've had some, and I know her! She is one of the minor horrors of war. In peace-time she goes out on Alexandra Day, and stands on the steps of men's clubs and pesters the members to let her put a rose in their button-holes. What such a girl wants is a good old-fashioned mother who knows how to put a slipper to its right use!"

"I don't think," observed Wagstaffe, since Kemp had apparently concluded his philippic, "that young girls are the only people who lose their heads. Consider all the poisonous young blighters that one sees about town just now. Their uplift is enormous, and their manners in public horrid; and they hardly know enough about their new job to stand at attention when they hear *God Save the King*. In fact, they deserve to be nursed by your little friends, Bobby!"

"They are all that you say," conceded Kemp. "But after all, they do have a fairly stiff time of it on duty, and they are going to have a much stiffer time later on. And they are not going to back out when the romance of the new uniform wears off, remember. Now these girls will play the angel-of-mercy game for a week or two, and then jack up and confine their efforts to getting hold of a wounded officer and taking him to the theatre. It is *dernier cri* to take a wounded

officer about with you at present. Wounded officers have quite superseded Pekinese, I am told."

"Women certainly are the most extraordinary creatures," mused Ayling, a platoon commander of "B." "In private life I am a beak at a public school——"

"What school?" inquired several voices. Ayling gave the name, found that there were two of the school's old boys present, and continued—

"Just as I was leaving to join this battalion, the Head received a letter from a boy's mother intimating that she was obliged to withdraw her son, as he had received a commission in the army for the duration of the war. She wanted to know if the Head would keep her son's place open for him until he came back! What do you think of that?"

"Sense of proportion wasn't invented when women were made," commented Kemp. "But we are wandering from the subject, which is: what advantages are we, personally, deriving from the war? Wagger, what are you getting out of it?"

"Half-a-crown a day extra pay as Assistant Adjutant," replied Wagstaffe laconically. "Ainslie, wake up and tell us what the war has done for you, since you abandoned the Stock Exchange and took to foot-slogging."

"Certainly," replied Ainslie. "A year ago I spent my days trying to digest my food, and my nights trying to sleep. I was not at all successful in

either enterprise. I can now sit down to a supper of roast pork and bottled stout, go to bed directly afterwards, sleep all night, and wake up in the morning without thinking unkind things of anybody—not even my relations-in-law! Bless the Kaiser, say I! Borrodaile, what about you? Any complaints?"

"Thank you," replied Borrodaile's dry voice; "there are no complaints. In civil life I am what is known as a 'prospective candidate.' For several years I have been exercising this, the only, method of advertising permitted to a barrister, by nursing a constituency. That is, I go down to the country once a week, and there reduce myself to speechlessness soliciting the votes of the people who put my opponent in twenty years ago, and will keep him in by a two thousand majority as long as he cares to stand. I have been at it five years, but so far the old gentleman has never so much as betrayed any knowledge of my existence."

"That must be rather galling," said Wagstaffe.

"Ah! but listen! Of course party politics have now been merged in the common cause—see local organs, *passim*—and both sides are working shoulder to shoulder for the maintenance of our national existence."

"*Applause!*" murmured Kemp.

"That is to say," continued Borrodaile with calm relish, "my opponent, whose strong suit for the last twenty years

has been to cry down the horrors of militarism, and the madness of national service, and the unwieldy size of the British Empire, is now compelled to spend his evenings taking the chair at mass meetings for the encouragement of recruiting. I believe the way in which he eats up his own previous utterances on the subject is quite superb. On these occasions I always send him a telegram, containing a kindly pat on the back for him and a sort of semi-official message for the audience. He has to read this out on the platform!"

"What sort of message?" asked a delighted voice.

"Oh—*Send along some more of our boys. Lord Kitchener says there are none to touch them. Borrodaile, Bruce and Wallace Highlanders. Or—All success to the meeting, and best thanks to you personally for carrying on in my absence. Borrodaile, Bruce and Wallace Highlanders.* I have a lot of quiet fun," said Borrodaile meditatively, "composing those telegrams. I rather fancy"—he examined the luminous watch on his wrist—"yes, it's five minutes past eight: I rather fancy the old thing is reading one now!"

The prospective candidate leaned back against the damp wall of the dug-out with a happy sigh. "What have you got out of the war, Ayling?" he inquired.

"Change," said Ayling.

"For better or worse?"

"If you had spent seven years in a big public school," said Ayling, "teaching exactly

the same thing, at exactly the same hour, to exactly the same kind of boy, for weeks on end, what sort of change would you welcome most?"

"Death," said several voices.

"Nothing of the kind!" said Ayling warmly. "It's a great life, if you are cut out for it. But there is no doubt that the regularity of the hours, and the absolute certainty of the future, make a man a bit groovy. Now in this life we are living we have to do lots of dull or unpleasant things, but they are never quite the same things. They are progressive, and not circular, if you know what I mean; and the immediate future is absolutely unknown, which is an untold blessing. What about you, Sketchley?"

A fat voice replied—

"War is good for adipose Special Reservists. I have decreased four inches round the waist since October. Next?"

So the talk ran on. Young Lochgair, heir to untold acres in the far north and master of unlimited pocket-money, admitted frankly that the sum of eight-and-sixpence per day, which he was now earning by the sweat of his brow and the expenditure of shoe-leather, was sweeter to him than honey in the honeycomb. Hattrick, who had recently put up a plate in Harley Street, said it was good to be earning a living wage at last. Mr Waddell, pressed to say a few words in encouragement of the present campaign, delivered himself of a guarded but illuminating eulogy of war as a cure for

indecision of mind ; from which, coupled with a coy reference to "some one" in distant St Andrews, the company were enabled to gather that Mr Waddell had carried a position with his new sword which had proved impregnable to civilian assault.

Only Bobby Little was silent. In all this genial symposium there had been no word of the spur which was inciting him—and doubtless the others—along the present weary and monotonous path ; and on the whole he was glad that it should be so. None of us care to talk,

even privately, about the Dream of Honour and the Hope of Glory. The only difference between Bobby and the others was that while they could cover up their aspirations with a jest, Bobby must say all that was in his heart, or keep silent. So he held his peace.

A tall figure loomed against the starlit sky, and Captain Wagstaffe, who had been out in the trench, spoke quickly to Major Kemp—

"I think we had better get to our places, sir. Some criminal has cut my alarm-cord!"

v.

Five minutes previously, Private Bain, lulled to a sense of false security by the stillness of the night, had opened his eyes, which had been closed for purposes of philosophic reflection, to find himself surrounded by four ghostly figures in great-coats. With creditable presence of mind he jerked his alarm-cord. But alas ! the cord came with his hand.

He was now a prisoner, and his place in the scout-line was being used as a point of deployment for the attacking force.

"We're extended right along the line now," said Captain Mackintosh to Sinclair. "I can't wait any longer for Shand: he has probably lost himself. The sentries are all behind us. Pass the word along to crawl forward. Every man to keep as low as he can, and dress by the right. No

one to charge unless he hears my whistle, or is fired on."

The whispered word—Captain Mackintosh knows when to whisper quite as well as Captain Shand—runs down the line, and presently we begin to creep forward, stooping low. Sometimes we halt ; sometimes we swing back a little ; but on the whole we progress. Once there is a sudden exclamation. A highly-strung youth, crouching in a field drain, has laid his hand upon what looks and feels like a clammy human face, lying recumbent and staring heavenward. Too late, he recognises a derelict scarecrow with a turnip head. Again, there is a pause while the extreme right of the line negotiates an unexpected barbed-wire fence. Still, we move on, with enormous caution. We are not certain where the trenches are,

but they must be near. At any moment a crackling volley may leap out upon us. Pulses begin to beat.

In the trench itself eyes are strained and ears cocked. It is an eerie sensation to know that men are near you, and creeping nearer, yet remain inaudible and invisible. It is a very dark night. The moon appears to have gone to bed for good, and the stars are mostly covered. Men unconsciously endeavour to fan the darkness away with their hands, like mist. The broken ground in front, with the black woods beyond, might be concealing an army corps for all the watchers in the trenches can tell. Far away to the south a bright finger of light occasionally stabs the murky heavens. It is the searchlight of a British cruiser, keeping ceaseless vigil in the English Channel, fifteen miles away. If she were not there we should not be making-believe here with such comfortable deliberation. It would be the real thing.

Bobby Little, who by this time can almost discern spiked German helmets in the gloom, stands tingling. On either side of him are ranged the men of his platoon—some eager, some sleepy, but all

silent. For the first time he notices that in the distant woods ahead of him there is a small break—a mere gap—through which one or two stars are twinkling. If only he could contrive to get a line of sight direct to that patch of sky—

He moves a few yards along the trench, and brings his eye to the ground-level. No good: a bush intervenes, fifteen yards away. He moves further and tries again.

Suddenly, for a brief moment, against the dimly illuminated scrap of horizon, he decries a human form, clad in a kilt, advancing stealthily. . . .

*"Number one Platoon—at the enemy in front—rapid fire!"*

He is just in time. There comes an overwrought roar of musketry all down the line of trenches. Simultaneously, a solid wall of men rises out of the earth not fifty yards away, and makes for the trenches with a long-drawn battle yell.

Make-believe has its thrills as well as the genuine article.

And so home to bed. M'Snape duly became a lance-corporal, while Dunshie resigned his post as a scout and returned to duty with the company.

*(To be continued.)*

## ACROSS ASIA MINOR ON FOOT—II.

BY W. J. C.

COMING from Jelat, the road enters Tokat through walled orchards dotted with *yailas*. In these buildings, which are generally a single room raised six or eight feet above the ground and opening to a balcony, the owner and his family live during harvest or even throughout the summer. Many were still occupied, and fluttering white clothing and brightly striped shawls hung over balcony railings as I passed.

Tokat lies in the meeting of two deep valleys, the larger not more than three-quarters of a mile in width. One of the promontories of the intersection ends in a precipitous tongue of rock, 500 or 600 feet high, with a castle on the summit. The town is perhaps somewhat more than half the size of Amasia. It is bosomed in gardens and orchards, and, seen from the hills, is a compact mass of red roofs set in greenery. For long it has been a place of busy trade, especially with the wild districts to the east. So in its streets one sees Kurds and Laz, besides Turks, Circassians, Greeks, and Armenians; and more swords and daggers are worn than in any town west of Erzingan.

In Tokat, or close to it, was born Osman Pasha, defender of Plevna. But the town contains many Arme-

nians, and does not appear to take particular interest in the memory of the last great Moslem soldier.

The khan to which I went was by far the best it ever was my fortune to find. It was built of stone and floored with the same material. My room was clean. There was a good rug on the floor; hangings were on the walls; there was a stove; even a gilt-framed mirror. The balcony went round three sides of the courtyard, and each door was numbered—an incredible refinement it seemed—and the figures enclosed by a painted wreath of flowers. Everything spoke of well-to-do travellers, merchants and others, who came from distant parts and required to stay more than a night in the town. It was a pleasure to lounge on the shady balcony and watch the travellers arrive. They came in dusty *arabas*—men dressed in European style except for the red fez, and Armenian women not so European in clothing, and still less so in face. There were well-mounted horsemen accompanied by armed servants. There were a few officers in khaki. The khan was busy, and the yard had much of the movement and excitement that old English coaching inns must have shown.

We began the next day by

climbing up a rough cliff to the castle, a partially ruined medieval structure, used as a magazine where still in repair. Apparently we went up by a way that no one else ever thought of taking, for at the top we found an easy path down, with a guard-house at the bottom. There was a sentry here armed with rifle and bayonet. He stopped as we approached and shouted that the castle was forbidden, and seemed inclined to make trouble. But Achmet contemptuously slapped his own bulky hinder garments for answer and passed on. It looked a risky way to treat a sentry in harness, and I asked why he had acted thus. He replied with the sufficing word "Ermenie," that set me wondering what was possible to a slim Armenian sentry in dealing with an offensive heavy Moslem. I looked back to get an inkling, if I could, of the sentry's thoughts. He had resumed his beat—the wisest course, considering all things—glad no doubt that the trespass was over and not beginning.

During the afternoon I wished to climb to a rock high up the valley side. We spent nearly half an hour in trying to find a way through the maze of alleys, each of which stopped with a dead end. At last I proposed to try farther along. But Achmet seemed to think his reputation at stake, and that he must discover or make a way here. After trying various doors and finding them fastened, he came to one that flew open before his vigor-

ous push, and he went in, bidding me follow. Certainly it was a mean house, but it was Turkish; and I would rather have forced my way into a British mansion than have gone alone into this slum dwelling in Tokat. I followed, however, wondering not a little what the outcome would be. Achmet went through the house and out into a yard, and there was confronted by an unveiled woman. I expected a bother, but he said a few words, and all was well. So we went on, climbing over walls and crossing yards, and at last reached the open hillside.

The old commercial khans of Tokat testify to its earlier trade. When tumult and raid were more frequent than now, merchants required a place of security from violence and fire in which to keep their goods and do business. So these trading khans were built, of which many may be seen in Anatolia. Such a one is the Kara Mustapha Khan at Marsovan; and one that I entered at Tokat looked of even earlier date. It had a two-storeyed arcade of heavy pointed stone arches surrounding a large paved quadrangle. The outer walls were of stone, and almost without openings. The shops or booths stood inside these walls and left a gangway between them and the arches of the arcade. There was a stone fountain in the middle of the courtyard; a few small trees grew scattered about; and over a high, horizontal trellis of poles a



grape vine had been trained, apparently to provide shelter for animals. Doves fed among bales of tobacco, bags of corn, bundles of shovels and iron rod, and stacks of charcoal, firewood, and skins. Over the red-tiled roof of the khan the castle on its rock stood out against a cloudless sky. In these surroundings business men of Tokat did their dealing, and clerks, sitting cross-legged and smoking incessantly, wrote with reed pens and dusted their writing with pounce. Though there is no need now to close the great iron-studded doors of these khans against raid, they are still of use in tumult. More than once it has happened in time of massacre that hundreds of Armenians have found safety in these massive buildings.

Before I left Tokat the following morning rumour came to the khan of trouble somewhere on the road to Sivas. It gave no details; it was a mere flying story of disturbance between Moslems and Armenians, like many which pass along the roads.

With a stage before me said to be only six hours, it was eleven o'clock when I left the khan. After clearing the town the road entered a wooded glen with a rushing stream in the bottom, and began a long ascent over Kurt Dagh. Long-distance caravans and vehicles had left at dawn, but the road was filled with local traffic. There were charcoal-burners' donkeys loaded with two sacks of charcoal apiece; firewood-sellers' donkeys carrying roots

and stumps and faggots corded to pack-saddles; horses with bales of tobacco-leaf; bullock-carts piled with sacks of grain; and now and then a few camels. There were also Kurdish and Circassian riders, aristocrats of the road, proud of their horses and weapons; peasants on foot wearing goat-skin *charooks*, and peasants going more delicately on donkeys. Slowly pacing, with slung rifles, were two blue-uniformed mounted *zaptiehs*, on the watch for tobacco-smugglers.

Every man in this country who owns a pack-animal is a potential smuggler of tobacco. The crop is grown under State control. Except the higher grades, which are exported, it may be bought only by the Tobacco Monopoly Company. The Company buys at a low fixed price, and retails at one enormously greater. Therefore between districts which grow tobacco and districts which do not there is every reason for a contraband traffic. The country has few roads, but a maze of tracks and byways, and the smuggler has always more than a sporting chance. He finds risk and excitement, with large gains as the sure reward of success. Small wonder that with all these attractions professional bands of smugglers exist who undertake adventures on a large scale.

Troops, gendarmes, and *zaptiehs* all keep a more or less watchful eye on smuggling; but to deal better with the traffic the Company maintains its own police. They are not

supposed to fire until fired upon, though I never heard that they found the regulation stand much in their way. For the bands abide by their stuff, and shoot to kill, if thereby they see any prospect of getting it away. Fights between police and smugglers are of common occurrence. It is said, I do not know with how much truth, that custom permits a solitary guardian of the law to look the other way when meeting smugglers in strength. I think there is room for some such reasonable convention. If the custom is not recognised officially, then I believe the evasion takes place without official sanction. I know that had I been a solitary gendarme, confronted by the band of five or six hard-bitten men who crossed the road in front of me near the summit of Kurt Dagh, and dived into the scrub, I should have sighed in gratitude for the privilege of ignoring them.

Beyond the pass of Kurt Dagh came rolling downs, and presently I looked down into the Artik 'Ova, a highland plain, twelve or fifteen miles across. It was bounded on the south and east by the fine broken range that ends in Yildiz Dagh, nearly 9000 feet in height. Evening was approaching, and the same violet glow that I had seen after leaving Turkhal spread over the country. In the sky there was not a fleck of cloud. The range of Yildiz Dagh became the mountains of a Promised Land, with every ravine and spur and dimple and rock

thrown into relief by sidelong light. While this scene lay before me three bullock-carts, loaded high with firewood, appeared on the skyline a couple of hundred yards away. Their beech-wood axles were wailing like the strings of violins. There was no telling what new variations of sound they would make next. The sound would soar like that of a steam syren, throw a loop and drop to a groan, and then set off in undulations, as it were, and presently leap to a high note again. Carters believe that the bullocks draw better for the music, and they dress the axles with walnut juice to intensify the sound. It carries an amazing distance; and wives are said to recognise the distinctive notes of their husband's wheels, and by them know when the team will reach home. Hear the far-off wailing of the wheels upon a mountain on a glowing evening, and you will bring away a haunting memory of sound and scene not to be conveyed in words.

Chiftlik Khan, my stopping-place, lay in the midst of the plain, and before we reached it the night had grown cold. After the heat of the day the wind seemed almost icy, and I was glad to have the fire of pine-branches that they made for me at the khan.

When I was leaving the khan in the morning an *araba* drove up from the south at a spanking pace. The driver seemed to think that his passenger's quality demanded style, and he swung into the khan yard in excellent fashion,

with cracking whip and a jingle of harness. As the vehicle turned off the road I caught sight of a figure within wrapped in fur, and a dog beside it. I had not gone a dozen paces before uproar came from the khan. There was barking by dogs, there was shouting by the khan-keeper and man; also heavy thumping and blows upon a boarded wall. And then came a round of hearty English swearing that caused me to return as quickly as if called by name. As I dashed back to the khan I thought how admirable the English tongue sounded. On gaining the yard I saw the newcomer's dog chasing the fowls, the owner swearing at his dog: and the khan-keeper and his man, seemingly torn between hope of compensation and doubt of exacting it, obstructing first the fowls and next the dog. When the dog was secured the owner told me he had come from Sivas, and when there was the only Englishman in a dismal city. He added that he was a sportsman, and his dog so much a sporting dog that it killed birds at sight.

The day's work after leaving Chiftlik was to cross Chamli Bel, the highest pass but one on the whole journey. On Chamli Bel the snow comes early and stays late, and sometimes lies thirty feet deep. The pass is nearly 6000 feet above the sea, only a few hundred feet higher than that over Kurt Dagh, but is credited with having a different climate though the two are only twenty-five miles apart. How-

ever, Chamli Bel showed no streak of snow as I looked at it from the plain, where I walked in dust and sweltering heat.

In a Circassian khan at the foot of the pass there were more rumours of trouble ahead. They had now got definitely to the killing of Armenians, and to gendarmery and troops being on the march. Along the Bagdad road, as on other roads of a land virtually without newspapers, there are always flying rumours. They are the talk in the common-rooms of the khans where *araba* drivers and carters smoke, and eat, and sleep at the end of the day. In this way news filters down to the coast, affirmed, contradicted or distorted, enlarged or diminished, according as racial and religious prejudice disposes.

At one o'clock I was eating lunch in the shelter of spindling pines at the top of the pass, for the wind was cold, and looking back over the road I had come. In the marvellously clear air every furlong of the way from Kurt Dagh seemed to be in view. It passed from a white ribbon into a white string that was thrown carelessly across a brown and woodless country. Here and there a smudge of rising dust showed traffic. In all the plain there did not appear to be half a dozen villages. By road, or looking over the country from a height, one gets the idea that the population of Asia Minor is smaller than the authorities make out.

As I took my first steps down the other side of the pass the

head of a party of Turkish recruits appeared. They were not a hundred yards off, breasting their way up the slope, and I felt no pleasure of any kind in meeting them. A fellow in the front rank carried a home-made flag with the red crescent on a white ground, and behind him straggled seventy or eighty men. Seen together they made as wild-looking and ill-favoured a party as one would care to meet. Some carried bundles, some merely sticks; many were ragged, others were in clean white. They appeared to have neither officer nor the usual escort of gendarmery. But they were plainly not going to the Yemen, and by so much—a vast deal—were the less dangerous. As they approached I photographed them, and then hastened to salute their flag in a manner of respectful friendliness prompted by discretion. They took both actions as complimentary, and the banner-man waved his flag in acknowledgment; and this meeting on a lonely mountain-top passed off well enough.

On descending from the pass Yeni Khan came in sight, a white town sleeping in hot sunlight on a brown mountain-side. It was several hours' journey distant, and looked very calm and peaceful in the still light of afternoon. But when I reached the place I found that here was the origin of the rumours I had heard as far away as Tokat. The streets were patrolled by groups of mounted gendarmery, and khaki infantry with fixed bayonets. Two

sentries with bayonets were on guard at the entrance of the khan to which I went. Unusual groups of people stood talking in the streets, many of them evidently countrymen, and there was an ominous air of excitement.

It seemed that two days earlier a Moslem and Armenian had fought, and, contrary to precedent and natural right, the Armenian had killed the Moslem. To level matters up, the Moslems, who were called a minority of the population, straightway plotted a massacre of Armenians, and called in the country-folk to help and share the spoil. But the Governor was a man equal to the emergency. He telegraphed for gendarmery to reinforce his handful of *zaptiehs*, and a troop rode all night, followed by infantry in waggons, and they arrived in time. But Moslem blood had been spilt, and the fanatics had not yet given up hope of exacting blood for blood. Here for the first time the epithet *shapkali*, "hatted man," was flung at me in the street. It is a term of hostility used by Moslems for Europeans. The point of offence is said to be that the brim of a hat advertises the wearer's indifference to getting an instant view of the Mahdi when he appears from Heaven.

Many Circassians were abroad when I left Yeni Khan. Sometimes they were camped by the roadside, and their bullocks were still to be coupled to the carts. I wished to photograph one of these groups, and asked permission to do so, but they

objected until they had drawn revolvers. Then they were ready; and while I pointed the camera, they fired a few rounds—as a precaution against the “Evil Eye.” It was not until later that I connected these dallying Circassians with the affair at Yeni Khan. Little doubt some of them had not yet given up the hope of plunder.

Men praying by the roadside had long ceased to be a curious sight to me, but to-day I came upon two who made an impression beyond the ordinary. For half an hour I had met no one, and then these two lonely kneeling figures suddenly appeared at the wayside. They were kneeling on their jackets, their faces towards Mecca, and their shoes cast off. The *araba* was out of sight and hearing, and they thought themselves alone. So instead of perfunctorily turning the head to right and left, towards the angel and the devil who attend all men to record their good deeds and their bad, they looked earnestly on each spirit for a few seconds with appropriate aspect of face. Once before I had seen a Moslem do this when praying, unseen as he thought, among his green vines; and both then and now the action drew my involuntary respect.

When I reached Soyutlu Khan there was yet a couple of hours to nightfall. But as they said Sivas was still four hours distant, I stayed here in order to enter the city by daylight. The khan was an example of a Turkish speculation that had proved a failure. It

was to have been a pleasant resort for Sivas holiday-makers in keeping with its name: “Khan of the place of Willows.” But the *Sivashis* had stayed away—not unaccountably, it appeared, from what I saw. Outwardly the building was imposing for a khan, in form like a church with nave and low aisles. I was put in a low room beside the doorway, and when I demanded an upper room, the khan-keeper for answer led me to the end of a short passage and tragically bade me look. I looked, and saw a void, like the interior of a great barn. The building was a pretentious shell, and my room was the only guest-room that had been completed.

For his profit the khan-keeper of Soyutlu had deceived me. Sivas, I found, was nothing like four hours away, and by ten o'clock the city was in view. It made an imposing appearance as I marched towards it on the long straight road, at the end of which rose the citadel on a rock. And there were tower-like minarets and tall buildings, and in the background a mosque and minaret on another and higher rock.

The city stands in the valley of the Kizil Irmak, here a level plain seven or eight miles in width. In the south the valley is bounded by treeless mountains with rocky summits two or three thousand feet above the plain. The northern heights are lower, and form rounded downs broken by gypsum cliffs. There are neither orchards nor gardens nor trees, except a few

poplars and willows, the climate being too severe, for the valley is 4500 feet above the sea. So in the manner of Turkish cities the open country sweeps up to the buildings, which begin abruptly like a wall.

With its 70,000 inhabitants Sivas calls itself the largest city in the interior of Asia Minor proper. It has seen more prosperous days in Byzantine times, and under the Seljuks, and was an Armenian capital, and still contains some fine Seljuk buildings. One never gets far away from memories of Timur in Asia Minor. He came to Sivas with his military proficiency and heavy hand, and captured the city and reduced its population by two-thirds within the year. For all its past dignity and importance Sivas shows little of traditional Eastern warmth and life. It is a cold, sombre, ill-built town standing in a graceless country. Besides, it has had for centuries a large Armenian population, a race gloomy and depressing beyond most.

But Sivas is beginning to hope for a commercial future. Nearly all railway schemes for Eastern Anatolia link themselves with the city, by so much do natural routes affect them in a land of mountains and valleys. And it is the centre of a great district that produces much wheat and barley and cattle and goats.

Sivas now is doubtless in a state of turmoil and excitement by reason of the War. It is the natural base for Turkish armies on the Russian frontier.

With the Black Sea closed to Turkish transports these armies must pass through Sivas from rail-head at Angora. From the Sivas district, too, armies on this frontier have always drawn their sustenance. The country-people have ever looked to happenings in this city as indications of the political barometer. Rumours that the bakers had received orders to "fill the mosques with hard bread" would go along the roads, and be taken to mean trouble brewing with the only enemy recognised in these parts. The rumour was on foot just before my visit, in fear of Russian action in conjunction with Italy. And one may well suppose that six months ago the bakers began to bake in earnest in furtherance of German schemes.

There is a considerable American Mission in Sivas. Unlike the one at Marsovan, however, its schools, hospital, and houses are not collected in a compound, but are scattered about the town. There is professional rivalry even among missions; and Sivas may be heard to speak lightly of Marsovan as "The gilt-edged Mission." But Sivas, I noticed, was doing its best to become gilt-edged itself, and had prospects of succeeding, even to the extent of forming a compound.

The head of the Mission, with whom I stayed, took me one day to call on the Armenian bishop of Sivas. His residence was in the old monastery of St Nishan, a couple of miles outside the city. We were shown

into a small, dimly-lighted room with a medieval atmosphere and smell not unlike a musty library. The woodwork was unpainted, the walls covered with plain hangings, a heavy padded leather curtain served for door, and the room was warmed by a brazier. In some such style I imagine they had lived here centuries ago. The bishop did not keep us waiting long. As bishop of a Church and people in difficulties, and a man said to have been chosen for his capacity, I looked at him with interest. His age could hardly have been more than forty, his full beard and long hair were dark; his figure shortish and strong, and his face inclined to florid. He spoke in Armenian, and my American friend translated. An Armenian bishop in another part of the country had been said to have charged his people to sell their shirts and buy firearms. But the bishop of Sivas was not of that sort; discretion and patience seemed to be what he relied upon. He avowed himself as on good terms with the Government, and satisfied with their treatment and intentions. I gathered, however, that he had not only to guide his priesthood and flock, but take part in a game of political euchre in which the higher cards never by any chance fell to him. It was not a game so important as that which the Armenian Patriarch in Constantinople has to play, but had the same characteristics.

Conversation ran on various topics, but without apparent

effort the bishop managed to get in some allusion to his race and Church. Gradually, with a few indirect strokes, their real purpose not apparent at the moment, he sketched the Gregorian Church. There was a passing reference to its antiquity, others to its traditions, its old churches, some of them now, alas, in use as mosques; to its relics, its ancient MSS., its furniture. He also referred to the Mekhitharist Monastery at Venice, not as a Gregorian foundation, but as an Armenian monastery and seat of learning in Europe. In half an hour of broken talk the bishop had created the impression that his people and Church were still "in being."

There is a tradition in Sivas that when Timur captured the city he buried alive 4000 Armenian warriors who had helped the Turks in the defence. Armenians still show the spot with pride and call it the Black Earth. I asked if the bishop had additional information about the tradition. In manner if not in words he waved this story aside as a thing of worldly vanity. He had the true version, something more spiritual, also more damning to Timur. When the city fell, he said, the Church had arrayed 4000 children in white, and sent them, bearing relics, to soften the conqueror's heart. It was these 4000 children, together with the relics, whom Timur had flung alive into a pit and covered up, so creating the place of the "Black Earth." I thought the bishop's version inferior to the

popular one. In his zeal for the Church he seemed to do an injury to his people, for martial history is what the race lacks.

Soon after I reached Sivas news came that had special interest for me. Two robberies, quite in the grand style, had been committed on the road over which I had just passed. In one a party of bullock-cart men returning from Samsoun after receiving payment for a contract, had been set upon by Circassians. The carters showed fight, and lost a man or two; but also lost their money. The other robbery was even more in the spirit of earlier days. A band of robbers had seized the road for several hours and robbed all who passed, holding them as prisoners until the day's operation was over.

I was now to leave the Bagdad Road and go to Kaisariyeh—once Eusebea, and then Cæsarea—in the southwest. The road lay high, and upon it snow was more to be dreaded than elsewhere. The distance was about a hundred and thirty miles, and I wished to cover it in four days, so inquired for another *araba*.

A small red-headed Moslem, warranted to know the road, was sent to me the same day. He had an incessant little cough that sometimes became part of his speech. His eyes were feeble and watery. As recommendation he spoke of having been an inmate of the American hospital for two weeks. He was not at all the man I wanted, but I had no choice. No driver had any liking for the journey, and I closed with

Mehmet, to lose no more time.

There had been three days of light rain, but I set out on a morning of mild southerly wind, when great balloons of white cloud were sailing in a blue sky. Men were ploughing with oxen and wooden ploughs; and sometimes a snatch of weird song came from the fields.

During three hours of climbing to the ridge of the southern mountains we saw not a soul. Around were the brown slopes, dappled, like the plain below, with sunlight and chasing shadows. At the summit a plateau of sun-burnt downland sank gradually to the south, and gave a view of low, blue mountain-ridges in the distance. While looking at these I made out a faint mother-of-pearl triangular peak above the highest ridge. It was scarcely visible in the sunlit sky. But I recognised it for snow in shadow, and knew that it must be Argæus, over-lord of Turkish mountains since the Russians took Ararat, showing his 13,000 feet of stature beside Kaisariyeh. By air-line he was a hundred and twenty miles away, and, as I afterwards heard, was not often visible from this point.

Now that we had reached the plateau and there was no more climbing, Mehmet began to show his peculiarities. In his small body he housed a devil of perversity, and it was accompanied by a red-haired man's temper and an invalid's peevishness. He wished to reach Kaisariyeh in three days,



being in mortal fear of snow. As I refused to ride he kept his horses jingling at my heels to better my pace. If I stopped for a few minutes he went on, and left me to overtake him by hard walking or running, whichever I chose. I told him now to follow fifty yards behind, but when I stopped to take a photograph he tried to drive past again. This time I seized the horses and backed his *araba* off the road. For the rest of the journey he kept his place, but remained sulky to the end. It had been dark an hour when we dropped into a deep glen, and ended an unsatisfactory day's travelling in the khan at Kayadibi.

Beyond Kayadibi the dogs were the most savage of any met upon the journey. In build they were like Newfoundlanders, but larger, with black heads, yellow bodies, and long curling tails. From nearly every flock within a half-mile of the road a dog would detach itself and come lumbering across country to the attack. I had no doubt the shepherds set them on, and more than half suspected Mehmet of somehow prompting the shepherds. I longed to shoot the animals, but a cry like a jödél goes along the hillsides for a shot dog, and brings the country-folk out with firearms. After three or four undignified skirmishes, in which the beasts kept just out of my reach, bounding into the air and flinging foam, I climbed into the *araba* whenever I saw a flock ahead. I hoped that Mehmet would not connect

this new way of travelling with a fear of dogs. He was pleased with the change, and would whip up his horses to a sharp trot for half a mile, and then let me get out. Four or five times this happened, and the dogs no longer took notice of me. I felt sure that my weak-eyed driver had not penetrated my motives, for the flocks were not always easy to see. But disillusionment soon came. Walking in front of the *araba* I heard him presently cough out: "*Kopek*" (a dog). I could see no flock, so believed he was announcing the bogie man, and I wondered how self-respect required me to deal with him. Then he exclaimed "*Ikki*," (two). By this time I thought we had come to a crisis; but he had the truth on his side, and pointed out two creatures lying beside the road fifty yards ahead. Thereafter I made no more pretence, nor did he.

The Armenian village of Kara Geul received us in its guest-house on the second night. The village elders came in, and with them the schoolmaster, who spoke English, having been educated by the Americans at Sivas. When Mehmet left the room to look after his horses, the manner of the Armenians changed immediately. They had been cheerful; they now became like people over whom hangs great impending trouble. They said they had known massacre and pillage before, and were in present fear of both again.

"Of the people eighteen were killed, and some were hurt, and the others went to

the hills," the schoolmaster said. The killing had been done by Circassians of the Uzun Yaila, under a valley lord of that district of Circassian immigrants. Now that Christians were seizing Tripoli, the same valley lord and his clan proposed to do what they could in the way of reprisals against the Armenians of Kara Geul and other villages. So the Armenians were in fear that any morning Circassian horsemen would come across the hills intending murder. I tried to reassure them, pointing out that the Ottoman Government desired to stand well with the Powers, and therefore would certainly prevent massacre. But dread of the valley lord and his men, only a few hours' ride across the hills, was not to be allayed by speaking of the Powers. The promptitude of the authorities in dealing with Yeni Khan was thought to be, however, a more comforting assurance.

After I left Kara Geul an *araba* appeared about mid-day, coming from the direction of Kaisariyeh. It was drawn by three horses, and travelled much faster than other *arabas*. The driver seemed conscious of unwonted dignity, and the *kavass*, in blue uniform and fez, on the seat beside him, was the personification of watchful alertness and importance. I wondered who the traveller might be to inspire all this rapid motion and convey to his servants so much dignity. He passed in a whirl of dust, and

I could only see that he was lying down; but his *kavass* I saw well, and thought I should remember!

In the afternoon the road crossed a ridge, and then went in a straight line for five miles to a cluster of willows and buildings below.

"Sultan Khan," said Mehmet, pointing with his whip. Then he glanced at the sky. From Sultan Khan to Kaisariyeh was the last day's stage for him, and the sky was still hot and cloudless; and with these comforting thoughts in mind he became almost cheerful.

Centuries ago, when Kaisariyeh and Sivas were great cities, sultans used this road frequently; and along it, as on other roads of royal travelling, Sultan Khans were built about twenty-five miles apart. This was one, now a ruin, but with enough remaining to show that it was a noble building in its time. It was about two hundred feet long, built of dressed stone, and vaulted with stone, and contained apartments for the sultan and his retinue, and vaulted stalls for the camels of the royal caravan. It is now a quarry for the mean village that clusters round it. At the khan in this place I heard who the traveller was in the three-horse *araba*. He was a British consul, going from the Mediterranean coast to Samsoun as quickly and comfortably as conditions permitted.

All the way from the mountains above Sivas Argæus had played hide-and-peek with me.

Sometimes I saw him several times a-day, sometimes not so often. He grew more and more majestic with each re-appearance; and to a solitary pedestrian it became an interesting speculation when he would show himself again, and what changes he would reveal. Soon after leaving Sultan Khan the road went up to a ridge, from which Argæus could be seen almost to his base. He was blue-and-white above, and purple about the lower slopes—a great mountain of 13,300 feet, standing alone, round whose base a man may walk in three days. Viewed from this ridge he dominated everything; thenceforward he grew with every mile, and could not be kept out of sight.

From the same ridge a long slope known as Lale Bel descends towards the plain of Kaisariyeh. No spot in Asia Minor has a worse name for deaths by snow. It is said to be liable to a local blizzard, that comes without warning in winter, and is of incredible violence. I had heard the story with unbelief, and on this sunny morning was more than ever inclined to be a scoffer. In fact, but for the guard-house, I might have passed down Lale Bel without recognising the place. But perhaps I might not; for soon after beginning the descent the temperature fell, and a bitter wind came from the north though the sun was hot. For its coldness the wind might have come from the snowfields of Argæus, only they were to the south. I had to run to

keep warm, and while doing so was glad that I saw Lale Bel in no wilder mood.

Darkness had come by the time I was climbing the steep road to the American Hospital at Talas. The town is a detached suburb of Kaisariyeh, seven miles from the city, where most of the well-to-do Greeks and other Christians have their homes.

It covers a high rocky bluff, and extends down the face of it in terraces to the plain below. The buildings are surprisingly picturesque. They are built of a grey-green stone, so soft when quarried that it may be shaped with axe or saw, but which hardens on exposure. With this favouring material the people of Talas have produced the most medieval-looking streets to be found in Asia Minor. The masons have been chiefly Greeks, and it would appear that some of them were familiar with the buildings erected by the Knights of St John in Rhodes.

The upper storeys of the buildings often overhang, carried on rows of heavy corbels moulded in profile. The streets are narrow and winding, and in places are merely flights of steps. They go under buildings and archways, as vaulted passages. They skirt cliffs. You follow a street a little way and it brings you to a ravine filled with gardens where a small waterfall comes down.

Talas people are said to have one abiding regret. They see no more of Argæus from their town than if the mountain did not exist; yet by a straight

line to the summit the distance is less than fifteen miles. Beside the town stands Ali Dagh, a rounded hump of mountain like a great pit-head heap, which entirely hides Argæus from view. Cross a ravine from Talas and you are on the steep side of Ali Dagh. And the mountain rises so abruptly to its 3000 feet above the plain, that, in spite of snow, I went to the top in an hour and a half, and returned by a gulley of rolling stones in half the time.

From the summit of Ali Dagh Argæus is seen at its best. I saw it in strong sunlight, with a few clouds trapped in its lower valleys. Higher up was a bar of cloud floating aslant. And above the cloud rose five or six thousand feet of mountain, going in blue and glistening white towards the sky.

Having now got out of the region of dangerous snow, I inquired for a man with a pack-horse, and one was soon found. He made a disappointing figure when I saw him for the first time on the American Doctor's verandah. I had hoped for an Achmet, but this candidate was an old man with white beard and hair. He was of middle height, broad and lean and tough-looking, and evidently had been a hardy fellow in his prime, but that was thirty years ago by appearances.

He stood, hands in pockets, spreading out his chocolate-brown breeches like a Dutch peasant, and seemed amused at the proposed journey. Asked

how many hours he could walk daily, he said six, eight, or ten. He knew all the country through which I hoped to go. He knew the paths and tracks as well as the roads; he knew the khans and guest-houses. Going farther afield he knew Aleppo, and Damascus, and Beirout. He had a keen face, into which the look of a hawk sometimes came, and a forehead like a ball. If he was as tough as he made out, his age and experience would be advantageous. As for his horse, he said there was not a better pack-horse in Kaisariyeh.

For the sum of one medjidié a-day (3s. 4d.) it was agreed that he should go with me anywhere. He was to feed himself and his horse for this sum, and take his discharge whenever and wherever it suited me to get rid of him. I told him to meet me at a khan in Kaisariyeh two days later, and bring his horse and be ready to set out.

I took my gear into Kaisariyeh by *araba*, and on the day appointed Ighsan—so he called himself—arrived punctually. He put off his shoes at the door and knelt before me. Then he placed my heavily-booted feet on his head and shoulders and embraced my knees. It was embarrassing; but he was promising faithful service, and I would not interrupt him in any rites having that for their purpose. But more than at our first meeting I found in him an old-womanishness that caused misgivings. I saw him breaking down on the road and

having to be nursed. I resolved to feed him well, despite the contract that he was to feed himself, and hoped in this way to get the most out of him.

But these ideas began to change when the embracing of my feet was over. By a curious alteration in manner, not entirely unconscious I fancied, he became a different person. He now produced his arms, a nine-inch dagger, and then came out a silver-plated Smith & Wesson revolver with ivory stock, a mighty weapon, '44 calibre, and long in the barrel. He handled it as readily and familiarly as a spoon. While groping in the depths of his girdle for cartridges, he pulled out an old English silver snuff-box that he used for tobacco. Revolver and tobacco-box he said he had got at Beirut; he had often been to Damascus and Beirut. By this time he was flashing out occasionally like a man used to authority, a man moreover who was suppressing himself. What had he been, I asked. He had been a soldier, a sort of sergeant, and served five years in the Yemen. I now was able to figure him loosing off his big revolver effectively, and with the definite purpose of killing, and found a growing interest in the man.

His first duty was to take me about Kaisariyeh. The city has the name of being the most fanatical in Asia Minor. Kaisariyeh Moslems believe that everything was better three hundred years ago than it is now, and do their best to delay the progress of decadence. A visiting *Giaour* runs a greater

risk here than elsewhere of having stones and other missiles thrown at him. He may be hustled in the bazaars, or charcoal-donkeys may be driven against him. He is sure to hear the cry of "shapkali!" aimed at him, and may hear it taken up.

With Ighsan, however, I went not only unmolested, but welcomed. We explored the bazaars and old khans, visited Turkish tombs and colleges, walked in gardens, and looked into the great mosque of Houvant, where hundreds of worshippers were washing themselves in the courtyard for the midday service. We went to the castle, and I was allowed to crawl with a candle into the underground dungeons. And then we ascended the tower, where coffee and "Turkish delight" were provided by the custodian.

From this point there is an excellent view of the city. In size it is smaller than Amasia and larger than Tokat, but has no charm of water or gardens, and stands on level ground, and is poorly built. It is a city of flat roofs on which, from this elevation, Moslem women could be seen praying. The portions of the old walls still remaining were in view. The twenty-one minarets of the city were pointed out and named for me. In the south Argaeus filled the whole view, his lower slopes, only a mile away, covered with vineyards. In a week I saw Kaisariyeh more intimately than any Turkish city I had visited.

At the khan one evening the khan-keeper entered my room in excitement. If he had come to tell of the sudden apparition of a great comet, his manner, I think, would have been much the same. His news was that another Englishman had just come and was lying in the room next to mine. This other Englishman, he said, was big, very big. He raised his bent hand high above his head in illustration of height. It gave something like seven feet for the stature of the newcomer, and I began to understand and share the khan-keeper's awe. I went into the next room, past a strange servant cooking on the flat roof outside, and saw a very long, fair man lying on a travelling bed. He looked like a raw-boned Yorkshire man, but as he sat up his square-cropped hair came into view, and I took him for a German. He proved to be an Austrian; and being of hospitable nature, and one who travelled with a cook and a case of wine, he invited me to be his guest at the meal now being prepared. But I, also, had a meal in preparation, and being my own cook thought well of it, particularly the soup. So I begged leave to contribute this course to the repast. As the two European waifs of Kaisariyeh, we eventually pooled our victuals, and found that, with a little licence in counting, they made out a dinner of five courses.

My first day with a pack-horse was the first since leaving Samsoun on which I did not

travel in hot sunlight. The road lay westerly and southerly, skirting the base of Argæus; but the air was thick, and I saw little more than occasional marshes. Our destination was Injesu, said to be six *araba* hours distant. The road being level and fairly good, these hours stood for nearly five miles each, whereas I had reckoned them as only four, and darkness overtook us before the town was reached. Troops were billeted in the place, and the khan and other buildings were crowded. I stood in the street in pitch darkness for half an hour, holding the horse while Ighsan went in search of quarters. He found a barber at last who would let us sleep in his shop. There was just room in it to set up my bed. The remaining space was occupied by waiting customers and two barber's chairs. Shaving went on without pause while I cooked and ate, and the customers looked on as if enjoying the show of their lives. After having been shaved they remained in the room.

"Haidé! haidé!" (get out) cried the barber to each customer as he rose from the chair after being shaved. The barber and his lather-boy, Ighsan and myself, slept in the room.

I wished to spend a few days in the cave-dwellers' country west of Injesu. It lay high, and a pass over Topuz Dagh was to be crossed to reach it. There was no promise of snow in the morning, so I resolved to make the visit; if snow prevented

my return to Injesu, I proposed to descend west into the Axylon, the great plain of Asia Minor.

A man, gorgeously dressed in blue and scarlet with gold embroidery, was beating two drums in the street when we set out in the morning. Each drum was shaped like a pudding-basin, seven or eight inches in diameter, and was attached to his belt. He beat his drums incessantly, sometimes giving a separate rhythm to each drum, sometimes dividing one rhythm between the two; and sometimes he went off in flourishes as if to show his skill. He was said to be announcing a wedding.

Driving fog, with fine rain, surrounded us all the way up to the pass over Topuz Dagh. In the Injesu valley there were many vineyards; but above them the path went upon the most barren and desolate mountain-sides I had yet traversed. We met no one on this climb, and saw neither habitation nor beast. And then, about two o'clock, we reached the summit, and within two hundred yards passed out of fog and looked west over a land, far below, smiling in clear sunshine.

Ighsan named the distant snow-covered mountains, and he had them all correctly by the map. There was Hassan Dagh, with its twin peaks, in the south-west; and the long wall of the Taurus or Bulgar Dagh, stretching from east to west along the south. Still more to the east was Ala

Dagh, with its long row of foreshortened peaks, like the teeth of a saw; and behind them Doloman Dagh, on the way to Persia, he said. Then he threw open his shirt and bared his arms, while I wondered what he was intending. He showed scars on breast and arms. This one had been received under Ala Dagh, that beside Hassan Dagh, and so on. He had learnt his geography with his blood, and had not forgotten it. He spread out his beard, extended his moustachios, straightened himself, threw his head back and cocked it jauntily from side to side. He looked fierce enough for anything now—and I had thought him an old woman at one time! Something like this he had looked when young, he said. He had looked like a lion, had gone wherever he chose, and never known fear.

When this curious scene was over I looked more closely at the country before me, for it is the most remarkable district in Asia Minor. From time immemorial this part of Cappadocia has been a land of troglodytes. Over an area measuring some fifty miles by forty, or even more, the cliffs and rocks are bored with strongholds and villages, which swarm with people living of choice in the old way.

Entering the country by this road my destination for the night was Urgub, the largest of the rock-villages. It was only five or six miles beyond the pass, looking across a

shallow valley, and I gazed at it with a wayfarer's added interest in the place in which he hopes to find accommodation. On the whole, it seemed to promise well. It was pleasing to the eye—a collection of white buildings under a broken cliff, with a stretch of green meadow-land and orchards sloping down to a river in front. In size, too, it had even the appearance of a town, though with a certain vagueness that I found difficult to account for. I doubted whether, after all, I should sleep in a cave in Urgub, as I hoped to do. There seemed to be too many buildings for caves to have a vogue.

But there was no delay in coming to close quarters with cave life after I arrived in the town. The khan was built of stone: it had mullioned windows, there was an arcade of two storeys of pointed arches round the courtyard, and the cliff rose at the back of the yard. Not much of a cave here, I thought. Yet they took me upstairs, and on the upper floor put my baggage into a room as certainly formed in the cliff as any cave in the world could be. It was a cell, perhaps nine feet square and seven high to the crown of its arched ceiling. It had a door and window to the courtyard, and also had, in the rear wall, a flimsy second door that excited my curiosity. I opened this little door and looked into a black opening, from which issued echoing voices, and the sound of chains, and a gust of

foul air. Visions of unpleasant possibilities rose before me, and the khan-keeper was summoned. I wished to know exactly what would be found if I went far enough through the doorway. The khan-keeper spoke reassuringly of stables and other doubtful offices to be reached that way; but I resolved to take precautions. No one, I vowed, should enter my cell from that quarter. The dwellings of these cave-villages are said to be connected by a labyrinth of passages, and the idea of my room being part of the system was not to my liking. So I heaped baggage against the door, and put the foot of the bed against it as well, and slept facing the direction of danger.

The cause of the town's vague appearance, that I had noted from the pass, became evident the next morning. It was due to so many buildings being merely fronts, with no visible flanks. Houses that looked real enough from the street changed into formless masses of projecting or detached rock when seen from the side. The fronts were no more than masks of masonry to rooms hewn out of the solid. Sometimes there was a façade without a doorway. It stood like a tablet high up in the face of the cliff. Only later did I connect a mere hole in the rock at ground-level with the architecture overhead. These built fronts represent the modern practice of the troglodytes. They are a compromise between the instinct



for living in the safety of the rocks, and the desire to get the advantage of the built dwelling. No doubt, also, the partly excavated dwelling is cheaper than one wholly built. The wife and family can scoop out rooms in the soft rock from time to time if the excavated form is adopted. There is no limit to the accommodation that may be secured for nothing in this way except domestic rebellion. So one may suppose that excavated dwellings will remain in favour for some time.

But the old excavations which honeycomb the cliffs for hundreds of yards are the most interesting features of Urgub. There are many chapels, some of which have paintings on

the walls. There are tombs, stables with hewn stalls and mangers, and the dwellings may be called uncountable. These excavations make no pretensions to outward effect. They belong to a time when their chief merit lay in being hard to come at, and harder still to enter if entrance were denied.

I had come into a region in which months might be spent; and my way of travelling was the best way of seeing it. But I could only spare a few days, for I wished to resume the journey at Injesu. After one clear day at Urgub I purposed to leave the road, and go by paths to see as much of the district's other curiosities as time allowed.

*(To be continued.)*

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## DIARY OF A SUBALTERN.

## THE MOVE TO FLANDERS.

ON arriving at the station, the first thing to be done was to get the men into the train: covered trucks were provided for their accommodation, and they were supposed to hold forty men each; it was rather a squash, but they fitted in all right, and at any rate it was a welcome change from a trench. Having settled the men in, and while the horses were being entrained and the waggons got on to their trucks, there was a distribution of rations. There were two days' rations on the platform, from which we concluded that we had got a fairly long journey before us. There was a certain amount of straw too, which the men were allowed to take to make their trucks more comfortable. There was rather trouble over the accommodation for the officers: three first-class coaches were provided, and there were twenty-eight of us. Perhaps one would say that we ought to have considered ourselves lucky to have carriages at all, but the prospect of a journey of, probably, two days and nights with nine in a carriage, not to mention equipment and food, is not very cheerful. The difficulty, however, was got over by the Headquarters electing to travel in a truck with some straw and their valises, in which, no doubt, they were more comfortable than we were. There

were seven of us in my carriage, and with all our equipment and two boxes of rations there was not much room to spare. We were all settled in some time before the train chose to start, but about 9.30 P.M. we moved off. Having had "dinner," we proceeded to make our dispositions for the night. "Dinner" consisted of bread, biscuits, jam, cheese, and bully beef. We were very annoyed to find that two bottles of cider, which we had bought in the village where we had spent the day, had been forgotten (?) by our servants, whose duty it was to look after our food.

When arranged for the night we looked rather like a tin of sardines: each person had his feet up on the opposite set in between his two *vis-à-vis*; this appeared a very satisfactory arrangement, and so we went to sleep. Very soon, however, I awoke to find myself fondly cuddling a very muddy boot: my "opponent" also woke up at the same moment and complained that my feet were seriously impeding his breathing; as they were firmly implanted in the pit of his stomach I did not quite see how that could be so, but I did not argue the point. With mutual apologies we proceeded to make fresh dispositions; this time I elected to place my feet in the arm-

strap of the opposite window and lean against my neighbour. This arrangement did not last long, as I was soon woken up from both sides at once: I found that I was slowly but surely strangling my neighbour, while my "opponent" complained that he could not sleep with such a lot of French mud in such close proximity to his nose. As we were settling down once more, some one at the other end of the carriage appeared to be having a very realistic nightmare, and was once more back in the trenches taking on innumerable Germans single-handed. And so the night was passed with various interruptions: if you were not disturbed by some one else kicking you in the ribs, then at the end of an hour or so you awoke with violent cramp. Still it was something to have a roof over one's head, and it was nice and warm; in fact, by the time daylight began to appear there was, as the American would say, some fug! When I made my final awakening and looked out of the window it was raining hard. Soon we entered some big station (I believe it was St Denys), and we were much pleased to see that the platforms and railway lines were being cleaned up by a fatigue party of German prisoners. I must say that they appeared to be quite happy, and perhaps preferred it to fighting. The day was spent in eating, sleeping, and reading; we had a few papers with us luckily and an old magazine. Every now and then the train would stop,

sometimes at a station and sometimes outside; on these occasions the trouble was to stop the men all getting down and wandering about. Of course they were very cramped, but it did not do to leave half a dozen men behind each time we stopped; as a matter of fact it was easy enough to get on board again even when the train had got past you, as it did not appear to be in any hurry. Just before dark we arrived at the sea and travelled for some way alongside of it; it was very cheering to see the sea once more, and we imagined that we could see the cliffs of Old England. Soon after dark we started singing, and continued making a great noise for well over an hour; we sang every song we could remember, and went through nearly all the musical comedies from beginning to end. We even tried a little harmony: the only song I can remember that we did not sing was "Tipperary." Somewhere about 9 P.M. we arrived at a station which I believe was Calais: here we stopped for some time, with the result that we left a couple of men behind. Soon after leaving this place I went to sleep, and did not wake up again until the train stopped with what appeared to be a final jerk at a small station, which turned out to be our destination. It was now about 2 A.M. and pretty cold, though fortunately it was not raining. While the regiment was detraining I got orders to go on in a car with a staff officer to Hazebrouck, where we were to

go into billets. The distance was about five miles, and we arrived in the town at 3 A.M. I was given a certain area in which to find billets for the regiment. As I expected that they would arrive soon after daylight, I saw that I had no time to spare. I had one quartermaster - sergeant to assist me and a small piece of chalk.

Now it is not a very easy job to find accommodation for upwards of 1000 men and 28 officers in a limited space even in the daytime, but when one is landed in a strange town at two o'clock in the morning to do this, and when one knows that the job has got to be done by daylight or very soon afterwards, I think it is a very difficult one. Another small item was the fact that my conversational French is not exactly brilliant: it certainly had improved somewhat since that first day at Havre, but that is not saying much. However, there we were, and War had taught us to look after ourselves.

The first thing that caught my eye was a very large farm consisting of two long wings with the farmyard in between; this struck me as a suitable place to start upon, so I advanced boldly up to the farmhouse and knocked at the door. I was rather surprised when it was opened immediately by a woman, who received me quite pleasantly. I explained to her that I wished to put a certain number of men in the barns, and asked her to let me have a look at them so that I might

judge how many they would hold: at a rough estimate we thought that we could put in a couple of companies, and so having told "Madame" that the soldiers would probably arrive soon after daylight, and having chalked "C" and "D" Coys. on the gate, we departed in search of fresh barns. Before going, however, I bought some butter from "Madame": as we had not seen butter for over a month, I thought that this would be a great score for our company mess: later on I found that there was any amount of butter to be bought in the town, and the only result of my forethought was that I carried that pat of butter about in my overcoat pocket most of the morning, and eventually sat down upon it.

After some wanderings and many explanations, I managed to get accommodation for all the men and most of the officers. The last place I came to belonged to a coal merchant, who was away, but his wife showed me round, and was very helpful in finding me billets for four officers in the house opposite. By this time it was daylight, and she insisted on my coming into the house and having some coffee: I did not need any pressing, as I was feeling pretty hungry and tired by this time, and so I went in. While she was making the coffee we had a short conversation; she was very interested to hear that we had been fighting down on the Aisne, and her small son asked me if I had killed a

Boche yet: I replied that I thought I had probably done so, whereupon I went up greatly in their estimation. The coffee was, as usual, excellent; but I thought that it was about time that the regiment should be arriving, so I reluctantly departed. On looking up the street I could see no signs of them, so I thought that I could not spend my time better than in looking round for some spare accommodation, in case any one had not got enough room. I had just discovered a large empty house when the regiment began to arrive. I showed them all their billets, and then went into our own, which was the one procured for me by the coal merchant's wife, to take off my equipment. Almost immediately, however, a message came down that "C" and "D" Coys. could not get into their billets: up I went to the farm, and found that they were quite right, and that there was not possibly room for two companies in it. Barns that had looked all right in the darkness turned out to be full of straw. Naturally the officers and men were a trifle fed up: nothing is more annoying than after a tiring day to march into a place and find that one's billets are not ready, or that there are none at all. Fortunately I had provided for this emergency, and took the two company commanders down to the empty house which I had secured the moment before they arrived. I explained to them the fact that I had had to allot the places in the dark,

and one taking the house and the other the farm, they soon became quite happy again.

This matter having been comfortably settled, I returned to my own billet for breakfast. The house we were in belonged to M. D——. Madame was a dear old lady, somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*, but overflowing with kindness. She beamed upon us as we came in, and took us upstairs to the rooms she had given us: at first she wanted us to have a room each, and would not hear of our sleeping on the floor, but we managed to persuade her that we really preferred it. Eventually we had two rooms, two in each. Then she insisted on bringing us up water to wash in, but we could not allow that, and explained to her what our servants were for. After a good wash we came downstairs to breakfast, and found the table laid with a beautiful clean cloth and *napkins!* We were quite overcome at the sight of napkins, not having seen such a thing for months. On the table was a huge bunch of very fine grapes, and during the whole time we were there there was a fresh bunch for every meal; we tried to make her accept some payment for them, but she would not hear of it.

After breakfast we went round the men's billets, and saw that they were comfortable, and having had a short inspection of rifles, &c., we went out to have a look at the town. We wandered up through some small streets until we came to the main square.

This was quite a big place, with the Town Hall running along one side of it; round the other three sides there were numerous shops, some of which were quite good, at any rate better than any we had come across so far. I do not quite know whether it was the napkins, or the grapes, or the shops, or the combination of the lot, that put it into our heads to give a dinner-party: at any rate the motion was proposed and carried *nem. con.* Our dining-room was only a small one, so we only invited two guests. We told Madame of our project, and she entered into the spirit of the thing splendidly. At first she wanted to cook for us, but we told her that she had enough to do in

looking after her own family, and that we could not trespass on her kindness to such an extent; then, without a word to us, she produced plates, knives and forks, and glasses for us, so that we could have clean plates, &c., for each course, instead of having to have the things washed up between each course, which we had been accustomed to doing—that is to say, whenever we had more than one course. One of us saw to the invitations, one supervised the cooking, while I wrote out the menus and arranged the laying of the table. The latter, I think, looked very well, and the only thing lacking was “salted almonds.” The menu was as follows:—

Potage à M——.  
Sardines de l’Aisne.  
Rissoles à Fray Bentos.  
Cotelets O——.

Chouxfleur.  
Pommes de Terre.

Ananas à l’Obus.  
Asperges à la S——.  
Cotelets Verdales à Hazebrouck.

VINS.  
Champagne (G. H.  
Mumm).  
Eau Simple.

DESSERT.  
Pommes.  
Raisins.

LIQUEUR.  
Benedictine.

Café Noir.

The first, fourth, and sixth items were named after certain places on the Aisne, where we had been. The name of the third will be understood by any one who has lived on bully beef. The last was invented on the spot, and its chief ingredient was a bottle of very inferior olives which we bought in the town. The

pine-apple, sardines, and asparagus were all tinned, and also the outcome of our shopping. The champagne and benedictine were also bought in the town, whilst for the dessert and all the accessories of the feast we were indebted to our landlady. I think the dinner went off very well on the whole, and the only diffi-

culty with which we had to contend was an awful inclination to wipe our knives on our trousers, and other uncivilised habits we had got into.

The next day was spent fairly quietly, the only disturbing incident being the arrival of an order to the effect that we were to be ready to move at an hour's notice. Being under orders to move always rather spoils a day in billets, but fortunately nothing happened on this occasion, and we went into the town and did some more shopping. This morning the square was full of refugees, who were waiting outside the Town Hall for relief or employment: they seemed on the whole to be pretty cheerful, although there were some who looked rather miserable.

The next morning, after the Commanding Officer's inspection of billets, we had an hour's company drill in the field adjoining our billet: after lunch there was a Sergeant-Major's parade in a big field a little way outside the town. While this was going on we suddenly, at about 3.30, got orders to be ready to move in twenty minutes. Fortunately, the men were just coming back from parade, but the rations were all lying out in the billets waiting to be drawn, and so we had to hustle to get off. Still we managed it somehow, but I am sorry to say that I had no time to go and say good-bye to Madame: however, I hope I may one day have the opportunity of seeing her again and thanking her for all her

kindness to us; she was certainly one of the best hostesses I have ever met.

When we had marched up through the town as far as Brigade Headquarters, I was sent on ahead again on a bicycle to do the billeting for the regiment. We went on for about eight miles and arrived at the village of G——, where we were to billet for the night, just before dark. Here again I was given an area in which to find my billets: in this case it was one street. I found billets for the men without much difficulty, as there were two lots of schools in the street and two lots of barns and out-buildings: these gave me ample accommodation for the four companies. I also found a large field for the transport, and then turned my attention to the needs of the officers. The first house I chose was rather a nice-looking one, and I thought I should at least get a couple of beds there. However, for once in a way I was not to be received so well: the owner, who was a man of about fifty, came to the door with his napkin in his collar, and said that he was very sorry, but he could not possibly take anybody. "Could he let me have one room then?" "No, he could not even do that!" After some further conversation I found that there were only himself and his wife in the house, and I was certain that he could very easily spare two rooms just for the night. I was beginning to get rather annoyed with him, when he

happened to remark that he was the Mayor. "All right," I said; "if you are the Mayor, and cannot give me any assistance in your own house, you will jolly well come out and trot round this village with me and help me to get what I want!" This proposition did not seem to give him any pleasure at all, and he objected that he was even now in the middle of his dinner. I agreed that it was rather a pity that he should have to forego his dinner, but at the same time I submitted that it was even more important that "les officiers anglais" should have a roof over their heads. I do not think that he quite looked on it in the same light as I did, but he removed the napkin from his collar, put on a bowler, and came out into the rain, which had just begun to fall. He was not of much assistance to me: in fact, though he talked so fast to the people that I could not follow very well, I rather gathered that he was more of a hindrance than a help; but I kept him out for the best part of an hour, and then decided that I would probably get on better alone. I think I got the better of him in the end, as when the regiment arrived I was still short of a resting-place for five officers: as I was very busy showing each company into their billets I just showed them the house, and told them that I knew that there was plenty of room inside, but that they might not be very well received. Leaving it at that, I finished my work and then went on to my own billet for supper. The

next morning, on inquiring how they had got on, they told me that they had been very comfortable. Perhaps he repented of his surliness: at any rate this was the only occasion on which I did not meet with a welcome reception. The people were as a rule most kind and hospitable, and were ready to do anything for one, and even went out of their way to make one comfortable.

My own billet that night was in a schoolhouse, where I slept soundly on a mattress on the floor. We got up next morning at 5 A.M., and were ready to move by 6 A.M. After waiting about for some time, we eventually started at 7.15 with our faces towards Belgium.

At about 10.30 we crossed the Belgian frontier for the second time: I could not help thinking of our last visit to that country, and hoped that this time we might be more fortunate, and have a longer stay; also that the next frontier we crossed would be the Belgian-German one, and not the Belgian-French one.

One could not help noticing, as one went along, how much more like England this part of the country was than any that we had passed through as yet; except for the large number of windmills scattered all over the country on every little knoll, one might have been at home. We passed a tremendous number of refugees on the road, but we noticed the next day that a good many of them came back after we had gone on: I think they more or less followed the sound of the



guns. After all, what else had they to go by? we ourselves did not know what was happening in front.

At 12.30 we arrived outside the town of Ypres, and halted on the roadside until 4.30 P.M. Fortunately we had put some biscuits and cheese in our pockets, and we were very glad of this now. After lunch two of us started playing cribbage, having nothing better to do: some kind person had sent us out two packs of patience cards, and they came in useful more than once.

After a while this amusement became rather too cold to be pleasant, so we began to walk up and down the road to keep warm, when rather an amusing incident occurred: several small bodies of French cavalry kept on trotting or walking past, and we thought it would be a good plan to ask them if they knew anything of what was going on in front. Then came the question of who was going to ask, as we were none of us brilliant at French; eventually we decided that we would all ask together. When the first lot went by we all waited for each other, and so we were no further; the next time we all funked again except one, who, having a braver spirit than the rest, managed to get as far as "Monsieur, *quesque qui événe*——" when the officer who was at the head pulled up, and in absolutely perfect English said, "What is happening out in front? Well——" and proceeded to tell us all he knew. Of course we all roared with laughter to

think of all the trouble we had taken for nothing. He was a very nice fellow, and stopped talking with us for some time; and I do not think he made a single mistake in idiom.

About half-past four we started to move on towards the town, and when the head of the battalion was just entering the outskirts I was sent for to go on and do the billeting once more: it appeared that an officer who had been sent on at ten o'clock that morning for the purpose had not yet turned up. We were to billet on the far side of the town, so I rode on as fast as I could, and when I got there I was much relieved to find that the other fellow had turned up, and had practically finished the job, as there was not much time to spare before the battalion would arrive.

Just as the regiment came into sight, however, we got an order from the Brigade to the effect that we were to give up one side of our street to the French: this was rather a nuisance, as most of our billets happened to be on that side. Still, by making use of some unfinished houses, and turning out the inhabitants from the bottom floors of others, we managed to find room for everybody; and if the billets were not as good as usual that night, we were very lucky to be under cover at all, seeing that there was fighting going on within two miles.

As far as the officers of my company were concerned, we

were very comfortable indeed, as I found a very nice little house where we were very well looked after. When I arrived Madame was very much afraid that she could not put us up, as there were already four English officers coming and some French officers. On asking who the English officers were, she said that they had had lunch there, and had promised that they would come back for the night if possible. I reassured her on that point, as I knew that they, poor devils, were out on advance-guard, and that there was no chance of their being able to get back. She then said that she was only too glad to have us, and so we took our things in. While we were having dinner a French gunner officer came in, and we had a chat with him: he was a most dependent individual, but cheered up a little when we told him that we had two divisions coming up. He seemed to think that we had the whole of the German army in front of us (and as events proved he was not far wrong, but we did not know that then, and so we rather laughed at his forebodings).

However, he bucked up a bit after we had given him a drink or two, and told him that all was well. We went to bed fairly early, and were up again at 4 A.M.: having swallowed a hasty breakfast, we moved off at 4.55 A.M. We were in reserve to the division, and so potted along behind, moving on a little every now and then as the front line advanced. I am not sure that

in some ways it is not worse being in reserve than being in the fighting line: one is always within sound and sometimes within sight of the battle which is going on in front; and so one sits, generally in the ditch, and wonders how things are going on, and expecting every minute to get orders to go up in support. Thus we spent the whole day waiting about, and only moved three miles: in the evening, soon after dark, we came back a short way and billeted in a small village about two miles out of Ypres. As we came back we noticed at least four separate fires on the horizon: these were quite big, and lit up the whole sky, and must have been whole villages burning, not merely farms or haystacks.

The next morning we were up at 6 A.M. and ready to move by 7 A.M.: nothing more occurred, however, and about 10 o'clock I was sent out with a fatigue party to go and clear the ground for an aerodrome in a field just outside the village. This turned out to be quite a simple job, as it only consisted in cutting down nine trees, filling up a small ditch, and removing about fifty yards of hedge. We soon got this done, our only trouble being that the trees would fall across the road owing to the wind; luckily they were not very big, and so we easily cleared them away. Just as we had finished an aeroplane came down: the pilot was extremely grateful to us, as he said that he would never have noticed the ditch, and it would have been quite

big enough to have overturned his machine.

We returned to the village soon after lunch, and found everything quiet. Just before four o'clock we got sudden orders to move, and marched off to another part of the line about six miles away: we arrived there in the dark soon after six o'clock, and found that we were to support the cavalry who were holding that portion of the line. It appeared that a prisoner, who had been captured that morning, had with him orders for an attack that night, and as the cavalry were not very strong they sent for us to assist them in repulsing it. We halted about two miles short of the firing line, and one company, in which I was, was sent on up to the trenches. Having drawn our extra ammunition we set off, and arrived at brigade headquarters, which was about half a mile behind the trenches: here we got orders to leave two platoons and send on the remainder to the trenches. I was sent on with the two platoons—I had 113 men to be exact,—and under the guidance of an officer proceeded up to the village where they had their horses. As we were going up there was a tremendously heavy fire all along the line: it sounded as though there was a big attack in progress, only I did not notice a bullet coming over our way, although we were right behind the firing line. On arrival at the village we loaded ourselves with even more ammunition, and then went down to the trenches:

by this time all was quiet again at this part of the line, although there was a considerable amount of firing going on still away on our right. I left my men in a farmyard about 150 yards from the trenches, and went on down to get orders from the colonel. I found him sitting in the trench, and he seemed to be very pleased when I told him that I had brought about a hundred men with me. I then asked him whether he would like me to bring them down into the trenches, but he said that he would rather have them behind, and told me to go and billet in the farmhouse where I had left them. This, of course, was very pleasant for us, as it was a very cold night. Luck favoured us once more, and nothing happened all night. Shortly after dawn we withdrew and rejoined the battalion. We found the remainder of the battalion having breakfast in a field by the roadside about two miles back: about 9 A.M. we moved off, and marched back to our old billets, where we arrived at about eleven o'clock. Having had a wash and brush up, we proceeded to have lunch: after lunch I went up to the temporary aerodrome, which I had helped to make the day before, and there, as I had hoped, I found a friend who had just come down from a reconnaissance. I stayed talking to him for some time, and then had some tea with him on the ground. During tea we noticed one of our aeroplanes, which was flying round out in front amidst a perfect snow-

storm of shells; we remarked that they seemed to be having a pretty stormy journey, and soon afterwards it came down in our field. We went out to welcome them, and after they had got out we counted no fewer than twelve bullet-holes in the planes and framework: one bullet had taken a large chip out of one of the struts, while another had ploughed a furrow right up the side of the pilot's seat. The observer had been so busy that he had not noticed that they had been hit at all. Soon afterwards my friend flew off home, which was about twenty miles back, and I could not help envying him when I thought of him spending every night in a more or less comfortable mess, miles away from the firing line, and well out of range of even the heaviest guns; though I do not expect that I should have been so keen to be in his place when he was flying round as a target for "Archibald": "Archibald" is the name given by members of the Flying Corps to the German anti-aircraft gun; they do not mind howitzers so much, but when "Archibald" starts to talk it is time to move on.

The event of the evening was the arrival of a French Army Corps: its arrival was sudden and, to us at any rate, unexpected, but at the same time very welcome.

The next day, Saturday, October 24, we marched off at 9 A.M. to relieve a division who were entrenched in a wood about four miles away: we arrived behind them at about eleven o'clock, and halted for

a while in a small dip in the ground. While here I went on to look at the trenches which we were to take over, and to find the best way of getting up to them. While on my way back from this errand, in doing a little shell-dodging I fell into a ditch and twisted my knee: at first it did not seem to be very much, but by the time I got back to the battalion it was rather painful. I had put this knee out before, playing football, and though it was not actually out now, I could feel that the cartilage was slightly loose, and it kept on slipping a little. However, I limped along with the headquarter section until we got to the farther side of the wood. We had by now pushed right through the other people, and were making for a ridge about six hundred yards in front of the wood; the ridge had a row of houses along it, and these were filled with snipers. As the attack progressed, I was left behind to look after the horses, officers' chargers, and ammunition mules which had been brought up to this point. As we sat in the edge of the wood, bullets kept whistling over us even after it had got dark, and we did not have a very pleasant time: one of the ammunition mules was hit in the gullet, and had to be destroyed. After a while I got orders to take them back to a small cottage about half a mile farther back in the wood: this I did, and then waited for further orders.

Although we had been right through the woods there were

a certain number of snipers left in them; if you appeared on one of the rides even at night, you got a bullet past your head immediately: in fact, a fellow who had been there some time told me that he had seen one of them in the daytime, who had fired on him; he was dressed in khaki, evidently taken from our dead, and carried only a bandolier and a pair of field-glasses. I was fired upon several times that night, and there must have been a regular gang of them watching the farm where we were: I had another horse hit during the night, and we were at least a mile behind our trenches.

Soon after dawn I got orders to go down to battalion headquarters, which were in a cottage a little way behind the ridge we had taken the previous evening: on my way down I counted six separate bullets which came pretty close to me; they had obviously got certain spots marked, as each time I came to a gap in a hedge or some open place, there was a shot. On arrival at headquarters I reported that I had hurt my knee, but said that I could go into the trenches, as long as I did not have to run about much. I managed to sneak round to where my company was, and found the officers thereof seated behind a haystack having breakfast. Our trenches were in the hedge about twenty yards in front: the enemy had established themselves in some more houses about 150 yards away, and were engaged in picking off anybody who

showed his head. At about twelve o'clock I was sent along to another company, who were on our right, to give some message: after rather a perilous journey, as my progress was necessarily a trifle slow and I offered a good target to the snipers, I found that the officers of this company were also having a meal between the walls of a burnt-out farm-house. We found a small cellar, and thought we might as well sit in here, as they were shelling us every now and then. During the afternoon they started getting nearer, until at last there was a terrific bang, seemingly just above our heads, and the cellar was filled with dust and fumes. At first we thought that they had got us, and that the cellar mouth was blocked up; but after a bit the dust cleared off, and we went up to see what damage had been done. We found that the shell had burst about three yards away on the very spot where we had been sitting during the morning: three men, who had been boiling some tea inside, had been blown clean over the wall, and were lying on the grass outside: two were dead, and the other, I am glad to say, died in a few minutes. After this escape we were a bit shaken, but our troubles were not at an end: just before dark we saw the enemy evidently preparing for a night attack, and so we brought up all the men we could lay our hands on in support. Later on it began to rain and blow very hard, a really wet and stormy night; and so we put

two sections under one of the walls for the sake of shelter. Just about midnight, as we were trying to snatch a bit of sleep, we were woken up by a bang, and then a chorus of groans and shrieks. Thinking that the enemy were in the trenches, we rushed out and found that the wall, under which the two sections were lying, had collapsed like a pack of cards from the force of the wind, and had completely buried the unfortunate men: it was an awful job getting them out, some with broken legs, others with their arms or ribs crushed, and all suffering from shock; and all the time we expected to be attacked at any moment. In the middle of this I went down to battalion headquarters to fetch up the doctor: on my way down I gave my knee another wrench in the mud, and on my arrival he advised me to go back to where the transport was, and rest it for a day or two. I found the transport officer in the cottage, as he had just brought up the day's rations; he said that he would take me back with him on his waggon, so at about 2 A.M. we started off. The transport was brigaded, and situated in a field about two miles in rear: the officers were living in a farmhouse near by, and gave me a corner to sleep in. The next day I rested my leg as much as possible: shells were bursting over us most of the day, so that I was unable to get down to the field ambulance, which was another mile farther back. In the evening, however, I started

off, but lost my way in the dark, and eventually arrived in a village full of French troops. On my inquiring where the English hospital was, I was taken into their own temporary hospital: here I was most excellently treated, and offered food and drink. These of course I refused as politely as possible, having had supper before I started, and having with some difficulty explained that I was not "blessé," I made my way back. The next morning, my knee being still painful, I got a lift back in a lorry belonging to the Flying Corps as far as the field ambulance: here I was told that it was no good staying up there in my present condition, and that I had better go down to the base and rest it there for a week or two. In the evening, therefore, I went down in a horse ambulance to Ypres, and was taken to the hospital there. At about half-past one in the morning we were taken to the station in motor ambulances, and got on board the hospital train, which moved off at 2 A.M.

We arrived at Boulogne at midday, and I was taken off to one of the base hospitals, where I had my knee dressed, and was then sent for light duty at the base. I remained there for about ten days, and then, as my knee kept on slipping, I was sent home to have it operated on.

And so on November 12 I once again landed in England, after a crossing which, if it did not beat, at any rate equalled anything I had experienced at the front.

## NICKY-NAN, RESERVIST.

BY "Q."

## CHAPTER XIII.—FIRST AID.

"I HOPE, Mary-Martha," said Miss Oliver, pausing half-way up the hill and panting, "that, whatever happens, you will take a proper stand."

"You are short of breath. You should take more exercise." Mrs Polsue eyed her severely. "When an unmarried woman gets to your time of life, she's apt to think that everything can be got over with Fruit Salts and an occasional dose of Somebody's Emulsion. Whereas it can't. I take a mile walk up the valley and back every day of my life."

"I don't believe you could perspire if you tried, Mary-Martha."

"Well, and *you* needn't make a merit of it, . . . and if you ask *me*," pursued Mrs Polsue, "one half of your palpitation is put on. You're nervous what show you'll make in the drawing-room, and that's why you're dilly-dallyin' with your questions and stoppages."

"Mrs Steele and me not being on visiting terms——" Miss Oliver started to explain pathetically. "Yes, I know it was my *duty* to call when they first came: but what with one thing and another, and not knowing how she might take it—— Of course, Mary-Martha, if you insist on walk-

ing ahead like a band-major, I can't prevent it. But it only shows a ruck in your left stocking."

Mrs Polsue turned about in the road. "You were hoping, you said, that I'd be taking a proper stand? If that woman comes any airs over me——"

She walked on without finishing the sentence. "She's every bit as much afraid as I am," said Miss Oliver to herself, as she panted to catch up; "the difference being that I want to put it off and she's dying to get it over." Aloud she remarked, "Well, and that's all I was saying. As like as not they'll be trying to come it over us; and if we leave it to Hambly——"

"*Him?*" Mrs Polsue sniffed. "You leave it to me!"

The Vicar welcomed them in the porch, and his pleasantly courteous smile, which took their friendliness for granted, disarmed Mrs Polsue for a moment. "It took the starch out of you straight: I couldn't help noticin'," was Miss Oliver's comment, later in the day. "It took me by surprise," Mrs Polsue corrected her: "—a man has no business to stand grimacing in his own doorway like a—a——" "Butler," sug-

gested Miss Oliver. "—like a figure in a weather-house. What do you know about butlers? . . . but"—after a pause—"I daresay you're right, there. I've heard it put about that her father used to keep one: and quite likely, now you mention it, she stuck her husband in the doorway to hide the come-down." "The pot-plants were lovely," Miss Oliver sighed; "they made me feel for the moment like Eve in the Garden of Eden." "Then I'm thankful you didn't behave like it. I was stiff enough by time we reached the drawing-room."

"Stiff" indeed but faintly describes Mrs Polsue's demeanour in the drawing-room; where, within a few minutes, were gathered Mrs Amphlett, Mr Hambly, Dr Mant (who had obligingly motored over from St Martin's), five or six farm wives, with a husband or two (notably Farmer Best of Tresunger, an immense man who, apparently mistaking the occasion for a wedding, had indued a pair of white cotton gloves, which he declined to remove, ignoring his wife's nudges). Four or five timid "women-workers," with our two ladies and the host and hostess, completed the gathering.

Mrs Steele opened the business amid an oppressive silence, against which all the Vicar's easy chat had contended in vain.

"I hope," she began nervously, "that at such a time none of you will object to my

using the word I want to use, and calling you 'friends'? . . . My friends, then—It was at my husband's suggestion that I invited you to meet this afternoon—because, you know, *somebody* must make a beginning."

"Hear, hear," put in Dr Mant encouragingly.

Mrs Steele's voice grew a little firmer. "We thought, too, that the Vicarage might be the most convenient place on the whole. It is a sharp walk up the hill for those of you who live in Polpier itself: but our stables being empty, the farmers, who come from farther and just now at greater sacrifice, escape a jolting drive down into the village and back."

"Hear, hear," repeated Dr Mant. He was thinking of the tyres of his car. But this time he overdid it, and fetched up Mrs Polsue as by a galvanic shock.

"If interruptions are to be the order of the day," said Mrs Polsue, "I'd like to enter my protest at once. I don't hold, for my part, with calling public meetings—for I suppose this is a public meeting?" she asked, breaking off, with a challenging eye on the Vicar.

"By no means," he answered with quick good-humour. "It's a meeting by invitation, though—as my wife was about to explain—the invitations were meant to include *friends* of all creeds and parties."

"It's for a public purpose, anyhow?"

"Certainly."

"Then I may be saying



what doesn't meet with your approval, or Mrs Steele's, or the company's: but that's just my point. I don't hold with meetings for public business being called in a private house. Because if things are done that you don't approve of, either you sit mum-chance out o' politeness, or else you speak your mind and offend your host and hostess."

Mr Hambly was about to interpose, but the Vicar checked him with a quick movement of the hand.

"Mrs Polsue's is a real point; and, if she will allow me to say so, she has put it very well. Indeed, I was going to propose, later on, that we hold our future meetings in a place to be agreed on. This is just a preliminary talk; and when a dozen people meet to discuss, it's handier as a rule to have some one in the chair. . . . You agree? . . . Then, for form's sake, I propose that we elect a chairman."

"And I propose Mrs Steele," added Mr Hambly.

"Seconded," said Farmer Best. "Damn it!"

"William!" his spouse ejaculated. (She knew that he detested Mrs Polsue, whom he had once described in private as "the p'isenest 'ooman that ever licked verdigris off a farthing.")

"'Tis all right, Chrisjana," he responded in a muffled voice, with head abased as nearly between his calves as a protuberant stomach allowed. "But one o' the castors o' this here chair has given way. . . . Beggin' your pardon, ma'am,"

—he raised a face half-apoplectic but cheerful, and turned it upon his hostess—"but I totalled up eighteen score when last weighed. There's no damage done that can't be set right with a screw-driver afore I go." Then, with another turn-about that embraced the company, "Proposed an' seconded that Mrs Steele do take the chair. Those in favour say 'Hi!'—the contrary 'No.' . . . The Hi's 'ave it." (Farmer Best was Vice-Chairman of the Board of Guardians, and knew how to conduct public business.)

Mrs Steele resumed her little speech. A pink spot showed upon either cheek, but she spoke bravely.

"I suppose the first thing to be done is to see, as tactfully as we can, that during these first few weeks at any rate the wives and families of the men who have gone away to fight for us suffer no want. There are other ways in which we can be useful— And I take it for granted that all of us women, who cannot fight, are longing to be useful in some way or other. . . . There is the working of socks, scarves, waistcoats, for instance; the tearing and rolling of bandages; and Dr Mant, who has so kindly driven over from St Martin's, tells me that he is ready to be kinder still and teach an Ambulance Class. . . . But our first business—as he and Mr Hambly agree—is to make sure that the wives and children of our reservists want neither food nor money to pay their rent. . . . They tell me that in a few

weeks the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association will be ready to take much of this work off our hands, though acting through local distributors. Indeed, the Vicar—indeed, my husband has already received a letter from the District Secretary of the Association asking him to undertake this work. In time, too, no doubt—as Government makes better provision—that work will grow less and less. But we have not even arrived at it yet. Until it is set going these poor women and children may be short of money or the food that money buys. So the proposal is to raise a few pounds, form a War Emergency Committee, and tide matters over until a higher authority supersedes us. For in the interval a neighbour may be starving because her husband has gone off to fight for his country. None of us, surely, could bear the thought of that?"

Mrs Steele's voice had gathered confidence, with something of real emotion, as it went on; and an approving murmur acknowledged her little speech. Her husband, whose eyes had kindled towards the close, was in the act of throwing her an applauding glance when Mrs Polsue's voice cut the silence sharply.

"I don't understand this talk about a Soldiers' and Sailors' Association, or whatever you call it. Are we a part of it, here in this room?"

"Oh, no," the Vicar answered. "We are here merely to discuss forming an Emerg-

ency Committee, to provide (among other things) present relief until the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association—dreadful name!—until the S.S.F.A., as we'll call it, is ready to take over the work."

"And then we shall be cold-shouldered out, I suppose?"

"Dang it, ma'am!" put in Farmer Best. "What matter who does the work, so long as the poor critters be fed meantime?"

[Here we should observe that while Mrs Polsue had a trick of sniffing that suggested a chronic cold in the head, Farmer Best suffered from an equally chronic obstruction of the respiratory organs, or (as he preferred to call them) his pipes. As from time to time he essayed to clear one or another of these, the resultant noise, always explosive, resembled the snort of a bullock or the *klock!* of a strangulated suction-pump. With these interjections Mrs Polsue on the one hand, Farmer Best on the other, punctuated the following dialogue. And this embarrassed the company, which, obliged in politeness to attribute them to purely physical causes, could not but own inwardly that they *might* be mistaken for the comments—and highly expressive ones—of mutual disapprobation.]

"Danging it don't answer my question—nor banging it," persisted Mrs Polsue. "I want to know more about this Association, and where *we* come in. . . . Just now, Mrs Steele was talking about a District

Secretary and local distributors—which looks to me as if the whole business was cut-and-dried.”

“There’s nothing cut-an’-dried about *me*, ma’am.” Farmer Best’s sharp little eyes twinkled, and he chuckled obesely.

“Again Mrs Polsue has the right of it,” answered the Vicar. “Perhaps I should have explained at the beginning that this War, coming upon us so suddenly, has taken the S.S.F.A. somewhat at un-awares, in Cornwall at any rate. The machinery exists—in skeleton; but there still wants the *personnel* to work it. In our District, for instance——”

“District?” snapped Mrs Polsue. “What’s a District?”

The Vicar pulled a wry face. “The Districts at present correspond with the Deaneries in the diocese.”

“O-oh, indeed? Ha!”

“There is worse to come, Mrs Polsue.” He laughed frankly. “You asked, ‘Who are the local distributors?’ A present rule of the Association—which I beg you to believe that I regret—provides for two agents in each parish, to report and advise on cases: the Parson, and one of the Guardians.”

“—And that’s me, ma’am. *Honk!*” added Farmer Best. “I’m what Parson called the skelliton of the machinery.” He wound up with a wink at the company, and a wheezy laugh.

“You may titter, all of you!” Mrs Polsue glared about her.

“But if ever there was hole-and-corner sectarianism in this world—And *this* is what we’ve come to listen to!”

“You han’t done much listenin’ up to now, ma’am.”

“Forgive me,” Mrs Steele interposed, as Dr Mant looked at his watch. “I don’t know much about rules of the chair; but I really think you are all out of order. We are not yet discussing the Association or its rules, but whether or not we shall form a Committee to look after these poor people until something better is done for them. *We* in this room, at all events, belong to very different denominations. I—I hope we meet only as Christians.”

Farmer Best slapped his thigh. “Bray-vo, ma’am! and you never spoke a truer word.”

“I only wish to add,” the Vicar persisted, “that before any outside society works in this parish, I shall urge very strongly that the parish nominates its agents: and that I hope to have the pleasure of proposing Mrs Polsue and Mr Hambly. One more word——”

“Certainly not.” His wife cut him short with a sharp rap on the table. “I can rule *you* out of order, at all events!”

Everybody laughed. Even Mrs Polsue was mollified. “Well, I managed to drag the truth out at last,” was her final shot, as the meeting resolved itself into Committee and fell to business.

She was further placated, a few minutes later, by being elected (on the Vicar’s pro-

position) a member of the House-to-house Visiting Sub-Committee. "Twill give her," Farmer Best growled to his wife, later, as they jogged home in the gig, "the chance of her life to poke a nose into other folks' kitchens."

Farmer Best—it should here be observed—with all his oddities, was an exemplary Poor Law Guardian. He had small personal acquaintance with Polpier itself: the steepness of the coombs in which it lay was penible to a man of his weight: yet, albeit by hearsay, he knew the inner workings of the small town, being interested in the circumstances of all his neighbours, vividly charitable towards them, and at the same time no fool in judging. Of the country-folk within a circuit of twelve miles or more his knowledge was something daemonic. He could recount their pedigrees, intermarriages, numbers in family; he understood their straits, their degrees of affluence; he could not look across a gate at a crop, or view the state of a thatch, but his mind worked sympathetically with some neighbour's economies. He gave away little in hard money; but his charities in time and personal service were endless. And the countryside respected him thoroughly: for he was eccentric in the fashion of a true Englishman, and, with all his benevolence, you had to get up early to take him in.

Nor was Farmer Best the only one to doubt Mrs Polsue's fitness for her place in the sub-committee. Mrs Steele spoke to her husband very positively

about it as he helped to water her begonia-beds in the cool of the evening.

"You were weak," she said, "to play up to that woman: when you know she is odious."

"The more reason," he answered. "If you're a Christian and find your neighbour odious, you conciliate him."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"My dear Agatha—isn't that a somewhat strong expression, for you?"

She set down her watering-pot.

"Do you know what I *want* to say?" she asked. "I *want* to say, 'Go to blazes!' . . . When I said the woman is odious, do you suppose I meant odious to me or to you?"

"O-oh!" The Vicar rubbed the back of his head penitently. "I am sorry, Agatha—I was thinking of the time she gave you this afternoon."

"She will give those poor women a worse time—a dreadful time!" said Mrs Steele, with conviction.

He picked up his watering-pot in such a hurry as to spill a tenth or so of its contents into his shoes; swore under his breath; then laughed aloud.

"I'll bet any money they'll get upsides with her, all the same. Lord! there may be fun!"

His wife eyed him as he emptied the watering-pot spasmodically over the flowers.

"As a rule you have so much more imagination than I. . . . Yet by fits and starts you take this business as if it were a joke. And it *is* War, you know."

The Vicar turned away hurriedly, to fetch more water.

On the Sub-Committee for house-to-house visiting—the Relief Committee, as it came to be called—were elected:

(1) For Polpier—Mrs Polsue, Miss Alma Trudgian (in Mrs Polsue's words, "a pitiful Ritualist, but well-meaning. *She'll give no trouble*"), the Vicar, and Mr Hambly.

(2) For the country side of the parish—Mr and Mrs Best, "with power to add to their number." On the passing of this addendum, Farmer Best uttered, apparently from the roof of his palate, a noise not unlike the throb of the organ under the dome of St Paul's, and the mysterious words, "Catch me!"

Next was formed a Sub-Committee of Needle-Workers, to make hospital-shirts, knit socks, &c. It included Miss Charity Oliver; and Mrs Steele undertook to act as Secretary and send out the notices.

—Next, a Sub-Committee of Ways and Means, to collect subscriptions, and also to act as Finance Committee. The Vicar, Mr Best, Mr Hambly, with Mr Amphlett for honorary treasurer. Mrs Amphlett (a timid lady with an irregular catch of the breath), without pledging her husband, felt sure that under the circumstances he wouldn't mind. Then Dr Mant unfolded a scheme of ambulance classes. He was one of those careless, indolent men who can spurt invaluable on any business which is not for their private advantage. (Everybody liked him; but he

was known to neglect his own business deplorably.) He could motor over to Polpier and lecture every Saturday evening, starting forthwith. Mrs Steele undertook to write to the Local Education Authority for permission to use the Council Schoolroom.

At this point the parlour-maid brought in the tea.

"I believe," remarked Miss Oliver pensively, on the return journey, "I could take quite a liking to that woman if I got to know her."

"She won't give you the chance, then," said Mrs Polsue; "so you needn't fret."

"No, I suppose not . . . in a fashion. Still"—Miss Oliver brightened—"she proposed me on the Needlework Committee, and we're to meet at the Vicarage every Wednesday. She looked up at me a moment before mentioning my name, and smiled as nice as possible; you might almost say she read what was in my mind."

"'Twould account for her smiling, no doubt."

"I don't know what you mean by that. 'Twas in my mind that I'd rather be on that committee than on any other. She's a proper lady, whatever you may say, Mary-Martha. And the spoons were real silver—I took occasion to turn mine over, and there was the lion on the back of it, sure enough."

"I saw you in the very act, and meant to tell you of it later; but other things drove it out of my head. You should

have more command over yourself, Charity Oliver."

"But I *can't*," Miss Oliver protested. "When I see pretty things like that, my fingers won't stop twiddlin' till I make sure."

"By the same argiment I wonder you didn't pocket the spoon. Which was old Lord Derby's complaint; though I doubt you wouldn't get off so light as he did."

"There was the tea-pot, too. . . . I couldn't get nigh enough to see the mark on that, though I tried. Next time, perhaps—though I doubt she won't have the silver out for ordinary workin' parties."

"Tut—the tea-pot was silver right enough. I ought to know, havin' one of my own and a heavier by ounces. No, I don't use it except on special occasions, because you can't make so good tea in silver as in china ware; and clome is better again. But though you lock it away, a silver tea-pot is a thing to be conscious of. I don't hold," Mrs Polsue fell back on her favourite formula, "with folks puttin' all their best in the shop window."

"Well, you *must* be strong-minded! For my part," Miss Oliver confessed, "little luxuries always get the better o' me. I declare that if a rich man was to come along an' promise to load me with diamonds and silver tea-pots and little knick-knacks of that sort, I shouldn' care who he was, nor how ugly, but I'd just shut my eyes and fling myself at his head,"

"You'd better advertise in the papers, then. It's time," said Mrs Polsue sardonically. She wheeled about. "Charity Oliver, you needn' use no more silly speech to prove what I could see with my own eyes, back yonder, even if I hadn't known it already. You're a weak fool—that's what you are. Those folk, with their pretty manners and their 'how-dee-do's,' and 'I hope I see you well's,' and their talk about all classes bein' at one in those times of national trial and standin' shoulder to shoulder till it makes a body sick—do you reckon they *mean* a word of it? Do you reckon that if 'twas Judgment Day itself, and you given to eatin' peas with a knife, they'd really want you to luncheon?"

"But I *don't*—"

"I'm puttin' it for the sake of argument—"

"Then I wish you wouldn't," Miss Oliver interrupted with some spirit.

"—And old Hambly kowtowing like a Puss-in-Boots till I could have wrung his neck for him—and you weakenin' and playin' gentility as you picked it up, like another cat after a mouse—and myself the only one left to show 'em plain that we weren't to be put up—yes, and after you'd hoped, up to the very door, that whatever happened, I'd take a proper stand!"

"Well, and so I did," Miss Oliver admitted defiantly. "But I didn't ask you to make yourself *conspicuous*."

CHAPTER XIV.—POLSUE V. PENHALIGON, NANJIVELL  
INTERVENING.

At breakfast, two days later, Dr Mant received a summons to visit Polpier and pronounce upon the symptoms of boat-builder Jago's five-year-old son Josey (Josiah), who had been feverish ever since Tuesday evening. The Doctor's practice ranged over a wide district, and as a rule (good easy man) he let the ailments of Polpier accumulate for a while before dealing with them. Then he would descend on the town and work through it from door to door—as Un' Benny Rowett put it, "like a cross between a ferret an' a Passover Angel." Thus the child and his temperature might have waited for thirty-six hours—the mothers of Polpier being skilled in febrifuges, from quinine to rum-and-honey, treacle posset, elder tea—to be dealt with as preliminaries to the ambulance lecture, had it not been that (1) the Doctor had recently replaced his old trap with a two-seater car, which lifted him above old economies of time, and (2) he wished to ascertain if the valley schoolhouse, in which he was to lecture, possessed a wall-chart or diagram of the human frame; for it is a useful rule to start an ambulance class with some brief information on the body and its organs, their position and functions. Also he remembered casually an official letter received from Troy, a couple of days ago, concerning one Nicholas Nanjivell, a

reservist. The man, if he remembered rightly, had an epithelioma somewhere in his leg, and was quite unfit for service. Nevertheless he must be visited: for the letter was official.

First of all, then, the Doctor hied him to boat-builder Jago's: and it was lucky he did so, for the child had developed measles—a notifiable complaint. "Any other cases about?" he asked.

Mrs Jago did not know of another child sick or sorry in the whole of Polpier. "Which," she went on to argue in an aggrieved tone, "it therefore passes my understandin' why our Josey should be took, poor mite. 'Tisn't as if he was a naughty child, either."

"Everything must have a beginning, Mrs Jago," said the doctor in his cheerful matter-of-fact way.

"You reckon as it will spread, then?"

"I don't know. I hope not. . . . It's a meroy that the schools are closed for the holidays. When did they close, by the way?"

"Just a week ago."

"H'm. . . . I must step up and ask the Schoolmaster a few questions."

"I called you in to cure my Josey, not to talk about other folk's children." (Mrs Jago was a resentful woman.)

"And I am doing my best for him. . . . Tut! in a week or so he'll be running about as

well as ever. But I'm the Medical Officer of Health, ma'am."

"Well I know it; seein' that, four months back, as you happened to be passin', I called you in an' asked you to look at the poor dear's eyes an' give me a certificate that he was sufferin' from something chronic. An' you flatly declined."

"If my memory serves me, I said he had a small stye in his eye, and I was willing to certify that for what it was worth, if you didn't mind payin' me half-a-crown."

"If edication's *free*, as they call it, I don't see why a body should pay half-a-crown to get off what can be had for nothing. That's how I reasoned then, and always shall. In consikence o' which that ladi-da of an Attendance Officer, that thinks all the maids be after him an' looks sideways into every shop window he passes for a sight of his own image; and if it rids us of a fella like that, I'm all for Con-scription—got me summonsed before the Tregarrick bench an' fined *another* half-crown, with five shillin' costs. An' now, when the mischief's done an' the tender dear one rash from head to foot"—Mrs Jago mopped her eyes with the edge of her apron—"what better can 'ee say than thank God the schools be closed! For my part, I wish He'd close an' roll the great stone o' Daniel agenst 'em for ever and ever!"

Doctor Mant sought up the valley to the Schoolmaster, Mr Rounsell, whose quarters

formed a part of the school-buildings, and ended the block on its southern or seaward side. One roof, indeed, covered him in and out of school: and the Vicar, as one of the Managers, had been heard to lament this convenient provision. "It never allows the fellow to forget his chain: he talks to me as if I were a class of forty."

Mr Rounsell himself answered the door. He had been gardening, and was in his shirt-sleeves. At sight of his visitor he became exceedingly prim and scholastic, with a touch of defiance. He was short in stature, and, aware of this, often paused in the middle of a sentence to raise himself on his toes. He made a special study of what he called "Voice-Production," and regulated his most ordinary conversation by the laws (as he understood them) of that agreeable science.

"Doctor Mant?"

"Ah, it's yourself, is it?" chimed Dr Mant, whom the Schoolmaster's accent always sent back, and instantly, to a native brogue. "Well, and it's a fine row of sweet peas you have, Mr Rounsell, at the edge of the garden by the stream. I note them every time I drive by: and how in the world you contrive it, year after year, in the same soil——"

"You take me at some disadvantage, sir," said Mr Rounsell stiffly. "My daughter being from home on a holiday, and few people coming to this door at any time, unless it be to ask a small favour."

"Well, and you've hit it:



for myself's one of that same," Dr Mant assured him cheerily. "But business first! Jago's child has the measles. Had you any reason to suspect measles, or anything of the sort, in your school before you closed it a week ago?"

Mr Rounsell, who had seemed to be arming himself against a very different approach, sensibly relaxed his guard. He was punctilious by habit in all official responsibilities. He considered for a moment before answering—

"Had I done so, I should have reported my—er—suspicions. I cannot tax my memory, Doctor Mant, with having observed a symptom in any child which pointed—er—in that direction. With regard to the child Jago, I was the less likely to be forewarned of such an—er—shall we say?—eventuality, seeing that he is the most irregular attendant of my infant class, and, so far as my recollection serves me, his attendances during the past quarter amount to but twenty-three point four. I leave you to judge."

"Right—O! What about his attendance the week before breaking-up?"

"I can look up the Register if you wish, sir. But, speaking at off-hand, I should compute the child Josiah Jago's attendances during the last week of July at *nil*, or thereabouts. You will understand, Dr Mant, that at the very close of the school year many parents take advantage, reasoning that they will not be prosecuted during the holidays. I may say that I have drawn the attention of

the School Attendance Committee to this—er—propensity on the part of parents, and have asked them to grapple with it; but, so far, without result."

"Hallelujah!" exclaimed Dr Mant. "Then there's hope we may isolate the little devil. . . . Well, so far so good. But that wasn't my only reason for calling. I have to give an ambulance lecture in your schoolroom to-morrow evening: and I came to ask if you had a wall-map or chart of the human body to help me along. Otherwise I shall have to lug over a lot of medical books with plates and pass 'em around: and the plates are mixed up with others. . . . Well, you understand, they're not everybody's picture-gallery. That's to say, you can't pass a lot of books around and say 'Don't turn the page, or maybe you'll get more than you bargain for.'"

Mr Rounsell had stiffened visibly. "I will not conceal from you, Dr Mant, that the matter on which you now approach me is—er—the subject on which I—er—privately anticipated that you had called. I have no *official* knowledge of your lecturing here to-morrow—instructive as I am sure it will be. The Managers have not consulted me; they have not even troubled to give me official notice. But come inside, sir."

Doctor Mant followed, to a little parlour lined with books; wherein the little man turned on him, white with rage.

"I have heard, by a side wind," he foamed, "that a

meeting was held, two days ago, up at the Vicarage, when it was decided that you should hold lectures in this school—*my* school. I wasn't asked to attend. . . . And of course you will jump to the conclusion that I am over-sensitive, huffed for my own sake. It isn't that! . . . I *am* huffed—maddened if you will—for the sake of my calling. For twenty years, Dr Mant, I have opened this school every morning with prayer, dismissed it with prayer every evening, and between times laboured to preach many things that all in the end come to one thing—the idea of a poor English schoolmaster. All over the country other poor schoolmasters have been spending their lives teaching in just the same way their notion of England—what she is, has been, ought to be. Similarly, no doubt, teachers all over France and Germany have been teaching—under the guise of grammar, arithmetic, what not—their ideas of what France or Germany has been, is, ought to be. These nations are opposed and at length they come to a direct conflict, in this War. Mark you what happens! At once we patient teachers in England are brushed all aside. You call a chance Committee of amateurs, and the man who has taught the boys whom, within a fortnight, you will be clamouring to fight for you, has not even the honour to be consulted. . . . Yes, I think well enough of Great Britain to be pretty confident that she will win, letting *us* slip; that is, she will win, though fighting

with a hand tied. But Germany is no such fool. *She* won't, in her hour of need, despise the help of her teachers. They teach what is almost diametrically opposed to our teaching: they teach it thoroughly, and on my soul I believe it to be as nearly opposed as wrong can be to right. But they have the honour to be trusted; therefore they will succeed in making this war a long one. . . . Yes, I have a wall-map, sir, of the human body. It does not belong to the school: I bought it on my own account seven years ago, but the then Managers considered it too naked to hang on the walls of a mixed school, and disallowed the expense. You are very welcome to use it, and I am only glad that at length it will serve a purpose."

"Touchy lot, these school-teachers!" mused Dr Mant on his way back to the town. "I never can like 'em, somehow. . . . Maybe I ought to have used a little tact and told him that, as I understood it, Mrs Steele called the meeting; and it was for women-workers only. That wouldn't quite account for Farmer Best, though." He chuckled. "And I suppose Best and the Vicar, as Managers—yes, and Mrs Amphlett's another—just put their heads together on the spot and gave leave to use the schoolroom, without consulting the Head Teacher at all. I don't suppose it ever crossed their minds. . . . No: on the whole that poor little man is right. Nobody in England ever *does* take

any truck in schoolmasters. They're just left out of account. And I dare say—yes. I dare say—that means we don't, as a people, take any real truck in Education. Well, and who's the worse for it?—barring the teachers themselves, poor devils! Germany has taken the other line, put herself in the hands of pedagogues, from the Professors down: and a nice result it's going to be for her, and for the rest of the world in the meantime! On the whole——"

On the whole, the Doctor decided—faithful to his habit of looking questions in the face and so passing on—that these things worked out pretty well as they were.

His reflections carried him to the bridge-end: where, in the porch of the Old Doctor's house, he encountered Mrs Polsue.

"Ah! Good morning, ma'am! We are bound for the same door, it appears? That's to say if, as I seem to remember, a man called Nanjivell lives here?"

"He does," Mrs Polsue answered. "And if I may make bold to say so, it's high time!"

"Eh? . . . Are you looking after him? I'd no idea that he was really sick."

"No more haven't I," said Mrs Polsue. "But I'll say 'tis time *somebody* looked after him, if I say no more. In point of fact," she added, "I'm not seeing Nicholas Nanjivell, but a woman called Penhaligon who lives in the other tenement here. Her husband was called up last Saturday."

"What, are you ladies at work already?"

"Oh, I don't let the grass grow under my feet," said Mrs Polsue.

"Damn the woman, I suppose that's a slap at *me*," muttered Dr Mant to himself. But he tapped on the Penhaligons' door for her very politely.

"Thank you," she said. "That's Nanjivell's door, at the end of the passage."

He bowed and went on, came to the door, paused for a glance at the padlock hitched loose on the staple, knocked, and—as his custom was when visiting the poor—walked in briskly, scarce waiting for an answer.

"Hullo!"

Between him and the small window, almost blocking the light—on a platform constructed of three planks and a couple of chairs set face to face—stood Nicky-Nan, with a trowel in one hand and a bricklayer's board in the other, surprised in the act of plastering his parlour ceiling.

"Had an accident here?" asked Dr Mant, eyeing the job critically. "Old house tumbling about your ears?"

"No . . . yes—that's to say——" stammered Nicky-Nan; then he seemed to swallow down something, and so to make way for a pent-up fury. "Who sent for 'ee? Who told 'ee to walk in like that without knockin'? . . . *That's* what I ask—Who sent for 'ee here? *I didn't!*"

"What in thunder's wrong with ye?" asked the Doctor, very coolly taking a third chair, seating himself astraddle

on it, and crossing his arms over the top. "No harm to be taken patching up a bit of plaster, is there?" Again he eyed the ceiling.

"I—I beg your pardon, Doctor," answered Nicky-Nan, recollecting himself. "But I live pretty lonely here, and the children——"

"So *that's* why you put a padlock on the door? . . . Well, I'm not a child. And though you didn't send for me, somebody else did. Mr Johns, the Custom House Officer at Troy. He wants to know why you didn't go with the rest of the Reserve last Sunday."

Nicky-Nan blazed up again. "Then you can tell 'em I can't nor I won't—not if he cuts me in little pieces, I won't! Curse this War, an' Johns 'pon the the top of it! Can't you see——"

"No," put in the Doctor, "that's just what I *can't*, while you stand up there spitting like a cat on the tiles between me and the light. What fly has stung ye I can't think; unless you want to get off by passing yourself on me for a lunatic; and I can't certify to that without calling in a magistrate. . . . Here, man, don't be a fool, but get down!"

Nicky-Nan laid aside trowel and board on the platform, and lowered himself to the floor, very painfully.

"Sit ye down here!" Doctor Mant jumped up and turned his chair about. "Wait a moment, though, and let me have a look at you. No! not

that way, man—with your back to the light!" He caught Nicky-Nan by the two shoulders, faced him about to the window, and took stock of him. "H'm . . . you look pretty bad."

Nicky-Nan in fact had spent half the previous night in crawling upstairs and downstairs, between parlour and bedroom, or in kneeling by the bedroom oupboard, hiding his wealth. He had thrown himself at last on his bed, to sleep for a couple of hours, but at daybreak had turned out again to start upon the plastering and work at it doggedly, with no more sustenance than a dry biscuit. It had all been one long-drawn physical torture; and the grey plaster smeared on his face showed it ghastly even beyond nature.

"Here, sit down; strip your leg, and let me have a look at it."

The examination took some fifteen minutes, perhaps; the Doctor kneeling and inspecting the growth with the aid of a pocket magnifying-glass.

"Well," said he, rising and dusting his knees, "it's a daisy, and I'll bet it hurts. But I don't believe it's malignant for all that. If you were a rich man, now—— but you're not; so we won't discuss it. What you'll have to do is to lie up, until I get you a ticket for the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital."

"No hospital for me," said Nicky-Nan, setting his jaw.

"Don't be a fool. I let slip

in my haste that I don't reckon the thing malignant; and I don't—as yet. But it easily may be; and anyhow you're going to have trouble with it."

"I've had trouble enough with it already. But, mortal or not, I be'n't goin' to stir out o' Polpier nor out o' this house. . . . Doctor, don't you ask it!" he wound up, as with a cry extorted by pain.

"Why, man, what are you afraid of? An operation for *that*, what is it? A whiff of chloroform—and in a week or so——"

"But——," interrupted Nicky-Nan sharply, and again recollected himself. "To tell 'ee the truth, Doctor—that's to say, if what passes between patient an' doctor goes no farther——"

"That's all right. I'm secret as houses."

"To tell 'ee the truth, then, there's a particular reason why I don't want to leave Polpier—not just for the present."

Dr Mant stared at him. "You are going to tell me that reason."

But Nicky-Nan shook his head. "I'd rather not say," he confessed lamely.

Still Dr Mant stared. "Look here, Nanjivell. You've a beast of a lump on your leg, and I can certify at once that it unfits you for service. You couldn't even crawl up a ladder aboard ship, let alone work a gun. But the people over at Troy have asked the question; and, what is more, it sticks in my head that, two days ago, I got a letter about you—an

anonymous letter, suggesting that you were just a malingerer, who nursed an ailment rather than go to the War and take your chance with the others. As a rule I put that kind of letter in the fire, and so I did with this one. As a rule, also, I put it right out of my head. . . . But I've a conscience, in these times; and if I thought you to be nursing a trouble which I pretty well know to be curable, just to avoid your honest share in this War——" Dr Mant paused.

"Cuss the War!" said Nicky-Nan wearily. "It looks to me as if everybody was possessed with it."

Dr Mant still gazed at him curiously, then whipped about with a sudden "Hey! What's *that*?"

*That* was the voice of Mrs Penhaligon uplifted without, voluble and frenzied: and the Doctor hurried forth, Nicky-Nan hobbling after, to find Mrs Penhaligon waving her arms like a windmill's, and Mrs Polsue, as before the blast of them, flat-backed against the wall of the passage.

"—And there you'll stay," Mrs Penhaligon threatened, "while I teach your proud flesh! S'pose now I ventured on *you*, as you've been venturin' on *me*! S'pose now that, without so much as a visitin' card, I nosed in on you with—'So that's your poor dear husband's portrait, that you nagged to his grave—and a speakin' image of him too, afore he took to the drink as the better way——' An' what little

lux'ries might *you* have cookin' in the apparatus, such as a barren woman might reas'nably afford? Yes, yes—it must be a great savin', havin' no children of your own, but do it warrant pig's liver an' bacon of a Saturday?' Oh, my Gor, *I'll* make your two ends meet afore I've done with 'ee! *I'll* tell 'ee the savin' of lard 'pon butter! *I'll* tell 'ee about nettle-broth an' bread-crumbs for a child's diet! *I'll*——”

The noise had attracted a group of women to the porch-way; among them, Mrs Climoe —“good at the war-ory,” as Homer says of Diomede. They huddled forward, obscuring the light.

Mrs Polsue, feeling the wall firm against her back, collected her dignity. “I wish all *respectable* people here,” she appealed to Dr Mant, as he came hurrying up the passage, “to take note of this woman's language.”

“Woman?” panted Mrs Penhaligon. “No more of a woman than yourself: and less of a lady, thank God! Out! Out! afore I soil my hands upon 'ee!”

“You would hardly believe, Dr Mant” — Mrs Polsue addressed him with an air of fine gentility, as the one person present who could understand —“but I called on this poor body to advise and, if neces-

sary, procure her some addition to her income from the Emergency Fund.”

“Oh, take her away!” sobbed Mrs Penhaligon, suddenly breaking down. “Isn't it enough to lie awake at night with your man at the wars? You're a gentleman, sir, an' a doctor, an' can understand. Do 'ee take her away!”

But Nicky-Nan had pushed forward. “You mean well, ma'am, I don't doubt,” he said, addressing Mrs Polsue. “But this here War has got upon everybody's nerves, in a manner o' speaking.”

“It doesn't seem to trouble yours,” retorted Mrs Polsue, at bay and vicious; “or maybe it has, and that's why you're not with the Reserve.”

Nicky-Nan flushed to the roots of his hair. But he answered pacifically—“Until I go, ma'am, you may take it from me that Mrs Penhaligon shan't want. I fixed all that up with her husband afore he left. So there's not need for your callin' again, if you don't mind.”

He said it firmly, yet quite respectfully. One or two of the women in the porch murmured approval.

Not so Mrs Climoe.

“O—oh!” said Mrs Climoe, half aloud and all unheeded for the moment. “So that's the way the wind blows, sure enough!”

#### CHAPTER XV.—THE 'TATY-PATCH.

Nicky-Nan went back to his parlour, closed the door carefully, mounted the platform

again, and resumed his plastering. He felt vexed with himself over that little speech of

bravado. It had been incautious, with all those women listening.

Still it might be explained away, and easily enough. That woman Polsue put everybody's back up. His words had been just a piece of bluff, to get rid of her.

He had succeeded, too. He chuckled, recalling Mrs Polsue's discomfiture; how with a final sniff she had turned and passed out between the ironical files that drew aside for her in the porchway. . . . For a burden had fallen from his heart: his little mistake, just now, weighed as nothing against the assurance that Dr Mant would write a certificate and settle these meddlesome idiots at the Troy Custom House. . . . Moreover Dr Mant—who passed for a knowledgeable fellow in his profession—had as good as assured him that his leg was nothing to die of; not just yet, anyway. Well, he would have it attended to, sometime; his life was valuable now. But he wasn't going to hurry about it, if a sound leg meant his being taken and ordered off to this dam-fool War. Nicky-Nan pursed up his lips as he worked, whistling to himself a cheerful, tuneless ditty.

Some one tapped on the door.

"Who's there?"

"It's me," answered the voice of Mrs Penhaligon. "Can I come in?"

"No, you can't!" he shouted.

"Here, wait a minute! . . . And what might be the matter now?" he asked, as he opened the door a very little way. "I'm sorry, ma'am, that I can't

ask 'ee to step inside; but there's a tidyin'-up goin' forward."

"I'd as lief speak to 'ee here, in the passage. Indeed I'd rather," said Mrs Penhaligon, as he emerged, trowel in hand.

"Well, what is it?"

She hesitated a moment. "'Tis a hard thing for a woman to say. . . . But maybe 'tis turnin' out you are?" she suggested brightly.

"Turnin' out?"

"That would simplify things, o' course. And everybody knowin' that Amphlett's served you with a notice to quit—"

But thereupon Nicky-Nan exploded. "Served me with a notice, did he? Amphlett! . . . Well, yes he did, if you want to know. But never you fret: I'm upsides with Amphlett. This is my house, ma'am: an' here I bide till it pleases me to quit."

"O—oh!" sighed Mrs Penhaligon dejectedly, "then it puts me in a very awkward position, if you don't mind my sayin' so."

"How is it awkward, ma'am?" asked Nicky-Nan, rubbing his unshaven chin with the point of the trowel.

"Well, Mr Nanjivell, I dare say you meant it well enough. But I have my reputation to think about; an' the children, God bless 'em! I grant that Polsue body to be a provokin' woman. She 've a way with her that drives me mad as a sheep. But, if you won't mind my tellin' 'ee, you men have no sense—not a mother's son of 'ee. Not a doubt my Sam 'd ha' spoke up just as fierce

as you did. But then, you see, he's my Sam."

"Very like 'tis my dulness, ma'am," said Nicky-Nan, still delicately scraping his jaw-bristles with the trowel; "but I don't catch your drift, even now."

"Then I'll speak plainer. Where was the sense to blurt out afore a lot o' naybours as you'd see I didn' come to want? Be I the kind o' woman to take any help but my own man's?—even if you had it to give—which 'tis well beknown as you haven't."

"Oh, damn!" He swore as if a wasp had stung him: and indeed he had jabbed the point of the trowel into his jaw. After a pause he added, "The naybours know—do they?—as I couldn' act up to what I promised that woman, not if I tried. Very well, then. Where's the harm done? . . . I cleared her out, anyway."

Mrs Penhaligon eyed him with pity for a moment. "Yes," she sighed, "that's just the plumb-silly way my Sam would talk: and often enough he've a-driven me just wild with it. Men be all of one mould. . . . Mr Nanjivell, you've no great experience o' women. But did 'ee ever know a woman druv to the strikes<sup>1</sup> by another woman? An' did 'ee ever know a woman, not gone in the strikes, that didn' keep some wit at the back of her temper? . . . I was dealin' with Mrs Polsue, don't you make any mistake."

"It struck me that she had

been distressin' you, an' you'd be glad to get the rids of her."

"So I *was* in distress. But I had th' upper hand, 'specially wi' those women hearkenin' and every one hatin' her. . . . What must happen, but forth you steps with a 'Leave this to me. I'll look after Mrs Penhaligon. I'll see *she* don't come to want'—all as bold as a fire-hose? 'I'll clear 'ee out o' this house, which is *our* house,' says you—or to that effect. I wasn' so mad but, when I heard 'ee, there was time to glimpse mother Climoe's face. Oh, yes! I know what you'll be sayin'. 'Talk, is it?' you'll be sayin', just like my Sam: an' 'Let them talk. What's talk?'—an' talk, all the time, two-thirds of every decent woman's life!"

"I never heard such dratted nonsense in all my born days."

"That's because you was never married. You'd have heard it from a wife, half your time: though I dare say"—Mrs Penhaligon sighed—"twould ha' been with you like the rest. . . . 'A nice catch Mr Nanjivell's made of it,' said I to myself, getting back to the kitchen: 'but he's under notice to quit: and if he quits quick an' delicate, mebbe there's no great harm done.' So I came along to ask you about it."

At this point Nicky-Nan fairly lost command of his temper.

"So you're one wi' the rest, eh? All in one blasted con-

<sup>1</sup> Hysterics.



spiracy to turn me to doors! One comes threatenin', t'other comes carneyin', but all endin' in the same lidden.<sup>1</sup> 'Your health be'n't the best, Nanjivell: let me recommend a change of air.' 'Nanjivell, you're a fine upstandin' fellow, an' young for your age. Why don't 'ee leg it off to the War?' 'These be hard times, Nanjivell; so I'm forced to ask 'ee for your rent, or out you go.' An' now along you come wi' the latest. 'Would you mind makin' yourself scarce, Mr Nanjivell, to oblige a lady as has lost confidence in her repitation?' Now look 'ee here, ma'am—what I said to that woman Polsue, just now, is no more than I'm able to abide by. If the shoe pinches at any time, you can come to me, and I'll reckon up wi' Sam Penhaligon when he comes back. What's more—though, to be sure, 'tis no affair o' mine—I reckon Sam Penhaligon 's the only chap alive, savin' yourself, consarned in this repitation you've started to make such a fuss about. But you're playin' Amphlett's game, ma'am, to turn me out," wound up Nicky-Nan wrathfully, turning away: "that's what you're doin': and I'll see you——"

He slammed-to the door upon the oath.

"There was never a man in this world," sighed Mrs Penhaligon as she regained her own kitchen, "but hisself came afore everything and everybody." She arrested her hand on the cover of the flour-barrel.

"He talked so confident of his money, too. . . . Funny thing if Nicky-Nan, that we've been pityin' all this time, should turn out to be a miser!"

An hour later, in the full light of the afternoon sunshine, Nicky-Nan emerged from the old house with a shovel on his arm and a bundle dangling from it. He had heard 'Bert Penhaligon say that the Boy Scouts' patrol was limited to night-duty. By day the pilots with their telescopes habitually oommanded this whole stretch of coast, nor could the periscope of a submarine push itself above the inshore water and not be detected.

At the corner of the Warren, where the cliff turns eastwardly with a sharp bend, Nicky-Nan almost ran into Policeman Rat-it-all, who pulled himself up for a chat as usual.

"I don't know what *you* think," observed the Policeman; "but to my mind this here war gives us a great sense o' Brotherhood. I read that on the newspaper this mornin', and it struck me as one o' the aptest things I'd seen for a long while."

"You said something o' the sort, last time we met," answered Nicky-Nan.

"You're wrong there." Rat-it-all seemed to be slightly hurt in his feelings; "because I read it on the paper only this morning. 'Against War in the abstrac' much may be urged,' it said. 'But 'oo will deny as it begets a sense o' Brother-

<sup>1</sup> Burthen.

hood if it does nothin' else?' That was the expression."

"I don't take much truck in this War, for my part," said Nicky-Nan, quartering on the narrow footpath to let Rat-it-all pass: "but it'll do a dam sight else afore we're through with it, if you want my opinion."

"To a man in the Force," said Rat-it-all pensively, "an expression like that, mixed up with photographs in the 'Daily Mirror,' strikes HOME. A man in the Force, as I'll put it, is in some ways unlike other men." He paused to let this sink in.

"Take your time," said Nicky-Nan. "But I'm not contradictin' 'ee."

"If they're a species, he's a specie—a man set apart, like a parson. A parson tells you how you ought to behave, and I take you in charge if you don't."

"Like Satan," Nicky-Nan suggested.

"Rat-it-all! Not a bit like Satan!" said the Constable angrily. "You've not been followin'. I never heard so foolish an interruption in all my born days. . . . What be you carryin' in that there bundle, makin' so bold?"

Nicky-Nan felt his heart stand still. "Just my weskit an' a few odds an' ends," he answered with affected nonchalance. Forcing himself to meet Rat-it-all's gaze, and perceiving it to be dreamy rather than suspicious, he added, "What makes 'ee ask?"

"Nothin', . . . nothin'. . . . Only you reminded me of a

song I used to sing, back in the old days. It was called 'Off to Philadelphia in the mornin'.' A beautiful voice I used to have: tenor. I shouldn't wonder if I had it yet; only"—with a wistful sigh—"in the Force you got to put that sort o' thing behind you, . . . which brings me back to what I was saying. In an ordinary way, a police-constable's life is like a parson's: they see more'n most men o' what's goin' on, but they don't *belong* to it. You can't properly hob-nob with a chap that, like as not, you'll be called on to marry or bury to-morra; nor stand him a drink—nor be stood—when, quite as like, next time you'll be servin' a summons. There's a Jane on both sides."

"A who?"

"'Tisn' a 'oo,' 'tis an 'it': bein' an expression I got off an Extension Lecturer they had down to Bodmin, one time. I'd a great hankerin', in those days, to measure six-foot-two in my socks afore I finished growin', and I signed on for his lectures in that hope. With a man callin' hisself by that name and advertisin' as he'd lecture on "Measure for Measure," I thought I'd a little bit of all right. But he ran right off the rails an' chatted away about the rummiest things, such as theatricals. I forget what switched 'en off an' on to that partic'lar line: but I well remember his openin' remark. He said, 'To measure the true stature of a great man we must go down to the livin' roots. A certain Jane is

bound to overtake us if we dig too long amon' the common 'tators with their unstopp'd lines an' weak endings and this or that defective early quart. Oh!—all profitable, no doubt, an' worth cultivatin' so long as we do not look for taste.' When I woke up at the end, 'twas with these words printed in mind same as they've remained. But I couldn' figure out how this here Jane got mixed up in the diet. So, bein' of a practical mind then, in my 'teens, same as I be to-day, I stopped behind and asked him—takin' care to look bright and intelligent—who might be this Jane he'd alluded to. If you'll believe me, it turned out to be no person at all, but a way the gentry have of sayin' they're uncomfortable; same as, through some writin' chap or other, all the papers was talkin' of your belly as your Little Mary."

"*Mine?*"

"When I say 'yours,' o' course I mean to say 'ours'—that's to say, every one's." Rat-it-all made a semicircular sweep of the hand in front of his person.

"Something of a liberty, I should say, however many you include. What I object to in these newspapers is the publicity. . . . But, if you ask my opinion, that Extension fellow made a start with pullin' your leg."

"You're wrong, then. For I tried the expression 'pon Parson Steele only two days ago. 'This here War, sir,' I took occasion to say, 'fairly gives me the Jane.' He reck-

eonised the word at once, an' lugged out his notebook. 'Do you know, constable,' says he, 'that you're talkin' French, an' it's highly interestin'?' 'I make no doubt as 'twould be, sir,' says I, 'if I was to hold on with it.' 'You don't understand,' says he. 'These gallic turns o' speech'—which, 'tween you an' me, I'd always thought o' gallic as a kind of acid—'these gallic turns o' speech,' says he, 'be engagin' the attention of learned men to such an extent that I think o' writin' a paper upon 'em myself,' says he, 'for the Royal Institution o' Cornwall at their next Summer Meetin'. . . . I was considerably flattered, as you may well understand. . . . But that brings me back to my point. Parsons an' constables, as I see the matter, be as men set apart, an' lonely. So when I reads 'pon the paper that this here War has made us all brothers, it strikes HOME, an' I feel inclined to stop an' pass the time o' day with anybody.—I don't care who he may be."

"Then why waste time danderin' along tke cliffs, here?"

Policeman Rat - it - all lowered his voice. "Between you an' me, again," he confessed, "I got to do my four miles or so every day, for the sake o' my figger."

"'Tis unfortunate then," said Nicky-Nan, taking heart of grace and lying hardily: "for you've missed a lovely dog-fight."

"Where? Whose?" Rat-

it-all panted, suddenly all alive and inquisitive.

"Dog-fights don't concern me. . . . It may ha' been Jago's bull-terrier an' that Airedale o' Latter's. Those two seldom meet without a scrap."

"Is it over?" A sudden agitation had taken hold of Rat-it-all's legs.

"Very like," lied Nicky-Nan, now desperately anxious to be rid of him. "I heard somebody callin' for snuff or a pot o' pepper—either o' which they tell me——"

"An' you've kep' me dallyin' all this while how-de-doin'!" Rat-it-all made a bolt down the path.

Nicky-Nan watched his diminishing figure, and collapsed upon a thyme-scented hillock in sudden revulsion from a long strain of terror.

He sat there for a good five minutes, staring out on the open waters of the Channel. An armed cruiser, that had been practising gunnery at intervals during the day, was

heading home from Plymouth. A tug had come out and was fetchin' back her targets. Nicky-Nan arose very deliberately, made for his 'taty-patch in the hollow beyond the pilot house, laid his bundle on the ground, and began to dig in and cover his golden coins, fetchin' a handful at a time.

He had buried them all, and was returning at shot of dusk, when he met young 'Bert Penhaligon coming up the path.

"This is the last night for us here," proclaimed young Bert, "and I can't say as I'm sorry! But maybe they'll move us."

"How so?" asked Nicky-Nan.

"Well, between you an' me," announced young 'Bert, who during the last week had seemed to put on stature and confidence together, "there's a company of Royal Engineer Territorials ordered over from Troy, to dig theirselves in an' camp here."

(To be continued.)

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## A CENTURY OF INVASION SCHEMES.

WHO is there who has tried to study any passage in history and has not had occasion to be grateful for the French "doctoral thesis" and "diplomatic study"? To guard against all hazard of misunderstanding, be it noted that a diplomatic study is not necessarily a study of diplomacy commonly so called, but of documents. The French who love *la situation nette* and precision, distinguish between "*la diplomatie*" and "*la diplomatique*" more exactly than we do between diplomacy and diplomatics. They do the thesis and the study alike extremely well, with the diligence invidiously called German, and that blessed faculty for making things clear which emigrates but little across the Rhine, and not so much as one has frequently to wish it would across the Channel, and they have a noble alacrity in doing both for honour only. It would not be easy to lay one's hand on an equivalent in English for the series of papers on "Projets de descente en Angleterre, d'après les Archives des affaires étrangères," contributed to the 'Revue d'Histoire Diplomatique' for 1901 and 1902 by the late M. P. Coquelle. He is well known among us by his book on 'Napoleon and England,' translated under the direction of Mr Rose. On that field M. Coquelle had a sure audience. But when he collected his long list of "projets de descente" from the Archives

of the French Foreign Office he worked disinterestedly that knowledge might be increased, and for the benefit of the few who would care to read. When he made a *tirage à part* of his papers, "chez Plon Nourit," publishers for 'La Société d'Histoire Diplomatique,' he did it for his own honour, and most assuredly not for the lucre of gain. The student of naval and military history would do well to obtain a copy if he can—if he cannot, which was the case of the writer of this article, then he can betake himself to the fifteenth and sixteenth years of 'La Revue.' They will be handed to him promptly and politely, amid the dignified upholstery and exquisite inquisitorial tortures inflicted on the human body by the tables and chairs of the North Gallery of the British Museum. That latest triumph of official construction is in itself an historical lesson. After a day's work in it the dullest imagination can appreciate the feelings of an Elizabethan Jesuit-missioner when confined in the Tower dungeon called Little Ease.

We are now, and in the presence of a common peril we will continue to be, the friends of France. M. Coquelle's investigations in the Archives of the French Foreign Office have a purely historical interest. But that they possess eminently, for they show by examples drawn from modern

times, which alone are susceptible of instructive application to the problems of our day, how invasions of Great Britain are prepared, and why they fail. We must needs discuss the subject by the light of ancient hostilities between ourselves and our allies, for there is no other. Although M. Coquelle does not go beyond the War of American Independence, he covers the whole ground. Napoleon's invasion scheme was but an adaptation of the plan of campaign drafted by the Marshal Duc de Broglie which rounds off the whole series, analysed and condensed by him. We begin with Louis XIV. in 1666, and end with Louis XVI. in 1779-1783, and in the course of the hundred and twenty years, or so, between the earliest and the latest of these dates, are to be found examples of plans to effect invasions of Great Britain, in almost every way imaginable, given of course the weapons and resources of the time.

"Et plus ça change et plus c'est la même chose." At the very head of the copious list stand the words of Chabocière, servant to Louis XIV., who wrote thus on the 4th March 1666: "Nothing is so easy as to land in England and burn or pillage some small place, notably in S. George's Channel, where they are not fortified, and by surprise." Nothing so easy as to fire shells from big guns or drop bombs out of airships on small unfortified places. The scientific

German of our day is at one with Chabocière in principle. But nothing is so ineffectual nor so certain to recoil on the doer unless the "frightfulness" is carried to a very great height, and that it cannot be by forces which dare not go beyond passing "descents" on small places by surprise. Nothing came of the advice of Chabocière. The statesmen and soldiers of the seventeenth century were rarely deterred by considerations of humanity. Those servants of King Louis, who with his approval desolated the Palatinate, would have burnt or pillaged, or burnt after pillaging, every coast town in Great Britain, and would not have thought they were going beyond the established customs of the wars. But they may be credited with sufficient common-sense to understand that such operations must be carried out on a great scale if they are to do more than just exasperate, and that they cannot be done to any purpose by surprise and at outlying points. And then in 1666 the King was at war with England simply because he was bound by treaty to help the Dutch. He was already making the plans which were to ripen in the Treaty of Dover, and the attack on Holland in 1672. They were quite incompatible with genuine hostilities against the subjects of his cousin and proposed ally, King Charles II. For the next twenty-four years the French Foreign Office ceased to be concerned with schemes

for the invasion of Britain, but in 1690 they were to begin again and follow one another without ceasing, save for very brief intervals, for many a long day.

They begin with the voluntary contribution of an anonymous author, one of many sent in for generations to the French King's Ministers. His ideas did not rise beyond a proposal to burn the ships and dockyard at Chatham, "like the Dutch." It was the year of Beachy Head, when Tourville was for weeks the master of the Channel. Admiral Colomb strove to prove that if no invasion took place, the explanation must be sought in that British Fleet in Being, which was also in a state of having been beaten, and was lying "behind the Gunfleet." It is an ingenious theory. But something more is needed for an invasion than ships—namely, an army, and none was ready in France. The year 1690 was notable for the first performance of a curious piece wherein the Jacobites and the French Government played the parts of the Earl of Chatham and Sir Richard Strachan in the much-misquoted epigram—

"The Earl of Chatham with his sword undrawn,  
Kept waiting for Sir Richard Strachan.  
Sir Richard, eager to be at 'em,  
Kept waiting too. For whom? Lord Chatham."

The Jacobite leaders, "barons," said Mr Lang, "of a sentimental but not of a fighting loyalty," were ready to

rise if ten thousand honest Frenchmen would land and give them an opportunity. The French Government would do its best to land troops if the Jacobites would give them a guarantee of good faith by first rising in arms for the lawful king. The proverbial fortune of England has been wondrous indeed. All the ingenuity of Admiral Colomb, and he had not a little, must fail to convince the plain man that Tourville could not have landed troops if he had had them to land. But Jacobites and French were waiting for one another, and the chance vanished. And it was to be always so. When the French could have acted, the Jacobites were not ready. When the Jacobites were in arms, no effectual help from France was available. Providence stretched a protecting hand over the Revolution Settlement.

The Jacobite sohemers of 1690 were a gentleman who appears in M. Coquelle's articles as "Théophile Ogethospe," and James Montgommerie. The first was Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe. Thackeray took liberties with the name of his daughter in 'Esmond.' Oglethorpe was rational enough. He thought that if the British Fleet could not be otherwise disposed of, the practical course was to beat it, which in the year of Beachy Head sounded plausible. *Ce n'était pas plus malin que ça*, but if the condition could have been fulfilled with the necessary army waiting in transports near at hand,

there would not be so many "projets de descente" in the Archives of the French Foreign Office. They would have been too manifestly superfluous. The peculiar silliness of many of these schemes is that they try to show how to manage an invasion *without* first defeating the British Navy. Since as good as nothing was done to carry out the great majority of them, we may assume that the French King's Ministers did not take them seriously. Yet the Jacobites were a possible resource in times of strained relations. In 1742 M. Amelot, Under-Secretary of State, wrote from Versailles to the Comte de Bussy, then Ambassador in London, asking him to propose a plan to "susciter des affaires à l'Angleterre dans son interieur." Bussy would propose nothing. But in a general way, and until the middle of the eighteenth century, the Jacobites were the obvious instruments for disturbing the interior of the British Government. When, three years after 1742, they raised troubles and marched "into the bowels of the land," it happened, as Providence had decreed it always should, that no help worth speaking of was forthcoming from France. And this is not a fact we can wholly explain by the presence of Vernon's fleet in the Downs, or the Naval Threat, or the Fleet in Being. So long as a militant Jacobite party survived, it was in constant communication with the Continent. It was not a case of a stray

vessel slipping in at intervals. Jacobite agents, the recruiting emissaries of the Spanish and French Governments, smugglers who brought in arms together with tea, brandy, lace, and claret, which had never paid the King's dues, came and went continually. More might have been done to fortify a party which was relied on to "susciter des affaires" for the British Government. The lack of a consistent policy in France, and the distrust aroused there by the dissensions of the Jacobites, account for a good deal—and it must be allowed that the distrust was justified by the puerile character of some of the masculine partisans of "King James," and then even more by the scope they gave to the activity and garrulity of dear enthusiastic Jacobite ladies. They could not keep from clucking over every plot that was laid, and their gushing confidences were an invaluable source of information for King George's servants. One anonymous projector, writing early in 1745, and before the landing of the Seven Men of Moidart, was of opinion that you could not hope to land men in England except by "deceiving the British Government." Therefore he proposed to slip soldiers in by sending them over in small detachments in privateers. As a plan of invasion, pure and simple, this was an egregious absurdity. But if the English and lowland Scots Jacobites would have acted and could



have held their tongues, both before and after copiously drinking the health of the King over the water, it might have been possible to *susciter des affaires* in this fashion.

Schemes of invasion, and actual invasions themselves, when they depend on the co-operation of malcontents, are hardly fair experiments. That Lord Wolseley could quote the landing of William III. as a proof that this country could be successfully invaded although its fleet had not been defeated, is one of those examples of the subjection of a very clever man to the idols of his own market-place which ought to instil modesty into the most conceited of us. William had excellent reasons to know that he would be helped and not be opposed by the navy and army of James II. In 1743 the French were told, and were apparently inclined to believe, that at least two captains of line-of-battle ships in home waters would join any invasion undertaken in co-operation with the Jacobites. Of course the mere existence of this possibility vitiates the experiment. It introduces illegitimate elements, the dreams and delusions of exiles, the tricks of intriguers, the disposition of the Power which hopes to make use of potential rebels to produce disorders in its enemy's interior, to forward ventures in which it has little belief, on the mere chance that they may create a diversion by which it will profit, be the fortunes of

the adventurers what they may. A very pretty example of this kind of invasion, which was no real invasion, was the much-debated Jacobite futility of 1708.

When one has a healthy preference for standing on the green earth and eating substantial victuals, one naturally prefers to keep away from the cloud-castles of Lockhart of Carnwath and the spider-webs of Simon Fraser of Lovat. To stand among them is to be in the fusty atmosphere of a theatrical lumber-room, full of worm-eaten furniture and decaying stuffed dummies. But the Comte de Forbin was a reality, and he sailed with real ships carrying real soldiers, and the unhappy gentleman whom we must not call King James, but whom all right-minded Scots grudge to call the Old Pretender. Moreover, he left memoirs, written not by him, but for him and under his direction by two literary gentlemen. We are not bound to believe all we find in them. The family of his old fellow-coarsair in many commerce-destroying cruises, Duguay Trouin, declared that they were from first to last nothing but a romance. If we call them a romancing account of things seen, we shall be nearer the truth. The passage devoted to the expedition of 1708 can be shown by independent testimony to be decidedly less romantic than many others,—than, for instance, the gory story of the forty-three Malays of Macassar, who ran amuck

at Bangkok and perpetrated a colossal massacre of Siamese.

Forbin's account hangs well together. It is very likely true that he did tell the King's Ministers, and tried to tell the King himself, that to pack six thousand soldiers in transports and land them on the coast of Scotland was the way to lose them. Claude de Forbin was the man to insist on saying his say in season and out of season with, as he assures us, "the vivacity of a Provençal." If the Ministers told him that the King was prepared to lose the six thousand if only he could restore the Stewarts, we know what they meant. In 1707 a British fleet had come to bring help to the *camisards* in Languedoc. To send help to the Jacobites in Scotland was a legitimate and promising counterstroke. Nathaniel Hook had just returned from his mission, bringing assurances of the keen desire of loyal men to strike a blow for the cause, and of what was still more encouraging, the universal discontent of the Scots with the Union of 1707. If a revolt could be promoted, a most useful diversion of the British forces in Flanders would follow. Marlborough himself might be called home. The venture was sufficiently inviting to excuse the risk. Six thousand *enfants perdus* might be spared to try the stroke. So Forbin sailed from Dunkirk, grudgingly, wrangling at every turn, making all the difficulties he could. But he went with his war-

ships and transports, and reached the Firth of Forth. He made signals, and nobody answered.

The Chatham and Strachan situation was produced for neither the first nor the last time. Forbin would do nothing rash. The Jacobite lords and their king could only propose and discuss. Forbin declares that they had been so sea-sick on the way over as to be reduced to tears. But he was *mauvaise langue*. While one was saying one thing and another another, five shots were heard to the south in the dark—signals fired presumably by a British fleet. At daybreak it was clearly visible in overwhelming force. The expedition was in a very tight place, embayed and menaced by an enemy whom it would have been folly to fight. Forbin is our witness that he displayed consummate judgment and seamanship in this exigency. Certain it is that he got away with the loss of only one vessel, a prize formerly taken from the English, and a bad sailer.

Whether the escape was so entirely due to the Comte's masterly tactics, as he would have us believe, is another story. The British fleet which drove him off was commanded by George Byng, Viscount Torrington, in 1721. He too was an inspirer of memoirs, now published by the Camden Society, and edited by Sir John Laughton. But they do not come

down to 1708. Therefore they afford no help in solving the question whether the French-cum-Jacobite expedition was not allowed to escape. There was a general belief that Byng had not chosen to do more than just fend off a landing, and it was probably well-founded. The part of agitator and promoter of mutiny which Byng played in 1688 is enough to show that he was a man to take note of political considerations and his own fortune. In 1708 Queen Anne and the majority of her subjects would have been very well pleased to accept her half-brother as her successor, if only he would follow the example of his ancestor, Henri IV., and allow himself to be instructed by a sound Anglican divine. Byng may have been given to understand, and he was quite shrewd enough to guess for himself, that the capture of the Queen's half-brother or his death in action would be the reverse of welcome to many important people. It is for me impossible to read the history of this episode and believe that either party meant business. Forbin, who thought the whole venture a folly, and was angry because he was not sent to capture prizes, would do no more than just make a show of obeying his orders. Byng would not go beyond the minimum of effort required to make it appear that he had repelled the invasion. But it is obvious that when these elements have to be taken into account, we are not dealing with genuine operations of war. The expe-

dition of 1708 was by no means the last bustle of preparation for a combined French and Jacobite attack on the Hanoverian dynasty. There were others, and they all ended in the same way. The most imposing of them all, the plan of 1743-44, by which Marshal Saxe and Prince Charles Edward were to have been carried across the North Sea with 12,000 men, under the protection of Roqufeuil, was as utterly a failure as any of them. It was on this occasion that English Jacobite barons of sentimental loyalty let their French friends understand that they must not be expected to mount their horses and appear in the tented field for their cause during cold and damp winter weather. When the Jacobites did move in 1745, the French were too busy in Flanders, on the Rhine, and in Italy to have any men to spare for ventures in Scotland, and Louis XV. had become tired of them. He was born tired, and was very easily bored.

After 1745 the Jacobites went on talking, but no man marked them. Their plans were pigeon-holed, and the French Government became convinced that if Great Britain was to be invaded to any purpose, the thing must be done with an army strong enough to be able to dispense with the help of malcontents, and its passage must be covered by a powerful fleet. Nothing could be more manifestly true, and the obvious deduction from a sound premise would seem to

have been that the fleet should encounter the British naval forces, beat them, and so clear the passage for the army. But at that time, and indeed ever since then, clever fellows have failed to see any sense in the proposition, which is none the less self-evident, that to attempt to cross the sea with a large number of ships, carrying soldiers and stores, until you have first fairly mastered the naval force which would intercept you, is at the best a very extreme form of gambler's venture. Soldiers of high capacity in their own business have been positively obtuse in this very simple matter. Few cleverer men than Marshal Belle-Isle were to be found even in eighteenth-century France. If there were a cleverer than he, then the Prime Minister of the day, the Duc de Choiseul, was the man. And yet the two between them concocted the invasion scheme which Choiseul read to the Royal Council on the 14th July 1759.

He began by explaining how the invading army was to be shipped, and now we meet our familiar friends of later times—the flat-bottomed boat and the “prame.” The boats had been designed by N. Grogniard, and tried before the Secretary of the Navy, Berryer. They drew four feet, carried a cannon on bow and stern. One hundred of them would carry the infantry, while one hundred and twenty-five would carry the cavalry at the rate of fifty horses per boat. Men and horses could be shipped in

seven or eight minutes. Most of the boats had been built at Havre, and it would be the simplest course to collect the whole where the majority were already. A hundred transports had been hired at Havre. Twelve *prames à la Suedoise* of twenty-four 38-pdrs., and three mortars each, were ready to protect them, and would be true floating-batteries, which would not only cover the invasion, but would guard flat-bottomed boats and transports when the army was landed. Portsmouth was to be the landing-place. While the main army of invasion was sailing from Havre, M. de Conflans was to leave Brest and sail for the Clyde with forty-four battalions and a regiment of dragoons. He was to leave six ships of the line to land these soldiers and go on with the bulk of his fleet to the West Indies. And said Choiseul, to sum up, if some parts of our scheme fail, one must succeed. If the Havre part cannot be carried out, Conflans will assuredly be able to disembark the forty-four battalions and the dragoons in the Clyde Valley, and they will be able to hold their ground.

It would be a work of super-erogation and an act of positive bad manners to point out the weaknesses of this pretty scheme. The duty was performed on the spot and in a masterly manner by a member of the Council, the Marshal D'Estrées. The French Generals of the Seven Years' War

did not enjoy a high reputation, and D'Estrées had failed in Germany like others. But his handling of the Belle-Isle-Choiseul plan shows that his lack of success must not be attributed to a deficiency in sense. After a few polite generalities and an expression of regret that the King's Ministers had not taken his advice to attend sooner and better to the fleet, he went on to knock the bottom out of the scheme.

"In the first place the English have been warned [They had. Hawke had long been blockading Brest, and Boys' squadron was in the North Sea], and they will cruise to prevent our transports from going from Dunkirk to Havre, and we must expect that there will be a battle when the vessels destined for Scotland leave Brest. The success of the expedition depends on their getting away, and if our fleet is beaten the whole plan as far as Scotland is concerned is upset. . . . As for the great landing [*i.e.*, the expedition from Havre], it will need very favourable weather, and there will always be at least twelve English sail of the line at the Isle of Wight ready to put to sea, and some English frigates will cruise in front of Havre in all weathers. Can it be supposed that three hundred and twenty-seven vessels will pass without being sighted, and without meeting the squadron spoken of above? No, it will fall upon them, and being far more mobile it will sink them in spite of the prizes. A great squadron [of line-of-battle ships] would be needed to cover the passage."

The Marshal went on to say that even if the thing could be done by wishing it done, the French army would be cut off as soon as it had landed, and that it was easy

to predict what the end would be in this case. The comment of M. Coquelle on the last reason given by the Marshal is instructive. He says it was no reason at all, for if the army had once landed, it would have marched to London, and would have dictated terms. This conviction has been at the back of the minds of most of the framers of schemes of invasion, including Napoleon. One d'Aubarède, who wrote in 1781, lays it down as a thing manifestly true that the English were a rich and cowardly people. He allows that their professional soldiers were good, but then there were but few of them, and they were nearly all abroad. Ten thousand Frenchmen would make short work of the soft and poltroon majority, if only they could get at them. And no doubt M. d'Aubarède could have quoted much English authority for his opinion. The Englishman's humour of self-depreciation, or mere croaking, has always been a pitfall to the credulous foreigner. But when we are asked to believe that wild schemes of invasion cannot have been seriously contemplated, it is well to remember the existence of this conviction. If England would be subdued by the presence of an invader, much might be risked. What happened on the sea after the troops were landed did not matter in the least. Belle-Isle's scheme was too much for Berryer and the naval

officers. They, with the aid of D'Estrées, killed it, and it was replaced by a much simpler one. The squadron at Toulon was to be brought round to Brest, and was to join Conflans. The united forces were then to convoy the invading army. That was the scheme which was ruined by Boscawen's defeat of the Mediterranean squadron at Lagos in August, and by Hawke's victory at Quiberon in November 1759.

Belle-Isle's plan was the forerunner of Napoleon's—flat-bottomed boats, prames, and all, and they had the same fortune. In the end the Emperor had to do just what the Ministers of Louis XV. had done—try to concentrate such a naval force as would command the Channel. And the efforts of both failed before the strength of the British Navy, and the advantage of position which enabled it to act “on interior lines.”

The double disaster of 1759 did not convince the French Government that an invasion of England was beyond its power. During the remainder of the war nothing could be done. But peace was only just signed when the drafting of schemes began again. The King called for them, and they have left traces in that monument of much ado about nothing, his secret correspondence with and through the Duc de Broglie. When the Duke presented his mature plan in December 1778 to Louis XVI., he said that it had been rough

sketched in 1763-64-65 and 66 by the orders of the King's grandfather, and was now entirely *refondu et adapté aux circonstances*. Other speculators were busy, and now we begin to hear of proposals to fall on England by surprise and without declaration of war. They have been much cherished by dreamers, and it is a matter of common knowledge that they have been the best part of the stock-in-trade of the writer of scare stories. Both authorities have had to make the amazing assumption that preparations made without the formality called “declaration of war” must also be invisible. The French King could not have manned his fleet nor have collected transports without showing all the world what he was doing. Broglie and another propounder of invasion schemes, who was at work at the same time, the Chevalier de Ricard, had too much sense to waste words over mere fantasticalities. They were ready enough to take every advantage of the real or supposed negligence of the British Government. But both of them, and the Duc de Broglie the more emphatically of the two, recognise that naval superiority was absolutely necessary as a condition antecedent to an invasion. Broglie would hear nothing of diversions and artful manœuvring to draw the British fleet away. The invasion must be carried out on the models of Julius Cæsar and William of Normandy. “Une bataille

navale," he said, "est le préliminaire inéluctable de l'expédition." Now that is the very perfection of good sense, and M. Coquelle does not say too much when he declares that the Broglie scheme "est toujours exécutable." The bluest of blue water men will allow that an invasion of this country can be carried out whenever it is covered by a naval force which our navy cannot defeat. "Can be" is not synonymous with "will be." The end of the Broglie plan is there to prove as much, but without the naval superiority the thing cannot be done at all.

The substance of the plan was the concentration in the Channel of a very superior force of French and Spanish ships which were to act as a screen for the passage of an invading army. Now, as the concentration was actually effected in 1779, as the combined forces of D'Orvilliers and Don Luis de Córdoba were far superior in number to the available British forces under Admiral Hardy, the question why the invasion was not carried out does require to be answered—all the more because the invading army was in Normandy and Brittany waiting to be carried over. The solution of the mystery is very simple. The fortune of this country, which has been during centuries the blunders of its enemies, was signally displayed in 1779. Spain was as ever very late in getting ready, and ill equipped then.

The fleets met at the Sisargas on the Galician coast, and reached the Channel when the year was far advanced. Disease broke out in them and swept off thousands of men. D'Orvilliers was old, sunk in a puerile form of piety, broken-hearted by the death of his only son. Don Luis de Córdoba was even older than the French admiral, spent much of his time counting his beads, and was declared even by his countrymen to possess "no individuality." The lumbering armament was clumsy, and so timid that the army officers had no confidence in it, and, moreover, it had none in itself.

In a council of war held with the Comte de Vaux, "MM. les lieutenants généraux de l'armée combinée"—that is to say, the flag officers commanding the allied fleet—made the following pitiful statement of their case:—

"They were of opinion that in this time of the year the winds vary continually, and it is impossible to fix a date for getting under sail; that if the combined fleet meets a favourable wind for entering the Channel after it has left Brest, that same wind will prevent the convoy at Saint Malo from coming to sea; that the very size of the combined fleet renders navigation hazardous in hard weather; that the concentration of the convoys at Havre and St Malo is extremely difficult, and especially so because of the lack of trustworthy and competent pilots; that in a westerly or south-westerly wind the ships would be liable to be driven on the enemy's coast; that the anchorages on the coast of Cornwall are dangerous; that the condition of the ships which have returned to Brest is deplorable,

and that the Spaniards in particular are in need of a thorough refit."

In the face of such a confession of incapacity as this, the aged Maurepas, who was never at a loss for a jest, declared that there would be no "descent," except one of a kind which he named—but the delicacy of a refined age does not allow me to quote.

We are certainly not to assume that if ever a numerically superior naval force is collected to cover an invasion of Great Britain, it will be of such wretched quality as the combined Franco-Spanish armament of 1779. Nor that it will be handled by men in their dotage. Nor are steamships subject to the limitations which hampered sailing vessels. We

cannot argue from eighteenth century to contemporary conditions without exercising some caution. Nevertheless we are entitled to draw one moral from the many examples quoted by M. Coquelle, which unite to tell the same tale as the Revolutionary and Napoleonic attempts recorded by Captain Desbrière. It is that an invasion of Great Britain presupposes a combination of strength in numbers and excellence of quality on the part of the invader, with weakness in numbers and inferiority of quality on the part of the defenders, which, to put it at the lowest, is so eminently improbable that no sane man would rely on finding it in existence.

DAVID HANNAY.

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## FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

## PANIÁLA DATE FAIR.

OF those who have been to Dera Ismail Khán few can find a good word to say for it. Its name, which means the tents of Ishmael, is the only romantic thing about it. It is an ugly, dull little place, set down in the middle of a barren and uninteresting plain. The shooting is accounted poor, and other sport is unobtainable. It is never very healthy, not even in winter. As the people of the country say—"Its air and water are not suitable." In the hot weather it turns into a raging *inferno* where sleep is difficult and wellbeing out of the question. It is cut off from the railway by the waters of the Indus, which in summer are always in flood and not easy to cross. As some set-off against these many drawbacks, military officers who are quartered there are allowed an extra month's leave each year. But not even this concession nor the turbulence of the tribes on its border, on which are based elusive hopes that the long-promised "show" must soon take place, will prevent the subaltern from cursing his luck, should his regiment be ordered to "Dreary Dismal."

But now and again you will come across a Civil officer for whom the place has a strange charm. There have been men who preferred to remain there year after year, even when other apparently more attrac-

tive appointments were offered to them. More than one of these has paid with his life for his devotion, as the grave-stones in the little cemetery will show.

Promotion may have passed them by, yet have they not been altogether unrewarded. They lived lives of usefulness, not without honour, and now that they are gone to their long home, their names still live upon the lips of some of the pleasantest folk in India (if indeed Dera can be called a part of India), and their doings, even their eccentricities, are held in kindly remembrance.

The people of Dera are indeed fine fellows. The "Multáni Patháns," descended from the Durráni governors of a bygone day, and their adherents, are courteous gallant gentlemen. The Baluches are perhaps less refined, but good material. The less civilised Pathán tribes who have settled in the district have a pleasant way with them that goes far to atone for the national failings, and the Jats of the Indus riverain make up in kindly bucolic simplicity for the lack of more showy qualities. The general atmosphere of good-fellowship extends also to the Hindus of the place, and the rivalry of creeds is here not so bitter as in some other parts of Northern India.

The main charm of the place then lies in the people and the ever-absorbing fascination of political work on the border. But the place itself is not without its own peculiar attraction. Perhaps this can best be indicated by saying that it affords to the zealous district officer the finest mud-larking in the world. Any one who can recall the pleasure which in boyhood he extracted from playing with runnels of water after rain, damming them here, turning them there, leading the water this way or that, as his fancy might dictate or the slope of the ground compel, will understand at once what I mean. Operations of this sort, but on a considerably larger scale, form no small part of the duties of the officer who holds charge of Dera Ismail Khán.

The district is a flat almost waterless plain, lying along the right bank of the Indus, with a general slope towards the river. On the north and west it is bounded by barren ranges of stony hills. In the riverain tract a certain amount of irrigation is done with water taken from the Indus. But the rest of the district lies too high for Indus water to reach it. The rainfall is scanty and seldom exceeds ten inches per annum. Without water, in such a climate, nothing will grow, and every drop that comes down from the hills, either in the few small perennial streams or in flood-channels after a thunderstorm among the mountains, must be treas-

ured as if it were liquid silver, as indeed it is.

The perennial streams present sufficiently complicated problems of distribution. The difficulty of dealing with the occasional floods is almost entirely mechanical. The channels in which they come down, locally known as *wáhs*, are deep furrows scored across the face of the country, in places as much as a quarter of a mile wide or more. They form a most bewildering network, meeting here and parting there, to meet again lower down, like the veins of an old man's arm. Scarce one is known by the same name throughout its length. Normally they are quite dry, but after heavy rain they carry a terrific head of water. In the spring months the people of the villages which adjoin their banks set themselves to build earthen dams across them at judiciously selected points, and to embank their fields. The idea is to hold up the flood by means of the dam until the fields have taken as much as they can absorb. Then the dam is cut and the flood passes on, to be held up again in the same way a few miles farther down. So rich in silt are these torrents that manure is never required for the fields irrigated in this manner. The district officer, in his capacity as local providence, is entrusted with a small fund from which to make payments or advances to the people to help them in building the dams on which their prosperity depends. Some time on his winter tours is therefore

naturally devoted to seeing how the works are getting on. In the hot weather, the season of floods, he is permitted to reside for a short space on a barren hill-top in the north-west corner of the district, where the heat is a shade less unbearable than in the plain below. The hill-top is known as Sheikh Budin, after a local saint, lately deceased, who contrived to invest the locality with some degree of his own personal sanctity. Looking down thence one can see, when the heat haze permits, the whole district spread out at one's feet like a map. After rain, when the air is generally clear, with the aid of a glass, the dams, or *sads* as they are called, can be distinctly seen. If they have withstood the flood the surrounding fields look like lakes, smiling back the sunshine with promise of fertility. But if the dam has been carried away by the violence of the torrent, the bare brown land retains its usual uncompromising aspect, and all hope of a crop is gone for the villagers, together with the dam on which so much labour has been expended.

In Sheikh Budin itself there is no water, except such as can be caught from infrequent showers and kept in tanks. This is as a rule quite unfit to drink and not over pleasant to wash in. For those who are not content with the tank supply, water has to be carried up from below on the backs of mules, and the cost of carriage makes it rather an expensive commodity. The springs

whence it is usually obtained are situated at Paniála, seven miles away, and nearly 3000 feet below. We have taken a long time to get there, but perhaps the strangeness of the country through which we have travelled may be considered as sufficient apology.

Now please imagine yourself in Sheikh Budin on an August afternoon, about half-past four o'clock, and as you have come so far and probably feel the heat a good deal, the least we can do is to offer you a cup of tea, made from Paniála water. The day's work, or at least as much of it as is going to be done to-day, is pretty well over, and my clerk is saying, for the seventh or eighth time, "Just one little paper more for orders," when both doors, at opposite ends of the office, open simultaneously. By one door the chief judicial authority of these parts strolls in to announce that he has finished his cases and that tea is ready. By the other enters an orderly to say that Mihrbán Khán, the leading man in Paniála, is outside and desirous of an interview. We ask him in and bid him come with us to tea, which he considers a great honour, though he does not much care about our fashion of tea-making, without either milk or sugar in the teapot, and with no spices in the tea at all.

Tea opens the gates of conversation. Mihrbán tells us the local news. The date crop, on which the prosperity of Paniála depends, has been good this year. The trees bear a full

yield only in alternate years, and last year's crop was poor. The custom is for the crop to be sold by auction as it stands upon the trees, the buyer being left to make his own arrangements for gathering and removal. This year a large concourse of dealers assembled, and the bidding has been spirited. Every one is hard at work picking dates, and large numbers of country-folk from the adjoining villages have come in to earn a few days' keep by date-gathering and take part in the games with which, according to immemorial custom, the proceedings are concluded. On his way up the hill he met some of our servants going down, and was glad to learn from them that we really mean to keep our promise and visit Paniála to see the fun. Best of all, thunder-clouds have been gathering over the western hills, and there is hope that the sultriness of the weather may bring its own relief.

Horses are useless in Sheikh Budin. If we mean to go we shall have to walk, and a very hot journey we shall have. But we have given our word, and it is time that we started. There is little to be seen from the hill-top. Everywhere a haze of heat and dust hangs heavy and shuts off all view of the plains below. The western hills are veiled in thick black clouds; a hot wind surges fitfully to and fro, and now and again a rumble of distant thunder can be heard. Only

to the east, along the low range of which Sheikh Budin is on the highest summit, can we get a glimpse of the country towards which our way will take us. In this direction lies range upon range of rugged hills, running due east and west, their sharp edges turned towards us, with here and there sheer precipices, and everywhere an entire absence of vegetation. They look for all the world like a raised map of Switzerland on a colossal scale, and are extremely uninviting.

But if we mean to get in before the coming storm we have no time to waste. So we set off along the steep rocky path worn all uneven from the nightly passage of the water-carrying mules. Boots with rope soles are the only wear in this country. But until you are used to them you will find that the heat of the rocks upon which you tread makes you very footsore.

As we go, Mihrbán beguiles the way with conversation. It seems that the *patwári*<sup>1</sup> of a village near Paniála has developed an all too itching palm, and the countryside is sore with his extortion. But as usual the complaint is only in general terms, with a marked absence of details such as might be used to test the truth of the allegation. For perhaps the hundredth time I implore Mihrbán to give me chapter and verse, promising that if only the offence can be brought home to the offender I will make an example of him. I

<sup>1</sup> Village accountant.

also point out that the people have only themselves to thank if the subordinate officials take advantage of their position. A little combination to suppress false charges and bring home true ones would soon make an end of the trouble. "True, Sahib," says Mihrbán, "but if we knew how to combine, what place would be left for your Government?" The remark gives too much food for thought to be answered off-hand. We relapse into silence and plod onwards, the heat growing ever fiercer as we draw nearer the plains.

A little beyond halfway is a tank of masonry built to catch rain-water for the benefit of thirsty travellers, and by its margin a few straggling acacia trees, with difficulty preserved from the ravages of hungry goats, afford just enough shade to make a seat upon the rocks endurable. We had halted here and were looking thirstily at the bottles of tepid soda-water which we had brought with us, when round the corner came a man carrying a bundle on his head swathed in thick blanket. Nobody but a lunatic would cumber himself with a blanket in that heat, unless—oh happy thought—the cook whom we had sent on ahead had been able to get some ice from Dera, and by an inspiration amounting almost to genius had sent some of it to help us on our way. Ice it was. Virtue after all is sometimes rewarded, and of all the unexpected joys which life has furnished to me few have left a pleasanter

memory than that wayside drink on the road to Paniála. A mile or two more and the uneven track leaves the hillside and descends into a wide amphitheatre of more or less level ground, in the middle of which, though still far off, we can see a group of Paniála Rachels gathered about the springs to which the place owes its existence. The overflow from the springs passes out from the amphitheatre among the hills by a wide sandy ravine which opens out into the broad plain beyond. The village itself is not in sight, being tucked away behind the last spur of the hills on the east bank of the ravine. But right before us are the groves of date-palms planted in the ravine bed and on the low lands adjoining, as far as the water can be made to reach. The graceful stems of the trees and their dark-green foliage make a welcome oasis of colour on the drab horizon. As we draw near the trees the air grows markedly cooler, and the cheery greetings of the date-pickers, who have finished their long hot day's work and are making their way towards the village, encourage us to step briskly forward. They have been busy these last few days, and, though here and there a female tree may be seen still bearing a few bunches of crimson fruit, most of their glory has been shorn from them.

A group of white-clad notables is assembled round the rest-house awaiting the privilege of the interview that is

their due. But the hour is late and the storm which has been hanging about all days shows signs of coming to business. Great masses of black cloud have come over from the west advancing against the wind; the lightning flickers incessantly,

“et aridus altis  
Montibus auditur fragor.”

Our friends are really impatient to be off, though too polite to say so; and indeed, if they want to reach the village before the storm breaks, it is high time that they were going. There will be plenty of time for interviews in the long hot noontide hours to-morrow when games are out of the question. We promise to see them then, bid good-night to Mihrbán Khán, and they all hasten off as we enter the murky recesses of the rest-house. The heat inside is awful, worse even than the fiery simoom which is blowing outside. But this is no time to complain. We have scarcely looked round the place when the wind rises to a gale nearly solid with flying dust. Above the roar of the wind a continuous hissing noise can be heard as the stream of fine particles plays upon the walls and roof. Doors slam and lamps are blown out. The punkah flaps uneasily and then stops; for the puller, and small blame to him, has fled to shelter. Muffled cries and the clattering of crockery come from the direction of the kitchen, where the cook and his assistants are battling with

the elements in the attempt to keep the soup from turning into mud-jelly.

After about ten minutes the violence of the gale abates, and doors and windows can once more be opened. The breeze is now distinctly cooler, and carries upon it the most fragrant of all smells, the smell of rain upon the parched earth. Nor have we long to wait. The wind blows strong again, but this time it is free from dust. For with it comes the welcome rain. *Ruit arduus æther*, and the storm, as it passes overhead, is a magnificent spectacle. The thunderclouds move quickly by, but a steady drizzle succeeds to the first fury of the downpour, and we are able to dine in the veranda on the lee-side of the house in much more agreeable conditions than we had ever ventured to hope for.

The rain, we think, has been general, and though too late to be of any use for the sowing of an autumn crop, may, if sufficiently abundant, and if the dams are not carried away, prove invaluable for wheat-sowing later on. We are naturally anxious to hear what has happened, but there is no chance of news to-night. The sky clears, and the rain ceases just in time for us to have our beds brought out into the open for a night's rest under the majesty of the stars.

Next morning broke delightfully fresh, and we were up and out early. The storm had spoiled the few remaining dates still left upon the trees. So there was no reason why the

games should not begin at once, the sandy soil being in places almost dry again after its drenching of the night before. We made our way first to the arena selected for the national game of *doda*, for which soft falling is indispensable. A tent had been pitched for us at one corner of the ground to give some shelter from the fierce rays of the rising sun, and here the great ones of the neighbourhood had already congregated. A huge crowd of spectators of humbler degree, numbering perhaps ten thousand persons, was seated round the ground, while the players sat apart or strode moodily about in small knots, as appears to be the way of champions all the world over when waiting to display their prowess.

It was hard to say whether the throng of spectators or the distant scenery provided the more fascinating sight. There was no great charm, to be sure, about the sun-baked slopes of the little range whence we had descended yesterday. But to the west lay a superb panorama, stretching from the rounded dome of Gabar of the Bhitannis in the north, past the tumbled peaks of Waziristán culminating in the giant Pír Ghal gleaming with freshly fallen snow, past the sharp untrodden summit of Girni Sar, past the Marwattais, right away to the great double ridge of the Takht Sulimán (Solomon's Throne) in Sheráni country far to the south. Men from all these places and from all the plain country that lay

between had come to Paniála. Patháns of seven or eight different clans, Kundis, Marwats, Wazírs, Bábars, Khasórs, Bhitannis, Gandapurs, each with their distinctive dress and dialect, were most in evidence. But there was no lack of Baluches, darker of skin and quieter in manner, with long black oily ringlets, nor yet of Indian folk, Awáns and Jats, great strapping raw-boned bumpkins from the Indus riverain. But before we had been seated very long, feasting our eyes, and hearing eagerly how "Crosthwaite *wáh*" and two or three others had come down in full flood the night before, how this dam had fallen at the first assault and that had stood bravely up, while a third had been cut too soon, through malice or imbecility on the part of those in control, we became aware that, as so often happens when there is any contest afoot for Orientals, there was a hitch in the proceedings somewhere. Some of the better-known players, it seemed, were showing a disposition to sulk, and the great match which had been arranged between teams representing the Jats and the Patháns would need a good deal of tongue work before the sides took the field. There is never any sense in trying to hurry these people. So we suggested that some of the minor players might exhibit their skill in a few bouts while the great men and the innumerable masters of the ceremonies discussed conditions on which the match might after

all take place. We knew that the sight of the tyros earning applause and the stirring roll of the drums beating time to the movements of the players would soon have their effect on the recalcitrant heroes, who of course were really desperately anxious to show off their skill in public.

*Doda* consists of a series of bouts in which a single runner is opposed by a pair of catchers. Their object is to collar him and bring him down. His object is to draw his pursuers apart, and then, suddenly dodging between them, to strike each man a fair slap on the chest with his open hand without being collared himself. The resulting manœuvres strongly resemble the play of three-quarter backs at Rugby football, but the weak point of the game lies in the large number of bouts in which nothing happens. In each contest the odds are strongly in favour of the catchers, but, though the details of the scoring are very complicated, a victory by the single runner counts much more in his favour than a defeat does against him.

So the play began. But too much time had been wasted in preliminary discussion, and after about half an hour of it, during which we saw some excellent running and the crowd was worked up to a great pitch of excitement, we announced that we had had enough, and rose from our seats. The backward players, fearing that they were not

going to get their turn, came hastily to an amicable agreement and declared themselves ready to begin at once. But it really was too late now. The sun was very powerful and the flies an incessant torment. So by general consent the match was postponed till next day, and we all went home to get through the heat of the day as best we might. The only man who looked a little glum at the postponement was our good friend Mihrbán Khán. Custom required him to keep open house during the days of the fair. He was not very well off, and the thought of the strain on his resources being prolonged was not pleasing to him, though of course, with his reputation as a *dodaimár*<sup>1</sup> to sustain, he could make no objection. Noticing his dejection, I had a little conversation aside with him, during which he cheered up wonderfully on learning that an anonymous benefactor was forthcoming who would help him to foot the bill if he would communicate, through me, the amount of his expenditure.

After breakfast the day's work began with some fifteen or twenty interviews, deferred from last night. The visitors for the most part had not very much to say. All that they wanted was to sit on a chair in the presence of authority and to have a few minutes' chat. But they were pleasant fellows. One or two of the older men had been out with Herbert Edwardes and John Nicholson

<sup>1</sup> Bread-breaker—i.e., a dispenser of hospitality.



in the brave days of old and could "strip their sleeve" and show the scars honourably come by in never-to-be-forgotten fights. After them came the usual routine, neither more interesting nor less laborious than on other days—and what with some revenue and criminal appeals to hear, miscellaneous matters of district administration on which to pass orders, references relating to roads, ferries, hospitals, the jail, the district police, the border military polices, schools, and other matters to be disposed of, to say nothing of correspondence with superior authority on every conceivable subject, there was not much leisure to look at the thermometer and sigh over the heat before five o'clock was at hand. This was the hour fixed for the tent-pegging to begin.

Tent-pegging is apt to prove monotonous after a while, and this was not especially exciting, though the gallant wiry little horses, with their silver-mounted trappings and picturesque saddlery, and the riders in their fluttering dress, with their long spears and their wild cries of "Allah! Allah!" as they approached the peg, made a show that would attract thousands to Olympia. After the tent-pegging came trick-riding. The competitors came in turn past the spectators at full gallop, one sitting face to tail, another standing on his horse's crupper, a third hanging head downwards from the saddle by his knees crooked over the saddle, while with his hands, or even with his mouth, he picked up handkerchiefs

arranged for the purpose beside the track. The spectators applauded the more daring performers vociferously, and when it became too dark for further feats, some small prizes, presented by any one who chose so to spend his money, were distributed on the good old principle that as few as possible of the competitors should go empty away.

Next morning we were all assembled betimes on the *doda* ground, and the match began without any further difficulty. Each team was composed of about twenty players, all of whom had been up very early to make their vows at the local shrine and pray for success in the contest. Each man was to run three times, once alone as runner, and twice as one of a pair in pursuit of the runner on the opposite side. At the beginning of each bout the players advanced into the arena, stripped to the skin save for garments like bathing-drawers, brightly coloured and elaborately embroidered. As they came forward they would leap high into the air and throw up their arms, calling taunts to their opponents the while. Magnificent specimens of athletic manhood they were, lithe and graceful as stags. A band of drum players, which had sprung up from somewhere, greeted each new entry with slow staccato beats upon their instruments. When the players reached the middle and the pursuit began in real earnest the drums kept time, beating faster and ever more furiously, while the crowd

stood up and rocked with excitement. A good tackle by the catchers or a vigorous "hand-off" by the runner would be met by a terrific crash of music and a deep roar of triumph from delighted partisans. So the game progressed very evenly, and many notable feats were performed on both sides. Excitement was tense, and having learnt what it was that had caused the difficulty the day before, we were a little anxious lest trouble might result. The difficulty was this. Amongst the Jat players was a sturdy little man, very dark of skin, who by caste was what is known as a Musalli—that is, a menial of the lowest order, converted to Islám, but descended from Hindu ancestors of the scavenger caste. The little man was an extraordinarily strong and swift runner, and partly perhaps for that reason, partly from feelings of racial pride, the leading pair of Pathán players had refused to take part unless the Musalli were excluded from the opposing side. The objection had been withdrawn, but the feeling remained. The best players come out last in these matches, and so it happened in the final bout these same two Patháns, a pair of Wazírs from Bannu, were to run in chase of the despised Musalli. It was a magnificent bout. The little man ran in a wide arc, the two Patháns hot in pursuit, but keeping warily together. A sudden swerve by the runner put the leading Pathán on the wrong foot, and before he could re-

cover his balance the Musalli was on him and over he went. Another lightning turn and the Musalli was on the second man, and down he too went. A cry of rage went up from the Pathán spectators on all sides of the ground, and with one accord they began to rush towards the players. Luckily, however, the incident had taken place in the corner of the ground just opposite our tent. So we and the local magnates, or as many of them as were capable of quick movement, were first on the field. The two Patháns were stopped just in time to prevent them from assaulting the victor. With the few police constables and orderlies whom we had with us, backed by the magnates, we were able to make a ring round the competitors, which the spectators hesitated to break, and after a short interval of confusion peace was restored. The Patháns speedily regained good temper,—except a few malcontents who quitted the ground in high dudgeon. Fortunately the defeated pair were strangers, and the local people were not much concerned over their discomfiture, once they had had leisure to think for a moment. A little while after, when the prizes came to be given, the Musalli quite regained the popularity which his excessive skill had come near forfeiting, by stooping down as he came forward to receive the turban of honour assigned to him and making as if to put a handful of earth on his head, in token of a sense of his own unworthiness.

For the evening's diversion we had arranged a gymkhana of a less serious kind. Everything went off *à merveille*. In the first event, a blindfold race, in which the competitors carried earthen pots filled with water on their heads, the leading man slipped and fell about five yards from the winning post and all the rest tumbled pell-mell over him. Then followed a donkey race, and just opposite the grand stand the most diminutive donkey, ridden by a fat Hindu *bania*, heaved up its quarters, braying furiously, and sent its rider rolling on the ground, amid Homeric laughter from the crowd. The rustics had never seen anything like this before, and the donkey race caught their fancy so, that they repeated it again and again until the donkeys were exhausted and we had to interfere to prevent cruelty to animals. Then an old man came forward and complained that all the events were for the benefit of the young men and boys, and he thought it unfair that he and his compeers should be debarred from a chance of distinguishing themselves. This seemed reasonable, and we had to devise something for the veterans. Several large earthen pans were sent for and filled with finely-ground wheaten flour. Into each pan were thrown handfuls of small silver coins. Then the greybeards were in-

vited to step forward, and each man's hands were fastened behind his back. A circle of five or six men then knelt round each pan, and at a given signal fell to nuzzling in the flour for the coins. Naturally they had to come up for breath pretty frequently, and anything more ludicrous than their flour-bedaubed faces when they did so I never hope to see. So amid much mirth and good-fellowship the sun set and all the ways were darkened. As a grand finale we had arranged for a display of fireworks procured from Dera, which, I believe, gave general satisfaction. Long after the last rocket had drawn its flight across the sky, and the last catherine-wheel had sputtered into silence, we could still hear sounds of revelry from the guest-house of Mihrbán Khán, as we lay and wooed sleep under the unwinking stars. The minstrels were improvising ballads, descriptive of the day's doings, which they chanted to the accompaniment of the still unwearied drums. The long-drawn nasal recitative of the solo was broken at regular intervals by a not unmusical refrain taken up by many voices. It ran somewhat in this fashion:—

“Come Jat, Awán, Baluch, Pathán,  
From Raiyat<sup>1</sup> and from Yaghistán,<sup>2</sup>  
To taste the cheer of Mihrbán,  
The Khán of Paniála.”

EVELYN HOWELL, I.C.S.

<sup>1</sup> Raiyat = subject—*i.e.*, British India.

<sup>2</sup> Yaghistán = the country of the unruly—*i.e.*, unadministered tribal territory.

## MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE PRO-GERMANS—"DEMOCRATIC CONTROL"—WHAT DEMOCRACY HAS ACHIEVED AT HOME—AN EASY SETTLEMENT FOR THE KAISER—A PEACE THAT GERMANY WOULD APPROVE—THE LEADERS OF THE PRO-GERMANS—OUR DISLOYAL GUESTS—PRISONERS OF WAR—NAPOLEON'S CAPTIVES—A HERO OF THE PAST.

ENGLAND has rarely, if ever, been at war without being compelled to witness the apostasy of a handful of renegades, who appear to love every country better than their own. The exultation of Charles James Fox in the calamities of his native land, the shameful calumnies of the pro-Boers, are but links in a long chain of perversity. And in this war we have awaited anxiously the coming of the pro-German. He was active enough in the days which preceded the outbreak of the war. Then even he was abashed into silence by the invasion of Belgium. Moreover, those who could execute most neatly and expeditiously the job of attacking their fatherland were engaged in the business of government, and are compelled, for the moment at least, to assume the airs and the language of patriots. It is irksome for them, no doubt, especially when they remember the glorious days of the Boer War. But they need not repine. They may yet get a chance of flouting the British Army, and meantime they may take comfort in the reflection that the work, which is peculiarly their own, will not go unachieved.

In other words, the pro-Germans have formed themselves into what they are pleased to call the Union of Democratic Control. They have taken an office, they issue pamphlets, and they are ready to carry on their agitation by all those stuffy means which are dear to the political busybody. They are kind enough to say that "the war, once begun, should be prosecuted to a victory for our country," and when that purpose is attained they are ready and willing to direct the settlement. The spectacle of a band of solemn "intellectuals" dictating terms to the Allied Powers, armed to the teeth and flushed with victory, passes beyond comedy into farce. And their proposals prove them as sadly destitute of imagination as of humour. Poor things! They can dream of nothing better or nobler than a general election. The dropping of a vote in a ballot-box is their panacea for all the evils to which mankind is prone. So the Union of Democratic Control is going to "insist"—remember that, Russia and France and England!—that "no province shall be transferred from one Government to another without consent by

plebiscite or otherwise of the population of such province." It will be a fine opportunity for the wire-pullers, trained in the tricks and chicaneries of "free government," especially as they will have to deal with simple folk who have lived out their barren lives without ever knowing that there was such a thing as a polling-booth!

Having insisted upon such plebiscites as seem good to them, our union of "intellectuals" will take a higher, wider flight. They are determined, like the resolute men they are, that no treaty "shall be entered upon in the name of Great Britain without the sanction of Parliament." In brief, "adequate machinery for ensuring democratic control of foreign policy shall be created." It is surprising that they do not also "insist" upon taking the conduct of the war in hand. Why should Field-Marshal French and Lord Kitchener be permitted to evolve their plans in secret, when there is an old ballot-box lying unused somewhere, which might tell us how to defeat the German by the vote of the odd man? But there are obvious reasons why foreign policy should not be shaped by the odd man, or by what the pompous members of this new union call "democratic control." Foreign policy requires for its proper management a knowledge of tradition, of history, of treaties, of the characters and ambitions of other races, of strange languages—of all those things which the democracy is too

idle and too stupid to learn. Why, then, should we invent "machinery" (O blessed word!) which could never be adequate for the performance of a delicate and dangerous task? Shall the democracy also solve vexed problems of science and art by plebiscite? Shall we suspend in all human activities private judgment and private skill, and content ourselves with mumbling catch-words about majorities? Democratic control indeed! We have seen it at work in domestic politics during the last ten years, and it has expressed itself in nothing else than greed and plunder. The democracy has robbed the Church in Wales, which never did it any harm, with the base motive of mingled avarice and snobbishness. It is still casting hungry eyes upon the gold of Ulster, and speaking hypocritically meanwhile of the union of hearts. Its chief spokesman, reading clearly its ambition and his own, has offered it ninepence for fourpence. He would have done better to offer it ninepence for nothing. He would have found it equally impossible to foot the bill, and he might perchance have added a few thousands to his army of duped voters. Again, since democracy cannot live without the prospect of well-paid and easy jobs, a vast bureaucracy, such as our pious Radicals deplore in other countries, has been invented to strengthen the ballot and to provide spoils for the victors. And according to the new union, the democ-

racy has still leisure to embroil us with our neighbours. If only "adequate machinery" be invented, we may be sure that henceforth our foreign policy shall be guided as blindly and as mischievously as the affairs which touch our pride and pockets at home.

The Union of Democratic Control, however, has set itself another task besides "insisting" upon plebiscites and attempting to meddle with what it does not understand. The pamphlets issued by its members prove clearly that what they desire more than all is to devise for Germany an easy and comfortable settlement. They can find few words of condemnation for the slaughter of Belgium. One of them goes so far as to say that the violation of her neutrality was as imprudent as it was iniquitous. He is careful to put the imprudence first. Indeed, we cannot imagine a kindlier statement of Germany's case than is contained in Mr Brailsford's pamphlet, 'The Origins of the Great War.' In the first place, the writer ignores, as all his colleagues ignore, England's part in the conflict. "It is no concern of France's or ours," says he. "It is a war for the Empire of the East." He forgets Germany's clamour for a place in the sun; he forgets Germany's envy of our colonies; he forgets the Hymn of Hate and the unnumbered protestations that England is the enemy; he forgets the attack threatened upon neutral shipping; he

forgets that the East is very much "our concern"; and he forgets all this because he wishes to narrow down the issue to a race-war between Slav and Teuton. It may be true that Germany did not anticipate that England, torn (as she thought) by internal dissension and Radical intrigue, would take up arms to defend her allies. She hoped, it may be, to settle accounts with Russia and France first, and, having humbled them, to turn her full strength against the hated English. That theory of the war does not suit Mr Brailsford. He sees only a struggle between Germany and Russia, and he is sure that on the whole Germany is in the right of it. "It was the fear of Russia," says he, "that drove Germany into a preventive war." Germany was no aggressor, not she! She was afraid that Russia might attack her presently, and she was resolved to get her blow in first. Moreover, according to Mr Brailsford, "the fact remains that Germany could fairly plead that Russian policy was provocative." If you want a cause for the war, attribute it to Russia's "imprudently advertised schemes of military reorganisation, with its vast naval expenditure, its new strategic railways near the German frontier, its rearmament of the artillery, and its gigantic increase in the standing 'peace' army!" That Germany too had increased her armaments, had fashioned her

wonderful new artillery, had not merely designed strategic railways, but had built them both in the west and the east, clearly does not matter. Germany may do as she pleases. She may create the largest fighting force that ever was seen. She may stand for years in an attitude of aggression. She may stir up strife in every quarter of the globe. Her Emperor may boast of "mailed fists" and knights in shining armour. And the peace-mongers of England will not open their mouths. But if Russia arms herself in defence, if she dreams of railways which she has not time to construct, her policy is provocative! Truly Germany, in the view of the democrats, may steal a horse. Poor Russia is not allowed to look over the gate.

The pamphleteer who calls himself Mr Angell takes another line of argument. He admits that Germany is a force of evil in Europe, and then suggests that Germany in recent years has undergone some change of heart and mind. He pretends that the Germans, of all the peoples in Europe, are most nearly allied to us in blood, which shows that his knowledge of ethnology is as near the surface as his knowledge of politics. He grows lyrical at the thought that we and the Germans use the same words for father and mother and daughter, forgetting that speech and race are easily dissoluble, and that the Greeks, for instance, share the same words with us and with

many other peoples. Nor is he nearer the truth when he pretends that with the Germans we have a literary affinity. Ever since Chaucer it is France that has been the neighbour of our literature as of our life. With her we have exchanged influences without interruption, and it was to France that we looked for inspiration, it was to England that France looked, when Germany was wrapped in the darkness of barbarism, from which it has merely begun to emerge. Nor is it true to say that Germany has become an evil force in Europe. She has not become, she is to-day what she always was — arrogant and uncivilised, and we may take what comfort we choose from the knowledge that the English and the Prussians share not one drop of common blood.

However, it is to the settlement that these democrats look forward with the greatest satisfaction. We must not hurt the feelings of our adversaries even by a word. The Germans, who butchered the Belgians and killed non-combatants wherever they went, must be treated not with justice but with unflinching kindness. "Let us take neither money nor colonies for ourselves," says one of them. Why not? If Germany won, would she refrain her hand? And why should we, having fought a fight into which we were forced all unprepared, and upon which our Government entered with the greatest re-

luctance, bear the burden of the war? Rather should we ask for costs upon the scale of the High Court. But that is not all: this band of pro-Germans would count "any settlement bad which will have against it the whole force of the united German race." It is, indeed, a new principle in war and peace that a nation, which has involved all Europe in a bloody conflict, which has shown throughout a callous contempt for chivalry and the laws which govern civilised nations, should obtain such a settlement as it would approve itself. The mere fact of defeat will be enough to exasperate the temper of Germany, and as Bismarck said forty years ago, "an enemy which cannot be turned into a friend by generous treatment after defeat must be rendered permanently harmless."

So tender-hearted is the Union of Democratic Control that it insists not only upon a liberal treatment of Germany, but upon Germany's presence at the conference which will be held at the end of the war, if Germany be beaten. In other words, it would invite the culprit to take his place among the jurymen, or to sit upon the bench. "If the settlement is imposed on her from without," says Mr Angell, "instead of being arranged with her co-operation and consent, it will not endure." It will endure for a very long time, if the terms are adequately severe. That it will not endure

for ever is possible. We are not dealing, we cannot deal, with eternities. Nor are we making war, in this the greatest struggle known to history, upon war itself. We should deceive ourselves if we pretended that this was the last war that ever the world would see. Every war has been the last, in the short view of the fool. And every war has been followed by one yet greater in scope and ferocity. But at any rate, if Germany be defeated, and be granted such terms as are not dictated by ignorance or sentimentality, we may look forward to a long interval of peace and happiness.

That the members of the Union of Democratic Control should write the pretentious nonsense which seems to them political wisdom is not strange. It would be strange if any one listened approvingly to what they say. The leaders of the movement, Messrs Ramsay Macdonald and Angell, are, or should be, thoroughly discredited. Mr Ramsay Macdonald, blithely dichotomised by the Germans, who wished to make the most of him, into Ramsay and Macdonald, is merely a party leader. Belonging himself to the respectable middle class, he has aspired to lead the working men of England. He misinterpreted their spirit and their patriotism, and lost in a moment their support and his own position. Deprived of his Party, he is deprived also of his political existence. There is no longer a real person called Mr Ramsay



Macdonald, and he would have acted more wisely had he withdrawn the shadow of himself that remains from the public gaze and from public criticism. Mr Angell is more deeply discredited even than his colleague. For many years he has based a gospel of peace upon a kind of Cobdenism. It was Cobden who made the brilliant discovery that war was unprofitable, and Mr Angell has amplified Cobden's discovery into an arid pamphlet. He appeals to all those for whom a full breeches-pocket is the very climax of ambition. He seems to know no other ideal than a high average of wealth per head. He solemnly declares that the more a nation's wealth is protected the less secure does it become. Does he imagine that the wealth of Belgium, whose three-per-cents stood at 96 before the war, has profited by lack of protection? What is she worth now, a broken, crumpled State, a living or dying proof that there are other things in the world better worth striving for than three-per-cents at 96? But Mr Angell, having reduced life to a profit-and-loss account, omits from his calculation the only things that matter in human affairs—honour, faith, pride, and race. Mr Angell's theory is so far remote from the known facts of life that he himself, its defender, might have been born and bred in a bottle. None is more active than he in proceeding from false premises to logical conclusions. The present war, which

is costing some ten millions a-day, is the best and surest proof that the "great illusion" exists only in Mr Angell's muddled brain. And as the "illusion" came from as sordid a view of life as Cobden's own, it is as well that it should be publicly and unmistakably shown to be illusive only to Mr Angell and his friends.

The most of men, in the face of a practical demonstration that their cherished theories are false, would retire with what modesty they can muster into obscurity. Mr Angell reappears in a new part, as the champion of an easy settlement for Germany. What his opinion is worth he has shown in the past, and his present activity would not need to be discussed, did it not involve a risk of misunderstanding. "No humiliation for Germany" may seem to the fool a cry of generosity. To the German, who is not troubled with scruples of delicacy, and who has no desire to forgive or to comfort his foe, it will be welcomed as the last expression of human folly. There is nothing that will please him better than to detect in others a weakness of which he is incapable himself. The Union of Democratic Control is, in effect, doing what Germany would willingly pay large sums to achieve. We were told by a statesman not long ago that Germans, naturalised and otherwise, were pouring out money like water, in order to convince England of the necessity of an early and for them favourable peace.

How do we, how do the democrats themselves, know that German money is not finding its way into the coffers of the Union of Democratic Control? To every pamphlet issued by this body is attached an appeal for subscriptions. Offices are not hired for nothing; pamphlets are not printed for nothing; and if a bank-note for £500 were sent anonymously to the Union of Democratic Control, might it not be accepted in good faith as the tribute of a sympathiser? Money bears no mark of its origin. Mr Ramsay Macdonald and his friends are doing the work of Germany. Of that there can be no doubt. They insist that no revenge shall be taken upon the butchers of Belgium, lest revenge should excite the butchers to do it again. Would Mr Macdonald apply the same process of reasoning to the conduct of his private affairs, and refuse to humiliate a burglar who had emptied his house, for fear that presently the burglar should repeat the attack? No, he assuredly would not. His interest in Germany, on the other hand, persuades him to look upon the burglar of Europe with a complacency which he would deny to the burglar of his house. But there should be no doubt as to the pockets from which the Union of Democratic Control draws its support. And the least it can do, if it continues its campaign in favour of Germany, is to print in each one of its pamphlets not only an appeal

for money but a full and clear list of its subscribers.

Why is it that England, and England alone, should be plagued by a band of agitators, who take the side of England's adversaries? Fox and Burke were worth an army corps to the other side in the American Rebellion. For the lives of how many British soldiers our Radical demagogues were responsible through the uninterrupted sympathy which they professed for the Boers, we will leave it for them to reckon up. Their successors, the pro-Germans, do their job haltingly, it must be admitted, but they give of their best to their country's enemy; and their match could not be found elsewhere in Europe. The German citizen murmurs *Gott strafe England* when he meets his friend at a café, and though we would not defend the violence of his hate, his mental attitude is at least more decent and more reasonable than that of the Englishman, who "insists" there must be no deliberate humiliation of the enemy. Nor is the Englishman's misplaced sympathy the fruit of real nobility. It comes from a kind of inverted sentimentality. The bleating lamb will bleat even in the presence of the butcher who is cutting another's throat. And when this sympathy with the other side is not inspired by political jealousy, as it was in the Boer War, it is inspired by wounded vanity, by a restless desire at all costs to be in the limelight. However, we may

congratulate ourselves that the present attack of Pro-Germanism is only a little one, that it has seized upon persons of small account, and that when the moment of settlement comes, Russia and France and England will not care a jot whether the Union of Democratic Control "insist" upon this folly or upon that.

Germany, say the sentimentalists, must not be humiliated. If defeat follow her years of arrogance, her humiliation will be complete, whatever be done or said, and the Allies will have to consider nothing but their own happiness in the future and the convenience of their own lives. And if they consider this convenience wisely, they will see to it that henceforth they do their best to exclude Germans from their countries. The Germans have for many years interfered with the policy of other States. They have taken up their abode in England and France and Russia, and have acted the part of enemies in times of peace. They have been unwelcome and treacherous guests. It has not mattered greatly whether they were naturalised or not. It may even be doubted whether naturalisation is possible for them. Wherever they have settled they have remained German citizens, a kind of *imperium in imperio*, and thus have proved a danger to whatever country has given them hospitality. Yet we have always hidden this obvious truth from our eyes. We have even appointed Germans to the

Privy Council, and know not for what public services these aliens have been made members of the highest Council in the State. Maybe the increase of wealth "per capita," which to Mr Angell is the greatest good, has something to do with it. But there are other ambitions besides wealth, and among them is a life purged of spying and suspicion.

Now wherever the Germans have been in Belgium or in France, they have found ready to their hand spies, carefully settled before the war began; and if it were possible that they should invade England, they would doubtless be met by that army of compatriots which our Government, solicitous always for the welfare of aliens, has recently enlarged. There are no English to be seen in the streets of Berlin; thousands of Germans go and come as they choose in London; and for a reason which the curiosity of Parliament cannot discover, our Ministers decline to use a perfectly legitimate severity. The Radical party, as we know, like the Democrats of the United States, count many Germans among their most highly valued supporters, but at the present crisis they might think only of the good of the country, and forego for a while the pleasure of being profitably amiable at somebody else's expense. They may be sure that what they in their vanity believe to be generous treatment will be regarded by our enemies as a mark of pusillanimity. An alien enemy, civil or military,

is far better under lock and key. It is not dishonourable, unless he pretend to have been naturalised, that he should desire to help his fatherland. For that we cannot blame him. It is our fault if we do not take effective steps to thwart his desire.

The treatment of prisoners of war has always caused and is still causing a vast deal of discussion. If it be true that the German officers imprisoned in England are given a pleasant country-house for their residence, and are waited upon by obsequious valets,—that, in fact, they realise the ideal of H.M.S. *Mantelpice*—

“A feather bed had every man,  
Warm slippers and hot-water can,”—

then our weak ambition to oblige our country's foes has been carried too far. Germany does not show our officers a like complaisance, and though we would not preach the gospel of reprisals, we should do better to play the game in exact accordance with the rules than to permit our imprisoned enemies a luxury which we do not grant to those brave men who fight our battles. If we may judge Germany by the tone of her press, and by the childish insanity of hate which seems to possess her, we can fear only that the English interned in Germany are forced to bear the heaviest hardships, to submit to the vilest indignities. Whatever be their fate, they will bear it like men. They will be supported by the tradition of their race, which re-

fuses to yield one inch to the oppressor. A century ago Napoleon, whom William II. has taken consciously for his model, was consumed by a worse than German hatred for England. He did all those things which his imitator has done. He ordered insolent articles and pamphlets to be published in dispraise of England. He made a barbarous and wholly ineffectual attempt to blockade the English coast. Above all, he voided his spleen upon the poor devils of Englishmen who chanced to be his prisoners of war. As a jailer he was of an incomparable cruelty and meanness. He made his dungeons at Verdun and Bitche veritable hells of misery. The miscreant, General Wirion, who held sway at Verdun, was a master of melodrama, who performed no good action in his inglorious life save when, detected in extortion, he blew his brains out. To read what the English prisoners suffered while Napoleon devastated Europe, is to know that at least one of the laurel wreaths, which blind enthusiasm has lately piled upon his Imperial head, is undeserved. Yet to the credit of the Englishmen let it be said that they endured insult and short commons, black-mail and undeserved punishment, with a heroism which could not be excelled on the field of battle. To those who would read a curious page of the past we commend Mr Fraser's 'Napoleon the Gaoler' (London: Methuen & Co.), a

book which contains all the material we need for a right judgment. It is grim reading, nor is it always easy to follow Napoleon's caprices. There were those to whom he showed an unexplained leniency. Lord Blayney, for instance, a General and an Irish Peer, was treated by Sebastiani and his Staff as a kind of hero. He was given a triumphant reception wherever he paused on his journey through Spain, and when he arrived at Verdun he beguiled the tedium of imprisonment by running his horses against those of M. le Chevalier Dixie. He was a pitiful fellow, apparently, who cared only for his own skin, and cheerfully left his men to endure the hardships he feared for himself. The gallant jail-birds of Verdun distrusted and despised him, and he owed his immunity from punishment not to his own good qualities but to Napoleon's pleasure at having laid hands on one who was at once a Peer and a General.

Of another kind was Captain Sir Jahleel Brenton, of the frigate *Minerve*, who was taken prisoner off Cherbourg in 1803, and spent many weary years in captivity. Not for one moment did he desert the brave men who shared his fate. He did his best to make their lot easier, and spent all that he had of money and energy in their service. He protested against injustice and cruelty wherever he found them, at Épinal, at Verdun, and elsewhere. He had the imprisoned midshipmen instructed, as

though they were on board ship, and thus kept them conscious of discipline. And as he was for the greater part of the time on parole, and was even allowed a house of his own, he had abundant opportunity of protecting his countrymen against oppression. But let it not be supposed that the leniency shown him by Napoleon was the result of generosity. Rather it was dictated by the rare pricking of a bad conscience. Within six months of his capture, Brenton was exchanged for Captain Jurien, a French officer. In due time Jurien arrived in France, and Napoleon, sure of his own man, refused to give Brenton up. The least that Bonaparte could do, after this act of treachery, was to allow the Englishman a certain measure of freedom, and this freedom Captain Brenton used, not like Milord Blayney, to play the part of a hero in a romance by Lever, but to extort a small measure of justice for captive Englishmen from such scoundrels as Maisonnette and Wirion.

But the best chapter in Mr Fraser's book is that in which he reprints, as it stands, the journal of Lieutenant R. B. James, a gallant young Englishman, who was gifted with a sense of style as well as with a high courage. James was a midshipman on board the *Rambler* in 1804, when that brig-of-war was captured by the French. In the long years that followed—years of insult and privation—he never gave way to depression. A boy of

sixteen, with the help of twelve sailors, he seized the *Chasse Marie*, which was carrying him and his companions up the Loire to Nantes, disarmed the escort of soldiers, and made for the open sea. That so reckless a deed of daring should succeed was not possible. But at least it proved the temper of the boy—a temper which was not blunted by years of misery. At Nantes, where he was ordered by a fellow-prisoner, in default of *largesse*, to sweep the prison yard, and even presented with a broom, “I took it,” said he, “and gave him such a crack on the head with the hard end of it, that it sent him reeling several paces. This settled the business.”

Not the filthiest prisons, nor vermin, nor short rations availed to break the spirit of this midshipman. But always he kept in prospect the possibility of escape. And at last, on

October 8th, 1807, he succeeded with one Dr Porteous in getting down the ramparts of Verdun by a rope. After a surprising series of adventures, described with much spirit, they reached Ulm, and were caught in the very act of taking the Vienna packet for Austria and freedom. Carried back to France, they were interned for their pains in the caverns of Bitche, and James had the misery of seeing ten years of his life ebb away in French dungeons. In 1814 came release, and the captive returned to England, which he had left a boy of sixteen, with his gaiety undimmed, his resolution unshaken. The record, discovered by chance, is now printed for the first time, and we can only hope that the struggle in which we are to-day engaged may reveal in one of its byways just such another honest and high-spirited chronicler as Lieutenant James.

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## DIRIGIBLES AND AEROPLANES IN THE WAR.

BY T. F. FARMAN.

THE fiasco of the dirigible and the triumph of the aeroplane are the striking features of the present war in the air. The truth of that assertion is self-evident, but it is brought out yet more clearly by a glance at the situation which existed when the Germans forced war on Russia and France, and by their miscalculation concerning the value the British nation attached to its honour and "a scrap of paper," saw Great Britain come to the rescue of Belgium and to the support of the French Republic against the attack of the unscrupulous foe. At that time the Germans were the only people that boasted of possessing an aerial fleet capable of waging aggressive warfare. While France, Great Britain, Belgium, and Russia had organised their respective aerial forces for scouting, exploration, and, at most,

for the rectifying of their gunners' fire, the Germans had built a fleet of dirigibles destined, in their opinion, to work havoc, and to spread terror by raining explosives on their enemies. They had also armed their aeroplanes with bombs, to add to the work of destruction. Even before the first shot was fired the Kaiser had invited his friend, Count Zeppelin, to push forward in hot haste the construction of as many of his airships as possible, and had ordered all the other dirigible balloon manufacturers to build Zeppelins, or at least dirigibles of the rigid type, destined to reinforce the already existing aerial fleet, whose first missions were to be the destruction of the British squadron blockading the German coast, and the support of the army invading Belgium and France, before attacking

the Channel ports, London, Paris, &c. The Germans did send a dirigible to help their army at Liège, but it never returned home. Their aeroplanes, however, continued to swarm over the invaded Belgian and French territory during the whole of the months of August, September, and even October. They were much more numerous than the Allies had expected they would be, and it was known the German aeroplane constructors, like the dirigible builders, had been urged to work day and night to supply the army with all the machines they could make. The Germans rightly foresaw the Fifth Arm would play a most important, if not decisive part, in the campaign, and they were as convinced of the superiority in the air belonging to them, as they were sure of the invincibility of their army. And at the commencement of the hostilities, it is undeniable, neither France, nor Great Britain, nor Russia, nor perhaps all the three allied Powers together, possessed so numerically strong an aerial fleet as Germany. The Allies knew their dirigibles were a *quantité négligeable* as offensive weapons, and though they had confidence in their aeroplanes and their aviation pilots for the work they had been trained to perform, they were unprepared to use them in offensive warfare.

How many aeroplanes and aviation pilots Germany possessed on the outbreak of the war is not known; but it is easy to compute the strength

of her then existing fleet of dirigibles, because the construction and trial flights of the airships could not be concealed. Count Zeppelin commenced building them in 1900, and had, when the present war broke out, built a total of twenty-five of his rigid aerial vessels. The first proved a complete failure, and was broken up. The second, launched into the air five years later, was almost immediately wrecked by a storm of wind in January 1906. The third was more fortunate. Built in 1906, it was purchased by the German army, and was not broken up till 1913. The fourth, a passenger airship, was wrecked by a storm almost as soon as it was completed in 1908. The fifth, a military dirigible, delivered to the German army in 1909, was, the following year, also wrecked by storm. The sixth, a passenger airship, launched in 1909, was burnt in its shed the following year. The seventh (*Deutschland*), of which the construction was completed in the spring of 1910, was wrecked by a storm in July of the same year. The eighth was even more unlucky, as almost the first time it left its shed in 1911 it was caught by a gust of wind and destroyed by collision with it. The ninth, a military dirigible, built in 1911, was stationed at Cologne. The tenth (*Schuben*), constructed in 1911, was burnt in 1912. The eleventh (*Victoria-Louise*), a passenger airship, was built in 1911 and 1912. The twelfth, a military dirigible, launched in 1912, was



stationed at Metz. The thirteenth (*Hansa*), a passenger airship, was built in 1912. The fourteenth, constructed in 1912, foundered in the sea off Heligoland in September 1913. The fifteenth, a military dirigible, built in 1913, was wrecked by storm in September of the same year. The sixteenth, launched in 1913, was the military dirigible which was blown over French territory and constrained by stress of weather to come to earth near Lunéville on 3rd April of the same year. The seventeenth (*Saxen*), a passenger airship, was delivered in 1913. The eighteenth, a naval dirigible, built in 1913, exploded the same year. The nineteenth, a military dirigible, constructed in 1913, was almost completely wrecked in June 1914. Two other military dirigibles, the twentieth and twenty-first, were launched in 1913; and before the declaration of war at the beginning of August 1914, Count Zeppelin had supplied the German army with three other dirigibles—the twenty-second, the twenty-third, and the twenty-fifth—and the navy with one, the twenty-fourth.

This enumeration shows that of the twenty-five Zeppelins constructed before the outbreak of the war, twelve had been completely destroyed and one had been most seriously damaged. Consequently there were only twelve left. Of those twelve Zeppelins, the *Victoria-Louise*, the *Hansa*, and the *Saxen* were passenger airships belonging to private companies, but they

should be counted, as they were commandeered by the German military authorities in August 1914. The dimensions of all those dirigibles were considerable. The military dirigible stationed at Metz was the smallest of all, as it had a capacity of only 618,040 cubic feet. Each of the three commandeered airships had a capacity of about 700,000 cubic feet. The military dirigibles constructed in 1913 had a capacity varying between 688,674 and 776,965 cubic feet, while each of those constructed last year, before the beginning of the war, had a capacity of 882,915 cubic feet. The Germans also possessed at that moment eight semi-rigid or non-rigid dirigibles, having a capacity varying between 17,658 cubic feet and 52,975 cubic feet. Their aerial fleet was therefore far from being despicable in the number of its units and their size. The German nation, from the Kaiser to the peasant, believed it would often decide victory, especially as millions of pounds sterling had been expended in providing the airships with sheds all over the Empire, and of course more particularly at places on the coast and the western and eastern frontiers where it was imagined the "invincible aerial dreadnoughts" could start with advantage to attack the enemy. Indeed no fewer than thirty-seven aeronautic centres had been created, and some of them, such as Berlin, Cologne, Heligoland, &c., were provided with several sheds each.

That was the situation at the beginning of the war. As for the reinforcement of that fleet by the Zeppelins constructed at Friedrichshafen and elsewhere, during the last seven months, most fantastical reports have been circulated. According to certain Swiss newspapers, thirty or forty new super-Zeppelins, each having a capacity of 27,000 cubic metres (953,548 cubic feet), are now ready to assume the offensive against the Allies' armies and navies. That report is evidently a gross exaggeration of the facts. If Count Zeppelin has, on an average, built at Friedrichshafen one super-Zeppelin every three weeks since the month of August last, he will have achieved a miracle. The number of those new aerial dreadnoughts cannot therefore be greater than ten or eleven, and in all probability it is not greater than eight or nine. The other German steerable balloon manufacturers may also have built a few dirigibles of the rigid type, but it is a generous estimate to put down fifteen new units to the credit of the German aerial fleet lighter than air. To utilise them to the best effect new sheds have been built on the Prussian sea-coast and in Belgian and French towns occupied by the German army. It is probable each of the new sheds is sufficiently spacious to house one of the huge new aerial dreadnoughts, but it is quite certain that no single one of the sheds which existed before the outbreak of the hos-

tilities was, at that time, large enough to contain one. However, some of them may have been enlarged.

With the fifteen new units added to the twelve Zeppelins which existed at the beginning of August last, Germany would now possess a fleet of twenty-seven Zeppelins if none of them had been destroyed. However, the truth is, the airships on which the foe founded such high hopes have been destroyed by one means or another quite as fast as new ones have been built. It is impossible to control the truth of all the assertions concerning the wrecking of the aerial vessels by shot and shell, by atmospherical perturbations, by aviators dropping bombs on their sheds, &c., but the fiasco of the Zeppelins commenced as soon as the German army crossed the Belgian frontier. It is a well-established fact that the first German dirigible which attempted to participate in the war by flying over Liège, probably with the intention of bombarding the town from the air, was brought down by gunfire from the forts. Since then, the Zeppelins have been more prudent, but they have put in an appearance by stealth on various occasions. Before Antwerp was captured by the foe a Zeppelin attempted to murder the Queen of the Belgians in her palace by dropping bombs on the building. The projectiles missed their aim, but killed a woman and a child. The greater number of the subsequent exploits of the German dirigibles have been

of the same character. No one can complain of aerial vessels coming by stealth—that is to say, profiting by mist, fog, clouds, or the darkness of night, to accomplish a military mission, such as the destruction of war vessels, military and naval defences, arsenals, railway lines, bridges, &c., or to attack troops, convoys, &c. It is, however, another thing to seek by stealth to slaughter non-combatants in undefended towns. The former is quite legitimate warfare, whereas the latter is an odious violation of the rights of non-combatants which must be qualified as murder. Yet the one “successful” feat of the Zeppelins, as the Germans call it, was the perpetration of that crime. It is said five or six Zeppelins started from Cuxhaven and Heligoland to slaughter non-combatants at Yarmouth and other places on the coast of Norfolk. All of them did not succeed in reaching their destination, but two of them did, and dropped their explosives with the effect known to every British subject. The bombs killed a certain number of persons, for the most part women and children, and wrecked a few houses. The news of the murderous achievement was received with enthusiastic joy in Berlin, and indeed throughout the whole of the German Empire. The Kaiser was so satisfied with the result of the aerial raid that he wrote an eloquent letter congratulating Count Zeppelin on it.

However, it would be rather

astonishing if Count Zeppelin was as satisfied with the result of that raid of his airships as his Imperial master and the German nation. It is unlikely he was greatly grieved at “the slaughter of the innocents,” though he subsequently assured an American journalist that “no one regrets their death more than I do.” The probability is that, if the explosives had wrought greater havoc and exterminated a greater number of human beings, even though non-combatants, he would have felt happier. Of course he took care not to manifest disappointment, but the result of the attack of his airships was most disproportionately small compared with the effort made and the risks run. It is averred that five or six Zeppelins started on the expedition. It is certain all six did not reach their destination. Three or four of them must have returned home before completing the outward voyage. Even from a sporting point of view the flight of two airships out of six across the North Sea, from Cuxhaven and Heligoland, and their safe return to their starting-places, was not a remarkable performance. And there is indirect evidence that even that result was not attained. A Zeppelin was seen foundering in the North Sea. Whether it was one of those which had visited the English coast, or one of those which had started and failed to fulfil its mission, is uncertain.

If Count Zeppelin could

scarcely be satisfied with the aerial raid as a demonstration of the "airworthiness" of his aerial vessels, he must have been quite as disappointed with the proof of their destructive power being much less than was expected. The world, in time of peace, had been told the Zeppelins of 19,500 cubic metres (688,669 cubic feet) capacity, like the one which came to earth at Lunéville in 1913, could transport about five tons of explosives. That was evidently nothing but bluff, destined to deceive the ignorant or careless who do not take the trouble to calculate. Indeed, the lifting power of such a balloon is about 20,500 kilogrammes (45,100 lb.) The French military authorities, who detained the airship for more than twenty-four hours and examined it thoroughly, ascertained from its log-book that the carcass, gas-bags, car, &c., and the three Maybach motors weighing 15,700 kilogrammes (34,540 lb.), left only 4800 kilogrammes (10,560 lb.) surplus lifting power. But the weight of the crew of twelve men was 950 kilogrammes (2090 lb.), that of the essence and oil used in six hours' flight 810 kilogrammes (1782 lb.), and to reach the altitude of 1900 metres (6233 feet) the Zeppelin had thrown overboard 3000 kilogrammes (6600 lb.) of ballast. That Zeppelin which had travelled only 360 kilometres (223 miles) in six hours was therefore incapable of carrying any explosives if the aerial raid it was to make could last the comparatively

short time of six hours. That type being evidently unfit for aggressive action at a long distance from its shed, the Germans in 1913 created the 22,000 cubic metres (776,952 cubic feet) capacity Zeppelin, with 18 gas-bags instead of 16. The additional ascensional force may be put down at about 2600 kilogrammes (5720 lb.), but it is necessary to deduct 540 kilogrammes (1188 lb.) for the essence and oil required for four hours additional flight indispensable for an aerial raid occupying ten hours. For such a Zeppelin a crew of only twelve men is insufficient, especially as it is armed with mitrailleuses. Eighteen is the lowest possible estimate, entailing an additional weight of at least 500 kilogrammes (1100 lb.) Then there is the additional weight of the mitrailleuses and its ammunition, of the search-lights, and the steel armour-plates protecting the motors. In a raid on either London or Paris the Zeppelins of 22,000 cubic metres (776,952 cubic feet) capacity cannot transport so much as 1000 kilogrammes, or a ton, of explosives (bombs). M. Georges Prade, who is an authority on aeronautic questions, shows in the *Journal* that the new Zeppelins of 27,000 cubic metres (953,532 cubic feet) each, which have theoretically 6000 kilogrammes (13,200 lb.) additional lifting power, must have a much larger and heavier carcass, and an additional motor to travel at the same speed as the 22,000 cubic metres airships. Also, an immense aerial dreadnought of that type

requires a crew of 28 or 30 men (the Zeppelin of this type captured at Warsaw had 30 men on board), and it must carry not only additional essence and oil for the fourth motor, but yet more essence and oil for a flight of twelve hours if it is to attempt a raid on London or Paris. He is therefore quite justified in affirming that each of these huge new airships cannot transport more than a ton of bombs if it is to be prepared for a voyage out and home lasting anything like twelve hours.

The type of bombs which seems to have been adopted by Count Zeppelin for his airships weighs 50 kilogrammes (110 lb.) Consequently a raiding Zeppelin coming to England may be expected to have twenty of them on board. If the loss of life and damage to property done on the Norfolk coast by the two dirigibles which visited it under circumstances which left their crews leisure and complete immunity from attack was not by any means so great as might have been expected from the dropping of a couple of tons of explosives, it must not be taken for granted that projectiles dropped from airships will never take greater effect. The results obtained by British and French aviators, who so constantly attack the foe with bombs, proves the contrary. However, it is not underrating its capacities to say, even the largest Zeppelin, flying high as it must do in daylight where there is a possibility of its being attacked by fire from the earth or by aeroplanes,

cannot transport from its shed on the Continent to England more than twenty bombs weighing 110 lb. each, to bombard London or any other town situated at a similar distance from its starting-place. The question is whether Zeppelins will undertake such an expedition. Many people believe, that taught by experience, they will not venture either to cross the North Sea or English Channel or the country separating their nearest sheds from Paris. Nevertheless it is difficult to conceive that the Germans, who are still such enthusiastic admirers of their aerial fleet, will abandon the idea of using it against the British and French capitals, and also against the British fleet, though the attempt to do so on the occasion of the British aerial raid on Cuxhaven was as pitiable a fiasco as could be imagined. Whether they are likely to succeed in such an attempt is another question. To start from Cuxhaven or Heligoland, where sheds for at least half a dozen Zeppelins exist, would be to court disaster. Those places are too distant from the British and French capitals. The raiding Zeppelins must start from Belgium or France to have any fair chance of being able to return from London or Paris to their base of operations. The record speed for Zeppelins, held by one of 688,674 cubic feet capacity, is  $44\frac{3}{4}$  miles an hour, and the larger airships are less swift. The average speed in a fairly long voyage out and home of the record-

holding Zeppelin has never exceeded 37 miles an hour. Consequently, to be able to reach London and to return home in twelve hours, the starting-place of the raiding airships must not be separated from the British capital by more than 222 miles at a maximum. As the crow flies Antwerp is separated from London by a distance of about 200 miles, while the distance between Ostend and London is not more than 125 miles. A raid on the British capital from Belgium is therefore quite within the capacities of Zeppelins.

Notwithstanding all the activity of the British and French aviators, who have with their bombs already wrecked numerous dirigible sheds, it is only reasonable to admit it is possible, if not probable, the Germans will succeed in concealing the whereabouts of some of the portable Zeppelin sheds which they continue to construct with such diligence, and that the airships may start from them on an expedition to bombard London or Paris, or both these cities. The Zeppelin raid on the Norfolk coast constitutes a practical proof that, favoured with calm weather, mist, clouds, or the darkness of night, the German airships may succeed in escaping observation till they commence dropping their explosives. But that same raid also indicates that the pilots and crews of those Zeppelins are conscious they can only act by stealth. They did not steer their airships in-

land, where they might have been assailed, but hugged the coast, apparently with the object of seeking, if attacked, safety in flight into the concealing mist over the sea, where they knew aeroplanes could not follow them far without being specially prepared for a long flight, necessitating unusually large essence-tanks, which they were not likely to possess.

If the experience of the present war has demonstrated that the value of the dirigible as an instrument of war was greatly exaggerated, it has, on the other side, shown that of the aeroplane was underestimated, at least in France. The French had taken the initiative in organising a Fifth Arm, but when their troops took the field against the German invaders, the Chiefs of the Republican armies were far from being unanimously convinced of the value of the aeroplane even as an instrument of scouting and exploration. As for its use as an offensive weapon, the French military authorities ignored it altogether. A few avions had been armed with mitrailleuses, and many were armour-plated to protect the pilot and the motor against attack from the earth or hostile aeroplanes, but no single machine was provided with bombs. Indeed, strange as it may seem, it had required considerable pressure to induce the Aeronautic Department of the War Ministry to consent to nominate a Commission to co-operate with the officials of the French Aero Club in controlling the

trials for the Michelin Aero Target prizes; and it was only a few days before the opening of the competition that it withdrew the prohibition it had issued against military men—officers and soldiers—participating in it.

The French Fifth Arm was therefore quite unprepared for the development of the aeroplane into an aerial cannon, of which the value was revealed to them by the aggressions of the *Tauben*. The British Flying Corps was in much the same position as the French Fifth Arm, but fortunately both the French and the English quickly learned the lesson taught them by the Germans. They hastened to furnish their aviators with bombs, and the French adopted a suggestion contained in the prophetic work on aerial warfare written by Ader, the man who in 1897—the first of all human beings—left the earth on a flying machine heavier than air. They gave their aviation pilots steel darts, destined to be rained down on the foe. The existing aeroplanes can carry into the air but few bombs, the number of which is naturally diminished in proportion with their greater power, size, and consequently weight. Unfortunately the art of dropping those projectiles had not been taught in time of peace. Only a very few French military aviators had studied and practised it. It is therefore astonishing that the soldiers, who have to serve their apprenticeship as aerial artillerymen in active service

against the enemy, succeed so well as they do. The pilot must not wait to drop his projectile till he is flying over the spot he wishes to hit. The bomb, when freed from the aeroplane, does not fall perpendicularly to the ground, but for a considerable time preserves the horizontal motion of the machine. Of course, the length of time it maintains it depends to some extent on the form of the projectile, but it may be said the heavier the missile the longer it retains it. A light article, such for instance as a scrap of paper, will not be carried forward at all, but will flutter down perpendicularly to the ground or be blown away backwards or forwards, or to the right or left, by the wind.

It has been calculated and proved to be fairly correct in practice that a spherical bomb of 15 centimetres (close on 6 inches or exactly 5.90 inches) diameter, weighing 10 kilogrammes (22 lb.), dropped from an aeroplane travelling at the speed of 108 kilometres (67 miles) an hour, at an altitude of 2000 metres (6560 feet), will reach the ground at the distance of 475 metres (1558 feet) from the spot over which it was freed from the machine. The duration of the fall being 23 seconds, and the horizontal motion of the aeroplane being 108 kilometres (67 miles) an hour, or 30 metres (98 feet, 5 inches) a second, the flying machine will, at the moment the projectile touches the earth, have travelled 690 metres (2263 feet), or, in other words, it will find itself 215 metres (705 feet,

3 inches) ahead of the bomb. No aviator, however learned, can be expected to make the mental calculation instantaneously to enable him to drop a bomb with certainty on a given spot. He can only attain proficiency in the use of the aerial cannon by practice. Instruments for aiming have been invented, but no single one of them has proved reliable. So many things have to be taken into consideration—the height at which the avion is flying, its speed, the strength of the wind, the form of the projectile, its weight, &c. All have an influence on the fall. To be fairly sure of hitting the spot aimed at, even the most expert aerial artilleryman will drop several bombs in quick succession.

The same forces which influence the bomb in its fall have to be taken into account in dropping steel darts, but it is easier to obtain the desired result with them than with bombs. Less skill is required, because they can be rained down in large quantities. The efficacy of the aerial dart was soon recognised by the Germans, who copied it. The first darts used by the foe and found on the battlefield bore the inscription, "French invention. Made in Germany." The French aeroplane dart, stamped out of a steel rod, is about  $4\frac{3}{4}$  inches long. Its point has the form of a rifle-bullet, behind which the steel rod is reduced by fluting to the thickness of a fairly strong wire supporting thin blades, acting as feathering, and insuring the fall of

the projectile on its point. It weighs only 20 grammes. Consequently the smallest of the French military avions, being capable of transporting 250 kilogrammes (550 lb.), can have 12,500 on board. This little missile, falling from the low altitude of only 600 or 700 feet, attains sufficient velocity to kill a man, and of course that velocity, or power of penetration, increases with the height from which it is freed from the aeroplane. An unfortunate accident, which occurred on almost the first occasion French aviators employed the aerial dart, demonstrated the deadly character of the weapon. During an engagement an aviator was sent to rain darts on the advancing foe. He did so, but the Germans and the French coming to close quarters, the apprentice dart-dropper miscalculated his aim and dropped a certain number of his projectiles on French soldiers, ten of whom were killed by them. Since then the daily French official bulletins have frequently noted the advantages derived from the raining of darts on the enemy. Indeed, the darts have a most demoralising effect, especially on cavalry. No helmet can protect the head of a soldier against them, and an aerial dart striking a man on the shoulder will traverse the whole of his body. A Swiss physician, Doctor Volkman, writing in a medical periodical published at Munich concerning the character of the wounds inflicted by the French darts, confirms that assertion ;



while his German colleague, Doctor Gunberg, declares that the darts dropped from aeroplanes are extremely dangerous, and that the wounds inflicted by them are almost always fatal.

It is unnecessary to inquire how many avions the French and British military authorities possessed when war broke out at the beginning of August last. It suffices to say the number was quite insufficient. The great variety of the types of machines employed by the French in time of peace, entailed such inconveniences for active operations in the field that it was found indispensable to make a selection. Four types were chosen: three types of biplanes and one type of monoplanes. The constructors of those machines were ordered to increase their output to the utmost of their ability. At the same time the apprenticeship of aviation pilots was pushed forward most actively. The results of those measures have been satisfactory, because both the avions and their pilots have proved their superiority over the German aeroplanes and aviators. At the beginning of the campaign the organisation of the French aviation services was incomplete. Successive War Ministers had, in time of peace, promised the country, by their speeches in Parliament, to provide the army not only with scouting and exploration avions, but also with fighting machines and aeroplanes to assist both the artillery and cavalry. Those promises were not kept, chiefly on account of the parsimony

with which the Chamber and Senate voted grants for military aviation. However, when the army took the field, each Army Corps Commander had a certain number of avions at his disposal, but at the outset they were not sufficiently numerous to enable him to supply avions to the commanders of artillery. Consequently unfortunate delays frequently occurred. For instance, in the case of an aeroplane being required to locate the exact position of a German battery, the artillery commander had to send an officer to headquarters to request the loan of an avion and its pilot. As those headquarters were generally at a distance of ten or fifteen miles, considerable time (an hour or two and sometimes more) was occupied by the messenger in performing the journey, obtaining the necessary authorisation, and choosing the avion. Then he had to return with it to the French battery, whence the pilot started accompanied by a military observer to locate the hostile battery. The ever-increasing number of avions and aviation pilots has permitted the great improvement of that arrangement, and of the many other defective ones which existed at the commencement of the war.

Notwithstanding the fact that the British Flying Corps was at first and remains much inferior in the number of its avions and pilots to the French military aviation service, its organisation was from the outset, and is still, superior. And

it is a curious fact that the French have often left to their ally the honour of undertaking expeditions which it might have been supposed belonged to them. The aerial raid on Friedrichshafen is a case in point. The French had had squadrons of aeroplanes at Belfort and all along the Alsace-Lorraine frontier since the outbreak of war. It would have been easy for them to detach a few avions to make the raid. The reason for abstaining was certainly not that the French pilots were unequal to the task, as some of the most experienced of the French aviators, possessing the best of French aeroplanes, had given proof of exceptional skill in fulfilling the difficult missions confided to them on the eastern frontier. Yet three British aviators, Squadron Commander Briggs, Flight Commander Babington, and Flight Lieutenant Sippe, were selected for the expedition. At that time they were in the west of France. Consequently their aeroplanes had to be taken to pieces and transported by rail across the whole country. On arriving at Belfort those machines had to be put together again and tested before the brave pilots could start. These preparations must have occupied at least four days, and as the return journey took as long, and the raid one day, the British aviators, exercising all possible diligence, required a total of nine days to achieve a feat which their French colleagues on the spot could have accomplished in a few hours.

The success of the aerial raid on Friedrichshafen was, however, so considerable that there is no reason to regret the apparent waste of energy.

It was much more natural that the British Naval Flying Corps should execute the raid on Cuxhaven. Every one is certainly well acquainted with that brilliant epoch-making exploit. But it is useful to call special attention to it, as an example not only of the skill and undaunted courage of the British pilots, but as a striking proof of the capacities of aerial craft heavier than air. Its fantastical character surpasses even the imagination of a Jules Verne. Transported on board ship to the vicinity of Heligoland, seven British pilots took flight on their aeroplanes over the immense expanse of sea to do as much damage as possible to the Cuxhaven arsenal, Zeppelin sheds, shipping, &c. They, and the British vessels accompanying them as far as Heligoland, were at once attacked by hostile craft navigating both under the water and in the air. Also immense Zeppelins coming from the island approached with the object of sinking the British surface vessels by dropping bombs on them. The pilots of those aerial dreadnoughts may have hoped for success, because certain experiments of bomb-dropping from dirigibles made in Germany two or three months before the outbreak of war, had, it was reported, shown bombs could be dropped with great precision from airships. But in spite of their

boast that the experiments made over the mouth of the Elbe had resulted in a dummy aeroplane being hit by every one of the fifteen cannon shots fired at it from a Zeppelin in motion navigating at a distance of one and a quarter mile, and that bombs dropped from the airship had hit a target of one square metre ( $10\frac{3}{4}$  square feet), the aerial dreadnoughts did no damage at all. They were, on the contrary, quickly put to flight by a few shots from the British ships, which succeeded by manœuvring at high speed in also avoiding the attacks of the German submarines. In the meantime the British avions had escaped from the pursuit of the hostile aeroplanes, and had bombarded Cuxhaven without a single one of the machines being disabled by the fire of the enemy. Their return was an event which will not be easily forgotten. Three of the pilots brought their machines close to the British destroyers, and were with their aeroplanes taken on board. Three others, not being able to reach spots where the British surface vessels were awaiting them, descended on the sea, and would certainly have perished, or been captured by the Germans, had not a British submarine been near. The three brave aviators sinking their aeroplanes, to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy, were taken on board the boat, which, diving to elude pursuit, carried them under the water into safety. Having commenced it on board

ship and continued it in the air, those three brave men terminated their expedition by travelling in the depths of the sea. It would be difficult to imagine anything more extraordinary. It was at first feared the seventh courageous aviator had met with a tragic end; but, fortunately, soon afterwards, news was received that he had lost his way in the mist, but had been rescued by a Dutch trawler in the North Sea.

The extent of the damage done the enemy at Cuxhaven has, as far as possible, been concealed by the Germans, but reports have been received in Switzerland and Holland that it was very considerable. The bombs dropped by the British aviators certainly destroyed one or more of the Zeppelin sheds with their contents, to say nothing of the effect of the explosives rained on the arsenal, shipping, &c. Naturally the same secrecy is observed by the Germans concerning the results of the two recent aerial raids on them in Belgium; but in these cases, though full particulars cannot be obtained, it is known great havoc was wrought by the projectiles dropped by the British aviators. On the first occasion a large squadron of no fewer than thirty-four aeroplanes and hydro-aeroplanes, for the most part starting from the English coast, bombarded with good effect the Ostend railway station, which was reported to have been burnt to the ground. The railway station of Blankenberghe was also

seriously damaged if not completely destroyed, and the railway track was torn up in many places in the vicinity. The result of the aerial bombardment of the German mine-sweeping vessels at Zeebrugge, and of the gun provisions at Middelkerke, has not been ascertained. On the second occasion a veritable fleet of forty-eight aeroplanes, of which forty were piloted by British aviators and eight by Frenchmen, attacked the enemy's positions in Flanders. While the British operated against Bruges, Ostend, Zeebrugge, &c., the eight French aviators attacked the Ghistelles aerodrome, thus preventing the German airmen from even attempting to molest the British aviators on their return voyage. The damage done the foe in this second raid is believed to have been yet greater than that achieved on the previous occasion.

These facts, and very many others of a similar character, indicate clearly the near approach of the moment when pitched battles will be fought in the air. All sorts of contradictory reports have been circulated to account for the very marked decrease in the activity of the German aviators, who have for some long time past avoided, as far as possible, encounters in the air with British or French pilots. One of the supposed reasons for their turning tail, whenever an avion belonging to the Allies hoves in sight, is that they recognise their machines, almost all of which have the

motor and propeller in front, are less well adapted for fighting than those of their enemies, which are chiefly biplanes, having the motor and propeller behind. A gunner on a "Taube" can fire behind, but only horizontally, or upwards, as the tail of the machine prevents him from firing downwards, while the wings of the aeroplane make firing to the right or left almost impossible. On the other hand, the artilleryman on board a French or British avion is seated well in front of the pilot, and can with his mitrailleuse sweep the air high and low in front and on either side. Thus it may be said his machine is made for attack, while the German aerial craft seems to be constructed chiefly for defence in retreat. Some of the other German aeroplanes offer less inconvenience for fighting, but at the beginning of the war they all had the motor and propeller in front. The German constructors were, it is reported, ordered some time ago to change that disposition and to place them behind. It may be they have succeeded well in doing so, but it is a very delicate operation, as it must inevitably disturb the equilibrium of the machine in the air. To change the position of the motor and propeller entails profound alterations in the whole design of the aeroplane.

Nevertheless, it cannot be expected the Germans will permit the Allies to continue to attack their military positions, troops in the field, &c.,

with their aerial fleets without seeking to repel the aggressions. No, that would be impossible. Moreover, if credence is to be given the rumours which have reached the Allies from neutral countries, and which are probably well founded, the German aeroplane-builders are, like those of France and Great Britain, working day and night to furnish the army and navy with as many avions and hydro-aeroplanes as they possibly can. It is also said the Germans have invented a new type of flying machine which surpasses in speed and lifting power all the avions previously constructed. It may be such is really the case, and the report that they are building a large fleet of those new machines, with which they hope to drive the Allies' aerial forces out of the air, is correct. However, it would be astonishing if the advantages of an entirely new type of aeroplane, improvised in haste, were not counterbalanced by defects. It takes a long time to perfect a new type of flying machine. Every innovation has to be tested and re-tested in trial flights effected in all conditions of the atmosphere.

Whether or no the Germans have invented a superior avion, the present war can scarcely be expected to last much longer without battles in the air being fought between considerable aerial forces. When the French Fifth Arm and the British Flying Corps were organised, it was generally imagined the men composing them would be

exposed to much greater danger than the soldiers fighting on the earth. Till now, in the present hostilities, the casualties among the military and naval airmen of the allied forces have been remarkably few. During the first three months the fatalities were not so numerous as those which occurred in time of peace—that is to say, in proportion to the number of men employed in flight. That comparative immunity from accident was due chiefly to the fact that the pilots abstained from freak flying. Knowing that the lives of hundreds or thousands of soldiers, and perhaps the issue of the battle, depended on their safe return, they sought to execute their mission without running unnecessary risks. However, the situation of the airmen will be seriously modified when a fleet of avions attacks or has to defend itself against the onslaught of another aerial squadron. Even then the peril will be less great than most people imagine. Of course the pilot may be killed by a bullet—and in that case, if his companion, the aerial gunner, is unable to seize the steering-gear in useful time, he too will be killed by the fall to the ground of the uncontrolled machine. On the other hand, if the pilot is not killed outright, he can generally, when not so seriously wounded as to be rendered unconscious, steer his aerial craft safely to the earth. As for the danger of the aeroplane being wrecked in the air by shot and shell, it is much less great than might be

supposed. An aeroplane may be hit many times without being disabled. Practical proof of that is furnished by the M.F. No. 123 biplane exhibited at the present moment by the French military authorities in the Cour d'Honneur of the Invalides. It bears over 400 wounds, inflicted on it without completely disabling it, at various times during five months' service at the front. They were made by rifle bullets, shrapnel, mitrailleuse balls, and splinters of shells fired from the earth. The pilot escaped miraculously unscathed, though on many occasions the projectiles buzzed around him like a swarm of bees.

The M.F. No. 123 was not, however, employed in fighting, but in scouting, exploring, and regulating the fire of artillery. It is not necessary to insist on the most eminent services the aeroplane has rendered, and continues to render, every day in the execution of such missions. They are so considerable that even the most sceptical of the French commanders, who at the beginning of the war doubted their utility, now declare "the avion is absolutely indispensable." The good work the Allies' aeroplanes have done has frequently received grateful recognition from the chiefs of the armies; and the official *communiqué* issued by the French Press Bureau on the 2nd March says among other things: "During the past ten days our troops have fought several successful engagements at various points on the front. In these, aero-

planes have almost constantly taken part, thus once more showing the remarkable efficacy of their use for military purposes. Our aviators have brilliantly carried out the various tasks entrusted to them. In order to give an example of the methods and results, it is sufficient to point to the reconnoitring of twenty-one hostile batteries by a single aviator on 17th February, and the discovery on 18th February of a battery of heavy guns, which was immediately followed by effective firing on the part of our artillery, resulting in the blowing up of the battery's caissons. We may also recall the bombardment carried out on 19th, 24th, and 25th February to hinder the traffic of hostile troops on a railway line, as well as the night flight which enabled one of our aviators to bombard the barracks at Metz. These are only a few episodes selected from many others. It is to be noted that during this period the enemy's aviators showed very little activity. The German aeroplanes, as soon as they were chased, flew back to their lines. The severe losses sustained by the German airmen in the preceding months seem to have made them more prudent. As for the Zeppelins, their action remains *nil*."

If the avion renders such inestimable services on land, the hydro-aeroplane does equally good work at sea. During the attack of the Allied fleets on the Dardanelles hydro-aeroplanes were able to regulate the fire of the British and

French war vessels against forts hidden from their view. Also, while the bombardment was proceeding, hydro-aeroplanes, navigating at the height of about 3300 feet, dropped incendiary bombs on the Turkish forts, and caused fire to break out in two of them. It may be regarded as certain that the hydro-aeroplane will not be employed exclusively in the performance of similar work. Unless the Germans prudently recall their submarines into port, the aquatic artificial birds will also most surely be used as an instrument for their destruction. The submarine when navigating under the surface of the water cannot attack the hydro-aeroplane, whereas, in a calm sea, the aerial vessel can discover the submarine even when navigating at a considerable depth. In the case of clear water it can see it, and even in the turbid waters of the English Channel the submarine leaves a wake on the surface of the sea disclosing its whereabouts. In the case of the periscope being visible, the aerial artilleryman may be pretty sure of success, as he can descend, without any danger to

himself, as low over the vessel as he may think fit. On the other hand, if the submarine dives, it must reach a considerable depth before it can consider itself beyond the reach of the projectiles which may be dropped on it by the hydro-aeroplane. Though it may be unwise under present circumstances to indicate the exact nature of those projectiles, it is not difficult to understand that it is quite possible to invent missiles which, dropped from no great height, would nevertheless penetrate through the water with sufficient force to break through the shell of a submarine navigating at the depth of 10 metres (32 feet). In this connection it may be mentioned that in many places, the English Channel for instance, the water is too shallow to permit a submarine to navigate with the upper part of its shell much lower than 32 feet 10 inches below the surface of the water. Moreover, as the commander of a submarine frequently requires the aid of his periscope, he rarely navigates low under the surface of the water, whatever be its depth.

## THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

## XI. OLYMPUS.

UNDER this designation it is convenient to lump the whole heavenly host which at present orders our goings and shapes our ends. It includes—

- (1) The War Office;
  - (2) The Treasury;
  - (3) The Army Ordnance Office;
  - (4) Our Divisional Office;
- and other more local and immediate homes of mystery.

The Olympus which controls the destinies of "K(i)" differs in many respects from the Olympus of antiquity, but its celestial inhabitants appear to have at least two points in common with the original body—namely, a childish delight in upsetting one another's arrangements, and an untimely sense of humour when dealing with mortals.

So far as our researches have gone, we have been able to classify Olympus, roughly, into three departments—

- (1) Round Game Department (including Dockets, Indents, and all official correspondence).
- (2) Fairy Godmother Department.
- (3) Practical Joke Department.

The outstanding feature of the Round Game Department is its craving for irrelevant information and its passion for detail. "Open your hearts to

us," say the officials of the Department; "unburden your souls; keep nothing from us—and you will find us most accommodating. But stand on your dignity; decline to particularise; hold back one irrelevant detail—and it will go hard with you! Listen, and we will explain the rules of the game. Think of something you want immediately—say the command of a brigade, or a couple of washers for the lock of a machine-gun—and apply to us. The application must be made in writing, upon the Army Form provided for the purpose, and in triplicate. *And*—you must put in all the details you can possibly think of."

For instance, in the case of the machine-gun washers—by the way, in applying for them, you must call them *Gun, Machine, Light Vickers, Washers for lock of, two*. That is the way we always talk at the Ordnance Office. An Ordnance officer refers to his wife's mother as *Law, Mother-in-, one*—you should state when the old washers were lost, and by whom; also why they were lost, and where they are now. Then write a short history of the machine-gun from which they were lost, giving date and place of birth, together with a statement of



the exact number of rounds which it has fired—a machine-gun fires about five hundred rounds a minute—adding the name and military record of the pack-animal which usually carries it. When you have filled up this document you forward it to the proper quarter and await results.

The game then proceeds on simple and automatic lines. If your application is referred back to you not more than five times, and if you get your washers within three months of the date of application, you are the winner. If you get something else instead—say an aeroplane, or a hundred wash-hand basins—it is a draw. But the chances are that you lose.

Consider. By the rules of the game, if Olympus can think of a single detail which has not been thought of by you—for instance, if you omit to mention that the lost washers were circular in shape and had holes through the middle—you are *ipso facto* disqualified, under Rule One. Rule Two, also, is liable to trip you up. Possibly you may have written the pack-mule's name in small block capitals, instead of ordinary italics underlined in red ink, or put the date in Roman figures instead of Arabic numerals. If you do this, your application is referred back to you, and you lose a life. And even if you survive Rules One and Two, Rule Three will probably get you in the end. Under its provision your application must be framed in such language and addressed in

such a manner that it passes through every department and sub-department of Olympus before it reaches the right one. The rule has its origin in the principle which governs the passing of wine at well-regulated British dinner-tables. That is, if you wish to offer a glass of port to your neighbour on your right, you hand the decanter to the neighbour on your left, so that the original object of your hospitality receives it, probably empty, only after a complete circuit of the table. In the present instance, the gentleman upon your right is the President of the Washer Department, situated somewhere in the Army Ordnance Office, the remaining guests representing the other centres of Olympian activity. For every department your application misses, you lose a life, three lost lives amounting to disqualification.

When the washers are issued, however, the port-wine rule is abandoned; and the washers are despatched to you, in defiance of all the laws of superstition and tradition, “widdershins,” or counter-clockwise. No wonder articles thus jeopardised often fail to reach their destination!

Your last fence comes when you receive a document from Olympus announcing that your washers are now prepared for you, and that if you will sign and return the enclosed receipt they will be sent off upon their last journey. You are now in the worst dilemma of all. Olympus will not disgorge your washers until it has your

receipt. On the other hand, if you send the receipt, Olympus can always win the game by losing the washers, and saying that *you* have got them. In the face of your own receipt you cannot very well deny this. So you lose your washers, and the game, and are also made liable for the misappropriation of two washers, for which Olympus holds your receipt.

Truly, the gods play with loaded dice.

On the whole, the simplest (and almost universal) plan is to convey a couple of washers from some one else's gun.

The game just described is played chiefly by officers; but this is a democratic age, and the rank and file are now occasionally permitted to take part.

For example, boots. Private M'Splae is the possessor, we will say, of a pair of flat feet, or arched insteps, or other military incommo-  
dities, and his regulation boots do not fit him. More than that, they hurt him exceedingly, and as he is compelled to wear them through daily marches of several miles, they gradually wear a hole in his heel, or a groove in his instep, or a gathering on his great toe. So he makes the first move in the game, and reports sick—"sair feet."

The Medical Officer, a terribly efficient individual, keenly—sometimes too keenly—alert for signs of malingering, takes a cursory glance at M'Splae's feet, and directs the patient's attention to the healing properties of soap and water.

M'Splae departs, grumbling, and reappears on sick parade a few days later, palpably worse. This time, the M.O. being a little less pressed with work, M'Splae is given a dressing for his feet, coupled with a recommendation to procure a new pair of boots without delay. If M'Splae is a novice in regimental diplomacy, he will thereupon address himself to his platoon sergeant, who will consign him, eloquently, to a destination where only boots with asbestos soles will be of any use. If he is an old hand, he will simply cut his next parade, and will thus, rather ingeniously, obtain access to his company commander, being brought up before him at orderly room next morning as a defaulter. To his captain he explains, with simple dignity, that he absented himself from parade because he found himself unable to "rise up" from his bed. He then endeavours, by hurriedly unlacing his boots, to produce his feet as evidence; but is frustrated, and awarded three extra fatigues for not formally reporting himself sick to the orderly sergeant. The real point at issue, namely, the unsuitability of M'Splae's boots, again escapes attention.

There the matter rests until, a few days later, M'Splae falls out on a long regimental route-march, and hobbles home, chaperoned by a not-ungrateful lance-corporal, in a state of semi-collapse. This time the M.O. reports to the captain that Private M'Splae will be unfit for further duty until

he is provided with a proper pair of boots. Are there no boots in the quartermaster's store?

The captain explains that there are plenty of boots, but that under the rules of the present round game no one has any power to issue them. (This rule was put in to prevent the game from becoming too easy, like the spot-barred rule in billiards.) It is a fact well known to Olympus that no regimental officer can be trusted with boots. Not even the colonel can gain access to the regimental boot store. For all Olympus can tell, he might draw a pair of boots and wear them himself, or dress his children up in them, or bribe the brigadier with them, instead of issuing them to Private M'Splae. No, Olympus thinks it wiser not to put temptation in the way of underpaid officers. So the boots remain locked up, and the taxpayer is protected.

But to be just, there is always a solution to an Olympian enigma, if you have the patience to go on looking for it. In this case the proper proceeding is for all concerned, including the prostrate M'Splae, to wait patiently for a Board to sit. No date is assigned for this event, but it is bound to occur sooner or later, like a railway accident or an eclipse of the moon. So one day, out of a cloudless sky, a Board materialises, and sits on M'Splae's boots. If M'Splae's company commander happens to be president of the Board the boots are condemned, and the portals of the quartermaster's store swing

open for a brief moment to emit a new pair.

When M'Splae comes out of hospital, the boots, provided no one has appropriated them during the term of his indisposition, are his. He puts them on, to find that they pinch him in the same place as the old pair.

Then there is the Fairy Godmother Department, which supplies us with unexpected treats. It is the smallest department on Olympus, and, like most philanthropic institutions, is rather unaccountable in the manner in which it distributes its favours. It is somewhat hampered in its efforts, too, by the Practical Joke Department, which appears to exercise a sort of general right of interference all over Olympus. For instance, the Fairy Godmother Department decrees that officers from Indian regiments, who were home on leave when the War broke out and were commandeered for service with the Expeditionary Force, shall continue to draw pay on the Indian scale, which is considerably higher than that which prevails at home. So far, so good. But the Practical Joke Department hears of this, and scents an opportunity, in the form of "deductions." It promptly bleeds the beneficiary of certain sums per day, for quarters, horse allowance, forage, and the like. It is credibly reported that one of these warriors, on emerging from a week's purgatory in a Belgian trench, found that his accommodation therein had been

charged against him, under the head of "lodgings," at the rate of two shillings and threepence a night!

But sometimes the Fairy Godmother Department gets a free hand. Like a benevolent maiden aunt, she unexpectedly drops a twenty-pound note into your account at Cox's Bank, murmuring something vague about "additional outfit allowance"; and as Mr Cox makes a point of backing her up in her little secret, you receive a delightful surprise next time you open your pass-book.

She has the family instinct for detail, too, this Fairy Godmother. Perhaps the electric light in your bedroom fails, and for three days you have to sit in the dark or purchase candles. An invisible but observant little cherub notes this fact; and long afterwards a postal order for tenpence flutters down upon you from Olympus, marked "light allowance." Once Bobby Little received a mysterious postal order for one-and-fivepence. It was in the early days of his novitiate, before he had ceased to question the workings of Providence. So he made inquiries, and after prolonged investigation discovered the source of the windfall. On field service an officer is entitled to a certain sum per day as "field allowance." In barracks, however, possessing a bedroom and other indoor comforts, he receives no such gratuity. Now Bobby had once been compelled to share his room for a few nights with a newly-joined and

homeless subaltern. He was thus temporarily rendered the owner of only half a bedroom. Or, to put it another way, only half of him was able to sleep in barracks. Obviously, then, the other half was on field service, and Bobby was therefore entitled to half field allowance. Hence the one-and-fivepence. I tell you, little escapes them on Olympus. So does much, but that is another story.

Last of all comes the Practical Joke Department. It covers practically all of one side of Olympus—the shady side.

The jokes usually take the form of an order, followed by a counter-order. For example—

In his magisterial days Ayling, of whom we have previously heard, was detailed by his Headmaster to undertake the organisation of a school corps to serve as a unit of the Officers' Training Corps—then one of the spoilt bantlings of the War Office. Being a vigorous and efficient young man, Ayling devoted four weeks of his summer holiday to a course of training with a battalion of regulars at Aldershot. During that period, as the prospective commander of a company, he was granted the pay and provisional rank of captain, which all will admit was handsome enough treatment. Three months later, when after superhuman struggles he had pounded his youthful legionaries into something like

efficiency, his appointment to a commission was duly confirmed, and he found himself gazetted—Second Lieutenant. In addition to this, he was required to refund to the Practical Joke Department the difference between second lieutenant's pay and the captain's pay which he had received during his month's training at Aldershot!

But in these strenuous days the Department has no time for baiting individuals. It has two or three millions of men to sharpen its wit upon. Its favourite pastime at present is a sort of giant's game of chess, the fair face of England serving as board, and the various units of the K. armies as pieces. The object of the players is to get each piece through as many squares as possible in a given time, it being clearly understood that no move shall count unless another piece is evicted in the process. For instance, we, the *x*th Brigade of the *y*th Division, are suddenly uprooted from billets at A and planted down in barracks at B, displacing the *p*th Brigade of the *q*th Division in the operation. We have barely cleaned up after the *p*th—an Augean task—and officers have just concluded messing, furnishing, and laundry arrangements with the local *banditti*, when the Practical Joke Department, with its tongue in its cheek, bids us prepare to go under canvas at C. Married officers hurriedly despatch advance parties, composed of their wives, to secure houses or

lodgings in the bleak and inhospitable environs of their new station; while a rapidly ageing Mess President concludes yet another demoralising bargain with a ruthless and omnipotent caterer. Then—this is the cream of the joke—the day before we expect to move, the Practical Joke Department puts out a playful hand and sweeps us all into some half-completed huts at D, somewhere at the other end of the Ordnance map, and leaves us there, with a happy chuckle, to sink or swim in an Atlantic of mud.

So far as one is able to follow the scoring of the game, some of the squares in the chess-board are of higher value than others. For instance, if you are dumped down into comparatively modern barracks at Aldershot, which, although they contain no furniture, are at least weatherproof and within reach of shops, the Practical Joke Department scores one point. Barracks condemned as unsafe and insanitary before the war, but now reckoned highly eligible, count three points; rat-ridden billets count five. But if you can manœuvre your helpless pawns into Mudsplash Camp, you receive ten whole points, with a bonus of two points thrown in if you can effect the move without previous notice of any kind.

We are in Mudsplash Camp to-day. In transferring us here the Department secured full points, including bonus.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we are decrying our present quarters. Mudsplash

Camp is—or is going to be—a nobly planned and admirably equipped military centre. At present it consists of some three hundred wooden huts, in all stages of construction, covering about twenty acres of high moorland. The huts are heated with stoves, and will be delightfully warm when we get some coal. They are lit by—or rather wired for—electric light. Meanwhile a candle-end does well enough for a room only a hundred feet long. There are numerous other adjuncts to our comfort—wash-houses, for instance. These will be invaluable, when the water is laid on. For the present, there is a capital standpipe not a hundred yards away; and all you have to do, if you want an invigorating scrub, is to wait your turn for one of the two tin basins supplied to each fifty men, and then splash to your heart's content. There is a spacious dining-hall; and as soon as the roof is on, our successors, or their successors, will make merry therein. Meanwhile, there are worse places to eat one's dinner than the floor—the mud outside, for instance.

The stables are lofty and well ventilated. At least, we are sure they will be. Pending their completion the horses and mules are very comfortable, picketed on the edge of the moor. . . . After all, there are only sixty of them; and most of them have rugs; and it can't possibly go on snowing for ever.

The only other architectural feature of the camp is the

steriliser, which has been working night and day ever since we arrived. No, it does not sterilise water or milk, or anything of that kind—only blankets. Those men standing in a *queue* at its door are carrying their bedding. (Yes, quite so. When blankets are passed from regiment to regiment for months on end, in a camp where opportunities for ablution are not lavish, these little things will happen.)

You put the blankets in at one end of the steriliser, turn the necessary handles, and wait. In due course the blankets emerge, steamed, dried, and thoroughly purged. At least, that is the idea. But listen to Privates Ogg and Hogg, in one of their celebrated cross-talk duologues—

*Ogg (examining his blanket).* "They're a' there yet. See!"

*Hogg (an optimist).* "Aye; but they must have gotten an awfu' fricht!"

But then people like Ogg are never satisfied with anything.

However, *the* feature of this camp is the mud. That is why it counts ten points. There was no mud, of course, before the camp was constructed—only dry turf, and wild yellow gorse, and fragrant heather. But the Practical Joke Department were not to be discouraged by the superficial beauties of nature. They knew that if you crowd a large number of human dwellings close together, and refrain from constructing any roads or drains as a preliminary, and fill these buildings with troops in the

rainy season, you will soon have as much mud as ever you require. And they were quite right. The depth varies from a few inches to about a foot. On the outskirts of the camp, however, especially by the horse lines or going through a gate, you may find yourself up to your knees. But, after all, what is mud? Most of the officers have gum-boots, and the men will probably get used to it. Life in K(i) is largely composed of getting used to things.

In the more exclusive and fashionable districts—round about the Orderly Room, and the Canteen, and the Guard-room—elevated “duck-walks” are laid down, along which we delicately pick our way. It would warm the heart of a democrat to observe the ready—nay, hasty—courtesy with which an officer, on meeting a private carrying two overflowing buckets of kitchen refuse, steps down into the mud to let his humble brother-in-arms pass. Where there are no duck-walks, we employ planks laid across the mud. In comparatively dry weather these planks lie some two or three inches below the mud, and much innocent amusement may be derived from trying to locate them. In wet weather, however, the planks float to the surface, and then of course everything is plain sailing. When it snows, we feel for the planks with our feet. If we find them we perform an involuntary and unpremeditated

ski-ing act: if we fail, we wade to our quarters through a sort of neapolitan ice—snow on the top, mud underneath.

Our parade-ground is a mud-flat in front of the huts. Here we take our stand each morning, sinking steadily deeper until the order is given to move off. Then the battalion extricates itself with one tremendous squelch, and we proceed to the labours of the day.

Seriously, though—supposing the commanding officer were to be delayed one morning at orderly room, and were to ride on to the parade-ground twenty minutes late, what would he find? Nothing! Nothing but a great *parterre* of glengarries, perched upon the mud in long parallel rows, each glengarry flanked on the left-hand side by the muzzle of a rifle at the slope. (That detached patch over there on the left front, surrounded by air-bubbles, is the band. That cavity like the crater of an extinct volcano, in Number one Platoon of A Company, was once Private Mucklewame.)

And yet people talk about the sinking of the *Birkenhead*!

This morning some one in the Department has scored another ten points. Word has just been received that we are to move again to-morrow—to a precisely similar set of huts about a hundred yards away!

They are mad wags on Olympus.

## XII. . . . AND SOME FELL BY THE WAYSIDE.

"*Firing parrty, revairse arrms !*"

Thus the platoon sergeant—a little anxiously; for we are new to this feat, and only rehearsed it for a few minutes this morning.

It is a sunny afternoon in late February. The winter of our discontent is past. (At least, we hope so.) Comfortless months of training are safely behind us, and lo! we have grown from a fortuitous concourse of atoms to a cohesive unit of fighting men. Spring is coming; spring is coming; our blood runs quicker; active service is within measurable distance; and the future beckons to us with both hands to step down at last into the arena, and try our fortune amid the uncertain but illimitable chances of the greatest game in the world.

To all of us, that is, save one.

The road running up the hill from the little mortuary is lined on either side by members of our company, specklessly turned out and standing to attention. At the foot of the slope a gun-carriage is waiting, drawn by two great dray-horses and controlled by a private of the Army Service Corps, who looks incongruously perky and cockney amid that silent, kilted assemblage. The firing party form a short lane from the gun-carriage to the door of the mortuary. In response

to the sergeant's command, each man turns over his rifle, and setting the muzzle carefully upon his right boot—after all, it argues no extra respect to the dead to get your barrel filled with mud—rests his hands upon the butt-plate and bows his head, as laid down in the King's Regulations.

The bearers move slowly down the path from the mortuary, and place the coffin upon the gun-carriage. Upon the lid lie a very dingy glengarry, a stained leather belt, and a bayonet. They are humble trophies, but we pay them as much reverence as we would to the *bâton* and cocked hat of a field-marshal, for they are the insignia of a man who has given his life for his country.

On the hill-top above us, where the great military hospital rears its clock-tower four-square to the sky, a line of convalescents, in natty blue uniforms with white facings and red ties, lean over the railings deeply interested. Some of them are bandaged, others are in slings, and all are more or less maimed. They follow the obsequies below with critical approval. They have been present at enough hurried and promiscuous interments of late—more than one of them has only just escaped being the central figure at one of these functions—that they are capable of appreciating a properly conducted funeral at its true value.



"They're puttin' away a bloomin' Jock," remarks a gentleman with an empty sleeve.

"And very nice, too!" responds another on crutches, as the firing party present arms with creditable precision. "Not 'arf a bad bit of eye-wash at all for a bandy-legged lot of coal-shovellers."

"That lot's out of K(i)," explains a well-informed invalid with his head in bandages. "Pretty 'ot stuff they're gettin'. *Très moutarde!* Now we're off."

The signal is passed up the road to the band, who are waiting at the head of the procession, and the pipes break into a lament. Corporals step forward and lay four wreaths upon the coffin—one from each company. Not a man in the battalion has failed to contribute his penny to those wreaths; and pennies are not too common with us, especially on a Thursday, which comes just before pay-day. The British private is commonly reputed to spend all, or most of, his pocket-money upon beer. But I can tell you this, that if you give him his choice between buying himself a pint of beer and subscribing to a wreath, he will most decidedly go thirsty.

The serio-comic charioteer

gives his reins a twitch, the horses wake up, and the gun-carriage begins to move slowly along the lane of mourners. As the dead private passes on his way the walls of the lane melt, and his comrades fall into their usual fours behind the gun-carriage.

So we pass up the hill towards the military cemetery, with the pipes wailing their hearts out, and the muffled drums marking the time of our regulation slow step. Each foot seems to hang in the air before the drums bid us put it down.

In the very rear of the procession you may see the company commander and three subalterns. They give no orders, and exact no attention. To employ a colloquialism, this is not their funeral.

Just behind the gun-carriage stalks a solitary figure in civilian clothes—the unmistakable "blacks" of an Elder of the Kirk. At first sight, you have a feeling that some one has strayed into the procession who has no right there. But no one has a better. The sturdy old man behind the coffin is named Adam Carmichael, and he is here, having travelled south from Dumbarton by the night train, to attend the funeral of his only son.

## II.

Peter Carmichael was one of the first to enlist in the regiment. There was another Carmichael in the same company, so Peter at roll-call was usually addressed by the ser-

geant as "Twenty-seven fifty-four Carmichael," 2754 being his regimental number. The army does not encourage Christian names. When his attestation paper was filled up, he

gave his age as nineteen; his address, vaguely, as Renfrewshire; and his trade, not without an air, as a "holder-on." To the mystified Bobby Little he entered upon a lengthy explanation of the term in a language composed almost entirely of vowels, from which that officer gathered, dimly, that holding-on had something to do with shipbuilding.

Upon the barrack-square his platoon commander's attention was again drawn to Peter, owing to the passionate enthusiasm with which he performed the simplest evolutions, such as forming fours and sloping arms—military exercises which do not intrigue the average private to any great extent. Unfortunately, desire frequently outran performance. Peter was undersized, unmuscular, and extraordinarily clumsy. For a long time Bobby Little thought that Peter, like one or two of his comrades, was left-handed, so made allowances. Ultimately he discovered that his indulgence was misplaced: Peter was equally incompetent with either hand. He took longer in learning to fix bayonets or present arms than any other man in the platoon. To be fair, Nature had done little to help him. He was thirty-three inches round the chest, five feet four in height, and weighed possibly nine stone. His complexion was pasty, and, as Captain Wagstaffe remarked, you could hang your hat on any bone in his body. His eyesight was not all that the Regulations require, and on the musketry-

range he was "put back," to his deep distress, "for further instruction." Altogether, if you had not known the doctor who passed him, you would have said it was a mystery how he passed the doctor.

But he possessed the one essential attribute of the soldier. He had a big heart. He was keen. He allowed nothing to come between him and his beloved duties. ("He was aye daft for to go sogerin," his father explained to Captain Blaikie; "but his mother would never let him away. He was ower wee, and ower young.") His rifle, buttons, and boots were always without blemish. Further, he was of the opinion that a merry heart goes all the way. He never sulked when the platoon were kept on parade five minutes after the breakfast bugle had sounded. He made no bones about obeying orders and saluting officers—acts of abasement which grated sorely at times upon his colleagues, who revered no one except themselves and their Union. He appeared to revel in muddy route-marches, and invariably provoked and led the choruses. The men called him "Wee Pe'er," and ultimately adopted him as a sort of company mascot. Whereat Pe'er's heart glowed; for when your associates attach a diminutive to your Christian name, you possess something which millionaires would gladly give half their fortune to purchase.

And certainly he required all the social success he could win, for professionally Peter found life a rigorous affair.

Sometimes, as he staggered into barracks after a long day, carrying a rifle made of lead and wearing a pair of boots weighing a hundred-weight apiece, he dropped dead asleep on his bedding before he could eat his dinner. But he always hotly denied the imputation that he was "sick."

Time passed. The regiment was shaking down. Seven of Peter's particular cronies were raised to the rank of lance-corporal—but not Peter. He was "off the square" now—that is to say, he was done with recruit drill for ever. He possessed a sound knowledge of advance-guard and outpost work; his conduct-sheet was a blank page. But he was not promoted. He was "ower wee for a stripe," he told himself. For the present he must expect to be passed over. His chance would come later, when he had filled out a little and got rid of his cough.

The winter dragged on: the weather was appalling: the grouzers gave tongue with no uncertain voice, each streaming field-day. But Wee Pe'er enjoyed it all. He did not care if it snowed ink. He was a "sojer."

One day, to his great delight, he was "warned for guard"—a particularly unpopular branch of a soldier's duties, for it means sitting in the guardroom for twenty-four hours at a stretch, fully dressed and accoutred, with intervals of sentry-go, usually in heavy rain, by way of exercise. When Peter's turn for sentry-go came on he splashed up and down his

muddy beat—the battalion was in billets now, and the usual sentry's verandah was lacking—as proud as a peacock, saluting officers according to their rank, challenging stray civilians with great severity, and turning out the guard on the slightest provocation. He was at his post, soaked right through his greatcoat, when the orderly officer made his night round. Peter summoned his colleagues; the usual inspection of the guard took place; and the sleepy men were then dismissed to their fireside. Peter remained; the officer hesitated. He was supposed to examine the sentry in his knowledge of his duties. It was a profitless task as a rule. The tongue-tied youth merely gaped like a stranded fish, until the sergeant mercifully intervened, in some such words as these—

"This man, sirr, is liable to get over-excited when addressed by an officer."

Then, soothingly—

"Now, Jimmy, tell the officer what would ye dae in case of fire?"

"Present airrms!" announces the desperate James. Or else, almost tearfully, "I canna mind. I had it all fine just noo, but it's awa' oot o' ma heid!"

Therefore it was with no great sense of anticipation that the orderly officer said to Private Carmichael—

"Now, sentry, can you repeat any of your duties?"

Peter saluted, took a full breath, closed both eyes, and replied rapidly—

"For tae tak' o' chairge of all

Government property within sight of this guairdhouse tae turrrn oot the guaird for all armed pairties approaching also the commanding officer once a day tae salute all officers tae challenge all pairsons ap-prooahing this post tae——”

His recital was interrupted by a fit of coughing.

“Thank you,” said the officer hastily; “that will do. Good night!”

Peter, not sure whether it would be correct to say “good night” too, saluted again, and returned to his cough.

“I say,” said the officer, turning back, “you have a shocking cold.”

“Och, never heed it, sirr,” gasped Peter politely.

“Call the sergeant,” said the officer.

The fat sergeant came out of the guardhouse again buttoning his tunic.

“Sirr?”

“Take this man off sentry-duty and roast him at the guardroom fire.”

“I will, sirr,” replied the sergeant; and added, paternally—

“This man has no right for to be here at all. He should have reported sick when warned for guard; but he would not. He is very attentive to his duties, sirr.”

“Good boy!” said the officer to Peter. “I wish we had more like you.”

Wee Pe'er blushed, his teeth momentarily ceased chattering, his heart swelled. Appearances to the contrary, he felt warm all through. The sergeant laid a fatherly hand upon his shoulder.

“Go you your ways intil the guardroom, boy,” he commanded, “and send oot Dunshie. He'll no hurt. Get close in ahint the stove, or you'll be for Cambridge!”

(The last phrase carries no academic significance. It simply means that you are likely to become an inmate of the great Cambridge Hospital at Aldershot.)

Peter, feeling thoroughly disgraced, cast an appealing look at the officer.

“In you go!” said that martinet.

Peter silently obeyed. It was the only time in his life that he ever felt mutinous.

A month later Brigade Training set in with customary severity. The life of company officers became a burden. They spent hours in thick woods with their followers, taking cover, ostensibly from the enemy, in reality from brigade-majors and staff officers. A subaltern never tied his platoon in a knot but a general came trotting round the corner. The wet weather had ceased, and a biting east wind reigned in its stead.

On one occasion an elaborate night operation was arranged. Four battalions were to assemble at a given point five miles from camp, and then advance in column across country by the light of the stars to a position indicated on the map, where they were to deploy and dig themselves in! It sounded simple enough in operation orders; but when you try to move four thousand troops — even well-trained

troops—across three miles of broken country on a pitch-dark night, there is always a possibility that some one will get mislaid. On this particular occasion a whole battalion lost itself without any delay or difficulty whatsoever. The other three were compelled to wait for two hours and a half, stamping their feet and blowing on their fingers, while overheated staff officers scoured the country for the truants. They were discovered at last waiting virtuously at the wrong *rendezvous*, three-quarters of a mile away. The brazen-hatted strategist who drew up the operation orders had given the point of assembly for the brigade as: . . . *the field S.W. of WELLINGTON WOOD and due E. of HANGMAN'S COPSE, immediately below the first O in GHOSTLY BOTTOM*,—but omitted to underline the O indicated. The result was that three battalion commanders assembled at the O in “ghostly,” while the fourth, ignoring the adjective in favour of the noun, took up his station at the first O in “bottom.”

The operations had been somewhat optimistically timed to end at 11 P.M., but by the time that the four battalions had effected a most unlovely tryst, it was close on ten, and beginning to rain. The consequence was that the men got home to bed, soaked to the skin, and asking the Powers Above rhetorical questions, at three o'clock in the morning.

Next day Brigade Orders announced that the movement

would be continued at night-fall, by the occupation of the hastily-dug trenches, followed by a night attack upon the hill in front. The captured position would then be retrenched.

When the tidings went round, fourteen of the more quick-witted spirits of “A” Company hurriedly paraded before the Medical Officer and announced that they were “sick in the stomach.” Seven more discovered abrasions upon their feet, and proffered their sores for inspection, after the manner of Oriental mendicants. One skrimshanker, despairing of producing any bodily ailment, rather ingeniously assaulted a comrade-in-arms, and was led away, deeply grateful, to the guardroom. Wee Peter, who in the course of last night's operations had stumbled into an old trench half-filled with ice-cold water, and whose temperature to-day, had he known it, was a hundred and two, paraded with his company at the appointed time. The company, he reflected, would get a bad name if too many men reported sick at once.

Next day he was absent from parade. He was “for Cambridge” at last.

Before he died, he sent for the officer who had befriended him, and supplemented, or rather corrected, some of the information contained in his attestation paper.

He lived in Dumbarton, not Renfrewshire. He was just sixteen. He was not—this confession cost him a great effort—a full-blown “holder-on” at all; only an apprentice.

His father was "weel kent" in the town of Dumbarton, being a chief engineer, employed by a great firm of shipbuilders to extend new machinery on trial trips.

Needless to say, he made a great fight. But though his heart was big enough, his body was too frail. As they say on

the sea, he was over-engined for his beam.

And so, three days later, the simple soul of Twenty-seven fifty-four Carmichael, "A" Company, was transferred, on promotion, to another company—the great Company of Happy Warriors who walk the Elysian Fields.

### III.

*"Firing parrrty, one round blank—load!"*

There is a rattle of bolts, and a dozen barrels are pointed heavenwards. The company stands rigid, except the buglers, who are beginning to finger their instruments.

*"Fire!"*

There is a crackling volley, and the pipes break into a brief, sobbing wail. Wayfarers upon the road below look up curiously. One or two young females with perambulators come hurrying across the grass, exhorting apathetic babies to sit up and admire the pretty funeral.

Twice more the rifles ring out. The pipes cease their wailing, and there is an expectant silence.

The drum-major crooks his little finger, and eight bugles come to the "ready." Then "Last Post," the requiem of every soldier of the King, swells out, sweet and true.

The echoes lose themselves among the dripping pines.

The chaplain closes his book, takes off his spectacles, and departs.

Old Carmichael permits himself one brief look into his son's grave, resumes his crape-bound tall hat, and turns heavily away. He finds Captain Blaikie's hand waiting for him. He grips it, and says—

"Weel, the laddie has had a grand sojer's funeral. His mother will be pleased to hear that."

He passes on, and shakes hands with the platoon sergeant and one or two of Peter's cronies. He declines an invitation to the Sergeants' Mess.

"I hae a trial-trup the morn," he explains. "I must be steppin'. God keep ye all, brave lads!"

The old gentleman sets off down the station road. The company falls in, and we march back to barracks, leaving Wee Pe'er—the first name on our Roll of Honour—alone in his glory beneath the Hampshire pines.

(To be continued.)

## ACROSS ASIA MINOR ON FOOT.—III.

BY W. J. C.

EACH morning, so far, I had set out with keen anticipation of the day's journey. There was always the speculation as to what lay beyond the next hill, what beyond the next mountain-range. A turn or dip in the road might hold surprises of scene, of incident, or even adventure. In Constantinople and the coast towns they have it as a commonplace that "anything can happen in the interior," and the idea went with me always. But on no morning had expectation been so strong as when I left Urgub by a sandy track that wound up a gully to the higher land behind the town.

The day spent in Urgub had made it seem, after all, a decadent metropolis of troglodytes, a place fallen greatly from primitive simplicity. Now, however, I was on the way to find unchanged haunts of the race; for I had heard of villages called almost eerie in aspect, and more like the fantasies of a disordered dream than the dwelling-places of human beings. So I went in the lightest spirits, with expectation on edge, and somewhat like one who believes that before nightfall he shall behold enchantments. The weather, too, was all in favour of high spirits. Here was the first week in December, yet in feeling and appearance the morning might have been in spring.

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Certainly the air was keen, though no keener than proper to nearly 5000 feet of altitude. There had been frost, in fact; but in this region of dry sand and porous rock the only visible sign of it was ice at a wayside fountain. For the rest there was intoxicating air, a dome of deep blue sky without a cloud, and the sun just risen over Topuz Dagh. The birds, as well, seemed to have scented spring—in these parts the early flowers were now little more than a month away—and were twittering and singing joyously. And underfoot, to complete my satisfaction, lay paths that were a delight. They were of firm clean sand, bordered sometimes by a margin of green grass; and sometimes they went in deep hollow ways, like sunken lanes, between banks of soft disintegrating rock that varied through yellow and green and brown to a brick-red.

All tramping men can recall hours of special delight upon the road, but I knew that none could have had better than fell to me this early morning on the romantic uplands of Cappadocia. Even Ighsan felt the charm and exhilaration of the morning; for as he walked before his horse, leading it by a halter, he began to dance.

"Altmish! altmish! altmish!" (sixty) he cried, with

stooped head, watching his feet as he bounded and kept time to the words. It was the morning air, no doubt; but there was also a definite and considered purpose behind this avowal of age and unexpected show of activity. He had been a very weary man, too tired to eat, the night he reached Injesu, and again after our arrival at Urgub. Now he was seeking to remove, or at least reduce, any unfavourable impression that he might have given then.

We soon dropped into a narrow ravine, in which flowed a bright little stream. The flat ground was carefully cultivated and planted with fruit trees—pear, apricot, apple, almond—and on the sunny side was a patch of vines. Nowhere in Turkey had I seen such careful cultivation before. The ground had been deeply dug by spade, and the digger had taken professional pride in his work. The surface was even, the clods broken small, and the edge of the dug ground finished to a careful line. But we had not gone far before the sides of the ravine attracted attention. They were pitted and scored by ancient chambers and galleries laid open by the rock weathering away. You might see the half of a gallery, fifty yards long and four or five feet high, stretching along the face of the cliff and connecting rooms that now looked like caves. There were tiers of these excavations, and there were also tunnels that ran back from them into the still solid rock. When the ravine widened, an

isolated mass of rock stood in the midst of the open space. It was fifty or sixty feet across and thirty or more in height. It also was honeycombed with passages and rooms, of which some had been exposed by the same process as in the cliffs. While I looked at this prehistoric place of dwelling, something moved in one of the holes near the ground, and a chubby, brown-faced child appeared. It came out as much at home with its surroundings as a slum child in an alley; and then it saw me, and drew back out of sight with the startled manner and instant movement of a wild animal.

Within a mile or so the ravine brought us to a valley, three or four hundred yards wide at this point, and something over a hundred feet in depth. The bottom was level, and the sides were of coloured rock weathered into strangely curved surfaces like the prevailing curves of German Art Nouveau. I had come upon a sight more singular in its actuality than anything I had expected to find. Bald descriptions that had been given me had stated fact without conveying a mental picture, even similes had been inadequate; and I now saw the remarkable valley of Geuremé with almost as much surprise as if I had never heard of it. The valley was filled with cones of rock in shape like sugar-loaves. Some were ten feet in height; others went from eighty to more than a hundred feet; but most were forty or fifty feet. And these cones were not in



mere dozens or scores; they were literally in thousands. They choked the valley, and in places were so closely set that when passing between them it was possible to touch two at once with arms outstretched. And though its geological features might be called remarkable, this valley of Geuremé was even more remarkable in another way; for all the larger cones were hollowed out, either as dwellings or for other purposes of man, and were occupied by hundreds of people. Some cones contained ancient chapels with rude Byzantine paintings on the walls. One cone at least was a shop. Another was a *kahveh*, outside of which men sitting over their cups in the morning sunlight found me a deal more surprising than anything else in the valley. I asked what they called this village, and they were very certain that it was Mat-yan, and carefully repeated the name several times.

I heard it with something of a shock, for there had been a bishopric of Matiane in these parts in old days, and the notion of a prelate as a troglodyte was not to be absorbed quickly, or without difficulty. But here was the place that had given its name to the see, and evidently it never had been greatly different to what it was now. So it was necessary to suppose that the bishops had managed, in time, to accommodate themselves to their surroundings.

One cone that I examined with a little care was nearly

forty feet across at the base, and rose to something like eighty feet. The thickness of wall left beside the door was about eight feet. Steps in the wall led up from the domed lower cell to mysteries above that I did not care to explore alone. Likewise, instead of entering, I willingly imagined the passage that was said to lead downwards from this cell into the solid rock, and thence elsewhere. It seems that the earlier inhabitants of these cones never regarded them as places of absolute safety. They always liked to have a burrow easily accessible into which they could retreat in time of real danger.

Every cone in the valley owed its formation to a cap of hard stone, which had protected the top while disintegration went on in the softer rock outside the protected area. A number of cones still retained the cap. On more than one it displayed a tendency to slide off, but had been buttressed and supported with masonry. Cones without a cap showed the sharp-pointed tip that spoke of decay going on. Several cones were reeded from base to summit with convex sunk flutings, and over some of the doorways a rough pediment had been worked by way of decoration. There were few windows, and they were small square openings like embrasures. There seemed to be an inherent tendency in the stone to form cones, for on the sides of the valley were small pinnacles, each with its

cap no larger than a walnut.

About two miles south of Mat-yan the valley ends abruptly. At this point a high, columnar mass of rock, that may be the plug of a volcano, rises from the edge of the plateau. Around it lies the village of Uch Hissar, whose huddled flat roofs descend into the valley and intermingle with the great cones at the bottom. The crag is bored with galleries, chambers, and tombs, and has been a stronghold from the earliest times. The village dwellings are as much underground as above the surface, perhaps more so, for they honeycomb the foot of the rock and the valley side with their excavations. The lower part of the rock may be climbed with a little effort, and gives the most remarkable view in the district. From the edge of the village the cones go away into the distance beyond Mat-yan, checkering each other with shadows, and looking, with people moving among them, like the tents of a great army pitched among orchards in a valley of coloured cliffs.

By paths and byways we reached the town of Nevshehir late in the afternoon. Like so many other towns in Anatolia, it has a castle on a high detached rock, as if a position of this kind had always been attraction enough to gather a population. Nevshehir is not a cave town, and I did not purpose spending any time here. From it I intended to go the next day to Nar and

Chat, villages lying to the north.

In most Turkish towns there is a "Yeni Khan" (new khan), the name implying not only the latest improvements, but chiefly a lesser plague of vermin. It is a name, therefore, that means much in the way of securing custom. At Nevshehir, for instance, knowing nothing of the place, I told Ighsan to make for the Yeni Khan. There was one of the name, and through narrow, crowded streets like alleys, we arrived before it, a solid stone building, garish and white in its newness. Just when entering, I stopped suddenly, arrested by the strange legend over the entrance, and almost doubting my eyes. To a traveller who had eaten his lunch three hours before on the rock of Uch Hissar, the superscription, unexpected in itself, came with double force. At a step I seemed to have passed out of one world into another, and I doubted if this was a khan at all. In bold characters the legend ran: "Agence Commerciale du chemin de fer Ottoman d'Anatolie." I entered the courtyard, wondering much what sort of new khan this was; for I knew that the nearest railway was the Constantinople-Bagdad line, a hundred miles away among the Taurus mountains.

The khan was new indeed. It was so newly built that oozing moisture still stood like dew on the bare stone walls of the room to which I was taken. The well-known signs of vermin

were entirely absent, and I thought of them almost regretfully, as friendly tokens of quarters that would at least be warm and dry. But having entered I did not care to go out again, so called extravagantly for two braziers of charcoal, and while these were being prepared looked round this khan that associated itself with a railway. It combined the accommodation of a travellers' khan with that of a commercial khan. The "Agence Commerciale" was on the ground floor. On the floor above, one side of the courtyard was occupied by rooms like mine. The other side was filled by offices that had the appearance of small warehouses, for they were packed with goods, both native and foreign, some even from Chemnitz. There was a foreign atmosphere in the place, and I had not returned to my room before a Greek merchant who spoke to me assumed that I was a German—he said he had seen similar Germans in these parts. At Urgub my nationality had been mistaken in the same way. It became evident that I was getting into the German sphere of influence. After learning that I was English, and having noticed the manner of my coming, the Greek merchant began to ask questions. Was I an English engineer exploring for an English line of railway? Was it true that after all the English were going to build railways in Anatolia? Was it true that England had bought the Bagdad railway? From this district onward, as I travelled to the south and east,

the Bagdad railway and the Germans were in all men's mouths. And sometimes there were allusions to the "German castles" (railway stations) that guarded this portentous foreign *demir yol*, or iron road.

Leaving the horse at Nev-shehir, we set out the next morning to spend a day in Nar and Chat, as villages said to be worth seeing. Within a couple of miles Nar appeared unexpectedly. It opened at my feet, like a vast quarry in a gently rolling country that gave no view of what was coming. I found myself on the edge of a cliff looking into a valley four or five hundred yards wide, two or three times as long, and a hundred and fifty feet deep. The village lay under the farther cliff, white and glistening in the morning sun, and the intervening space, and all other spaces in the valley bottom, were filled with gardens and vineyards and green patches of grass. A stream that tumbled into the valley was carried away at once in various channels for purposes of irrigation. My impressions of Nar, as I looked from the edge of the brown and barren plateau, were of autumn foliage and green grass, a jumble of white buildings among rocks and trees, the sound of splashing water, and bright sunshine over all.

And when I clambered down the cliff and entered the village it was even better than its promise. Clean, narrow, sandy paths wound about, and went up and down among rocks and vines and trees, and quaint buildings and running streams.

A path, narrow as a goat-track, would take me round, or perhaps over, a great detached boulder like a house in size, and on the other side would be latticed windows peeping from the surface of the same rock. Steep paths and flights of steps led up to the cliff where dwellings and galleries were hewn in the safety of inaccessible positions, as at Urgub. Now and then there was a glimpse of a white minaret above the trees, and from it presently came the call to prayer. Later on children's voices were heard repeating in unison, and on emerging upon a little open space between buildings and trees I found a class seated cross-legged on the ground repeating the Koran.

Outside the village the gardens were cultivated with the utmost care. Every yard of ground that could be irrigated was used for grass, or vegetables, or fruit. And with water, and December sunlight that still was hot, they were even now getting grass in the sunk plots.

I had meant to spend an hour in Nar, but ended by staying four, which left no time for going to Chat, seven miles beyond. Chat, like other places I had hoped to visit, Soghanli Dere with its cliffs hewn into facades sixteen storeys in height, and Melegob, whose villages are altogether underground, like coal mines, I left unseen, hoping to come again and make a longer stay. We went back to Nevsehir, and thence set out for Urgub the same afternoon.

When crossing a low ridge after leaving the road, a dis-

tant finger-top of rock showed above the skyline. It seemed to be pierced with openings like a great dove-cot, though Ighsan could not recognise it as marking any place that he knew. It lay to the east, somewhat off our way, but we went towards it, and after an hour and a half of cross-country walking were near enough to see that it was a rock like that at Uch Hissar, but loftier, with a large village clustering round it. The afternoon had grown late, and this village, which a countryman called Orta Hissar, I left to include in the next day's excursion.

For the last day's ramble among the rock villages I put Ighsan on the horse, for on foot his pace was under three miles the hour. It was the pace of a loaded pack-horse or donkey, the pace of the country, as one might say, out of which he was not to be hurried. The change enabled us to cover much ground. It involved a loss of dignity for me in native eyes, for to make the true figure of importance I should have ridden and Ighsan have gone afoot. It had indeed some aspect of a *zaptieh* with his prisoner; but these disadvantages I thought myself able to ignore, like the rich man who can afford some of the appearances of poverty. This way of travelling tickled Ighsan hugely; he laughed till water rolled down his cheeks, and I never looked back without finding him still amused. But when meeting people his manner became serious, and he would explain to fellow Moslems what we were doing.

About three in the afternoon, after a long and circuitous ramble, we entered the ravine in which the village of Orta Hissar lies. In the tangle of passages and alleys which appeared to lead nowhere except underground, we soon lost ourselves. I wished to get up to the rock, which rose from the edge of the ravine, and was in full sight little more than a hundred yards distant, but for any progress that was made we might have been caught in a maze. A passage would end in a door, or in a flight of steps leading up to a dwelling, or would descend into the hillside. Nor was there ever any certainty whether we were on solid ground or not. More than once I discovered, with the heavy and uncomfortable feeling of serious trespass, that the whole party, horse and men, had somehow got upon a stranger's roof. A woman at last came to our help and put us on the way to get out. Up a steep twisting passage, past masonry that looked old, and a fragment of a Roman inscription, we went under an archway and came out on a sort of open plaza. Here the men of the village had gathered and were smoking and drinking coffee. Above them the mighty rock rose like a tower, pierced with openings near the top. It was yellow and splashed with shadow in the afternoon sunlight, a place of refuge ever since men lived in these parts. I never found myself in any spot that gave such an impression of remoteness and unchanged survival from long

past centuries, as this open village-place under the rock of Orta Hissar.

The evening following we entered Injesu village again. On a flat roof the resplendent drummer, whom I had seen a week before, was beating ruffles and flourishes upon his little drums. He faced in turn from each of the four sides of the building, and the curious banjo notes carried so far that I had heard them a mile up the valley.

This time when we reached the khan the best room was vacant, and I was taken to it as a welcomed guest. But I had only got my stoves alight before an *araba* drove into the courtyard. From it appeared a Turkish officer in khaki and gold lace, besworded, and also beslippered, who began talking to the khan-keeper, and at the sight Ighsan came hurriedly to me. "Make haste," he said, and then disappeared like one not wishing to take sides in a dispute, nor did he show himself again that evening. However, I understood the danger, and hastened to pollute the room by frying bacon, as the most promising way of retaining possession of my quarters. The officer looked in at the door, saw a cheerful Christian with pork in both hands, backed by frying pork, whose smell filled the room, and sourly turned away without speaking. I thought he was driven off; but soon the khan-keeper appeared, troubled in face, troubled also in manner. He came to his subject indirectly. There was another

good room adjoining mine, he began. It was small, but I was only one; whereas the Pasha and his man were two. The newcomer was certainly not a Pasha, but was of sufficient importance to have his way with the khan-keeper, and I agreed to make the change. For some time afterwards I noticed with no little satisfaction that the officer and his servant were purifying the room by fanning the air with rugs.

From Injesu the road southward that I followed the next day kept to the plain. On the left were marshes that ran to a lake, about twenty miles long, at the base of Argæus. This district has no outlet for its rainfall, and the water that collects in winter and spring evaporates during the heat of summer. The plain was sandy, and showed few signs of vegetation except dead thistles. At a roadside well was a Roman milestone, now uprooted, and further dishonoured by having been hollowed into a drinking-trough for cattle.

Before me for most of the day the dark castle of Develi Kara Hissar was in view—a huge, battlemented stronghold on the summit of a mountain. Asia Minor can be called a land of castles, for there is generally one in sight or at least within easy reach; but their history may be sought without finding. They have names, too, that give no help; the ready, fanciful designations of an alien race who found these structures in existence on overrunning the land. “Black Castles” are

numerous, and one comes upon “White Castle,” and “Snake Castle,” and “Earth Castle,” even an “Asar Kalesi,” which may be taken as “Castle Castle.” This castle at Develi Kara Hissar is said to go back to Roman times.

At the village khan of that place two *zaptiehs* arrived in the evening bringing a prisoner taken in the mountains to the south. He was handcuffed; his feet were wrapped in blood-stained rags; and he looked altogether spent and woe-begone. They spoke of him as a dangerous robber, of known reputation. Some weeks previously he had attached himself to a travelling merchant as a friendly fellow-wayfarer. As the next proceeding he had quietly knifed the merchant and taken his goods. Now he was on his way for trial and a sentence of twenty years, the Turkish maximum penalty for murder.

After leaving Develi Kara Hissar the road soon turned into the mountains. At Araplu it forked, the great highroad leading to Konia and Constantinople went south-west along the Axylon plain, with the Bulgar Dag, or Taurus mountains, rising upon its left. The other road, which was no more than a horse track, impossible for vehicles, struck due south into the mountains, making for the famous pass of the Cilician Gates, and thence for Tarsus and the Mediterranean. This track is the great caravan route between Kaisariyeh and all that central part of Asia Minor and the sea, and was

one of the goals of my journey. Report spoke of it as going through some of the grandest mountain scenery in Turkey. For sixty or seventy miles it was said to follow a deep, narrow valley between the lofty ranges of Ala Dagh and Bulgar Dagh. But in spite of its reputation I had never found any one except Ighsan who had actually been over the ground. It had a name for robbers, too, gentry not so reckless now as in the past, but still men who were to be reckoned with. To check them was a guardhouse, with six or eight *zaptiehs*, where the roads diverged at Araplu.

An hour after passing Araplu snow began to fall. It was no mere passing sprinkle, but the belated heavy snow of winter; and when at evening we reached the village of Enighil snow-figures could not have looked more shapeless than ourselves. There was no khan, only *kahvehs* with single rooms now packed to the doors with donkey-men and horse-drivers. Ighsan, however, went to the village headman, whom he knew, a comfortable Turk, who left his shop and took us to the house of a fellow Moslem. Our host hastened to make fire as the first need of his guests, and then asked what we would eat. Ighsan replied that I had brought my food from England; but for himself he would have soup, *yoghourt*, and *pilaf*, as if, with this opportunity, his meal should be a good one. The village priest came in, and the schoolmaster, and the vil-

lage elders, and with our host and his family left little space in the room. When my stoves were alight, and I began to cook, the spectacle so enthralled our hostess that she left her own preparations and watched mine from the doorway. She had to be reminded of her duties by her lord; but still managed to peep sometimes into the room. From the earliest stages of the journey I had always passed my aluminium ware among the onlookers in the khans at evening. It was a precaution: for the bright metal was ever thought to be silver until handled; the safeguard was more necessary here than elsewhere. So plates and cups went the round of the room, and were thrown into the air and caught, weighed, tossed from hand to hand, and struck with knives, until no doubt remained as to the baseness of the metal. While this went on our hostess, who was left out of the excitement, could restrain her curiosity no longer. She rushed into the room and seized a plate, to judge of these domestic things for herself.

Towards me, when natives were present, Ighsan had latterly developed a sort of showman's manner. If he was my servant, he was also, in a sense, the man who led the bear; and he found an opportunity here for displaying his office more fully. He told of where we had been. He explained the various articles of equipment, the stoves, the folding-bed that at a word would grow from smallness to

greatness. My Browning (carefully unloaded) was passed round and lectured upon as a weapon that would kill a man or even a horse at 800 *metros*. He figured as a man fortunately in charge of an Englishman, one of a race well known by reputation, and held in deep respect wherever you go in Asia Minor. But another aspect of this Englishman presently came into view, an aspect that had difficulties for a laudatory Moslem. My cooking had progressed: tea was made, potatoes were boiled, soup heated, and I proceeded to fry bacon, having no other meat left. As the rashers came out of the tin they were looked at with curiosity, and I heard the whispered inquiry as to what they actually were. Ears were strained to catch Ighsan's reply. His eye swept carelessly over the meat and rested on one of the children. He patted its head; but while doing so softly breathed "*domuz*" (pig), thinking the word would not reach my ears. In further explanation he said that it was "*Ingleez domuz*," to give the idea that it was a variety that might be more permissible. But being one who ate pig, I fell in reputation, much like a man of whom it is said that he is a good fellow but has bouts of drinking.

After every one had eaten, and coffee was going round, Ighsan told a story that held his listeners breathless. Even the Turkish wife stood in the doorway to hear it. I was writing up my diary, so might

have been supposed to hear little; but I learnt of myself as a person inexplicable from my man's point of view. The outstanding event that he dwelt upon was the day at Urgub when he had ridden and I had walked before him. He dwelt on it for a quarter of an hour; he left it, and came back to it with added relish. It seemed to have coloured his opinion of his master to an extent I had never supposed.

Here, as at other places where I had stayed, *anticas* were brought for my opinion, but never for immediate sale, as the native way is to get offers from different people before they let the articles go. The treasures I saw generally ranged from old coins and small, much-oxydised bronze vessels and ornaments, such as lamps, to the flotsam and jetsam of unfamiliar European things. At this place, I think it was, some one had an old French miniature painted on copper, and still in good preservation. There were also old French and English watches that now had ceased to keep time. Of bronze coins there were many, most of them belonging to the Greek cities and states of Asia Minor. It is an eloquent commentary upon the country's past that in many districts peasants find it worth the labour to go out into the ploughed fields after heavy rain and look for coins. I have seen a splendid silver piece of Philip of Macedon, the size of a half-crown, that was found in this way.



Ighsan knew all the Enighil elders, who treated him with extraordinary respect and deference. He spoke of them as his friends, and three or four stayed till I went to bed, and then they were sitting, beard to beard, in close conversation. The next morning he told me that three Circassians of Kavluk Tepe, a village a few miles farther on, were robbing on the road before us. During the past week they had held up several travellers, and we should have to take care. I judged the matter more by his manner than his words; he did not seem to be more disturbed than if he had spoken of rain or snow, and if he was not troubled there was no cause for me to take it seriously. Besides, not only is it no light matter in Turkey to rob an Englishman; but with precautions the risk could be made too great for these Circassians to accept.

Our host brought us a couple of miles on the road, the next morning, talking to Ighsan all the time like an old friend who has been long out of sight and knowledge. Snow had ceased during the night, and now a warm south wind was melting the fall. Heavy masses of rolling dark cloud shut out the mountains, but there was in the air the promise of a fine day. Before we reached Kavluk Tepe the clouds were breaking up; now and then came glimpses of lofty, snow-covered mountains on our left, so high and near that, as the clouds partially

revealed their peaks, they seemed to be incredibly overhead.

A few houses of Kavluk Tepe stand beside the road, and as we passed the inmates came out to stare. One tall figure I noticed running hard to get a look at us. He kept under cover, and thought himself unseen, and when he came slowly from behind a building displayed all the indifference in the world. Judged by his slow, lordly stride, that swung his long cloak like a kilt, and his scarcely turned head, one would have said he hardly saw us; yet he had run like a boy for a nearer view. He was an old man, too, upright and thin, with the clean-cut, Circassian features. His dress showed him to be a chief; and I guessed that the robbers of Kavluk Tepe were not likely to have taken to the road without his knowledge.

After passing Kavluk Tepe the track began to go up to the pass, 4500 feet above sea-level, that marks the watershed between the Mediterranean and the interior. The hurrying stream beside us was making for the lake under Argæus; and beyond the pass began the Korkun, that falls into the old Sarus, and so reaches the sea. The spell of the Mediterranean seemed to begin here for me, as for the water.

At the very summit of the pass stands an old Turkish burying-ground. It extends on both sides of the track, grey, lichen-covered fragments of rock planted in the ground,

unhewn, and without inscription. Ighsan halted and examined the stones closely. Finding the one he looked for, he pointed out how it was chipped. It had more than a passing interest for him, for behind it, fifteen years ago, he had fought for his life. Eleven Kurds had attacked him, and when he took cover behind this stone and fired at them, they had spread themselves among the others and gradually surrounded him. It was a fight with "Tinis" (Martinis), not revolvers, he said. At last they shot him, stabbed him also, left him for dead, and went off with his horse and everything else. It was a spot that exactly fitted such an affair, with not a sign of life in sight; and as he looked at the low slopes down which the Kurds had come, and described the scene, he appeared to be living it again. Here had been received some of the scars that he showed me on Topuz Dagh; and now he displayed them once again.

By this time the clouds had lifted and the two parallel mountain-ranges were unveiled to view. Between them lay a deep, bare, brown valley four or five miles in breadth and fifty or sixty long, its bottom rolling in treeless undulations, and the track winding over them. Overhead were breadths of clear sky, and the farther end of the valley was closed by sky as blue as sapphire. The straight line of Ala Dagh, a row of splintered peaks 10,000 feet high, fell to the valley in a tremendous and almost ver-

tical scarp. The name means the "Speckled Mountains," and the speckling was in red and white wherever snow could lie. The nearer ridges of Bulgar Dagh were of less elevation, though covered with snow; but in the distance the height increased, and the range matched well its rival in stature and boldness. If only forest were added, this gorge-like valley would be hard to equal.

The sun was still shining, and making Ala Dagh a glory in white and dull red, when we left the track and turned up a glen that ran into the Bulgar Dagh. Here was Bayam Dere, hiding itself from the road in the manner of Turkish villages. There was a guest-room in this place, Ighsan said, where we should be comfortable—he knew it and the people well. Looking from the window a few minutes after we arrived, I saw the priest coming at a brisk walk as one anxious to miss nothing, and behind him the schoolmaster and a stream of men like folk late for church. The last English visitor no one could remember; and in consequence I never saw such a crowded guest-room as on this evening.

Here Ighsan, with the practice gained at Enighil, was able to do better than ever as showman.

"Now," he said in a low voice as my preparations went on, "the *chelebi* [gentleman] will drink tea and eat potatoes and the meat of his country." The information went round the room in whispers. No

bread was to be had, only thin sheets of *ucha*, indigestible half-baked stuff that I cooked afresh on an asbestos sheet. And the interest taken in everything was so close that when a cake began to smoke a dozen voices would cry, "The bread burns!"

They had some local politicians here, particularly the schoolmaster. He appeared to favour the new order of government. Abdul Hamid, he said, had paid immense sums to foreign States that should have been spent on the army. Anything was better than that, which had brought the country to its present pass. But as a man of Kaisariyeh, Ighsan was all for the old order of things, and denied that foreigners had been given *baksheesh*. His scorn for those who now governed the country was expressed by taking the edge of his jacket delicately between thumb and forefinger and shaking it vigorously. It is the last vulgar gesture of contempt, and is done with a look of loathing. They say it originates in the shaking out of vermin.

That night Ighsan put our luggage against the door, and arranged a copper tray to fall if the door were opened. To my remark that we were among friends, he replied, "Who can tell?"

The room was in darkness when the falling tray, followed by Ighsan's voice, woke me.

"Yavash!" (slowly) he cried. It is a warning that varies in meaning according to intonation and circumstances. It may

be friendly advice, or it may convey that you will fire without more ado. Now it was both cautionary and interrogatory—friendly towards a friend, yet with more than a hint of something to follow if necessary. The disturber gave explanations without pushing the door farther. It was time to get up, and a hospitable man had come to make a fire and prepare food.

The day we left Bayam Dere was as perfect as one could desire. For twenty miles or more we travelled in brilliant sunshine, with the mountains clear-cut and glistening against a cloudless sky. In the bright air they seemed to come almost within touching distance, and every detail of their ice-glazed precipices and frosty summits was sharp to the eye.

Since passing Kavluk Tepe we had travelled with the precautions of men who might meet robbers at any moment. Every passenger upon the road was a suspect, and watched until he had gone by. He was also given room to pass, in order that by closing he would have to show something of his intentions. Fortunately the valley was open, and provided little cover beside the road; but wherever cover did appear close by, I outflanked and examined it before Ighsan and the horse passed. We fancied that, on the whole, the three Circassians did not have much chance against us.

Straggling parties of men were constantly coming from the south, each with a pack of

bedding and possessions on his shoulders. Every man had a half-inch rod of steel with one end turned into a crook, and of some the point was sharpened. It looked like a fashion in walking-sticks, and that in effect was what it was. By dress Ighsan recognised some of these wayfarers as belonging to his Memliket, or native district, and talked to them. They were labourers, discharged for the winter from the cuttings of the Bagdad railway, and were going home till spring, not a few even as far as Sivas.

Yelatin Khan, in which we put up for the night, stands alone, with no other habitation in view, at a point where the valley narrows to a gorge. The Korkun, now a considerable mountain river, rushes noisily by in front, and behind rises one of the boldest peaks of Ala Dagh. It is a spot as lonely and forsaken as the valley can show. The only guest-room was a loft above the stable, an apartment in which the wind howled and whistled, and stirred the thick dust upon the floor. By the light of a candle, when looking over the room, I noticed a heap of rags against a wall. It was a man asleep, one of the railway labourers, by the crooked steel rod still in his hand. I did not like the idea of his presence for the night, so woke him; and with the equivalent of a shilling as compensation he gladly left the room. Just as he went out Ighsan came up with more than ordinary energy. He had news in which he found a lively personal interest. The Circassians

were about; they had been seen on the hill behind an hour before. They had also attacked the khan on the previous night. But the point affecting him most was that they were endeavouring to steal horses—horses rather than anything else. It was horses they had sought in the khan last night, and horses, more particularly his horse, that they would come for again to-night. He turned out all his ammunition, thirty-one rounds by count, with the air of a man much in earnest. He invited my support—a quite needless request,—seemingly thinking that with my luggage safe in the loft my interest might decline. He spent half an hour at least in barricading the stable door, and contrived that it could be opened only from inside except by being driven in bodily. Then he barricaded the door of our loft, and looked out loopholes commanding the approaches, especially those to the stable door. I do not think he slept much; certainly I did not, for a furious gale made uproar in the gorge all night, and whistled and shrieked in the loft, and the rushing Korkun filled in any pauses with the sound of tumbling water. But though the night might have served them well and covered any operation, the Circassians kept away, like robbers who require every advantage before attempting business.

There was a black frost when we set out the next morning, and the oozing springs on the hillsides were frozen. About midday, after entering a tree-

covered country, we met three dismounted *zaptiehs*. They were in search of the robbers, going on foot, so as to follow them into the mountains. They went along as casually as men after duck, and might have been ambushed or even captured with no more trouble than sheep. But doubtless they knew their men, and ran no risks of this sort whatever appearances might be.

The path now went through a country covered with open woods of pine and juniper. The valley bottom was broken into a tangle of steep-sided glens and ridges, looked down upon by the pine-clad crags of Bulgar Dagh, hereabouts the loftier of the two ranges. Since the day of leaving Tokat I had come more than 400 miles without seeing woods, and the change was more delightful than may be supposed.

Fundukli Khan, to which we were going for the night, was described by Ighsan as being in the woods. He pictured it as a sylvan place where the water was sweet—a Turk always speaks of the water—the *yoghourt* and other food good, and firing plentiful. Fundukli Khan, however, fell sadly short of how, with memories of earlier days, he had described it. There were woods, true enough, for the pine-trees brushed the roof; and water and fuel were good and abundant. But of bread there was none, only *ucha*; and as for *yoghourt* or soup, one might as well have asked for ale. The khan-keeper, too, was an uncivil Kurd, and the accommodation

of the simplest. A windowless, dug-out cell was my sleeping-place. I found that, despite their vermin, the khans of the Bagdad Road were fast growing into pleasant memories.

We left Fundukli early, to begin a day of excitement, for we were now close to the great Cilician highway. Only twenty miles south of Fundukli was the mountain-cleft known as the Cilician Gates, through which the road drops to the Mediterranean seaboard and all implied by that. But before going down to the coast I proposed to follow the Cilician highway inland, along its forty miles of ravine through the Taurus mountains, to Ulu-Kishla, and there take the train to Konia.

Ighsan knew of a little-used mountain path across a shoulder of the Bulgar Dagh that would save three hours in reaching the highway. He soon found it. It was a goat-track that often disappeared, and had to be picked up again; and by it we climbed high among the scrub, and rocks, and pinewoods. As we rose the rumble of distant thunder, as it seemed to be, came again and again echoing among the crags. The morning was clear and sunny; but the thunderstorms of the Taurus are said to follow laws of their own and to come without warning, so the sound caused no surprise. I had heard about these storms with their sudden floods, and wished to see one. I was, in fact, beginning to think myself fortunate, as likely to see

the flood without getting a drenching.

The track at last topped the ridge, and from a great height I looked down into the famous gorge along which the Cilician highway runs. And then I sat under a pine-tree for half an hour, taking in various matters that now had become apparent. The thunder, for one thing, was no thunder. It was the blasting in many rock-cuttings and tunnels for the Bagdad Railway. I was gazing from, perhaps, 2500 feet of abrupt elevation into the heart of German railway activities in the Taurus mountains. Immediately below were the German workshops, arranged as a square, and near to them, also in regular form, like a model village, were barracks, office-buildings, mess-rooms, cottages for engineers and overseers, even a German hotel as I afterwards heard. Construction trains were running, trucks were bumping with a jangle of couplings, engines were puffing, and men labouring like ants. It was all a sudden and quite unexpected glimpse into Europe.

We entered the highway beside the ancient Arab bridge of Ak Keupru, now a centre of corrugated iron huts. In a long shed was a store, like nothing so much as the store in a gold-mining township. We had been on short commons for several days, and were hungry men when I stepped into this shop, feeling that, even if it was a hateful excrescence, its presence had advantages.

We came away with bread, tins of sardines, Bologna sausage, and a quart of Injesu wine. I had found Pilsener beer as well, and as a thirsty and much-deprived man, had thought that no beer could be better. Seeing my nationality, and judging me by national reputation, the Greek shopman had also proffered whisky, "of the 'Policeman Brand.'" It was a brand unknown to me, a name curiously ominous for whisky, and I did no more than look at the bottle and its blue policeman with curiosity and awe, like a civilian might at an unexploded bomb from the air. After a little thought I concluded that it must be German whisky, masquerading in the simple Orient as the good, and harmless, and favourite liquor of that celebrated body of men who maintain British Law.

For the whole day we followed this ancient road westward between cliffs, and crags, and lofty mountains. One may believe there is no road in the world so old, and so crowded with memories as this of the Cilician Pass. From the first it has been the easiest available land-passage between Constantinople and the south and east. It has always been sought by armies as their only road. Greek, Roman, Persian, Byzantine, Arab, Crusader, and many other armies throughout the centuries, came and went upon it, going east or west. It may be, in days not far to come, that other armies, too, shall go along this road as a southern

doorway into the interior fastness of Asia Minor. At present, however, it has been appropriated by the Bagdad railway,—that also finding it the natural and inevitable route. The thunder of blasting from a dozen points along the gorge was continuous. Mountain ravines were choked with long slopes of shot debris from cuttings and tunnels, and streams were diverted and dammed in the same heedless way. And in every sheltered nook were the tents and litter, the rags, straw, and empty tins of labourers' camps.

From Ak Keupru to Ulu-Kishla is more than thirty miles, and we stayed a night at Tosan Ali in a Greek wine-shop. As became a Greek, the owner's charge was that of a commercial opportunist, and it was followed by a furious dispute. But my dealings with the fellow were mild compared with those of Ighsan. He had been grossly overcharged for horse-feed, and the dominant Turk was not going to be bled by any hated "Rum." Among the mountains I believe he would have shot him; but here, boiling with rage, he took the startled Greek by the beard and vigorously sawed the edge of a hand across his throat in illustration of what he would like to do with a knife.

At Ulu-Kishla, among the inland spurs of the Taurus, I left Ighsan to await my return from Konia. Then we were to retrace our steps to Ak Keupru, and thence, at last,

pass through the Cilician Gates to the Mediterranean coast and other wanderings. The morning train from Ulu-Kishla took a day to cover the 150 miles to Konia. After clearing the Taurus at Eregli it went on the great Axylon plains for the rest of the distance. They were sun-dried and barren, broken by occasional low humps of hill, with far-off snow-covered mountains to be seen in every quarter.

There was no difficulty in understanding why the Turkish peasants had called the railway stations "German Castles." They were immensely solid structures, formidable block-houses, and no doubt were erected with this for one of their purposes.

It is a characteristic of this railway that it keeps clear of the towns. At Karaman, for instance, an ancient and considerable city, the station is three miles away in the open plain. At Konia there is the same aloofness, but here the city is making approaches to the railway, and buildings and shops are rising around the station. As a necessary adjunct of the railway is the "Hotel de la Gare," a large, imposing building in a well-kept garden, the best hotel in the interior. I reached it in the evening, in time for dinner, and after living in khans and guest-houses was not inclined to be anything but satisfied. Its charges seemed adjustable to circumstances, seeking to ensure, if not a profit, at least the avoidance

of loss. For after one experience of my morning appetite, the alarmed management informed me that I had consumed all the milk in the hotel, as well as many ordinary breakfasts at the sitting, and at this rate must be charged double for meals. The matter was settled at last by the agreement that breakfasts only were to be at double price.

Konia stands on the plain, 3000 feet above the sea, with low hills a few miles away to the north, and a distant view of the snow-covered Taurus in the south. It has no gardens worth the name near at hand, but those of its detached suburbs are said to make good the deficiency. Population is ever a matter of doubt in Turkey; though you may hear a census talked about, the figures, if taken, never come to light. So you have to guess by eye unless you learn the number of houses from the municipal authorities. Judging by other cities, however, Konia may contain the 50,000 souls that it claims. Among them are many students, to the number of thousands, one hears, in training for the Moslem priesthood. They may be seen crowding the streets in some quarters, and looking from the windows of the buildings in which they dwell, and perform—it is said—their own domestic work.

At Konia, as Iconium, St Paul fell in with Timothy. But the city has little to show of such antiquity beyond fragments and inscriptions. It does, however, like all other

cities that were occupied by the Seljuk Turks, contain some fine buildings of their erecting. They were great builders; since Greek and Roman times the only ones whose work shows any trace of native worth and distinctive character. Konia was a favourite Seljuk capital once, and the city walls, now much ruined, but extensive, and adorned with fine gateways, were built at that time. Here, too, is a palace, also ruined, of the Seljuk Sultans. Of mosques and tombs of the time there are many, some in better preservation than might be expected. But as a whole, taking old and more recent buildings together, Konia has the mean, dirty, ill-built appearance that no Turkish city in Asia Minor ever has managed to avoid. Around the railway station the appearance is European. There is a long, wide, tree-planted avenue, with a line of trams going from the station to the old town. It is an attempt at better things, of which the people are not a little proud. One of the Turkish Sultan's titles of honour is that of "Grand Chelibi of Konia." And Turkish Moslems still have a sentimental regard for the place as being closely connected with the earlier history of Osmanli conquest. During the Balkan War, when the Bulgarian capture of Constantinople seemed likely, it was to Konia, as a city not only inaccessible but with traditions, that the capital was to be transferred. Now the same project is on foot again, with greater neces-



sity. For those accustomed to caiques upon the Bosphorus on moonlit summer nights, Bosphorus palaces, and the delights of Constantinople, removal to Konia will be a going forth into frightful and almost unthinkable wilds. Small wonder many advocate standing by their pleasant places in the Imperial city to the last, and trusting to British and French generosity.

But I found a week in Konia a time of welcome refreshment, and got on board the Ulu-Kishla train with new zest for the scenes that were to come. Snow began to fall at Karaman, and when the train entered the hills at Eregli there was a furious blizzard; but I had a hundred pounds of fresh stores, and was prepared to be snowed up anywhere. The thirty miles from Eregli to Ulu-Kishla took four hours, in spite of two powerful engines, and several times the train almost came to a standstill; but at dark it drew slowly into the terminus, now scarcely to be made out in the whirl of

powdery snow. Ighsan had met each train for four days, and now kissed hands for joy that I had come back. Getting to the khan, 200 yards away, proved a serious matter. One could hardly stand against the gale, and there were feathery snow-drifts six feet high. On the way Ighsan fell, fairly blown over: I heard his shouts for help of "Ghel! ghel!" (Come! come!) addressed to two other struggling men, and then he disappeared. After putting my load into the khan, I went back to find my man, but fortunately met him, still staggering under what he carried, but with everything safe.

Many Turkish troops had been on the train, and they had to be accommodated somewhere. So it fell out that I had to share the room reserved for me with two Turkish officers. There was no prospect of travelling for days to come, so heavy were the drifts; and in these conditions we settled down to make the best of things and pass the time as best we might.

*(To be continued.)*

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## DIARY OF A SUBALTERN.

## TRENCH LIFE IN THE EARLY DAYS.

TIME, 2 A.M. on a morning in late September: place, somewhere in France: scene, a trench: it is not very dark, at least not hopelessly dark: it is possible to see a few yards in front of one, but there is a thick mist beginning to rise from the ground, which is worse than darkness.

A slight drizzle has also started, not very much, but sufficient to soak everything thoroughly. It is the coldest hour of the night; up till midnight it is more or less warm, but as soon as that mist begins to envelop everything in its clammy embrace it is very cold indeed.

Not ideal conditions, you may say, for sleeping out in the open: and yet there rise from the trench desultory grunts and snores as of men sleeping. In fact, if one could look right along the trench all one would see would be a row of shapeless bundles, each wrapped in a waterproof sheet, from which the noises seem to emanate: here and there one might perceive an arm or a leg sticking out, but never a head: Thomas Atkins is like the ostrich when he sleeps.

The inexperienced onlooker, were he there, might say that it would be an easy job for the enemy to capture that trench: but look again—beside each bundle is a rifle leaning up against the front wall

of the trench, with bayonet fixed.

And come along to the end: here is a figure standing up, rifle in hand, peering out into the darkness: lying beside him in the trench is another figure asleep, but with his head uncovered.

The figure standing up shivers and stamps his feet once or twice: he is practically standing in water.

Suddenly there is a metallic bang, not very loud, but the figure lying down starts up into a sitting position. "What's that?" he whispers.

"Sorry, sir," comes the answer, "it was only me; I knocked my water-bottle with my rifle." Lieutenant B. swears softly to himself; he had just managed to get off to sleep, and he needed it badly. Nobody else had stirred, they were all as tired as he was and sleeping soundly, despite the wet and cold: the noise had not been sufficiently loud to disturb them, but to the man in command, who was responsible for the safety of the trench, the dropping of the proverbial pin would have been enough.

However much the commander of a trench may trust his men, he always has a sort of uneasy feeling, and no matter how tired he may be he very seldom sleeps himself, and if he does it is always with one ear awake.

He alone is responsible that his portion of the line is held: if his trench is surprised and rushed, he will get the blame; it will be useless for him to say that his sentries were not on the alert, it is his business to see that the sentries are on the alert.

Now a sentry is just as human as anybody else, and there is a stage of fatigue (about the last stage, I admit, but one which is very often reached on active service) when certain or probable death is as nothing so long as one can get to sleep.

The last thoughts of a sentry who sleeps at his post, before he goes to sleep, would be, I should think, something like this: "I am just as tired as the others, why don't I go to sleep too? Probably get stuck by the enemy or shot if I do!" Here he probably pauses for a minute or two, and makes an effort to pull himself together; then if he is not a strong-minded man: "I don't care, I shall be asleep and nothing else matters just now!" and he gives way.

A stronger-minded man will reason further: "If I go to sleep I shall be exposing the lives of my pals to danger, and I shall be failing in my duty."

These sentiments will keep most men awake however tired they may be, but there are some who have not got a strong enough will, and if they are really tired (and not every one knows what it is to be really tired), there comes a moment when their brain or moral force, call it what you

will, gives way and they say, "Let them kill me! blow my life, blow my pals' lives, blow my duty!" and they fall.

Fear of death will not keep a man awake when he is really tired: no, it is only conscience and a higher sense of duty and honour that will keep him from giving way altogether; and there are some who have not got these feelings at all, and some who have not got the strength of mind to put them before all others.

Lieutenant B. knows this, and so spends a great part of the night in visiting his sentries: he knows his men and he trusts them, but he also knows a little of human weakness, and one of his mottoes in life is this, "If you want to succeed, first make certain that you cannot fail: leave nothing to chance: it is better to be over-careful than careless."

His nerves also are not what they once were; a week of this trench work, alarms all night and shells all day, have not improved them. Perhaps that was why the slight noise made by the sentry had roused him so easily.

At all events he is well awake now, and it is too cold to go to sleep again, so he gets up quietly and wraps his muffler a little closer round his throat. This mist is really awful, you can almost feel it, and you seem to swallow it in chunks every time you breathe.

"Seen anything?" he asks the sentry.

"No, sir!"

"Heard anything?"

"There was a rifle-shot about

'arf-an-'our ago way on the right, sir, that's all!"

"Ours or theirs?"

"It was a Mauser, sir."

They could easily distinguish between the two reports by now.

"All right! I'm going out to visit the groups: look out for me coming back."

"Very well, sir."

Lieutenant B. pulls himself out of the trench, and disappears into the fog. He goes very slowly, as, although the groups are not far out and he knows their position to an inch by now, it is very easy to go wrong in the mist.

He walks somewhat unsteadily, for his feet are numb with cold; he has not had his boots off for a week now, and they have been wet through all the time. As he goes along he cocks his revolver; it feels very comforting as he grips it in his right hand.

Suddenly he is brought up by a hoarse whisper of "'Alt! 'oo goes there?" "Friend!" he answers, at the same time giving two sharp taps on the butt of his revolver with his hand.

"Advance, friend, all's well," comes the answer, together with one answering tap.

He has established this system of taps on the rifle in his platoon: the number of taps is changed constantly, and each man knows the number required on being challenged, and the number to give in answer.

The two men (sentry groups are double at night) are standing in front of a bush at the edge of a wood which runs

away from them: behind them under the bush lie five men, the two other reliefs and the N.C.O. in charge: they are all within reach of one another, so that a gentle kick is all that is required to rouse them in absolute silence.

As the officer comes up he finds the sentries standing with their rifles at the ready, but as soon as they see who it is they lower them to their sides again.

"Anything doing?" he asks.

"No, sir," answers one; "at least the last relief did say as 'ow they 'eard a noise in the wood, but we 'aint 'eard or seen anything since."

"How long ago was this?"

"Oh, about an hour and a half, I should say, sir."

"All right; you must keep a sharp look-out in this mist, and let me know the minute you hear the slightest sound of any one moving in the wood."

With these words of warning he leaves them, and makes his way across the open to the other group. The ground in front of the trench slopes down for a distance of some two hundred yards, and then slopes up again. The second group is at the bottom of the hollow thus formed. Just as in daytime the best position is one on the forward slope of a hill, so as not to be visible against the skyline, so at night the best place is on the backward slope, so that the enemy may be visible coming over the skyline. If you were to watch a scout working at night in open country, you would notice that every few yards he stops, kneels down close to the

ground, and has a good look all round. An object ten yards away may be quite invisible to a man standing up, but if he kneels down he will see it against the skyline.

Lieutenant B. on approaching this group is again challenged; and the same formulæ having been gone through, the same questions are asked and answered satisfactorily.

He then awakens the corporal in charge, and orders him to go back to within fifty yards of the trench. It is useless to keep a group so far out in front now that the skyline is no longer visible on account of the mist. The case of the other group is different, as it is at the edge of a wood, and is dependent more on the ear than on the eye for its information.

This matter having been arranged satisfactorily, he retraces his steps, and re-enters the trench at the same spot at which he had left it. His little journey has taken just over an hour, and has warmed him up.

He sits down in the bottom of the trench, and taking a piece of chocolate from his haversack, nibbles it pensively: he breaks off a bit and gives it to the sentry, who is duly grateful.

He has no thoughts of sleep now: for one thing, it is too cold; and for another thing, it is necessary to be on the alert. These misty mornings are the devil, and usually mean that most unpleasant of all fights, the attack at dawn.

But there is still an hour

before he will have to give the word to "stand to." "Standing to," or to give it its full name, "standing to arms," is a most unpleasant occupation. It takes place during the hour before dawn: this hour is said to be the one during which human vitality is at its lowest ebb. I can only say that it certainly feels as though that were so. You stand, rifle to hand, generally shivering with cold, struggling to shake off sleep, and peering out into the darkness waiting for the dawn to break and reveal—what? Sometimes the enemy, who have crept up under cover of darkness: sometimes nothing at all. Whether there is anything or not, waiting for the dawn is not the most enjoyable of pastimes.

The next hour Lieutenant B. gives to rumination. Perhaps you would say that this was not a very suitable time to ruminate; but there you would be wrong. Any hour of the day or night is a good time for thought and self-reasoning on active service: you never know that it may not be your last.

What he was thinking about we need not inquire: he probably thought a lot about home, went over again many little incidents, long since forgotten, in his past life; he may have given a thought to the future, or he may have moralised to himself on "War in general," and probably summed it up in one word, "Rotten": some one else, cleverer than he, has summed it up even better, as follows: "This war is an

eternity of boredom, relieved by moments of abject terror."

Whatever his thoughts were, however, he knew better than to dwell on them, and about four o'clock he woke the sergeant up, and sent him along the trench to rouse the section commanders, and make the men "stand to." It is not an easy job to wake men up from the comparative warmth of a waterproof sheet in the bottom of a trench to stand up with their rifles in their hands in a cold and clammy fog. And it is impossible to get this operation performed in silence. Rifles fall with a bang: somebody inadvertently steps on some one else's face, and an interchange of pleasantries ensues: water-bottles clang against each other or something else: the voices of N.C.O.'s are raised in using "gentle persuasion" on some of the most obstinate sleepers.

All these noises are not really very loud, but to the overwrought nerves of the commander his trench sounds like a London terminus on a bank holiday. Every moment he expects to be greeted by a volley from the front.

On this particular morning, however, nothing at all happened, and as soon as the dull grey light of dawn began to change into the whiter light of day, the order was given to start covering up the trenches. This trench was only in use at night-time, and during the daytime its occupants withdrew back into the wood, where they lived in a city of "dug-outs."

And so every morning, before leaving the trench, it was carefully covered over with grass, so as not to give away the position in the wood. For day use there was a trench, or rather a series of holes along the inside edge of the wood, which was held in case of attack.

After covering up the trench the men sneaked back one by one into the wood. This was easily done on a misty morning such as this, but on an ordinary morning the commander had to use his discretion as to the right moment to give the word for doing so. It was very necessary to get back unseen, but at the same time it did not do to leave the trench too soon.

And now a word or two about this city of "dug-outs." The main entrance was originally the point where a small track or footpath entered the wood, and had then been unnoticeable from a short distance away: now, however, it was necessary to make use of a movable screen, composed of branches of trees, in the daytime, as quite a large gap had been made in the edge of the wood owing to the continuous traffic at night,—men going in and out to the trenches, and ration parties going down to the village about half a mile away.

Inside for the first ten yards or so there were trees on both sides of the path, and in amongst them were countless holes and mounds of earth, in fact "dug-outs": some were completely roofed in, others partially so; some were deep

and some were shallow, according to the energy of the occupant.

Farther along, on the right-hand side of the path, was a fairly large open space, part of which was honeycombed with "dug-outs," and part was left bare. On this latter spot the rations were dumped after being brought up from the village every night. Right along the left-hand side of the path for some considerable distance was a single line of "dug-outs" all facing on to the pathway.

As soon as Lieutenant B. and his party are all safely in the wood, he tells his sergeant to get the men into their "holes," and himself stops at a rather large underground dwelling close to the entrance. As this is one of the best, or at any rate in his opinion the best, "dug-outs" in this little colony, perhaps it merits a brief description.

It was on the whole a very simple dwelling, being merely a hole in the ground about four feet square and three feet deep: along the two sides were laid a pair of stout birch logs, which had been already cut into convenient lengths by some woodmen in times of peace; across these were laid more logs to form a structure for the roof, which consisted of sods cemented together with mud, of which there was plenty: on the top of these earth was piled to the height of about a foot; this was judged to be sufficient protection against shrapnel, splinters, and also the weather. It was universally agreed that

no matter how thick the roof was, it would be of little use if "Black Maria" should choose to make a direct hit. Inside there was just room for two to sit upright, and also for a small wooden box which contained the commissariat. The floor was covered with small fir branches, which were designed to keep your clothes more or less clean; but as you generally brought in half a trenchful of mud, they were not very efficacious. The entrance was in one corner, and as small as possible, since the flying splinters of shell came down from every direction.

Such was the dwelling of which Lieutenant B. was so proud: he only stopped there a moment, however, to get a cigarette from the wooden box, and having lit it, and exchanged morning greetings with his skipper, he proceeded up to the open space to see his men's rations drawn.

Rations were drawn in the open space, where they were laid out on waterproof sheets in the mud. The waterproof sheets were not very clean, and every now and then a loaf of bread would roll off into the mud; but these little trifles had to be put up with.

The rations were brought up after dark in the transport waggons to the village about three-quarters of a mile behind, this being the nearest point which they were able to reach. Even then they were frequently shelled as they passed along the lower road down by the river.

Every evening a party was

sent down to carry them up by hand. This was no easy job, as the footpath was an absolute quagmire, and the loads were by no means light. This party also used to take down the water-bottles to be filled.

Water-bottles! What feelings does that word conjure up in the mind of many a regimental officer! Of what experiences does it remind him? Let us take the following picture from Lieutenant B.'s mind, which occurred day after day during the preceding weeks.

A long straight road; on each side, stretching away into the distance, rolling plains of cultivated land, mostly corn, some patches of roots, a few woods, and here and there a long straight line of poplars marking the course of another road.

This road, however, is not so fortunate, and the mid-day sun is beating down on to the column toiling along it, with all its fierceness (and it *was* hot in those days!). The road is merely bounded on both sides by a ditch: there is not even a hedge. Clouds of dust arise from the men's feet, and hang motionless above their heads: there is not a breath of wind.

It is about 11.30 A.M., and yet they are just completing their fifteenth mile. Yesterday they had marched a little over 20 miles, the day before 18, the day before—, but what does it matter, the actual distances? To them it seems as if they had been marching for ever. And the nights?

Last night had been spent in entrenching: the night before, they had sat in a town, apparently surrounded: the dawn came, and they found a back way out, but they had had no sleep.

Yes! they were a tired-looking lot—trudging along in silence, heads down, some half asleep even as they walked.

But there was something left in them yet, as they were soon to show.

Presently, just as they are entering a village, a whistle sounds in front: the word comes down the line, "Ten minutes' halt!" Ten minutes! They could do with ten hours, and then another ten, and at the end of that you would have some trouble in rousing them.

But ten minutes is all that can be spared now; there is no time to waste when you are racing motor-buses on your own flat feet.

At the first sound of the whistle the column collapses like a pack of cards: men sit or lie down where they are, on the hard, dusty road; some get into the ditch. The officers fall out on the left-hand side of the road, and collect together under the shadow of a bit of wall.

"Phew!" grunts Lieutenant B., "it's hot! We shan't worry much about going out to Hartford Bridge Flats for company training after this!"

"Don't talk to me about company training," growls Captain C., a confirmed grouser; "I ought to be on



leave now. D — n the Kaiser!"

"Sea - bathing!" sighed Second-Lieutenant D., somewhat irrelevantly.

"Oh, shut up! let's rest while we can. Eh! What?"

"Beg yer pardon, sir! Can we get some water from in there?"

Private Jones is standing in the road in front of them in an attitude that only the circumstances can excuse. His face is merely a series of muddy channels, which converge on to his chin, and thence drip harmlessly to the ground; he probably could not stand to attention if he tried to.

"What the devil do you want water for?" growls Lieutenant B.; "you had your bottles filled before you started this morning, and that's supposed to last you for the day."

"Beg yer pardon, sir, but I've lost me cork, and it all ran out when I lay down at the first 'alt."

"D—d fool! However, all right! Fall in anybody who wants water!"

To the other officers he remarks, as he slowly gets up, "Beastly nuisance this water business! Whenever there's a halt, somebody wants water, and we, poor devils, have got to go and see them get it: however, if they want it, I suppose they can have it. It's bad for 'em: they drink too much, get pains, and then fall out."

Painfully he hobbles across the road: after two minutes of sitting down his feet feel as if

they had become twice as big as before, and his knees are stiff. Behind the cottage is a well and a pump, and the men start filling their own and their comrades' water-bottles.

Lieutenant B. lights a cigarette, and sits down on the top of a small wall. It is necessary for an officer to be present, firstly to see that the water is good, and secondly, to see that the bottles are not filled with other fluids that are even worse for marching on than water.

Private Jones having had a long draught, and having refilled his water-bottle, is feeling better, and looks round him for a cork. Not seeing the actual article there, he picks up a small green apple, and presses it down over the opening—a very efficient substitute.

Suddenly another whistle sounds. "Get dressed!" issues mechanically from the lips of officers and N.C.O.'s. The men begin to put their packs on again: a good many have not got packs. Then another whistle: "Fall in!" the officers try to give the command in a cheerful voice.

"Fall up!" would be more appropriate.

Gradually the column takes shape again; some men have to be literally kicked on to their feet. Another whistle, and they move off for another three-mile stage.

As they move off Lieutenant B. notices a man sitting by the roadside with his boots off.

"Come on, Smith, you'll get left behind!"

"Can't 'elp it, sir: look at my feet!"

Lieutenant B. looks and then wishes he had not.

"No, by Jove, they are bad! Still we've got no means of carrying you, and there's no one between us and the Germans! come along. Give me your rifle and have a try!"

"No, sir, it's no use. I'll try and catch you up after a rest!"

Lieutenant B. slings the rifle on his back, and sets off after the column. He can do nothing: it rests with the man himself as to whether he comes on or gets captured.

Sometimes he comes stumbling into camp in the evening, his boots round his neck, and his puttees wrapped round his feet; sometimes he helps to swell the list of missing.

But to return to the trenches. Rations this morning consist of bully beef, biscuits, jam, and rum; the last named being a very important item, and the means of preventing many a chill.

As the last lot of rations is being carried off to the dug-outs, a low shrieking whistle is heard in the distance. Everyone instinctively stands still for a second, with head cocked on one side listening. There is no sense of alarm, no curiosity: it is a very familiar sound by now, and they know that the shell will in all probability pass over their heads: it is, however, just as well to pay a little attention in case it is going to fall short. Rapidly it gets louder and louder, and just for a second the inexperi-

enced would imagine that the shell was going to drop on to them; one or two men dive into their dug-outs hastily, but the majority, after that second's pause, just carry on with what they are doing—they have judged it long ago, and after a few seconds there is a dull roar, where it has dropped into the village behind.

Lieutenant B. shouts out, "Get into your dug-outs now, and stay there!" and then proceeds towards his own. These big shells throw out splinters in every direction for some three or four hundred yards, and there is no object in having casualties, particularly when there are dug-outs close at hand. When he gets back to his abode he finds Captain D., with whom he shares it, sitting on the roof smoking a cigarette.

"Gabriel's starting pretty early this morning?" he says.

"Oh! never mind Gabriel. What have you got there for breakfast? What's the jam? Plum again! This is beyond the limit: I'll send my servant down with a note to old A—— (the quartermaster), and see if we can't get a pot of marmalade, or something for to-morrow!"

"Yes, do! However, we have got to put up with what we've got to-day; lend us your knife."

"Shht . . . ht, thud!"

Nothing is to be seen outside the dug-out except a pair of legs sticking up out of the doorway. Presently they are withdrawn, and a head peers carefully out.

“Phew! that was a near one; if that had gone off we shouldn't be wanting any more breakfast just now, old man. Gabriel never can find his length at this hour of the morning! I think we'd better finish breakfast inside, don't you?”

A muffled yes comes from the interior, a hand stretches out to pick up the lost pot of despised plum, and then nothing more is to be seen above ground for some time.

And here let us leave the inhabitants of this underground city; throughout the day there is not much to be seen, the majority of its inhabitants spend it in sleeping

and eating, occasionally a figure emerges and sits on the roof for a while, and every now and then a patrol goes off into the wood, and comes back an hour or two later. As soon as night falls all is activity again,—the ration party is formed, one party goes out to the trenches outside the wood, whilst another relieves the men who have been in the trenches inside the wood all day.

Gradually all settles down, and quiet reigns again: occasionally the silence is broken by the crack of a rifle-shot,—probably a man shooting at a tree ten yards in front of him: this sort of life is not good for the nerves.

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## THE SHOOTING OF SHINROE.

BY E. G. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS.

MR JOSEPH FRANCIS M'CABE rose stiffly from his basket chair, picked up the cushion on which he had been seated, looked at it with animosity, hit it hard with his fist, and flinging it into the chair replaced himself upon it, with the single word:—

“Flog!”

I was aware that he referred to the flock with which the cushions in the lounge of Reardon's Hotel were stuffed.

“They have this hotel destroyed altogether with their improvements,” went on Mr M'Cabe between puffs, as he lit his pipe. “God be with the time this was the old smoking-room, before they knocked it and the hall into one, and spoilt the two of them! There were fine solid chairs in it that time, that you'd sleep in as good as your bed, but as for these wicker affairs, I declare the wind'd whistle through them the same as a crow's nest.” He paused, and brought his heel down heavily on top of the fire: “And look at that for a grate! A Well grate they call it,—I'd say, ‘Leave Well alone!’ Thirty years I'm coming to Sessions here, and putting up in this house, and in place of old Tim telling me me own room was ready for me, there's a whipper-snapper of a snapdragon in a glass box in the hall, asking me me

name in broken English” (it may be mentioned that this happened before the War), “and ‘Had I a Cook's ticket?’ and down-facing me that I must leave my key in what he called the ‘Bew-ro.’”

I said I knew of a lady who always took a Cook's ticket when she went abroad, because when she got to Paris there would be an Englishman on the platform to meet her, or at all events a broken English man.

Mr M'Cabe softened to a temporary smile, but held on to his grievance with the tenacity of his profession. (I don't think I have mentioned that he was a solicitor, of a type now, unfortunately, becoming obsolete.) He had a long grey face, and a short grey moustache; he dyed his hair, and his age was known to no man.

“There was one of them Cook's tourists sat next me at breakfast,” he resumed, “and he asked me was I ever in Ireland before, and how long was I in it. ‘Wan day,’ says I!”

“Did he believe you?” I asked.

“He did,” replied Mr M'Cabe, with something that approached compassion.

I have always found old M'Cabe a mitigating circumstance of Sessions at Owenford, both in Court and out of it. He was a sportsman

of the ingrained variety that grows wild in Ireland, and in any of the horse-coping cases that occasionally refresh the innermost soul of Munster, it would be safe to assume that Mr M'Cabe's special gifts had insured his being retained, generally on the shady side. He fished when occasion served, he shot whether it did or not. He did not exactly keep horses, but he always knew some one who was prepared to "pass on" a thoroughly useful animal, with some infirmity so insignificant that until you tried to dispose of him you did not realise that he was yours until his final passing-on to the next world. He had certain shooting privileges in the mountains behind the town of Owenford (bestowed, so he said, by a grateful client), and it had often been suggested by him that he and I should anticipate some November Sessions by a day, and spend it on the hill. We were now in the act of carrying out the project.

"Ah, these English," M'Cabe began again, mixing himself a glass of whisky and water, "they'd believe anything so long as it wasn't the truth. Talking politics these lads were, and by the time they had their ham and eggs swallowed they had the whole country arranged. 'And look,' says they—they were anglers, God help us!—'Look at all the money that's going to waste for want of preserving the rivers!' 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'there's water-bailiffs on the most of the

rivers. I was defending a man not long since that was cot by the water-bailiff poaching salmon on the Owen. 'And what proof have you?' says I to the water-bailiff. 'How do ye know it was a salmon at all?' 'Is it how would I know?' says the bailiff; 'didn't I gaff the fish for him meself!'"

"What did your anglers say to that?" I inquired.

"Well, they didn't quite go so far as to tell me I was a liar," said Mr M'Cabe tranquilly. "Ah, telling such as them the truth is wasting what isn't plenty! Then they'll meet some fellow that lies like a tooth-drawer, and they'll write to the English 'Times' on the head of him!" He stretched forth a long and bony hand for the tumbler of whisky and water. "And talking of tooth-drawers," he went on, "there's a dentist comes here once a fortnight, Jeffers his name is, and a great sportsman, too. I was with him to-day"—he passed his hand consciously over his mouth, and the difference that I had dimly felt in his appearance suddenly, and in all senses of the word, flashed upon me—"and he was telling me how one time, in the summer that's past, he'd been out all night, fishing in the Owen. He was going home before the dawn, and he jumped down off a bank on to what he took to be a white stone—and he aimed for the stone, mind you, because he thought the ground was wet—and what was it but a man's face!" M'Cabe paused to receive my comment.

"What did he do, is it? Ran off for his life, roaring out, 'There's a first-rate dentist in Owenford!' The fellow was lying asleep there, and he having bundles of spurge with him to poison the river. He had taken drink, I suppose."

"Was he a water-bailiff too?" said I; "I hope the conservators of the river stood him a set of teeth."

"If they did," said M'Cabe, with an unexpected burst of feeling, "I pity him!" He rose to his feet and put his tumbler down on the chimney-piece. "Well, we should get away early in the morning, and it's no harm for us to go to bed."

He yawned a large yawn that ended abruptly with a metallic click. His eyes met mine, full of unspoken things; we parted in a silence that seemed to have been artificially imposed upon Mr M'Cabe.

The wind boomed intermit- tently in my chimney during the night, and a far and heavy growling told of the dissatis- faction of the sea. Yet the morning was not unfavourable. There was a broken mist with shimmers of sun in it, and the earman said it would be a thing of nothing, and would go out with the tide. The Boots, a relic of the old *régime*, was pessimistic, and mentioned that there were two stars squeez up agin the moon last night, and he would have no dependance on the day. M'Cabe offered no opinion, being occu- pied in bestowing in a species of dog-box beneath the well of the car a young red setter,

kindly lent by his friend the dentist. The setter, who had formed at sight an unfavour- able opinion of the dog-box, had resolved himself into an invertebrate mass of jelly and lead, and was with difficulty straightened out and rammed home into it.

"Have we all now?" said M'Cabe, slamming the door in the dog's face. "Take care we're not like me uncle, old Tom Duffy, that was going shooting, and was the whole morning slapping his pockets, and saying, 'me powder! me shot! me caps! me wads!' and when he got to the bog, 'O Tare an' Ouns!' says he, 'I forgot the gun!'"

There are still moments when I can find some special and not - otherwise - to - be - at- tained flavour in driving on an outside car; a sense of per- sonal achievement in sitting, by some method of instinctive suction, the lurches and swoops peculiar to these vehicles. Reardon's had given us its roomiest car and its best horse, a yellow mare, with a long back and a slinging trot, and a mouth of iron.

"Where did Mr Reardon get the mare, Jerry?" asked M'Cabe, as we zigzagged in suc- cessive hair-breadths through the streets of Owenford.

"D-Dublin, sir," replied the driver, who, with both fists extended in front of him, and both heels planted against the narrow footboard, seemed to find utterance difficult.

"She's a goer!" said M'Cabe.

"She is; she killed two

men," said Jerry in two jerks.

"That's a great credit to her. What way did she do it?"

"P-pulled the lungs out o' them!" ejaculated Jerry, turning the last corner, and giving the mare a shade more of her head, as a tribute perhaps to her prowess.

She swung us for some six miles along the ruts of the coast road at the same unflinching pace, after which, turning inland and uphill, we began the climb of four miles into the mountains. It was about 11 o'clock when we pulled up beside a long and reedy pool, high up in the heather. The road went on, illimitably it seemed, and was lost, with its attendant telegraph posts, in cloud.

"Away with ye now, Jerry," said M'Cabe; "we'll shoot our way home."

He opened the back of the dog-box and summoned its occupant. The summons was disregarded. Far back in the box two sparks of light and a dead silence indicated the presence of the dog.

"How snug you are in there!" said M'Cabe. "Here, Jerry, pull him out for us. What the deuce is this his name is? Jeffers told me yesterday, and it's gone from me."

"I d'no would he bite me?" said Jerry, taking a cautious observation, and giving voice to the feelings of the party. "Here, poor fellow! Here, good lad!"

The good lad remained immovable. The lure of a sand-

wich produced no better result.

"We can't be losing our day with the brute this way," said M'Cabe. "Tip up the ear. He'll come out then and no thanks to him."

As the shafts rose heavenward the law of gravitation proved too many for the setter, and he slowly slid to earth.

"If I only knew your dam name we'd be all right now," said M'Cabe.

The carman dropped the shafts on to the mare and drove on up the pass with one side of the car turned up and himself on the other. The yellow mare had, it seemed, only began her day's work. A prophetic instinct, of the reliable kind that is strictly founded on fact, warned me that we might live to regret her departure.

The dentist's setter had at sight of the guns realised that things were better than he had expected, and now preceded us along the edge of the lake with every appearance of enthusiasm. He quartered the ground with professional zeal, he splashed through the sedge, and rattled through thickets of dry reeds, and set successively a heron, a water-hen, and something, unseen, that I believe to have been a water-rat. After each of these efforts he rushed in upon his quarry, and we called him by all the gun-dog names we had ever heard of, from Don to Grouse, from Carlo to Shot, coupled with objurgations on a rising scale.

With none of them did we so much as vibrate a chord in his bosom. He was a large dog, with a blunt, stupid face, and a faculty for excitement about nothing that impelled him to bound back to us as often as possible to gaze in our eyes in brilliant enquiry, and to pant and prance before us with all the fatuity of youth. Had he been able to speak, he would have asked idiotic questions, of that special breed that exact from their victim a reply of equal imbecility.

The lake and its environs, for the first time in M'Cabe's experience, yielded nothing; we struck up on to the mountain-side, following the course of an angry stream that came racing down from the heights. We worked up through ling and furze, and skirted flocks of pale stones that lay in the heather like petrified sheep; and the dog, ranging deliriously, set water-wagtails, and anything else that could fly. I believe he would have set a bluebottle, and I said so to M'Cabe.

"Ah, give him time; he'll settle down," said M'Cabe, who had a thankfulness for small mercies born of a vast experience of makeshifts; "he might fill the bag for us yet."

We laboured along the flank of the mountain, climbing in and out of small ravines, jumping or wading streams, sloshing through yellow sedgy bog; always with the brown heather running up to the misty skyline, and always with the same atrocious luck. Once a small pack of grouse got up, very

wild, and leagues out of range, thanks to the far-reaching activities of the dog, and once a hermit woodcock exploded out of a clump of furze, and sailed away down the slope, followed by four charges of shot and the red setter, in equally innocuous pursuit. And this, up to luncheon-time, was the sum of the morning's sport.

We ate our sandwiches on a high ridge, under the lea of a tumbled pile of boulders, that looked as if they had been about to hurl themselves into the valley and had thought better of it at the last moment. Between the looming, elephant-grey mountains the mist yielded glimpses of the far greenness of the sea, the only green thing in sight in this world of grey and brown. The dog sat opposite to me and willed me to share my food with him. His steady eyes were charged with the implication that I was a glutton; personally I abhorred him, yet I found it impossible to give him less than twenty-five per cent of my sandwiches.

"I wonder did Jeffers take him for a bad debt," said M'Cabe reflectively, as he lit his pipe.

I said I should rather take my chance with the bad debt.

"He might have treated me better," M'Cabe grumbled on, "seeing that I paid him seven pound ten the day before yesterday, let alone that it was me that was the first to put him up to this—this bit of Shinroe Mountain that never was what you might call strictly preserved. When he came here



first he didn't as much as know what cartridges he'd want for it. 'Six and eight,' says I, 'that's a lawyer's fee, so if you think of me you'll not forget it!' And now, if ye please," went on Mr Jeffers' preceptor in sport, "he's shooting the whole country and selling all he gets! And he wouldn't as much as ask me to go with him; and the excuse he gives, he wouldn't like to have an old hand like me connyshooring his shots! How modest he is!"

I taunted M'Cabe with having been weak enough thus to cede his rights, and M'Cabe, who was not at all amused, said that after all it wasn't so much Jeffers that did the harm, but an infernal English Syndicate that had taken the Shinroe shooting this season, and paid old Purcell that owned it ten times what it was worth.

"It might be as good for us to get off their ground now," continued M'Cabe, rising slowly to his feet, "and try the Lackagrina Valley. The stream below is their bounds."

This, I hasten to say, was the first I had heard of the Syndicate, and I thought it tactless of M'Cabe to have mentioned it, even though the wrong that we had done them was purely technical. I said to him that I thought the sooner we got off their ground the better, and we descended the hill and crossed the stream, and M'Cabe said that he could always shoot this next stretch of country when he liked. With this assurance we turned our backs on the sea and struck inland, tramping for an hour

or more through country whose entire barrenness could only be explained on the hypothesis that it had been turned inside out to dry. So far it had failed to achieve even this result.

The weather got thicker, and the sport, if possible, thinner. I had long since lost what bearings I possessed, but M'Cabe said he knew of a nice patch of scrub in the next valley that always held a cock. The next valley came at last, not without considerable effort, but no patch of scrub was apparent. Some small black and grey cattle stood and looked at us, and a young bull showed an inclination to stalk the dog; it seemed the only sport the valley was likely to afford. M'Cabe looked round him, and looked at his watch, and looked at the sky, which did not seem to be more than a yard above our heads, and said without emotion—

"Did ye think of telling the lad in the glass box in the hall that we might want some dinner kept hot for us? I d'no from Adam where we've got to!"

There was a cattle-track along the side of the valley which might, though not necessarily, lead somewhere. We pursued it, and found that it led, in the first instance, to some black-faced mountain sheep. A cheerful interlude followed, in which the red setter hunted the sheep, and we hunted the setter, and what M'Cabe said about the dentist in the intervals of the chase was more appropriate to the occasion than to these pages.

When justice had been satiated, and the last echo of the last yell of the dog had trembled into silence among the hills, we resumed the cattle-track, which had become a shade more reliable, and, as we proceeded, began to give an impression that it might lead somewhere. The day was dying in threatening stillness. Lethargic layers of mist bulged low, like the roof of a marquise, and cloaked every outline that could yield us information. The dog, unchastened by recent events, and full of an idiot optimism, continued to range the hillside.

"I suppose I'll never get the chance to tell Jeffers my opinion of that tom-fool," said M'Cabe, following with an eye of steel the perambulations of the dog; "the best barrister that ever wore a wig couldn't argue with a dentist! He has his fist half-way down your throat before you can open your mouth; and, in any case, he'll tell me we couldn't expect any dog would work for us when we forgot his name. What's the brute at now?"

The brute was high above us on the hillside, setting a solitary furze-bush with convincing determination, and casting backward looks to see if he were being supported.

"It might be a hare," said M'Cabe, cocking his gun, with a revival of hope that was almost pathetic, and ascending towards the furze-bush.

I neither quickened my pace nor deviated from the cattle-track, but I may admit that I did so far yield to the theory

of the hare as to slip a cartridge into my gun.

M'Cabe put his gun to his shoulder, lowered it abruptly, and walked up to the furze-bush. He stooped and picked up something.

"He's not such a fool after all!" he called out; "ye said he'd set a bluebottle, and b'Jove ye weren't far out!"

He held up a black object that was neither bird nor beast.

I took the cartridge out of my gun as unobtrusively as possible, and M'Cabe and the dog rejoined me with the product of the day's sport. It was a flat-sided bottle, high shouldered, with a short neck; M'Cabe extracted the cork and took a sniff.

"Mountain Dew, no less!" (Mr M'Cabe adhered faithfully to the stock phrases of his youth.) "This never paid the King a shilling! Give me the cup off your flask, Major, till we see what sort it is."

It was pretty rank, and even that seasoned vessel, old M'Cabe, admitted that it might be drinkable in another couple of years, but hardly in less; yet as it ran, a rivulet of fire, through my system, it seemed to me that even the water in my boots became less chill.

"In the public interest we're bound to remove it," said M'Cabe, putting the bottle into his game-bag; "any man that drank enough of that'd rob a church! Well, anyway, we're not the only people travelling this path," he continued; "whoever put his afternoon tea to

hide there will choose a less fashionable promenade next time. But indeed the poor man couldn't be blamed for not knowing such a universal genius of a dog was coming this way! Didn't I tell you he'd fill the bag for us!"

He extracted from his pockets a pair of knitted gloves and put them on; it was equivalent to putting up the shutters.

It was shortly after this that we regained touch with civilisation. Above the profile of a hill a telegraph post suddenly showed itself against the grey of the misty twilight. We made as bee-like a line for it as the nature of the ground permitted, and found ourselves on a narrow road, at a point where it was in the act of making a hairpin turn before plunging into a valley.

"The Beacon Bay road, begad!" said M'Cabe; "I didn't think we were so far out of our way. Let me see now, which way is this we'd best go?"

He stood still and looked round him, taking his bearings; in the solitude the telegraph posts hummed to each other, full of information and entirely reticent.

The position was worse than I thought. By descending into the valley we should, a couple or three miles farther on, strike the coast road about six miles from home; by ascending the hill and walking four miles, we should arrive at the station of Coppeen Road, and, with luck, there intercept the evening train for Owenford.

"And that's the best of our

play, but we'll have to step out," concluded M'Cabe, shortening the strap of his game-bag and settling it on his back.

"If I were you," I said, "I'd chuck that stuff away. Apart from anything else, it's about half a ton extra to carry."

"There's many a thing, Major, that you might do that I might not do," returned M'Cabe with solemnity, "and in the contrary sense the statement is equally valid."

He faced the hill with humped shoulders, and fell with no more words into his poacher's stride, and I followed him with the best imitation of it that I could put up after at least six hours of heavy going. M'Cabe is certainly fifteen years older than I am, and I hope that when I am his age I shall have more consideration than he for those who are younger than myself.

It was now nearly half-past five o'clock, and by the time we had covered a mile of puddles and broken stones it was too dark to see which was which. I felt considerable dubiety about catching the train at Coppeen Road, all the more that it was a flag station, demanding an extra five minutes in hand. Probably the engine-driver had long since abandoned any expectation of passengers at Coppeen Road, and if he even noticed the signal would treat it as a practical joke. It was after another quarter of an hour's trudge that a distant sound entered into the silence that had fallen upon M'Cabe and

me, an intermittent grating of wheels upon patches of broken stone, a steady hammer of hoofs.

M'Cabe halted.

"That car's bound to be going to Owenford," he said; "I wonder could they give us a lift."

A single light (the economical habit of the south of Ireland) began to split the foggy darkness.

"Begad, that's like the go of Reardon's mare!" said M'Cabe, as the Cyclops' eye swung down upon us

We held the road like high-waymen, we called upon the unseen driver to stop, and he answered to the name of Jerry. This is not a proof of identity in a province where every third man is dignified by the name of Jeremiah, but as the car pulled up it was Reardon's yellow mare on which the lamplight fell, and we knew our luck was in.

We should certainly not catch the train at Coppeen Road, Jerry assured us; "She had," he said, "a fashion of running early on Monday nights, and in any case, if you'd want to catch that thrain, you should make like an amber-bush for her."

We agreed that it was too late for the preparation of an ambush.

"If the Sergeant had no objections," continued Jerry, progressing smoothly towards the tip that would finally be his, "it would be no trouble at all to oblige the gentlemen. Sure it's the big car I have, and it's often I took six, yes,

and seven on it, going to the races."

I was now aware of two helmeted presences on the car, and a decorous voice said that the gentlemen were welcome to a side of the car if they liked.

"Is that Sergeant Leonard?" asked M'Cabe, who knew every policeman in the country; "well, Sergeant, you've a knack of being on the spot when you're wanted!"

"And sometimes when he's not!" said I.

There was a third and un-helmeted presence on the car, and something of stillness and aloofness in it had led me to diagnose a prisoner.

The suggested dispositions were accomplished. The two policemen and the prisoner wedged themselves on one side of the car, M'Cabe and I mounted the other, and put the dog on the cushion of the well behind us (his late quarters in the dog-box being occupied by half a mountain sheep, destined for the hotel larder). The yellow mare went gallantly up to her collar, regardless of her augmented load; M'Cabe and the Sergeant leaned to each other across the back of the car, and fell into profound and low-toned converse; I smoked, and the dog, propping his wet back against mine, made friends with the prisoner. It may be the Irish blood in me that is responsible for the illicit sympathy with a prisoner that sometimes incommodes me; I certainly bestowed some of it upon the captive, sandwiched

between two stalwarts of the R.I.C., and learning that the strong arm of the law was a trifle compared with the rest of its person.

"What sport had you, Major?" inquired Jerry, as we slackened speed at a hill.

I was sitting at the top of the car, under his elbow, and he probably thought that I was feeling neglected during the heart-to-heart confidences of M'Cabe and the Sergeant.

"Not a feather," I replied.

"Sure the birds couldn't be in it this weather," said Jerry considerably; he had in his time condoled with many sportsmen. "I'm after talking to a man in Coppeen Road station, that was carrying the game-bag for them gentlemen that has Mr Purcell's shooting on Shinroe Mountain, and what had the four o' them after the day, only one jack-snipe!"

"They went one better than we did," I said, but, as was intended, I felt cheered; "what day were they there?"

"To-day, sure!" answered Jerry, with faint surprise, "and they hadn't their luncheon hardly ate when they met one on the mountain that told them he seen two fellas walking it, with guns and a dog, no more than an hour before them. 'That'll do!' says they, and they turned about and back with them to Coppeen Road to tell the police."

"Did they see the fellows?" I asked lightly, after a panic-stricken pause.

"They did not. Sure they said if they seen them they'd shoot them like rooks," replied

Jerry, "and they would, too. It's what the man was saying, if they cot them lads to-day they'd have left them in the way they'd be given up by both doctor and priest! Oh, they're fierce altogether!"

I received this information in a silence that was filled to bursting with the desire to strangle M'Cabe.

Jerry leaned over my shoulder and lowered his voice.

"They were saying in Coppeen Road that there was a gentleman that came on a mothor-bike this morning early, and he had Shinroe shot out by 10 o'clock, and on with him then up the country; and it isn't the first time he was in it. It's a pity those gentlemen couldn't ketch *him*! *They'd* mothor-bike him!"

It was apparent that the poaching of the motor-bicycle upon the legitimate preserves of carmen was responsible for this remarkable sympathy with the law; I, at all events, had it to my credit that I had not gone poaching on a motor-bicycle.

Just here M'Cabe emerged from the heart-to-heart, and nudged me in the ribs with a confederate elbow. I did not respond, being in no mood for confederacy, certainly not with M'Cabe.

"The Sergeant is after telling me this prisoner he has here is prosecuted at the instance of that Syndicate I was telling you about," he whispered hoarsely in my ear, "for hunting Shinroe with greyhounds. He was oited to appear last week and he

didn't turn up; he'll be before you to-morrow. I hope the Bench will have a fellow-feeling for a fellow-creature!"

The whisper ended in the wheezy cough that was Mr M'Cabe's equivalent for a laugh. It was very close to my ear, and it had somewhere in it the metallic click that I had noticed before.

I grunted forbiddingly, and turned my back upon M'Cabe as far as it is possible to do so on an outside car, and we hammered on through the darkness. Once the solitary lamp illumined the prolonged countenance of a donkey, and once or twice we came upon a party of sheep lying on the road; they melted into the night at the minatory whistle that is dedicated to sheep, and on each of these occasions the dentist's dog was shaken by strong shudders, and made a convulsive attempt to spring from the car in pursuit. We were making good travelling on a long down-grade, a smell of seaweed was in the mist, and a salt taste was on my lips. It was very cold; I had no overcoat, my boots had plumbed the depths of many bogholes, and I found myself shivering like the dog.

It was at this point that I felt M'Cabe fumbling at his game-bag, that lay between us on the seat. By dint of a sympathy that I would have died rather than betray, I divined that he was going to tap that fount of contraband fire that he owed to the dentist's dog. It was, apparently, a matter of some difficulty;

I felt him groping and tugging at the straps.

I said to myself, waveringly, "Old blackguard. I won't touch it if he offers it to me——"

M'Cabe went on fumbling.

"Damn these woolly gloves! I can't do a hand's turn with them——"

In the dark I could not see what followed, but I felt him raise his arm. There was a jerk, followed by a howl.

"Hold on!" roared M'Cabe, with a new and strange utterance. "Thtop the horth! I've dropped me teeth!"

The driver did his best, but with the push of the hill behind her the mare took some stopping.

"Oh murder, oh murder!" wailed M'Cabe, lisping thickly. "I pulled them out o' me head with the glove, trying to get it off!" He scrambled off the car. "Give me the lamp! Me lovely new teeth——"

I detached the lamp from its socket with all speed, and handed it to M'Cabe, who hurried back on our tracks. From motives of delicacy I remained on the car, as did also the rest of the party. A minute or two passed in awed silence, while the patch of light went to and fro on the dark road. It seemed an intrusion to offer assistance, and an uncertainty as to whether to allude to the loss as "them," or "it," made enquiries a difficulty.

"For goodneth'ake, have none o' ye any matcheth, that ye couldn't come and help me?" demanded the voice of M'Cabe, in indignation blurred

pathetically by his gosling-like lisp.

I went to his assistance, and refrained with an effort from suggesting the employment of that all-accomplished setter, the dentist's dog, in the search; it was not the moment for pleasantries. Not yet.

We crept along, bent double, like gorillas; the long strips of broken stones yielded nothing, the long puddles between them were examined in vain.

"What the dooth will I do to-morrow?" raged M'Cabe, pawing in the heather at the road's edge. "How can I plead when I haven't a blathted tooth in me head?"

"I'll give you half-a-crown this minute, M'Cabe," said I brutally, "if you'll say 'Sessions'!"

Here the Sergeant joined us, striking matches as he came. He worked his way into the sphere of the car-lamp, he was most painstaking and sympathetic, and his oblique allusions to the object of the search were a miracle of tact.

"I see something white beyond you, Mr M'Cabe," he said respectfully, "might that be them?"

M'Cabe swung the lamp as indicated.

"No, it might not. It's a pebble," he replied, with pardonable irascibility.

Silence followed, and we worked our way up the hill.

"What's that, sir?" ventured the Sergeant, with some excitement, stopping again and pointing. "I think I see the gleam of the gold!"

"Ah, nonthenth, man!

They're vulcanite!" snapped M'Cabe, more irascibly than ever.

The word nonsense was a disastrous effort, and I withdrew into the darkness to enjoy it.

"What colour might vulcanite be, sir?" murmured a voice beside me.

Jerry had joined the search party; he lighted, as he spoke, an inch of candle. On hearing my explanation he remarked that it was a bad chance, and at the same instant the inch of candle slipped from his fingers and fell into a puddle.

"Divil mend ye for a candle! Have ye a match, sir? I haven't a one left!"

As it happened I had no matches, my only means of making a light being a patent tinder-box.

"Have you a match there?" I called out to the invisible occupants of the car, which was about fifteen or twenty yards away, advancing towards it as I spoke. The constable politely jumped off it and came to meet me.

As he was in the act of handing me his match-box the car drove away down the hill.

I state the fact with the bald simplicity that is appropriate to great disaster. To be exact, the yellow mare sprang from inaction into a gallop, as if she had been stung by a wasp, and she had a start of at least fifty yards before either the carman or the constable could get under way. The carman, uttering shrill and menacing whistles, led the chase, the constable,

though badly hampered by his greatcoat, was a good second, and the sergeant, making the best of a bad start, followed them into the night.

The yellow mare's head was for home, and her load was on its own legs on the road behind her. Hysterical yelps from the dentist's dog indicated that he also was on his own legs, and was in all human probability jumping at the mare's nose. As the rapturous beat of her hoofs died away on the down-grade, I recalled the assertion that she had pulled the lungs out of two men; and it seemed to me that the prisoner had caught the psychological moment on the hop.

"They'll not ketch him," said M'Cabe, with the flat calm of a broken man; "not to-night, anyway. Nor for a week, maybe. He'll take to the mountains."

The silence of the hills closed in upon us, and we were left in our original position, plus the lamp of the car, and minus our guns, the dentist's dog, and M'Cabe's teeth.

Far, far away from the direction of Coppeen Road, that sinister outpost where evil rumours were launched, and the night trains were waylaid by the amber-bushes, a steady tapping sound advanced towards us. Over the crest of the hill, a quarter of a mile away, a blazing and many-pointed star sprang into being and bore down upon us. "A motor-bike!" ejaculated

M'Cabe. "Take the light and t'hop him. He wouldn't know what I wath thaying. If he ran over them they're done for! For the love o' Merthy, tell him to keep the left thide of the road!"

I took the lamp and ran towards him, waving it as I ran. The star, now a moon of acetylene ferocity, slackened speed, and a voice behind it said—

"What's up?"

I stated the case with telegraphic brevity, and the motor-bicycle slid slowly past me. Its rider had a gun slung across his back: my lamp revealed a crammed game-bag on the carrier behind him.

"Sorry I can't assist you," he called back to me, keeping carefully at the left-hand side of the road; "but I have an appointment." Then as an afterthought, "There's a first-rate dentist in Owenford!"

The red eye of the tail-light glowed a farewell, and passed on, like all the rest, into the night.

I rejoined M'Cabe.

He clutched my arm and shook it.

"That wath Jefferth—*Jefferth*, I tell ye! The dirty poacher! And hith bag full of our birdth!"

It was not till the lamp went out, which it did some ten minutes afterwards, that I drew M'Cabe from the scene of his loss, gently, as one deals with the bereaved, and faced with him the six-mile walk to Owenford.



## BELLIGERENTS AND NEUTRALS.

AT the outbreak of war, one of the first efforts belligerents make is to attempt to justify the morality of their action. Whatever else war may be, it is indubitably an International nuisance, and every belligerent will naturally wish to wash his hands, so far as may be, of responsibility for inconveniencing his pacific neighbours. He himself lapses from black-coated good behaviour to the war-paint of savagery, but it is not his fault; it is the other man who has provoked him, or threatened him, or will not keep his promises, or plotted his destruction, or has run *amok*, and in the interests of civilisation this demoniac must be quelled. Both sides say they are in the right; neutrals feel that one or other may be, and assure either (or both) that they have their sympathy,—and privately hope that the trouble will soon be over.

This stage does not last long. Belligerents begin to be dissatisfied with words and sympathy. If the neutral is so sympathetic, why does he not do something; why does he not remember that blood is thicker than water; why does he not act up to his treaties, or his feelings; why does he not strike a blow for civilisation—or Kultur; why does he not protest at atrocities; why, finally, does he not really act impartially, and leave off helping the wrong side by trading with him? Belligerents in-

evitably fall into this attitude—at least their press does—just at the time when neutrals begin to realise that though the war is a nuisance to them it has compensations. It opens to them new trades and makes old ones exceptionally lucrative; huge profits may be pocketed by the neutral who is adroit enough to take his chance.

So comes the third stage, in which Protests and Notes fly about, Ministers reiterate diplomatic “*Tu Quoques*” to each other. International law is cited by both parties to prove their contradictory assertions, and the last part of the war is twofold: an open struggle between the belligerents, and a simmering dispute between them and neutrals.

History makes this plain enough. After France and Spain had come in against England in the American War, the neutral Powers, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, formed in 1780 the League called the Armed Neutrality: Prussia and Austria soon joined, and the belligerents, France, Spain, Holland, and the U.S.A., also adhered to the demands of the League. “*Armed Neutrality*” is a thinly-veiled threat: in effect it says, “We are neutrals now; but if you do not agree to our view of what are neutral rights we are ready to go to war on the matter.” Twenty years later the Revolutionary War saw the Second Armed Neutrality among the

Baltic Powers, approved as before by one belligerent side, and this time England, to be beforehand with the armed neutrals, attacked and destroyed the Danish fleet at Copenhagen; in 1812 another neutral, the United States, sore about belligerent annoyance in its commerce, actually did go to war; and again the War of Secession (1861) very nearly widened into war between the United States and the neutral England—not only over the *Trent* (1861), and the raiders *Florida* and *Alabama* (1862), but most of all over the ironclad rams building at Lairds. On 5th September 1863 Mr Adams wrote to Earl Russell saying that one of these vessels was on the point of departure, and ending, "it would be superfluous in me to point out to your lordship that *this is war*."<sup>1</sup>

It is then not unusual that when a war begins neutrals are drawn into war *on issues wide of the prime dispute*; or if they do not quite go to war, they advance to the brink of it and avoid hostilities by the narrowest margin. On the other hand, there are plenty of examples to the contrary: neither the Crimean War, nor the Campaign in Italy in 1859, nor the Seven Weeks' War, nor the Franco-Prussian War of '70, nor the Russo-Japanese War, nor the recent War in the Balkans, provoked neutrals to threaten to protect themselves by force.

Two facts emerge—one, that

this latter class of war spread little, or not at all, to the sea, and did not widely disturb commerce; the other, that *in every one of the instances where neutrals have angrily protested, and in some cases fought, England has been concerned*. In 1780 the First Armed Neutrality was formed to resist British practice in the matters of contraband, capture of enemy goods, and blockade: the same complaints were made in 1800: the war of 1812 was over the British practice of searching for British seamen on American ships; the issues in the War of Secession were over the North's blockade of the South, which cut off our supplies of cotton, and British trading in contraband on such a scale as to amount to our building yards being the arsenal and naval ports of the Confederacy. This appears to exhibit England in a singularly unamiable aspect: at war as the Draco of belligerent rights at sea, and the terror of the unoffending neutral; in peace as the Arch-trader in contraband; in general a state who condemns in others what she condones in herself. It may be added that Continental publicists steadily take this view of our perfidious nation.

It is to a certain extent true, yet not true in the form in which it is commonly stated. It is true that England has often so figured, but that is not on account of its perfidy, or supposed or real national char-

<sup>1</sup> The British Government stopped them, and eventually bought them for our navy.

acteristics, but because it is the great maritime Power. At war it strives to make that power tell by attacking its enemy's trade; as a neutral it is most hit by restrictions on trade, and most tempted to grasp at the unusual profits offered by trade with a belligerent. Human nature and State nature being what they are, this position of England has been inevitable. It may not be logical or moral, but it is a fact. And ere any one condemn it let him reflect what other States have done or would do in similar case. The most violent infraction of neutral rights that the world has seen was planned in Napoleon's Continental System, and his Berlin decrees; no one ever declared so gigantic a blockade as the U.S.A. did in 1861; and does any one think that if Germany wrested the command of the sea from England she would take a mild and beneficent view of neutrals making for "blockaded" English ports, or trading with England in what they asserted not to be contraband? Neutrals would speedily find even the little finger of the new *Kaiser-Rehoboam* class to exceed the maximum broadside of the old *King Solomons*.

Whatever may be new in International questions of neutrality, England's position is not. As a great maritime State she has always taken a liberal view of belligerent

rights at sea when she was at war. But other nations, striving for control at sea, have done the same: the only difference that exists is that their opportunities have been fewer: *they never occur when England has been their opponent*, because their sea-power has then vanished, and they have then had to take the other side, and became firm supporters of neutral rights, since this was the one way that remained to them to check the fullest exercise of England's supremacy at sea.

Formulated it stands thus. In a land war neutrals may sympathise with the stronger or the weaker at their choice, but in a sea war or any war which spreads widely over the seas, *the interests of neutrals are apt to lie with the weaker side*. It is the weaker side who professes (though it obviously cannot practise) tender consideration for neutrals;<sup>1</sup> it is the weaker side who will clamour for goods which it cannot get, and will offer the high prices and the tempting bargains. It is the stronger side which searches ships, condemns contraband, blockades ports, delays and imperils neutral commerce. So, as neutral interests are likely to lie with the weaker side, it is not surprising if neutral sympathy will work round that way also.

That being so, it is well to remember that England cannot at present have the interests of

<sup>1</sup> One of the many strange blunders of German diplomacy lies in the failure to keep on good terms with neutrals. Doubtless she is now trying to involve us in a dispute with neutrals through our reprisals against her "frightfulness" at sea.

trading neutrals on her side—except so far as they are keensighted enough to realise that their plight would be ten times worse were Germany supreme at sea—and that it is something if, in spite of a divergence in interest, we so far have in the main kept American sympathy. This is an important matter, for if sympathy swings round to coincide with interest, each reacts on the other, and they soon grow into a formidable force.<sup>1</sup> When the men of a State think that it is a duty to act as their pocket bids them, they will feel this duty to be peculiarly sacred, and they will urge their State to give voice to their feelings—which it will naturally do.

It is thus foolish to imagine that all is bound to go smoothly between neutrals and ourselves, and particularly between the United States and ourselves, merely because they feel that our cause is a good one. Even if they are unanimous about this, it is quite another thing for them to agree that the steps which we propose to take in warfare are right. Nor is it reasonable to assume that the United States will—as neutrals—now hold the views which they maintained—as belligerents—in the War of Secession,

for this is exactly what we are failing to do ourselves. Emerson wrote that “a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds,” but he did not limit the aphorism to his compatriots, and troubles will not be solved by quoting the *Georgia* against the *Dacia*, and receiving the *Baltica* as a reply, or by hurling the *Peterhoff* as a controversial missile only to get it back in the shape of *Hobbs v. Henning*.<sup>2</sup> If one side preaches what it does not practise, the other has practised what it does not preach. It is hopeless to escape differences; the thing is to avoid dissension which may ripen into something far worse, and to recognise on both sides that this may only be done with mutual forbearance and understanding. It is no more easy to be a patient neutral than it is to be a discreet belligerent. Issachar’s task is as hard as Judah’s.

The business is made no simpler by popular clamour. Down comes Cleon to the market-place and gives utterance to the admirable sentiment that “it is the duty of a neutral not to trade in contraband,” and Demos cheers. Over in Germany the Sausage-seller is shouting to the same tune, but we cannot attend to him. The

<sup>1</sup> What saved us from war with the United States at the time of the War of Secession was the fact that in the main England sympathised with the *cause* of the North. Her interests all pointed the other way.

<sup>2</sup> The *Georgia*, one of the Confederate commerce destroyers, was sold out of the Confederate service to a neutral during the war. She was later captured by a U.S.A. ship and condemned as good prize, the sale being held invalid. The *Baltica* was sold by a Russian to a Danish subject at the time of the Crimean War—sale being made while the ship was actually at sea; but as the Court held it was a *bonâ fide* sale the ship was not condemned. The point of the *Peterhoff* and *Hobbs v. Henning* will appear below.

heekler should say to Cleon "a neutral what?" Whereon if Cleon replies "a neutral State," we will agree easily, *for States do not trade*; but if he says "a neutral person," then he is saying the thing which is not, for who is at present doing so gigantic a trade in contraband with the United States as England is? Plainly, Demos, we do not hold it to be the duty of neutral merchants not to trade in contraband *with us*. What Cleon really means, that it is their duty not to trade with our enemy—which is a very odd view of neutrality.

But leaving the market-place for saner regions, one constantly meets the argument or the impression, "After all, the matter is all settled, surely, by International Law and International Convention: England is not unduly pressing belligerent rights. She has abandoned many of her old claims—in particular, the right to capture enemy property at sea under a neutral flag. We are moderate; we are keeping the law; we are not attempting to extend it by anything new." This impression is nearly as misleading as Cleon's sentiment.

Every great war raises new problems—some foreseen by the publicist and statesman, others entirely unexpected. New things are useful in war, and come into the category of contraband, and old friends drop out. New inventions alter the conditions of warfare at sea. New grouping of Powers places neutral States in positions of importance and difficulty. New International

Conventions are put to the test of use, which is—in the long-run—the only thing that will settle whether belligerents will obey them, or neutrals be satisfied with them. History may repeat itself sometimes, but it has a high knack of originality also.

For changes in what is classed as contraband, we are, of course, prepared. Broadly, there are things obviously contraband, such as arms; things equally obviously innocent; and a third class of things which can be either innocent or noxious, according to the use made of them. So far, "as Amalasuintha said to Justinian," all agree. It is plain too that the belligerent stronger at sea is likely to incline to a sterner view about articles of doubtful use than the weaker belligerent, who would like to buy them, but finds his supplies cut short. But there is one essential ere anything can be called contraband: *it must be destined for the enemy*. A similar condition applies to the breaking of blockade: the ship must be sailing to a blockaded port.

Here begin the difficulties. We have not declared a blockade of the German ports, yet the goods which we desire to seize are mostly going to neutral ports; and as soon as we do declare a blockade, they will all go thither.

Human nature being what it is, Prize Courts must obviously have had some such situation to meet before. It is inevitable that neutrals will have tried to get round the

trouble by interposing a call at some neutral port, landing a part of the cargo, paying customs dues, and generally setting up a pretence of innocent intention—so far. To meet this the Courts have applied the doctrine of *Continuous Voyages* which sprang from the "Rule of War of 1756." In the Seven Years' War, France, who had hitherto jealously shut out all other nations from taking any share in the colonial trade between French colonies and herself, threw open the trade to all neutrals. England refused to recognise the trade as innocent, and condemned neutral ships trading between her enemies France and Spain and their colonies, as rendering unneutral service; and this rule was maintained in later wars of the century. For example, there was nothing to object to if a neutral American ship traded from the Spanish port, Barcelona, to an American port, Salem; nor again was trade (except in contraband) illegal between Salem and the Spanish colony Havannah. Either half was innocent—by itself. But if a ship sailed from Barcelona with the intention of touching at Salem, and then going on to Havannah, carrying the same cargo, this was a *continuous voyage*, and came under the Rule of War of 1756. The Courts would not be put off by bogus calls at neutral ports on the

way. As Sir William Grant said in a case of the kind: "It is according to the truth, and not according to the fiction, that we are to give to the transaction its character and determination."

Yet occasionally there might be innocent cases. The cargo might be genuinely intended for sale in the neutral port, yet not find a market: the ship might be chartered on again to Havannah (in our supposed case), and might be loaded with part of the original cargo. In such cases of doubt the Courts have inquired into the good faith of the proceedings: the landing of the cargo and the payment of customs in itself were not enough, but where they have been satisfied that the goods were *bonâ fide* landed and imported "into the common stock of the neutral country," the subsequent sending on of all or a part was held to be innocent.

The doctrine of *Continuous Voyage* once established could plainly be stretched to cases of contraband and blockade. The temptation to put in a call on the way at a neutral port, in order to cloak guilt, was less great with contraband and blockade. The neutral dabbler in belligerent colonial commerce hoped to make innocent *both halves of his venture*.<sup>1</sup> "He was not doing anything wrong, not he: he had sailed from Barcelona to the Salem: no harm in that, was

<sup>1</sup> Under the "Rule of War of 1756," a voyage from a Spanish colony to an allied enemy port (Amsterdam) might be held guilty. See Sir William Scott's judgment on the *Maria*.

there? and now he was on his way from Salem to Havannah: no harm in that either surely. Same cargo? A mere accident. One voyage? Nothing of the kind—two quite distinct ones.”

The contraband trader or blockade-runner might also choose to put in an “innocent” call on the way, but when he left his port of call the cat would be out of the bag, and the noxious destination of goods or ship revealed. But even here the call might be an advantage, and the more advantage the closer the “innocent” port of call lay to the ultimate “guilty” destination. If such a ship coming across the Atlantic were to be innocent for most of its voyage, its chances of accomplishing the whole safely would be far better. In the Napoleonic and Revolutionary Wars, however, such chances were few, because there were so few neutral ports; most of the Continent that had ports was at war, and such neutral ports as there were lay out of the way in the Baltic or in the north of Europe. So the question of whether things could be captured as contraband, though ostensibly on their way to a *neutral port*, was not prominent. But in the matter of blockade it was clear that a voyage intended to end at a blockaded port was guilty throughout, even if a neutral port of call were interposed.

The question, however, took on a new importance with the outbreak of the War of Secession. The United States Government blockaded the

whole coast of the Confederacy. But as the coast was enormously long, and as some of the harbours—Charleston in particular—possessed entrances which favoured the blockade-runner, blockade-running was far from hopeless. It was, besides, enormously profitable. The Confederacy would pay huge prices for munitions of war, and her ports were choked up with cotton for which Lancashire was clamouring. Thus blockade-running and contraband trading sprang into a regular business with British ship-owners. Of course if they were caught they were unquestionably guilty—none disputed that—but the attractions were so great that many were ready to face the risk.

But here came the new point. Contraband traders and blockade-runners to Europe had found no convenient neutral “innocent” half-way house in the Napoleonic Wars, but they found plenty in the War of Secession—and these were much more than half-way over. Right opposite Charleston lay the Bermudas; farther on again, and close to the Florida coast, the Bahamas and the port of Nassau,—*and these were British*. If these nefarious traffickers in arms could pose as innocent traders sailing from Liverpool to another British port till they were, so to speak, within hail of the Confederate coast, much of these dangers and risks would be avoided. It is clear at once that the States will press the application of continuous voy-

age as strongly as possible, and that the British trader will desire his Government to restrict it as narrowly as may be. The boot, in fact, was on the other leg. Hitherto America had championed the neutral and Great Britain the belligerent, now the parts were reversed. Circumstances alter cases.

A distinction, however, must be kept in mind. If the adventurer was destined to a Confederate port he was breaking blockade, and the penalty was forfeiture of *ship and cargo*, no matter whether the cargo be contraband or not—field-guns or pianos; that is immaterial. Blockade covers everything. The question of contraband would only come in if the cargo was destined for the enemy at an unblockaded port, or by the application of “continuous voyage,” or *something akin to it*, through a neutral port. But there were no open enemy ports; they were all blockaded. Contraband Case 1 (the normal kind), it would seem, cannot arise. Let us survey Case 2.

The contraband may be on its way to Bermuda or from there to Nassau, both neutral ports, with no disclosed intention as to its further movements: or it may be going to a Mexican port—also neutral—where the voyage of the ship will terminate, whatever be said of the goods: or—common and highly suspicious case—it

may be going to Matamoras on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, the boundary river between the Confederacy and Mexico, where the United States blockade only applied to ports on the Confederate bank.

In all these cases the *prima facie* destination of the goods is to a neutral port, and save by the application of “continuous voyage” they cannot be made contraband, unless they are openly consigned to some Confederate agent—which we may assume is unlikely.

Here, however, the United States Prize Courts went behind the apparent destination. The *Bermuda*, on its way from the Bermudas to Nassau, the *Stephen Hart* sailing from London to Cardenas, the *Springbok* sailing from London to Nassau, the *Peterhoff* from London to Matamoras, were all captured; all were carrying contraband in their cargoes, and in all cases the contraband was condemned as such.<sup>1</sup>

Now that the heat of controversy has cooled down, these decisions seem reasonable enough. The “Bermoothes” were not sufficiently “still vext” to explain the sudden desire to import vast supplies of field-guns, ammunition, surgical instruments, and explosives. There was no reasonable doubt that the stuff was meant for the Confederates, whatever its ostensible destination, and the Confederates could not fetch it for themselves:

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<sup>1</sup> And in some cases the ship, where there was presumption of intention to break blockade, or the cargo was wholly contraband, or there was evidence of fraud.



therefore the shipper must be presumed to have the intention of taking it to them by one means or other. That is to say, that the enemy destination was clear. Further, in most of the cases there was a deal of concealment of destination, bogus ownership, spoliation of papers, and so forth—enough suspicious circumstances to make a prize court condemn Noah's Ark. Yet at the time the decisions were ill received in England: writers on International Law maintained with vigour that enemy destination must be shown and not presumed, and that till that was done the goods going to neutral ports could not be held contraband. Even the temperate Mr W. E. Hall in his 'International Law' (1884 edition) spoke of the U.S.A. Courts giving "a violent extension to the notion of contraband destination, borrowing for the purpose the name of a doctrine of the English Courts, of *wholly different nature from that by which they were themselves guided*"; and adds, "the American decisions have been universally reprobated outside the United States, and would probably find no defenders in their own country." A resolution condemning the American practice was in 1882 agreed to by a formidable mass of publicists—MM. Arntz, Asser, de Bulmerincq, Gessner, de Martens, Pierantoni, Renault, Rolin, Hall, and Travers Twiss. The list provokes a smile: it is seldom that English publicists are found in such amiable conjunction with their Con-

tinental brethren on a question of limiting belligerent rights at sea.

What publicists say matters little in England unless it is backed up by diplomatic protest, or decisions of our prize courts. The Government took it calmly, and our prize courts were not in a position to decide. But in *Hobbs v. Henning*—an insurance action brought over the cargo of the *Peterhoff*—the defendant having pleaded that he was not liable as the goods were contraband, and so were exposed to seizure, Erle (C.J.) held in his judgment that goods passing between neutrals were not liable to seizure *unless it distinctly appeared that the voyage was to an enemy's port*. "We cannot," he said, "notice judicially the situation of Matamoras." The inference that the goods were meant in the long-run for the Confederates he described as "the allegation of a mental process only," and the shipper was not held to be trading in contraband "because he knew of an effective demand for warlike stores at Matamoras, and because he expected that the purchase would probably be made on behalf of the Confederate States." He quoted further Scott's decision in the case of the *Imina* (which on the news of the blockade of Amsterdam had altered its destination to the neutral port of Emden), that the cargo could not be held contraband unless it was passing on the high sea *to an enemy port*. It will be noticed that Emden (just across the Ems) corresponds closely

to the position of Matamoras. But anyhow the defendant's plea was bad in law, and the question of contraband or no was not germane.

Again the question dropped off into the slumber of peace; but a sign that England still boggled at the American extension was given when France, being at war with China, proposed to stop contraband going to the British port of Hong-Kong. We objected to this presumption of ultimate enemy destination. Italy in its war with Abyssinia condemned the *Doelwyck* sailing to the French port of Jiboutil with contraband for the enemy on board, but there was little doubt of the enemy destination.

Then, as if history was bent on forcing a decision, came the Boer War. The Boer States had no outlet to the sea: therefore nothing could reach them except through neutral ports—and if a neutral ending of the voyage was to be a bar to goods being held contraband, then in this war there could be no question of contraband *at sea* at all. England was instantly placed in much the same position as the United States Government had been in 1861. We were told that the enemy was receiving quantities of arms through Delagoa Bay and the Portuguese ports, and we wished to stop this. The law advisers of the Crown must have blessed the foresight—or the inactivity—of the Government of the '60's for having made no protest against American practice, and we at once began to apply it. We stopped

and visited the French *Cordoba* and *Gironde*, the Dutch *Maria*, and two British ships, the *Beatrice* and *Mashona*, sailing with American cargoes to Portuguese ports. We also stopped the German *Bundesrath*, the *Hans Wagner*, the mail-steamer *Herzog*, and the *General*, to search for contraband. But nothing decisive emerged. We did not find any contraband, or we offered to buy the cargo and make compensation, or we found some other reason for being lenient. The United States and we were on good terms; besides they, being "hoist with their own petard," could not protest overmuch: and political reasons were strong against provoking a breach with France or Germany.

Thus, though the Boer War ought to have settled the question, it did not. It saw England come round as a belligerent to the American doctrine over which English opinion (though not England's official opinion) had grumbled when we were neutral. And now the whole thing is up again, with fresh thorns sticking out of it.

Like the United States in the War of Secession, we wish to use sea-power to wear down the enemy by cutting off supplies, but the cases are not on all-fours for several reasons. They blockaded the Southern ports, and could allege that contraband going to neutral Mexican ports must be intended for the South, because overland was the only way left for it to go. We have not yet declared a blockade of the German ports, and presumably that way is

still open. Again, Mexico was not normally a distributing centre for commerce, but Holland is. Again, the goods which the United States seized were mostly contraband of the clearest type — “absolute contraband.” We are not content with that: much of what we desire to stop is “conditional contraband”—goods, that is to say, capable of both peaceful and warlike use. In some cases we add to the list even articles which (if any heed be given to the Declaration of London) may not be declared contraband, such as rubber and copper ore. And we desire to stop this contraband on ships on their way to a neutral destination, *with no presumption whatever that the ships are going on from there to enemy ports, although the enemy ports are open.*

Of course the destination of the ship is not the real point: if it be to an enemy port it will give the character of contraband to goods belonging to that class; but it cannot clear them by merely proving that it is going to take them no farther than the neutral port. The whole thing turns *on destination of the goods.* Even the doctrine of Continuous Voyage as applied to contraband did not alter that: the only point was how soon was a belligerent entitled to say that the character of contraband attached to such and such goods: must he wait till enemy destination was manifest, or could he begin while the goods were still on the way from one neutral port to

another? As to absolute contraband, the Declaration of London (for what it is worth) is in our favour. Absolute contraband is liable to capture if going to enemy territory or territory occupied by him: it is immaterial whether the carriage of the goods is direct or entails transshipment or subsequent transport by land (Art. 30). So far so good. Conditional contraband is only liable for capture if destined for the use of the armed forces of the enemy or for any Government department, — such use to be presumed if it is consigned to the enemy authorities or to a contractor established in the enemy country who commonly supplies such things to the enemy, or to an enemy fortress or base. Otherwise its destination is presumed to be innocent, but the presumption may be rebutted (Art. 33, 34). Further, conditional contraband is *not* liable for capture, except when found on board a vessel bound for territory belonging to or occupied by the enemy: or for the armed forces of the enemy, and when it is not to be discharged at an intervening port: and the ship's papers are to be conclusive proof (Art. 35).

The Declaration of London is nothing except so far as we declare our intention to abide by it, and as a sign of some opinions on International Law. By it our case as to conditional contraband sailing to Dutch ports is poor. True, that with a piece of insight (looking backwards) we caused to be inserted Art. 36, which says, “notwith-

standing the provisions of Art. 35, conditional contraband, if shown to have the destination referred to in Art. 33, is liable to capture in cases *where the enemy country has no seaboard.*" This fits the African conditions of 1899—better late than never—and, of course, would come in handy in a war against Switzerland, but does not apply to Germany.

If we can show enemy destination, or rebut innocent destination, all is well. But how is that to be done? It was far easier in old days when the shipowner was so commonly also the shipper, when the cargo was his own speculation, or else consigned to a definite consignee. Nowadays goods go mostly "to order," and even the ownership is not easy to establish. Very likely the shipper has got money advanced from a bank, and the bank holds the bill of lading (giving power over the goods) against the advance; it may even part with it to some other person while the goods are in transit. When the ship is captured one bill of lading will of course be on board, but it may only be "to order," and will be no more conclusive of the final destination of the cargo than a cheque drawn "to order" is of the final recipient of the money. The other bill of lading,<sup>1</sup> with the bill of exchange annexed to it, may be in anyone's hands, and it will not appear if it is compromising. If ownership is apt to be ob-

scure, destination is still more difficult to establish. If the goods are consigned to the enemy, all is plain; but this is exactly what they will not be, if the object of the shipper is to clear them of the taint of contraband. If there is a consignee mentioned at all—which is not likely—he will be a neutral, and he will be careful to be in no way implicated as a contractor for German supplies. True, we can presume with confidence that *some* of the copper, nickel, rubber, petrol, and so forth, which goes to Holland is meant for Germany. But if it is bought in Holland by a Dutch merchant and put up for sale again in the open market, thus "entering into the common stock of the country," no one can tell—till the purchase is made—whither it is destined. The merchant himself cannot tell: all he knows is that, owing to the war, there is a big demand in Holland for rubber and petrol, and supplies being scanty, prices are good; but the price is the same for all, whether a German agent buys for Germany or a Dutch agent for home consumption. Holland continues to use some rubber and petrol in spite of Germany being at war, although the fact that Germany is urgently in need of these things will force up prices in the Dutch market, and therefore Dutchmen will buy less for themselves than if they were cheap.

"The ship's papers are to be

<sup>1</sup> Bills of lading are often made in three, four, and sometimes five copies.

conclusive proof." But—even presuming them to be honest—of what are they conclusive? That the goods sent at the shipper's risk are still the shipper's property? That the destination is neutral? That all of the cargo will go to the same destination? They are conclusive of none of these things.

Nor, again, if we propose to restrict imports of this conditional contraband to Holland's normal supply in peacetime, shall we be keeping it out of Germany. Obviously the buyer whose demand is keenest, who is prepared to pay the highest price, will get the biggest share. The greater Germany's need, the more she will offer, and the larger proportion she will get of what would be in normal times Holland's normal consumption. Such action on our part would restrict German supplies, but it will not altogether choke them. It will, however, seriously affect Dutch consumers and Dutch industries.

Nor, indeed, have matters been made much clearer by Mr Asquith's pronouncement. Thus said he: "In the statement of the retaliatory measures we propose to adopt, the words 'blockade' and 'contraband' do not occur, and advisedly so. We are not going to allow our efforts to be strangled in a network of juridical niceties." Yet if we abandon "juridical niceties"—which is perhaps a strange description of what is commonly called International Law to proceed from a lawyer's mouth—where are we? Are our

"retaliatory measures" to be what most call "reprisals"? If so, it is well to recognise that while they will doubtless put stress on the enemy, they are put into visible operation against the neutral. "Blockade" and "contraband" the neutral knows, but he has never been liable to "reprisal." Little need of wonder that he is murmuring.

Further, what is going to be done, and how are things made plainer? It sounds well: "The British and French Governments will hold themselves free to detain and take into port ships carrying goods of presumed enemy destination, ownership, or origin"; but beyond saying that the destination or ownership may be presumed, it does not advance us: we are very much where we were before. The captor at sea, of course, *must presume*: he cannot prove; but what then? We are going to "detain" and take into port—but what more? Are we going to *condemn* the enemy goods? This will be a return to capturing enemy property under the neutral flag: or are we going merely to *detain*, compensating the neutral and handing over the detained goods to Germany at the end of the war? Or again, does it mean wholesale pre-emption? "It is not intended to confiscate such vessels or cargoes unless they would be otherwise liable to confiscation." *Otherwise* presumably means, under the headings of contraband, unneutral service or blockade—if we declare one;

but how is "or cargoes" to be construed? Does it mean that we will not confiscate any goods of enemy ownership or destination unless they are contraband? or does it merely mean that the presence of such enemy goods will not in any case involve the forfeiture of the ship and the rest of the cargo? The first construction seems to take much of the sting out of the pronouncement; the second is doubtless reasonable, but hardly worth saying. Things are not generally confiscated unless they are confiscable; still, one never knows what may happen when we decline to "be strangled in a network of juridical niceties."

Finally, what will the courts do? Presumably they will have to deliver judgment on these goods of enemy destination, origin, and ownership carried on neutral ships. Will the courts also absolve themselves "from juridical niceties"—*alias* International Law—*when they are dealing with neutrals against whom we have no ground of quarrel?* One seems to catch an echo of Lord Stowell's memorable declaration, that British Prize Courts sat

"not to administer occasional and shifting opinion to serve present purposes of particular national interest, but to administer with indifference that justice which the Law of Nations holds out without distinction to independent states, some happening to be neutral and some to be belligerent."

This embodies not only sound law, but a national attitude

worthy of England's dignity. Lord Stowell administered impartially the Law of Nations *of his day*. What will our courts do: administer the law of our day, or of his day? Either action is intelligible. Or must we be guided by that other and more recent maxim imported into our constitution—that majestic dictum, "Wait and see"?

But returning from "occasional and shifting opinion" to the realm of fact and law, it will be seen that whatever way we turn the difficulties are grave. If we declare a blockade of German ports, we only increase the flow of goods to Holland, where it is harder to establish that "enemy destination" required to fix the taint of contraband. We shall have to *presume* this character, because circumstances commonly make it impossible of proof: neither the shipper nor the importer will help us to condemn his goods. For our seapower to be effective we must not only apply the doctrine of continuous voyage to "conditional contraband" going to neutral ports; but, more, we must *presume* that such cargoes are guilty unless they can show their innocence: and it is possible that we may have to *presume* that none are innocent.

This is a very serious extension of belligerent powers at sea. To recognise the fact is not to deny that it may be necessary. But it may lead us to be more sympathetic with neutrals, and less impatient of their complaints.

## FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

## A RUN WITH THE YOLA DRAG.

SOMEBODY, something, scratched on the mosquito net. I opened my eyes to the murky half light of early dawn, and,

"What's that?" I said.

"Me, sah!" said Musa.

"What's the matter?"

"The Germans are here, and the soldiers are all marching away."

Musa is a drunken rascal, not honest, either, every now and then. At other times he's a good servant. Wonderful fellow for getting up in the morning. Also, he knows that his master must eat if he is to go on living.

I turned out.

He handed me suitable clothes, and spurs, and sent for my horse. Five minutes later I left the Fort, and was away down the road. Passing the Guard, who told me there had been firing a few minutes before, I made for the other end of the ridge, a couple of miles off, where the firing had taken place, and where the soldiers had gone. A dull, cold, windy morning, and the going excellent. We made good time, and got to the point just behind the soldiers, but nearly had a disaster *en route*, through looking ahead so eagerly that I failed to notice a dead constable lying athwart the road till my pony was just on to him.

A minute later I found the Bature Captain, and watched

him send off his native sergeant-major and a dozen men to try and get into touch with the people who had been in and caused all the disturbance. Then we went round to see what had happened.

Yola Station stands on a ridge a couple of miles long, which runs north and south, and has a shallow depression in its middle. On the southern end of the ridge stands the Fort, and at the opposite end are grouped the Civil Quarters, Hospital, &c. The ridge backs on to the Binue river, which flows two hundred feet below, and to the front slopes gently away in a bush-covered plain towards groups of hills, twelve, fifteen, twenty miles away.

There is a small building which is the Native Hospital. It consists of one square room, raised a couple of feet off the ground, with a broad verandah all round. Inside this room we found one poor fellow lying dead, with half his head gone. Outside, other two inmates were lying, wounded. The rest of the patients, we were informed, had "run for bush." The walls of the place were spotted, inside, with bullet holes; and the firing had been done inside the hospital. The conventional means of identification of a hospital were in position, two white lights, side by side, on a mast above the place.

A party of twenty native soldiers, headed by a German white man, had sneaked into the place just before dawn, done their murdering, killed an armed constable who stumbled on to them in the dark, and then disappeared. They had been using flat-nosed lead bullets of about .45 bore, and also a shot-gun.

In the midst of our inquiries there arrived Musa, with a box containing biscuits and marmalade and whisky and lots of sparklet. He had packed the things, brought them a couple of miles across country after me, and was now tendering us brekker, all well inside of twenty minutes. Musa is not a bad fellow at all really, apart from his lapses.

We moved off to a bit of high ground to the south, from which we could see ever so far. The Emir and all his horsemen from the native city three miles away came streaming up, hundreds of people on horses, making no end of a dust. They had all sorts of bright clothes on, and had bundles of spears and a few drums; there were half a dozen fellows with voices just like those of the Israelite snide auctioneers who sell watches and pictures and china in empty shops in the Strand. These half dozen are "barkers"; they asserted continually, at the tops of their voices, that the Emir was the very finest Emir on this or any other earth. In return for this service the Emir maintains them in food and raiment, and houses and mounts them.

Other civilisations possess analogous arrangements.

Anyway, there they all were, two hundred and fifty of them, horses prancing, bits jingling, robes as gaudy as you please, red and blue and yellow and green, turbans streaming, swords flashing, drums drumming, trumpets trumpeting, "barkers" barking, and all mixed up with dust and shouting and the neighing of horses. It was a great sight in the morning sunlight, and the Bature Captain said, "Let's take this lot and see if we cannot run the beggars down."

The Emir said he was agreeable, and off we started, down the hillside, into the plain below. Just as we went, there was a burst of firing, quite a spirited little encounter evidently, going on somewhere out in the front.

The Bature Captain said Tally-ho! two other Europeans who had joined us shouted Yoicks!! and I shouted Gone away. There she blows!!! and away we went. Down hill it was a famous run. Everybody got away well, and the dust was tremendous; so was the noise. As we went along, we persuaded the natives to open out, so that presently we were moving on the front of half a mile or so, all shoving along at top speed through long grass and bushes, amidst rocks, over dongas and nullahs, and getting very hot and excited, all of us. Everything went well for a couple of miles, then we came on to some of the dozen soldiers who had gone on with the sergeant-



major. This was a check. The men said the enemy was just in front.

Each man had a different notion as to whereabouts in front, and the Emir's people got all out of place at once, bunched up together, and their horses started fighting, what time the riders of these plunging steeds, having each a bundle of ugly spears in his hand, were persons to be watched. Thick grass all round. We got going again in a few minutes, and then checked again to pick up some blood-stained equipment. Our sergeant-major and his people had drawn blood. Impossible to see a hundred yards any way you looked, and endless trouble keeping direction, and persuading the Emir's following to refrain from bunching round his person. Whether they thought thus to preserve that person from all hurt, at the cost of their own persons, I am not prepared to say. Whether it was that they funked, being lonely away out in a line, I am not going to say. But those who read to the end of the story of the run will form their own opinion on the point.

On again. The day was getting warm. Our ponies lathered freely. The Bature Captain had a rifle and a bandolier, and there were cartridges in his belt, and he had also a water-bottle and a lot of other gear besides. He turned thoughtful and reserved when I blithely hailed him with "What cheer, Christmas Tree?"

We found several more soldiers, and I invited the Emir to drop a few of his horsemen and lend us their mounts to put soldiers on to. The Emir and all his advisers and everybody else wanted to talk about this, and there were all the materials handy for a promising little wrangle, which was aborted by our hauling half a dozen of the gents. off their ponies and setting up as many black infantrymen in their places. Some of the infantrymen could ride. Others could not. Fortunately the native rides in a saddle that it is very hard to fall out of,—it has a great high pommel and an enormous peak, and one sits in it as in a baby's high chair. So the bold infantrymen managed. A couple came off, but brought their saddles and all round with them, so that no blame can be attributed to the riders nor to the saddles; nor any merit, but merely a great piece of good luck, to the ponies concerned.

And so on. It got hotter and hotter still. The ponies lathered more and yet more, and the dust went further into one's eyes and throat. Then some more fringing, this time just on ahead. Another check, correcting direction, looking to arms, giving the water-bottle a look. Then on. Presently some more blood and some more equipment: belt, bayonet, pouches. And none of our people touched yet.

Much less noise from behind now. Looking back, noted without any great surprise that we rode alone. No sign

of the Emir, nor of his rabble following, all the fine clothes, shouting, drumming, prancing, and all the rest of the circus to the contrary notwithstanding. The country now began to get really difficult. Rocks everywhere, and dongas and nullahs seamed the *terrain*. Nothing to see save scrub, tall grass, and stones. The ponies went along splendidly, but we had for ever to keep checking in order to question people. The bush was alive with aloof-looking pagans who skulked about in the nearer distance with bow and arrows. When asked, all had seen the raiders—one white man and twenty black soldiers, all carrying rifles, all going hell-for-leather. And some said they were in front, others that they had gone north to the hills there, others that they had turned south towards the still rougher country there. One man told us of how the party went to his village last night on their way to Yola, rounded up all the people of the place, thrust a bayonet into one man's throat, and told the people that was what would happen to all of them if anybody went on and told us they were coming.

In between the checks we galloped, myself hoping the while that the enemy would not have the savvy to lie up for us alongside the road and poop off from a hundred yards' range as we came by. And the run continued. The sun rose higher, and I judged it well to drop the pleasantries about the Christmas tree. Then we got into some more

shooting. Never a sight of the quarry yet, and we had been hustling after him for more than two hours. We shoved on and found nothing; we could not get to grips with the chase. In three hours we had covered somewhere about seventeen miles—more rather than less, and still not a sight of him. More blood-stained equipment, puttees and things this time. Presently we had to stop. There was a long way to traverse back to Yola.

The party got together and started back. Middle day now, and very warm indeed; everybody tired and thirsty, and minded to harsh and hasty words. I remarked that in war it did not do to be too narrow; one ought rather to take long views, broad views, of everything. I pointed out that, viewed broadly, our morning had not been unsuccessful. We had had a most exciting hunt, we had bagged four of the enemy, we had made him hustle, and now we were returning to a welcome, well-earned, and, we hoped, an excellent meal.

The others stood it for a bit, and then told me to shut up. And as we came back as fast as the ponies could bring us, that prevented any more offence.

The run lasted just over six hours, and in that time we did thirty-five miles, which in the circumstances, and having regard to the country, proves that there are many worse types of pony than that which you get in Yola for from nine to fifteen pounds.

## THE PILLAR OF CLOUD AND THE PILLAR OF FIRE.

BY CHARLES OLIVER.

## I. THE PILLAR OF CLOUD.

IF Jérôme-Louis Malaquin observed the rules of heredity, he would be six-foot-four, physically and spiritually, roar and bluster, and take strong, virile views of life. Whereas he is much under the average height, is a mild collector of agreeable hobbies, and speaks in a soft mellow voice, with a lisp. It was his father's accident indeed that weakened the vitality of the robust Burgundy stock from which he springs, and he is not to be held entirely responsible for his falling away from the family tradition. But he might have corrected the lisp. I am somewhat disappointed in Malaquin (Jérôme-Louis).

He is the most amiable of men, and on the ground of picturesqueness I have no fault to find with him. He has a pleasant, wrinkled, brown face, dreamy grey eyes, and a ready smile under a white moustache and over a white beard trimmed to a point. His snowy hair bristles up over his fine head. Behind his high-mounting work-a-day black apron, he is clad in oddments: a crimson spencer, fustian breeches, a bird's-eye cravat. He generally carries a large wooden paper-knife, emblem and implement of his calling, behind his ear, where he tucks it away and forgets it. It is

crescent-shaped, and has some air of a broken nimbus.

Monsieur Malaquin is a bookbinder, or rather a bibliophile in bookbinder's clothing. His father had the mania for reading, and passed on the taste, in solution, to his son. One hobby leading to another, Monsieur Malaquin collects; and not only first or curious editions, but prints, pictures, statuary, and antiquities of all sorts. He has a wide substratum of archæologist in him: he can tell you all there is to be known about our little Burgundy town. Every Christmas Eve he shuts himself in and sings through to his ghosts—he has throngs of them—a score of ancient Noël's. But his leading hobby is the Napoleonic legend. Propped up against his bench, a great-great-grandfatherly relic, with one hand under his apron in a vague imitation of the traditional attitude of the Man, he will warble you faintly, agreeably, melodiously—

“Parlez-nous de LUI, grand'mère,  
Parlez-nous de LUI . . .”

On a shelf under his bench Monsieur Malaquin keeps a large folio of prints and drawings that he has picked up in the jealously-guarded anonymity of “somewhere.” He shows you fine engravings of the

Chevalier d'Eon, a rapid note by David, an Ingres composition in the rough, and—joy of his heart—a sketch of Watteau's, daintily pencilled on grey paper, the high lights touched in with white pastel. How the old man's eyes sparkle over the Grand Seigneur and the Grande Dame bending to each other in courtly reverences! For Monsieur Malaquin has collected, among other things, much artistic enthusiasm. A fourteenth-century saint in wood, grimly smiling, presides over the paste-pots, the presses, the rows of tooling instruments, and the samples of the bookbinder's handicraft in their glass cupboard. If you take them out, you must handle them delicately, for they are first editions — from "somewhere"—in princely robes, and you will feel the workman's eye discreetly on you till they are back again upon their shelves. The Past is enshrined in this broad low room that conveys a suggestion — not without reason — of a "salle des gardes." Hortense, the ancient Persian cat—Monsieur Malaquin addresses her as "Hortenthe"—a fussy, restless dame, who takes as much keeping in as the log-fire on its vast stone hearth, brings that Past approximately up to date. And the immediate Present is personified in the Napoleonic pretender, who, from an illustrated post-card tacked up over the bench, looks blandly out into the Future.

On the walls of Monsieur Malaquin's sitting-room hang a couple of Jan Steens, a

Philipp Wouverman, a Ribera, and—crowning glory—an indubitable Paul Veronese. In a drawer of a fine Directory writing-table he keeps the gilt eagle of a Russian banner-staff that his grandfather brought home from the Moscow campaign. The eagle is wrapped in a fragment of one of the Chevalier d'Eon's or Mademoiselle de Beaumont's robes, and so airily are the forget-me-nots and hedge-roses embroidered on the short length of old-world material, that you hold your breath for fear of blowing them from their white silk foundation. A Buhl clock ticks on the mantelpiece. And every evening, with Hortenthe at his feet, under the inclined plane—a royal canopy—of the Paul Veronese, by the light of a lamp improvised from a spoutless blue and white Wedgwood tea-pot, the old man dallies with a first edition La Rochefoucauld, that would be priceless if it did not lack a page. "Fortunatus nimium"—over-fortunate Monsieur Malaquin! Especially if you add to his material surroundings the immaterial ones of family history and the Napoleonic legend.

Monsieur Malaquin has been ruined, morally, by his Watteau, his Paul Veronese, his d'Eon relics, his first editions, his fascinating handicraft, his archæological tendencies. He is too much of an artist and a dreamer. The cult of the Emperor, which should be his pillar of fire in this tragic hour, is a hobby like all the rest, a pillar of cloud. And your pillar of cloud is a clear

guide on a clear day, but, when the sky is overcast, it is apt to merge and be lost in the dark driving vapours.

"Parlez-nous de LUI, grand'mère,  
Parlez-nous de LUI . . ."

"Ah, when we have a Napoleon on the throne again!" and a sigh echoes the wistfulness of Béranger's charming ditty.

"Yes, if it were only HE," I remark. "But how could your Napoleons have done worse by France in 'Seventy, and how could they do better than the Government of to-day?"

"Monthieur," answers the old Bonapartist, "if we were vanquished in 'Seventy, it was in spite of the Napoleons, and if we are to be victorious in 'Fifteen it will be in spite of the Republic."

Monsieur Malaquin smilingly commends this triumphant epigram to the approbation of the bland Pretender on the illustrated post-card.

"Will he ever mount the throne?" I ask, glancing in the same direction.

The old man assumes the prophet: the distinctly minor prophet, I must confess.

"Monthieur," and this in a mighty solemn voice, "he will come to the throne by the force of circumstances."

"Everything happens by the force of circumstances, Monsieur Malaquin. Or indeed does *not* happen. The question of numbers, to begin with . . ."

"Numbers? Oh, là, là!"

Monsieur Malaquin, tracing large circles on the air, gives me to understand that he is compassed about to an almost

embarrassing extent with ardent Bonapartistes.

"Numbers? Oh, là, là!"

I am convinced that, if I were to demand statistics, he would be unable to furnish them. You do not apply statistics to a dream, to the graceful, unpractical sentiment that plays about a glorious name and its inheritors. For that is all Monsieur Malaquin's cult amounts to.

"Parlez-nous de LUI, grand'mère,  
Parlez-nous de LUI . . ."

And while he spins out his constant, sweet refrain, I review the old bibliophile's surroundings, his family story unrolls itself before the eyes of my mind, and Malaquin (Jerome-Louis) is more of a burden to me than ever.

Our Rue de l'Homme Armé combines the properties of the thoroughfare and the no-thoroughfare. It mounts up from the Grande Place with fine determination, but after four hundred yards changes its mind and descends headlong on to the church of the Saint Esprit, which with its solid mass stems the tumbling cataclysm of houses. The abruptness and narrowness of the street practically bar it to vehicular traffic; and no one seeming to have any particular business this way, the Man-at-Arms is left very much to himself.

"The identity of the Homme Armé is veiled in the mist of centuries," writes the local historian. That convenient mist makes a highly poetical

drapery for such a figure as you may choose to block in on the blank canvas of Time. You will set him possibly at the crest of the street, a straggler from Captain Fortépice's band of hired cut-throats, his back against a wall, hewing right and left at the burghers closing in on him, till he falls under their broadswords and cudgels. In his dented blood-splashed armour he is swung up high over the city gate hard by, unnamed, unaneled, the rain to be his all of holy water, the wind his requiem. The tall narrow houses thrust out their chins of acute-angled gables over the tumult below, stare down through their small timid eyes of latticed windows, prick up their ears of steep roofs and towering chimney-stacks; and the play-box dwelling of arch-priest and canons cower in apprehensively to the grey walls of the Church of the Holy Ghost.

When Captain Fortépice, the terror of North Burgundy, had met his fate under the walls of Chablis, the city gate was demolished. The materials were bought up by a master carpenter, Joseph - Pamphile Malaquin, who built a house with them. It would perhaps be more correct to say that the house built itself, for an old city gate guards in its dissolution very definite ideas of its own that must needs be reckoned with. Thus the windows have a suggestion of narrow fortress lights, and the walls are studded haphazard with heraldic bearings, seignourial and municipal, that

time and weather have reduced to phantoms of emblazonments. On each side of the door is a niche for which a place had to be found — a city gate takes no refusal — and the niches could not be left empty. So the master-carpenter set statues in them, delicate and naïve: St Joseph, patron of his guild, with adze and rule, on the right; on the left, the Holy Virgin. And the beautiful old statues watch to this day over the fortunes of the family, which beginning with Joseph-Pamphile, worker in wood, concludes with my Monsieur Malaquin, collector of hobbies.

The old city gate had as much to say in the interior of the Malaquin house as in its exterior. The great room, heavily raftered, grandly hearthed, is less of a workshop than a "salle des gardes," in which dusty volumes have taken the place of suspended casques and arquebuses, and the original bench of the long dead master-carpenter does duty for the trestle-board of the town watch. The small kitchen at the side so much resembles a little dungeon that you are almost surprised not to find a turbulent burgher sitting here in bilboes and gloom. You mount to the upper floor by a corkscrew stone staircase that for its only balustrade has a knotted rope, polished and hardened by the grip of the Malaquins in their generations. It is a turret stairway, minus the turret; and, instead of a warder's platform, it leads you to a Paul Veronese and a first edition La Roche-foucauld (in-

complete). This is an anomaly in the scheme, like a lisp in a Malaquin, but you accept it with cheerfulness.

Thus the old gatehouse is a quaint and charming jumble, and the picturesque entrance on the scene of the man who considered that he built it gives it a heightened interest. For there were giants in the land when Louis-Quinze reigned over France, and, from some uncharted mountain cradle of Anaks, Joseph-Pamphile, six-foot-four without his sabots, came riding into our town one fine day, astride of an ox, across whose horns his carpentering tools were slung. I should like to have been able to record the anachronism of the patriarchal sacrifice of the ox over a fire made of the carpentering instruments; but then Joseph-Pamphile might not have sold his mount, bought a bench with the proceeds, taken rank of master in his guild, built his house, founded a stock, and died full of days and honour. That semi-triumphal entrance would have had no sequel.

Joseph-Parfait and Joseph-Yves, grandsons of Joseph-Pamphile, carried on the family story and business in the Gatehouse. They were twins, and measured nearly thirteen feet between them. Temperament and my Monsieur Malaquin's "force of circumstances," for fifes were shrilling and drums beating all over Europe in their day, called them away early from their bench. Joseph-Parfait rose to the rank of Quartermaster — Maréchal de Logis—in one of Napoleon's cui-  
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rassier regiments. He fought on twenty battlefields, marched with the Grand Army, came alive through the Moscow campaign and the epic passage of the Beresina, and brought home with him the prize of a Russian banner. His wife, a practical Burgundian, took possession of the glorious trophy, cut up its crimson silk into Sabbath breeches for her little boy, and on to his cap stitched the gilt eagle that topped the banner-staff. Thus the child was inspired with enthusiasm for the Man whose very disaster brings you crimson silk breeches and a resplendent headpiece.

When Napoleon came over from Elba, the Maréchal de Logis furbished up his rusting arms and joined his Emperor. His brother, Joseph-Yves, who had formerly served in the commissariat — the "intendance"—went out as speedily. There was dearth of officers, and the ex-Intendant was given a company of grenadiers. The brothers separated at Paris. But Hazard was to bring them together once more after a sufficiently romantic fashion: and indeed she is mainly responsible for the picturesque in life.

As Joseph-Parfait's regiment rode towards Waterloo, they passed in the dusk of evening a group of wounded grenadiers lying by the wayside. The Maréchal de Logis cried out at a venture: "Malaquin!" There was no response. But his men behind him took up the cry, and it was carried on all down the line: "Mala-

quin! Malaquin!" At last one of the wounded men, called back from the lapping edges of Styx by the persistent appeal that dominated for a moment in his sealing ears the summons of the Ferryman, raised himself on his elbow and "Present!" he responded feebly. The word was passed up to the front. Quartermaster Malaquin rode back. He pressed his brother to his heart, gave him his last louis, the last drop of cordial from his flask, and, embracing him, galloped on after his regiment. He never saw Joseph-Yves again. An unknown field has the gigantic bones of the ex-Intendant of the Napoleonic armies. "Ignota, Palinure, jacebis arena!" But Joseph-Parfait returned home safe from Waterloo.

Our little town ran up the white Bourbon flag when the Allies, advancing on Paris, had fired one shot against its walls. That cannon-ball found its billet on the front of the Gatehouse, where you may see it to this day, embedded in the stone, with "1815" neatly inscribed below it. It is the epitaph of the glorious epoch, and doubtless it formed the heading of many a martial tale, many a yearning reminiscence. For, even when he came to manhood, the boy who had been breeched in the Russian banner would burst into tears at the name of the Emperor.

His sword finally hung up, Joseph-Parfait took again to the carpentering bench, the price of the ox. But he emerges once more from private

life, to add yet another strong touch to the story of the Malaquins.

In 1830, on the eve of Charles the Tenth's flight into exile, his niece, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, hastening to her uncle's side, stopped here to change horses and rest. The Commander of the place put the Residence at Madame's disposal, and, desirous of adding magnificence to his entertainment, sent out to borrow Joseph-Parfait's famous silver ewer and basin, a legacy from the Chevalier d'Éon, or Mademoiselle de Beaumont, whichever you prefer to call him—or her. The Commander's enterprise had a disastrous result, for the presence of Madame in the town came thus to be known, and the revolutionary hotheads, assembling on the Grande Place, determined to arrest her. The only course was to get the great lady away as secretly and speedily as possible, and the Commander could see no better guide and escort for her than the old Maréchal de Logis.

Joseph-Parfait was still vigorous and hale, and in his civilian capacity had by no means lost his reputation as a determined fire-eater. A man thought twice before he put himself up against the gigantic ex-Quartermaster. But the difficulty was that he had eaten fire for Napoleon, and daily and publicly, before the Emperor's image enthroned in the niche of his heart, he burnt the incense of anecdote and regret. And here was a Bourbon of the supplanter's



stock craved his help! There was much of the knight-errant, however, in the Bonapartist cuirassier, a large portion of the spirit of his ancestor who had ridden his ox into the lists of life to tilt against Fortune. Joseph-Parfait overlooked the Bourbon princess in the distressed damozel. He undertook the dangerous task without hesitation, and carried it out loyally. You may still see the little postern-gate of the Residence where he met Madame at fall of night, cap in hand — correct squire of dames! While the revolutionaries screamed and blustered on the Grande Place below, he led the Bourbon refugee by tortuous lanes up to the crest of the hill and down a precipitous goat-path to the *calèche* waiting on the highroad. Madame's postilions crack their whips. The gallant Maréchal de Logis puts on his cap — and walks out of the story.

So, by the way, do the silver ewer and basin. For the Commander too was a gallant man. And all that is left to my Monsieur Malaquin is that length of old silk in which they were wrapped, a most exquisite casket.

Before he had grown out of his crimson breeches, Joseph-Napoleon, the Quartermaster's boy, playing at soldiers — children played nothing else in 1815, as they will play nothing else in 1915 — fell from the town wall and lamed himself for life. Unable to follow the family profession, he took to tailoring, and made a pas-

sably good thing of it in spite of his somewhat original methods. For his hobby was history and the philosophy of history. He worked with some historical treatise or other handy to his eye, noted his customers' measurements on the margin of the book, and remembered them by events and events by them. Thus the Council of Nice corresponded to the fact that Monsieur le Général was so-and-so round the waist; and conversely, the waistcoat of Monsieur le Général led to reflections on the Arian heresy. Naturally the data which you find scattered all over my Monsieur Malaquin's library — length and breadth and volume records of what are now but handfuls of dust — were apt to get confounded, for it is dangerous to treat your customers as ancient or medieval history. But much was forgiven to Joseph-Napoleon, for he knew much. 'Tis the way of the world. He, too, was a man of herculean frame, this Titan chained to the old carpentering bench acting as a tailor's board: loud-voiced, hasty, absent-minded. It was only the Napoleonic legend that roused his ardent interest, and he never lost the graceful trick of bursting into tears when mention was made of the Emperor.

Joseph-Napoleon died years ago: and my Monsieur Malaquin (Jerome-Louis) reigns in his stead over the old Gatehouse in the Rue de l'Homme Armé.

Litui strepunt — the bugles

are blowing: all over Europe, as they blew a hundred years ago. *Plurima mortis imago*—men walk in a thick shadow of death. How flamingly should a great souvenir leap out against the night of the sky!

Malaquin! Malaquin! Those are virile ghosts to which on Christmas Eve you sing your score of ancient Noël's. The street of the Man-at-arms, your

old Gatehouse—robust, martial echoes are imprisoned in their stones. Napoleon! The name to conjure with!

But not as you take it—the watchword of a party, a hook on which to hang vague political grievances, a hobby. Follow it, and in the gathering darkness you will lose it from sight—your pillar of cloud!

## II. THE PILLAR OF FIRE.

I have not any great desire to discover the veritable patronymics of my friend, the old rabbit-skin man. Nobody can enlighten me. It is to be presumed he was not entered as *Lapin* (*Peau de*) on the books of the Foundlings' Hospital, at which a spin of the turntable—the undesirable baby's Wheel of Misfortune—delivered him, for he is an "Enfant Assisté." I leave him discreetly at "Monsieur *Lapin*," as he leaves me at "Monsieur l'Anglais." These are only more elaborate forms of X and Y.

Of course his acquaintances put no slight on him when they identify *Peau de Lapin* with his merchandise. It is the way of our Burgundy folk, a jovial way that has a lively suspicion of a wink and a nudge about it. A kind of amphibian for instance, oilskins up to the waist and fustians onwards, a merman masquerading as a nomad fishmonger, goes by the name of "Père Sardine." The muddy or dusty bicyclist, who breath-

lessly distributes a popular daily of the capital, is known for that reason as "Petit Parisien," and under the curtailed form of "Parisien," takes rank as the metropolitan of the news-vending hierarchy. On the same principle, our rabbit-skin man is called "*Peau de Lapin*," "*Lapin*" for short, "*Monsieur Lapin*," for long, and no offence given or taken.

*Peau de Lapin* is a hirsute bundle of old clothes. He wears an ancient black wide-awake that time and the spite of heaven have reduced to a shapeless fragment of felt: the wreck of a velveteen jacket worn to the cord: and whitey drill trousers patched with faded blue jean or faded blue jean trousers patched with whitey drill,—it would be difficult to decide which. His shoes match each other only in their ruinous condition. And the rest of him is chiefly hair: snow at half-thaw, drifting tempestuously about his brown meagre old face, to which a long thin nose and a pair of

small, still keen, black eyes give some suggestion of a bird unclassified by ornithologists. *Peau de Lapin* would be surprised to learn that he is a very picturesque feature of the countryside.

It would be rather on his tricycle than his appearance that he might wish to be complimented, for it is only your tiptop rabbit-skin man who runs to a tricycle. The machine is as ancient as himself, and that stamps it with the hall-mark of venerable antiquity, for nobody's father remembers the day when *Peau de Lapin* was not old. The tricycle should be the handiwork of some primitive artificer in iron, maybe even of Tubal Cain himself. It is monstrous solid and clumsy, shrieks at all its bearings, and rattles at all its joints. It is its own alarm signal, warning you of its approach a quarter of a mile off. *Peau de Lapin* would do well to leave it in a ditch, and perform the last lap of his life's race afoot. But that would be derogatory to his dignity as a mounted rabbit-skin man—the only one, it is rumoured, in the department. Besides, there is *Sultan* to be thought of.

With increasing years, for he too is an ancient of ancients, the indications of *Sultan's* breed and other canine characteristics have dwindled to blurred indistinct vestiges hard to interpret, and now he is the mere rough outline of a quadruped, large and shaggy. He is very white about the muzzle: he seems to have developed

knees, and to be weak in them. He combines the functions of a beast of draught and a "chien de luxe." In the latter rôle he has certain ornamental accomplishments—begging is said to be one of them. But no one has ever seen him performing this trick, for when he is off duty as a beast of draught *Sultan* prefers to lie down rather than sit up. And it is not greatly to be wondered at.

*Peau de Lapin* knows the law against the harnessing of dogs, and breaks it with great circumspection. He rides as much as possible along the canal tow-path that is unfrequented of gendarmes. But he keeps a sharp look-out wherever the tow-path runs parallel to the highroad, and, if the blue-and-white uniform of the enemy appears, at a "Heel, *Sultan!*" the beast of draught drops behind the ramshackle tricycle and becomes a "chien de luxe"—on a string.

The tricycle will be the death of *Peau de Lapin*. But if he puts it down he must put down *Sultan* too, for a rabbit-skin man can afford no luxuries, especially in times of war. And sentiment comes into the case. He must break his back or break his heart. And he prefers the former.

I last saw *Peau de Lapin* many weeks ago, before this fierce snap of cold, which the snow hung up in the sky makes doubly bitter. The old man was tired and ill: thought he would hardly get through the winter. And indeed the

chances are all against it. At a few of his places of call in the department they give him soup and candle and a warm shake-down, but at others "the straw in some sequestered grange" is the limit of the hospitality offered him, and more often than not he sleeps under a hedge.

"Peau de Lapin is dead, tu sais," the word will surely go round the auberge soon, this evening perhaps. "The gendarmes found him in a ditch, frozen to a board. And the dog stiff by him, old carcass of a Sultan."

"Tiens! tiens! Peau de Lapin! Scarecrow, quoi? He was in no hurry about it at any rate. And what will you take?"

Then a new Peau de Lapin will come round to buy our rabbit-skins at two or three sous apiece, according to condition of goods and state of market.

"Peau de Lapin est mort. Vive Peau de Lapin!"

So it will end, as for most of us, without funeral oration and flourish of heralds' trumpets. But yet there might be a word spoken over the old man's grave, a line carved on his headstone.

It was on the cobbled wharf of one of our canal ports, that last meeting of ours. The placid water reflected, in their smallest details, the little cluster of white houses, their green shutters and steep-pitched roofs of warm brown: the sombre old lava-stone turret daubed with crimson

splashes of virginian creeper: a claret-red barge, filling up the tiny harbour, and gunwale down under heaped masses of pale gold beet: the purple feathery crest and the grey stem of a sentinel poplar: the russet background of fell, and a Himalaya range of snowy cumulus piled up immobile against a sky of all but mid-summer blue. It is on such tissue, where image and reflection are subtly blended, that day-dreams are woven.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the creak and rattle and the hurricane of various cries that announce the approach of Peau de Lapin, and soon the ancient tricycle came out from under the bridge into the harbour stretch.

"Br-r-r-r—deaf then, toi? —Br-r-r-r—"

It is the sound peasants make with tongue and palate to bring their horses to a stop, and it answers very well for dogs in harness. Sultan sat down panting upon his haunches.

"Brigand!" shouted his master. "I've half a mind——"

He glanced at a switch attached like a churchwarden's wand to the front of the tricycle. Sultan glanced at it too, with unconcern. For it is only an emblem, a dress-sword of authority, a theoretical terror to theoretical insubordination.

"What's he been doing?" I asked.

"He's so inquisitive," grumbled Peau de Lapin, unhitching Sultan's string. "Regular old woman, vrai! Lie down then

—curieux!" And he dismissed Sultan with a caress that took all the edge off his reproach.

Sultan, curling up under the tricycle, went to sleep with a fine pretence, the humbug! of the utmost indifference to his surroundings, and Peau de Lapin came over to me. He was very hot, for his load was an unusually heavy one. A bundle of rabbit-skins was attached to the rusty handle-bar of his machine, another slung over his shoulder, and the packing-case that is his perambulatory shop was crammed full. I was glad that he had left his stock to windward, for whatever it be in the nostrils of the commerce, the odour of rabbit-skins is no incense in mine.

"Salut, Monsieur l'Anglais," said Peau de Lapin, drawing off a tattered woollen glove, though without doing so he might have given me any of his fingers and most of his hand.

"Salut, Monsieur Lapin. How goes it?"

"Piano! piano!" he replied, throwing himself down wearily by me. "It's the bronchitis, my winter trouble—heu! heu! heu! And I think it's about the last of it, for it's gripped me earlier than usual this year, diable!"

"You always think that, you know."

"The boy and the wolf, quoi? The wolf came in the end though. Yes. But let that be. There's something I want to say to you."

Now Peau de Lapin has rubbed up against many nationalities, and little tags of

divers foreign languages have come off on his speech, like loose straws from harvest waggons caught upon a hedge. And the result is as picturesque as his personality.

"—There's something I want to say to you, Mister. The English are not Kaput?"

"Mais non, mais non, Monsieur Lapin."

"And the Russians not Kaput, gosпода?"

"Not yet, nor like to be."

"And the French not Kaput?"

"Oh, par exemple!"

"But the Boche devils Kaput, mein Herr? Ja?"

"Oh, ja, Monsieur Lapin!"

"Good, good, brother," said the old man with something like a sigh of relief. "For we are brothers now, n'est-ce pas? But 'tis hard, so hard! It goes near breaking my heart. Everywhere I pass—the same thing. This neighbour? Dead. That? Dead. Such a one's son? Missing. Wounded in every train, in every street. All our able men gone, all our horses. No one on the land now but women and children and Methuselahs like myself. Dieu de Dieu! Heu! heu! heu!"

"That is war, brother. It is what we had to expect."

"I know, Monsieur l'Anglais," agreed Peau de Lapin. "I'm an old soldier myself. Not a good one to begin with, mais que voulez-vous? I was drunk when I struck the Sergeant, but he was drunk too. The Sergeant, he lost his stripes over it; and me they sent out to Africa to the

disciplinary regiment; 'les joyeux,' you know. We had our chance in 'Seventy, and took it. Ho, ho, les joyeux! Ta—ta—ta—ta! Cha—arge! Ta—ta—ta—ta! At Wissembourg—but that's ancient history; and it isn't what I have to say. Heu! heu! heu!—"

When the old man had finished the fit of coughing with which he punctuated all his periods, he suddenly brought his hand in a military salute to the felt ruin on his head.

"The Emperor!" he cried.

And his eyes stared out so vividly that, following them, I seemed to catch the outline of a towering figure dashed for a second on to the vast Himalaya of white cumulus.

"I knew a man," continued Peau de Lapin excitedly, his hand on my arm, "one of the Old Guard. He had seen the Emperor a thousand times, spoken with him more than once. Like all the rest of them, he would have gone through fire and water for him. Did, as a matter of fact: Moscow and the Beresina, quoi! And he never could be got to believe that the Emperor was really dead. His idea was that Napoleon had had himself frozen and packed in ice. Got the idea out of some book, I suppose. And he had it in his head that the Emperor would come again when France needed him. A crazy idea, n'est-ce pas? Of course I—and yet—you—you don't believe it now, do you, Mister?"

"I only wish I could, Monsieur Lapin."

"Of course, of course," he nodded reluctantly. "Even

an uneducated man like you and me could hardly swallow *that!* But still, I will tell you. I have often prayed these last days: 'Notre Père, qui êtes aux Cieux—and so on—raise him up again. Unfreeze him. If our English brothers have no objection. For ever and ever. Amen.' Heu! heu! heu! Don't laugh at me, Monsieur l'Anglais. An old man—an old fool—heu! heu! heu!"

A plague of that damp canal air! It got into my throat and choked me. But I made him understand somehow that I had no mind to laugh.

"Bon!" he said. "Good men the English. Not Kaput. And the French not Kaput! Shall I tell you why? Because—"

He raised his arms above his head: his face glowed: his eyes sparkled. So, a thought larger, Elijah might have sat.

"—because HE has come back!" he cried.

"HE! The Emperor? Unfrozen? Mon pauvre ami——"

"Oh, not in that way!" he broke in. "That is a child's idea—the freezing business. Heu! heu! heu! Come, I will show you."

He scrambled to his feet, and led me hastily to the old tricycle. On one side of the packing-case he had glued a cheap little oleograph of Napoleon, but it was hidden now under a portrait, cut out of a daily paper, showing a calm and strong face beneath a general's képi.

Peau de Lapin pulled off his hat, and so did I.

"You know him?" he said—  
 —"our Joffre! It struck me  
 yesterday. That is how the  
 Emperor has returned. Ta—  
 ta—ta—ta! En avant, les  
 joyeux! Ta—ta—Heu!—heu!  
 heu! This cough will be the  
 death of me. I shall not see  
 —the end. But what of that?  
 An old mummy! Vive notre  
 Joffre! Vive la France! Vive  
 l'Empereur!"

From a century back I heard  
 the legionaries' shout echoing  
 up the years, and heard it  
 rolling on into coming ages.  
 The glorious legend will never  
 die, but for all time—pillar of  
 fire—will guide the destinies of  
 France. What were you?—  
 Man?—Demigod?—What were  
 you that your spirit inspires  
 all strategy, starts from every  
 trench, heads every charge,  
 exults in every cry of triumph,  
 calls "Victory!" to the faint-  
 ing soul of an old battered  
 rabbit-skin man?

"Allons, Sultan!" said Peau  
 de Lapin.

"Vieux curieux!" I re-  
 marked, leading back to the  
 subject of Sultan's misdemean-  
 our, for I am as inquisitive  
 as he.

"No, no," said his master.  
 "I was a little hard on him.  
 A good beast. But he looks  
 about him too much. He's  
 nervous, that's what it is. He  
 cannot stand the sight of a  
 gendarme."

As the appearance of the  
 blue-and-white uniform has the  
 effect of transforming Sultan  
 from a draught animal into a  
 "chien de luxe," I thought that  
 his failing might be interpreted

otherwise than as mere curi-  
 osity. But I let it pass. Peau  
 de Lapin harnessed Sultan and  
 hoisted himself into the saddle.

"Adieu, Monsieur l'Anglais,"  
 he said.

"Au revoir, Monsieur Lapin.  
 Sans adieu."

"Adieu," he insisted. "An  
 old man—confounded bronchi-  
 tis—heu! heu! heu! Adieu."

Very slowly and solemnly he  
 drew his hand out of mine. It  
 was as if he were loosing his  
 ties with mankind.

"Tohk! tohk! Sultan!"

Sultan tugged dogfully:  
 Peau de Lapin put all his  
 weight on the treadles: the  
 cranky machine creaked into  
 movement. I followed them  
 out of sound and sight: Peau  
 de Lapin's cough: his "Tohk!  
 tohk!" and "Hue!" and  
 "Dia!"—for Sultan is a horse:  
 the rattle and clank of the  
 Tubal Cain tricycle: and the  
 bundle of rabbit-skins on  
 Peau de Lapin's shoulders that  
 swung to and fro like a big  
 white pendulum.

The old man is dead, and  
 Sultan. We had it this morn-  
 ing.

Peau de Lapin! Ho, Peau  
 de Lapin!

If my voice can carry over  
 the dark flood to the Blessed  
 Fields where you and Sultan  
 wander leisurely, and immortal  
 rabbits frolic in the asphodel  
 with no fear for their skins,  
 take my thanks, brother. I  
 was despondent that day—for  
 the world—for France. And  
 you let in light on my gloom.  
 You pointed me to the pillar  
 of fire. Vale, frater, vale!  
 Adieu, Peau de Lapin, adieu!

## THE QUESTION OF NAVAL COURTS-MARTIAL.

NO one in his senses who was also an honest man could wish at this moment to provoke a controversy on the treatment of naval officers by the Admiralty. On that point we must be supposed to be all agreed. But the question who is truly responsible for causing debate cannot always be answered off-hand. And this is certainly the case in regard to the discussion in and out of Parliament on the decision of the Admiralty not to allow courts-martial to be held promptly on the loss of ships so far during the present war. Must we put the blame on my lords, who have departed from the long-established usage of the Navy, or on those who find fault with them? Curiously enough very little, or indeed as good as nothing, has been said about another innovation—namely, the secrecy enforced in the one case, the court-martial on Admiral Troubridge in regard to the escape of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*—in which the Board has departed from its novel practice. We are not to assume what it is our business to prove. Nor are we to take it for granted either that the Admiralty is inspired by evil motives, or that, with the best of intentions, it is not doing mischief. Bassanio meant well when he appealed to Portia to “wrest once the law to your authority.” Yet there was

acknowledged sense in her answer—

“There is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established:  
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,  
And many an error by the same example  
Will rush into the State.”

Abundant mischief has been set going by well-meaning persons. The preliminary question, “What is the decree established” in this country and in the matter of the holding of naval courts-martial? has to be sure to be answered. And the reply cannot be given so shortly as both sides in this controversy appear to think.

Two concessions must be made to the Admiralty and its defenders, official and unofficial. The Board is not bound to try an officer before dismissing him from a command or even from the service. And no officer can demand a court-martial as a right. In 1746 Sir Edward Vernon, an admiral and the most conspicuous flag officer of the day, was cashiered without trial. Whatever else we may think of the action of the Board which advised the King to strike Sir Edward off the list, its legality has never been disputed. The authority which can do the greater, can do the less. There is no lack of precedents to show the right of the Admiralty to order an admiral to haul down his flag, or to turn an officer of lower rank ashore. Two cases, one



of which occurred in our own time, may be quoted from among many to serve as illustrations. In 1796 Rear-Admiral Mann, who was serving under Sir John Jervis in the Mediterranean, argued himself, or in the solitary dignity of the starboard side of his quarter-deck he brooded himself, into an extraordinary delusion. He became persuaded that it was his duty to take his squadron home. The council of war he held agreed with him, and home he came. The Admiralty confined itself to ordering him to haul down his flag. The case of Mann and what is known of his character are curious, but the only part of the story which concerns us is the legality of the Admiralty's action in simply dismissing him from command, and that was not disputed. The second example is within the memory of those among us who have not the happiness to be young.

On the 1st July 1871, H.M.S. *Agincourt* ran on the Pearl Rock, near the Straits of Gibraltar, one of the best known and the most easy to avoid of all the perils of the sea. The stranding took place in broad daylight. The *Agincourt* was the flagship of Rear-Admiral Wilmot, second in command of the Mediterranean fleet under Vice-Admiral Wellesley. She was leading the starboard, or in-shore, division. The fleet was steering on a course given from the flagship of the commander-in-chief, and laid down by her senior navigating officer, Staff-Commander Keddle. This course took her right on to the

shoal, where she grounded. Now the captain, officers, and crew of a ship are primarily responsible for her safety. The responsibility of the men is mainly formal, and they are discharged. The officers who are directly responsible are the captain and senior navigating officer at all times, and the officer of the watch at the time of the disaster. Captain Beamish of the *Agincourt*, Staff-Commander Knight, and Lieutenant Bell, the officer of the watch at the time of the stranding, were brought before a court-martial at Devonport on the 26th July. They were found to be in fault, but were lightly sentenced to mere reprimand and warning. Their main error was that they had not tested the orders given them, but had steered blindly, though the danger of the course the *Agincourt* was following was patent to some in her, and to others in the ships following her in the line. Captain Beamish himself acknowledged to the court that he had at the time felt that his ship was going very near the shoal. The case (and it is not the only one nor the most recent which could be quoted) was an instance of the evil which discipline can do when it reduces subordinates to mere blind obedience and timidity. Obviously the matter could not remain where the court-martial left it. The Admiralty might now have ordered a trial of the superior authorities of the fleet who laid the course. My lords preferred to exercise their power. A minute was issued in which

they declared themselves satisfied, from a perusal of the evidence taken at Devonport, that the facts were sufficiently proved. They held that the stranding of the *Agincourt* was occasioned by great negligence on the part of other officers than the three who had been tried. They considered that the stranding of the ship was primarily due to the unsafe course steered by the squadron in obedience to the signal from the flagship of Vice-Admiral Wellesley. It was Rear-Admiral Wilmot's duty to inform himself of the position of the ships in his division, and to exercise due care to keep them out of danger. If he had been vigilant he would not have suffered his flagship to run on a well-known shoal when the marks were distinctly visible. Therefore my lords superseded both Vice-Admiral Wellesley and Rear-Admiral Wilmot, and put Staff-Commander Keddle of the flagship on half-pay. They may or they may not have taken the wisest course, but the legality of their action could not be disputed.

As touching the matter of secrecy, the "decree established" has always been that trial by court-martial must be public. The President can indeed order the court to be cleared for the purpose of ascertaining the opinions of the members composing it in private, or for any other reason. The Admiralty has power to make general rules for altering and regulating the procedure and practice of court-martial—subject to the provisions of Naval Dis-

cipline Act of 1866 as amended in 1884 and 1909, and also to the approval of the King in Council on a report of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and every order so made must be laid before Parliament.

It may appear that in the face of these leading cases, and those acknowledged rights of the Admiralty, nobody has a just ground to accuse the Board of departing in the present war from the ancient practice of the Navy. Nothing has been done which has not been done before. As might have been expected, this is the plea advanced by Mr Winston Churchill, and the Crown lawyers in the House, and the unofficial or ex-official advocates outside. Only a very unwary critic could be disarmed by what is essentially a mere sophistry. The substance of the case against the Board is that it has turned what was an exception into a rule. It has thereby departed from ancient custom, and has made an innovation which may be turned into a precedent of a very injurious kind. The doctrine which has hitherto been acted on in this country in all the business of Government has been stated once and for all by Burke. "It is indeed difficult, perhaps impossible, to give limits to the mere *abstract* competence of the supreme powers, . . . but the limits of a *moral* competence, subjecting . . . occasional will to permanent reason, and to the steady maxims of faith, justice, and fixed fundamental policy,

are perfectly intelligible and perfectly binding upon those who exercise any authority, under any name or under any title, in the State. . . . The constituent parts of a State are obliged to hold their public faith with each other, and with all those who derive any serious interest under their engagements, as much as the whole State is bound to keep its faith with separate communities. Otherwise competence and power would soon be confounded, and no law be left but the will of a prevailing force."

To contend that because the Admiralty has on certain occasions and for particular reasons dispensed with a court-martial, therefore it may dispense with court-martial altogether, is "a legal argument" in the worst sense of the word, or rather in the entirely unfair sense in which the words are made to mean a quibble designed to confuse a witness or bamboozle a jury. If a member were to arise in the House of Commons and to argue that because the independence of Belgium was gained by a violation of the Treaty of Paris, and because the signatories to that Treaty condoned the violation, therefore no Treaty, including the one which secured Belgian neutrality, could be said to be binding, he would be reasoning in just this way. If some Admiralty of democratic sentiments and democratic disregard for the freedom of minorities were to cashier half a dozen unpopular ad-

mirals, would it be justified by the precedent of Sir Edward Vernon? The "permanent reason," the "fixed fundamental policy" of the British Navy, has been that officers and men alike are entitled to a public trial where they appear to have failed in their duty. The abstract competence of the supreme authority to act by "administrative order" has been conceded and used, but as an exception and for special reasons. Before the exception can be turned into the rule, before what was the remedy for particular difficulties is turned into the common practice, the Navy and the country are entitled to insist on receiving some serious justification for the change. Some of the excuses made have been positively puerile. Mr Winston Churchill must have been animated by a downright contempt for the understanding of his hearers when he told the House of Commons that the senior officers of the Navy were too busy to sit on courts-martial. They were not too busy to sit in the case of Admiral Troubridge or to form the Court of Inquiry on the explosion in the *Bulwark*. But that argument would carry the First Lord to extraordinary conclusions. At the beginning of the Crimean War an officer in a ship actively engaged on the coast of the Asiatic possessions of Russia was murdered by a marine sentry. It is not physically impossible that the same crime might be committed now. Would the trial of the murderer be postponed

till the war is over, or would he not be tried, or would he be executed without trial by administrative order? The use which the supreme authority of the Navy is making of its abstract competence would justify us in going to that length with officer or man. The supposition is an absurdity if you please, but the *reductio ad absurdum* is a legitimate form of argument. Other arguments, no less feeble than Mr Winston Churchill's, have been produced to show how inconvenient it might be to hold a court. One was the Attorney-General's quotation of the case of Sir Robert Calder, who weakened Nelson's fleet off Cadiz by returning in his flagship to stand his trial for his action off Ferrol. In the first place, Nelson might have insisted on his returning in a frigate, if he had not been too kind-hearted to subject Calder to the indignity of going home "like a convict." But the fleet off Cadiz was far more seriously weakened when Rear-Admiral Lewis was sent into Gibraltar with his squadron to renew his water and provisions, whereby he was prevented from being present at Trafalgar. In both cases there was a necessity to be faced. It was far better to lose the service of Admiral Lewis's ships than to supply them from the other vessels in the fleet, which might have led to the untimely retreat of the whole force before hunger and thirst. It was better to lose Calder's ships than that one admiral should behave bad-bloodedly to another—or

that the agitation over the action off Ferrol should not be brought under the cleansing influence of an open trial.

After all, the essential question is, Why did the Navy consider it right and a matter of course that courts-martial should be held? For let it be repeated, the "steady practice," the "fixed fundamental policy" of the Navy, was to hold them. When the First Lord told the House of Commons that some people seemed to be under the delusion that a crime must have been committed whenever a ship was lost, and that this was the reason for holding a court, he was under a misapprehension himself. Nobody supposed that any crime had been committed by the captains of frigates which were destroyed to prevent them from falling into the hands of Suffren in the Bay of Bengal, or of D'Estaing on the coast of North America. Yet courts-martial were held in, I think I may venture to say, all such cases. The proofs remain in the reports of court-martial in the Record Office. They are brief, and on the whole formal, but they were trials ending in a verdict of the court. The desire of the officers concerned to be tried was both rational and easy to understand. They had been entrusted with His Majesty's ships, and had lost them. They wished to have it put on record that they were not to blame, for the very sufficient reason that acquittal by a court-martial was an effectual answer to any charge or reproach which

might afterwards be produced against them. The stress of service was quite as severe in the wars of the eighteenth century as it is to-day. Yet no difficulty was found in reconciling the formation of courts with the discharge of other duty. In 1762 H.M.S. *Raisonnable* was lost on the coast of Martinique on the 7th January, during operations against the French. The court-martial on the loss was held in Cas Navire Bay on the 23rd of the month. But all this talk about the impossibility of calling off service officers from their duty in the stress of war looks idle in the presence of two well-established facts. The first is that if a member of a court is called for on urgent duty, he can be withdrawn, and the court can continue to sit without him, provided that his absence does not reduce it to below the legal minimum. The second is that the Admiralty can appoint an officer of the due rank who is on half-pay to sit on a court-martial, either from the first or in order to replace a member who is withdrawn on urgent service. If we are to be guided by rare precedents, my lords can go much further than that. In 1669 Mr Pepys was appointed captain of a man-of-war for twenty-four hours, in order that he might sit on a court-martial. But it would not be in the least necessary to follow a precedent from days when the corps of naval officers was only beginning to be formed, and when it was not yet "a decree established" that His

Majesty's ships must be commanded by men bred to the sea. There would never be a lack of gentlemen qualified to sit on a court who would be available for the discharge of that duty.

There is one consideration which must not be ignored, and which does appear to provide a good reason for at once postponing a court-martial. Matter of such a character that it cannot be made public without injury to the service and the country may form part of the evidence. But, as has been already pointed out, the President has power to clear the court when publicity is not desirable. In this war the Admiralty, as we have noted above, has caused one court-martial to be held with closed doors. The decision is perhaps of dubious legality; but the naval officers would not object to a trial behind closed doors so long as they obtained what they have always valued—namely, the security that they will not be condemned without the opportunity to vindicate themselves before their brothers-in-arms and "the Service." This they would still retain, even in a secret inquisition, provided always that the inquisitors were naval men. The Navy has never asked for what exists in some countries—that is to say, the privilege of being justiceable at all times only by a court of their own. This country has never known nor wished to know the "military forum" of Spain and Spanish America. On the contrary,

when, in the reign of George II., the Ministry of the day proposed to render half-pay officers subject to trial by court-martial for acts committed when they were not on active service, it was so vehemently resisted by them that it was forced to withdraw. What the Navy has desired, and has considered itself entitled to, is the opportunity to be judged for military acts done in the discharge of duty, by the most competent form of court. And this desire of theirs is based on their reluctance to be entirely at the mercy of a "law" which is "but the will of a prevailing force."

We misjudge altogether if we look upon court-martial only as a threat or an instrument for inflicting punishment. It is that to the offender, no doubt. But it is also a guarantee even to him, and it is so to a far greater extent to all others. The point of view may be illustrated by analogy. There is a vast difference between the positions of the *curé* in France and the mere "disservant"—between the parish priest and the "ourate." The first can be removed only for canonical reasons and by a regular process, which means that the authority must give the right reasons and allow of a defence. The second has no right, no security. That the "abstract competence" of a supreme authority extends to the power to act without process of law may be allowed. The thing has been done in

all countries and in various ways. England knew the Bill of Attainder; and the cruder form of the same process was the mere act of sovereignty by which Philip II. of Spain or the Emperor Ferdinand ordered the killing of Escovedo or of Wallenstein. But bills of attainder and killing by royal order have fallen into very bad odour. A Church in which the parish priest is replaced by the mere "disservant" is degraded and enslaved. A body of officers who are deprived of what they have cherished as a security and a protection will lose in character, in self-reliance, and in self-respect. They may become, they probably will become, more docile to "the prevailing force" for the time being at Whitehall; but before very long they will begin to lose something of that old independence of character and readiness to take responsibilities which has been the very birth of the British naval officer.

Mr Winston Churchill told the House of Commons that the public interest would not be served by half a dozen naval *causes célèbres*, which would excite discussion and leave the public very divided on the merits of the question. If he only meant a recurrence of such a scandal as the notorious Keppel and Palliser courts-martial of 1779, he was very right. Yet even in regard to such a pestilential evil as that was, we may answer that if ever the country and the Navy are infected with passionate

faction as they were at the beginning of the American War of Independence, the disease will rage at Whitehall as well as at other places. And bad as that eruption of peccant humours was, the crisis was perhaps better than the prolongation of a latent malady. At any rate it cleared the air, and evacuated not a little corrupt matter. Moreover, it is at least a question whether concealments and suppressions do not in the end tend to produce that very discontent and angry sense of wrong which go on smouldering till they break out somewhere and somehow.

We do not profess to know what the First Lord had in his mind when he spoke of possible naval *causes célèbres*. But it is not our fault if mysterious nods and winks of this kind set the world wondering what it is that is to be concealed. We know very well, and all the world knows, that certain things have happened which the censorship conceals in the old ostrich way—by hiding its head under a bush and presenting “its foolish hinder parts to heaven.” Who is deceived here? Not the enemy, who is perfectly well informed. As for ourselves, if we do not know the truth we know quite enough

to set going a mutter of—“Well, well, we know,”—or “We could, an if we would,”—or “If we were to speak,”—or “There be, an if they might,”—or such ambiguous giving-out.

It would be folly in a very high degree to demand publicity as a mere satisfaction to the curious gossip. But candour may have its uses, even if the gossip is incidentally pleased. And there is one wholesome use which it can hardly fail to have. The Admiralty may be indifferent to the danger that its concealments will be accounted for not by the desire to withdraw from the enemy information which would be useful to him, but to protect itself against criticism by us. Nobody has a right to say that this is the case, but everybody is well entitled to say that if once any Government is allowed to suppress truth about matters which are of vital consequence to the country, then all the conditions which enable blundering, or even dishonest, public men to cloak their own misconduct, will instantly be produced, and the consequences will soon follow. It would be an impertinence towards our readers to say what those consequences must be.

## FROM AN INDIAN POST-OFFICE IN FRANCE.

DO you remember that passage in 'Vanity Fair' where Thackeray, after describing Becky's first flight into the country, asks "Where is the road now, and its merry incidents of life? Is there no Chelsea or Greenwich for the old honest pimple-nosed coachmen? I wonder where are they, those good fellows? Is old Weller alive or dead? and the waiters, yea, and the inns at which they waited, and the cold rounds of beef inside, and the stunted ostler, with his blue nose and clinking pail, where is he, and where is his generation? To those great geniuses now in petticoats, who shall write novels for the beloved reader's children, these men and things will be as much legend and history as Nineveh, or Cœur-de-Lion, or Jack Sheppard. For them stage-coaches will have become romances—a team of four bays as fabulous as Bucephalus or Black Bess. Ah, how their coats shone, as the stablemen pulled their clothes off, and away they went—ah, how their tails shook, as with smoking sides at the stage's end they demurely walked away into the inn-yard! Alas! we shall never hear the horn sing at midnight, or see the pike gates fly open any more."

The road indeed is gone, and all Mr Cecil Aldin's skill cannot bring it back again. But Thackeray was wrong to imply

that all the romance of the mails went with it, though all the world accepted his view until one Kipling arose and overthrew it. His Majesty's mails—even in peace-time the phrase has a fine mouth-filling sound, and just now, in the tumult of this our war—. Go down to that one among the great London stations whence letters and parcels are despatched to our army, which, by the way, when they do not arrive, swears just as terribly in Flanders as ever did any of its forerunners. Time your visit half an hour or so before the starting of the mail-train, keep your eyes open, and remain unmoved if you can. You will not have been there long before the first of the great red postal motor-vans sails majestically in and discharges its contents in the place appointed. Another and another follows it, until it would seem that all the place is in a fair way to be swamped with mail-bags. Ugly things, are they not? But think what they mean—what love and tears and prayers and hopes, what breaking hearts of our women, what self-sacrifice of our men!

There are passengers, too, by the train as well as mails—some civilians, but for the most part officers and men in khaki bound for the front, hard and fit-looking, with the ruddy hue of health in their cheeks, and their women-folk



are assembled to see them go. How many thousands have gone already, and of these how many shall return no more? How many have come back pale, slow-moving, feeble, or maimed, and carried by other men? In these days most of us have taken some part in these sacraments of farewell, and, even if we have not, no extraordinary delicacy is needed to make us respect the partings of others. Let us stick to our mail-bags and see what becomes of them, or at least of some of them. The date of our departure either falls before the 18th February 1915, or else by unexampled good fortune our ship is able to elude the German mines and submarines. Anyhow, the fortune which befriends the brave secures to us a smooth and uneventful crossing. Smooth, it may be, but there are some members of our island race who are never altogether at their ease upon a steamer. Unhappily, I am one of them, and the form the malady takes with me is a sort of inert restlessness, which keeps me prowling about the ship.

As we wander about we notice that the mass of mail-bags has parted into two heaps, one much larger than the other. The explanation is simple. The Indian Government, which sometimes likes to do things thoroughly, when it despatched the Indian contingent upon its momentous journey, took all possible measures for the comfort of its troops. Amongst other things it sent with them an

Indian Postal Establishment and a number of Indian Field Post-Offices. After all it would not be fair to spring upon the G.P.O. a polyglot host whose correspondence is conducted through the medium of unknown languages written in illegible characters. So more than one "town in northern France," beloved of the censor, contains at this moment an Indian Post-Office, and at one of them is the head office where the bulk of the postal work is done. If you have the requisite leisure and inclination, you will not have any insuperable difficulty in finding where that is.

The office is located in a decayed mansion, which must once have been a pleasant country house. But its pleasures have been out down in the course of years, and only a small and sooty garden now keeps off the unlovely quarter that has sprung up about it. The Indian clerks and packers are a source of never-failing interest to young France, and a knot of urchins is always to be seen clustered about the garden gate peering in. "Good-bye," they say, with shrill geniality to all Englishmen on all occasions, and encouraged by the kindness with which their long-suffering favourite, Thomas Atkins, always receives their advances, they thrust out grubby little paws to shake, and clamour excitedly for "souvenirs." So great is the eagerness of the French people, great and small, to obtain British regimental badges and buttons, that for a while our army was like to be stripped of these things,

until by an edict of the French Government their possession by an unauthorised person was declared illegal. But the giving is not all on one side. Attached to one of the Indian Post-Offices is a pleasant-faced young Brahman orderly, whose acquaintance I first made some months ago. Indeed, I was able to be of some slight service to him in connection with the purchase of a watch and chain on which he had set his heart. Whenever I come across him now he shows them to me. At first he had nothing at the other end of the chain to balance the watch. But since then I have noticed a steadily-growing bunch of little medallions of the Virgin Mary (singularly out of place upon a Brahman bosom), which I swear he never purchased. I suspect that he has been following the Horatian maxim; but that, after all, like his rapidly advancing proficiency in the French language, is entirely his own affair.

Before the steps which lead up to the hall-door of the house stands an enormous motor lorry, from which an endless string of ant-like packers is removing countless letter-bags, while one in authority stands by to keep the tally. In the room nearest the door the "outward" letter mail is sorted. Here come the bags from the Field Post-Offices, whose place is close behind the firing line, and here their contents are sorted into pigeon-holes according to destination. The genial personage in charge and his assistants work at lightning speed. A bag is

opened and emptied into a great basket. Two sorters swoop down upon the letters and gather them up in great handfuls, which are sorted, stamped, and pigeon-holed in a twinkling. Neither spidery Urdu, nor clumsy Gurmukhi, nor square-faced Hindi, nor all the doubtful scribbles of the East, to say nothing of a good deal of English, legible and the reverse, seem to present any difficulty. In no time the basket is empty and there is nothing left for us to admire. We pass on into a larger apartment where the parcels are dealt with. These, of course, are nearly all "inward"—*i.e.*, addressed to the troops, and at one time, before Christmas, averaged well over a thousand a-day. I sometimes wonder whether the addition of Christmas to the already extensive list of Indian holidays, as a festival common to all classes and creeds, will not some day be the only surviving mark of a forgotten British domination in India. Be that as it may, there is no lack of other traces in the parcel-room, and everywhere the same quiet efficiency and rapid disposal of work. On the floor above is the sorting-room for "inward" letters. This can only be seen in its glory once a-week, when the Indian mail comes in. Considering how large is the percentage amongst the peasantry of India who are returned at the census as illiterate, the volume of our Indian soldiers' correspondence is prodigious. This no doubt would be so in any case, but it is not unconnected with the fact that

in India no postage is charged on letters addressed to the Expeditionary Force. Not less astounding than the volume of the correspondence is its diversity. Here is a cream-laid envelope bearing a regimental crest which has, I fear, been filched from a writing-table in the ante-room of a mess in Lucknow. That ordinary-looking cover started last December from Kashgar, in Chinese Turkistan, and has been carried over the Roof of the World in mid-winter. There is a squab little missive, cunningly folded until it is scarce bigger than two postage stamps. Its address is neatly written in the top-knotted Marathi character. For the first twenty miles of its journey it was borne on the back of a sweating runner armed with a spear and a string of jingling bells to protect him from the tigers that infest the jungles through which his path lies. This curious-looking communication is an official envelope which has been turned inside out, regummed and used afresh. The postmark shows that it must have been written across the border of British India, and the "dági" who brought it down the rocky slope of the Khuzhma Sar from Sarwekai in Waziristan probably had need to be on the look-out for bullets. It seems to be rather bulky, and perhaps if we could open it we should find in it a "tawíz" or charm, consisting of a verse or two from the Quran, traced from the right on dirty paper by the local *mulla*, and sewn up in silk by

the pious hands of some one at home. It is to be worn at the throat or round the top of the left arm, according to direction; and border opinion, despite frequent evidence to the contrary, regards it as "good" against accidents by lead or steel. With the "tawíz" will be a letter, short, for the Pathan is no scholar, and couched in the vilest Urdu. For Pashtu is never written except in poetry, and the Pathan will learn no more of the language of the despised black man (that is what he calls his Indian neighbour) than is absolutely necessary for his simple purposes. If the letters which they send across the sea are anything-like those which they write to one another in their own country, there will be much news in the letter. A. and B. and C. and D. have been killed. So has E. "aurat ke upar" (over a woman). F. has died "his own death" (*i.e.*, by natural causes). The Bada Khel and the Marai Khel have had a fight over the disputed grazing ground of Pakhu Tangi, but no one was hit and no sheep were driven. There has been good rain, and the crops are promising. The writer is well and prays for the addressee's welfare and speedy return. All at home are well and the cattle are fat. The addressee's sister, who is probably the writer's wife, has been to such and such a shrine to pray for him and to get the "tawíz." There has been no scoring on either side in the family feud, and in so-and-so's house a son has been born.

How it must make his heart yearn—as it is read to him—for the rugged country which he calls home.

Besides these there are heaps upon heaps of letters from places all over India, especially the Punjab, and rarer communications from Aden, Somaliland, China, Egypt, and wherever else the Indian soldier has crossed the sea to serve the King-Emperor.

In one corner of the room is a basket of moderate size into which every now and again a letter finds its way. The Post-Office gets early information of casualties and arranges accordingly.

On the second floor are the rooms occupied by the postal staff, and in the garden are the kitchens and outhouses rendered necessary by the requirements of many castes.

Some Indian regiments before

they came away had a large number of envelopes printed with their address—it is only the designation and number of the unit, brigade, division, &c., care of the Presidency Post-master, Bombay—and made them available for distribution to the dependants of their men. Others were not so prudent, and some very queerly addressed letters arrive to be dealt with. First there are the letters—and these are perhaps the majority—which are addressed in some Indian language only. These offer no difficulty to the postal staff, and only seem curious to those few Europeans who can read what is written on them in virtue of the apparently invariable law which makes the East and the West do the same thing in exactly opposite ways. This is what some of these would look like if the address were in English :—

“THIS ENVELOPE TO THE COUNTRY OF FRANCE TO THE EUROPEAN WAR.  
MAY IT REACH TO DIVISION NO. — BRIGADE NO. — REGIMENT NO. —  
TROOP NO. — TO THE HAND OF MY BELOVED SON — — — SOWAR.  
HIGHLY IMPORTANT AND AN ANSWER IS DESIRED AT ONCE.  
WRITTEN BY — — — FROM VILLAGE — — — POST-OFFICE — — — TAHSIL — — —  
DISTRICT — — — ON THE 5TH JANUARY 1915 AT 3.30 P.M.”

The counterpart to the above, written from this end, is worth setting out at length.

But very often more minute directions are given. Here are two examples :—

(On the face of the envelope.)

“TO THE COUNTRY OF INDIA, PROVINCE — — —, CANTONMENT — — —, REGIMENT  
No. — — — (DEPOT), TO RECEIVE HONOUR AT THE HAND OF JEMADAR  
— — —.

(On the reverse.)

TO THE LAND OF INDIA, COUNTRY OF TIRAH, NEAR POST OFFICE — — —, TO  
— — —. IF THE JEMADAR IS NOT IN THE CANTONMENT, IT IS IN-  
CUMBENT ON ALL GENTLEMEN TO SEND THIS LETTER AFTER HIM TO HIS  
COUNTRY TO THE ADDRESS GIVEN.”

"TO THE LAND OF INDIA, PROVINCE PUNJAB, DISTRICT JHELAM, TAHSIL CHAKWAL, POST-OFFICE, DO, VILLAGE DO, INTO THE HANDS OF UNCLE — — MAY THIS ENVELOPE BE CONVEYED. IT IS TO BE GIVEN INTO HIS HANDS AND THOSE OF NO OTHER PERSON. ANY ONE DISREGARDING THIS INJUNCTION WILL RENDER HIMSELF LIABLE TO LEGAL PUNISHMENT."

A request that nothing is to be given to the postman on delivery is not uncommon. But whether it reflects credit on the honesty of the postal department or not I have not yet made up my mind. Amongst letters addressed to the force it is not unusual to find some con-

signed "to the land of Europe, to the country of King France." But it is when the writer, whether in India or France, gives way to a natural impulse and attempts to address his letter in English, that the most bizarre effects are produced. Here is a patchwork affair:—

(In Urdu) "TO THE COUNTRY OF FRANCE.

(In English) INDIAN X.P.DISHANARY FARS<sup>1</sup>

— DIVISION, NO — MIYUL KAR,<sup>2</sup>

(In Urdu) TO BE FORWARDED TO (in English) A. B., VETERINARY ASSISTANT.

(In Urdu) IF YOU CANNOT GET THIS ADDRESS READ, THEN SIMPLY COPY IT."

The last clause, of course, which is tucked away in a corner of the envelope, is merely an unthinking reproduction of directions which the addressee

must have given when he put down his address.

The next is more difficult to decipher. The reproduction below is exact:—

"29 LASCARS SANITARY<sup>3</sup>

DIVISION, INDIANS

AX POSITION<sup>4</sup> — BREROPH<sup>5</sup>

TO PRESIDENCY POST MASTER, BOMBAY,

TO A.B."

but perhaps this is worse:—

"TO COWPAINTER<sup>6</sup> RAMMY SAMMY,<sup>7</sup>

FATHER OF — — —

T\_\_\_\_\_

DECCAN, INDIA."

The following could only be knowledge of Urdu, though it read by a person with some is all in English:—

<sup>1</sup> Expeditionary Force.

<sup>2</sup> Mule Corps.

<sup>3</sup> 29th Lancers Cavalry.

<sup>4</sup> Expedition.

<sup>5</sup> Brigade.

<sup>6</sup> Carpenter.

<sup>7</sup> Rama Swami.

"THE MASAR<sup>1</sup>

CAMP

USMAILAH<sup>2</sup>

FIRE-WORK HOUSE<sup>3</sup> No. — MOUNTED,<sup>4</sup>  
To A.B."

After this

"INDIA

PUNJAB

DISTRICT GOOSE RAT."<sup>5</sup>

and

"To A. B. ESQRE<sup>6</sup>

SUFFER MINER KING GEORGE<sup>7</sup>  
INTHETRENCH."

are easy.

Letters from France to England, and from England to France, show certain general characteristics in their addresses, and some brilliant phonetic spelling. The first thing noticeable is the prevalent confusion between Brighton

and Barton (in both of which places hospitals for Indians have been opened). But this is of less consequence, because London looms so large that it not infrequently absorbs them both. Thus, if the sorter be intelligent, a letter addressed to

"A. B.

YOUR PLEASE,

BURTON, LONDON,

WILAYAT."

will find its way to York Place, Brighton.

Next, there is the difficulty of keeping the Presidency Postmaster at Bombay out of it. That was the address the men were given when they started, and to that they naturally cling, whether the letters they write now have to go within

five thousand miles of Bombay or not. Lastly, there is the constant use of "Trench" (which is very apt to be confused with France),<sup>8</sup> or the Urdu equivalent "Morcha" or "Firing Line" as a place-name. A letter was received the other day on which the last two lines of the address were:—

"X.P.DOGMANY PRESS

INTHTARNCH."

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, Misr = Egypt.

<sup>2</sup> Ismailia.

<sup>3</sup> = Toh khana—*i.e.*, battery.

<sup>4</sup> Mountain.

<sup>5</sup> Gujrát.

<sup>6</sup> The addressee was an Indian private.

<sup>7</sup> K.G.O. Sappers and Miners.

<sup>8</sup> It often appears as FARNCH or FRANCHES.

while another bore the legend :—

“FRANSINDITINCH.”

“MORCHA TRUCH” is another variant, as also are “PHORGULAIN” and “FINLAND” for firing line.

The best of all is kept for the last, and its solution is left to the ingenuity of ‘Maga’s’ readers. It runs :—

“FATHERLY KHAN

No. — MULES COURSE

— DIVISION

WITH 58 RIFLES

IFF IN FRANCE.”

By the side of this even “Emma M. Dean Rizarbi”<sup>1</sup> and “John Dad, Sepoy”<sup>2</sup> seem commonplace.

But it is all very well to laugh. Which of us could shape better or as well if we had to address our letters in a foreign language with a strange

character? Pluck and bad spelling have often gone together, and a stout heart is a better possession than unlimited erudition. So let us laugh very kindly at the literary vagaries of these honest fellows, to whom the whole Empire owes so deep a debt of gratitude.

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<sup>1</sup> Imám-ud-Din, Reservist.

<sup>2</sup> Jehán Dád.

## NICKY-NAN, RESERVIST.

BY "Q."

## CHAPTER XVI.—CORPORAL SANDERCOCK.

NICKY-NAN arose with the dawn after a night of little sleep. Very cautiously, with one hand feeling the wall, and in the other carrying his boots, lest he should wake the Penhaligons, he stole downstairs to his parlour. The day being Sunday, he could not dare to risk outraging public opinion by carrying shovel or visgy through the open streets. To be sure nobody was likely to be astir at that hour: for Polpier lies late abed on Sunday mornings, the fishermen claiming it as their week's arrears of sleep. None the less it might happen: Un' Benny, for example, was a wakeful old man, given to rising from his couch unreasonably and walking abroad to commune with his Maker. For certain if Nicky-Nan should be met, going or coming, with a shovel on his shoulder, his dereliction from grace would be trumpeted throughout the parish, and—worse, far worse—it would excite curiosity.

In the parlour he provided himself with the plastering trowel and a sack, and wrapped the one in the other into a tight parcel, easily carried under the crook of his arm-pit. With this he tiptoed along the passage. There was no trouble with latch or bolt: for, save in

tempestuous weather, the front door of the old house—with half the front doors of the town—stood open all night long. An enormous sea-shell, supposed of Pernambuco, served it for weight or "dog," holding it tight-jammed against the wall of the passage.

Nicky-Nan seated himself on the bench in the porchway and did on his boots. The light was very dim here, and his fingers trembled, so that he took a long time threading the laces through the eyelet-holes. He became aware that his nerves were shaken. At the best of times, with his hurt leg, he found this operation of lacing his boots one of the worst of the day's jobs. It cost him almost as much time as shaving, and far more pain.

But at length the laces were threaded and tied, and tucking his parcel under his arm he set forth. He had forgotten his walking-staff and dared not go back to fetch it. Moreover, in Polpier it is held to be inauspicious if, once started on an enterprise, you turn back for something you have forgotten: and Nicky-Nan, a sceptic by habit, felt many superstitions assailing him this morning. For instance, he had been care-



ful to lace up his right boot before his left.

A high tide filled the inner pool of the harbour, and on its smooth surface several gulls floated, paddling lazily if at all. These birds know Sunday from week-days as well as any Christian folk: which is nothing very wonderful, for the Polpier boats have lain at home all the night and there is no fish-offal drifting about. Nicky-Nan counted the birds carefully, and drew a breath of relief on assuring himself that they totalled fifteen—an odd number and a lucky one. But he had no sooner done so than, as if they had been waiting for him, to signal misfortune, two of the flock arose, pattered for a moment on the water, wheeled twice, thrice, in short circles, and sailed off. His heart sank as he did the small sum in subtraction: but he controlled himself, noting that they sailed off to the right.

It was pretty to see them rising out of the blue liquid shadow of the harbour-pool; rising until, in a flash, they took the morning sun-ray that struck almost level across the top of the chasm, and were transformed into winged jewels dazzling the eye. But Nicky-Nan scarcely marked this, being preoccupied with his cares and fears: for where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also. Nor did he note at the bend of the cliff, which brought him in turn, after a long climb, face to face with the sun, that already its beams were warming the dew-drenched cushions of thyme on either

side of the track, and drawing delicious odour from them. The ray, smiting full in his eyes for a moment or two, hid from him all details of the landscape ahead and on his left, even as effectually as it hid the stars of night. Nicky-Nan hobbled on for a few paces, blinking. Then, with a catch of the breath, he came to a halt. Then, his vision clearing by degrees, he let out a gasp and his knees shook under him.

A couple of hundred yards away, and for half a mile beyond that, the green turf was populous with soldiery!

For some miles east and west of our haven the coast-front runs, as it were, in two tiers. From the sea rises a sheer face of naked rock, averaging some two hundred feet in height, for the most part unscalable, but here and there indented with steep gully-ways, down each of which, through thickets of cow-parsley, flax, kale, and brambles, matted curtains of ground-ivy, tussocks of thrift and bladder-campion, a rivulet tumbles to the brine. Above this runs a narrow terrace or plat of short turf, where a man may walk with his hands in his pockets; and here, with many ups and downs, runs the track used by the coastguard, who blaze the stones beside it at intervals with splashes of whitewash, for guidance on dark nights. Above this plateau, which here expands to a width of twenty or thirty feet and anon contracts almost to nothing, the cliff takes another climb, right away now to the

skyline; but the acclivity is gentler, with funnel-shaped turf hollows between bastions of piled rock not unlike Dartmoor tors or South African kopjes in miniature. On top of all runs a second terrace, much broader than the first, and a low hedge, beyond which, out of sight, the cultivated land begins.

Hard by the foot of one of these rock-bastions, on a fan-shaped plat of green, backed by clumps of ivy and wind-tortured thorns, a group of tents had sprung up like a cluster of enormous mushrooms. More tents aligned the upper terrace, under the lee of the hedge: and here also five or six waggons stood against the skyline, with men busy about them. Smaller knots of men in khaki toiled in the hollows, dragging down poles, sleepers, bundles of rope, parcels of picks and entrenching spades for the lower camp. Twos and threes, perched precariously on the rock-ridges, held on to cheek-ropes, guiding the descent of the heavier gear. The sound of voices shouting orders came borne on the clear morning air; and above it, as Nicky-Nan halted, rose the note of a bugle, on which somebody was practising to make up for time lost in days of peace.

Nicky-Nan pulled his wits together and stumbled forward, terror in his heart. Could he reach the 'taty-patch and snatch his treasure before these invaders descended upon it?

The patch (as has been told) lay in a hollow, concealed from

sight of the pilot-house. The cliff-track crossed a sharp knoll and brought you upon it suddenly. Nicky-Nan's heart beat fast, and unconsciously he accelerated his hobble almost to a run. As he pulled up short on the edge of the dip a sob broke from him — almost a cry.

Below him a couple of men in khaki were measuring the hollow with a field-tape; while a third—an officer—stood almost midway between them pencilling notes in a book. The tape stretched clean across the potato-patch.

"Right!" announced the officer, not perceiving Nicky, whose shadow, of course, lay behind on the path.

The nearer man—a stout corporal—dropped his end of the measuring-tape. The other wound it up slowly.

"We'll have to lay the trench through here," said the officer; and quoted, "'I'm sorry for Mr Naboth—I'm sorry to cause him pain;' but you, corporal, must find him and tell him he'll get compensation for disturbance." He pocketed his note-book, turned, and mounted the slope towards the encampment. The soldier holding the spool on the far side of the dip finished winding the tape very leisurably; which gave it the movement and appearance of a long snake crawling back to him across Nicky-Nan's potato-tops and over Nicky-Nan's fence. Then, shutting the spool with a click, he turned away and followed his officer. The stout corporal, left alone, seated him-

self on a soft cushion of thyme, drew forth a pipe from his hip-pocket, and was in the act of lighting it when Nicky-Nan descended upon him.

"And 'oo may *you* be?" asked the stout corporal, turning about as he puffed.

"You—you've no business here," stammered Nicky wrathfully. "The first sojer I catch trespassin' on my piece o' ground, I'll have the law on him!"

"Hullo! Be you the owner o' this patch, then?"

"Yes, I be: and I tell 'ee you've no business messin' around my property."

The corporal removed the pipe from his mouth and rubbed its bowl softly against the side of his nose. "So you said, to be sure. I didn' laugh at the moment, not bein' a triggerish chap at a joke. But it'll come in time. That's why I joined the sappers."

"Eh?"

"I takes a pleasure in *redoocin'* things. . . . Well, if you be the owner o' this here patch, the pleasure is mootual, for you've saved me time an' trouble over and above your speakin' so humorous. And what might your name be, makin' so bold?"

"Nanjivell."

"You don't say so! . . . Christian name?"

"Nicholas."

"Tis a fair co-incident," mused the corporal aloud. "I knew a man once by the name of Nanjivell—a fish-dealer; but he was called Daniel, an' he's dead, what's more. I remember him all the

better, because once upon a time, in my young days, I made a joke upon him, so clever it surprised myself. It began with my sendin' in a bill 'account rendered' that he'd already paid. I started by tellin' 'ee that I was young at the time. 'Twas before I married my wife to look after the books, an' I won't say that I wasn' a bit love-struck an' careless. Any way, in went that dam bill; and he'd kep' the receipt, which made him furious. Mad as fire he was, an' wrote me a letter about it. Such a saucy letter! 'Twas only last Christmas or thereabouts I found it in my desk an' tore it up. But I got even with him. 'Dear sir,'—I wrote back, 'your favour of the 5th instant received an' unchristian spirit of the same duly noted. On inquiry I find the 3 lb. of sausages to esteemed order was paid for on Lady-day: which on cooler thoughts you will see in the light of a slip as might have happened to anybody. Which in fact it did in this case. *P.S.*—Nanjivell ought to rhyme with *civil*. What a mistake when it rhymes with *D*—!—Yours faithfully'—and I signed my name. Then, on second thoughts, I tacked on another pos'script. At this distance o' time I can't be sure if 'twas 'Flee from the Wrath to Come' or 'The Wages o' Sin is Death'—but I think the latter, as bin' less easily twisted into a threat. . . . That," added the corporal after a pause, "closed the correspondence."

"And where," Nicky-Nan

asked, "might all this have happened?"

"At Penryn: which, for electoral purposes, is one borough with Falmouth. . . . I hoped as you would ha' laughed: but I'm glad to find you interested, anyway. Sandercock is my name, if you can make anything o' that,—Mr Sandercock, Fore Street, Penryn, pork and family butcher. You've heard o' Sandercock's hogs-puddin's I don't doubt?"

"Never."

"Haven't travelled much, maybe?"

"Knocked about a little. . . . Mostly on the China station an' South Pacific."

"Ah, they're hot climates, by all accounts. They wouldn't—no o' course they wouldn't—"

"Wouldn't *what*?"

"Bring you into contact, so to speak. . . . You should see my vi'lets, too."

"Violets?"

"They go together. You may notice the same thing in Truro: everybody that sells pork sells vi'lets."

"Damme if I can see the connexion—"

"You wouldn't—not at first. Vi'lets is a delicate way of advertisin' that there's an *r* in the month, an' your pork by consequence can be relied on. My wife, too, is never happy without a great bowlful o' vi'lets on the counter, done up in bunches: she thinks they suit her complexion. Now this patch o' yours 'ld be the very place to raise vi'lets. I was

thinkin' so just now when I measured it. Suffer much from red spider in these parts?"

"Not so far as I know. . . . But 'tis a curious thing," went on Nicky-Nan, "to find a man like you turned to sojerin'."

"Ah," cried Corporal Sandercock, eager for sympathy, "yes, well you may say that! It seems like a dream. . . . Of course in the pork-business August is always a slack month, an' this blasted War couldn' have happened at a more convenient season for pork, not if the Kaiser had consulted me."

"But what drove 'ee to it?"

"Into the Engineers? Well, 'tis hard to say. . . . I always had leanin's: an' then the sausages preyed on my mind—they look so much like fuses. So, what with one thing and another, and my wife likin' to see me in scarlet, with piping down my legs, which is what we wear at parades— 'Tis a long story, however, an' we can talk it over as we're diggin' up yer 'taties."

"'Diggin' up my 'taties'?"

Nicky-Nan echoed with a quaver. "Let me catch you tryin' it!"

"Now we're comin' to business," said Corporal Sandercock. "That's what the O.C. told me— Captain Whybro, commandin' Number 4 Works Company, Cornwall Fortress Royal Engineers. 'Here's where we carry our first trench,' says he; 'an' here, if wit o' man can grasp the why or the wherefore,' says

he, 'is a filthy potato-patch lyin' slap across our line. Corporal,' says he to me, 'you're a family man an' tactful. I detach you,' says he, 'to search the blighter out an' request him to lift his crop without delay. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again,' says he, 'an' the more you run around the better it'll be for your figure, an' the more you'll thank me,' he winds up, 'when we march together into Berlin.' So now you understand how welcome you dropped in. . . . 'Tis a terrible hilly country hereabouts."

"If there's law in England," Nicky-Nan threatened, "you'll keep clear o' this here patch o' mine, or it'll be the worse for 'ee."

Corporal Sandercock seated himself leisurably on a hillock of thyme, began to knock out his pipe against the edge of his boot-sole, and suddenly exploded in laughter so violent that he was forced to hold his sides. The exhibition took Nicky-Nan right aback. He could but stand and stare.

"Oh, oh!" panted the corporal. After another paroxysm he gasped, "You'll excuse me, but that's how I get taken. 'You've got no business here' was your words." (Another paroxysm.) "You can't think how comical you said it either."

"Comical or not, I mean it," Nicky-Nan assured him, with a saturnine frown. "If you can give over holdin' your belly an' listen, I don't mind tellin' you my opinion o' this here War;

which is, that 'tis a put-up job from start to finish, with no other object than to annoy folks."

The corporal sat up, wiping his eyes. "That's a point o' voo," he admitted, and added guardedly, "I don't say as I agree: but I'd like to know how, comin' upon all of us so sudden, it strikes a man like you, dwellin' in these out-o'-the-way parts. My wife declares she've seen matters workin' up to it for years."

"I never thought about it, one way or t'other, an' I don't want to think about it now. Who in the world *wants* war? Not I, for one."

"Me either, if it comes to that," Corporal Sandercock allowed, refilling his pipe. "If the matter had rested with me I'd ha' gone on forming fours every Wednesday an' Saturday, contented enough, all the rest o' my life. But the great ones of earth will have it, the Kaiser especially: and, after that, there's no more to say. The Kaiser wants a place in the sun, as he puts it; an' 'tis our bounden duty as true Britons to see he don't get any such thing."

"I never heard tell as he expressed a hankerin' for my 'taty-patch," answered Nicky-Nan sourly. "The way I look at it is, *he* leaves me alone in quiet, an' you don't. A pack o' sojers messin' about a spot like this!" he added with scorn. "It affronts a decent man's understandin'. But 'tis always the same wi' sojers. In the Navy, when I belonged to it,

we had a sayin'—'A mess-mate afore a ship-mate, a ship-mate afore a dog, an' a dog afore a sojer.'"

"To judge by your appearance," said the corporal with no sign of umbrage, "that was some time ago, afore they started the Territorial movement. . . . Ever study what they call Stradegy? No?—I thought not. Stradegy means that down below your patch there's a cove o' sorts: where there's a cove there's a landin'-place; where you can get a light gun ashore you can clear the shore till you find a spot to land heavy guns. Once you've landed heavy guns you've a-took Plymouth in the rear. You follow me?" Corporal Sanderecock stood up and picked a crumb or two of tobacco from the creases of his tunic. "I'll go fetch a fatigue party to harvest these spuds o' yours," said he. "There'll be compensation for disturbance. If you like, you can come along an' bargain it out wi' the Major."

"No," said Nicky - Nan, snatching at this happy chance. "I'm a lame one, as you see. What must be, must, I suppose: but while you step along I'll bide here."

"So long, then!"

The corporal had no sooner turned his back than Nicky began to unwrap his bundle in a fumbling haste. He watched the rotund figure as it waddled away over the rise; and so, dropping on his knees, fell to work furiously. The sun was already making its warmth felt. In less than five

minutes the sweat trickled off his forehead and dropped on his wrists as he dug with his unhandy trowel and grabbed at the soil.

Something more than a quarter of an hour had passed when, looking up for the fiftieth time, he spied the corporal returning down the grassy slope, alone. By this time his job was nearly done; and after finishing it he had the presence of mind to dig up a quart or so of potatoes and spread them over the gold coins in his sack.

"What in thunder's your hurry?" demanded the corporal, halting for a moment on the crest of the rise and gazing down. "I told you as I'd fetch a gang to clear the patch for you; an', what's more, the spuds shall be delivered to your door sometime this very day. But the Captain can't spare a man this side o' nine o'clock, an' so I was to tell you." He descended the slope, mopping his brow. "Pretty good tubers?"

Nicky - Nan hypocritically dived a hand into the sack, drew forth a fistful, and held them out in his open palm.

"Ay, and a very tidy lot," the corporal nodded. "And what might be the name of 'em?"

"*Duchess o' Cornwall* they're called: one o' the new Main-crops, an' one o' the best. East-country grown. You may pull half a dozen or so for yourself if you'll do me the favour to accept 'em."

"Thank 'ee, friend. There's nothin' I relish more than a

white-fleshed 'taty, well-grown an' well-boiled. Not a trace o' disease anywhere," observed the corporal running his eye over the rows and bringing it to rest on the newly-turned soil at his feet. "Eh? Hullo!"

He stooped and picked up a sovereign.

"That's mine!" Nicky-Nan

claimed it hastily. "I must ha' dropped it——"

"Well, I didn', any way—an' that's honest." The corporal handed it over with just a trace of reluctance. "But it only shows," he added, eyeing Nicky-Nan thoughtfully, "as there's nothing in this world so deceptive as appearances."

#### CHAPTER XVII.—THE SECOND SERMON.

"For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.

. . . And thou shalt be called by a new name. . . Thou shalt no more be termed *Forsaken*; neither shall thy land be termed *Desolate*: but thou shalt be called *Hephzi-bah*, and thy land *Beulah*: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married. . . .

. . . I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night.

. . . The Lord hath sworn by his right hand, and by the arm of his strength, 'Surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies; and the sons of the stranger shall not drink thy wine, for the which thou hast laboured. But they that have gathered it shall eat it, and praise the Lord; and they that have brought it together shall drink it. . . in the courts of my holiness.'

Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people.

Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, 'Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, his reward is with him,' and his work before him. And they shall call them 'The Holy People, the Redeemed of the Lord,' and thou shalt be called, '*Sought out, A City Not Forsaken.*'"

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Mr Hambly closed the great Book upon the cushion and leaned forward, resting his arms over it.

"I want you," said he after a pause, very solemnly and slowly, "to apply those words not only to ourselves, of whom we are accustomed to think, too particularly and too complacently, as a chosen people; but to the whole as the free peoples of Western Europe, with whom to-day we stand in alliance and as one. If you apply them at all particularly, let France and Belgium be first in your minds, with their harvest fields and vineyards, as you listen to the Lord's promise, '*By the arm of my strength, surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies, and the sons of the stranger shall not drink thy wine for which thou hast laboured.*'"

"For our own land, England, if we are really to vindicate it out of this struggle as Beulah—that is, 'married,' the bride of the Lord—I wish you to consider how far the God of this noble oath has advanced upon the old bloodthirsty

Jehovah of the book of Joshua. He is not yet, in Isaiah, the all-loving, all-comprehending God the Father of the Gospel, but if we halt on Him here, we are already a long way advanced from that tribal and half-bestial conception of the Deity which Joshua invoked and (as it seems to me) the German Emperor habitually invokes.

"I see no harm in priding ourselves that we have advanced beyond the German Emperor's schoolboyish conception of Jehovah. As a greater and far more highly bred and educated Emperor—an Emperor of Rome—once warned us, 'The best part of revenge is not to be like them.'

"Well, that is the point on which I would specially caution you this morning. When an adversary suddenly and brutally assaults us, his ferocity springing from the instinct of a lower civilisation—as when a farm-dog leaps upon us in the road—our first instinct is to fall back and meet him on the ground of his own savagery, to give him an exact tit for his tat. But can you not see that, as we do this, and in proportion as we do it, we allow him to impose himself on us and relinquish our main advantage? It is idle to practise a higher moral code if we abandon it hurriedly as soon as it is challenged by a lower.

"Bearing this in mind, you will not in the next few minutes say to yourselves, 'Our minister has ill chosen his time—now, with the enemy at our gates—to be preaching to us that we should be confirming what

little hold we have on the divine purpose, to advance upon it; to counsel our striving to pierce further into the mind of God; when all the newspapers tell us that, for success in war, we should enter into the minds of our enemies.'

"For, let me tell you, all knowledge is one under God; and the way of theology—which should be the head and crown of the sciences—not different from the way of what we call the 'natural' sciences, such as chemistry, or geology, or medicine. Of wisdom we may say with Ecclesiasticus: *The first man knew her not perfectly, neither shall the last man find her out*: but that does not matter. What matters for us, in our generation, is that we improve our knowledge and use it to make ourselves comparatively wiser—comparatively, that is, with our old selves as well as with our enemies. 'Knowledge,' they say, 'is power'; which, if it mean anything, must mean that A, by knowing a little more than B, has made himself, to that extent, more powerful than B.

"Now by saying that the way of all the sciences is one, I mean just this: that the true process of each is to refer effects to their real causes, not to false ones, and in the search to separate what is relevant from what is irrelevant and—so far as we can discover—quite accidental. For example, when a pestilence such as typhoid fever broke out in Polpier five or six hundred years ago, your forefathers attributed it to the



wrath of God visiting them for their sins: and to be sure it is good that men, under calamity, should reflect on their sins, but only because it is good for them to reflect on their sins at all times and under any circumstance. Nowadays you would have your well-water analysed and ask what the Sanitary Inspector had been about. Or, again, if a fire were to devastate our little town, we should not smite our breasts in the manner of those same forefathers, and attribute it to what there is amongst us of sloth and self-indulgence, to God's wrath upon our drinking habits or our neglect of Sunday observance: we should trace it to a foul chimney and translate our discovery into a Byelaw, maybe into a local Fire Brigade. That is how men improve their knowledge, and, through their knowledge, their well-being — by sorting out what is relevant.

"Do you suppose that irrelevances account for this war any more than they account for a fire or a pestilence; or that they will any more help us to grapple with it? Truly it would seem so," sighed Mr Hambly. "A great deal of fervid stuff was uttered in England last Sunday by archbishops, bishops, presidents of this and that Free Church; and the 'religious newspapers' have been full of these utterances. God forgive my presumption that, as I walk the streets of Polpier, I seem to hear all these popular men preaching with acceptance about nothing in particular!

"They all start by denouncing or deploring Germany's obvious sins: her exaltation of Might against Right, her lust of world-dominion, the ruthlessness of her foreign policy, the vainglorious boastings of her professors. No great harm in this! — for all these have contributed to bring this war about, and are therefore relevant. But when the preacher turns to the examination — for us so much more profitable — of *our own* sins, what has the preacher to say? Why, always in effect that, though it passes comprehension why Germany should be chosen to punish us (being so much worse than ourselves), we deserve punishment somehow for our drinking, swearing, and gambling habits, for the state of the poor in our cities, for our worship of wealth, for having a Liberal Government . . .

"Absurd as it may seem, that last gets nearest to sense; for wars are made, or at any rate accepted by, governments; and in a democratic country the government of the day represents the nation, or the nation is to blame. But believe me, my friends, God does not punish in this haphazard way. He punishes scientifically; or rather he allows men to punish themselves, by reaping the evil from the cause they have planted or neglected to remove: and the harvest comes true to the seed.

"The War as yet is scarcely a week old. It came upon us like a thief in the night, and as yet none of us can tell how far we are blame-

worthy. We have not the evidence.

"There will be time enough, when we have it, to search out the true reasons for national penitence. I do not believe in being penitent at haphazard: I have too much respect for that spiritual experience. Still less do I believe in running up to God's mercy-seat with a lapful of unassorted sins and the plea, 'Dear Lord, we are doubtless guilty of all these. Being in affliction, we are probably right in believing that one or more of them has provoked Thy displeasure, and are ready to do penance for any if it will please Thee to specify. Meanwhile, may we suggest horse-racing or profane language?' We may be sure, *then*, that the sin suggested, as a conjurer forces a card, is not a relevant one. We may be fairly sure also that it is one with which some neighbour is more chargeable than are we ourselves. The priests of Baal were foolish to cut themselves with knives, but it is to be set to their credit that they used real ones.

"You will observe that Isaiah constantly, in his words of highest promise to her, speaks of Zion as to be redeemed, and her glory as something to be restored: which implies that her bliss will lie, not in acquiring some new possession, but in regaining a something she has lost or forfeited. Have we of England in our day built such a Jerusalem that merely to have it again is our dearest hope for the end of this War?

"I come back to my main proposition, and will conclude with one word of immediate practical advice—the best I can offer, as a plain man, in these days when the minds of all are confused.

"My main proposition is that, all knowledge being one in its process, our best chance of reading God's mind lies in thinking just as practically, rationally, relevantly about divine things as scientific men take care to do about scientific things and as you or I should take care to do about the ordinary things of life. If we only thought of God as *important* enough, we should do that as a matter of course. *If we then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to our children*—we in England to-day are as yet a long way off the philosophy of Jesus Christ. That is too hard for us altogether, it seems. But we ought to be abreast with Isaiah, which is a long way ahead of Joshua and the German Emperor.

"For my word of practical advice—I counsel you, as a people, not to waste time in flurried indiscriminating repentance; not to *fuss*, in short, until, having learnt where and how you ought to repent, you can repent effectually. That knowledge may come soon: more likely it will come late. Meanwhile the danger is instant. Every man in this church," concluded Mr Hambly, "has a strong sense—a conviction, which I share—that the cause of England is right, that she is threatened and calls to him as he has never heard

her call in his lifetime: and the call is to fight for her, but as men not straying to learn a new gospel of hate, remembering rather what at the best our Country has been, and proud to vindicate that."

"Silly old rigmarole," commented Miss Oliver on the way home. "If you can tell me what it was all about!"

"If 'twas no worse than silly there'd be no harm done. When it comes to hinting that the Almighty hasn't a purpose of His own for typhoid fever, in my opinion it's time some one made a public protest."

"I don't see what good that would do. On his own showing it'd lie between the Lord an' Scantlebury, the Sanitary Inspector. He'd no business to speak so pointed: an' I always hate personalities for my part. But I daresay Scantlebury won't mind, if it comes to his ears even——"

"Scantlebury!" exclaimed Mrs Polsue with a sniff. "He only got the job through his son's being a local preacher and him a freemason. Do you think Scantlebury could make typhoid fever, if he tried?"

"Well, no; if you put it in that way. A Board School was as high as ever his parents could afford to send him: and then he went into the green-grocery, and at one time was said to be going to fail for over three hundred, when this place was found for him. A fair-spoken little man, but scientific in no sense o' the word."

There was a pause.

"The silly man collected

himself towards the end," said Mrs Polsue. "There was sense enough in what he said about every man's duty just now—that it was to fight, not to argue; though, after his manner, he didn't pitch it half strong enough. . . . I've been thinking that very thing over, Charity Oliver, ever since the Vicarage meetin', and it seems to me that if we're to be an Emergency Committee in anything better than name, our first business should be to stir up the young men to enlist. The way these tall fellows be hangin' back, and their country callin' out for them! There's young Seth Minards, for instance, an able-bodied young man if ever there was one. But I don't mind telling you I'm taking some steps to stir up their consciences."

"I did hear," said her friend sweetly, "that you had been stirring up the women. In fact it reached me, dear, that Mrs Penhaligon had already chased you to the door with a besom—and she the mildest woman, which no doubt you reckoned on for a beginning. But if you mean to tackle the young men as well—though I can't call to mind that the Vicarage meetin' set it down as any part of your duties——"

"I don't take my orders from any Vicarage meeting," snapped Mrs Polsue; "not at any time, and least of all in an emergency like this, when country and conscience oall me together to a plain duty. As for Mrs Penhaligon, you were misinformed, and I advise you to be more careful how you listen

to gossip. The woman was insolent, but she did *not* chase me—as you vulgarly put it, no doubt repeating your informant's words—she did *not* chase me out of doors with a besom. On the contrary, she gave me full opportunity to say what I thought of her.”

“Yes; so I understood, dear: and it was after that, and in consequence (as I was told) that she——”

“If you are proposing, Charity Oliver, to retail this story to others, you may drag in a besom if you will. But as a fact Mrs Penhaligon resorted to nothing but bad language, in which she was backed up by her co-habitant, or whatever you prefer to call him, the man Nanjivell.”

“Yes, I heard that he took a hand in it.”

“There you are right. He took a hand in it to the extent of informing me that Mrs Penhaligon was under his charge, if you ever heard anything so brazen. . . . I have often wondered,” added Mrs Polsue, darkly musing, “why Polpier has not, before this, become as one of the cities of the plain.”

“Have you?” asked Miss Oliver. “If I let such a thought trouble my head, I’d scarce close an eye when I went to bed.”

“But what puzzles me,” went on Mrs Polsue, “is how that Nanjivell found the pluck. Every one knows him for next door to a pauper: and yet he spoke up, as if he had pounds an’ to spare.”

“Perhaps you irritated him,” suggested Miss Oliver. “Every-

body knows that, poor as folks may be, if you try to set them right beyond a certain point——”

The two ladies, in this amiable converse, had drawn near to the bridge-end. They were suddenly aware of a party of six soldiers in khaki, headed by a corporal, advancing over the bridge in file. Each pair of soldiers carried between them a heavy sack, swinging it slowly as they marched.

The ladies drew aside, curious. The soldiers halted in front of the old doctor’s house. The corporal—a stout man—walked into the porchway and knocked.

Mrs Penhaligon answered the knock, and after a short colloquy was heard to call back into the passage summoning Mr Nanjivell.

In half a minute Nicky-Nan hobbled out. Meanwhile, their passage over the bridge being clear ahead, our two ladies had no good excuse for lingering. Yet they lingered. When all was said and done, no such sight as that of seven soldiers in khaki had been witnessed in Polpier within living memory. The child population of Polpier was indoors, expectant of dinner; and the squad missed the compliment of attention that would certainly have been paid it ten minutes earlier or an hour later.

“Here are your spuds,” announced Corporal Sanderecock, “with the Commandin’ Officer’s compliments.” He paused, seemingly in wrestle with an inward reluctance. He plunged

his right hand into his breeches pocket. "And here," said he, "be two sovereigns picked up in addition to the one you dropped this mornin'. It softens my surprise a bit," Corporal Sandercock added, "now that

I see the house you occupy, and," with a glance at Mrs Penhaligon—"the style you maintain. But for a man o' seemin'ly close habits, you're terribly flippant with your loose gold."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—FEATHERS.

When Polpier folk had occasion to talk of soldiers and soldiering—a far-away theme to which the mind seldom wandered—their eyes would become pensive and their voices take an accent of pity tinged with gentle contempt. 'There were such men. People back inland, among various strange avocations, followed this one; at a shilling a-day, too!' Some months before, as young Seth Minards happened to be dandering along the eastern cliff-track, he was met and accosted by an officer in uniform, who asked him many questions about the coast, its paths, the coves where a boat might be beached in moderate weather, &c., and made notes on the margin of a map. "Who was that tall chap I see'd 'ee in talk with, up by th' Peak?" asked Un' Benny Rowett later in the day. "A Cap'n Something-or-other," answered Seth; "I didn't catch his full name." "Walked over from Troy, Is'pose? Queer how these ship-cap'ns enjoy stretchin' their legs after a passage—the furriners especially. But there! 'tis nat'ral." "He wasn' a ship-cap'n." "What? a mine-cap'n?—ay, to be sure, that accounts for

the colour of his clothes. . . . Out o' work, was he? There's been a lot o' distress down in the Minin' District lately." "You're wrong again," said Seth: "he's a gun-sojer, or so he told me." "What, an *army-cap'n*? . . . But I oft to ha' guessed. Come to think, he didn' look scarcely more 'n that."

Polpier, indeed, had not seen a troop of soldiers since the Napoleonic era, when (as has been related) the old Doctor raised a company of Volunteer Artillery. Here we were, after more than a hundred years, at war again for what the newspapers called "our national existence"; and behold within five days Polpier had become a centre of military activity! The people, who during those five days had talked more about the career of arms and those who followed it than in five decades before, had insensibly—or, at least, without sense of inconsistency—passed from amused contempt to a lively interest, even though in speech they kept to the old tone of light cynicism. Nor was this tone affected to cover a right-about-face; it simply meant that a habit of speech could not quite so

quickly as a habit of thought adapt itself to retreat.

Of a sudden, and almost before it could own to this nascent interest, Polpier found itself flattered and exalted to military importance. That Sunday afternoon the whole town pretermitted its afternoon nap and flocked up past the Warren to view the camp. As Miss Oliver observed, "It was an object-lesson: it brought home some of the realities of war to you."

"Some," agreed Mrs Polsue. "If I was you, dear, I wouldn't gush over such things, but rather pray the Lord against sendin' too many of 'em. It wouldn't altogether surprise me," she added darkly, "if the after-consequences of this was worse than any Revival Meetin'."

The O.C. had very wisely let it be known that, though in future it would be necessary to draw lines about his encampment, station guards, and allow entrance only by written permit, on this first day the public were welcome to roam among the tents and satisfy their curiosity. His company might be stationed here for some months to come, and he wished to start on neighbourly terms. He had been told, moreover, that Polpier as a recruiting-ground was virgin soil. His sappers were instructed, therefore, to make every one welcome, and especially any likely-looking young men who asked questions or otherwise showed an interest.

Curiously enough — and

strangely, unless you know Polpier and West-country people — it was the likely-looking young men who hung back and showed least interest that afternoon. A few of them who had sweethearts were jealous perhaps: it is not pleasant when the girl you love suddenly abstracts from you the Sunday attention on which you have come to count and transfers it enthusiastically—even if generally—to a number of young strangers, artlessly surrendering to a certain glamour in them because they are doing what never occurred to you.

But in the main these young men hung back just because they were interested; because, being interested, they were shy. This camp spoke, or should speak, to *them*: its business, its proper meaning, could only be for *them*. They could not lay full account with the feeling. But these old men conning the gear and shaking heads so wisely—these middle-aged Sabbath couples pacing around and hanging on heel to wonder how the soldiers packed themselves at night into quarters so narrow, or advancing and peering among utensils of cookery—most of all the young women giggling while they wondered at this, that, or the other,—all were impertinent to the scene. Whatever War signified, it was a mystery for men, and for young men.

The crowd thinned towards five o'clock, which is Polpier's Sunday hour for tea. On a

tussock of thyme above Nicky-Nan's freshly cleared patch—the very tussock on which Corporal Sandercock had rested that morning—young Obed Pearce, the farmer's son, sat and sucked at a pipe of extinct tobacco. Hunger of heart had dragged him down to have a look at the camp: then, coming in full sight of it, he had halted as before the presence of something holy, to which he dared approach no nearer.

He had arrived somewhat late in the afternoon, as the thick of the crowd was dispersing. He had no young woman to bring with him, to allay her curiosity. Farmers' sons marry late and are deliberate in choosing. It is the traditional rule. Young fishermen, on the other hand, claim their sweethearts early and settle down to a long probation of walking-out, waiting their turn while, by process of nature, old people die, and cottages fall empty.

Such is economic law in Polpier: and in accordance with it young Obed Pearce sat and smoked alone: whereas when young Seth Minards, by two years his junior, came along at a slow walk with hands deep in his trouser-pockets and no maiden on his arm or by his side, Obed felt no incongruity in challenging him.

"Hullo, young Seth! Not found a maid yet?"

"No: nor likely to." Young Seth halted. If he had not found a damsel it was not for lack of good looks. He had

a face for a Raphael to paint; the face of a Stephen or a Sebastian; gloomed over just now, as he halted with his shoulders to the sunset. "I can't think o' such things in these times, Mr Obed."

"Nor me," said the farmer's son, discovering that his pipe was out and feeling in his pocket for a box of matches.

"There's no hurry for you, Mr Obed."

"Isn't there? . . . Well, I suppose not, thank goodness! Here, take a fill o' baccy an' tell me what you think of it. I mean, o' course"—with a jerk of his hand towards the camp—"What you think o' that there."

"I wish I could tell 'ee off-hand," answered Seth after a pause, carefully filling his pipe. "I was puzzlin' it over as I came along."

"I see nothing to puzzle, for a man placed as you be," said Obed, drawing hard on his pipe. "If you had a father and a mother, now, both draggin' hard on your coat-tails—My God!" he broke off, staring at the sappers moving on the hillside. "What wouldn't I give to be like any o' those?"

"If you feel it like that," Seth encouraged him, "the way's plain, surely? Father nor mother—no, nor wife nor child, if I had 'em—could hinder me."

"What hinders you then, lucky man?"

Seth smoked for a while in silence. "I don't think as I'd answer 'ee," he said at length quietly, "if I thought my

answerin' would carry weight in your mind. *You* to call me lucky!—when your way's clear, and all you want is the will."

"We'll pass that," said Obed. "To you, that have none at home to hinder, ben't the way clear?"

"Since you ask me, 'tis not; or if clear, clear contrary."

"How should that be, in God's name?"

"I'd rather you didn' ask."

"But I do. . . . Look here, Seth Minards, I'm in trouble: and I don't know how 'tis, but you're the sort o' chap one turns to. Sit down, now, like a friend."

Seth seated himself on the turf. "It's a strange thing, is War," said he after a pause. "All my life I've abominated it—yes, the very thought of it."

"All my life," said Obed, "I've reckoned it—I can't tell you why—the only test of a man."

"'Tis an evil thing; yes, to be sure, and a devilish," said Seth musing. "Men killing one another—and the widows left, an' the orphans, on both sides. War's the plainest evil in all the world; and if I join in it, 'tis to help evil with my eyes open. All my life, sir, I've held by the Sermon on the Mount."

"I've read it," said Obed Pearce. "Go on."

"Without it I'm lost. Then along comes this very worst evil," he gazed towards the camp on the slope, "and here it is, callin' me in the name o' my Country, tauntin', askin' me why I can't make up my

mind to be a man!" Seth checked a groan. "You see," he went on, "we looks at it, sir, in different ways, but they both hurt. I be main sorry if my own trouble o' mind adds any weight to your'n. But th' Bible says that, though one man's burden be 'most as heavy as another's, the pair may halve the whole load by sharin' it—or that's as I read the teachin'."

Young Obed ground his teeth. "May be you haven't to endure *this* sort o' thing!" On a fierce impulse he pulled an envelope from his pocket, seemed to repent, then hardened his courage, and slowly drew forth—three white feathers. "It came to me this morning, anonymous." His face was crimson.

"May be I have," answered Seth tranquilly, and produced an envelope containing three feathers precisely similar. "But what signifies a dirty trick o' that sort. It only tells what be in some other unfort'nate person's mind. It don't affect what's in my own."

"Hullo!" hailed a voice behind them. "Comparin' love-letters, you young men?"

The speaker was Nicky-Nan, come to survey the desolation of his 'taty-patch. Young Obed hastily crammed his envelope into his pocket. But Seth Minards turned about with a frank smile.

"You may see mine, Mr Nanjivell. Look what some kind friend sent me this mornin'!"

"Well, I s'wow!" exclaimed Nicky-Nan, after a silence of



astonishment. "If I didn' get such another Prince o' Wales's plume, an' this very mornin' too!"

"You?" cried the two young men together.

"See here"—Nicky in his turn pulled forth an envelope. "But what do it signify at all? 'Tis all a heathen mystery to me."

Well, and how are we getting along?" asked the Vicar two days later, as he entered the morning-room where his wife sat busily addressing circulars and notices of sub-committee meetings.

She looked up, with a small pucker on her forehead. "I suppose it is drudgery; but do you know, Robert," she confessed, "I really believe I could get to like this sort of thing in time."

He laughed, a trifle wistfully. "And do you know, Agatha, why it is that clergymen and their wives so seldom trouble the Divorce Court—in comparison, we'll say, with soldiers and soldiers' wives? . . . No, you are going to answer wrong. It isn't because the parsons are better men—for I don't believe they are."

"Then it seems to follow that their wives must be better women!"

"You're wrong again. It's because the wife of a parish priest, even when she has no children of her own"—here the Vicar winced, flushed, and went on rapidly—"nine times out of ten has a whole parish to

mother—clothing-clubs, Sunday-school classes, mothers' meetings, children's outings, choir feasts—it's all looking after people, clothing 'em, feeding 'em, patting 'em on the head or boxing their ears and telling 'em to be good—which is just the sort of business a virtuous woman delights in. *She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens.* 'A portion to her maidens'; you see she used to measure out the butter in Solomon's time."

"It wouldn't do in this parish," she said with a laugh. "They'd give notice at once."

"God forgive me that I brought you to this parish, Agatha!"

"Now if you begin to talk like that—when I've really made a beginning." She pointed in triumph to the stacks of missives on the writing-table.

"It's I who bungled, the other day, when I suggested your giving Mrs Polsue a duplicate list of the names and addresses. I thought it would please her and save you half the secretarial labour; and now it appears that you *like* the secretarial labour!"

"What has happened?" Mrs Steele asked.

"Well, young Obed Pearce rode over to see me yesterday. He's in great distress of mind, poor fellow; dying to enlist and serve his country, but held back by his parents, who won't hear of it. As if this wasn't torture enough, in the midst

of it he gets an envelope by post — addressed in a feigned hand, and with no letter inside, but just three white feathers.”

“Oh, hateful! Who *could* be so wicked?”

“I met Lippety-Libby at the gate this morning. ‘Look here,’ I said; ‘this is a pretty poison you are sowing on your rounds’: and I showed him the feathers which young Obed had left with me. ‘I know *you* can’t help it,’ said I, ‘but if the Post Office can stop and open suspected circulars, surely it can refuse to help *this* abomination!’ ‘I’ve delivered pretty well a score, sir,’ said he; ‘and I wish you or

some person would write to the papers and stop it.’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘it’s not for me to ask if you have a guess who sends this sort of thing about?’ He rubbed his chin for a while and then answered: ‘No, Parson; nor ’t isn’t for me to tell ’ee if I do: but if you *should* happen to be strollin’ down t’wards the Quay, you might take a look at Mrs Polsue’s Cochins China hens. The way them birds have been moultin’ since the War started——”

“Robert! You don’t tell me that woman plucks the poor things alive!”

“Ay: and takes the bleedin’ quills to draw more blood from young men’s hearts.”

(To be continued.)

## MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE STRIKE—WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?—THE ILLICIT LEADERS—  
 THE GUILT OF THE GOVERNMENT—LORD KITCHENER'S SPEECH—  
 AFTER THE WAR—THE ENERGY OF CRANKS—GERMANY'S MEGALOMANIA—"THE UNIVERSAL EMPIRE OF ETHICS."

AT the outbreak of the war in August last, the enemies of England were astonished at our perfect solidarity. All classes combined cheerfully and resolutely to carry on a struggle, whose justice was universally acknowledged. The army, which we were forced to improvise hastily, was a visible source of pride to us all. That it should have been already prepared was obvious. The nation was content to think that it was doing its best to atone for the interested carelessness of our politicians. If the response to Lord Kitchen-er's appeal was generous, the men who did not join the colours showed an eager patriotism. They threw themselves into the work of providing boots, uniforms, and munitions of war with a zeal which seemed to have upon it no taint of selfishness. At last, and for the first time in many years, Great Britain seemed at one with herself. We had but one hope, one desire—to break the German tyranny, which had hung too long over our heads, and which had levied war against us even in an hour of pretended peace. And then came the strike to break our pride, and to prove to our single-minded allies

that our boasted solidarity could not stand the stress of high prices, or resist, in a moment of public crisis, the temptation of private greed.

Thus the ancient struggle between labour and capital was renewed, when every hour's work was of vital importance to us. Men whose sons and brothers were fighting at the front threw down their tools, though they should have known that their idleness meant death and wounds to their countrymen fighting in the trenches. Deceived by vain leaders, they declared in effect that the triumph of the British Empire was as nothing when weighed in the balance against another twopence an hour for themselves. They knew that upon their exertions depended the safety of their country; yet either they declined to work at all, or thought they satisfied their sense of duty by three days' labour in a week. The more callous of them suggested that they should take up their tools again, and then "ea' canny," or refrain from exerting their full strength. The British Army might wait for ammunition, until their whims were satisfied. It mattered not to them that France and Russia were giving to the

common cause all that they had of energy and zeal. Whether in the field or in the workshop their citizens, at any rate, held themselves like participants in a holy war. The Britons, alone, haggled and chattered while their kith and kin were risking their lives in defence of their homes. "Let them wait for ammunition," they said, "and dig themselves deeper in, until we can extract the uttermost farthing from their sufferings."

What is the reason why the British and the British alone have thus fallen below their opportunity? It is a lack of imagination, says this one. They have not seen their country invaded nor their wives and daughters outraged, and consequently they are unable to reconstruct for themselves the horrors of war. They are kept without knowledge, says another. The Press combines with the Press Bureau to publish the successes of the British arms, and to conceal from the public such disasters as may occur. These palliations are not complimentary to the working-man. If his fancy moves somewhat sluggishly, that, to be sure, is not his fault. And if the Press Bureau does not take the whole country into its confidence, as well it might, since no nation is less prone to panic than our own, then the Press Bureau incurs the heaviest blame. Nevertheless, the working-man has as many chances of discovering the truth for himself as any other member of the community. He

is compelled to read by Act of Parliament. He will find scantlings of the truth set forth in all the newspapers with an illuminating commentary. And even if he be not sufficiently interested in the war to read a newspaper, he cannot help taking in information through the pores of his skin. The gossip of his fellows must have told him that the Germans have trampled Belgium and France under foot, that they have violated and mutilated women, that they have destroyed churches and libraries and houses. The raids upon Scarborough and King's Lynn must perforce have been explained to every striker in the country, and there is none who can justly plead ignorance as an excuse for his criminal folly. There is, in fact, no corner of the world where the truth of the struggle has not been revealed. Not many months since an English ship of war put into a Chilian harbour to take on coal. It had all too brief a time for the enterprise, and it might have been compelled to leave port with its bunkers half-full, had not the Chilian stevedores worked with might and main, not for an increase of pay, but because they wished in their hearts to serve Great Britain. The stevedores of Chili are not of our blood. They have no sources of information denied to our working-men. But their zeal to help was not for a moment in doubt, and it should shame all those who have thrown down their tools, when England clamoured for the munitions of war, that

the Chilians proved themselves better and wiser men than they.

If we would understand what has set a slur upon our country we must look deeper below the surface of things than the accidents of the Press and the Press Bureau. In the first place, the working-men have been duped by their leaders. They have listened too readily to the flatterer and the time-server. Tired of the sound counsels of their official leaders, they turn a willing ear to anybody who has the gift of a facile rhetoric. The illicit leaders, whom they appoint themselves, are bad enough. Still worse are those who thrust their advice in from outside. Here, for instance, is Mr Hyndman, who has lately made a great show of patriotism, doing his best (fortunately it is not much) to undermine the spirit of the country. "The working classes," said he, "are always either food for powder or food for plunder. At the present moment they are food for powder abroad, in what I believe to be a righteous cause, but they are food for plunder at home. Unless this state of things be remedied without delay, it will be the duty of the Labour Party to stop recruiting and to use their forces at home." The Labour Party, fortunately, knows its duty too well to listen to Mr Hyndman's treasonable utterances. But his suggestion may carry some weight with the working classes, and its infamy cannot be too often exposed. If the working classes are food for

powder abroad, they do not complain, and they are not singular in the sacrifice they make. All classes are cheerfully and proudly giving themselves in the service of their country on the battlefield, and Mr Hyndman proves how hollow was his pretence of patriotism when he insists upon class distinctions, which in the trenches do not exist. And how a man who believes that we are fighting in a righteous cause can urge the Labour Party to stop recruiting for any reason or in any circumstances is past finding out. Does Mr Hyndman think that the working-man would escape powder and plunder if his advice were followed and the victory of the Germans secured? Doubtless he is cynical enough to gauge the wickedness of his own speech, but the mere fact that he is listened to even by a few with a patience which would be granted to none of his kind in France or Russia helps us to understand the strikers' lack of public spirit.

The members of our present Government are far more grievously to blame than Mr Hyndman and the Socialists. For ten years they have exercised a despotic sway, and not one of them in a single speech has given the voters a hint of better things than votes and pensions. Where it was their business to lead, they have followed abjectly. You will search their speeches in vain for one word of patriotism. They have held out bribes to the electors; they have prated

of his privileges; never once have they mentioned the duty which he owes to his country. Most often they have tickled the electors' ears with imbecilities about pheasants and mangel-wurzels, firm in the belief that a horse-laugh — the crackling of thorns under a pot—is worth more votes to them than a close, coherent thought. With a passionate desire to say the smooth thing and so increase their popularity, they have told their dupes that war with Germany was an impossibility, was, in brief, no better than a figment of the Tories to cover the nakedness of Tariff Reform. Leaders and rank and file have been at one in assuring the country that peace could not be broken, and that there was nothing to think of but Free Trade and increasing pensions. Not long since Lord Loreburn, for instance, contributed a preface to a publication of the Cobden Club, a Club, as we all know, supported and patronised by Germans, and in his preface he wrote these words: "Time will show that Germans have no aggressive designs against us, nor we against them; and then foolish people will cease to talk of a future war between us which will never take place." Thus was the people lulled to sleep. War could never touch them. All they had to do was to avoid the very suspicion of Chauvinism. Let them never permit the Union Jack to float over their schools, and peace would follow them through their State-provided lives to their State-provided graves.

And while our politicians promised the people peace and pensions, they did their best to stir up a profitable class-hatred in its mind. In the Radical creed envy has always been the first and the last of the virtues. Vote straight, and hate every man cleverer or more fortunate than yourself—this was the constant injunction of our demagogues. And the injunction, repeated indefinitely, had its due effect. The people began to believe that it was badly treated, that it was defrauded of its rights, that it should be immune from work and toil, for the mere reason that it was numerous. As for the Germans, it did not believe that they would ever come; and if they came, what did it matter? Did not its leaders assure it that it would be just as well off under the Germans as under its present masters? Indeed it saw no reason why it should defend its homes; its homes were not worth defending.

Thus was the strike insidiously prepared, and the patriotic speeches now delivered by the Ministers will not absolve them of a grave responsibility. They have misused the authority which democracy gives them to what might have proved the undoing of the country. They have set the stone of sedition rolling down the hill, and believed fatuously that they could stop it when they would. Worse than all, one of their number, the hero of Lamlash, solemnly raised the cry in the House of Commons of the Army against the People. The guilt of this gentleman may

be duly measured, if we remember that at the very time at which he delivered his monstrous speech he knew all about the intentions and preparations of Germany. Let us be careful then to put the saddle on the right horse. The strikers deserve no indulgence at our hands. Indeed, if they persisted in their fatal policy, we should be forced to institute compulsory service, and, calling them to the colours, compel them as soldiers to do what work is necessary for the State. But we cannot forget that for ten years they have been taught the lessons of disloyalty and disaffection by those who should have led them to wiser ends, and that the heavier part of the blame must be laid on the back of their leaders and governors.

At any rate it is clear that Radical members of Parliament, lately the idols of the people, cannot with any show of sincerity admonish or exhort the shirkers. They must make the best of the monster created by their own greed and ambition. One Minister—and one Minister alone—Lord Kitchener—may hope to reason with them successfully. He possesses an authority, which he shares with no other of His Majesty's subjects. If he spares no other in the great work of defence, he spares not himself. He has toiled for his country early and late. We all recognise that he has achieved what before him seemed impossible. He has made a vast army, trained, equipped, eager, where six months ago no army was. He has atoned in this brief space

for the sloth and sluggishness of the misgoverned years. We know him for a man who finds it easier to do than to say, and his infrequent speeches carry the greater weight, because they are uttered not for the sake of rhetorical display, but because they are the clear and simple expression of a national want. He discussed the strike with a sternness, yet with a moderation, which will shame the working men of England into activity. He pointed out that we could not supply and equip our new armies unless we could obtain all necessary war material, that our demands upon all the industries connected with the manufacture of the munitions of war, naturally very great, had compelled a vast number of men to work at very high pressure. Though many, happily, have risen loyally to the occasion, the example of patriotism set by them has not been universally followed. As Lord Kitchener says, "notwithstanding these efforts to meet our requirements, we have unfortunately found that the output is not only not equal to our necessities, but does not fulfil our expectations, for a very large number of our orders has not been completed by the dates on which they were promised." And the delay is the more deeply to be deplored, because we have undertaken to supply our allies as well as our own armies with certain munitions of war.

Admitting that the workmen generally have done loyally and well, Lord Kitchener points gravely to "instances

where absence, irregular time-keeping, and slack work have led to a marked diminution in the output of our factories." Drink and the restrictions of trade unions it is that hampers our advance, and Lord Kitchener spoke not a whit too seriously when he declared that "unless the whole nation works with us and for us, not only in supplying the manhood of the country to serve in our ranks, but also in supplying the necessary arms, ammunition, and equipment, successful operations in the various parts of the world in which we are engaged will be very seriously hampered and delayed." There is the plain truth in plain terms, and we can only hope that it will sink deep into the minds of the people. We believe that to bring the war to a successful termination as soon as possible is the ambition of all Englishmen, even of those who can earn enough in two days to secure four days of idleness. But we shall not obtain this swift termination unless all those of proper age and strength perform cheerfully whatever tasks are expected of them. To-day we should all be "at the front," not merely those who fight our battles in the trenches, but those also who do at home whatever duty it is theirs to discharge. And this truth is fully acknowledged by Lord Kitchener, who admits that the men working long hours in the shops have their part also in the war, and that when peace is signed they should have their share of the medals

which are awarded to courage and patriotism.

Less dangerous and more tiresome than the strikers are those voluble ones who have made up their mind to turn the great struggle in which we are engaged to their own purpose and profit. There is not a half-baked philosopher in the country who is not busy explaining what will happen "after the war." After the war! It is a long way ahead, but not too long for the sanguine temper of those who are always eager, for a price, to set the world right. The vast mob of intellectuals, who are ready to sketch you a new heaven and a new earth while you wait, who have so little reverence for the past that they pit their own tiny ingenuities against the accumulated wisdom of all time, believe that they have now seized opportunity by the forelock. Here is a noisy band clamouring that we fight in vain unless we are making war against war itself. As these hopeful personages do not trouble their minds with the study of history, they do not know that they are merely echoing the parrot-cry of all the ages. War will not destroy war merely because the peacemongers want to murmur "I told you so." Man is still a fighting animal, in spite of Cobden and Mr Carnegie, and when he thinks himself aggrieved or insulted he will take the same steps towards redress as seemed good to his ancestors. As for the peacemongers, they have done



enough harm to Great Britain in the last five years to have earned a holiday, and they would do well to retire to the pleasant club, which irony has provided for them, we are told, cook, smoking-room, park, and all, in the neighbourhood of the Hague.

Others, again, inspired by the zeal of ignorance, profess to believe that the war will end in a benevolent kind of State-Socialism, that the wage-earner will cease to exist, that indeed the ideal of Messrs Jack Cade and Lloyd George will at length be realised. "Be brave, then," shouted Cade, "for your captain is brave and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass; and when I am king, as king I will be, . . . there shall be no money." Thus Cade, thus the Mr George of a year ago, thus the high-browed gentry of to-day, who pretend to think that because the sane nations of Europe are resisting the madness of Germany, the wage-earner shall no longer stoop to accept the price of his toil, but shall enjoy free quarters in a public hostelry and eat his seven halfpenny loaves and toss his ten-hooped pot in the unearned leisure of a gentleman. But, alas! the Socialist of to-day is not the man that Cade was. For Cade, at any rate, was ready to fight and to die for the indulgence

of his hopes. The Socialist thinks he will win an easy and perpetual endowment from the fighting of others.

Then there are those who can live only in the marketplace, who are never happy unless the beating of their own big drum resounds in their ears. For them the war is a successful rival, and they can ill conceal their bitter jealousy. They have established their system of advertisement with the utmost care, and then in a moment they seem as nothing compared with the soldier, whom they have always heartily despised. However, all is not lost for them. There are many ways of reminding the world that they still exist. They can discuss the war and its effects with all the confidence of experts, though a year ago they were sure that Germany was our friend, and they can dictate to an eagerly listening world the terms which their intelligence will impose upon the combatants. This of itself is sufficient to keep them in the limelight, and it by no means exhausts their resources. Some months ago Messrs Wells and Shaw, two of the brightest of our intellectual stars, discovered that a public discussion was as good a method as another of advertisement. Had they carried the battle to its logical conclusion we might have been relieved of their presence for ever. But they knew better than the Kilkenny cats when to stop, and though Mr Wells's parting shot might have proved fatal to another, we do not suppose that it in-

flicted a serious wound upon Mr Shaw's self-esteem. At any rate this is what Mr Shaw amounts to in the eyes of his generous colleague: "He is an activity, a restless passion for attention. Behind that is a kind of jackdaw's hoard of other people's notions, . . . but nothing anywhere of which one can say, 'Here is the thought of a man.'" *Nomine mutato narratur fabula de te.* Mr Wells, having sketched his friend to his own satisfaction, thus concludes: "And nothing will stop him. All through the war we shall have this Shavian accompaniment going on, like an idiot child screaming in a hospital, distorting, discrediting, confusing." With these words we are in perfect agreement. But since we can discover no sort of difference between Mr Bernard Wells and Mr H. G. Shaw, we cannot help being surprised at their provenance.

Moreover, our sympathy with Mr Wells in his affliction is but half-hearted. He has to bear no more than the child-like idiocy of Mr Shaw. It is ours to endure the screaming of them both. Mr Wells by this time is surely inoculated against his own virus. He can read his own writings probably with pride, certainly with patience. We, who find it difficult to distinguish these two great men the one from the other, cannot escape the double accompaniment of offence which goes on dully through the war. Of Mr Shaw's evil pleasantry we shall say nothing. He concocted it for the American

market, and no doubt received for it more than twenty pieces of silver. But it is worth while to examine some of the opinions of Mr Wells, who has taken it upon himself to reprove his friend and rival. Mr Wells, of course, knows precisely what has been wrong hitherto in our national life, in the conduct of the war, and in the education of our soldiers. Like the philosopher that he is, he knows also what changes will take place in the Empire at the conclusion of the peace. The present hides from him no secrets, the future is spread out before his eyes as a familiar map. He has already expressed his contempt of the military caste, which has saved his house from invasion and enabled him to fulfil his duty as Adviser-in-Chief to the Universe without let or hindrance. He has already pictured the gross folly of the War Office, which has left him, Mr H. G. Wells, in the paltry position of a simple volunteer. Has he not as much right to take charge of a brigade as Colonel Seely, a Minister at War who did his best to undermine the discipline of the army? We have long been familiar with Mr Wells's personal grievances. He has recently explained to us some others which touch him not quite so nearly. He is profoundly dissatisfied, poor man, with the British Court. He disapproves of its system of marriages. "An English Court in touch with English thought and character," says he, "and intermarrying freely with British and American families, is

the only conceivable monarchy for the coming days." We know not which to admire the more, Mr Wells's exquisite taste or Mr Wells's profound statesmanship. But what does he mean by "intermarrying freely"? What is his notion of free intermarriage? Does he advocate polygamy for the British Court, or will he be satisfied with a system of cheap and easy divorce?

After reading this elegant device of the marriage-broker we are not surprised to find that in Mr Wells's august opinion, "the record of the War Office in relation to recruiting and the general helpful willingness of the country has been one almost of unmitigated stupidity." It was a thousand pities, doubtless, that when Lord Haldane retired from the War Office Mr Wells was not chosen to fill his place. Then we should have been sure that every ounce of national energy was being used to the best advantage. Kitchener's army may be all very well in its way, but Wells's army would certainly have been irresistible. At any rate it would not have contained any wastrels from the public schools. "The showing of the influential and intellectual classes in Britain," thus Mr Wells, and his friend Mr Shaw could not have done better, "has been as poor as the response of the common people has been admirable. The elementary schools have produced pluck, cheerfulness, willing patriotism in unlimited abundance; they have

swamped the recruiting offices, and all our resources of weapons and equipment; the public schools, though they have been patriotic enough, have produced no equivalent leadership and mental vigour." That was an admirable discovery to make, and the fact that it is set down to the credit of Mr Wells will drive his noisy rivals green with envy.

Yet it is an assertion which can receive only serious treatment at our hands. Mr Wells makes it lightly enough. Upon what does he base it? And does he not see that if it is not firmly established upon a ground of fact, he is making a charge against many gallant men, who have died for him and his vain, garrulous colleagues? Of course it is but an idle charge, a mere expression of class-prejudice. Nor should it have been made at all, unless Mr Wells had examined the antecedents of all those who have taken part in the war, and traced all the pluck, the cheerfulness, and the willing patriotism to the board schools, all the mental slackness and failure in leadership to the public school, and unless he had the assurance of all the officers commanding in the field that what he said was confirmed by their observation. That Mr Wells has made the smallest attempt to verify his monstrous assertion we do not believe. The material of a judgment is not his to control, and his idle vilification will damage no single man at whom it is levelled. For our

part we are content to believe that in the army at any rate there is no class-envy, that every man in every rank has been content to do the work assigned to him, and has done it with skill and courage. But Mr Wells will still be yapping at the heels of better men than himself, and as he is not permitted to be a Field-Marshal at once, all through the war we shall have this Wellsian "accompaniment going on, like an idiot child screaming in a hospital, distorting, discrediting, confusing."

After the war there will be peace. Before we know on which side victory will alight, it is superfluous to guess either at a political settlement or at a change of heart. We may, however, hazard the conjecture that when we lay down our arms we shall not easily tolerate the irrelevances of Messrs Shaw and Wells. They belong to that era of somnolence, in which Germany appeared a universal friend, when the leaders of the people assured its victims that peace could never be broken. For let it be remembered that after the war England will cherish, what she never cherished before, an army of three million men, who having looked with clear unflinching eyes upon death are not likely to have patience with intellectual fatuity. Thus we shall return to the great traditions of our race. We shall be made one in pride and strength with the heroes who fought at Agincourt, at Blenheim, and at Waterloo. The silly cry of

ninepence for fourpence will be shouted in vain at the ears of men who have listened to the thunder of the enemy's guns. That old milch-cow, the philanthropic State, will be understood for the fraud that she is by those who have learned in the trenches to rely upon their own force. So much we may surmise without claiming the gift of prophecy, and for the rest we are content to await with patience the end of a triumphant war.

The Germans also are beguiling their leisure by sketching what they will do and think when a conquered world lies prostrate at their feet. Their intellectuals, their Wells's and their Shaws, are the victims of an amazing megalomania. They are resolved at all costs to make a desert and to call it peace. One pamphleteer suggests the complete dismemberment of Russia, the annexation of Belgium and of France, so far as a line extends from Boulogne, through Rheims to Belfort, the occupation of London for five or ten years, and the construction of a tunnel beneath the English Channel. This demand, with a war indemnity of £6,000,000,000, shows how far madness will carry a stolid, unimaginative folk. But the palm of extravagance must be given to Herr Wilhelm Oswald, who appears to be a chemist to his trade. He sketches the future of Germany and of Europe with the sentimental brutality we have learned to expect of professors. "If," says he, as reported in the 'Morning Post,' "this war

should destroy the last of the Great Powers based on strength, that is to say, Great Britain, the result would undoubtedly be a notable amelioration of international ethics. If it were possible besides to form an association of the European States under a firm direction (and, for reasons of organisation, Germany alone is called upon to take such a direction), this solution would guarantee the maintenance of the relations of the European Confederation of States, and preserve them against any blow, be it involuntary or wilful."

It is a marvellous utterance. Before this vanity of a crazy colossus we cannot but doff our hats. Germany learns nothing and forgets everything. Through the mouth of a chemist she solemnly assures the world, which still remembers the enormities she has committed in Posen, in Sleswick, in Alsace-Lorraine, that she is ready to govern and direct an association of European States for their own good and for the triumph of sound morality. Even she, blind and uncritical as she is, might have discovered that wherever she has attempted to rule men of another race she has failed most pitifully. Her own citizens have no distaste of the boot, to which they are obediently accustomed. She has never brought a yard of annexed territory beneath her sway. If the chemist's dream became a reality, an army of ten million would be insufficient to keep the peace in a Teutonised Con-

federation of States. There would be no year, no month, no week without its rebellion, and Herr Oswald would survey in horror, let us hope, the work of benefiting by force "the whole of humanity."

Nor is this the modest limit of Herr Oswald's ambition. In a dithyrambic passage he sets his country, the country which has destroyed Belgium with fire and sword and has shown its love of beauty by the callous, unnecessary bombardment of Reims Cathedral, at the very apex of moral excellence. "As for us Germans," he boasts, "the splendid duty has been given to us to realise what the great religions of the world, Buddhism, Christianity, and Islamism, vainly attempted to do, that is, organise the universal empire of ethics." The man is too portentously solemn to be amusing. It were a waste of time and breath to argue with him. We can do no more than advise him to go home and dose himself with hellebore.

Yet, as we read the mad extravagances of the German intellectuals, we cannot but wonder at their complete unconsciousness of their own selves. Have they never gazed in a moral looking-glass and discerned therein some of their shortcomings? Is it possible they do not know that their cruelty, their lack of honour, their brutality, have placed them for ever beyond the pale of civilisation? The nation which "salted" France and Belgium and England with

their spies in a time of peace, cannot ask or expect ever again to enjoy the privilege of hospitality. The men who systematically sought places in the engineering shops of England, that they might betray their masters, can never again ask or receive the respect of honest men. The whole of Europe has had its warning, and surely will not disregard it. Henceforth we can have no dealings with foreigners to whom the laws of gentlemen and of nations are alike despicable. And the Chemist pretends that this race of barbarians, which murders non-combatants and tortures prisoners, is destined to "organise the whole empire of ethics." Poor ethics! They would fare ill indeed

were their empire placed in the blood-stained hands of Germany. Yet we need have no fear for the future. The arrogance of the Teuton springs not from a consciousness of power, but from a pitiful lack of humour. Until he is able to laugh at his own monstrous folly, he is unfit to govern either himself or others. Moreover, the battle which is to throw a beaten world at his feet is not yet won, and will never be won. Let him brag now as loudly as he may of what he will do in the hour of victory. It is the last explosion of his pride. When defeat seizes him by the throat it will be the only solace left him that once he dreamed dreams of universal tyranny.

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## ADVENTURES OF A DESPATCH RIDER.

### THE GREAT MARCHES.

#### *I. Prologue.*

THAT damp chilly morning I left you at Chatham I was very sleepy and rather frightened at the new things I was going to do. I imagined war as a desperate, continuous series of battles, in which I should ride along the trenches picturesquely haloed with bursting shell, varied by innumerable encounters with Uhlans, or solitary forest rides and immense tiring treks over deserted country to distant armies. I wasn't quite sure I liked the idea of it all. But the sharp morning air, the interest in training a new motorcycle in the way it should go, the unexpected popping-up of grotesque salutes of wee gnome-like Boy Scouts, soon

made me forget the war. A series of the kind of little breakdowns you always have in a collection of new bikes delayed us considerably, and only a race over greasy setts through the southern suburbs, over Waterloo Bridge and across the Strand, brought us to Euston just as the boat-train was timed to start. In the importance of our new uniforms we stopped it, of course, and rode joyfully from one end of the platform to the other, much to the agitation of the guard, while I posed delightfully against a bookstall to be photographed by a patriotic governess.

Very grimy we sat down to a marvellous breakfast, and passed the time reading magazines and discussing the length

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The Letters from which this account of events is taken were not written for publication; they were letters written home in the ordinary course, and they passed the Censor in the usual way. In consequence the narrative is not the whole truth. The account, as here printed, has also been submitted to the Censor.

of the war. We put it at from three to six weeks. At Holyhead we carefully took our bikes aboard, and settled for a cold voyage. We were all a trifle apprehensive at our lack of escort, for then, you will remember, it had not yet been proved how innocuous the German fleet is in our own seas.

Ireland was a disappointment. Everybody was dirty and unfriendly, staring at us with hostile eyes. Add Dublin grease, which beats the Belgian, and a crusty garage proprietor who only after persuasion supplied us with petrol, and you may be sure we were glad to see the last of it. The road to Carlow was bad and bumpy. But the sunset was fine, and we liked the little low Irish cottages in the twilight. When it was quite dark we stopped at a town with a hill in it. One of our men had a brick thrown at him as he rode in, and when we came to the inn we didn't get a gracious word, and decided it was more pleasant not to be a soldier in Ireland. The daughter of the house was pretty and passably clean, but it was very grimly that she had led me through an immense gaudy drawing-room, disconsolate in dust wrappings, to a little room where we could wash. She gave us an exiguous meal at an extortionate charge, and refused to put more than two of us up; so, on the advice of two gallivanting lancers who had escaped from the Curragh for some supper, we called in the aid of the police, and were

billeted magnificently on the village.

A moderate breakfast at an unearthly hour, a trouble with the starting up of our bikes, and we were off again. It was about nine when we turned into Carlow Barracks.

We remained at Carlow for two or three days. The barracks consisted of a converted farm. Our quarters were comfortable—plenty of mattresses and blankets. The food was good, and we supplemented it by little dinners at the local hotel. On the second day we were inoculated against typhoid. The process wasn't very painful, but the result was peculiar. I nearly fainted on parade the day after—it was very hot,—and our farewell dinner was something of a failure.

We made a triumphant departure from Carlow, preceded down to the station by the band of the N.V. We were told off to prevent anybody entering the station, but all the men entered magnificently, saying they were volunteers, and the women and children rushed us with the victorious cry, "We've downed the p'lice." We steamed out of the station while the band played "Come back to Erin" and "God save Ireland," and made an interminable journey to Dublin. At some of the villages they cheered, at others they looked at us glumly. But the back streets of Dublin were patriotic enough, and at the docks, which we reached just after dark, a small, tremendously enthusiastic crowd was gathered to see us off.



The whole of the Divisional Staff, with all their horses, were on the *Archimedes*, and we were so packed that when I tried to find a place to sleep I discovered there was not an inch of space left on the deck, so I passed an uncomfortable night on top of some excruciatingly hard ropes.

We cast off about one in the morning. The night was horribly cold, and a slow dawn was never more welcomed. But day brought a new horror. The sun poured down on us, and the smell from the horses packed closely below was almost unbearable; while, worst of all, we had to go below to wash and to draw our rations.

Then I was first introduced to bully. The first tin tastes delicious and fills you rapidly. You never actually grow to dislike it, and many times when extra hungry I have longed for an extra tin. But when you have lived on bully for three months (we have not been served out with fresh meat more than a dozen times altogether), how you long for any little luxuries to vary the monotony of your food.

On the morning of the third day we passed a French destroyer with a small prize in tow, and rejoiced greatly, and towards evening we dropped anchor off Havre. On either side of the narrow entrance to the docks there were cheering crowds, and we cheered back, thrilled, occasionally breaking into the soldier's anthem, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary."

We disembarked at a secluded wharf, and after waiting about for a couple of hours or so—we had not then learned to wait—we were marched off to a huge dim warehouse, where we were given gallons of the most delicious hot coffee, and bought scrumptious little cakes.

It was now quite dark, and, for what seemed whole nights, we sat wearily waiting while the horses were taken off the transport. We made one vain dash for our quarters, but found only another enormous warehouse, strangely lit, full of clattering waggons and restive horses. We watched with wonder a battery clank out into the night, and then returned sleepily to the wharf-side. Very late we found where we were to sleep, a gigantic series of wool warehouses. The warehouses were full of wool and the wool was full of fleas. We were very miserable, and a little bread and wine we managed to get hold of hardly cheered us at all. I feared the fleas, and spread a waterproof sheet on the bare stones outside. I thought I should not get a wink of sleep on such a Jacobean resting-place, but, as a matter of fact, I slept like a top, and woke in the morning without even an ache. But those who had risked the wool—!

We breakfasted off the strong, sweet tea that I have grown to like so much, and some bread, butter, and chocolate we bought of a smiling old woman at the warehouse gates. Later in the morning

we were allowed into the town. First, a couple of us went into a café to have a drink, and when we came out we found our motor-cycles garlanded with flowers by two admiring flappers. Everywhere we went we were the gods of a very proper worship, though the shopkeepers in their admiration did not forget to charge. We spent a long, lazy day in lounging through the town, eating a lot of little meals and in visiting the public baths—the last bath I was to have, if I had only known it, for a month. A cheery, little, bustling town Havre seemed to us, basking in a bright sunshine, and the hopes of our early overwhelming victory. We all stalked about, prospective conquerors, and talked fluently of the many defects of the German Army.

Orders came in the afternoon that we were to move that night. I sat up until twelve, and gained as my reward some excellent hot tea and a bit of rather tough steak. At twelve everybody was woken up and the company got ready to move. We motor-cyclists were sent off to the station. Foolishly I went by myself. Just outside what I thought was the station I ran out of petrol. I walked to the station and waited for the others. They did not come. I searched the station, but found nothing except a cavalry brigade entraining. I rushed about feverishly. There was no one I knew, no one who had heard anything of my company. Then I grew horribly frightened that I should

be left behind. I pelted back to the old warehouses, but found everybody had left two hours ago. I thought the company must surely have gone by now, and started in my desperation asking everybody I knew if they had seen anything of the company. Luckily I came across an entraining officer, who told me that the company were entraining at "Point Six-Hangar de Laine,"—three miles away. I simply ran there, asking my way of surly, sleepy sentries, tripping over ropes, nearly falling into docks. I do not know how long we took to entrain, I was so sleepy. But the sun was just rising when the little trumpet shrilled, the long train creaked over the points, and we woke for a moment to murmur—By Jove, we're off now,—and I whispered thankfully to myself—Thank heaven I found them at last.

## II. The Advance to Mons.

We were lucky enough to be only six in our compartment, but, as you know, in a French III<sup>me</sup> there is very little room, while the seats are fiercely hard. And we had not yet been served out with blankets. Still, we had to stick it for twenty-four hours. Luckily the train stopped at every station of any importance, so, taking the law into our own hands, we got out and stretched our legs at every opportunity.

We travelled *via* Rouen and Amiens to Landrecies. The

Signal Company had a train to itself. Gradually we woke up to find ourselves travelling in extraordinarily pretty country and cheering crowds. At each level crossing the curé was there to bless us. If we did not stop the people threw in fruit, which we vainly endeavoured to catch. A halt, and they were round us, beseeching us for souvenirs, loading us with fruit, and making us feel that it was a fine thing to fight in a friendly country.

At Rouen we drew up at a siding, and sent porters scurrying for bread and butter and beer, while we loaded up from women who came down to the train with all sorts of delicious little cakes and sweets. We stopped, and then rumbled slowly towards Amiens. At St Roche we first saw wounded, and heard, I do not know with what truth, that four aviators had been killed, and that our General, G——, had mysteriously died of heart failure. At Ham they measured me against a lamppost, and ceremoniously marked the place. The next time I passed through Ham I had no time to look for the mark! It began to grow dark, and the trees standing out against the sunset reminded me of our two lines of trees at home. We went slowly over bridges, and looked fearfully from our windows for bursting shells. Soon we fell asleep, and were wakened about midnight by shouted orders. We had arrived at Landrecies, near

enough the Frontier to excite us.

I wonder if you realise at home what the Frontier meant to us at first? We conceived it as a thing guarded everywhere by intermittent patrols of men staring carefully towards Germany and Belgium in the darkness, a thing to be defended at all costs, at all times, to be crossed with triumph and recrossed with shame. We did not understand what an enormous, incredible thing modern war was—how it cared nothing for frontiers, or nations, or people.

Very wearily we unloaded our motor bicycles and walked to the barracks, where we put down our kit and literally fell asleep, to be wakened for fatigue work. We rose at dawn, and had some coffee at a little *estaminet*, where a middle-aged dame, horribly arch, cleaned my canteen for me, "pour l'amour de vous." An excellent breakfast of bacon and eggs before establishing the Signal Office at the barracks. A few of us rode off to keep touch with the various brigades that were billeted round. The rest of us spent the morning across the road at an inn drinking much wine and water and planning out the war on a forty-year-old map.

In the afternoon I went out with two others to prospect some roads, very importantly. We were rather annoyed to lose our way out of the town, and were very short with some inquisitive small boys, who

stood looking over our shoulders as we squatted on the grass by the wayside studying our maps. We had some tea at a mad village called Hecq. All the inhabitants were old, ugly, smelly, and dirty; and they crowded round us as we devoured a magnificent omelette, endeavouring to incite us to do all sorts of things to the German women if ever we reached Germany. We returned home in the late afternoon to hear rumours of an advance next day. Three of us wandered into the Square to have a drink. There I first tried a new pipe that had been given me. The one pipe I brought with me I had dropped out of the train between Amiens and Landreocies. It had been quite a little tragedy, as it was a pipe for which I had a great affection. It had been my companion in Switzerland and Paris.

Coming back from the Square I came across an excited crowd. It appears that an inoffensive, rather buxom-looking woman had been walking round the Square when one of her breasts ooded and flew away. We shot three spies at Landreocies.

At midnight I took my first despatch. It was a dark, starless night; very misty on the road. From the brigade I was sent on to an ambulance—an unpleasant ride, because, apart from the mist and the darkness, I was stopped every few yards by sentries of the —, a regiment which has now about the best reputation of any battalion out here. I

returned in time to snatch a couple of hours of sleep before we started at dawn for Belgium.

When the Division moves we ride either with the column or go in advance to the halting-place. That morning we rode with the column, which meant riding three-quarters of a mile or so and then waiting for the main-guard to come up,—an extraordinarily tiring method of getting along.

The day was very hot indeed, and the troops who had not yet got their marching feet suffered terribly, even though the people by the wayside brought out fruit and eggs and drinks. There was murmuring when some officers refused to allow their men to accept these gifts. But a start had to be made some time, for promiscuous drinks do not increase marching efficiency. We, of course, could do pretty well what we liked. A little coffee early in the morning, and then anything we cared to ask for. Most of us in the evening discovered, unpleasantly enough, forgotten pears in unthought-of pockets.

About 1.30 we neared Bavai, and I was sent on to find out about billeting arrangements, but by the time they were completed the rest had arrived. My first ride from Bavai began with a failure, as, owing to belt-slip, I endeavoured vainly to start for half an hour (or so it seemed) in the midst of an interested but sympathetic populace. A smart change saw me tearing along the road to meet with a narrow

escape from untimely death in the form of a car, which I tried to pass on the wrong side. In the evening we received our first batch of pay and dined magnificently at an hotel. We slept uncomfortably on straw in a back yard, and rose again just before dawn. We breakfasted hastily at a café, and were off just as the sun had risen.

Our day's march was to Dour, in Belgium, and for us a bad day's march it was. My job was to keep touch with the —, which were advancing along a parallel road to the west. That meant riding four or five miles across rough country roads, endeavouring to time myself so as to reach the — column just when the S.O. was passing, then back again to the Division, riding up and down the column until I found our captain. In the course of my riding that day I knocked down "a civvy" in Dour, and bent a foot-rest endeavouring to avoid a major, but that was all in the day's work.

The Signal Office was first established patriarchally with a table by the roadside, and thence I made my last journey that day to the —. I found them in a village under the most embarrassing attentions. As for myself, while I was waiting, a curé photographed me, a woman rushed out and washed my face, and children crowded up to me, presenting me with chocolate and cigars, fruit and eggs, until my haversack was practically bursting.

When I returned I found the

S.O. had shifted to the station of Dour. We were given the waiting-room, which we made comfortable with straw. Opposite the station was a hotel where the Staff lived. It was managed by a curiously upright old man in a threadbare frock-coat, bright check trousers, and carpet slippers. Nadine, his pretty daughter, was tremulously eager to make us comfortable, and the two days we were at Dour we hung round the hotel, sandwiching omelettes and drink between our despatches.

### *III. The Battle of Mons.*

The next day (Aug. 23) I was sent out to find General G—, who was somewhere near Waasmes. I went over nightmare roads, uneven cobbles with great pits in them. I found him, and was told by him to tell the General that the position was unfortunate owing to a weak salient. We had already heard guns, but on my way back I heard a distant crash, and looked round to find that a shell had burst half a mile away on a slag-heap, between Dour and myself. With my heart thumping against my ribs I opened the throttle, until I was jumping at 40 m.p.h. from cobble to cobble, then realising that I was in far greater danger of breaking my neck than of being shot, I pulled myself together and slowed down to proceed sedately home.

The second time I went out to G— I found him a little farther back from his former

position. This time he was on the railway. While I was waiting for a reply we had an excellent view of German guns endeavouring to bring down one of our aeroplanes. So little did we know of aeroplanes then, that the General stepped back into shelter from the falling bits, and we all stared anxiously skywards, expecting every moment that our devoted aviator would be hit.

That evening T— and I rode back to Bavai and beyond in search of an errant ammunition column. Eventually we found it and brought news of it back to H.Q. I shall never forget the captain reading my despatch by the light of my lamp, the waggons guarded by — with fixed bayonets appearing to disappear shadowy in the darkness. We got back at 10, and found Nadine weeping. We questioned her, but she would not tell us why.

There was a great battle very early the next morning, a running-about and set, anxious faces. We were all sent off in rapid succession. I was up early and managed to get a wash at the stationmaster's house, his wife providing me with coffee, which, much to my discomfiture, she liberally dosed with rum. At 6.30, F— started on a message to the — Brigade. We never saw him again. At 9.15 three despatch riders who had gone to the —, Q—, F—, and the younger B—, had not returned. I was sent. Two miles out I met O— with B—'s despatches. Neither of

them had been able to find the —. I took the despatches and sent O— back to report. I went down a road, which I calculated ought to bring me somewhere on the left of the —, who were supposed to be at Patourages. There were two villages on hills, one on each side. I struck into the north end of the village on my left; there was no road to the one on my right. I came across a lot of disheartened stragglers retreating up the hill. I went a little farther and saw our own firing line a quarter of a mile ahead. There was a bit of shrapnel flying about, but not much. I struck back up the hill and came upon a crowd of fugitive infantry men, all belonging to the — Brigade. At last I found C—, the Brigadier of the —, sitting calmly on his horse watching the men pass. I asked him where the — was. He did not know, but told me significantly that our next halting-place was Athis.

I rode a little farther, and came upon his signal officer. He stopped me and gave me a verbal message to the General, telling me that the — appeared to be cut off. As I had a verbal message to take back there was no need for me to go farther with my despatches, which, as it appeared later, was just as well. I sprinted back to Dour, picking my way through a straggling column of men sullenly retreating. At the station I found everybody packing up. The General received my message without a word, except one of thanks.

The right flank of the ———  
has been badly turned.

Most of our officers have  
been killed.

Some companies of the ———  
are endeavouring to cover  
our retreat.

We viciously smashed all the telegraph instruments in the office and cut all the wires. It took me some time to pack up my kit and tie it on my carrier. When I had finished, everybody had gone. I could hear their horses clattering up the street. Across the way Nadine stood weeping. A few women with glazed, resigned eyes, stood listlessly round her. Behind me, I heard the first shell crash dully into the far end of the town. It seemed to me I could not just go off. So I went across to Nadine and muttered "Nous reviendrons, Mademoiselle." But she would not look at me, so I jumped on my bicycle, and with a last glance round at the wrecked, deserted station, I rode off shouting, to encourage more myself than the others, "Ça va bien."

I caught up the General, and passed him to ride on ahead of the Signal Company. Never before had I so wished my engine to turn more slowly. It seemed a shame that we motor-cyclists should head the retreat of our little column. I could not understand how the men could laugh and joke. It was blasphemous. They ought to be cursing with angry faces,—at the least, to be grave and sorrowful.

I cut across country to a little village called Villers-Pol,

where I had heard D.H.Q. was to be. There was nobody there when I arrived. The sun was shining very brightly. Old women were sleeping at the doors; children were playing lazily on the road. Soon one or two motor-cyclists dribbled in, and about an hour later the Signal Company arrived after a risky dash along country lanes. They outspanned, and we, as always, made for the inn.

There was a mother in the big room. She was a handsome little woman of about twenty-four. Her husband was at the war. She asked me why we had come to Villers-Pol. I said we were retreating a little—*pour attaquer le mieux*—un mouvement stratégique. She wept bitterly and loudly, "Ah, my baby, what will they do to us? They will kill you, and they will ill-treat me so that never again shall I be able to look my husband in the eyes—his brave eyes; but now perhaps they are closed in death!" There was an older, harsh-featured woman who rated the mother for her silliness, and, while we ate our omelette, the room was filled with the clamour of them until a dog outside began to howl. Then the mother went and sat down in a chair by the fire and stopped crying, but every now and then moaned and clasped her baby strongly to her breast, murmuring, "My poor baby, my poor baby, what shall we do?"

We lounged about the place until a cavalry brigade came through. The General commanded me to find his trans-

port. This I did, and on the way back waited for the brigade to pass. Then for the first time I saw that many riderless horses were being led, that some of the horses and many of the men were wounded, and that one regiment of lancers was pathetically small. It was the —th Cavalry Brigade, that had charged the enemy's guns, to find them protected by barbed wire.

Sick at heart I rode back into Villers-Pol, and found the Signal Company hastily harnessing up. Headquarters had been compelled to go farther back still—to St Waast, and there was nobody, so far as we knew, between us and the Germans. The order caught O—— with his gear down. We made a marvellously rapid repair, then went off at the trot. A mile out, and I was sent back to pick up our quartermaster and three others who were supposed to have been left behind. It was now quite dark. In the village I could not find our men, but discovered an ambulance column that did not know what to do. Their horses were dead tired, but I advised them strongly to get on. They took my advice, and I heard at Gerches that they left Villers-Pol as the Germans entered it. They were pursued, but somehow got away in the darkness.

I went on, and at some cross-roads in a black forest came across a regiment of hussars. I told them where their B.H.Q. was, and their Colonel muttered resignedly, "It's a long way, but we shall never get our

wounded horses there to-morrow." I put two more companies right, then came across a little body of men who were vainly trying to get a horse attached to a S.A.A. limber out of the ditch. It was a pitch-black night, and they were bravely endeavouring to do it without catching a glimpse of the horse. I gave them the benefit of my lamp until they had got the brute out. Two more bodies of stragglers I directed, and then pushed on rapidly to St Waast, where I found all the other motor-cyclists safe except F——. Two had come on carts, having been compelled to abandon their motor-cycles.

O—— had been attached to the —. He had gone with them to the canal, and had been left there with the — when the — had retired to its second position. At last nobody remained with him except a section. They were together in a hut, and outside he could hear the bullets singing. He noticed some queer-looking explosives in a corner, and asked what they were for. He was told they were fuses to blow up the bridge over the canal, so decided it was time for him to quit, and did so with some rapidity under a considerable rifle fire. Then he was sent up to the —, who were holding a ready-made trench across the main road. As he rode up he tells me men shouted at him, "Don't go that way, it's dangerous," until he grew quite frightened; but he managed to get to the trench all right, slipped in, and was shown how



to crawl along until he reached the colonel.

D—— and S—— were with the —— . On the Sunday night they had to march to a new position more towards their right. The Signal Section went astray and remained silently on a byroad while their officer reconnoitred. On the main road between them and their lines were some lights rapidly moving—Uhlans in armoured motor-cars. They successfully rejoined, but in the morning there was something of a collision, and S—— bicycle was finished. He got hold of a push-bike alongside the waggons for some distance, finishing up on a limber.

B—— was sent up to the trenches in the morning. He was under heavy shell fire when his engine seized up. His brigade was retreating, and he was in the rear of it, so, leaving his bicycle he took to his heels, and with the Germans in sight ran till he caught up a waggon. He clambered on, and so came in to St Waast.

I had not been in many minutes when I was sent off to our Army H.Q. at Bavai. It was a miserable ride. I was very tired, the road was full of transport, and my lamp would not give more than a feeble glimmer.

I got to bed at 1 A.M. About 3.30 I was called and detailed to remain with the rear-guard. First I was sent off to find the exact position of various bodies posted on roads to stem the German advance. At one spot I just missed a shell-trap. A few minutes after I had left,

some of the ——, together with a body of the D. cyclists, who were stationed three miles or so out of St Waast, were attacked by a body of Jaegers, who appeared on a hill opposite. Foolishly they disclosed their position by opening rifle fire. In a few minutes the Jaegers went, and to our utter discomfiture a couple of field-guns appeared and fired point-blank at 750 yards. Luckily the range was not very exact, and only a few were wounded—those who retired directly backwards instead of transversely out of the shells' direction.

The H.Q. of the rear-guard left St Waast about 5.30. It was cold and chilly. What happened I do not quite know. All I remember was that at a given order a battery would gallop off the road into action against an enemy we could not see. So to Bavai, where I was sent off with an important despatch for D.H.Q. I had to ride past the column, and scarcely had I gone half a mile when my back tyre burst. There was no time to repair it, so on I bumped, slipping all over the road. At D.H.Q., which of course was on the road, I borrowed some one else's bicycle and rode back by another road. On the way I came across T—— filling up from an abandoned motor-lorry. I did likewise, and then tore into Bavai. A shell or two was bursting over the town, and I was nearly slaughtered by some infantrymen, who thought they were firing at an aeroplane. Dodging their bullets, I left

the town, and eventually caught up the H.Q. of the rear-guard.

It was now about 10.30. Until five the troops tramped on, in a scorching sun, on roads covered with clouds of dust. And most pitiful of all, between the rear-guard and the advance-guard shuffled the wounded; for we had been forced to evacuate our hospital at Bavai. Our men were mad at retreating. The Germans had advanced on them in the closest order. Each fellow firmly believed he had killed fifty, and was perfectly certain we could have held our line to the crack of doom. They trudged and trudged. The women, who had cheerily given us everything a few days before, now with anxious faces timorously offered us water and fruit.

Great ox-waggon full of refugees, all in their best clothes, came in from side-roads. None of them were allowed on the roads we were retreating along, so I suppose they were pushed across the German front until they fell into the Germans' hands.

For us it was column-riding the whole day—half a mile or so, and then a halt,—heart-breaking work.

Late in the afternoon we passed through Le Cateau, a bright little town, and came to the village of Reumont, where we were billeted in a large barn.

We were all very confident that evening. We heard that we were holding a finely entrenched position, and the General made a speech—I did

not hear it—in which he told us that there had been a great Russian success, and that in the battle of the morrow a victory for us would smash the Germans once and for all. But our captain was more pessimistic. He thought we should suffer a great disaster. Doubting, we snuggled down in the straw, and went soundly to sleep.

#### *IV. The Battle of Le Cateau.*

The principal thing about Le Cateau is that the soldiers pronounce it to rhyme with Waterloo—Leacatoo—and all firmly believe that if the French cavalry had come up to help us, as the Prussians came up at Waterloo, there would have been no Germans to fight against us now.

It was a cold misty morning when we awoke, but later the day was fine enough. We got up, had a cheery and exiguous breakfast to distant, intermittent firing, then did a little work on our bicycles. I spent an hour or so watching through glasses the dim movement of dull bodies of troops and shrapnel bursting vaguely on the horizon. Then we were all summoned to H.Q., which were stationed about a mile out from Reumont on the Le Cateau road. In front of us the road dipped sharply and rose again over the brow of a hill about two miles away. On this brow, stretching right and left of the road, there was a line of poplars. On the slope of the hill nearer to us there were two or three field batteries in action. To

the right of us a brigade of artillery was limbered up ready to go anywhere. In the left, at the bottom of the dip, the — was in action, partially covered by some sparse bushes. A few ambulance waggons and some miscellaneous first-line transport were drawn up along the side of the road at the bottom of the dip. To the N.W. we could see for about four miles over low, rolling fields. We could see nothing to the right, as our view was blocked by a cottage and some trees and hedges. On the roof of the cottage a wooden platform had been made. On it stood the General and his Chief of Staff and our Captain. Four telephone operators worked for their lives in pits breast-high, two on each side of the road. The Signal Clerk sat at a table behind the cottage, while round him, or near him, were the motor-cyclists and cyclists.

About the battle itself you know as much as I. We had wires out to all the brigades, and along them the news would come and orders would go. The — are holding their position satisfactorily. Our flank is being turned. Should be very grateful for another battalion. We are under very heavy shell fire. Right through the battle I did not take a single message. T—— took a despatch to the — and returned under very heavy shrapnel fire, and for this was very properly mentioned in despatches.

How the battle fluctuated I cannot now remember. But I can still see those poplars almost hidden in the smoke of

shrapnel. I can still hear the festive crash of the Heavies as they fired slowly, scientifically, and well. From 9 to 12.30 we remained there kicking our heels, feverishly calm, cracking the absurdest jokes. Then the word went round that on our left things were going very badly. Two battalions were hurried across, and then, of course, the attack developed even more fiercely on our right.

Wounded began to come through — none groaning, but just men with their eyes clenched and great crimson bandages.

An order was sent to the transport to clear back off the road. There was a momentary panic. The waggons came through at the gallop and with them some frightened foot-sloggers, hanging on and running for dear life. Wounded men from the firing line told us that the shrapnel was unbearable in the trenches.

A man came galloping up wildly from the Heavies. They had run out of fuses. Already we had sent urgent messages to the ammunition lorries, but the road was blocked and they could not get up to us. So B—— was sent off with a haversack — mine — to fetch fuses and hurry up the lorries. How he got there and back in the time that he did, with the traffic that there was, I cannot even now understand.

It was now about two o'clock, and every moment the news that we heard grew worse and worse, while the wounded poured past us in a continuous stream. I gave my water-

bottle to one man who was moaning for water. A horse came galloping along. Across the saddle-bow was a man with a bloody scrap of trouser instead of a leg, while the rider, who had been badly wounded in the arm, was swaying from side to side.

A quarter of an hour before the brigade on our right front had gone into action on the crest of the hill. Now they streamed back at the trot, all telling the tale—how, before they could even unlimber, shells had come crashing into them. The column was a lingering tragedy. There were teams with only a limber and without a gun. And you must see it to know what a twistedly pathetic thing a battery team and limber without a gun is. There were bits of teams and teams with only a couple of drivers. The faces of the men were awful. I smiled at one or two, but they shook their heads and turned away. One sergeant as he passed was muttering to himself, as if he were repeating something over and over again so as to learn it by rote—"My gun, my gun, my gun!"

At this moment an order came from some one for the motor-cyclists to retire to the farm where we had slept the night. The others went on with the crowd, but I could not start my engine. After trying for five minutes it seemed to me absurd to retreat, so I went back and found that apparently nobody had given the order. The other motor-cyclists returned one by one as

soon as they could get clear, but most of them were carried on right past the farm.

A few minutes later there was a great screaming crash overhead—shrapnel. I dropped down on one knee—I do not know whether with fright or from concussion. Then I ran to my bicycle and stood by waiting for orders.

The General suggested mildly that we might change our headquarters. There was a second crash. We all retired about 200 yards back up the road. There I went to the captain in the middle of the traffic and asked him what I should do. He told us to get out of it as we could not do anything more—"You have all done magnificently"—then he gave me some messages for our subaltern. I shouted, "So long, sir," and left him, not knowing whether I should ever see him again. I heard afterwards that he went back when all the operators had fled and tried to get into communication with our Army H.Q.

Just as I had started up my engine another shell burst about 100 yards to the left, and a moment later a big waggon drawn by two maddened horses came dashing down into the main street. They could not turn, so went straight into the wall of a house opposite. There was a dull crash and a squirming heap piled up at the edge of the road.

I pushed through the traffic a little and came upon a captain and a subaltern making their way desperately back. I do not know who they were,

but I heard a scrap of what they said—

“We must get back for it,” said the captain.

“We shall never return,” replied the subaltern gravely.

“It doesn’t matter,” said the captain.

“It doesn’t matter,” echoed the subaltern.

But I do not think the gun could have been saved.

About six of us collected in a little bunch at the side of the road. On our left we saw a line of infantry running. The road itself was impassable. So we determined to strike off to the right. I led the way, and though we had not the remotest conception whether we should meet British or German, we eventually found our way to — Army H.Q.

I have only a dim remembrance of what happened there. I went into the signal-office and reported that, so far as I knew, the — Division was in flight along the Reumont-Saint Quentin road.

It now began to rain.

Soon the column came pouring past, so miserably and so slowly,—lorries, transport, guns, limbers, small batches of infantrymen, crowds of stragglers. All were cursing the French, for right through the battle we had expected the French to come up on our right wing. There had been a whole corps of cavalry a few miles away, but in reply to our urgent request for help their general had reported that his horses were too tired. How we cursed them and cursed them.

After a weary hour’s wait our subaltern came up, and, at my request, sent me to look for the captain. I found him about two miles this side of Reumont, endeavouring vainly to make some sort of ordered procession out of the almost comically patchwork medley. Later I heard that the last four hundred yards of the column had been shelled to destruction as it was leaving Reumont, and a tale is told—probably without truth—of an officer shooting the driver of the leading motor-lorry in a hopeless endeavour to get some ammunition into the firing line.

I scooted back and told the others that our captain was still alive, and a little later we pushed off into the flood. It was now getting dark, and the rain, which had held off for a little, was pouring down. We felt like the Egyptians when the Belgian touch was done at the Red Sea.

Finally, we halted at a tiny cottage, and the Signal Company outspanned.

We tried to make ourselves comfortable in the wet by hiding under damp straw and putting on all available bits of clothing. But soon we were all soaked to the skin, and it was so dark that horses wandered perilously near. One hungry mare started eating the straw that was covering my chest. That was enough. Desperately we got up to look round for some shelter, and O——, our champion “scrounger,” discovered a chicken-house. It is true there were nineteen fowls in it. They

died a silent and, I hope, a painless death.

The order came round that the motor-cyclists were to spend the night at the cottage—the roads were utterly and hopelessly impassable—while the rest of the company was to go on. So we presented the company with a few fowls and investigated the cottage.

It was a startling place. In one bedroom was a lunatic hag with some food by her side. We left her severely alone. Poor soul, we could not move her! In the kitchen we discovered coffee, sugar, salt, and onions. With the aid of our old Post Sergeant we plucked some of the chickens and put on a great stew. I made a huge basin full of coffee.

The others, dead tired, went to sleep in a wee loft. I could not sleep. I was always seeing those wounded men passing, passing, and in my ear—like the maddening refrain of a musical comedy ditty—there was always murmuring—“We shall never return. It doesn't matter.” Outside was the clink and clatter of the column, the pitiful curses of tired men, the groaning roar of the motor-lorries as they toiled up the slope.

And I, too tired to sleep, too excited to think, sat sipping thick coffee the whole night through, while the things that were happening soaked into me like petrol into a rag. About two hours before dawn I pulled myself together and climbed into the loft for forty minutes' broken slumber.

An hour before dawn we

wearily dressed. The others devoured cold stew, and immediately there was the faintest glimmering of light we went outside. The column was still passing,—such haggard, broken men! The others started off, but for some little time I could not get my engine to fire. Then I got going. Quarter of a mile back I came upon a little detachment of the — marching in perfect order, with a cheery subaltern at their head. He shouted a greeting in passing. It was U—, a great friend of mine at Oxford. Seeing the —, I learnt for the first time that the — Division was helping to make up our dolorous column.

I cut across country, running into some of our cavalry on the way. It was just light enough for me to see properly when my engine gibbed. I cleaned a choked petrol pipe, lit a briar—never have I tasted anything so good—and pressed on.

Very bitter I felt, and when nearing Saint Quentin, some French soldiers got in my way. I cursed them first in French, then in German, and finally in good round English oaths for cowards, and I know not what. They looked very startled and recoiled into the ditch. I must have looked alarming—a gaunt, dirty, unshaven figure towering above my motor-cycle, without hat, bespattered with mud, and eyes bright and weary for want of sleep. How I hated the French! I hated them because, as I then thought, they had deserted us at Mons and again at Le Cateau; I hated

them because they had the privilege of seeing the British Army in confused retreat; I hated them because their roads were very nearly as bad as the roads of the Belgians. So, wet, miserable, and angry, I came into Saint Quentin just as the sun was beginning to shine a little.

#### V. *The Retreat.*

It was the morning of the 27th when we dragged into Saint Quentin. We managed to get some cakes and coffee, then off again to a little village the other side called Caestre. There we unharnessed and took refuge from the gathering storm under a half-demolished haystack. The Germans didn't agree to our remaining for more than fifty minutes. Orders came for us to harness up and move on. I was left behind with the H.Q.S., and was sent a few minutes later to — Army H.Q. at Ham, a ride of about fifteen miles. On the way I stopped at an inn and discovered there three or four of our motor-cyclists, who had cut across country, and an officer. The officer told us how he had been sent on to construct trenches at Le Cateau. It seems that although he enlisted civilian help, he had neither the time nor the men to construct more than very makeshift affairs, which were afterwards but slightly improved by the men who occupied them.

Five minutes and I was on the road again. It was an easy run, something of a joy-

ride until, nearing Ham, I ran into a train of motor-lorries, which of all the parasites that infest the road are the most difficult to pass. Luckily for me they were travelling in the opposite direction to mine, so I waited until they passed and then rode into Ham and delivered my message.

The streets of Ham were almost blocked by a confused column retreating through it. Officers stationed at every corner and bend were doing their best to reduce it to some sort of order, but with little success.

Returning I was forced into a byroad by the column, lost my way, took the wrong road out of the town, but managed in about a couple of hours to pick up the Signal Co., which by this time had reached the Chateau at Oleezy.

There was little rest for us that night. Twice I had to run into Ham. The road was bad and full of miscellaneous transport. The night was dark, and a thick mist clung to the road. Returning the second time, I was so weary that I joggled on about a couple of miles beyond my turning before I woke up sufficiently to realise where I was.

The next morning we were off before dawn. So tired were we that I remember we simply swore at each other for nothing at all. We waited, shivering in the morning cold, until the column was well on its way. Then we followed. I have written, I think, of how we passed men of the — who had been three days on outpost

duty with nothing but a biscuit and a half apiece, and how they broke their ranks to snatch at some rotten meat lying by the roadside, and gnawed it furiously as they marched along until the blood ran down from their chins on to their jackets.

I shall never forget how our General saw a batch of — stragglers trudging listlessly along the road. He halted them. Some more came up until there was about a company in all, and with one piper. He made them form fours, put the piper at the head of them. "Now, lads, follow the piper, and remember Scotland"; and they all started off as pleased as Punch with the tired piper playing like a hero.

I was sent on to fill up with petrol wherever I could find it. I was forced to ride on for about four miles to some cross-roads. There I found a staff-car that had some petrol to spare. It was now very hot, so I had a bit of a sleep on the dusty grass by the side of the road, then sat up to watch lazily the whole of the — Army pass.

The troops were quite cheerful and on the whole marching well. There were a large number of stragglers, but the majority of them were not men who had fallen out, but men who had become separated from their battalions at Le Cateau. A good many were badly footsore. These were being crowded into lorries and cars.

There was one solitary desolate figure. He was evi-

dently a reservist, a feeble little man of about forty, with three days' growth on his chin. He was very, very tired, but was struggling along with an unconquerable spirit. I gave him a little bit of chocolate I had; but he wouldn't stop to eat it. "I can't stop. If I does, I shall never get there." So he chewed it, half-choking, as he stumbled along. I went a few paces after him. Then Captain D—— came up, stopped us and put the poor fellow in a staff-car and sent him along a few miles in solitary grandeur, more nervous than comfortable.

Eventually the company came along and I joined. Two miles along we came to a bigish town with white houses that simply glared with heat. My water-bottle was empty, so I humbly approached a good lady who was doling out cider and water at her cottage door. It did taste good! A little farther on I gave up my bicycle to B——, who was riding in the cable-cart. I dozed, then went fast off to sleep.

When I awoke it was quite dark, and the column had halted. The order came for all, except the drivers, to dismount and proceed on foot. It appears that the bridge ahead was considered unsafe, so waggons had to go across singly.

I walked on into the village, Les Pommeroys. There were no lights, and the main street was illuminated only by the lanterns of officers seeking their billets. An A.S.C. officer gave me a lift. Our H.Q.



were right the other end of the town. I found them, stumbled into a loft, and dropped down for a sleep.

We were called fairly late. We took breakfast slowly and luxuriously. I was looking forward to a slack lazy day in the sun, for we were told that we had for the moment out-distanced the gentle Germans. But my turn came round horribly soon, and I was sent off to Compiègne with a message for G.H.Q., and orders to find our particularly elusive Div. Train. It was a gorgeous ride along a magnificent road, through the great forest, and I did the twenty odd miles in forty odd minutes. G.H.Q. was installed in the Palace. Everybody seemed very clean and lordly, and for a moment I was ashamed of my dirty, ragged, unshorn self. Then I realised that I was "from the Front"—a magic phrase to conjure with for those behind the line—and swaggered through long corridors.

After delivering my message I went searching for the Div. Train. First, I looked round the town for it, then I had wind of it at the station, but at the station it had departed an hour or so before. I returned to G.H.Q., but there they knew nothing. I tried every road leading out of the town. Finally, having no map, and consequently being unable to make a really thorough search, I had a drink, and started off back.

When I returned I found everybody was getting ready to move, so I packed up. This

time the motor-cyclists rode in advance of the column. About two miles out I found that the others had dropped behind out of sight. I went on into Carlepoint, and made myself useful to the Billeting Officer. The others arrived later. It seems there had been a rumour of Uhlans on the road, and they had come along fearfully.

The troops marched in, singing and cheering. It was unbelievable what half a day's rest had done for them. Of course you must remember that we all firmly believed, except in our moments of deepest despondency, first, that we could have held the Germans at Mons and Le Cateau if the French had not "deserted" us, and second, that our retreat was merely a "mouvement stratégique"—and that reminds me—

On the way from Bavai to Le Cateau I was riding along more or less by myself, in a gap that had been left in the column. A curé stopped me. He was a very tall, very thin young man, with a hasty frightened manner. Behind him was a flock of panic-stricken, chattering old women. He asked me if there was any danger. Not that he was afraid, he said, but just to satisfy his people. I answered that none of them need trouble to move, first, because then I was too ashamed to say we were retreating, and second, because I had a subtle eye on the congestion of the roads. I have sometimes wondered what that tall, thin curé, with the sallow face and the fright-

ened eyes, said about me when, twelve hours later, the German advance-guard triumphantly defiled before him.

To return to Carlepont.

There was nothing doing at the Signal Office, so we went and had some food—cold sausage and coffee. Our hostess was buxom and hilarious. There was also a young girl about the place, Hélène. She was of a middle size, serious and dark, with a mass of black lustreless hair. She could not have been more than nineteen. Her baby was put to bed immediately we arrived. We loved them both, because they were the first women we had met since Mons who had not wanted to know why we were retreating and had not received the same answer—“*mouvement stratégique pour attaquer le mieux.*” I had a long talk that night with Hélène as she stood at her door. Behind us the dark square was filled with dark sleeping soldiers, the noise of snoring and the occasional clatter of moving horses. Finally, I left her and went to sleep on the dusty boards of an attic in the Chateau.

We were called when it was still dark and very cold. I was vainly trying to warm myself at a feeble camp fire when the order came to move off—without breakfast. The dawn was just breaking when we set out—to halt a hundred yards or so along. There we shivered for half an hour with nothing but a pipe and a scrap of chocolate that had got stuck at the bottom of my greatcoat pocket. Finally, the motor-

cyclists, to their great relief, were told that they might go on ahead. The younger B—and I cut across a country to get away from the column. We climbed an immense hill in the mist, and proceeding by a devious route eventually bustled into Attichy, where we found a large and dirty inn containing nothing but some bread and jam. The column was scheduled to go ten miles farther, but “the situation being favourable” it was decided to go no farther. Headquarters were established by the roadside, and I was sent off to a jolly village right up on the hill to halt some sappers, and then back along the column to give the various units the names of their billets.

The next day was a joyous ride. We went up and down hills to a calm, lazy little village, Haute Fontaine. There we took a wrong turning and found ourselves in a blackberry lane. It was the hottest, pleasantest of days, and forgetting all about the more serious things—we could not even hear the guns—we filled up with the softest, ripest of fruit. Three of us rode together, D—, the younger B—, and myself. I don't know how we found our way. We just wandered on through sleepy, cobbled villages, along the top of ridges with great misty views and by quiet streams. Just beyond a village stuck on to the side of a hill, we came to a river, and through the willows we saw a little church. It was just like the Happy Valley that's over the fields from Burford.

We all sang anything we could remember as we rattled along. The bits of columns that we passed did not damp us, for they consisted only of transport, and transport can never be tragic—even in a retreat. The most it can do is to depress you with a sense of unceasing monotonous effort.

About three o'clock we came to a few houses—Béthancourt. There was an omelette, coffee, and pears for us at the inn. The people were frightened.

Why are the English retreating? Are they defeated?

No, it is only a strategical movement.

Will the dirty Germans pass by here? We had better pack up our traps and fly. We were silent for a moment, then I am afraid I lied blandly.

Oh no, this is as far as we go.

But I had reckoned without my host, a lean, wiry old fellow, a bit stiff about the knees. First of all he proudly showed me his soldier's book—three campaigns in Algeria. A crowd of smelly women pressed round us—luckily we had finished our meal—while with the help of a few knives and plates he explained exactly what a strategical movement was, and demonstrated to the satisfaction of everybody except ourselves that the valley we were in was obviously the place "pour reculer le mieux."

We had been told that our H.Q. were going to be at a place called Béthisy St Martin, so on we went. A couple of miles from Béthisy we came upon a billeting party of officers sitting in the shade of a big

tree by the side of the road. Had we heard that the Germans were at Compiègne, three miles or so over the hill? No, we hadn't. Was it safe to go on into Béthisy? None of us had an idea. We stopped and questioned a "civvy" push-cyclist. He had just come from Béthisy and had seen no Germans. The officers started arguing whether or no they should wait for an escort. We got impatient and slipped on. Of course there was nothing in Béthisy except a wide-eyed population, a selection of smells, and a vast congregation of chickens. The other two basked on some hay in the sun, while I went back and pleased myself immensely by reporting to the officers who were timorously trotting along that there wasn't a sign of a Uhlan.

We rested a bit. One of us suggested having a look round for some Uhlans from the top of the nearest hill. It was a terrific climb up a narrow track, but our bicycles brought us up magnificently. From the top we could see right away to the forest of Compiègne, but a judicious bit of scouting produced nothing.

Coming down we heard from a passing car that H.Q. were to be at Crépy-en-Valois, a biggish old place about four miles away to the south the other side of Béthancourt. We arrived there just as the sun was going to set. It was a confusing place, crammed full of transport, but I found my way to our potential H.Q. with the aid of a joyous little flapper on my carrier.

Then I remembered I had left my revolver behind on the hill above Béthisy. Just before I started I heard that there were bags of Uhlans coming along over the hills and through the woods. But there was nothing for it but to go back, and back I went. It was a bestial climb in the dusk. On my way back I saw some strange-looking figures in the grounds of a chateau. So I opened my throttle and thundered past.

Later I found that the figures belonged to the rest of the motor-cyclists. The chateau ought to have been our H.Q., and arriving there they had been entertained to a sit-down tea and a bath.

We had a rotten night—nothing between me and a cold, hard tiled floor except a water-proof sheet, but no messages.

We woke very early to the noise of guns. The Germans were attacking vigorously, having brought up several brigades of Jaegers by motor-bus. The — was on our left, the — was holding the hill above Béthancourt, and the — was scrapping away on the right. The guns were ours, as the Germans didn't appear to have any with them. I did a couple of messages out to the —. The second time I came back with the news that their left flank was being turned.

We got away from Crêpy with the greatest success. The — slaughtered a few hundred Germans who endeavoured to charge up a hill in the face of rifle and Maxim

and shell fire, and collared a car full of German staff officers. It was a jolly little ambush, and every officer was shot. The — didn't take any prisoners unless they were compelled to. The gentle Germans don't encourage it. Too often hands up means a villain volley.

We jogged on to Nanteuil, all of us very pleased with ourselves, particularly the — who were loaded with spoils, and a billeting officer who, running slap into some Uhlans, had been fired at all the way from 50 yards' range to 600 and hadn't been hit.

I obtained leave to give a straggler a lift of a couple of miles. He was embarrassingly grateful. The last few miles was weary work for the men. Remember they had marched or fought, or more often both, every day since our quiet night at Landrecies. The road, too, was the very roughest pavé, though I remember well a little forest of bracken and pines we went through. Being a journalist, I murmured "Scottish," being tired I forgot it from the moment after I saw it until now.

There was no rest at Nanteuil. I took the Artillery Staff Captain round the brigades on my carrier, and did not get back until 10. A bit of hot stew and a post-card from home cheered me. I managed a couple of hours' sleep.

We turned out about 3. It was quite dark and bitterly cold. Very sleepily indeed we rode along an exiguous path

by the side of the cobbles. The sun had risen, but it was still cold when we rattled into that diabolical city of lost souls, Dammartin.

Nobody spoke as we entered. Indeed there were only a few haggard, ugly old women, each with a bit of a beard and a large goitre. One came up to me and chattered at me. Then suddenly she stopped and rushed away, still gibbering. We asked for a restaurant. A stark, silent old man, with a goitre, pointed out an *estaminet*. There we found four motionless men, who looked up at us with expressionless eyes. Chilled, we withdrew into the street. Silent, melancholy soldiers—the H.Q. of some army or division—were marching miserably out. We battered at the door of a hotel for twenty minutes. We stamped and cursed and swore, but no one would open. Only a hideous and filthy crowd stood round, and not one of them moved a muscle. Finally, we burst into a bare little inn, and had such a desolate breakfast of sour wine, bread, and bully. We finished as soon as we could to leave the nightmare place. Even the houses were gaunt and ill-favoured.

On our way out we came across a deserted motor-cycle. Some one suggested sending it on by train, until some one else remarked that there were no trains, and this was fifteen miles from Paris.

We cut across country, rejoined the column, and rode with it to Vinantes, passing on the way a lost motor-lorry.

The driver was tearing his hair in an absolute panic. We told him the Germans were just a few miles along the road; but we wished we hadn't when, in hurriedly reversing to escape, he sent a couple of us into the ditch.

At Vinantes we "requisitioned" a car, some chickens, and a pair of boots. There was a fusty little tavern down the street, full of laughing soldiers. In the corner a fat, middle-aged woman sat weeping quietly on a sack. The host, sullen and phlegmatic, answered every question with a shake of the head and a muttered "N'importe." The money he threw contemptuously on the counter. The soldiers thought they were spies. "As speaking the langwidge," I asked him what the matter was.

"They say, sir, that this village will be shelled by the cursed Germans, and the order has gone out to evacuate."

Then, suddenly, his face became animated, and he told me volubly how he had been born in the village, how he had been married there, how he had kept the *estaminet* for twenty years, how all the leading men of the village came of an evening and talked over the things that were happening in Paris.

He started shouting, as men will—

"What does it matter what I sell, what I receive? What does it matter, for have I not to leave all this?"

Then his wife came up and put her hand on his arm—

“Now, now; give the gentlemen their beer.”

I bought some cherry brandy and came away.

I was sent on a couple of messages that afternoon: one to trace a telephone wire to a deserted station with nothing in it but a sack of excellent potatoes, another to an officer whom I could not find. I waited under a tree eating somebody else's pears until I was told he had gone mad, and was wandering aimlessly about.

It was a famous night for me. I was sent off to Dammartin, and knew something would go wrong. It did. A sentry all but shot me. I nearly rode into an unguarded trench across the road, and when starting back with my receipt my bicycle would not fire. I found that the mechanic at Dammartin had filled my tank with water. It took me two hours, two lurid hours, to take that water out. It was three in the morning when I got going. I was badly frightened, the Division had gone on, because I hadn't the remotest conception where it was going to. When I got back H.Q. were still at Vinantes. I retired thankfully to my bed under the stars, listening dreamily to the younger B—, who related how a sentry had fired at him, and how one bullet had singed the back of his neck.

We left Vinantes not too early after breakfast,—a com-

fort, as we had all of us been up pretty well the whole night. The younger B— was still upset at having been shot at by sentries. I had been going hard, and had had only a couple of hours' sleep. We rode on in advance of the company. It was very hot and dusty, and when we arrived at Crécy with several hours to spare, we first had a most excellent omelette and then a shave, a hair-cut, and a wash. Crécy was populous and excited. It made us joyous to think we had reached a part of the country where the shops were open, people pursuing their own business, where there was no dumbly reproaching glance for us in our retreat.

We had been told that our H.Q. that night were going to be at the chateau of a little village called La Haute Maison. Three of us arrived there and found the caretaker just leaving. We obtained the key, and when he had gone did a little bit of looting on our own. First we had a great meal off lunch-tongue, bread, wine, and stewed pears. Then we carefully took half a dozen bottles of champagne and hid them, together with some other foodstuffs, in the middle of a big bed of nettles. A miscellaneous crowd of cows were wandering round the house lowing pitifully. We were just about to make a heroic effort at milking when the — Div. billeting officer arrived and told us that the — Div. H.Q. would be that night at Bouleurs, farther back. We

managed to carry off the food-stuffs, but the champagne is probably still in the nettles. And the bottles are standing up too.

We found the company encamped in a schoolhouse, our fat signal-sergeant doing dominie at the desk. I made myself a comfortable sleeping-place with straw, then went out on the road to watch the refugees pass.

I don't know what it was. It may have been the bright and clear evening glow, but—you will laugh—the refugees seemed to me absurdly beautiful. A dolorous, patriarchal procession of old men with white beards leading their asthmatic horses that drew huge country carts piled with clothes, furniture, food, and pets. Frightened cows with heavy swinging udders were being piloted by lithe middle-aged women. There was one girl demurely leading goats. In the full crudity of curve and distinctness of line she might have sat for Stenlen,—there was a brownness, too, in the atmosphere. Her face was olive and of perfect proportions; her eyelashes long and black. She gave me a terrified side-glance, and I thought I was looking at the picture of the village flirt in serene flight. But what a mother of men! . . .

I connect that girl with a whisky-and-soda, drunk about midnight out of a tin mug under the trees, thanks to the kindness of the Divisional Train officers. It did taste fine.

The next day I was attached

to the Divisional Cyclists. We spent several hours on the top of a hill, looking right across the valley for Germans. I was glad of the rest, as very early in the morning I had been sent off at full speed to prevent an officer blowing up a bridge. Luckily I blundered into one of his men, and scooting across a mile of heavy plough, I arrived breathless at the bridge, but just in time. The bridge in the moonlight looked like a patient horse waiting to be whipped on the raw. The subaltern was very angry. There had been an alarm of Uhlans, and his French escort had retired from the bridge to safer quarters. . . .

I shared Captain B—'s lunch, and later went to fetch some men from a bridge that we had blown up. It seemed to me at the time that the bridge had been blown up very badly. As a matter of fact, German infantry crossed it four hours after I had left it.

We had "the wind up" that afternoon. It appears that a patrol of six Uhlans had either been cut off or had somehow got across the river at Meaux. Anyway, they rode past an unsuspecting sleepy outpost of ours, and spread alarm through the division. Either the division was panicky or the report had become exaggerated on the way to H.Q. Batteries were put into position on the Meaux road, and there was a general liveliness.

I got back from a hard but unexciting day's work with the

Cyclists to find that the Germans had got across in very fact, though not at Meaux, and that we were going to do a further bunk that night. We cursed the gentle Germans heartily and well. About 10.30 the three of us who were going on started. We found some trains in the way, delivered messages, and then I, who was leading, got badly lost in the big Villeneuve forest—I forget the name of it at the moment. Of course I pretended that we were taking the shortest road, and luck, which is always with me when I've got to find anything, didn't desert me that night.

At dead of night we echoed into the Chateau at Tournan, roused some servants, and made them get us some bread, fruit, and mattresses. The bread and fruit we devoured, together with a lunch-tongue, from that excellent Chateau at La Haute Maison—the mattresses we took into a large airy room and slept on, until we were wakened by the peevish tones of the other motor-cyclists who had ridden with the column. One of them had fallen asleep on his bicycle and disappeared into a ditch, but the other two were so sleepy they did not hear him. We were all weary and bad-tempered, while a hot dusty day, and a rapid succession of little routine messages, did not greatly cheer us.

At Tournan, appropriately, we turned. We were only a few miles S.-E. of Paris. The Germans never got farther

than Lagny. There they came into touch with our outposts, so the tactful French are going to raise a monument to Jeanne d'Arc, a reminder, I suppose, that even we and they committed atrocities sometime.

#### *VI. The Advance to the Marne.*

The next day was very hot, but the brigades could easily be found, and the roads to them were good. There was cheerfulness in the air. A rumour went round—it was quite incredible, and we scoffed—that instead of further retreating either beyond or into the fortifications of Paris, there was a possibility of an advance. The Germans, we were told, had at last been outflanked. Joffre's vaunted plan that had inspired us through the dolorous startled days of retirement was, it appeared, a fact, and not one of those bright fancies that the Staff invents for our tactical delectation.

B—— returned. He had left us at Bouleurs to find a bicycle in Paris. Coming back he had no idea that we had moved. So he rode too far north. He escaped luckily. He was riding along about three hundred yards behind two motor-cyclists. Suddenly he saw them stop abruptly and put up their hands. He fled. A little farther on he came to a village and asked for coffee. He heard that Uhlans had been there a few hours before, and was taken to see a woman who had been shot through the breast. Then he went south through Villeneuve, and following a fortunate



instinct, ran into our outposts the other side of Tournan.

We all slept grandly on mattresses. It was the first time we had been two nights in the same place since Dour.

We awoke early to a gorgeous day. We were actually going to advance. The news put us in marvellous good temper. For the first time in my recollection we offered each other our bacon, and one at the end of breakfast said he had had enough. The Staff was almost giggling, and a battalion (the C—, I think) that we saw pass, was absolutely shouting with joy. You would have thought we had just gained a famous victory.

Half of us went forward with the column. The rest remained for a slaughterous hour. First we went to the hen-house, and in ten minutes had placed ten dripping victims in the French Gendarme captain's car. Then G— and I went in pursuit of a turkey for the skipper. It was an elusive bird with a perfectly Poultonian swerve, but with a bagful of curses, a bleeding hand, and a large stick, I did it to death.

We set out merrily and picked up B— and B— in the big forest that stretches practically from the Marne to Tournan. They thought they had heard a Uhlan, but nothing came of it (he turned out to be a deer), so we went on to Villeneuve. There I bought some biscuits and G— scrounged some butter. A job to the — Division on our right and another in pursuit of an errant officer, and then a sweaty and

exiguous lunch—it was a sweltering noon—seated on a blistering pavement. Soon after lunch three of us were sent on to Mortcerf, a village on a hill to the north of the forest. We were the first English there—the Germans had left it in the morning—and the whole population, including one strikingly pretty flapper, turned out to welcome us in their best clean clothes,—it may have been Sunday.

We accepted any quantity of gorgeous, luscious fruit, retiring modestly to a shady log to eat it, and smoke a delectable pipe. In quarter of an hour Major H— turned up in his car, and later the company.

P— had had a little adventure. He was with some of our men when he saw a grey figure coming down one of the glades to the road. We knew there were many stray Uhlans in the forest who had been left behind by our advance. The grey figure was stalked, unconscious of his danger. P— had a shot with his revolver, luckily without effect, for the figure turned out to be our blasphemous farrier, who had gone into the forest, clad only in regulation grey shirt and trousers, to find some water.

Later in the afternoon I was sent off to find the —. I discovered them four miles away in the first flush of victory. They had had a bit of a scrap with Uhlans, and were proudly displaying to an admiring brigade that was marching past a small but select collection of horses, lances, and saddles.

This afternoon G—smashed up his bicycle, the steering head giving at a corner.

We bivouacked on the drive, but the hardness of our bed didn't matter, as we were out all night—all of us, including the two B—. It was nervous riding in the forest. All the roads looked exactly alike, and down every glade we expected a shot from derelict Uhlans. That night I thought out plots for at least four stories. It would have been three, but I lost my way and was only put right by striking a wandering convoy. I was in search of the Division Train. I looked for it at Tournan and at Villeneuve and right through the forest, but couldn't find it. I was out from ten to two, and then again from two to five, with messages for miscellaneous ammunition columns. I collared an hour's sleep and, by mistake, a chauffeur's overcoat, which led to recriminations in the morning. But the chauffeur had an unfair advantage. I was too tired to reply.

G—, who cannot see well at night, was terrified when he had to take a despatch through the forest. He rode with a loaded revolver in one hand, and was only saved from shooting a wretched transport officer by a wild cry, "For God's sake, look what you're doing."

The eldest B— reported a distinct smell of dead horses at the obelisk in the forest. At least he rather thought they were dead donkeys. The smell was a little different—more acrid and unpleasant.

We told him that those were eight dead Germans piled at the side of the road, and we reminded him that it had been a sweltering day.

We were terribly tired in the morning. B—, G—, and O— went off to Paris for new bicycles, and we were left short-handed again. Another tropical day.

The skipper rode the spare bike with great dash, the elder B— and I attendant. We sprinted along a good straight road to the cobbled, crowded little town of Faremoutiers. Then we decided to advance to Mouroux, our proposed headquarters. It was a haggard village, just off the road. We arrived there about twelve: the Germans had departed at six, leaving behind them a souvenir in the dead body of a fellow from the — crumpled in a ditch. He had been shot while eating. It was my first corpse. I am afraid I was not overwhelmed with thoughts of the fleetingness of life or the horror of death. If I remember my feelings aright, they consisted of a pinch of sympathy mixed with a trifle of disgust, and a very considerable hunger, which some apples by the roadside did something to allay.

I shall never forget Mouroux. It was just a little square of old houses. Before the Mairie was placed a collection of bottles from which the Sales Bosches had very properly drunk. French proclamations were scribbled over with coarse, heavy jests. The

women were almost hysterical with relieved anxiety. The men were still sullen, and, though they looked well fed, begged for bread. A German knapsack that I had picked up and left in charge of some villagers was torn to shreds in fierce hatred when my back was turned.

It was very lonely there in the sun. We had outstripped the advance-guard by mistake and were relieved when it came up.

We made prisoner of a German who had overslept himself because he had had a bath.

I rushed back with G—— on my carrier to fetch another bicycle. On my return my engine suddenly produced an unearthly metallic noise. It was only an aeroplane coming down just over my head.

In the late afternoon we marched into Coulommiers. The people crowded into the streets and cheered us. The girls, with tears in their eyes, handed us flowers.

Three of us went to the Mairie. The Maire, a courtly little fellow in top-hat and frock coat, welcomed us in charming terms. Two fat old women rushed up to us and besought us to allow them to do something for us. We set one to make us tea, and the other to bring us hot water and soap.

A small girl of about eight brought me her kitten and wanted to give it me. I explained to her that it would not be very comfortable tied with pink ribbons to my carrier. She gravely assented,

sat on my knee, told me I was very dirty, and commanded me to kill heaps and heaps of Germans. She didn't like them: they had beards!

I rode through Coulommiers, a jolly rambling old town, to our billet in a suburban villa on the Pontmoulin road. The Division was marching past in the very best of spirits. We, who were very tired, endeavoured to make ourselves comfortable—we were then blanketless—on the abhorrent surface of a narrow garden path.

That night B—— called in half an hour before his death. We have heard many explanations of how he died. He crashed into a German barricade, and we discovered him the next morning with his eyes closed, neatly covered with a sheet, in a quaint little house at the entrance to the village of Doue.

### *VII. The Battle of the Marne.*

At dawn the others went on with the column. I was sent back with a despatch for Faremoutiers, and then was detailed to remain for an hour with the elder B——. Ten minutes after my return O—— rode in greatly excited. He had gone out along the Aulnoy road with a message, and round a corner had run into a patrol of Uhlans. He kept his head, turned quickly, and rode off in a shower of bullets. He was tremendously indignant, and besought some cavalry who were passing to go in pursuit.

We heard the rumble of guns and started in a hurry after the column. Sergeant M——'s bicycle—our spare, a Rudge—burnt out its clutch, and we left it in exchange for some pears at a cottage with a delicious garden in Champ-breton. Doue was a couple of miles farther on. Colonel S—— stopped me anxiously, and asked me to go and see if I could recognise B——'s corpse. I meditated over it a trifle obviously for a few minutes, then ran on to the signal-office by the roadside. There I exchanged my old bike for a new one which had been discovered in a cottage. Nothing was wrong with my ancient grid except a buckled back rim, due to collision with a brick when riding without a lamp. One of the company rode it quietly to Serohes, then it went on the side-car, and was eventually discarded at Beuvry.

I found the Division very much in action. The object of the Germans was, by an obstinate rearguard action, to hold first the line of the Petit Morin and second the line La Ferté to the hills north of Méry, so that their main body might get back across the Marne and continue northward their retreat necessitated by our pressure on their flank. This retreat again was to be as slow as possible, to prevent an outflanking of the whole.

Our object was obviously to prevent them achieving theirs.

When I arrived at Doue the Germans were holding the Forest of Jouarre in force. They were in moderate force

on the south bank of the Petit Morin, and had some guns, but not many, on the north bank.

The Headquarters Staff advanced in an hour or so to some houses. The—— Division had pushed on with tremendous dash towards Jouarre, and we learnt from an aeroplane which dropped a message on the hill at Doue that the general situation was favourable. The Germans were crowding across the bridge at La Ferté under heavy shell fire, but unluckily we could not hit the blighted bridge.

It was now midday and very hot. There was little water.

Under cover of their guns the Germans fled across the Petit Morin in such confusion that they did not even hold the very defensible heights to the north of the river. We followed on their heels and through St Ouen and up the hill behind the village. Three of us went on ahead and sat for two hours in a trench with borrowed rifles waiting for the Germans to come out of a wood. But it began to rain very hard, and the Germans came out on the other side.

It was just getting dark when we rendezvoused at the cross-roads of Charnesseuil. The village was battered by our guns, but the villagers did not mind a scrap and welcomed us with screams of joy. The local inn was reopened with cheers, and in spite of the fact that there were two dead horses, very evil-smelling, just outside, we had drinks all round.

We were interrupted by laughter and cheers. We rushed out to see the quaintest procession coming from the west into Charnesseuil. A hundred odd immense Prussian Guards were humbly pushing in the bicycles of sixty of our Divisional Cyclists, who were dancing round them in delight. They had captured a hundred and fifty of them, but our guns had shelled them, luckily without doing much damage to the cyclists, so loading up the prisoners with all their kit and equipment, and making them lead their captors' bicycles, the Cyclists brought them in triumph for the inspection of the Staff. It was a great moment.

I was very tired, and careless of who passed, stretched myself at the side of the road for a sleep. I was wakened an hour later, and we all went along together to the chateau. There we slept in the hall before the contented faces of some fine French pictures—or the majority of them,—the rest were bestially slashed.

At the break of dawn I was sent off to the — Brigade, which composed the advance-guard. Scouts had reported that Saacy had been evacuated by the enemy. So we pushed on cautiously and took possession of the bridge.

I came up with the Brigade Staff on a common at the top of the succeeding hill, having been delayed by a puncture. N—, the S.O., told me that a battery of ours in position on the common to the south of the farm would open fire in a

few minutes. The German guns would reply, but would be quickly silenced. In the meantime I was to take shelter in the farm.

I had barely put my bicycle under cover in the courtyard when the Germans opened fire, not at our guns but at a couple of companies of the — who were endeavouring to hide themselves just north of the farm.

In the farm I found K— and his platoon of Cyclists. Shrapnel bullets simply rattled against the old house, and an occasional common shell dropped near by way of variety. The Cyclists were restive, and I was too, so to relieve the situation I proposed breakfast. K— and I had half a loaf of the Saacy bread and half a pot of jam I always carried about with me. The rest went to the men. Our breakfast was nearly spoilt by the —, who, after they had lost a few men, rushed through the farm into the wood, where, naturally enough, they lost a few more. They besought the Cyclists to cover their retreat, but as it was from shrapnel they mildly suggested it was impossible.

The courtyard was by this time covered with tiles and pitted with bullets. We, close up against the wall, had been quite moderately safe. The shelling slackened off, so we thought we had better do a bunk. With pride of race the motor-cyclist left last.

The — Brigade had disappeared. I went back down the track and found the General and his staff, fuming, half-way up the hill. The German guns

could not be found, and the German guns were holding up the whole Division.

I slept by the roadside for an hour. I was woken up to take a message to — Corps at Saacy. On my return I was lucky enough to see a very spectacular performance.

From the point which I call A to the point B is, or ought to be, 5000 yards. At A there is a gap in the wood, and you get a gorgeous view over the valley. The road from La Ferté to the point B runs on high ground, and at B there is a corresponding gap, the road being open completely for roughly 200 yards. A convoy of German lorries was passing with an escort of infantry, and the General thought we might as well have a shot at them. Two 18-pdrs. were man-handled to the side of the hill and opened fire, while six of us with glasses and our lunch sat behind and watched.

It was a dainty sight—the lorries scooting across, while the escort took cover. The guns picked off a few, completely demolishing two lorries, then with a few shells into some cavalry that appeared on the horizon, they ceased fire.

That afternoon I had nothing more to do, so, returning to the common, I dozed there for a couple of hours, knowing that I should have little sleep that night. At dusk we bivouacked in the garden of the chateau at Méry. We arrived at the chateau before the Staff and picked up some wine.

In the evening I heard that Captain R— went recon-

noitring and found the battery—it was only one—that had held up our advance. He returned to the General, put up his eyeglass and drawled, "I say, General, I've found that battery. I shall now deal with it." He did. In five minutes it was silenced and the — attacked up the Valley of Death, as the men called it. They were repulsed with very heavy losses; their reinforcements, which had arrived the day before, were practically annihilated.

It was a bad day.

That night it was showery, and I combined vain attempts to get to sleep between the showers with a despatch to — Army at Saacy and another to the Division Ammunition Column the other side of Charnesseuil.

Towards morning the rain became heavier, so I took up my bed—*i.e.*, my greatcoat and ground-sheet—and, finding four free square feet in the S.O., had an hour's troubled sleep before I was woken up half an hour before dawn to get ready to take an urgent message as soon as it was light.

#### *VIII. From the Marne to the Aisne.*

Just before dawn—it was raining and very cold—I was sent with a message to Colonel C— at the top of the hill, telling him he might advance. The Germans, it appeared, had retired during the night. Returning to the chateau at Méry, I found the company had gone on, so I followed them along

the Valley of Death to Montreuil.

It was the dimmest morning, dark as if the sun would never rise, chequered with little bursts of heavy rain. The road was black with mud. The hedges dripped audibly into watery ditches. There was no grass, only a plentiful coarse vegetation. The valley itself seemed enclosed by unpleasant hills from joy or light. Soldiers lined the road—some were dead, contorted, or just stretched out peacefully—some were wounded, and they moaned as I passed along. There was one officer who slowly moved his head from side to side. That was all he could do. But I could not stop, the ambulances were coming up. So I splashed rapidly through the mud to the cross-roads north of Montreuil.

To the right was a barn in which the Germans had slept. It was littered with their equipment. And in front of it was a derelict motor-car dripping in the rain.

At Montreuil we had a scrap of bully with a bit of biscuit for breakfast, then we ploughed slowly and dangerously alongside the column to Dhuizy, where a house that our artillery had fired was still burning. The chalked billeting marks of the Germans were still on the doors of the cottages. I had a despatch to take back along the column to the Heavies. Grease a couple of inches thick carpeted the road. We all agreed that we should be useless in winter.

At Dhuizy the sun came out.

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A couple of miles farther on I had a talk with two German prisoners—R.A.M.C. They were sick of the war. Summed it up thus:

Wir kennen nichts: wir essen nichts: immer laufen, laufen, laufen.

In bright sunshine we pushed on towards Gandeln. On the way we had a bit of lunch, and I left a pipe behind. As there was nothing doing I pushed on past the column, waiting for a moment to watch some infantry draw a large wood, and arrived with the cavalry at Gandeln, a rakish old town at the bottom of an absurdly steep hill. T— passed me with a message. Returning he told me that the road ahead was pitifully disgusting.

You must remember that we were hotly pursuing a disorganised foe. In front the cavalry and horse artillery were harassing them for all they were worth, and whenever there was an opening, our bigger guns would gallop up for a trifle of blue murder.

From Gandeln the road rises sharply through woods and then runs on high ground without a vestige of cover for two and a half miles into Chézy. On this high, open ground our guns caught a German convoy, and we saw the result.

First there were a few dead and wounded Germans, all muddled. The men would look curiously at each, and sometimes would laugh. Then at the top of the hill we came upon some smashed and abandoned waggons. These

were hastily looted. Men piled themselves with helmets, greatcoats, food, saddlery, until we looked a crowd of dishevelled bandits. The German wounded—they lay scattered like poppies in a cornfield—watched. Sometimes Tommy is not a pleasant animal, and I hated him that afternoon. One dead German had his pockets full of chocolate. They scrambled over him, pulling him about, until it was all divided.

Just off the road was a small sandpit. Three or four waggons—the horses, frightened by our shells, had run over the steep place into the sand. Their heads and necks had been forced back into their carcasses, and on top of this mash were the splintered waggons. I sat for a long time by the well in Chézy and watched the troops go by, caparisoned with spoils. I hated war.

Just as the sun was setting we toiled out of Chézy on to an upland of cornfields, speckled with grey patches of dead men and reddish-brown patches of dead horses. One great horse stood out on a little cliff, black against the yellow of the descending sun. It furiously stank. Each time I passed it I held my nose, and I was then pretty well used to smells. The last I saw of it—it lay grotesquely on its back with four stiff legs sticking straight up like the legs of an overturned table—it was being buried by a squad of little black men billeted near. They were cursing richly. The horse's revenge in death, per-

haps, for its ill-treatment in life.

It was decided to stay the night at Chézy. The village was crowded, dark, and confusing. Three of us found the signal office, and made ourselves very comfortable for the night with some fresh straw that we piled all over us. The roads were for the first time too greasy for night-riding. The rest slept in a barn near, and did not discover the signal office until dawn.

We awoke, stiff but rested, to a fine warm morning. It was a quiet day. We rode with the column along drying roads until noon through peaceful rolling country—then, as there was nothing doing, G—— and I rode to the head of the column, and inquiring with care whether our cavalry was comfortably ahead, came to the village of Noroy-sur-Ouroq. We scrounged for food and found an inn. At first our host, a fat well-to-do old fellow, said the Germans had taken everything, but when he saw we really were hungry he produced sardines, bread, butter, sweets, and good red wine. So we made an excellent meal—and were not allowed to pay a penny.

He told that the Germans, who appeared to be in great distress, had taken everything in the village, though they had not maltreated any one. Their horses were dropping with fatigue—that we knew—and their officers kept telling their men to hurry up and get quickly on the march. At this point they were just nine hours in front of us.



Greatly cheered we picked up the Division again at Chouy, and sat deliciously on a grass bank to wait for the others. Just off the road on the opposite side was a dead German. Quite a number of men broke their ranks to look curiously at him—anything to break the tedious, deadening monotony of marching twenty-five miles day after day: as a major of the ——— said to us as we sat there, "It is all right for us, but it's hell for them!"

The Company came up, and we found that in Chouy the Germans had overlooked a telephone—great news for the cable detachment. After a glance at the church, a gorgeous bit of Gothic that we had shelled, we pushed on in the rain to Billy-sur-Ourcq. I was just looking after a convenient loft when I was sent back to Chouy to find the Captain's watch. A storm was raging down the valley. The road at any time was covered with tired foot sloggers. I had to curse them, for they wouldn't get out of the way. Soon I warmed and cursed them crudely and glibly in four languages. On my return I found some looted boiled eggs and captured German Goulasch hot for me. I fed and turned in.

This day my kit was left behind with other unnecessary "tackle," to lighten the horses' load. I wish I had known it.

The remaining eggs for breakfast—delicious. T—— and I were sent off just before dawn on a message that took us to St Rémy, a fine church,

and Hartennes, where we were given hot tea by that great man, Sergeant C—— of the Divisional Cyclists. I rode back to Rozet St Albin, a pleasant name, along a road punctuated with dead and very evil-smelling horses. Except for the smell it was a good run of about ten miles. I picked up the Division again on the sandy road above Chacrise.

Sick of column riding I turned off the main road up a steep hill into Ambleuf, a desolate black-and-white village totally deserted. It came on to pour, but there was a shrine handy. There I stopped until I was pulled out by an ancient captain of cuirassiers, who had never seen an Englishman before and wanted to hear all about us.

On into ——, where I decided to head off the Division at Ciry, instead of crossing the Aisne and riding straight to Vailly, our proposed H.Q. for that night. The decision saved my life, or at least my liberty. I rode to Sermoise, a bright little village where the people were actually making bread. At the station there was a solitary cavalry man. In Ciry itself there was no one. Half-way up the Ciry hill, a sort of dry watercourse, I ran into some cavalry and learnt that the Germans were holding the Aisne in unexpected strength. I had all but ridden round and in front of our own cavalry outposts.

Two miles farther back I found T—— and one of our brigades. We had a bit of

bully and biscuit under cover of a haystack, then we borrowed some glasses and watched bodies of Germans on the hills the other side of the Aisne. It was raining very fast. There was no decent cover, so we sat on the leeward side of a mound of sand.

When we awoke the sun was setting gorgeously. Away to the west in the direction of Soissons there was a tremendous cannonade. On the hills opposite little points of flame showed that the Germans were replying. On our right some infantry was slowly advancing in extended order through a dripping turnip-field.

The Battle of the Aisne had begun.

We were wondering what to do when we were commanded to take a message down that precipitous hill of Ciry to some cavalry. It was now quite dark and still raining. We had no carbide, and my carburetter had jibbed, so we decided to stop at Ciry for the night. At the inn we found many drinks—particularly some

wonderful cherry brandy—and a friendly motor-cyclist who told us of a billet that an officer was probably going to leave. We went there. Our host was an old soldier, so, after his wife had hung up what clothes we dared take off to dry by a red-hot stove, he gave us some supper of stewed game and red wine, then made us cunning beds with straw, pillows, and blankets. Too tired to thank him we dropped asleep.

That, though we did not know it then, was the last night of our little Odyssey. We had been advancing or retiring without a break since my tragic farewell to Nadine. We had been riding all day and often all night. But those were heroic days, and now as I write this in our comfortable, slack winter quarters, I must confess—I would give anything to have them all over again. Now we motor-cyclists are middle-aged warriors. Adventures are work. Experiences are a routine. Then, let's be sentimental, we were young.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE BLINDNESS OF GERMANY.

SINCE the beginning of the war numerous attempts at the analysis of the German character—many of them excellent—have appeared in print. The mentality of the nation, its subservience to officialdom, the scheme of German upbringing, the thoroughness with which things are thought out, and the bases of measures prepared and laid down—all have been the theme either of warm admiration or of cool dissection. But one has looked in vain for a description of one of the most striking features of this war, which is a direct outcome of the system on which the German nation is educated and administered—namely, the entire ignorance and almost wilful blindness of Germany regarding the nations outside her own boundaries.

Not, of course, as regards geographical or statistical information about foreign nations. No; I am sure that every German schoolboy could give points to the ordinary British boy as to the amount of corn-stuffs produced, the population, the history, the rivers on which the big towns are situated, the colour of the people's hair, and the ethnological and sociological details of numerous countries outside their respective fatherlands. But as regards the peoples themselves, their trend of thought, the way in which they would be likely to act in given circumstances, the effect of great popular move-

ments—in fact, the nation's mind—of this, not only the German schoolboy but the German man, the German nation, is absolutely and stupendously ignorant.

To give but a few concrete instances regarding our own country in which German opinion went widely and ignorantly astray.

In the first place, Germany was strongly of opinion that England would not go to war in support of France and Russia, and, mark you, for the following reasons:—

First, that Ireland was on the verge of civil war, and was so disintegrated that it would be impossible for us to embark on a foreign war without the certainty of a break-up at home.

Secondly, that our colonies were so dissatisfied with the Mother Country that they would break loose and disown her at the earliest opportunity.

Thirdly, that India would rise in rebellion and evict the hated British Raj for all time.

Could any Government have gone more hopelessly and gloriously astray in its calculations than this? And yet it is Germany who has for many years had spies and agents by the thousand in Great Britain and all her possessions, who has spent more money in Secret Service than the rest of the civilised Powers put together, and who prides herself on knowing, in the minutest details,

everything that is going on throughout the world.

Look at the Holy War, the Jihad, which was proclaimed to German order at Constantinople by the venerable Sheikh ul Islam, which the Germans were convinced would cause a general uprising of Mohammedans throughout the world against British supremacy. One would have thought that any one who had been but a few months in the East would have known that although the nominal head of the religion, in the person of the Padishah, resides at Constantinople, and is venerated as Khalifa by a large portion of the followers of Islam, still, the Turks are in most evil odour with the rest of their co-religionists; and the fact that the Turks wanted a thing done would be an excellent reason for not doing it. The ridiculous official story, too, about the Senussi being on the point of attacking Egypt, shows a complete ignorance of the Senussi movement and its aims. Yet the German Agency in Cairo has been working for many years studying native politics, and its chief agent, one Baron Oppenheim, has to my personal knowledge been in close touch with Senussi agents in Egypt.

At the commencement of the Russo-Japanese war the German General Staff put, nay lumped, their money on the wrong horse. Their information led them to believe that the vast Russian armies would have no difficulty in crushing Japan at the outset,

and they made no secret of their belief. The fact that their own Colonel Meckel had been chief instructor to the Japanese army, and that this army had imbibed German military views through a number of German instructors, would—one would have thought—have rendered it likely that the General Staff in Berlin would have had some idea as to Japanese prowess and Japanese power on land. But no—the information, if any, was discarded, and the false views of Russian power were adopted. It must, however, be added that, though crestfallen at the miscarriage of their prophecies, the German Staff had no hesitation in taking the credit to themselves for the success of the Japanese arms, and in taking every advantage of the consequent weakness of the Russian military organisation during the following years.

But here again they were wrong in their calculations, as it proved. Though, largely owing to Russian military weakness, they succeeded in forcing the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina down the throat of a reluctant Europe in 1909, they went too far in their contempt for the Russian military machine. For it is a fact, though scarcely to be believed, that official Berlin was, as lately as July 1914, convinced that Russia would be too weak to object to the Austrian ultimatum to Servia, and would be obliged to acquiesce, without fighting, in the dismemberment of the

Slav power in the Balkans. This, though not to be found in any blue-book as far as I am aware, was the officially-expressed opinion of Herr v. Jagow, German Foreign Secretary, and of Herr v. Szögyenyi, Austrian Ambassador in Berlin. It would thus appear that the action of the two Powers in plunging Europe into this frightful war was based on entirely wrong information, and on a complete inability to understand the most important question of the times, and the one which affected themselves of all most closely.

I remember talking once to a German who was employed in a responsible position in one of the most important industrial companies in Egypt, and had been there for many years. He struck me as knowing all there was to know of the technical side of his business; but the way in which he spoke of the natives employed with him convinced me that he had not penetrated even the outer skin of the Egyptian character. He spoke of even the Egyptian Directors as of dirt, of "niggers" not worth a moment's consideration; and on my mentioning to one of the English Directors my doubts as to his value, I was told that because of these very traits he was only employed on the purely technical side. "And would you believe it," my informant added, "that man, after eleven years here, has even now no conception of the different grades of us Englishmen employed in the works.

He hobnobs with the latest joined bottleshaver under the innocent impression that he is of the same social and business grade as one of us Directors."

When the Germans first went to German East Africa they appointed as one of their first Governors a certain retired Lieut.-Colonel, who had never been outside Germany in his life. On arrival the first act of His Excellency was an order that all native chiefs within a radius of sixty miles of his headquarters were to come and report themselves to him personally every Monday morning at half-past nine. The chiefs naturally paid no attention to this order. Whereupon the Governor declared himself deeply insulted, informed them that they should be punished for gross insubordination, and collected a small column, including a field-gun, for their chastisement. After proceeding a few miles the column fell into an ambush and lost a number of men, including the Governor himself and the field-gun. (This story was related to me by the then President of the Kolonialverein—a charming and most intelligent gentleman—as a sample of the difficulties he had to contend with in colonial administration.) Nor has this type of thing yet died out. The difficulties encountered in German South-West Africa were largely owing to an entire misconception of the native character, the one idea of the Germans throughout the world being that any person with a coloured skin, black, yellow, or brown,

is immeasurably below any German, and is to be treated as a beast of the lowest type wherever found. Only a few years ago, in 1908, did I come across an order just published in South-West Africa to the same old pernicious effect—that certain chiefs were to report themselves (“sich melden” —in the true Prussian military way) at stated periods, in stated places, and at stated times.

While on the subject of the “inferior races,” I might add that the Germans treat their horses in the same way—*i.e.*, they look on them as wild and rather dangerous beasts who have to be tamed, all in the same way, without the smallest reference either to their temper, their mouths, or their characteristics.

One more little anecdote which sheds, I think, a good deal of light on the German view. I was talking to the German Naval Attaché some years back, during some political crisis in England, and he complimented me on the excellent way in which we worked our secret political police! I stared, and asked him to repeat his remark—which he did. I naturally assured him that there was no such thing in England, but he only replied, “Oh yes, I knew you would deny their existence, but that is only to throw dust in my eyes. You know, of course, all the ways in which they are worked, and I assure you that I greatly admire the secrecy with which the whole service is conducted.” Nothing would

convince him of their non-existence; they existed in Germany, and therefore, naturally, they must exist in England.

I do not say, of course, that in England we understand all the ways of foreigners, or that we study them to a sufficient extent. But I do say that when we come into contact with foreigners, be they white men or black men or any other sort of men, we recognise that they are not as we are, and keep an open mind in which to receive the necessary impressions. We do say, very often, in our insular way, in the way which makes us so beloved throughout the world: “Oh, so and so does this or that in a very extraordinary way; but then, after all, poor devil, he can’t help it—he’s not an Englishman.” And with regard to native races, especially if they are under our sway, we do study them, we make allowances for their point of view, and we deal with them, or rule them, accordingly.

But this is far from being the German way. As already stated, they look on all “coloured” races, even the highly civilised Japanese or Indians, as dirt, and savage dirt at that; and as for other white races, they cannot understand, and do not try to understand, that their point of view or outlook on life can be any other than that of themselves, of Germany.

So convinced are they that German education and German hierarchy are absolutely

the best in the world—they have been told so by their own officials and their own professors, so it must be true—that they have insensibly acquired the feeling that any civilised country for which they have any respect must be conducted on precisely the same lines: otherwise it would cease to exist.

Nor do they try to find out how other countries are governed. They are so self-centred and so pleased with their own performances and their own greatness that books about other countries are conspicuous by their absence. I do not believe that for every twelve books in England about Germany you would find one in Germany about England.

Their information about England and the English is consequently on a par with British information about France in the Napoleonic times—viz., that the French were a nation of cowards and lived on frogs. "England," they are told by their professors, who have inherited their wisdom from the musty tomes of their great-grandfathers, and never opened a modern book on the subject nor sought to find out the truth, "is a nation of shopkeepers. Their one interest in life is to make money. They have become immensely rich by conquering, robbing, and oppressing native races; their greed is beyond belief; their army, composed of mercenaries and therefore hopelessly bad, is ridiculously small and beneath contempt, and the

only thing that saves them from ruin is their fleet."

Such is the genuine belief in Germany—amongst even the highest-educated classes—about England; and all their actions with regard to us are based on the same thesis. Similarly as to other nations; and for proof we need only point to the numerous clumsy and ludicrous failures of German diplomacy throughout the world, for where diplomacy is based on false information and handled by Prussian Junkers, it is hardly likely that it will succeed.

As regards her own affairs, however, Germany is the home of the exact. For Germans the world is ruled out into squares, is classified in tabular form, is divided up, and is subdivided into water-tight compartments, each under its own appointed head, who lays down rules for the proper carrying out of its affairs. It is this head-man's business to know all that there is to know about his particular compartment, and to issue orders about it, and every one in the compartment must not only obey him implicitly in everything, but must subordinate his will to his—independence of thought or action therein being a thing unthinkable.

Officialdom and bureaucracy therefore reign supreme in Germany. But the result of this subordination to local power—though, I daresay, an excellent business principle in theory, and no doubt leading to complete and united action

in the compartment—is that every one not only looks up to, but leans on, his superior for everything, and gradually drifts into such a state of mind that he becomes incapable of thinking for himself. Regulations exist by the ton about everything, and it is therefore quite unnecessary for a man to consider what he should do—inside his compartment—as every contingency is provided for by superior authority, and the necessary corresponding action laid down.

The Berlin cabman has a little book of 119 rules, which he must learn by heart, telling him exactly what he must do in 119 cases. If there happens to be a 120th contingency which is not provided for, he is lost. But that is beside the point: the majesty of harmonious and grandfatherly administration must not be interrupted by such trifles.

On every pillar-box in Berlin there is a notice: "Do not forget to put the address on the envelope"; and another, "Have you stuck the stamp on?" You are not allowed by the police to discharge or take on a servant except on the 1st or 15th of every month. A policeman comes at stated intervals to see whether you have cleaned your windows; and one's domestic arrangements are interfered with to an intolerable degree by the masses of police regulations which have to be complied with at every step.

But in course of time even the free-born Briton gets used to this sort of thing, and after a period of intense but quite futile

irritation one gradually drifts into the same state of dependence on, and complete trust in, the officials who rule the compartment as the Germans themselves. One can hardly acquiesce in their view that this state represents the highest function of civilisation; yet I can testify by personal experience to the fact that after three years' residence in a German town one awakes one day to the terrifying fact that one's personality is slipping from one, and that one is becoming inclined not only to take one's views without question from higher authority, but to shape one's actions and beliefs accordingly.

This is the process which is ceaselessly going on throughout Germany in every school, in every university, in every profession, in every department, and in every compartment of German life. Theirs is the following creed: "The State, that great and beneficent machine, has worked out and laid down in every detail exactly what we must think and what we must do. The State has had incomparably greater means and opportunities than we ourselves of finding out what is good for us; it has had the benefit of the wisdom of countless experts in every department, and it has studied the pros and cons of every question; its weighty conclusions, based on the experience of time and history, must consequently be as near perfection as anything can be in this world. Let us there-



fore thank this kindly Power for its great beneficence in doing all our thinking for us, and obey its behests in everything; for only by so doing shall we move forward, united in body and soul, to the great and glorious destiny that is reserved by the Almighty for the German Empire."

It is this complete dependence on authority which has welded the innumerable interdependent parts of the German machine into the mighty Empire that now threatens Europe. But it is at the same time this dependence and absolute trust in higher authority that has produced the narrow-minded, short-sighted, and typical German that I have attempted to indicate. The system has stifled individuality; it has turned out millions of well-educated men and women to exactly the same pattern; it has nipped all independence, free thought, and originality in the bud, and has imposed on all alike a blind and unquestioning faith in the superior, be he officer, official, professor, or statesman, with the necessary result that the German does everything he is ordered to do and believes implicitly in everything he is told by this same higher authority.

The authority, being endowed with this vast power over the masses, has, together with a supreme conviction in his own superiority and entire infallibility, acquired also a

supreme contempt for the educated but sheep-like hordes over whom he rules; and he knows that he has only to pronounce a dictum of any sort and it will be accepted with open-mouthed reverence by his obedient flock. He has fettered the Press, and reduced that noble institution for the expression of the opinions of a people to the condition of a whining cur which trots obediently to heel. No newspaper<sup>1</sup> is allowed to thresh out freely the merits and demerits of a question: it has to take its orders from the all-powerful Press Bureau, and express the opinions which that most reactionary and mischievous institution orders. If any one of independent mind wishes to make his views known, he cannot air them in a free Press: he must go to the expense of printing and publishing a pamphlet on his own account—in itself a sufficient deterrent against the dissemination of any views, even when such are only moderately liberal in their tendency.

Bearing in mind the above conditions, we can now begin to see and partially understand how it is that hundreds of silly and ignorant lies are not only scattered broadcast over Germany, but are accepted implicitly and with unquestioning faith by Germans of all grades. A professor (there are literally thousands upon thousands of professors in Germany) who

<sup>1</sup> With the one exception of the 'Vorwärts,' which is too powerful a hound to be held in leash.

has never been outside his own stuffy little town in his life—one of those whose status is so well expressed by the native phrase “*ein Stubengelehrter*”—has only to enunciate a sufficiently foolish theory about, say, foreign countries or foreign relations, developed on totally insufficient information and nourished on innumerable cigars and beer, and he is listened to with respect and his opinions quoted by all, not because they are sound or worthy of acceptance, but because their author is a professor. This is not an exaggeration—it is merely an example of the all-prevailing subservience to authority. The German soldiers at the front, 100 miles or more from Paris, are informed by their officers that Notre Dame is only just beyond the next hill—and they firmly believe it; during their retreat northwards they were told that they were going southwards—and they firmly believed it. And *vide* that delightful Bode cum da Vinci cum Emperor incident of a few years back, when, in spite of Mr Lucas proving—with a pair of English A.D. 1840 trousers to back him—that his father made the bust, the Emperor decreed that it was the work of Lionardo, *because* he and Professor Bode had said that it was! It is a state of mind that we English find hard to understand: that a man of normal intelligence and education will willingly put his intelligence and reasoning power on one side, and never question a statement, however ridiculous, merely *because* that

statement emanates from higher authority.

Hence it is that the lies upon lies upon lies that have issued from the Press Bureau and other German official sources have been meekly accepted and swallowed without question by the German public. The officials know their countrymen, and in their contempt for their blind obedience have been flinging them bigger and yet bigger lies, till one wonders that the process has not resulted in a general choking-fit. But no—everything is gulped down and more is asked for.

The officers who were captured from the *Blücher* the other day were filled with astonishment at seeing the Forth Bridge still standing, and complimented the nation on its rapid engineering work: they had been told officially that it had been blown up in October! A Bavarian prisoner who was taken the other day in Flanders trembled violently on being captured, and besought that he might be allowed to write a final letter to his wife before being shot! It is still firmly believed by a large number of Germans that the German Army entered Paris in September, and that the Emperor's gracious hands were kissed by the entire Chamber of Deputies; but that the army had to retire from the capital on account of a serious outbreak of cholera: they were told this officially, and therefore it *must* be true. On a par with this are the ridiculous lies lately issued officially about Constantinople,

not to mention those about Scarborough and Yarmouth, to which no further reference need be made; and similar lies may be culled almost daily from the German official *communiqués* and wireless information. For malicious and ingenious lies one can make allowances; they are a dirty weapon which will recoil on the heads of those that use them. But for these downright *stupid* and clumsy lies one does not know whether to pour the greater proportion of one's contempt on those who manufacture them or on those who swallow them.

What rouses one's ire—or is it merely additional feelings of contempt?—against these manufacturers is that they seem to take everybody to be as credulous as their own compatriots. Full of their overweening conviction that they are of such importance in the world that every nation must bow to their dictum, the German authorities have announced in all directions that it was Great Britain who engineered and started this world-war in her own interests. Yet all the world knows that—to take one point only—England called a Conference of the Powers in July last for the express purpose of keeping the peace, and that Germany was the only Power who refused to attend.

Even after the repulse of the Turks on the Suez Canal, Germany, with a full knowledge of the facts, announced to all the world that our troops there had been severely beaten and

that the Turks were advancing on Cairo. Does she really believe that there are no telegraphs in the world outside those in her own dominions? How, again, could she have the face to announce that the French mishap at Soissons was “a great and glorious victory, equivalent to that of Gravelotte,” in which France had lost 30,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, knowing perfectly well that the French would counter the lie with the plain statement of fact that not more than 10,000 altogether were engaged? Or how could the Chancellor make the statement in the Reichstag, for foreign consumption, that correspondence had been discovered at Brussels which proved that Belgium had made a convention with England whereby the latter would send troops to Belgium before any violation of territory had taken place, when he must have known that a publication of the papers in question—which has now been done—would prove that he suppressed the most vital sentence in the whole document—which gave the lie to his whole assertion—and, in addition, substituted the word “convention” for “conversation”? Is this statesmanship, or is it simply foolishness?

Even the Press Bureau is now beginning to overreach itself—chiefly through its own clumsiness. The Press campaigns in neutral countries, initiated at vast expense with a view to forming public opinion in favour of Germany,

have resulted in ignominious failure. One has only to instance the United States, who, contemplating the war at first with an impartial and if anything an anti-British mind, have strongly resented the dictatorial manner in which Herr Hamann and his minions of the Press have tried to ram German views and German misstatements down their throats, and have, irritated again by the entire disregard of neutral susceptibilities by Germany, completely swung round in their opinions. Switzerland is showing strong signs of doing the same thing; and in Sweden, so badly was the campaign of calumny worked, that certain high officials and masters of industry have received in several cases two or more identical copies, in different handwritings, of the same letter, purporting to come to them from "a well-wisher in Germany," with the necessary and obvious result.

The silly childishness of the "Hymn of Hate" and the greetings and censor-stamps of

"Gott strafe England" are unworthy of a great nation, and only remind one of nursery days, when the ill-tempered little boy, unable to get the better of his small opponent, put out his tongue and made faces at him.

And, to conclude, have the Germans really no sense of humour when they persist in dignifying these massacres in Belgium, and these violations of faith and honour in all their dealings, as "Kultur"?

The blindness of Germany seems to me to consist in a wilful refusal to see what is patent to every one except themselves, and in a complete inability to grasp the fact that their dirty and dishonourable dealings as a nation, though temporarily and partially successful, will do them an infinity of harm hereafter, and will lower them for generations in the eyes of all honourable and right-thinking nations.

Is this wilful blindness, or is it rank stupidity?

I have my own opinion on the subject.

G.

## THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

## XIII. CONCERT PITCH.

WE have only two topics of conversation now—the date of our departure, and our destination. Both are wrapped in mystery so profound that our range of speculation is practically unlimited.

Conjecture rages most fiercely in the Officers' Mess, which is in touch with sources of unreliable information not accessible to the rank and file. The humblest subaltern appears to be possessed of a friend at court, or a cousin in the Foreign Office, or an aunt in the Intelligence Department, from whom he can derive fresh and entirely different information each week-end leave.

Master Cockerell, for instance, has it straight from the Horse Guards that we are going out next week—as a single unit, to be brigaded with two seasoned regiments in Flanders. He has a considerable following.

Then comes Waddell, who has been informed by the Assistant sub-Editor of an evening journal widely read in his native Dundee, that The First Hundred Thousand are to sit here, eating the bread of impatience, until The First Half Million are ready. Thereupon we shall break through our foeman's line at a point hitherto unassailed and known only to the scribe of Dundee,

and proceed to roll up the German Empire as if it were a carpet, into some obscure corner of the continent of Europe.

Bobby Little, not the least of whose gifts is a soaring imagination, has mapped out a sort of strategical Cook's Tour for us, beginning with the sack of Constantinople, and ending, after a glorified route-march up the Danube and down the Rhine, which shall include a pitched battle once a week and a successful siege once a month, with a "circus" entry into Potsdam.

Captain Wagstaffe offers no opinion, but darkly recommends us to order pith helmets. However, we are rather suspicious of Captain Wagstaffe these days. He suffers from an over-developed sense of humour.

The rank and file keep closer to earth in their prognostications. In fact, some of them cleave to the dust. With them it is a case of hope deferred. Quite half of them enlisted under the firm belief that they would forthwith be furnished with a rifle and ammunition and despatched to a vague place called "the front," there to take pot-shots at the Kaiser. That was in early August. It is now early April, and they are still here, performing

monotonous evolutions and chafing under the bonds of discipline. Small wonder that they have begun to doubt, these simple souls, if they are ever going out at all. Private M'Slattery put the general opinion in a nutshell.

"This regiment," he announced, "is no' for the front at all. We're jist tae bide here, for tae be inspekit by Chinese Ministers and other heathen bodies!"

This withering summary of the situation was evoked by the fact that we had once been called out, and kept on parade for two hours in a north-east wind, for the edification of a bevy of spectacled dignitaries from the Far East. For the Scottish artisan the word "minister," however, has only one significance; so it is probable that M'Slattery's strictures were occasioned by sectarian, rather than racial, prejudice.

Still, whatever our ultimate destination and fate may be, the fact remains that we are now as fit for active service as seven months' relentless schooling, under make-believe conditions, can render us. We shall have to begin all over again, we know, when we find ourselves up against the real thing, but we have at least been thoroughly grounded in the rudiments of our profession. We can endure hail, rain, snow, and vapour; we can march and dig with the best; we have mastered the first principles of musketry; we can advance in an extended line without losing touch or bunching; and we have ceased

to regard an order as an insult, or obedience as a degradation. We eat when we can and what we get, and we sleep wherever we happen to find ourselves lying. That is something. But there are certain military accomplishments which can only be taught us by the enemy. Taking cover, for instance. When the thin, intermittent crackle of blank ammunition shall have been replaced by the whistle of real bullets, we shall get over our predilection for sitting up and taking notice. The conversation of our neighbour, or the deplorable antics of B Company on the neighbouring skyline, will interest us not at all. We shall get down, and stay down.

We shall also be relieved of the necessity of respecting the property of those exalted persons who surround their estates with barbed wire, and put up notices, even now, warning off troops. At present we either crawl painfully through that wire, tearing our kilts and lacerating our legs, or go round another way. "Oot there," such unwholesome deference will be a thing of the past. Would that the wire-setters were going out with us. We would give them the place of honour in the forefront of battle!

We have fired a second musketry course, and are now undergoing Divisional Training, with the result that we take our walks abroad several thousand strong, greatly to the derangement of local traffic.

Considered all round, Divi-

sional Training is the pleasantest form of soldiering that we have yet encountered. We parade bright and early, at full battalion strength, accompanied by our scouts, signallers, machine-guns, and transport; and march off at the appointed minute to the starting-point. Here we slip into our place in an already moving column, with three thousand troops in front of us and another two thousand behind, and tramp to our point of deployment. We feel pleasantly thrilled. We are no longer a battalion out on a route-march: we are members of a White Army, or a Brown Army, hastening to frustrate the designs of a Blue Army, or a Pink Army, which has landed (according to the General Idea issued from Headquarters) at Portsmouth, and is reported to have slept at Great Snoreham, only ten miles away, last night.

Meanwhile our Headquarters Staff is engaged in the not always easy task of "getting into touch" with the enemy—*anglicè*, finding him. It is extraordinary how elusive a force of several thousand troops can be, especially when you are picking your way across a defective half-inch map, and the commanders of the opposing forces cherish dissimilar views as to where the point of encounter is supposed to be. However, contact is at length established; and if it is not time to go home, we have a battle.

Various things may now happen to you. You may find yourself detailed for the Firing-

line. In that case your battalion will take open order; and you will advance, principally upon your stomach, over hill and dale until you encounter the enemy, doing likewise. Both sides then proceed to discharge blank ammunition into one another's faces at a range, if possible, of about five yards, until the "cease fire" sounds.

Or you may find yourself in Support. In that case you are held back until the battle has progressed a stage or two, when you advance with fixed bayonets to prod your own firing-line into a further display of valour and agility.

Or you may be detailed as Reserve. Membership of Brigade Reserve should be avoided. You are liable to be called upon at any moment to forsake the sheltered wood or lee of a barn under which you are huddling, and double madly up a hill or along a side-road, tripping heavily over ingenious entanglements composed of the telephone wires of your own signallers, to enfilade some unwary detachment of the enemy or repel a flank attack. On the other hand, if you are ordered to act as Divisional Reserve, you may select the softest spot on the hillside behind which you are sheltering, get out your haversack ration, and prepare to spend an extremely peaceful (or extremely dull) day. Mimic warfare enjoys one enormous advantage over the genuine article: battles—provided you are not out for the night—*must always* end in time for the men to get back

to their dinners at five o'clock. Under this inexorable law it follows that, by the time the General has got into touch with the enemy and brought his firing-line, supports, and local reserves into action, it is time to go home. So about three o'clock the bugles sound, and the combatants, hot and grimy, fall back into close order at the point of deployment, where they are presently joined by the Divisional Reserve, blue-faced and watery-eyed with cold. This done, principals and understudies, casting envious glances at one another, form one long column of route and set out for home, in charge of the subalterns. The senior officers trot off to the "pow-wow," there, with the utmost humility and deference, to extol their own tactical dis-

positions, belittle the achievements of the enemy, and impugn the veracity of one another.

Thus the day's work ends. Our divisional column, with its trim, sturdy, infantry battalions, its jingling cavalry and artillery, its real live staff, and its imposing transport train, sets us thinking, by sheer force of contrast, of that dim and distant time seven months ago, when we wrestled perspiringly all through long and hot September days, on a dusty barrack-square, with squad upon squad of dazed and refractory barbarians, who only ceased shuffling their feet in order to expectorate. And these are the self-same men! Never was there a more complete vindication of the policy of pegging away.

## II.

So much for the effect of its training upon the regiment as a whole. But when you come to individuals, certain of whom we have encountered and studied in this rambling narrative, you find it impossible to generalise. Your one unshakable conclusion is that it takes all sorts to make a type.

There are happy, careless souls like McLeary and Hogg. There are conscientious but slow-moving worthies like Mucklewame and Budge. There are drunken wasters like—well, we need name no names. We have got rid of most of these, thank heaven! There are simple-minded enthusiasts

of the breed of Wee Pe'er, for whom the sheer joy of "sojering" still invests dull routine and hard work with a glamour of their own. There are the old hands, versed in every labour-saving (and duty-shirking) device. There are the feckless and muddle-headed, making heavy weather of the simplest tasks. There is another class, which divides its time between rising to the position of sergeant and being reduced to the ranks, for causes which need not be specified. There is yet another, which knows its drill-book backwards, and can grasp the details of a tactical scheme as



quickly as a seasoned officer, but remains in the ruck because it has not sufficient force of character to handle so much as a sentry-group. There are men, again, with initiative but no endurance, and others with endurance but no initiative. Lastly, there are men, and a great many of them, who appear to be quite incapable of coherent thought, yet can handle machinery or any mechanical device to a marvel. Yes, we are a motley organization.

But the great sifting and sorting machine into which we have been cast is shaking us all out into our appointed places. The efficient and authoritative rise to non-commissioned rank. The quick-witted and well-educated find employment on the Orderly Room staff, or among the scouts and signalers. The handy are absorbed into the transport, or become machine-gunners. The sedentary take post as cooks, or tailors, or officers' servants. The waster hews wood and draws water and empties swill-tubs. The great, mediocre, undistinguished majority merely go to stiffen the rank and file, and right nobly they do it. Each has his niche.

To take a few examples, we may begin with a typical member of the undistinguished majority. Such an one is that esteemed citizen of Wishaw, John Mucklewame. He is a rank-and-file man by training and instinct, but he forms a rare backbone for K(i). There are others, of more parts—Killick, for instance. Not long

ago he was living softly, and driving a Rolls-Royce for a Duke. He is now a machine-gun sergeant, and a very good one. There is Dobie. He is a good mechanic, but short-legged and shorter-winded. He makes an excellent armourer.

Then there is Private Mellish. In his company roll he is described as "an actor." But his orbit in the theatrical firmament has never carried him outside his native Dunoon, where he follows the blameless but monotonous calling of a cinematograph operator. On enlistment he invited the attention of his platoon from the start by referring to his rear-rank man as "this young gentleman"; and despite all the dissuading influences of barrack-room society, his manners never fell below this standard. In a company where practically every man is addressed either as "Jock" or "Jimmy," he created a profound and lasting sensation one day, by saying in a winning voice to Private Ogg—

"Do not stand on ceremony with me, Mr Ogg. Call me Cyril!"

For such an exotic there could only be one destination, and in due course Cyril became an officer's servant. He now polishes the buttons and washes the hose-tops of Captain Wagstaffe; and his elegant extracts amuse that student of human nature exceedingly.

Then comes a dour, silent, earnest specimen, whose name, incredible as it may appear, is M'Ostrich. He keeps himself to himself. He never smiles.

He is not an old soldier, yet he performed like a veteran the very first day he appeared on parade. He carries out all orders with solemn thoroughness. He does not drink; he does not swear. His nearest approach to animation comes at church, where he sings the hymns — especially *O God, our help in ages past!* — as if he were author and composer combined. His harsh, rasping accent is certainly not that of a Highlander, nor does it smack altogether of the Clydeside. As a matter of fact he is not a Scotsman at all, though five out of six of us would put him down as such. Altogether he is a man of mystery; but the regiment could do with many more such.

Once, and only once, did he give us a peep behind the scenes. Private Burke, of D Company, a cheery soul, who possesses the entirely Hibernian faculty of being able to combine a most fanatical and seditious brand of Nationalism with a genuine and ardent enthusiasm for the British Empire, one day made a contemptuous and ribald reference to the Ulster Volunteers and their leader. M'Ostrich, who was sitting on his bedding at the other side of the hut, promptly rose to his feet, crossed the floor in three strides, and silently felled the humorist to the earth. Plainly, if M'Ostrich comes safe through the war, he is prepared for another and grimmer campaign.

Lastly, that jack-of-all-trades and master of none, Private Dunshie. As already recorded,

Dunshie's original calling had been that of a street news-vendor. Like all literary men, he was a Bohemian at heart. Routine wearied him; discipline galled him; the sight of work made him feel faint. After a month or two in the ranks he seized the first opportunity of escaping from the toils of his company, by volunteering for service as a Scout. A single experience of night operations in a dark wood, previously described, decided him to seek some milder employment. Observing that the regimental cooks appeared to be absolved, by virtue of their office, not only from all regimental parades, but from all obligations on the subject of correct attire and personal cleanliness, he volunteered for service in the kitchen. Here for a space — clad in shirt, trousers, and canvas shoes, unutterably greasy and waxing fat — he prospered exceedingly. But one sad day he was detected by the cook-sergeant, having just finished cleaning a flue, in the act of washing his hands in ten gallons of B Company's soup. Once more our versatile hero found himself turned adrift with brutal and agonising suddenness, and bidden to exercise his talents elsewhere.

After a fortnight's uneventful dreariness with his platoon, Dunshie joined the machine-gunners, because he had heard rumours that these were conveyed to and from their labours in limbered waggons. But he had been misinformed. It was

the guns that were carried; the gunners invariably walked, sometimes carrying the guns and the appurtenances thereof. His very first day Dunshie was compelled to double across half a mile of boggy heathland carrying two large stones, meant to represent ammunition-boxes, from an imaginary waggon to a dummy gun. It is true that as soon as he was out of sight of the corporal he deposited the stones upon the ground, and ultimately preferred two others, picked up on nearing his destination, to the sergeant in charge of the proceedings; but even thus the work struck him as unreasonably exacting, and he resigned, by the simple process of cutting his next parade and being ignominiously returned to his company.

After an unsuccessful application for employment as a "buzzer," or signaller, Dunshie made trial of the regimental transport, where there was a shortage of drivers. He had strong hopes that in this way he would attain to permanent carriage exercise. But he was quickly undeceived. Instead of being offered a seat upon the box of a G.S. waggon, he was bidden to walk behind the same, applying the brake when necessary, for fourteen miles. The next day he spent cleaning stables, under a particularly officious corporal. On the third, he was instructed in the art of grooming a mule. On the fourth, he was left to perform this feat unaided, and the mule, acting under extreme provocation, kicked him in the

stomach. On the fifth day he was returned to his company.

But Meoca was at hand. That very morning Dunshie's company commander received the following ukase from headquarters:—

*Officers commanding Companies will render to the Orderly Room without fail, by 9 A.M. to-morrow, the name of one man qualified to act as chiropodist to the Company.*

Major Kemp scratched his nose in a dazed fashion, and looked over his spectacles at his Quartermaster-Sergeant.

"What in thunder will they ask for next?" he growled.

"Have we got any tame chiropodists in the company, Rae?"

Quartermaster-Sergeant Rae turned over the Company roll.

"There is no—no—no man of that profession here, sirr," he reported, after scanning the document. "But," he added optimistically, "there is a machine-fitter and a glass-blower. Will I warn one of them?"

"I think we had better call for a volunteer first," said Major Kemp tactfully.

Accordingly, that afternoon upon parade, platoon commanders were bidden to hold a witch hunt, and smell out a chiropodist. But the enterprise terminated almost immediately; for Private Dunshie, caressing his injured abdomen in Number Three Platoon, heard the invitation, and quickly stepped forward.

"So you are a chiropodist as well as everything else,

Dunshie!" said Ayling incredulously.

"That's right, sirr," assented Dunshie politely.

"Are you a professional?"

"No exactly that, sirr," was the modest reply.

"You just make a hobby of it?"

"Just that, sirr."

"Have you had much experience?"

"No that much."

"But you feel capable of taking on the job?"

"I do, sirr."

"You seem quite eager about it."

"Yes, sirr," said Dunshie, with gusto.

A sudden thought occurred to Ayling.

"Do you know what a chiropodist is?" he asked.

"No, sirr," replied Dunshie with unabated aplomb.

To do him justice, the revelation of the nature of his prospective labours made no difference whatever to Dunshie's willingness to undertake them. Now, upon Saturday mornings, when men stand stiffly at attention beside their beds to have their feet inspected, you may behold, sweeping majestically in the wake of the Medical Officer as he makes his rounds, the swelling figure of Private Dunshie, carrying the implements of his gruesome trade. He has found his vocation at last, and his bearing in consequence is something between that of a Court Physician and a Staff Officer.

### III.

So much for the rank and file. Of the officers we need only say that the old hands have been a godsend to our young regiment; while the juniors, to quote their own Colonel, have learned as much in six months as the average subaltern learns in three years; and whereas in the old days a young officer could always depend on his platoon sergeant to give him the right word of command or instruct him in company routine, the positions are now in many cases reversed. But that by the way. The outstanding feature of the relationship between officers and men during all this long, laborious, sometimes heart-

breaking winter has been this—that, despite the rawness of our material and the novelty of our surroundings, in the face of difficulties which are now happily growing dim in our memory, the various ranks have never quite given up trying, never altogether lost faith, never entirely forgotten the Cause which has brought us together. And the result—the joint result—of it all is a real live regiment, with a *morale* and soul of its own.

But so far everything has been purely suppositious. We have no knowledge as to what our real strength or weakness may be. We have run our trial trips over a landlocked

stretch of smooth water. Tomorrow, when we steam out to face the tempest which is shaking the foundations of the world, we shall see what we shall see. Some of us, who at present are exalted for our smartness and efficiency, will indubitably be found wanting—wanting in stamina of body or soul—while others, hitherto undistinguished, will come to their own. Only War itself can discover the qualities which count in War. But we silently pray, in our dour and inarticulate hearts, that the supreme British virtue—the virtue of holding on, and holding on, and holding on, until our end is accomplished—may not be found wanting in a single one of us.

To take a last survey of the regiment which we have created—one little drop in the incredible wave which has rolled with gathering strength from end to end of this island of ours during the past six months, and now hangs ready to crash upon the gates of our enemies—what manner of man has it produced? What is he like, this impromptu Thomas Atkins?

Well, when he joined, his outstanding feature was a sort of surly independence, the surliness being largely based upon the fear of losing the independence. He has got over that now. He is no longer morbidly sensitive about his rights as a free and independent citizen and the backbone of the British electorate. He has bigger things to think of. He no longer regards sergeants

as upstart slave-drivers—frequently he is a sergeant himself—nor officers as grinding capitalists. He is undergoing the experience of the rivets in Mr Kipling's story of *The Ship that Found Herself*. He is adjusting his perspectives. He is beginning to merge himself in the Regiment.

He no longer gets drunk from habit. When he does so now, it is because there were no potatoes at dinner, or because there has been a leak in the roof of his hut for a week and no one is attending to it, or because his wife is not receiving her separation allowance. Being an inarticulate person, he finds getting drunk the simplest and most effective expedient for acquainting the powers that be with the fact that he has a grievance. Formerly, the morning list of "drunks" merely reflected the nearness or remoteness of pay-day. Now, it is a most reliable and invaluable barometer of the regimental atmosphere.

He has developed—quite spontaneously, for he has had few opportunities for imitation—many of the characteristics of the regular soldier. He is quick to discover himself aggrieved, but is readily appeased if he feels that his officer is really doing his best for him, and that both of them are the victims of a higher power. On the other hand, he is often amazingly cheerful under uncomfortable and depressing surroundings. He is growing quite fastidious, too, about his personal appearance when off duty. (You should see our quiffs on

Saturdays!) He is quite incapable of keeping possession of his clothing, his boots, his rifle, his health, or anything that is his, without constant supervision and nurse-maiding. And that he is developing a strong bent towards the sentimental is evinced by the choruses that he sings in the gloaming and his taste in picture post-cards.

So far he may follow the professional model, but in other respects he is quite *sui generis*. No sergeant in a Highland regiment of the line would ever refer to a Cockney private, with all humility, as "a young English gentleman"; neither would an ordinary soldier salute an officer quite correctly with one hand while employing the other to light his pipe. In "K(i)" we do these things and many

others, which give us a *cachet* of our own of which we are very rightly and properly proud.

So we pin our faith to the man who has been at once our despair and our joy since the month of August. He has character; he has grit; and now that he is getting discipline as well, he is going to be an everlasting credit to the cause which roused his manhood and the land which gave him birth.

That is the tale of *The First Hundred Thousand—Part One*. Whether *Part Two* will be forthcoming, and how much of it there will be, depends upon two things—the course of history, and the present historian's eye for cover.

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## ACROSS ASIA MINOR ON FOOT—IV.

BY W. J. C.

THE Turkish officers with whom I shared my room in the khan at Ulu-Kishla were a grizzled major in khaki, and a younger naval officer in blue and gold. This man was of uncertain rank and unnaval appearance. He was short and exceedingly stout, had long black moustachios, and arrived in slippers in spite of the snow.

In the close quarters of a room little more than twelve feet square, we were not long in coming to some degree of familiarity. We exchanged cigarettes, drink and food, and after I had ordered a *mangal* (a brazier of live charcoal), the officers insisted that the next two required should be ordered by them. But beyond these slight courtesies we made no headway for twenty-four hours. Constraint, that amounted to awkwardness, was upon my companions, and they lay on their beds in silence or speaking in low voices. I knew the cause, but could take no step to set them more at ease. Like all Turkish officers, they felt their country's impotence in the Italian War to be almost a matter of personal dishonour; and to be confined in close quarters with a foreigner who might be unsympathetic and critical was a situation they would have been glad to avoid. An example of their difficulties occurred within an hour of

our arrival. The private soldier who brought in their food had kicked off his shoes at the door, according to Turkish custom. He entered the room with half-bare feet sticking out of filthy, dilapidated army socks that left a wet patch at every step. With his new khaki uniform and bright accoutrements he made a well-set-up soldierly figure, creditable to his country but for this unfortunate revelation of hidden deficiencies. So much I saw unavoidably as he entered, and thereafter looked steadily at his head only. The major followed the man out of the room. Whenever the soldier servant appeared subsequently he was wearing whole socks, not of the rough army sort, that I more than suspected belonged to his master.

In spite of his odd appearance and obvious depression, the naval officer had a breezy way belonging to the sea. He spoke vigorously sometimes—he even laughed; and I gathered that he could at least swear in English. He dropped his restraint the next day when the major was out of the room, and plunged suddenly into the subject of the war. He was on his way to a Syrian port, he said, to take up the position of Port-Captain, and because of the war had been forced to travel by land. The ice now broken,

he talked freely and with great bitterness of the humiliation that had overtaken his country. The Ottoman Government, he asserted, had been cunningly deceived while the project for seizing Tripoli was being matured. It had been deluded by smooth and lying Italian words, it had been mesmerised and chloroformed by the same agency. On two points especially he raged till he was breathless. One was that the reorganised Turkish army, better than which existed nowhere, could do nothing but look on; the other that the blow had come from Italy—it might as well, for its indignity, have come from Greece. Would that Tripoli had been seized rather by England, or France, or Germany. That would have been bad and treacherous enough, but Italy! Fifty years ago there was no Italy. She was an upstart state, living on the great name of Rome, and making her way by cunning instead of strength. The major returned while this denunciation was in progress, and sat quiet, a sad-looking, fatalistic man, to whom even words seemed now to be wasted effort. But when the speaker, again warming to his subject, shouted that if there had been 40,000 Turkish regulars in Tripoli—no, even only 30,000, the Italian seizure would never have been attempted, the major quietly interposed, "Twenty thousand," like one speaking with professional authority. The naval officer's hope was that Italy would be emboldened to try her fortune in Asia

Minor or Syria. Then the disgrace of Tripoli would be removed for ever, and the world would realise what the Turkish army and the Turkish people could do. Of this good fortune, however, the major sadly saw no prospect.

The snowstorm lasted forty-eight hours. On the third day a thaw set in, and the following morning the road was said to be clear enough for travelling, though deep in slush. The troops fell in and marched away, and the major and naval officer followed in an *araba*, the latter still wearing slippers.

I, also, was glad to set out again, though conditions under foot could hardly have been more unpleasant. Nor was there any promise of a fine day. Heavy clouds were rolling up the gorge from the south-east and seemed to portend rain. Sometimes they parted a little and showed the mountains covered with unbroken snow except when the long level crest of the Taurus appeared eight or ten miles away in the south. That ridge showed as a precipice of grey rock streaked with snow upon its ledges. It had the majesty of some 9000 feet of elevation, and backed the intervening white hills like a wall.

A few miles east of Ulukishla I made out what I had missed when travelling in the opposite direction,—the ancient castle of Loulon on the northern side of the gorge. It was one of the great fortresses of the Byzantine Empire against the Arabs of the coast, and was supposed to close this end of



the gorge. Here began the borderland; and this pass saw as much fighting as any other pass in the world can show. From Loulon on its high ridge above the road the signal fires announcing Arab raid or invasion set out for Constantinople. Some say—perhaps it is merely hopeful tradition—that in Constantinople and Asia Minor are still unknown manuscripts from which much lost Byzantine history may be recovered. May they see the light soon; and may they be as full and complete as the story makes them. For no country with so much history and so much legend and tradition to its name has so few authoritative details available. An outline of what happened along the length of the Cilician pass alone would fill a volume.

At noon the sun came out, snow vanished from the road, and the surface dried. By the time we reached the spot where the road drops six or seven hundred feet by zigzags to Chifte Khan, the sky was hard and clear, the air still, and frost had set in. It was fine weather for travelling on foot, and instead of stopping here we went on, to cover a long stage by reaching Tahkta Keupru Khan. This place was a corrugated iron hut, about thirty feet by twenty, something between a wine-shop and *kahveh* and khan. It was kept by a Moslem known to Ighsan, and with this as recommendation we entered it when the mountain peaks were glowing with sunset light.

Tahkta Keupru Khan ex-

hibited the changes made in native customs by the railway works. It sought to cater for men of a dozen nationalities. It sold coffee, also tea in small glasses, and its Moslem proprietor saw no wrong in providing *Mastica*—the favourite liquor of Greeks—beer, and rakki (native brandy) for the benefit of infidels. From the secrecy of a small hidden bar or kitchen almost anything was forthcoming, from Bologna sausage to oranges. A sheet-iron stove stood in the middle of the large single room. A stuffed bear of the Black Sea coast mountains was against the wall, and, on a perch, a great vulture, that I took for stuffed also till it solemnly turned its head. The khan-keeper was an easy-going Turk with beard turning grey. He was assisted by a tall young fellow, who had all the appearance of a barman, and whose inches and demeanour spoke of objectionable customers to be thrown out sometimes.

We slept eight in the room, as near the red-hot stove as was conveniently possible. In the morning there was rain, so heavy that its noise on the iron roof drowned our voices. During the forenoon it turned to snow, a furious storm that soon began to form deep drifts, and brought powdery snow through every crack in the room. All day long men of many nationalities dropped in. A Turkish telegraph repairer and his mate, who had been mending the lines broken in the previous storm; five or six dagger-wearing Circassians,

and Kurdish and Turkish carter. And then, in the afternoon, parties of Greeks and Armenians, whose occupation I found hard to decide. They wore strange knickerbockers, sometimes with stockings, sometimes with soft leather gaiters. They had European jackets, and cloth caps with enormous peaks like French jockeys, and all carried guns and revolvers. But presently I caught the word "Sportman" used by a Greek, and was able to make a satisfactory guess as to the reason for this dress. I heard afterwards that all, or most of them, came from Bulgar Maden, a town a few miles away in one of the mountain gorges, where are the richest silver mines in Asia Minor. Following the earlier heavy snow, these "Sportmen" had gone into the mountains after deer and other game, and turned to Tahkta Keupru as their nearest place of refuge from the present storm.

As the afternoon wore on more men came in, and the room became unpleasantly crowded. And now the owner of the khan began to see difficulties and take precautions. He announced in a loud voice that the charge for the day's shelter was five piastres (nearly a shilling), to be paid now. These were stiff terms, and silence fell on the company. The "Sportmen" paid, and retained their places round the stove, and, having paid, seemed to feel more in possession. When the barman approached the Circassians for payment they put

him off. They were going presently, and would pay then. Circassians counted as different folk to Greeks and Armenians; they were Moslems, they belonged to a olan, and, not least, they wore eighteen-inch Erzeroum daggers, and had long memories. The barman left them alone, and they called for more hot tea. Half an hour later the Circassians rose to go. A man who seemed to be their leader came to the khan-keeper and put something into his open hand. A ten-piastre piece, I thought, thus securing a substantial abatement for his party. But in the khan-keeper's hand lay not a silver coin, but one of those little oranges plentiful on the Mediterranean coast as apples in England. Again there was dead silence in the room. Even the khan-keeper did no more than look at the orange. The barman hurried out of sight into the kitchen, finding some duty to be done there. Slowly, and with impassive faces, the Circassians then stalked out of the room, swinging their daggers and long belted cloaks to the proud stride of men having their way. As the last Circassian disappeared the khan-keeper, still standing orange in hand, remarked "Like a Circassian," and asked the barman how many glasses of tea they had drunk. He was told fifteen.

Perhaps it was to compensate for this loss that the khan-keeper now made another announcement. All who meant to stay the night must pay seven piastres in advance.

This charge produced clamour. But the khan-keeper was adamant to all except his friends. He had to deal with folk now of whom he stood in no fear. It was a case of pay or go, and some went out; however, Greeks and Armenians and most of the carters paid, but with a deal of hubbub and bad grace.

During the evening a disturbance highly characteristic of the country broke out among those crouching round the stove. They were chiefly Greeks or Armenians. One of the last, suddenly thinking himself thrust aside, violently pushed off the offender, who was a Greek. In an instant the quarrel had ceased to be one of individuals, and became one of races. Greek and Armenian may hate the Turk as oppressor, but they hate each other with the fierce and rancorous hatred of jealous equals. So now all the Greeks in the room blazed into fury; in their own more sullen way the Armenians did likewise, and the figures near the stove became a mass of whirling arms and legs and writhing bodies, from which arose a noise more like that from fighting animals than men. It was a situation in which the barman could safely prove his physical value. He set about the work in earnest. Presently two or three other Moslems joined him, and between them they managed to drag some of the figures apart, and then the trouble ceased almost as quickly as it began.

On the third night of our

detention here I awakened to a strange scene. By the light of the lamp I saw men leaping up with shouts, snatching revolvers, and rushing to the doorway. It was an unaccountable vision for one who could get no explanation. But the movement seemed to be the right thing for me to follow, the more so as Ighsan was one of the first to go, and I went with the others, though having the vaguest idea of what I was going to do. Outside in the snow I learnt that Circassians were stealing the horses, or were supposed to be doing so, as a robbery natural to them. The stable was a dilapidated shed on the opposite side of the road, surrounded by a stone wall for security. The various horse-owners entered the building, and each came out reporting his animal safe. It had been a false alarm; but how arising no one could say. Each horse-owner had seen some one else rushing out and had followed, having his horse much in mind.

The next morning was fair enough for travelling, and the khan emptied by eight o'clock. In a few miles we crossed the old bridge at Ak Keupru, passed the German workshops and quarters, and skirted the little plain or open space among the mountains at Bozanti, where, it is said, Cyrus camped with his army. Here the highway turned sharply to the south for the Cilician Gates; but the Bagdad Railway went forward to the east, seeking the great tunnel (at this time not yet

begun) through which it was to emerge on the Cilician plain by the shortest route.

The road now began to climb for the summit of the Cilician pass. The snow was soft and deep, with water standing in every hole and hollow, and we sank to the knees in half-frozen slush. I wished that I had stayed a day longer at the khan. The going was so unpleasant that when, early in the afternoon, we reached Dubekji Khan, on the nearer side of the pass, I was glad to turn in there. It lay among the pinewoods, with great snow-covered slopes rising steeply on each side to the highest peaks of the Taurus. As a khan it was one of the poorest, a room forty feet long and fifteen wide, with a foot square opening for window, and a leaking flat roof of earth. At the side was a donkey-stable. The khan-keeper's horse, and Ighsan's, as beasts of value, were stabled in the back part of the living-room.

We arrived only just in time, for heavy snow began again, and travellers coming down from the pass were in search of shelter. They appeared to feel hardly used when the khan-keeper said the khan was full. They pointed to vacant spaces where they could sleep; they argued, they pleaded, but without effect. They were told they might warm themselves at the fire awhile, and then, if they chose, go to the donkey-stable, but might sleep nowhere else at Dubekji Khan. Traffic was late on the road, owing to difficulty in crossing

the pass, and caravans of all kinds were going by after dark with jingling bells. From time to time a voice came out of the night crying interrogatively, "Arpa var? Saman var?" (Is there barley? Is there straw?) To such the khan-keeper's son, a lad of sixteen, would reply with the intonation of assertion while sitting beside the fire: "Arpa yok, Saman var" (Barley there is not. Straw there is); and the bells would die away gradually into the distance.

Snow kept us here two days, for all traffic over the pass ceased. The khan-keeper was a strict Moslem, and went through his prayers several times a day, with all their preliminary washings. In this company Ighsan also became devout, and prayed side by side with our host. At the distance of five feet I saw all the ablutions and genuflexions and turnings five times a day and got them by heart. There was something about Ighsan's ablutions that made them irritating. Unlike the khan-keeper, he used a quantity of water, and threw it about; he also blew water through his nostrils, perhaps as following a stricter ritual. And for his feet there was so much splashing and washing that the floor was always wet. So on the second morning, when he was in the midst of this performance, and we were alone, I told him not to make so much mud, and asked why he did not go outside to wash. For answer he said, "Here is fire; how can

there be mud?" I showed him the mud of his making, and with that he left the room in dudgeon. I forgot the incident almost at once, but during the afternoon, again when we were alone, he spoke in a way I had not heard him before. He was on a very high horse of dignity, riding it like a chieftain, and seemed anxious to begin a quarrel. However, he presently took another line—that he had preserved me from danger, and been rewarded with an affront. His story was that there had been a proposal to rob me, that he was asked to help, and not only refused, but put me under his protection. It may have been true, for a suspicion of some such scheme had grown on me in Cappadocia; but he spoke of it now to illustrate his past importance rather than his present fidelity. I did not know who he was, he said. I had heard men speak of Black Ibrahim, of Ali, and others. They were his friends. They were said to be dead; he could find them all by six days' riding on a horse, and all had much money. While he spoke thus he was inflated with pride.

It was as good as confessing that he had been a member of a famous brigand band. They were reported to have held the Sultan's *firman* to rob, the royal sanction to be brigands, as one might say. From Sivas to Damascus the stories told about them are endless. They figure among the peasantry like Robin Hood

and his men did in England of earlier times. Some thirty years ago they fought a regular battle against troops outside the city of Kaisariyeh. They robbed rich Greeks and Armenians and gave to the Moslem poor. They looted banks. Twenty years ago they seized and robbed a French consul going to Damascus after having given a safe-conduct for him to the authorities. This affair was owing to a mistake on the brigands' part; and when, after shooting a *zaptieh* or two of the escort, they discovered their error, they made amends and handsome apologies to the consul, gave him a feast, brought him on his way, and thought the matter was closed. But his Government took it up with the Porte and demanded satisfaction, and the band fell on evil days. As a satisfactory solution of many difficulties, the leaders of the band were reported to have been shot in the course of fleeing from justice. But they probably kept whole skins, for at Kaisariyeh I met a Canadian missionary who knew Black Ibrahim well, and had seen him within the year somewhere in that district.

With this additional light upon my man I could understand many things that had puzzled me. His costly revolver, his English silver snuff-box, and old watch; his scars, his knowledge of the country; his dignity, and not least, the extraordinary respect paid to him by all, to say nothing of

the interminable stories that were told about these brigands in every khan and guest-house where we stayed. Likely enough, too, when he kept out of the old Turkish officer's sight at the khan in Injesu, he had reasons connected with these matters for so doing.

After Ighsan had disclosed his intimacy with the leaders of this band he was satisfied. He dropped the grand manner, and returned to the easier style in which I had hitherto seen him. But he had to have another word, and looking at the dry floor, said with a half-pleasant, half-quarrelsome laugh, "Where is the mud now?" However, he washed no more in my presence, nor did he ever again refer to his connection with the band.

It was a morning of hard frost and dazzling sunshine when we left Dubekji Khan. The road climbed by zig-zags to the pass through pine-woods that sloped up steeply on either hand to the ridges of the Taurus. There was always a path through the snow beaten by traffic, and towards the summit of the pass it became a ditch four feet wide and deep as our shoulders. Many caravans that had been storm-bound on the southern side were using the fine morning to cross the pass. Such continuous strings of loaded camels I had never met before. There were miles of them—perhaps a week's traffic now crowded into a few hours. The path was not wide enough for a

horse to pass a camel, so for the greater part of the day we were floundering in snow that had a frozen crust. The pack-horse fell down repeatedly, and had to be dug out. Again and again the load was dragged from his back. Our progress was so slow that in six hours we did not advance as many miles; we became altogether weary of the sight of camels. There was unmistakable satisfaction in Ighsan's voice as he kicked at a patch of mouse-coloured hair embedded in snow, and cried, "A camel, God be praised!" The blizzard that caught us at Ulu-Kishla had played havoc among the beasts here, and the dead could be counted in dozens.

The summit of the Cilician Gates Pass is an open, saucer-shaped area a mile or two across, with a rim of lofty cliffs and ridges. In this level space stands the village of Tekke. After passing Tekke the road sinks a couple of hundred feet towards the cliffs of the southern rim, in which is the cleft or gap called the Cilician Gates. The opening is only thirty-five or forty feet wide between the vertical faces of grey rock. Half the width is occupied by the road, and the remainder by a mountain torrent fifteen or twenty feet below. Stand in this "Gate" and look down the slope, the wall of rock with its old tool-marks on your right, the torrent and other cliff upon your left, and you occupy a yard of space over which have passed Cyrus, Alexander the Great,

Cicero, Haroun el Rashid, St Paul, and a host of other men of ancient fame. If there is another spot where you may do as much with equal certainty, I do not know of it.

If you now turn round and look up towards Tekke you may see the work of widely separated conquerors who used this pass. In a boulder that narrows the torrent is a tablet, roughly cut, as by a workman in haste, with few tools. It is slightly out of the square and perpendicular. It bears an inscription of Marcus Aurelius, and you may think of it, if you like, as hewn by some mason turned soldier who hurried over the work in order to rejoin his comrades. On the cliff overhead upon the left you may discern with a little care part of the "Castle of the Slavonian Guard," a structure belonging to Arab times. And in the open space to the right of the road towards Tekke are some of the fortifications erected by Ibrahim Pasha eighty years ago when he and his Egyptians, with French engineers, invaded and held all this south-eastern part of Asia Minor to beyond the Euphrates. This afternoon I could see the fortifications as even banks of snow with the guns as mounds of snow above them. Of several the black muzzles appeared. There is a story that these guns placed here by Ibrahim were British, and bear the British broad arrow. I had promised myself to examine them and clear up the matter; but the snow was deep, and the guns some dis-

tance from the road, and I left them unvisited.

At Gulek Boghaz Khan, four miles below the Gate, but still in a noble gorge, the snow had thinned to a few inches. My room was warm and pleasant, with a roaring fire of cypress roots. The river from Tekke went tumbling past in front, and the outlook was to the west over a pine-covered spur that rose to the main range. The sky was clear and frosty, filled with the light of evening that silhouetted the black trees along the ridge. From the same ridge, I was told, Tarsus and the Mediterranean might be seen on any fine morning.

From Gulek Boghaz Khan to Tarsus was called nine hours by *araba*. But the road was excellent, and went down hill most of the way, so I judged it to be nearly fifty miles, a distance for two stages. Three hours distant was Yeni Khan, a place described as almost an "Hotel à la Franga," much used as a summer resort by people from the Cilician plain, and there I stayed the night. Report had not overrated the khan or its position. It stood at the edge of the pine country, the last pine-trees on a knoll before it, in a district where grew hawthorn with primroses and violets beneath. In an hour or two of descent, the country changed. The hills in front were covered with close, smooth scrub whose foliage varied from lemon to dark-green. It was something quite different from the sturdy scrub of Northern Anatolia, the beech and thorn-oak character-

istic of those regions. It was myrtle, that extended as far as the view, growing close and dense eight or ten feet high. The streams hereabouts were fringed with oleander, and on the stony knolls, from every crevice and space of earth, sprouted tufts of green blades like daffodils. Even when I found a dead stem of last year's blossom three feet high, like a great spray of lily-of-the-valley, I could not name it. There were acres of this plant that later I was to see in blossom by the square mile. And then I wondered that I had not recognised it before as asphodel.

During the early afternoon we reached a place whence you look down upon a tongue of the Cilician plain far below, skirted by a long winding stretch of road. For several miles the road was dotted with figures in white, like a procession, and we took them to be Armenians going to a shrine on one of their feast-days. But a few miles farther we met the head of the company, now climbing into the hills, and found it something of another sort. It was some fifteen hundred recruits from Tarsus and the Cilician plain marching to Ulu-Kishla in their native cotton "shorts," thin shirts, and bare legs and feet. At the head of the column was an *araba*, from which an officer got out when he saw me. With parted legs and field-glass to eye he struck the attitude beloved of the younger Turkish officers, as every photographic gallery in the Grand Rue de Pera demonstrates.

Behind the *araba* straggled the men in fifties, twenties, tens, stretched along several miles of road. All marched hopefully, having no idea of what was before them in the mountains ere they should reach Ulu-Kishla. I had never allowed natives to pass close to me on the road before, but here the men were so scattered that I could hardly keep to the rule. In this way I was landed in a scrimmage that might have had serious results. As I passed through the last group, a body of fifteen or sixteen, a hand shot out with an impudent Arab face behind it, and the pipe was snatched from my mouth. I chased the fellow, and he ran, shouting to Ibrahim, and Abdullah, and Halil, and in a second or two they and the others followed. When I collared the thief he passed the pipe to another and showed fight. There was a short struggle, in which he went down, and I caught the other man, and Ighsan came up and wrenched the pipe from his hand. This matter was over in a minute; but now various Arabs were pulling at the gear on the horse, and that attack had to be repulsed. We were just in time to prevent looting, and drew off with the loss of nothing; but it had been touch and go; a few seconds more and the party would have collected their wits and made one of those attacks for which Turkish recruits upon lonely roads are notorious.

It was eight o'clock and pitch dark when we entered Tarsus in pouring rain. For



the previous hour Ighsan had led the horse by a short halter, with me following close at the tail. It was his own precaution against the gipsy thieves of this place, who once, he said, had stolen from his horse as he led it, nor did he know of his loss till he found the slit bags on reaching the khan.

Between the Cilician Gates and Tarsus there was all the pleasant difference between Winter and Summer. From snow and ice and pine-trees I had passed into soft warm air and a land of cotton fields, sugar-cane, groves of orange-trees loaded with yellow fruit, and date-palms. And there is much in a name. I was upon the Mediterranean coast, with the sea only sixteen miles away; and Tarsus, too, is a word with a spell of its own.

Tarsus of the present day has only about 20,000 inhabitants, and not much to show of its former greatness. It is built on the plain, has luxuriant orchards and gardens round it, and the river Cydnus skirted it upon one side—the Cydnus of Antony and Cleopatra. As a modern town it is little less squalid and uninteresting than others of its size in Asia Minor. But old memories still cling to it, and one may find as well curious traces of the past, both in tradition and remains.

It has a St Paul's Gateway—which is not old enough to have seen the Apostle—and a St Paul's well, which is more credible as to antiquity, and has old traditions. Modern Tarsus, or a section of its

population, does not overlook St Paul. There is a St Paul's American College, also Armenian and Greek churches and schools of the name.

That the Cydnus gives fever to all who bathe in it, and that Alexander the Great was one of its victims in this way, is a tale one reads and never credits. But some at least in Tarsus still hold the belief and tradition as well grounded. I spoke of swimming in the river, and was warned against doing so for this reason.

The town has memories, too, of Haroun el Rashid, who surrounded it with walls. For a suggestive and romantic name what could be better than "The Gate of Holy War"? So was called that gateway of Haroun's erecting which faced the mountain road leading to the Cilician pass and the Christian Byzantine land.

But it is under the surface of modern Tarsus that the most interesting remains of the past are found. The site of Tarsus, it is said, has been raised by silt from the flooding Cydnus. There are the ruins of buried cities thirty and forty feet below the present level, cities that preceded St Paul. No one builds in Tarsus without reckoning to find the greater part of the stone for his building by excavating on the site. It comes up in fragments of lintels, of columns, steps, and heavy walls; in marble as well as stone. I saw pieces of carved Greek friezes and capitals in marble, a marble basin, a bronze tripod, bronze lamps, and other objects, all of which had come

to light when excavating for buildings. There is a mound in Tarsus, now overgrown with aloes, and used as a Turkish burying-place, from which come statuettes. A native story is of a palace beneath it. But in a land dotted with buried cities, with ruins of every sort, with monuments whose age and builders are unknown, and where you find fragments of ancient pottery like pebbles, Tarsus is nothing out of the common in this way.

From Tarsus to Mersina, the port of the Cilician plain, and of a considerable part of Asia Minor, is only sixteen miles, and I walked down to it one morning. No part of the journey from Samsoun was less interesting. A straight road on level land, with bare fields on either side, and a railway line near to it, formed a dull stage after days among the Taurus. Mersina, with its rows of eucalyptus-trees, is like a colonial township. It is new as towns count in Asia Minor, having been founded by Ibrahim Pasha as a landing-place for military stores during the Egyptian occupation. The shore is low, there is only an open roadstead, and vessels lie a couple of miles out. The market-place alone made a scene that was Oriental or Mediterranean. I saw it under hot white sunlight, filled with a crowd more gay in dress and diverse in race than in any town I had passed through. Instead of Circassians, Kurds, Armenians, and a mass of Turkish peasantry, here was a medley of the peoples who

gather on the Levant coast,—Greeks of the islands, Fellahs, Arabs, Afghans, Syrians, Negroes, Cretans, Hindus, Cypriotes, and others not easy to distinguish.

From Mersina to Adana forty miles inland to the east the journey was a repetition of that from Tarsus to Mersina. There was the railway always in sight, the fields were bare and flat, the country treeless, and the road carried little traffic. Beyond Adana, however, I hoped for better things. Thence I meant to go north again into the mountains, and visit the Armenian fastness of Zeitoun, a district the Turks have never properly subdued. It was in a state of unrest, and there was rumours of troops being sent against it. In these recent weeks it is reported to have broken into rebellion.

I arrived in Adana of sinister name half expecting to find the town little more than a depopulated heap of ruins. The great massacre had happened three years before, yet since I left Samsoun there had been scarcely a day on which I did not hear some fresh story of the event. I arrived in the evening and found shops lit up, cafés thronged, the streets crowded, and such a rush of furiously-driven cabs as I had seen in no other Turkish town. Instead of a place suffering from a death-blow I found a town of nearly 100,000 souls, with good shops, humming cotton-mills, and an air of brisk prosperity. Sivas, Kaisariyeh, and Konia were decaying cities compared with Adana.

The town covers a low circular hill rising from the Cilician plain and spreads around it in each direction. On the eastern side flows the Sihun—of old the Sarus—here 300 yards in width and spanned by an old Arab bridge of many arches. The railway from Mersina and Tarsus comes into the town on the west side and the Constantinople-Bagdad Railway on the north. Here, as elsewhere, this line avoids the town. Its sidings and workshops, its goods-sheds, and passenger station, all on a large scale, are among the vineyards and orchards a mile and a half away.

The prosperity and importance that Adana enjoys are due to its being the commercial capital of the rich Cilician plain. This plain, more than 150 miles in length, produces wheat, maize, cotton, tobacco, and sugar-cane, to say nothing of flocks and herds, grapes, oranges, and other fruit. Though only a part of it is cultivated, it draws from the mountains each summer more than 100,000 labourers to get in its varied harvest. One heard that if its swamps were drained, its dry lands irrigated, and roads and railways were constructed to convey its produce, it would grow many times as much as it does now. One heard, too, that the Germans were quite alive to its possibilities. They were acquiring land, building factories and mills, and preparing to benefit to the utmost by the Bagdad Railway.

Although at this time Adana

showed nothing of the massacre in the busy life of its streets, it was impossible to go far without seeing evidence of the tragedy. There were many buildings which had been destroyed by fire. There were sites covered with tumbled *débris*. Bullet marks could be seen, not only in walls but in windows and doors. In a dirty side-street one morning I began to scrape my boots upon a stone that lay on a heap of rubbish. The stone turned over and showed itself to be a human skull. I heard of wells still filled with bodies, and that now and then bodies came to light from under the wreckage of buildings.

Reminder of the massacre in another way, and eloquent of much besides, was a large new building near to the station of the Bagdad Railway. It had been erected by the State and was called a home for Armenian orphans—but held no orphans. So far it was said to have cost £30,000,—an expenditure to prove to a censorious world the humanity and enlightenment of the Turkish Government. Perhaps it was thought to have fulfilled its purpose already, for work upon it had ceased, and it was now falling into decay.

The morning after reaching Adana I went to the British Consulate, and there was confronted by the *kavass* whom I had passed between Sivas and Kaisariyeh hurrying northwards with his master in a three-horse *araba*. That trip was the homeward journey of a Consul vacating the Consulateship at Adana. The

*kavass* had come back by sea, to be taken over by the new Consul as a man much too valuable by reputation to be lost. Ibrahim had the power of making you believe in him at sight. The passing glance that I had had of him on the *araba* gave the idea of a man alert and quick-witted beyond the ordinary. Now that I saw him often the impression was confirmed, and I understood why the Consul found, after only a month, such satisfaction in his bodyguard and servant.

Ibrahim called himself a Persian. His history was uncertain, at least to the extent of being a subject on which he spoke little, and that vaguely; but he claimed to have been a courier in his time. His age was about five-and-thirty, his figure spare and of middle height, and he had a bold, prominent nose and restless eye. Tell him to do anything, and it was done; to get anything, and he got it. He knew every one, knew his way everywhere, and never lost his energy and good spirits. During the next three weeks he was to provide me with much diversion.

Soon after arriving in Adana it seemed that I must return at once to Constantinople. So I paid Ighsan off reluctantly, and saw him in tears as he said farewell and mounted his horse to set out for Kaisariyeh. In ten weeks the old man had won more than my liking,—I felt for him something like affectionate respect. He had all

the admirable Turkish qualities, and showed few indeed of any opposite sort. He was faithful in all things; his word was a pledge; he was brave and self-sacrificing; and often when I observed his patience and dignity and even good temper, I felt that I had more to learn from him than he from me.

He had been gone only a day when I heard that I need not return for another six weeks, but by this time he was out of reach. I had to find another man, and now sought the help of Ibrahim. At once he produced a man for whom he could vouch. The man was named Mustapha, an Adana Moslem, who owned a pack-horse, knew the roads, and was willing to go anywhere. Ibrahim brought him to the Consulate to be interviewed.

“Have you a revolver?” the Consul asked. At this question, ominous to a man familiar with the disarmings, inquisitions, and court-martialing that followed the Adana massacres, Mustapha scented trouble. He rolled a reproachful eye upon Ibrahim, his friend, and seemed also to seek instruction with the glance. To me Ibrahim’s face looked impassive and changeless as a stone; but Mustapha appeared to find guidance in it, for he was reassured, and answered that he had no revolver. As a commendable reason in the circumstances, he explained that he had surrendered it at the time of the troubles. Probably he spoke the truth, but was under

no obligation to say that, if he wished, he could lay his hand on another inside the hour. Mustapha was as good a substitute for Ighsan as could be hoped for, and I engaged him forthwith. His age was between thirty and forty; in figure he was shortish, but stiffly made. Like so many of his Moslem countrymen in Southern Asia Minor, he had served with the army in the Yemen.

For ninety or one hundred miles, from Adana to Baghtche, the route I was to follow lay close to the Bagdad Railway line. The Consul wished to see what progress that work was making. As a matter of interest he also wished to ascertain why a diplomatic official from the German Embassy at Constantinople had been stationed at Baghtche for some time. Such curiosity in what other Powers are doing is part of a Consul's everyday duty in Asia Minor. National rivalry and State interest narrow to the point of one individual man being alert as to the movements and doings of another.

The Consul proposed to travel in the way that I did—Ibrahim, like Mustapha, should lead a pack-horse. I thought that Ibrahim would not approve of the duty. In his blue tunic, cord breeches, well-polished brown gaiters, and red fez he did not look at all a man to lead a loaded pack-horse. When the Consul asked him if he could act also as cook, Ibrahim said he was a *kavass*, an armed guard, and no domestic. But having registered this pro-

test, he offered to abase himself in his master's service and cook for his comfort.

The Cilician spring is a season of rain, and consequent deep mud on unformed roads. But we hoped for the best, and had as fine a morning for setting out as any traveller could desire. We threaded our way among camels and donkeys that filled the narrow bridge over the Sihun, and entered the road for Missis. Across the plain in the south-west, violet with a cap of snow, were the Amanus Mountains. Before us in the east were the blue hills of Jebel Nur, and, from north-east to west, the snows of Doloman Dagh, Ala Dagh, and the Taurus. The spring was in full tide this second week of February. Beside the road and in the fields crocuses, anemone, iris, peony, and many unknown bulb-plants were growing, and here and there was the blue of scilla.

As I had expected, the duty of pack-horse driver was quite outside Ibrahim's view of what should be required of him. He had so arranged the Consul's baggage, and also determined the quantity, that he was able to find a comfortable seat between the saddle-bags. He rode looking much the master of the party. In the buoyant morning air the Consul and I walked fast, with something of the manner of boys on a holiday. "We are going too fast for Mustapha," I said, remembering how impossible it had been to get Ighsan out of the traditional country gait. "Never mind," said the

Consul, "Ibrahim will bring him along, you may be sure." It was a faith I did not share, but watching the two I saw Ibrahim in the rear cracking a riding-whip from time to time, Mustapha stepping out as I am sure he had never done before, and urging his horse forward with blows. I was glad that Ibrahim had spoken of Mustapha as his friend, and that the other had been proud of the title. They looked now like slave and slave-driver, and when they overtook us while we examined a washed-out section of the railway line, I saw with concern that Mustapha was in a lather of perspiration and carried a very surly expression.

But soon we halted for lunch at a well beside the road, with a low ridge of sprouting asphodel behind us, and Mustapha's spirits revived. Now came into view another aspect of the many-sided Ibrahim. In a few minutes he had a meal ready—a meal, in itself and service, becoming to consular dignity. On the stone well-head as table was spread a spotless table-cloth. There were table-napkins, polished silver, and bright glass. Roast quails, salad, and wine were merely the surprises of this wayside meal—even without them one would not have fared ill.

"It is no more than I expected," the Consul remarked complacently, "for Ibrahim is a remarkable person."

When within a few miles of Missis, Ibrahim rode ahead. He went off at a canter, a

very earnest, purposeful figure seen from behind, that retained its look of intentness as long as it was in sight. He went of his own prompting, now to act as courier, and also, as it appeared, to enjoy the importance of being the herald of a great official's coming.

It was a stage of little over twenty miles to Missis, and we arrived when the sun was still high. In the roadway before the khan stood Ibrahim looking out for his party, and with him a group whose expectations had been raised by his report. For his own sake he had thought it necessary to explain away the undignified manner in which we journeyed. As I afterwards heard, he had made a merit of it, asserting it to be the sign of one above custom in such matters. For in whatever unusual manner the two foreigners might be travelling, one of them was the "Ingleez Consolos"—there could be no getting away from that, for here was his kavass. So two unfortunate guests who occupied the best room were hastily bundled out, the floor was swept and a rug laid down; and then Ibrahim had unpacked the saddle-bags, and set up the Consul's bed with its furnishings of fine linen. These were details not lost upon curious onlookers. If we had appeared riding in uniform, with armed servants before and behind, we could have been received no better. We left Ibrahim to get dinner ready, and went out to look at Missis.

Missis lies at the edge of the low hills of Jebel Nur that here break the Cilician plain. Through the village runs the ancient Pyramus, now called the Jihun, a river which brings down, I imagine, as much water in a year as any other in Asia Minor. Here is the site of Mopsouestia, one of those old cities whose ruins are scattered over the plain and tell how populous this region was in ancient days. A long, narrow Arab bridge of pointed arches crosses the river. On the eastern bank is a ruined Sultan Khan, a massive stone building that, if not erected by the Seljuks, was built not long after their period and in their style. Through a large opening broken in the western end the level sunlight poured into a vaulted chamber that must have been 150 feet in length. The scene within was as strange and Oriental as one could find anywhere. The space was filled with people, some of whom lived here permanently, while others were migrants, labourers with their families coming to the plain for the harvesting. It was a shelter free to all, subject only to the bar of racial feud. Its occupants this evening represented wellnigh all the races to be found in this region of many peoples. There were Armenians, Greeks, Turks, and Kurds; but there were also some belonging to those obscure races whose blood even a native might fail to name. Many children lay about the floor. At the broken end of the building were weavers

making the most of the light. In the dark recesses glowed fires where women were getting ready the evening meal; and the blue smoke went wreathing out through the light of the western end. When we stepped into hidden nooks horses and donkeys stabled against the walls became dimly visible. And the sounds of this caravanserai were in keeping with its weird aspect. A hubbub of voices and cries, barking by dogs, and the shouts of children echoed under the great vaulted roof. But for the smoke the smell of this mass of crowded humanity and tethered animals would have been memorable.

An Armenian youth attached himself to us as self-appointed guide. He was with us for about ten minutes, and did nothing that justified his office. But when leaving I gave him two piastres, more on the score of our nationality than of any gratitude for his services. He flung the money to the ground, and shouting loudly demanded more. Soon he was joined by other Armenians, all shouting like himself, and giving him support and encouragement in his demands. He picked up the money and returned it to me as a trifle not worth taking, whereat I pocketed it, and we left him and his tribe cursing. Very different had been the manner of a Moslem woman baking bread before a fire inside the khan. When I wished to buy one of her loaves, she handed it to me with readiness, and vehemently refused payment.

Dusk was coming on when we recrossed the bridge, and going a mile or so up the river-side reached the ruined stadium of the ancient city. Masses of concrete, thirty or forty feet in length, stepped into seats, were still to be seen, but now by subsidence or violence tilted out of their original position. No dwelling or human being was in sight; asphodel grew in the openings between the blocks, and thistles on the hillside; and from a tall, ivy-covered fragment of tower an owl was hooting. A thousand years ago the city was great and wealthy, and adorned with bronze gates in emulation of Tarsus. These gates had the same fate as those of Tarsus, for they were carried off by the Byzantines and set up as trophies in Constantinople.

As we returned to our khan the river was reflecting a crimson light from the evening sky. Across the expanse of

water stretched the bridge, its nearer side in darkness, its archways glowing like open furnaces. And on the farther bank, beyond the bridge, was a cluster of date-palms, sheltering a low white mosque. In this Cilician evening scene were recorded many of the vicissitudes that had befallen the land. The ruins beside us among the asphodel were Greek, the bridge Roman and Arab, Turkish of one branch the Sultan Khan, and of another the mean village and white mosque. And the feathery date-palms that gave an African touch to the river were African in truth, for they told of the Egyptian occupation and Ibrahim Pasha who had brought the tree to these parts. Then one might recall that close to this bridge Tancred and Baldwin had fought, and that from the ridges of Jebel Nur one could look over Alexander's battlefield of Issus, only twenty-five miles away.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE DAY.

BY BARTIMEUS, AUTHOR OF 'NAVAL OCCASIONS.'

"Patience! a little more and then the Day  
Which hurls us 'gainst the foe in deadly strife.  
We know the price our Fathers had to pay  
That bought for us, their sons, a larger life;  
And if we give our all we give no more than they.

Through sacrifice the path of Duty lies;  
The sacrifice we willingly have made,  
And yielded up our homes and all we prize  
To vindicate the right, and undismayed  
Fight, whilst aloft the British Battle Emblem flies.

So let the Day come soon! We will not boast,  
Nor shriek against our foe hysteric hate.  
In silence we patrol our hallowed coast,  
Or search the wintry northern seas which Fate  
Hath given us to hold against the foreign host.

Thoughts as of gardens fair where once we trod,  
Whispers of voices now and ever dear  
Haunt us too much perchance: we kiss the rod  
And murmur, as our Destiny draws near,  
This prayer, 'Quit ye like men, and leave the rest to God.'

'Dies Irae'—B. H. W.

ALTHOUGH it all happened in that dim remote period of time "before the War," Torps and the First Lieutenant, the India-rubber Man (who was the Lieutenant for Physical Training Duties), the Junior Watchkeeper, and others who participated, long afterwards referred to it as "The Day."

Since then they have seen their own gun-fire sink an enemy's ship, as a well-flung brick disposes of an empty tin on the surface of a pond. The after 12-guns, astride whose muzzles David and Freckles once soared to the giddy stars, have hurled instantaneous and awful death across leagues of the North Sea. The X-ray apparatus, by the agency of

which Cornelius James desired to see right through his own tummy, has enabled the Fleet Surgeon to pick fragments of steel out of tortured bodies as a conjurer takes things out of a hat. The after-cabin, that had witnessed so many informal tea-and-muffin parties, has been an ether-reeking hospital.

Yet these memories grew blurred in time, as mercifully such memories do. It was another and more fragrant one that sweetened the grim winter vigil in the north, when every smudge of smoke on the horizon might have been the herald of Armageddon. They were yet to see men die by scores in the shambles of a

wrecked battery; by hundreds on the shell-torn decks of a ship that sank fighting gallantly to the last. And the recollection of what I am about to relate doubtless supplied sufficient answer to the question that at such times assails the minds of men.

Two who helped in that unforgettable good-night scene on the aft-deck were destined to add their names to the roll of England's honour. It is not too much to hope that the echo of children's merriment guided their footsteps through that dark valley of the shadow to the peaks of eternal laughter that lie beyond.

It all started during one of those informal tea-parties the Skipper's Missus sometimes held in the after-cabin. They were delightful affairs. You needn't accept the invitation if you didn't want to; there was no necessity to put on your best monkey-jacket if you did. You were just told to "blow in" if you wanted some tea, and then you made your own toast, and there was China tea in a big blue-and-white pot that scented the whole cabin.

The Skipper's Missus sat by the fire with her hands linked round her knees in her habitually graceful and oddly characteristic attitude; Torps and Jess, those gentle philosophers, occupied the chintz-covered settee; the A.P. sat on the hearth-rug, cross-legged like a tailor, so that he could toast and consume the maximum number of muffins with the minimum amount of exertion.

The Junior Watchkeeper, who by his own admission "went all the bundle on his tea," and the India-rubber Man who was clumsy with a tea-cup, shared the table and a jam-pot, and sat munching, tranquil-eyed, like a pair of oxen in a stall.

The Captain and the First Lieutenant were rummaging through the drawers of the knee-hole table in search of an ancient receipt of the former's for manufacturing varnish of a peculiar excellence, wherewith to beautify the corticene on the aft-deck.

"How are the children?" asked the Torpedo Lieutenant, helping himself to milk, and Jess to a lump of sugar. "Out of quarantine yet?"

"Yes," replied the youthful mother of Georgina, Jane, and Cornelius James. "At last, poor things! Christmas is such a wretched time to have measles. No parties, no Christmas-tree——"

The A.P. looked up from the absorbing task of buttering a muffin to his satisfaction. "D'you remember the Christmas when you all came on board—wasn't it a rage? I broke my glasses because I was a tiger. I was 'that' fierce."

"And I was chased by the Dockyard Police all the way from the Admiral Superintendent's garden with a young fir-tree under my arm. We had it for a Christmas-tree in the Wardroom. Do you remember . . .?"

They were all old friends, you see, and had served two

commissions in succession with this Captain—to whom his officers were neither Jew nor Gentile, but gentlemen all.

“Isn’t it rather hard on the *Chee-si’s*?”<sup>1</sup> asked Torps, “being done out of their parties,—no, Jess, three lumps are considered quite enough for little dogs to consume at one sitting.”

The Skipper’s Missus looked across the cabin at her husband. “Tim, your tea’s getting cold. Why shouldn’t we have a children’s party on board one day next week. It isn’t too late, is it?”

“Yes, sir,” chimed in the India-rubber Man. “A *pukka* children’s party, with wind-sails for them to slither down, and a merry-go-round on the after capstan——?”

The Captain drank his tea thoughtfully: his blue eyes twinkled. “Let us have a definition of *children*, Standish. I seem to remember a certain bridesmaid at the Gunnery Lieutenant’s wedding, of what I believe is technically called the ‘flapper’ age——”

“Quite right, sir,” cut in the Torpedo Lieutenant. “Our lives were a misery for weeks afterwards. He bumbled about ‘shy flowerets’ in his sleep, sir——”

The India - rubber Man blushed hotly. “Not ’t’ all, sir. . . . They’re talking rot. She thought I was ninety, and daft at that. They always do,” he added, sighing the sigh of the sore heart that motley traditionally covers.

“I propose that we have no one older than Georgina or younger than Cornelius James,” suggested the Junior Watch-keeper. “That limits the ages to between ten and seven, and then I think Standish’s susceptible heart would be out of danger.”

“How many children do you propose to turn loose all over the ship?” inquired the First Lieutenant dourly. “Because no one seems to have taken my paint-work into consideration. It’s all new this week.”

The Skipper’s Missus laughed softly. “We were so concerned about Mr Standish’s heart, Mr Hornby, that we quite forgot your paint-work. Couldn’t it be all covered up, just for this once? Besides, they are such tiny children.”

There are many Skipper’s Missuses, but only one mother of Georgina, Jane, and Cornelius James. The First Lieutenant capitulated.

“I vote we don’t have any grown-ups either,” contributed the India-rubber Man, “except ourselves. Mothers and nurses always spoil children’s parties.”

The mother of Georgina, Jane, and Cornelius James wrung her hands in mock dismay. “Oh, but mayn’t I come? I promise not to spoil anything — I love parties so——!”

The A.P. rushed in where an angel might have been excused for faltering. “Glegg means that you don’t count as a grown-up at a children’s party,” he explained naïvely, regarding the Skipper’s Missus through

<sup>1</sup> Chinese = Little ones.

his glasses with dog-like devotion.

She laughed merrily. "You pay a pretty compliment, Mr Gerrard!" "Double-O" Gerrard (his name suggested telephones and the round lenses of his spectacles supplied the rest, according to the ethics of pseudonymy in H.M. Navy) reddened and lapsed into bashful silence.

"It is agreed then. We are to have a children's party, and I may come. Won't the children be excited!"

"Torps, what are you going to do with them?" asked the First Lieutenant, "besides breaking their necks by pushing them down the windsails?" He spoke without bitterness, but as a man who had in his youth embraced cynicism as a refuge, and found the pose easier to retain than to discard.

The Torpedo Lieutenant regarded him severely. "It's no good adopting this tone of lofty detachment, Number One. You're going to do most of the entertaining, besides keeping my grey hairs company."

The First Lieutenant laughed, a sad hard laugh without any laughter in it. "I don't amuse children, I'm afraid. In fact, I frighten them. They don't like my face. No, no——"

"Mr Hornby," interposed the Skipper's Missus reproach-

fully, "that isn't quite true, is it? You know Jane prays for you nightly, and Corney wouldn't for worlds sleep without that wooden semaphore you made him——"

"I think Hornby would make an admirable Father Neptune," said the Captain, considering him mischievously. "With a tow wig and beard——"

"And my green bath kimono," supplemented the A.P. "I bought it at Nagasaki, in the bazaar. It's got green dragons all over it——" He met the First Lieutenant's eye and lapsed into silence again.

"Yes! Yes! And oyster-shells sewn all over it, and sea-weed trailing——" The Skipper's Missus clapped her hands, "And distribute presents after tea. Oh, Mr Hornby, *wouldn't* that be lovely!"

The First Lieutenant took no further part in the discussion. But late that night he was observed to select a volume of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' (L—N) from the Ward-room Library and retire with it to his cabin. His classical education had been scanty, and left him in some doubt as to what might be expected of the son of Saturn and Rhea at a children's party.

## II.

"I doubt if any of 'em'll face it," said the First Lieutenant hopefully, when The Day arrived. "There's a nasty lop

on, and the glass is tumbling down as if the bottom had dropped out. It's going to blow a hurricane before mid-

night; anyhow they'll all be sick coming off."

The Torpedo Lieutenant was descending the ladder to the picket-boat. "Bunje and I are going in to look after them. It's too late to put it off now." He glanced at the threatening horizon. "They'll be all snug once we get them on board, and this'll all blow over before tea-time."

Off went the steamboats, the Torpedo Lieutenant in the picket-boat, and the India-rubber Man in the steam-pinnace, and a tremor of excitement ran through the little cluster of children gathering at the jetty steps ashore. "It's awfully rough outside the harbour," announced Cornelius James, submitting impatiently to his nurse's inexplicable manipulation of the muffler round his neck. "I'm never sick, though," he confided to a small and rather frightened-looking mite of a girl, who clung to her nurse's hand and looked out to the distant ship with some trepidation in her blue eyes. "My daddy's a Captain," continued Cornelius James, "and I'm *never* sick — are you?"

She nodded her fair head. "Yeth," she lisped sadly.

"P'raps your daddy isn't a Captain," conceded Cornelius James. The maiden shook her head. "My daddy's a Admiral," was the slightly disconcerting reply. . . .

"I shall steer the boat," asserted Cornelius James presently, by way of restoring his shaken prestige.

"Oh, Corney, you can't,"

said Jane. "Casey always lets Georgie steer father's galley—you know he does. You're only saying that to show off."

"'M not," retorted Cornelius James. "I'm a boy: girls can't steer boats. 'Sides, Georgie'll be sick."

"Oh, I hope there'll be a band and dancing," said Georgina rapturously.

"That's all you girls think about," snorted a young gentleman of about her own age, with deep scorn. "I hope there'll be a shooting-gallery, an' those raspberry puffs with cream on top . . ." His eye followed the pitching steamboats, fast drawing near. "Anyhow, I hope there'll be a shooting-gallery. . . . I say, it's rather rough, isn't it?"

The children, cloaked and muffled in their wraps, watched the boats buffet their way shoreward in clouds of spray. The parting injunctions of nurses and governesses fell on deaf ears. How could any one be expected to listen to prompted rigmaroles about "Bread - and - butter - before - cake," and "Don't - forget - to - say - thank - you - for - asking - me," with the prospect of this brave adventure drawing so near.

Georgina, standing on tip-toe with excitement, suddenly emitted a shrill squeal of emotion. "Oh! There's Mr Mainwaring in the first boat!"

"Who's Mr Mainwaring?" inquired a small girl with a white bow over one ear, secretly impressed by Georgina's obvious familiarity with the inspiring

figure in the stern-sheets of the picket-boat.

"Dear Mr Mainwaring!" repeated Georgina under her breath, gazing rapturously at her idol. White Bow repeated her query. "He's—he's Mr Mainwaring," replied Georgina. "My Mr Mainwaring!" Which is about as much information as any young woman might reasonably be expected to give another who betrayed too lively an interest in her beloved.

The Torpedo Lieutenant waved his arm in a gesture of indiscriminate greeting, and the children responded with a flutter of hands and dancing eyes. The steam-pinnace was following hard in the wake of the picket-boat. Jane with the far-seeing eye of love, recognised the occupant instantly. "There's Mr Standish," she said, "*My* Mr Standish!" The nurse of Georgina, Jane, and Cornelius James turned to the Providence that brooded over a small boy with a freckled face. "Did you ever hear such children?" she asked in an aside. "*Her* Mr Standish! That's the way they goes on all day——!" The other nodded. "Mine's like that too; only it's our ship's Sergeant of Marines with him." Master Freckles' choice in the matter of an idol had evidently not lacked the wise guidance of his nurse.

The boats swung alongside in the calm waters of the basin. The Torpedo handed his freight of frills and furbelows to the Coxwain's outstretched arms. The small boys to a man disdained the helping hand, but scrambled with fine

independence into the stern-sheets.

"Sit still a minute——" The India-rubber Man counted. "... Eight—twelve! Hullo! Six absentees— No, Corney, you can't steer, because I'm going to clap you all below hatches the moment we get outside." He raised his voice, hailing the picket-boat. "All right, Torps?" The Torpedo Lieutenant signified that they were all aboard the lugger, and off they went.

The nurses assembled on the end of the jetty waved their handkerchiefs with valedictory gestures: the wind caught their shrill farewells, and tossed them contemptuously to where the gulls wheeled far overhead.

"My! Isn't it blowing?" said the small boy in freckles, indifferent to his nurse's lamentations of farewell. "Look at Nannie's skirts, like a balloon——"

"Yes," agreed the Torpedo Lieutenant gravely, "it's what's called a typhoon. I've only seen one worse, and that was the day I sailed in pursuit of Bill Blubbernose, the Bargee Buccaneer."

Georgina cast him a glance of passionate credence.

"Oh!" gasped Freckles, "have you really chased pirates?"

The Torpedo Lieutenant nodded. A certain three weeks spent in an open cutter off the coast of Zanzibar as a midshipman still remained a vivid recollection.

"Tell us about it," said the children, and snuggled closer

into the shelter of the Torpedo Lieutenant's long arms.

The steamboats drew near the ship, and in the reeling stern-sheets of the steam-pinnace the India-rubber Man stood holding two small figures by the collars—two small figures, whose heads projected far beyond the lee gunwale. They were Cornelius James and the young gentleman whose valiant soul had yearned for shooting-galleries and eke raspberry puffs.

The picket-boat had no casualties to report, and as she went plunging alongside, the Junior Watchkeeper (in sea-boots, at the bottom of the ladder) heard the Torpedo Lieutenant say—

“. . . We cut their noses off and nailed them to the flying jib-boom.”

“And what happened then?” gasped the enthralled Freckles as he was picked up and hoisted over the rail into the spray-splashed ladder.

“And they all lived happily ever afterwards,” murmured the Torpedo Lieutenant absently. “Come on, who's next? . . . One, two, three—on the next wave. . . . *Hup* you go!”

At the top of the ladder to greet each small guest stood the mother of Georgina, Jane, and Cornelius James. She had lunched on board with her husband, and had spent the early part of the afternoon fashioning a garment for Father Neptune—

“That the feast might be more joyous,  
That the time might pass more gaily,  
And the guests be more contented,”

quoted the First Lieutenant with his twisted smile, as he tried it on.

The quarter-deck had been closed in with an awning and side curtains of canvas that made all within as snug as any nursery. The deck had been dusted with French chalk; bright-coloured flags draped the canvas walls: the band was whimpering to start.

Cornelius James and his fellow-sufferer were not long in recovering from their indisposition: a glass of milk and biscuits soon restored matters to the normal, and together they sallied forth to sample the joys that had been prepared for them.

There were windsails stretched from the after-bridge to mattresses on the quarter-deck, down which one shot through the dizzy darkness to end in a delicious “Wump” at the bottom. The after-capstan was a round-about, with its squealing passengers suspended from capstan-bars. Each grim twelve-inch gun had a saddle strapped round the muzzle, on which one sat, thrilled and ecstatic, while the great guns rose slowly to extreme elevation and descended again to mundane levels. There were pennies for the venturesome, to be extracted at great personal risk from an electric dip; in a dark casemate a green light shivered in a little glass tube; you placed your hand in front of it, and on a white screen a skeleton hand appeared in a manner at once ghostly and delightful. Cornelius James returned to

the quarter-deck as one who had brushed elbows with the Black Arts. "But I wish I could see right froo my own tummy," he confided, sighing, to the First Lieutenant.

The First Lieutenant, however, was rather *distract*; he glanced constantly upwards at the bellying awning overhead and then walked to the gangway to look out upon the tumbling grey sea and lowering sky. Once or twice he conferred with a distinguished-looking gentleman who had not joined in the revels, but, carrying a telescope and wearing a sword-belt, remained aloof with a rather worried expression. This was the Officer of the Watch.

"We'll furl it while they're having tea," said the First Lieutenant. "But how the deuce they're going to get ashore the Lord knows. I'll

have to hoist in the boats if it gets any worse. Keep an eye on the compass and see we aren't dragging." The Captain came across the deck.

"You must furl the awning, Hornby: we're in for a blow." He looked round regretfully at the laughing throng of youngsters.

"Yes, sir. And I think we ought to send the children ashore while there's still time——" As he spoke a wave struck the bottom of the accommodation-ladder, and broke in a great cloud of spray.

"Too late now, I'm afraid. They'll have to stay till it moderates. The wind has backed suddenly. Get steam on the boat-hoist and hoist in the boats. You'd better top-up the ladders. Pretty kettle of fish with my wife and all these children on board."

### III.

Tea had passed into the limbo of things enjoyed, if not forgotten, and the guests had gathered in the after-cabin. "Children," cried the mother of Georgina, Jane, and Cornelius James, "a visitor has come on board to see you!" As she spoke, a gaunt apparition appeared in the doorway. He wore a gilt paper crown, and was dressed in a robe of the brightest green. Seaweed hung in festoons from his head and shoulders, oyster-shells clashed as he walked; in one hand he carried a trident, and on his back a heavy pannier. His legs were encased in

mighty boots, a shaggy beard hung down over his chest; his eyes, sombre and unsmiling, roved over the assembled children.

There was a sudden silence: then the small girl with the white bow over one ear burst into tears. "Boo-hoo!" she cried. "Don't like nasty man," and ran to bury her face in her hostess's gown. Her fears were infectious, and symptoms of a general panic ensued. "I knew it," mumbled the visitor despairingly into his beard; "I *knew* this would happen."

"Children, children, don't be silly: it's only Father Neptune.



He's got presents for you all. Won't you go and say 'How d'you do?' to him? He's come all the way from the bottom of the sea."

Cornelius James pulled himself together and advanced with outstretched hand, as befitted the son of a post-captain on board his father's ship. "I know who you are," he asserted stoutly. "You're Father Christmas's brother!"

The First Lieutenant hastily accepted this new mythology. "Quite right," he replied with gratitude, "quite right." Then, as if realising that something further was required of him, added in a deep bass voice—

*"Fee! Fi! Fo! Fum!"*

White Bow screamed, and even Cornelius James the valiant fell back a pace. Matters were beginning to look serious, when the Torpedo Lieutenant appeared, rather out of breath. "Sorry we had to rush away just now, but we had to furl the awning——" His quick eye took in the situation at a glance.

"Hullo, old chap," he cried, and smote the dejected Father Neptune on the back. "I am delighted to see you! How are all the mermaids and flying-fish? Bless my soul! What have you got in this pannier—dolls, . . . lead soldiers, air-guns! I say . . .!"

The children rallied round him as the children of another age must have rallied round Saint George of England.

"Don't like nasty old man," repeated White Bow, considering the First Lieutenant with dewy eyes. "Nasty, cross old

man." The visitor from the bottom of the sea fumbled irresolutely with his trident.

"Is it really Father Christmas's own brother?" queried a small sceptic, advancing warily with one hand clasping the woman's skirt.

"Of course it is! Look here, look at all the things he's brought you;" and in an undertone to the First Lieutenant, "Buck up, Number One, don't look so frightened!" They unslung the pannier and commenced to unpack the contents. The children gathered round with slowly returning confidence, and by twos and threes the remainder of their hosts returned from the upper-deck.

"Why aren't they all wet if they've come from the bottom of the sea?" demanded Freckles the Materialist. "Why isn't Father Christmas's brother wet?"

They looked round in vain. Father Christmas's brother had vanished.

At that moment the Captain entered and sought his wife's eye. For a few moments they conferred in an undertone, then she laughed that clear confident laugh of hers with which they had shared so many of life's perplexities.

"Children," she cried, "listen! Here's an adventure! We've all got to sleep on board to-night!"

"Oh, Mummie," gasped Georgina with rapture, "how lovely!" This was a party, and no mistake. "Can I sleep in Mr Mainwaring's cabin?"

"And can I sleep in Mr

Standish's cabin?" echoed Jane earnestly.

"And we needn't go to bed for hours and hours, need we?" chimed in Cornelius James.

"Where are they to sleep?" asked the Captain's wife, turning to the Torpedo Lieutenant with laughter still in her eyes. "I never thought of that. One always has spare rooms in a house, but a battleship is so different——"

"It's all right," he replied. "I've arranged all that. There are a lot of people ashore; the children can use their cabins, and some of us can sling in cots for the night. They'll have to wear our pyjamas. . . . But I don't know about baths——"

"I think they must have plenary absolution from the tub to-night." She glanced at the tiny watch at her wrist. "Now then, children, half an hour before bedtime: one good romp. What shall we play?"

"'Oranges - and - Lemons,'" said Georgina promptly, and seized the India-rubber Man's hand.

"I don't know the words," replied her partner plaintively, "I only 'knows the toon,' as the Leadsman said to the Navigator."

So the children supplied the words to the men's bass accompaniment; the Captain and his wife linked hands; the Candle came to light them to bed; . . . the Chopper came to chop off a head, . . . and at the end a grand tug-of-war terminated with two squealing heaps of humanity in miniature subsiding on top of the Young Doctor and the A.P.

Then they played "Hunt-the-Slipper," at which Torps, with his long arms, greatly distinguished himself, and "Hide-the-thimble," at which "Double-O" Gerrard, blinking through his glasses straight at the quarry without seeing it, was hopelessly disgraced. "General-Post" and "Kiss-in-the-Ring" followed, and quite suddenly the mother of Georgina, Jane, and Cornelius James decreed it was time for bed, and the best game of all began.

The captain's wife gathered six pairs of vasty pyjamas over her arm. "I'll take the girls all together, and look after them in my husband's cabin," she said; "we'll come along when we're ready. Will you all look after the boys?"

Freckles fell to the lot of the Junior Watchkeeper; David, specialist in raspberry puffs, had already attached himself to the India-rubber Man. The A.P. found himself leading off a young gentleman with an air-gun, which weapon he earnestly desired as a bed-fellow. The remaining two, red-headed twins, who had spent most of the afternoon locked in combat, were in charge of Torps and the Young Doctor.

"Where's Cornelius James?" asked the First Lieutenant suddenly. "What a day! what a day!" A search party was promptly instituted, and the Captain's son at last discovered forward in the petty-officers' mess. Here, seated on the knee of Casey, his father's coxswain, he was being regaled with morsels of bloater, levered into his willing

mouth on the point of a clasp-knife, and washed down by copious draughts of strong tea out of a basin.

"I went to say good-night to Casey," explained the delinquent as he was being led back to civilisation, "and Casey said I ought to be hungry after mustering my bag this afternoon. What does that mean?"

"I shouldn't listen to everything Casey tells you," replied the First Lieutenant severely.

"That's what Daddy says sometimes," observed Cornelius James. "But I like Casey awfully. Better'n Nannie. He taught me how to make a reef-knot; an' I can do semaphore — the whole alphabet . . . nearly."

"Here we are," interrupted his harassed mentor, stopping before the door of his cabin; "this is where you've got to sleep." He lifted his small charge on to the bunk. "Now then, let's get these shoes off."

The flat echoed with the voices of children and the sounds of expostulation. The Marine Sentry (specially selected for the post "on account of 'im 'avin' a way with children," as the Sergeant-Major had previously explained to the First Lieutenant) drifted to and fro on his beat with a smile of ecstatic enjoyment on his faithful R.M.L.I. features. For some moments he hovered outside the Junior Watchkeeper's cabin. There were indications in the conversation drifting out through the curtained doorway that all was not well within. At length

Private Phillips could contain himself no longer. "Better let me do it, sir; bein' a married man, sir, I knows the routine, in a manner o' speakin'," and plunged into the fray.

"Oh, is that you, Phillips?" the relieved voice of the Junior Watchkeeper was heard to say. "I can't get the lead of this infernal rice-string—don't wriggle, Jim—it's rove so taut."

"What 'normous pyjamas," said Cornelius James, suffering himself to be robed in his night attire. The operation was conducted with some difficulty because of the sheathed sword which the visitor had found in a corner of his host's cabin and refused thereafter to be parted from. "Have you ever killed any one with this sword?" A blustering sea broke against the ship's side and splashed the glass of the scuttle with spray. "Hark at the waves outside! Can't I have the window open . . .? Shall I say my prayers to you?"

"No," replied the First Lieutenant, with a little wry smile, as the shadow-fingers of the might-have-been tightened momentarily round his heart. "No, I think you'd better wait till Mummie comes." Shrill voices and peals of laughter sounded outside. "Here she is now."

He stepped outside, and met the mother of Georgina, Jane, and Cornelius James at the head of her flock.

"Here we are," she exclaimed, laughing. "But, oh, Mr Hornby, our pyjamas are so huge!"

"So are ours," said the First Lieutenant, and stooped to gather into his arms a pathetic object whose pyjama coat of many colours almost trailed along the deck. "Cornelius James wants you to go and hear him say his prayers. . . . I will find sleeping quarters for this one."

Ten minutes later the last child had been swung into its unaccustomed sleeping quarters—the twins in adjacent cabins had ceased to hurl shrill defiance at each other—and silence brooded over the flat. By the dim light of the police-lamp Private Phillips paced noiselessly up and down on his beat, and the mother of Georgina, Jane, and Cornelius James passed softly from cabin to cabin in that gentle mediation mothers play at bedtime. On her way aft to the after-cabin she met the Torpedo Lieutenant. "The children all want to say good-night to you," she said softly, "only don't stay long. They are so excited, and they'll never go to sleep." Of all the men on board the Torpedo Lieutenant's heart was perhaps nearest that of a child's. He tiptoed into the cabin-flat and drew the curtain of the nearest cabin.

"Who's in here?"

"Me," said a small voice.

Torps approached the bunk. "Who's 'me'—Georgina?"

"Yes. Good-night, Mr Main-  
waring—"

"Good-night, Shrimp," replied her idol, submitting to the valediction of two skinny arms twined tightly round his neck. "Good-night, and sweet dreams. . . . No, I can't tell

you stories to-night: it's much too late. . . . Lie down and go to sleep."

In the next cabin the sound of deep breathing showed that the small occupant had passed into dreamland. It was Freckles. Jane remained awake long enough to kiss his left eyebrow and was asleep the next instant. White Bow also was asleep, and nearly all the remainder drowsy. Cornelius James, clasping the First Lieutenant's sword, however, remained wide-eyed. "I'm so firsty," he complained plaintively.

"That's called Nemesis, my son," said Torps, and gave him to drink out of the water-bottle.

"Fank you," said Cornelius James, and sighed, as children and dogs do after drinking.

"Good-night, Corney. . . . Now you must go to sleep, and dream of bloaters. Oh, aren't you really sleepy? Well, if you shut your eyes tight perhaps the dustman won't see you," and switched out the light. As he was leaving a drowsy voice again spoke out of the darkness.

"What did the Buccaneer say when you nailed his nose to the flying jib-boom?"

"Please make me a good boy," replied Torps, somewhat at random.

"Oh, same's I do," said Cornelius James.

"More or less; isn't that sword very uncomfortable?"

But no answer came back, for Cornelius James, the hilt of the sword grasped firmly in two small hands, had passed into the Valhalla of Childhood.

## THE ACADEMIC PERIL.

THAT the searching test of war is apt to throw into high relief the vices and the foibles of a nation is a truth to which the past nine months have borne abundant testimony. But it is not the "fears of the brave or follies of the wise" which a national crisis discovers. Rather is it the terrors of the cowardly and the imbecilities of the foolish. Since the 4th of August last, every being with a nostrum to vend has been energetically trumpeting its merits, as if the business of the war mattered nothing. To escape from the deafening clamour has been impossible; and the newspapers have, as usual, been alert to co-operate with the quack.

"No place is sacred, not the Church  
is free,  
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day  
for me"—

so might the ordinary citizen well exclaim, confronted with importunate invitations to try this specific or that, plied with reiterated assurances that the instant adoption of socialism or spelling-reform (as the case may be) will provide an infallible remedy for our country's woes.

A particularly sorry figure has been cut during this period by a certain group of men "not unconnected with" our schools and colleges of learning. Professors, tutors, schoolmasters, and ministers of religion, they labour under the

singular delusion that the nation stands in need of their guidance and calls for their advice. From the start they set themselves to emulate the antio performances of their kind in Germany, nor is it through any deficiency of zeal or effort that they have failed to surpass their models. For years they had been preaching peace where there was no peace. For years they had been groaning over our national armaments. For years they had been girding at our navy and our army. The outbreak of the war suddenly robbed them of their favourite formula, that hostilities between England and Germany were "unthinkable." A substitute to the full as silly and misleading was speedily found. With the tremendous spectacle of a nation in arms under their very noses, they bleated in unison that we "had no quarrel with the German people." However, they very handsomely offered to go round the country, if their expenses were paid, for the purpose of securely locking the stable door when the steed was stolen, or (as they preferred to put it) of making "contributions to a serious and dispassionate discussion of the causes of the present war." Note well that this discussion was to be strictly "dispassionate." The faintest thrill of patriotic fervour must on no account be suffered to agitate the bosom or disturb the cal-

culations of the "high-brow." The crisis of his country's fate must be expounded with the coolness appropriate to a study of the multiplication table or the *Pons Asinorum*. Pamphleteering and lecturing, speechifying and debating, and yet again debating and speechifying, lecturing and pamphleteering, were the means of salvation appointed by these ineffable intellectuals. Wise-aces atoned for a plentiful lack of ordinary foresight by a copious discharge of *ex post facto* wisdom. Men pointed out that the war was plainly inevitable who had passionately denied its possibility. Once a week they drew up a Memorial or Manifesto, to which they too often procured the signatures of responsible University dignitaries, and the Memorial or Manifesto was once a week published in the papers. It was full of words, words, words, designed, it is conjectured, to impress the inhabitants of the United States of America with a sense of how English ought on no account to be written. Finally, with a prodigious flourish of trumpets, they solemnly announced the foundation of "The Advisory Council for the Study of International Relations." This precious body, to the prospectus of which were attached the names of all our most pestilent busybodies (which is as much as to say, of all our most heroic advertisers), was to concern itself with "the master ideas which lie at the foundation of our national life, the philosophies behind policies, and the economic and ethical

problems which the war will bequeath to the world." It was thus, no doubt, to play its part in that process of "reshaping the world of thought," the achievement of which, according to another eminent authority, is now the great desiderandum. Meanwhile, the cultured and pensive gentleman who does the whining in the Literary Supplement of 'The Times' newspaper was moaning about, O, how long it will be before we can love and trust the poor, dear Germans as we ought to! and displaying his perfect command of the genuine literary Lamb-like touch by alluding to the world as "our foolish little planet." And meanwhile, also, we may incidentally remark, the war was going on with scandalously small regard for "master ideas," or "worlds of thought," or the dapper airs and graces of journalistic *petits maitres*.

To whom, then, shall the first place be assigned in this monstrous hierarchy of sapient fools, or worse than fools? 'Tis no easy matter to decide where the competitors are both numerous and eager. We dismiss at once the claims of His Grace of York. His absurd *faux pas* was plainly but a momentary indiscretion — an involuntary ebullition of pride, such as any Sir Pertinax might be liable to, at the recollection of having been admitted to the funereal intimacies of Kings and Kaisers. The pretensions of the notorious Pigou demand more serious attention. Nothing could be more detest-

able than his doctrine, nothing more nauseous than the smug and self-satisfied complacency with which he ignores all really relevant considerations. He has succeeded in establishing his right to be ranked and preferred as an enemy of his country. But, after all, he is, we believe, a Professor of Political Economy, and a Professor of Political Economy is one thing, the Headmaster of Eton is another. The prize-winner must be sought elsewhere, and we select Dr Lyttelton for that distinction, with the firm assurance of universal approbation for our award.

The suggestion, which if he did not originate he at least discussed, that to pacify the Germans we should give up Gibraltar, is grotesque beyond all human power of expression. It refuses to be taken seriously. It is the sort of thing that makes us traduced and taxed of other nations as the most accomplished and cynical of hypocrites. Mr Fox's frank and avowed detestation of his own country, and his enthusiastic partiality for his country's foes, were manly and reasonable compared with this fantastic nonsense. Dr Lyttelton's original offense was sufficiently rank. Yet every syllable which he has subsequently thought fit to volunteer by way of explanation aggravates its enormity an hundredfold. It is curious to remark how, as a general rule, your maladroit blunderer plunges deeper and deeper in the mire in his frantic efforts to extricate himself. What old

Etonians think of his utterances themselves will best be able to express in the vigorous colloquial language of everyday life. That this crazy pedagogue should continue to preside over the scenes

“Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade,”

would in any other country be inconceivable. We hope, rather than expect, that the Governing Body will perform their manifest duty, and will take order in the matter. Yet in fairness it must be owned that Dr Lyttelton has already undergone what to a mind less crass, to a sensibility less blunted than his, would seem the most exquisite of humiliations. The three head boys of the school have solemnly borne testimony in print that he is *not* a pro-German (even as Crummles was certified to be not a Prussian), and that neither is he such a bad fellow after all. When has so gross an insult been offered to a Headmaster by his pupils? Dr Lyttelton will never acknowledge his fault, for he will never see it until too late. But we are apt to console and refresh ourselves with a glimpse into the future. The day must needs come when the Headmaster of Eton, like the humblest of his boys, shall enter the “*durissima regna*” over which Rhadamanthus holds sway—

“Castigatque auditque dolos, subi-  
gatque fateri  
Quæ quis apud superos, furto laetatus  
inani,  
Distulit in seram commissa piacula  
mortem.”

And we seem to see the awful shade of Dr Keate acting as a not unwilling nor incapable deputy for the Cretan monarch. We must draw a veil over so painful a scene.

A tolerably good second to Dr Lyttelton is, we are sorry to say, the new Provost of Oriel, though his "Thoughts for the Times" have been restricted to a narrower public, and have, in point of fact, been imparted only to members of Congregation. Now it will be generally agreed that, if the events of the last few months have done anything, they have furnished a triumphant vindication of our Public School and University system, were such vindication really needed. To the question, What section of the community responded most heartily and with the greatest alacrity to the call of their King and country? there is only one possible answer. It was the men who had been educated at the Public Schools and at the Universities, the very men who have for long been the special mark for the railing accusations of Radical politicians. They did not require a "recruiting campaign" to rally them to the flag; they did not require to be cajoled into joining His Majesty's forces by "posters" which no right-thinking man can look at without a sense of shame. They came *en masse*, and they

came at once. They did no more than their duty, to be sure, but the point is that they *did* it without wasting time or words.

Of this the egregious Mr Phelps must needs be well aware. With a wealth of literary allusion strongly reminiscent of a third-rate "Greats" essay he expatiates upon the deserted quadrangles and empty Colleges of Oxford, the undergraduate population of which, it may be worth recording, has this year fallen some sixty-six per cent below the average.<sup>1</sup> An ordinary man of affairs, such, for example, as the Prime Minister, would infer from such a condition of matters that the University was "sound at bottom"; that there must be little amiss with institutions which could point to such significant results. Far different are the deductions of the Oriel sage, as he prattles familiarly of *ἦθος* and of *νόμος*, and seasons his Jeremiad with an infusion of feeble jocularities. Instead of finding in the present state of the Colleges a source of justifiable pride and satisfaction, he snatches from it an inspiration to revolution. The tree has borne the very best of fruit. Now, therefore, is the time to hew it down and cast it in the fire. The Freshmen, he points out, are for once in a majority. There is a breach in the continuity of College life. The

<sup>1</sup> The consequent pecuniary embarrassment would have been much less serious but for the fatal policy pursued in recent years by the Colleges which, at the bidding of the party of "reform," have squandered their resources in founding chairs which nobody wanted except their prospective occupants.



old traditions are being lost. "A *tabula rasa* lies before us." Such an opportunity may never occur again. What then is the duty of the dons? To do their best to preserve traditions which have proved themselves to be so well worth preserving? By no manner of means. The duty of the dons is, it seems, to assist in "fashioning a new order," in creating a new "atmosphere," for in the atmosphere of the University is found "the whole crux of the situation." And for what reason, pray, is this change to be striven after? The reader will never guess. Why, because "it is not very pleasant to be told (as I lately was) by one of the leaders of the great Co-operative Movement in the North of England that for young men of their class 'the atmosphere of Oxford was poison'!" Why "the leaders of the Great Co-operative Movement in the North of England" should have been invited by Mr Phelps to express an opinion on the matter, why Mr Phelps should find their dicta either pleasant or unpleasant, and why their young men should not rest satisfied with thanking Heaven for keeping them away from a place whose atmosphere produces such unfortunate effects upon them, are mysteries the key to which must be sought in the Provost's own breast. We, for our part, decline to trouble our heads with such foolish though instructive observations, unless and until we are duly certiorated that "the great Co-operative Movement in the North of England" has

inculcated the lessons of self-sacrifice and duty half as successfully as have our ancient Universities.

The truth is that your "high-brow" is an incorrigible character. The pillory, not the Borstal institution, is his appropriate destination. He is a great hand at expounding the past, and a great hand at dogmatizing about the future. Is he not busy "formulating the terms of a lasting peace" and regulating the future arrangements of Europe months, it may be years, before the last shot has been fired? But the present tense is too commonplace for his lofty soul, and he has no use for facts which refuse to chime with his preconceived opinions. He keeps up a sort of fiction that every undergraduate is a bloated millionaire, a shocking specimen of the "idle rich." He is never tired of harping on the distinction between "rich" and "poor," though he never takes the trouble to define his terms. "This is the twentieth century. I believe in 'progress.'" It is obviously inconsistent with that belief to hold that men can cherish to-day as fierce a hatred against their fellow-men as they appear to have done in past ages. It follows that the Germans *must* be amenable to a system of treatment by soothing syrup. Were it otherwise, what would become of my pet theory? Speak not to me of realities. I decline to have anything to do with them. I am a much holier and better man than my neighbours; I am an ideal-

ist." In some such way, we surmise, does the befogged and bemuddled brain of your true "intellectual" set about its work. He has been the same in all ages. Hazlitt knew him well, and has drawn his portrait with a master's hand in his essay "On the Ignorance of the Learned":—

"He does not know whether his oldest acquaintance is a knave or a fool, but he can pronounce a pompous lecture on all the principal characters in history. He cannot tell whether an object is black or white, round or square, and yet he is a professed master of the laws of optics and the rules of perspective. He knows as much of what he talks about as a blind man does of colours. He cannot give a satisfactory answer to the plainest question, nor is he ever in the right in any one of his opinions, upon any one matter of fact that really comes before him, and yet he gives himself out for an infallible judge on all those points of which it is impossible that he or any other person living should know anything but by conjecture."

It is the Lytteltons, the Pigous, and the Phelps hit off to the very life.

To determine how far it is expedient to drag out of obscurity the kind of person with whom we have been dealing is never very easy, for he basks in the rays of the limelight, and is only happy when posturing under the lantern. The influence which such men exert in their respective spheres of duty is fortunately small. Most schoolmasters and dons still remain in possession of their senses. Their consciences are not exercised by the prickings of a morbid vanity, and they

have learned, with Hazlitt, that "it is better to be able neither to read nor write than to be able to do nothing else." As for the schoolboy and the undergraduate, thank God! they are in the main what they have always been. Their robust constitution enables them to throw off the sickly "academic" taint unconsciously; the *genius loci*, the "atmosphere" in which they habitually move, are unpropitious to the growth of the germs of the disease. Amid other surroundings, however, a more successful culture of the bacilli may be obtained; and the "intellectual" habit of mind may disastrously affect a fraction of the community ill prepared to withstand its ravages.

The Workers' Educational Association was founded about seven or eight years ago at a meeting held in Oxford, which produced a report "true in every detail to the ideal of Labour." Plenty of dons watched over its birth; and by assiduous importunity it has induced most of the British Universities to bestow upon it a tepid benediction. These institutions had probably no very definite idea of what they were doing, but were quite willing to earn a reputation for benevolence at a cheap rate. So should they effectually purge themselves of the odious charge of "exclusiveness." Two of the official leaflets of the Association, published a couple of years or so ago, lie before us. They are written in the indescribable jargon of the "high-brows," stiffened up by the jargon of the

Labour party, and it would be hard indeed to tell whether the hectoring or the whining predominates. "Workpeople" are "reassured as to the soundness of the whole movement from a Labour point of view." They will rejoice, it is said, to know "that at last workpeople as such are, for the first time in history, direct participators in the administration of a portion of a University's affairs. It was a new and welcome sight to see at Oxford a labourer, a shipwright, a weaver, and a compositor helping to appoint University teachers, and having a definite standpoint in relation thereto, for the Universities belong to the people, and representatives of all sections of the people should share in their government." The *suggestio falsi* is palpable. Bully Bottom and his friends, whether "as such" or not "as such," do not "share in the government" of the Universities, nor do they "help to appoint University teachers," nor have they "a definite standpoint in relation thereto" (assuming that mysterious phrase to have a meaning). Doubtless they help to choose the lecturers who conduct the Tutorial Classes of the Association. And it may be that these lecturers are drawn from the ranks of minor University teachers. But that is a different thing.

The tract proceeds to set forth that "Universities and indeed all higher schools have become divorced from Labour. The consequence is that they have missed much, and bias has revealed itself in their teaching

—bias mainly occasioned by ignorance of the lives and thoughts of the working masses." The advocate of Tutorial Classes sees in these "a powerful instrument to set matters right in and through the exaltation of the thoughts and power of workpeople and Universities alike." What, then, is a "Tutorial Class"? Let there be no mistake about one thing. "The old notion of a teacher telling people things, to be simply accepted and believed, must go. A class is a group of people who may differ fundamentally in politics, religion, or theories of social organisation, but who are anxious to get facts, mental training, and a clear exposition of varying views." Moreover, "these classes are democratic in the fullest sense of the word; the subject is selected by the students themselves, the teacher must be approved by them, and after each lecture (one hour in length) an hour is left for free discussion, which affords every member of the class ample opportunity of expressing his opinion, of criticising the tutor, and of handling the subject from any point of view he desires." The method of teaching is thus to be catechetical; only it is the taught who are to catechise the teacher instead of the teacher catechising the taught. "As one student said, the teacher addressed the class for one hour and the class addressed the teacher the second hour." Finally, we wind up with a soul-stirring peroration. "The Spring of educational revival

is in the air, the movement of the people towards education is on its way. May Summer see England, inspired by a wise democracy, proceeding upon its way, as the great elder brother, not the swashbuckler, of the nations. She need then fear no Winter of decay." Mark the artful introduction of the word "swashbuckler." It combines the fine literary flavour which you expect from an advocate of Tutorial Classes with the vicious dig at the maintenance of an adequate navy and army which you expect from a devotee of "Labour."

The raw and uneasy self-assertion, the inverted snobbery, and the bitter class-jealousy which appear on the very face of these documents, would be painful if they were not absurd. We may well wonder what the Universities were about in lending their countenance to an Association capable of publishing such a tissue of acrid and high-flying nonsense, though they might legitimately, we think, have given their assistance in castigating the exuberant rhetoric of their *protégés*. And the performance of the Association has been equal to its promise. Last autumn some one had the temerity to state that it was officially represented on a Committee formed to "instruct" the public about the war, and so to promote recruiting. The foul aspersion elicited an indignant reply from its President, the Rev. W. Temple, who is the holder of a once-honoured name and a snug benefice. "The Workers' Educa-

tional Association," so he wrote to 'The Times' (Monday, 7th September 1914), "is a strictly educational body, and cannot allow itself to become in any sense a propagandist agency. But it is eager to study scientifically the facts of the situation by all means in its power, so that its members may know clearly how they may best serve their generation." Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. But this at least may be said for the tyrant, that he did not cant about studying scientifically the facts of the situation by all the means in his power, so that he might know clearly how he might best serve his generation when the flames should have subsided.

The fallacy at the bottom of all such movements is the assumption that man's chief end is to argue, and that the world was formed to be a vast debating society. "What," asked the greatest of political philosophers, "what would become of the world if the practice of all moral duties and the foundations of society rested upon having their reasons made clear and demonstrative to every individual?" It is perhaps one of the advantages of such gigantic convulsions as the present war, that they drive home Mr Burke's question with irresistible force. It requires only a modest portion of dialectical skill to pick holes in the Ten Commandments, or for that matter to tear them into ribbons. Your glib and practised dialectician can prove conclusively in five minutes

that patriotism is the least rational and the most ridiculous of the so-called virtues. But casuistry is at the best an unprofitable and unedifying art, even as practised by priests and professors. When it descends into the street it becomes a menace to the body politic. And once the stage is occupied by war, there is, or ought to be, no room for the logic-chopper, or the casuist, or the sophist.

Long ago Walter Bagehot pointed out that the success of our popular institutions was entirely due to our "stupidity," the very quality for which, we rejoice to see, the Headmaster of Eton takes his countrymen to task. It is one among several cheering symptoms of returning political sanity that

not a constituency in the kingdom will so much as look at the Right Hon. Charles Frederick Gurney Masterman as a parliamentary candidate. And the result has been that, after violating the custom of the Constitution for a twelve-month, he has now been forced to retire into private life. The present struggle will not have been waged in vain if it restores for a while the simpler patriotism of our ancestors and puts a stop for a couple of generations to the attempt to make us "clever." Then, no doubt, the lesson will have to be learned all over again, not without labour and sorrow, for such is the inexorable cycle of human affairs.

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## FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

## SULI YOLA.

DICK TURPIN, Jack Sheppard, Claude Duval, and other exponents of the fine art of crime, have been immortalised in prose and verse. Suli Yola is, as far as I know, unsung. Here is his story—or that part of it at any rate with which I personally came in contact.

I first met him undergoing a sentence of forty days' imprisonment for *adultery*. The judge who tried him was a fine shikari, and a first-class tennis player, but—needless to explain—no lawyer. The conviction was of course quashed, but not before he had served his time.

The next occasion on which I met him was at the sports of "A" Company of the Nigerian regiment, in which he had re-enlisted under a false name, having been discharged from "E" Company as a leper. He only participated in two contests: one the wrestling, in which he threw every antagonist at the first grip; the other a Marathon race from the town-wall to the station, in which he beat his opponents by about half the distance.

A fortnight later, during the night, a terrific tornado burst over the station, completely wrecking (as it appeared) the post-office doors and windows. But when the contents of the postal boxes, including £25 in gold, were found to have vanished, it became reasonable to suppose that the human element had also played its part. Exhaustive investigations and

many arrests were made, but without result, and the affair was gradually forgotten. Then one Private Isa Bauchi brought to my office a claim for £5 against Suli Yola. I asked him for details. He became reticent. I pressed him, at the same time remarking that it was a large amount considering both claimant and defendant were drawing less than £2 a month. Isa then anathematised Suli Yola, and said the amount was really £10—being his share of the proceeds of the "Giddan Wire Palaver" (literally—House of the Wire—i.e., telegraph office). Suli was immediately discharged by the officer in command of "A" Company as inefficient, and it was arranged to watch his movements and have him arrested as a civilian. For this purpose three police were detailed. Their efforts to be tactful and appear unconcerned were clumsy and ridiculous to a degree. Suli, who had sized up the situation from the moment he received his discharge, dogged them as they walked about the market pretending to buy merchandise, and made faces at them, saying, "Here I am; don't be afraid; arrest me!" Fearfully and reverently—it transpired later that the world in general was terrified of Suli, who was believed to possess evil spirits or Ju-ju—they did so, and brought their captive back to the Residency.

"Charge him with everything that has ever happened since he has been here," said the Resident, commonly known as The General.

I give to the best of my memory the interview which took place between Suli Yola and myself at the preliminary investigation, which corresponds roughly to our police-court proceedings.

"Your name?"

"Dusi."

"Why are you known as Suli Yola?"

"That was my name when I was in Yola Province. I was 'Tom' in Kano Province, and 'Brahm' in Bornu. It is not convenient to have one name."

"You are charged with breaking into the Wire House, &c., &c. You are charged with stealing two bottles of the captain's whisky on the 17th August; with stealing a loin-cloth and a bottle of Worcester sauce from the Resident's cook's mate on the previous Saturday; with selling three telegraph-poles and iron rods to Audu the blacksmith; with stealing, two nights ago, the doctor's mosquito-net and sparklet bottle——"

"Babu—ban shiga wanan ba" (No! I had nothing to do with that).

"Why not?"

"Because I was employed that night by the sergeant-major on the road to the town to watch the interpreter, and see if he was courting one of his, the sergeant-major's, wives."

"You were out of barracks then?"

"I am always out of barracks. Any one who wants to steal anything comes to me and asks me to do it. They are too clumsy themselves. I frequently steal for the sergeant-major. He got me reduced once for refusing. He and I and Isa Bauchi were all in the post-office show. I was naked; I had taken Ju-ju, and oiled myself all over. We had no lights, but found our way about by the continual lightning. I slid in, and handed the money out to the sergeant-major. He took it, and said he would bury it at the 300 range. I never got a 'toro' (threepence) out of it. I will kill him when convenient. I am not afraid; I could easily have run away when I was discharged, but to see the police pretending they had not come to arrest me was 'maganan daria' (a matter for laughter)."

In a nutshell, Suli, *alias* Dusi, *alias* Tom, *alias* Brahm, pleaded guilty to all the charges except the mosquito-net affair, from participation in which he was unavoidably detained on business. As a result, Suli, the sergeant-major, and Isa were brought up for trial in the provincial court-house.

At this juncture the gaoler came up to The General and said he could not be responsible for the safe custody of Suli, as every night he "turned into a mouse and got out through the bars."

This, strangely enough, was corroborated by the prisoners sharing his cell.

"Personally," remarked the

chief clerk, a highly educated man, whose brother had been at Oxford, and is now a barrister in Lagos, "I do not believe it" (!)

The trial was in many respects the most dramatic I ever witnessed. The "alkali," or native judge, was present at his own request, and the court was packed with inquisitive natives agog to see the "Sarikin Ju-ju." Suli stood, the picture of indifference and innocence, between his two warders, until the time arrived to give his evidence, when courteously waving them back, he quietly slipped off his handcuffs, placed them on a table, and proceeded to demonstrate the part that he, Isa, and the sergeant-major had played in the robbery. On completing his evidence, he stepped back, replaced his manacles, and resumed his attitude of innocence.

"Damn it all!" whispered The General to me. "He only wears them to oblige us!"

To cut a long story short, the sergeant-major was acquitted, and Isa and Suli both found guilty. Before passing sentence, however, The General, recalling the mysterious disappearance of a large sum of money from the fort in Bornu when he was last in that province, wired to the Resident for the names of the guard on duty on that occasion. The reply came back—

"Momodu, Kachella, and BRAHM" (!)

Isa received two, and Sula three years' imprisonment.

Profiting by the experience

of the handcuffs, The General ordered the gaoler not to allow Suli out on prison labour until the native blacksmith had forged and soldered a pair of stout leg-irons on to his ankles, so that there could be no "springing" of the locks, such as might occur in the case of those supplied by Government.

Overnight, as we subsequently learned, Suli addressed his fellow-captives thus: "I had hoped to stay a few days among you, and to arrange for the cutting of the sergeant-major's throat. They have determined, however, I hear, to bind me with native leg-irons. I find it advisable, therefore, to leave you to-morrow some time, but please inform the sergeant-major that I shall certainly cut his throat eventually."

At eight o'clock next morning I was sitting in the office when two shots rang out. My glance met The General's.

"Suli Yola, for a thousand!" he exclaimed, as an excited warder rushed in to tell us that Suli had asked leave to *fall out*, and had then *melted*, leaving his leg-irons and his knickers on the ground.

"Take him out and give him 'bulala' (whip) till he can talk sense, and tell us what *really* happened," said The General.

This was done—whereupon the interpreter took up the story.

"After he had melted——"

"You'll get 'bulala' next if you use that word again," said The General.

I quote this conversation to illustrate the thorough belief shared by interpreters, ward-



ers, and clerks alike in Suli's powers of Ju-ju. Not the least humorous aspect of the episode was the sight of the other prisoners, some twenty in number, marching back unescorted, the warders having gone off in a half-hearted pursuit, waving Suli's knickers and shouting—"He has escaped! The Bastard! His fashion is evil: he has done a bad thing."

Meanwhile the guinea-corn field into which Suli had "melted" was surrounded and watched night and day, and the district scoured by "A" Company and mounted messengers, but to no avail; and the next we heard of him, some three months afterwards, was that he had met the commanding officer of his old "E" Company (who was entirely ignorant of his misdeeds) on the Benue river, greeted him affectionately, and received a "dash" of five shillings from him for "auld lang syne."

Aware though he was that he was still wanted, and liable to be shot at sight, he shamelessly reappeared in barracks and openly marched off with a police-constable's wife, whom he alleged to have belonged to him. For witnessing this adventure, but being too frightened of Ju-ju to interfere, the police-sergeant was degraded.

Three months had barely elapsed before a colour-sergeant was relieved of some fifty pounds in cash during absence from his bungalow at Ibi. The thief was never found, but it is a significant fact that Suli Yola was a prominent frequenter of the

Ibi market at the time, and blossomed out into most expensive habiliments during the following months.

Then the Ibi post-office received much the same treatment as the famous one at Bauchi. The guilt was brought home to Suli Yola, now styling himself Mustapha. On his way to the gaol he informed his escort that his incarceration was a mere formality to please the White Man; that he would become a rabbit during the night and be sleeping in the bush by daylight. At six o'clock next morning a hole was found in the gaol floor leading through the back wall. The hue-and-cry was raised, and news arrived by a messenger that Suli was at a village, some fifteen miles away, demanding the hand of the daughter of a neighbouring chief, who, seeing that his prospective son-in-law brought no other marriage gifts than a portion of leg-irons clinging to his person, detained him in parley, and sent information to the Resident. Suli was surrounded and captured.

I believe, but am not sure, that he again escaped and was again recaptured. However this may be, when last I heard of him he was confined in a long-sentence prison with a pained expression on his face, and on his waist and thighs a solid rock, some one and a half times his own weight, which encumbrance explains his explanation to the world at large that his "Ju-ju done finish." LANGA-LANGA.

INTO THE TUNDRA.

To us, whose maps are speckled all over with the names of hills and rivers and townships, there is something arresting in the blankness of the map of Northern Siberia. Here and there a hair-streak of river wanders up to the Arctic Ocean: the rest is emptiness. And actually, when you visit those parts, your first impression is the same—of great rivers marching to the north, fed as they go by lesser rivers; and around and beyond them a grey and wind-swept waste—unbroken either by rock or bluff, and stretching away into the lonely distance as far as the Taimyr. In the country of the Yenesei, even the natives themselves have no name for the vast lands which lie for hundreds of miles on either side of the river. When they enter it, they say simply that they are going "Into the Tundra."

Nevertheless, for those who live beside it, the Tundra has a weird fascination. Its vastness, its loneliness, its hopelessness, grip one.

Last summer we lived at its edge for two months, in one of the tiny settlements which are scattered up and down the banks of the Yenesei. Each day we looked at the shrouded quivering horizon, and longed to thrust it back farther from our knowledge, even if it were only a mile or two, and learn a portion, however meagre, of its secrets.

Then at last the chance came. Two Dolgan shepherds had come on their reindeer sledges to trade with the merchants in the settlement. On the morrow they were to return to their *choom*, forty miles away across the Tundra. If we liked they would take us back with them. Of course we closed with the offer gladly.

The following morning was cold and stormy. Draggleskirted clouds swept over the river, and the wind whistled round our hut. Our guides arrived about midday. Each traveller had a sledge to himself, and these sledges, each drawn by four deer, were tied one behind the other to the sledge of one or other of the Dolgans. A reindeer sledge is not a very roomy conveyance, and all luggage has to be cut down to the minimum. Besides a gun and a camera, my personal luggage for the trip consisted of a pair of dry socks to sleep in. Vassilli, the eldest of the two brothers, led the procession, and after a few false starts we moved off at a smart trot.

As the punt is on the river, so is the reindeer sledge on the Tundra. You may do what you will with it—turn it this way and that, let it slide down an eight-foot drop, ride in it up a slope of forty-five degrees, or drive it full tilt at a four-foot chasm, and it will never overturn, but glide easily and safely from one bank to the

other. Before we had gone half a verst we had a practical illustration of this, for just where we were to leave the flat bank of the river to turn up into the Tundra, there was a brook of running water. Even in a hunting country it would have ranked as a fence, and the other sledges turned aside to an easier ford. Vassilli, however, drove straight at it with my sledge following him. His deer took the channel in their stride, and the sledge lumbered safely after them. But one of my team, slipping in the boggy ground, leaped short, and down plunged the sledge into the stream on the top of the hindmost deer. As I clutched at my seat with both hands, I had a vision of struggling bodies straining gallantly at the traces. Then, with a splash, the sledge was jerked up the opposite bank, with me, exceedingly wet, still clinging on behind.

A soaking more or less, however, made little difference, for as we turned aside from the river-bank and trotted up the long incline which led to the higher Tundra, the rain came down thick and fast, wrapping all the landscape in a grey veil. Before us, stretching so it seemed into infinity, lay the old sled-track, along which generations of Samoyedes had travelled "into the Tundra." For a couple of miles after leaving the river this track was quite plain; but presently it grew fainter and fainter, and finally disappeared altogether. To right and left the country lay as flat as a plate, and to

the inexperienced eye almost as featureless—not a hill by which to take bearings, no sun by which to set a course. Here and there the ground was broken into gullies down which poured turgid streams, and in the angles of the slopes besmirched snowdrifts still lingered. More often our way lay over broad, flat moss-hags, broken here and there by a low mound from which a snowy owl or buzzard flapped majestically at our approach. Vassilli, however, never hesitated, and drove ahead unerringly. Every five or six versts he stopped to give his deer a breather, and we stood up to shake the water from our knees and stamp our cold feet to warmth again. Then, as soon as the reindeer had snatched a mouthful of moss, and Vassilli himself had lighted his long brass-bound pipe, he pulled the teams into position, and away we went once more. As a rule, however, there were several false starts. The deer were harnessed by a trace which was fastened round the neck and then passed under the near foreleg, and as long as the sledge was moving all was well; but as soon as the traces slackened, the hind-legs of one or the other of the deer usually became entangled in the harness, and there was nothing for it but to stop the sledges and put the matter right. This happened so often that I could not help being secretly both amused and exasperated by the stolid patience of the natives, who were conservative enough to prefer the delay and

inconvenience of the frequent halts to release the deer, to devising some more effective system of harness.

The pace of the deer was a steady seven-mile jog-trot, and they scarcely dropped into a walk, even for a piece of ground as rough as a Scottish moor, or a swamp where the water spurted high on either side of the runners. Sometimes we raced down a slope so steep that the sledge slid down upon their haunches, or else rattled and bumped through the bed of a brawling stream. It says much for the stability of the sledges that during that thirty-mile drive only one of them was overturned, and that was mine. My team, following their leaders too closely, cut a corner as we slid into the bed of a torrent. The right-hand runner caught a protruding stone, and the sledge turned completely over, tumbling me and my gun and cooking-pot into the water. At this mishap the Dolgan brothers laughed like school-boys, as they picked up the overturned sledge and disentangled the struggling deer from the traces.

But no matter how thick the mist nor how winding our way, Vassilli never hesitated, but chose his path as confidently as a Londoner who walks from the Marble Arch to Piccadilly. As an example of his absolute knowledge of the country, we were crossing a wide sphagnum swamp, when he presently turned aside to a little knoll which, to the un-

tutored eye, was exactly like hundreds of others on that desolate plain. Here he jumped off the sledge and picked up a small brown object. It was a tobacco-pouch, which had been forgotten during a halt on the previous journey, and for which he had now returned. That a native should have a general sense of direction highly developed is not so remarkable, for it is a faculty which, in a greater or less degree, is shared even by civilised man; but that he can remember one spot amid hundreds of others all so similar, and identify it again, is at least sufficiently wonderful.

At length, however, towards six o'clock of the evening, we descended down a long gradual slope from the higher Tundra into a river valley. It was raining harder than ever, and the bitter east wind seemed to drive through waterproof and jacket alike, and chilled us all to the bone. We thought gratefully of the comparative shelter and warmth of the *choom*, which now lay not far ahead. However, it turned out that we were not to reach it as easily as we expected. The river, although shallow enough, was wide, and the wind, blowing with the current, drove long white tongues of foam down the channel. Vassilli shook his head as he dismounted from the sledge and drew a little bark canoe from under the overhanging bank. He first tried the ford with the lightest of

our party behind him in the canoe.

"Sit still, or death——" was his dramatic and rather disquieting command in broken Russian to his passenger, as he cautiously pushed off his little craft. But it was soon apparent that it was hopeless to try and cross at this point. The current was so strong that even Vassilli, with all his skill with the paddle, could do no more than keep the canoe's head to the wind, and so prevent her from drifting broadside on and being overturned in the rough water. He was soon obliged to give up the attempt and return to the bank.

It would have been impossible in the whole of Asia to have found a more forlorn-looking party than we were. Although it was only six o'clock, and, according to the calendar, still the season of perpetual day, the sky was so lowering that a grey twilight seemed to brood over the wet Tundra. Out of the misty mud-hills to the east the nameless river flowed, no man knew whence, and disappeared among the mud-hills to the west, no man knew whither. Little lonely streams, whose sources were only visited by the Tundra foxes and the wild-fowl, ran down to meet it. We seemed to be the only living things in a land where there was no colour, nor any sound at all except the swish of the wind over the lichen; and, as I looked round, I had the fantastic idea that here was a world in the making. It

seemed as if, in obedience to the enunciation of some great law, the waters of a new chaos had rolled sullenly back and let the land in all its nakedness appear for the first time. I seemed to see earth in its beginnings as I stood with my back to the wind, wriggling my toes in my wet boots to make sure that they had not been frozen off altogether, and watching the raindrops drip from the flanks of the patient reindeer, while Vassilli and Nicolai debated as to what to do next.

Suddenly a shout was heard, and Maxim, the youngest of the three brothers, appeared on the opposite bank. By his directions we went to another ford, a couple of hundred yards up the river. Here, although the channel was wider, it was less deep and the current was less rapid. Moreover, there was a sandbank in mid-stream where we might break the passage. Everything was unloaded from the sledges, and one by one Vassilli ferried us over to the sandbank. Then our goods were brought over also, and although we had cut all luggage down to the minimum, this required several journeys, for it would have been dangerous to overload the canoe. At length only Nicolai was left behind. He led the deer, team by team, down the bank, and drove them into the river. After the first couple had entered the water the rest followed them readily enough, and then Vassilli paddled over for the last time to fetch his brother. Meanwhile, however,

a tragedy happened, for during his absence the last team landed on a muddy spit which was almost as unstable as a quicksand. Before the deer could be driven on to firmer ground the treacherous surface melted beneath them and they sank down over their hocks. With some trouble three of the deer were dragged ashore, but the fourth could not get up; and when we hauled it out we found that in its struggle the poor brute had broken its hind-leg shockingly. There was no help for it. Vassilli cut it out of the harness lest it should hinder the others, and we were obliged to leave it behind on the sand-bank, for any delay might have resulted in the same accident befalling the whole team. The second channel was much less difficult to cross. In fact it was not even necessary to use the canoe, and we made the passage safely by kneeling on the sledges, while the deer waded up to their bellies in the water. After relashing our goods on the sledges we made ready to go on to the *choom*, which was now only one verst ahead; but Maxim went back to bring in the wounded deer, which was hobbling painfully to the ford after its companions. Animal suffering is always terrible to see, and although we knew that in this case it was accidental and could not have been avoided, nevertheless the suffering of the beautiful innocent thing saddened us all very much. I must confess, however, that the behaviour of that reindeer, although it did not reduce my regret, consider-

ably modified my views as to the depth of animal suffering; for no sooner had it limped ashore painfully on three legs than it put down its head and began placidly to graze among its fellows!

Ten minutes later we reached the *choom*, which stood on a little knoll in a sheltered valley. A clear stream bubbled past the door, and all around the slopes of the valley were dotted with grazing reindeer. Not so very long before I should have thought that the little tent, hidden away in the heart of the Tundra, was the very acme of dreariness and solitude. But two months of travelling in Northern Siberia oversets many preconceived notions, and, on the contrary, we now welcomed the little brown dome joyfully. In our wet and chilly plight it seemed like a haven of refuge—almost homelike,—and we pushed aside the door-flap and crept in gladly. Inside a bright fire was burning, and beside the fire sat old Maria Sotnikoff, the mother of our three guides. Although she sat tailorwise upon a heap of untanned hides, and all her household goods would have packed easily into the anointed wooden coffer beside her, and although her *choom* was suddenly called upon to house just twice as many inmates as it was designed to hold, no gentlewoman in civilised lands could have received her unexpected guests with more courtesy and composure than did Madame Sotnikoff. She graciously shook hands with each of us in turn, and, although she understood little

Russian, and was too deaf to hear our greetings, she smiled at us kindly and pointed out our quarters for the night—the guest-chamber so to speak—which was that half of the *choom* which lay to the left of the doorway.

Meanwhile the three brothers, who had waited behind to unharness the reindeer, came in, and we all gathered round the fire for supper. But first of all Maria took her sons' wet outer garments and hung them up to dry. Later, as we waited for the kettle to boil, I watched our hostess across the fire, and I could not help admiring the methodical way in which she set her primitive house in order. I have not often seen greater neatness and cleanliness even in far more pretentious rooms in Europe. First of all, she took the little squat table, that is found in most of the *chooms* along the Yenesei, and dusted it carefully. On this she set three pink cups and saucers in cheap Russian crockery. In my ignorance, before visiting the Yenesei, I had believed that saucers were among the most easily dispensed with of the innumerable superfluous chattels which cumber our civilisation. But in the *choom* the saucer is as important as the cup, for the tea is poured out in it before it is drunk. Indeed, we found that the natives actually despised our saucerless mugs, and regarded ours as an ill-appointed teatable. When the kettle boiled the meal began. There were three courses: tea and *soushki*

—the hard ring-shaped biscuits of the country—reindeer meat, and fish. The men were too hungry to talk much, and what they did say chiefly related to the loss of the deer. As the price of a good draught reindeer may be anything from fifteen to fifty roubles, they were much troubled at the accident. After supper the beds were brought out, and each of the brothers, taking off his outer garments, crept into a warm reindeer sleeping-bag. I noticed that although their hands and faces were so dark, the skin of these Dolgans' arms and chests were as white as the skin of a European. But long after they were asleep their little old mother sat up cleaning and drying their clothes for the morrow.

All through the night the wind and rain yelled over the Tundra. A *choom* is a marvelously weather-proof dwelling. Like all things which have evolved slowly from the practical experiments of hundreds of generations, it is the simplest and most effective construction conceivable; but at the same time even a *choom* has its limitations, and long before morning the pitiless rain had beat an entrance, and was dripping dismally from the tent-poles on to the hearth. It was too cold to sleep in the sheepskins, which were already sodden with the wet, and for the greater part of the night we lay awake listening to the rustle and grunting of the reindeer as they grazed outside.

Our hosts were early astir, and the first to wake up was the hard-working little mother, for she had to make the fire. Now a fire in the Northern Tundra, you must know, is not the lavish heap of wood or coal sprawled all over the hearth to squander or replenish carelessly, whenever and however you please, that it may be in the south. In the Tundra fuel is of peculiar preciousness; all wood must be carried from the banks of the Yenesei, scores of versts away, for the only timber found on the spot is that of the little green willow-scrub. Hence, when a fire is laid for lighting, each chip and twig is placed after a careful plan, and when it is lighted the pile is watched jealously, and raked together scientifically from time to time, in order that the kettle may boil with the maximum of speed and the minimum of fuel. Before the tea was made the three sons awoke and washed their faces and hands in turn. Each took a mouthful of water from the scoop in the bucket by the door and let it trickle from his mouth over his hands. Their rather feline, but decidedly practical, ablutions over, they had a good breakfast of fish, while we ate the European fare that we had brought with us, and which I am bound to say did not look nearly as good as theirs did!

The Sotnikoffs were distinctly better off than many of the natives of the Yenesei. Each spring they came to the north with their reindeer, and

during the short arctic summer they wandered over the Tundra from one pasturage to another. When autumn came, however, they packed up their goods on the sledges and travelled southwards for 400 or 500 miles to the border of the great Siberian forests. Here they had another *choom*. Were they not afraid to leave it unprotected all through the summer, lest some one should steal it? we asked. They shouted with laughter at our simplicity. "Who would touch it?" they asked, scornful of the very idea.

This migration was well enough no doubt for the three young men; but it seemed little short of marvellous that the little fragile old woman, who could scarcely hobble fifty yards from the *choom* door, should travel thus on an open sledge through the first snows of a Siberian winter. Maria, however, seemed to regard the journey with as much equanimity as a London housewife regards the annual holiday trip to Margate. Vassilli, the eldest of the brothers, was a middle-sized man with a little hair on his face. His cast of countenance was the least amiable of the three; and we heard later that although of marriageable age he remained a bachelor willy-nilly, because all the girls of his people were afraid of his temper! Nicolai, on the other hand, had a round face, with such a joyous, comical expression, that it was not possible to look at him without smiling in sympathy. Maxim, the Benjamin of the family, was a small edition of



Nicolai. All three were as merry as schoolboys, and had the simple, ready humour of children. Nicolai, wishing to light his pipe, opened the match-box, only to find it empty. His discomfiture drew shouts of laughter from the others. Maxim, when putting on his boots, found that the stitching had given way, and that his bare toes protruded. He and his brothers rolled to and fro with merriment at this unexpected appearance, but Maria shook her head, and hastened to mend the hole with twisted reindeer sinew.

However, there was not much time for laughter, for, on the previous evening, Maxim had brought in news that twenty reindeer had strayed away from the rest of the herd. These must be found before we could start on the homeward journey, and the two elder brothers set off at once in search of them.

Meanwhile, the skies had cleared, and as I started on a solitary ramble up the valley, I saw the Tundra under another guise. Last night we saw its dour side, its greyness, its loneliness, and, seemingly, under the scourge of the wind and the rain, its hopelessness. The frame of the land was just as the ice had left it. Its horizons lay in long open curves, all angles planed away by the firm hand of the glaciers. Most likely the form of the swamps and rivers had not changed since the mammoth lumbered over the frozen mud-hills. But to-day I felt more clearly the promise of the Tundra—its

huge fertility, its immensity, its strange indefinable magic. The bluffs on either side of the river were ablaze with colour. Nowhere except in the Alps have I seen such splendid profusion of flowers—forget-me-nots, lupins, saxifrage, pedicularis, and vetches—purple, blue, crimson, and orange—and in the hollows the fragrant willows were abloom. On every hillock stood a plover in gold-studded livery, playing on his wild pipe, or malingering piteously to lead me from his hidden nursery. Down in the hollow a pair of godwits whistled to one another in notes like the striking of flint on steel, and red-throated pipits dropped carolling among the flowers. As I walked quickly beside the river-bank, little waders ran before me down the sandy spits, too busy to be afraid, and a fine willow-grouse rose with a *whirrr*, and boomed away over the hill. Beside the ford, the gulls flew to and fro, and stopped at their own purple shadows on the sandbanks. And yesterday there had not been a bird to be seen, and all the flowers had hidden their rain-drenched heads! All this transformation had been caused by a little sunshine. It was like a resurrection. The river ran tranquilly, reflecting a clear sky. Yesterday the monotony of its broad, flat banks had oppressed us by its drabness and dreariness. But to-day its very monotony lent it an added charm. It had no history: it served no human purpose. It came out of nowhere, flowed a

little way, bubbling contentedly in the sunshine, and then disappeared into nowhere. In some sort the river was typical of the Tundra itself. The Tundra is a land of the present. It has no past. No history was ever made there, and its people scarcely reckon the flight of years. It has no future. What can you do with a million square miles of lichen and moss, which for nine months of the year are frozen fast and deep? The life of the Tundra is an eternal present. Thus it was an æon back; thus it will be an æon hence.

It is one of Pan's pleasure gardens, of which, alas, there are so few remaining on this small and much-trodden earth.

Suddenly I heard a shout, and there were Vassilli and Nicolai with their truant herd. They were well pleased that their search had been so short, and were anxious to start at once for the Yenesei. Accordingly we hurried back immediately, for the sun was already past the zenith, and it is no light task to rope in and harness twenty reindeer. However, in a couple of hours

all was ready, and we started slowly for home.

I have never liked any night's lodging so well as I liked that in this little *choom*, with its freedom, its friendliness, and its spontaneous hospitality. It was with real regret that we left it, and bade good-bye to Maxim and his mother, who shook hands over and over again in their hearty native fashion. We forded the river this time without difficulty, and as we were slowly ascending the opposite slope of the valley, we turned to look back once more at the little tent in the hollow—a speck against the green hillside. We saw old Maria hobble out to fetch water from the spring, and farther on young Maxim herded up his patient deer. Their shadows, long and black in the afternoon sunshine, bustled swiftly over the grass. But beyond the brim of the valley the open Tundra rolled away into the immense grey distance. We saw no shadows there except the dim shadow of a passing cloud, for there no living creature moved.

MAUD D. HAVILAND.

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## NICKY-NAN, RESERVIST.

BY "Q."

## CHAPTER XIX.—I-SPY-HI!

At certain decent and regular intervals of time (we need not indicate them more precisely) Mrs Polsue was accustomed to order in from the *Three Pilschards* a firkin of ale. A firkin, as the reader probably knows, is the least compromising of casks, and Mr Latter regularly attended in person to "spile" it. Mrs Polsue as regularly took care to watch the operation.

"The newspaper tells me," said she, "that this is likely to be a teetotal War."

"Tell me another, ma'am!" answered Mr Latter in his unconventional way.

"It would be an excellent thing for our troops in the field: and, if you ask my opinion, a little mortifying of the spirit would do the working classes of this country a deal of good. I take a glass of ale myself, under medical advice, because cold water disagrees with me, and I've never yet had the aerated drink recommended that wasn't followed by flatulence."

"There's neither mirth nor music in 'em," agreed Mr Latter.

"I do not seek either mirth or music in the little I make use of," Mrs Polsue corrected

him; "and on general grounds I agree with total abstinence."

[In this the lady said no more than the truth. She had lamented, scores of times, an infirmity of the flesh which, forbidding her to chastise the indulgence of moderate drinking, protected a truly enormous class of fellow-creatures from her missionary disapproval. Often and often she had envied Charity Oliver, who could consume tea with hot sausages and even ham rashers. "To have the stomach of an ostrich must be a privilege indeed," she had once assured her friend; "though to be sure it tells on the complexion, forcing the blood to the face; so that (from a worldly point of view) at a distance a different construction might be put on it.]"

"Tea with sausages, for instance!"

"The same here—Poison!" Mr Latter agreed, delicately indicating where "here" lay for him.

"My father ever kept a generous table, which he was in a position to do." Mrs Polsue sighed, and added with resignation, "I suppose we must say that the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge."

"I wouldn't put it just like that, ma'am—not from what I've heard of the old gentleman's knowledge o' liquor."

"It will bear hardly on you, Latter, if the King and Parliament should put the country under Prohibition?"

"[Drabbet the old oat!]" murmured Mr Latter to himself. "She's fishing to get at my banking account, and a lot she'd interfere if 'twas the workhouse with me to-morrow."]

Aloud he said, rubbing his thumb on the edge of the auger and preparing to make incision upon the cask, "Well, ma'am, I reckon as the Lord will provide mortification enough for us before we're out o' this business, without our troublin' to get in ahead. The way I looks at it is, 'Let's be cheerful.' In my experience o' life there's no bank like cheerfulness for a man to draw upon, to keep hisself fit and industrious. What's more—if I may say it—'most every staid man, afore he gets to forty, has pretty well come to terms with his innards. He knows—if you'll excuse the figger o' speech, ma'am—what's the pressure 'pon the boiler an' how to stoke it. There's folks," said Mr Latter delicately, "as can't stoke hot tea upon sossiges: an' likewise there's folks as'll put forth their best on three goes o' whisky. So why not live an' let live?"

"They say," answered Mrs Polsue, "that the Czar has been advised to prohibit the sale of vodka throughout his vast dominion."

"What's the beverage, ma'am? I don't seem to know it."

"Vodka."

"Oh, well, very likely he has his reasons. . . . It sounds a long way off."

"But that," Mrs Polsue persisted, reproducing what she had assimilated from her newspaper,—"*that is what folks in Polpier cannot be made to understand. At this moment the Germans are nearer than we are to London, as the crow flies; and here are our working classes living on honey and roses, like a City of the Plain. What are our young men thinking about?*"

"Why, ma'am," said Mr Latter, by this time busy with the cask, "they're takin' it slow, I'll own, an' they don't say much. To begin with, 'tis their natur'; an' next, 'tis a bit more they risk than you or me, if I may make bold to say so. Then there's the mothers an' sweethearts pullin' 'em back."

"Tut! If *I* had a sweetheart——"

"Oh, certainly, ma'am!" agreed Mr Latter. "That if wars there had been, you'd have driven him to the nearest, I make no doubt at all; though your departed—if I may make so bold—was never the sort to hurt a fly. . . . Though, by God," wound up Mr Latter in an inaudible murmur as he blew the sawdust from the vent-hole, "the man must have had pluck, too, in his way!"

"There's worse bein' done by Polpier women than hold-

ing the men back. I call it worse, at any rate, to send your wedded husband off to fight for his country and then pick up with another man for protection."

"Can such goin's-on go on in our midst, ma'am, and nothing about in the shape o' fire an' brimstone?"

"I am not retailing gossip, Mr Latter. I tell you no more than was openly said to me, and brazenly, before witnesses, by one of the parties involved. As one of the Relief Committee appointed to see that none of our reservists' families are suffering want, I called the other day upon Samuel Penhaligon's wife. From the first the woman showed no sense of our respective positions; and after a question or two she became so violent that it drew quite a small crowd around the door. In the midst of her tirading out steps her partner——"

"What? Sam?"

"How should it be Samuel Penhaligon, when you know as well as I do that he's gone to the War? No: the man, I regret to say, was Nicholas Nanjivell."

"Nicky-Nan? . . . Oh, come, ma'am, I say! Why, what capers could *he* been cuttin'?"

"I feel justified in speaking of him as her partner, seeing that he avowed as much. She was living under his protection, he said, and he would see that she didn't come to want. He had even the

effrontery to assure me that he had made an arrangement with Penhaligon; but that, I feel sure, was a shameless lie, and my ears tingle to hear myself repeating it. 'Twas hard enough to keep one's temper with the man standing there and talking big as my lord, when the Lord knows if for these two years he's seen the colour of a sovereign. . . . Eh? What ails you?" she demanded, as Mr Latter, who had been testing the point of the auger with his thumb, gave a sudden and violent start.

"Thank 'ee, ma'am—there's no blood drawn, as it happens," said Mr Latter, "but 'twas nibby-jibby,<sup>1</sup> the way you outed with it, an' took me of a heap. If you'd ever happened now to stand up to a man and him gettin' his fist full on your wind—no, you *wouldn't*, o' course. But 'twas a knock-out. . . . 'Nicky-Nan,' says you, 'an' not a sovereign to bless hisself'—Why, the man's fairly *leakin'* sovereigns!—sheddin' 'em about like fish-scales!"

"Mr Latter—are you *intoxicated*?"

"I wish I was, ma'am. 'Twould be some kind of an explanation, though mebbe not the most satisfactory. . . . When I tell you that the man walked into my bar, three days since, an' scattered sovereigns all over my floor! When I tell you he couldn' pull out a han'kercher to blow his nose but he *sneezed* sovereigns!"

Mrs Polsue gasped.

<sup>1</sup> A close shave.

"—When I tell you," Mr Latter pursued, flourishing his auger and rapping it on the flat of his palm, "that one o' these soldiers—a Corporal too, and named Sandercock—was talkin' in my bar not two hours ago, an' says he, 'You've a man called Nanjivell, lives here by the bridge.' 'Ay,' says I. 'Bit of an eccentric?' says he. 'How?' says I. 'The way he drops his gold about,' says the Corporal. 'Ho?' says I, prickin' up my ears, but not choosin' to be talkative with a stranger. 'So folks have been tellin' you that story already?' says I. 'Tellin' me?' says he. 'Why, I see'd it with my own eyes!' 'Come,' thinks I to myself, 'this fellow's a bra' bit of a liar, wherever he hails from.' 'With my own eyes,' he repeats. 'I see'd en drop a sovereign in gold, up by that 'taty-patch of his where the Company's runnin' a trench: an' later on, as I started clearin' his crop, I came on two more in the soil, just where he'd been standin'.' 'Hullo!' thinks I, 'this ben't the same story, but another one altogether.' I didn' say that aloud, though. What I said aloud was, 'You mustn't take notice of every-thing you see Nicky-Nan do. 'Tis only his tricks.' 'Tricks?' says the Corporal. 'If a man behaved like that down to Penryn we should call en an eccentric.' That's the tale, ma'am: an' the best part o' last night, what with puttin' two an' two together an' makin' neither head nor tail of it, I scarce closed an eye in my head."

"I saw the man,"—Mrs Polsue, after a sharp intake of breath, said it slowly in a hushed tone of surmise. "On Sunday, on my way home from service, I saw him hand the money over. I wasn't near enough to catch all that passed in the way of conversation. But the soldiers were delivering a quantity of potatoes they had dug up in the man's patch, and I concluded that Government, in its wasteful way, was paying him some sort of compensation over and above saving his crop for him. I remember saying to Miss Oliver that somebody ought to write to the War Office about it. . . . A man that already takes the taxpayers' money for pretending to be a Reservist, and then, when war breaks out, prefers to skulk at home in open sin or next door to it."

"I wouldn' go so far as all that, ma'am," said Mr Latter. "In fact, I b'lieve you're under some mistake about Mrs Penhaligon, who is reckoned as good a woman as any in the parish; while 'tis known that no doctor 'd pass Nanjivell for service. But if you ask me, I've a great idea the man has come into a legacy, or else struck a store of gold——"

The landlord checked his tongue abruptly. Some phrase about a 'taty-patch floated across his memory. Had the phrase been his own, or Nicky-Nan's? He must give himself time to think this out, for it might well be the clue. The Corporal had spoken of finding two of the three sovereigns under the soil. . . . While

Mr Latter's brain worked, he cast a quick glance at Mrs Polsue, in fear that he had gone too far.

But, although she had heard him, it happened that Mrs Polsue's mind was working on a widely divergent scent. She also was preoccupied with something that haunted her memory: a paragraph in that morning's newspaper. She, too, had no present intention of unveiling her surmise.

"Nonsense!" she said. "Folks don't happen on buried treasure in Polpier; and you can't have a legacy without its getting into the papers."

Mr Latter had no sooner departed than she put on her bonnet and paid a call on her friend Miss Charity Oliver.

"If Mr Amphlett were only a magistrate——" said Mrs Polsue, after telling her story. "He was as good as promised it before the Unionists went out of office, as his services to the party well deserved. *This* Government appoints none but its own creatures. . . . And Squire Tresanna, living three miles away—with the chance, when you get there, of finding he's not at home——"

"You might send him a letter," suggested Miss Oliver.

"One has to be very careful what one puts down on paper," said Mrs Polsue. "I don't want to compromise myself unnecessarily, even for the sake of my country. A personal interview is always more advisable . . . But, apart from the distance, don't fancy the

idea of consulting the Squire. He dislikes hearing ill of anybody. Oh, I quite agree!—If he takes that line, he has no business on the Bench. What else is a magistrate *for*?"

"Well, dear, I don't know much about the law. But I've heard it laid down as a rule that every man is supposed to be innocent until you prove that he's guilty——"

"And I never could understand why," Mrs Polsue interjected; "seeing that five out of every six persons charged are found guilty. To my mind the law would be more sensible if it learnt by experience and took some account of the odds."

"There's a good deal to be said for that, no doubt," Miss Oliver agreed. "But the Squire—or any other magistrate, for that matter—will look on the law as it stands; and if you are going to lay information against Nicholas Nanjivell——"

"Who said I wanted to lay information? Why should any private person undertake such unpleasantness, when it's the plain duty of the police, and in fact what they're paid for."

"Then why not leave it to Rat-it-all?"

"I believe I will, after giving him a hint. . . . But you don't seem to *see*, Charity Oliver!" her friend exploded. "What you are arguing may do well enough for ordinary times. These are not ordinary times. With all the newspapers declaring that our country is riddled with German spies—positively riddled——"

"I don't believe the man's

capable of it, even if he had the will."

"Then, perhaps, if you're so clever, you'll suggest a likelier explanation?"

"He may have won the money in a lottery," Miss Oliver suggested brightly. "One of those Hamburg affairs—if you insist that the money's German."

"I don't insist on anything," snapped Mrs Polsue. "I only say, first, there's a mystery here, and you can't deny it. Secondly, we're at war,—you'll agree to that, I hope? That being so, it's everybody's business to take precautions and inform the authorities of *anything* that looks suspicious. The more it turns out to be smoke without fire, the more obliged the man ought to be to us for giving him the chance to clear his character."

"Well, I hope you won't start obliging me in that way," Miss Oliver was ever slow at following logic. "Because I never put a shilling into a lottery in my life, though I've more than once been in two minds. But in those days Germany always seemed so far off, and their way of counting money in what they call Marks always struck me as so unnatural. Marks was what you used to get at school—like sherbet and such things."

"Charity Oliver—may the Lord forgive me, but sometimes I'm tempted to think you no better than a fool!"

"The Vicar doesn't think so," responded Miss Oliver complacently. "He called this morning to ask me if I'd add to my public duties by allowing

him to nominate me on the Relief Committee, which wants strengthening."

"Did he say *that*?" Mrs Polsue sat bolt erect.

"Well, I won't swear to the words. . . . Let me see. No, his actual words were that it wanted a little new blood to give it tact. I will say that Mr Steele has a very happy way of putting things. . . . So you really *are* going to lay information, Mary-Martha? If you see your duty so clear, I can't think why you troubled to consult me."

"I shall do my duty," declared Mrs Polsue. "Without taking further responsibility, I shall certainly put Rat-it-all on the look-out."

That same evening, a little before sunset, Nicky-Nan took a stroll along the cliff-path towards his devastated holding, to see what progress the military had made with their excavations. The trench, though approaching his boundary fence, had not yet reached it. Somewhat to his surprise he found Mr Latter there, in the very middle of his patch, examining the turned earth to right and left.

"Hullo!" cried Nicky-Nan, unsuspecting. "*You* caught the war-fever too? I never met 'ee so far afield afore. What with your sedentary figure an' the contempt I've heard 'ee use about soldiers —"

Mr Latter, as he straightened himself up, appeared to be confused. He was also red in the face, and breathed heavily.



Nicky-Nan noted, but innocently misread, these symptoms.

"Good friable soil you got here," said Mr Latter, recovering a measure of self-possession. "Pretty profitable little patch, unless I'm mistaken."

"It was," answered Nicky. "But though, from your habits, you're about the last man I'd have counted on findin' hereabouts, I'm main glad, as it happens. A superstitious person might go so far as to say you'd dropped from heaven."

"Why so?"

Nicky-Nan cast a glance over his shoulder. "We're neighbours here?"

"Certainly," agreed Mr Latter, puzzled, and on his defence.

"Noticed anything strange about Rat-it-all, of late?"

"Rat-it-all?"

"You wish friendly to him, eh? . . . I ask because, as between the police and licensed victuallers——" Nicky-Nan hesitated.

"You may make you're mind easy," Mr Latter assured him. "Rat-it-all wouldn't look over a blind. I've no complaint to make of Rat-it-all, and never had. But what's happened to him?"

"I wish I knew," answered Nicky-Nan. "I glimpsed him followin' me, back along the path; an' when I turned about for a chat, he dodged behind a furze-bush like as if he was pouncin' on some valuable butterfly. 'That's odd,' I thought: for I'd never heard of his collectin' such things. But he's often told me how lonely a constable feels, an' I thought he

might have picked up wi' the habit to amuse himself. So on I walked, waitin' for him to catch me up; an' by-an'-by turned about to look for en. There he was, on the path, an' be damned if he didn' dodge behind another bush! I wonder if 'tis sunstroke? It always seemed to me those helmets must be a tryin' wear."

"I dunno. . . . But here he is! Let's ask him," said Mr Latter as Policeman Rat-it-all appeared on the ridge with body bent and using the gait of a sleuth-hound Indian. [There is no such thing as a sleuth-hound Indian, but none the less Rat-it-all was copying him.]

"Hullo, Rat-it-all!"

The constable straightened himself up and approached with an affected air of jauntiness.

"Why, whoever would ha' thought to happen on *you* two here?" he exclaimed, and laughed uneasily.

"Sure enough the man's manner isn't natural," said Mr Latter to Nicky-Nan. "Speakin' as a publican, too," he confided, "I'd be sorry if anything happened to the chap an' we got a stranger in his place."

"What's the matter with 'ee, Rat-it-all?" asked Nicky-Nan sympathetically. "By the way you've been behavin' all up the hill——"

"You noticed it?"

"Noticed it!"

"Rat it all!—I mean, I was hopin' you wouldn't. I begin to see as it will take more practice than I allowed." He cast a glance back at the ridge as he seated himself on the turf. "Either of you got a pinch o' baccy?"

"Then you *aren't* afflicted in any way?" exclaimed Nicky-Nan with relief. "But what was the matter with 'ee, just now, that you kept behavin' so comical?"

"Got such a thing as a match? . . . Well, I didn' be-

lieve it from the first. You must make allowance," said he as he puffed, "that a constable has communications in these times, of a certain nature, calculated to get on his Nerves. For my part, I hate all this mistrustfulness that's goin'."

#### CHAPTER XX.—MISS OLIVER PROFFERS ASSISTANCE.

Although this narrative has faintly attempted to trace it here and there in operation, no one can keep tally with rumour in Polpier, or render any convincing account of its secret ways. It were far easier to hunt thistledown.

The Penhaligon family were packing, preparing for the great move into Aun' Bunney's derelict cottage. 'Bert and 'Beitha had been given to understand—had made sure, in fact—that the move would be made, at earliest, in the week before Michaelmas Day. For some reason or other Mrs Penhaligon had changed her mind, and was hurrying things forward almost feverishly. 'Beida—who for a year or so had been taken more and more into her mother's confidence—suddenly found herself up against a dead wall of mystery and obstinacy. The growing girl was puzzled—driven even to consult 'Bert about it; and a Polpier woman is driven far before she seeks advice from husband or brother.

She might have spared herself the humiliation, too. For 'Bert, when she cornered him, gave no help at all. Yet he was positive enough. [It takes some experience to discover what painted laths men are.]

"Some woman's rot," decided 'Bert with a shrug of his shoulders. "Father bein' away, she's worryin', an' wants to get it over. She don't consult me, so I've no call to tell her to take things cooler." He was huffed, and wound up by muttering an indistinct word or two, ending with "females."

"Get along with your 'females'!" fired up 'Beida, springing to arms for her sex. "I'd like to know where the world 'd be without us. But don't you see that 'tisin' *like* Mother to be so daggin' to quit the old house?"

"She wants to get the grievin' over, I tell you," 'Bert maintained.

As for 'Biades he was rather more—certainly not less—of a nuisance than children of his age usually are when a family intends a move. He asked a thousand questions, wandered among packing-cases as in a maze, and, if his presence were forgotten for a moment, sat down and howled. On being picked up and righted he would account for his emotion quite absurdly yet lucidly and in a way that wrung all hearts.

On the second day of packing he looked out from a zareeba of furniture under

which he had contrived to crawl, and demanded—

“What’s a spy?”

“A spy?” his mother echoed after he had repeated the question three or four times. “A spy is a wicked man: worse nor a Prooshian.”

“What’s a Prooshian?”

“A Prooshian,” said Mrs Penhaligon, inverting one bedroom chair on another, “is a kind o’ German, and by all accounts the p’isonest. A spy is worse nor even a Prooshian, because he pretends he isn’t till he’ve wormed hisself into your confidence, an’ then he comes out in his true colours an’, the next thing you know you’re stabbed in the back in the dark.” Mrs Penhaligon might miss to be lucid in explanation, but never to be vivid.

“What’s your ‘confidence’?” asked ’Biades, after a digestive pause.

His sister ’Beida turned about while she bumped herself up and down in a sitting posture on the lid of an old sea-chest overfilled with pillows, bed-curtains, and other “soft goods.”

“It isn’t your stummick, on which you’re crawlin’ at this moment like Satan in the garden. And only yesterday your askin’ to be put into weskits on the ground of your age! A nice business ’twould be to keep *your* front in buttons!” While admonishing ’Biades, ’Beida continued to bump herself on the sea-chest, her speech by consequence coming in short interrupted gushes like water from a pump. “A spy,” she continued, “is a man what creeps

in a person’s belongings same as you’re doin’ at this moment, an’ then goes off an’ gets paid for writin’ to Germany about it: which if we didn’ know from bitter experience as you couldn’t spell a, b, ‘ab,’ we should be feelin’ nervous at this moment, the way you’re behavin’.”

“How can you tell a spy?” persisted ’Biades after another pause, ignoring reproof. “Does he go about with a gamey leg, like Mr Nanjivell? Or what?”

“Don’t you set up to laugh at gamey legs or any such infirmity,” his mother warned him, “when there’s an All-seein’ Eye about an’, for all we know, around the corner at this moment gettin’ ready to strike you comical.”

“There’s no way to tell a spy at first,” added ’Beida; “an’ that’s why they’re so dangerous. The usual way is that first you have your suspicions, an’ then, some day when he’s not lookin’ you search his premises, an’ the fat’s in the fire.”

“What’s an infirmity?” asked ’Biades. Getting no answer, after half a minute he asked, “What’s premises?”

Still there was no answer. With a sigh he wriggled backwards out of his shelter. Seizing the moment when his sister had at length pressed down the lid and his mother was kneeling to lock it, he slipped out of the room and betook himself to the water-side, where he fell into deep thought.

This happened on Tuesday.

During Wednesday and the morning of Thursday the child was extraordinarily well-behaved,—as Mrs Penhaligon observed to her daughter.

“You kept warnin’ me he’d be a handful, messin’ about an’ unpaikin’ things as soon as they was packed. Whereas if he’d been his own father, he couldn’ ha’ been more considerate in keepin’ out o’ the way. ’Tis wonderful how their tender intellec’s turn steady when there’s trouble in the family.”

“But there isn’t.”

“Well, you know what I mean. For the last two days the blessed child might not ha’ been in existence, he’s such a comfort.”

“Well,” said ’Beida, “you *may* be right. But I never yet knowed ’Biades quiet for half this time ’ithout there was somebody’s bill to pay at the end o’t.”

That same afternoon as Miss Charity Oliver came down the hill on her first errand as Relief Visitor, at the corner by Mrs Pengelly’s she happened on young ’Biades, posted solitary before the shop-window. There was something queer in this: for the elder children had started a game of tig, down by the bridge—that is to say, within earshot—and as a rule any such game attracted ’Biades fatally to its periphery, where he would stand with his eyes rounded and his heart sick for the time when he would be grown up and invited to join in. To-day his back was turned to the fun.

Miss Oliver, however, knew

no more of ’Biades’ ways than that on her approach as a rule he either fled precipitately or, if no retreat offered itself, stood stock-still, put a finger in his mouth, and seemed to be calling on some effort of the will to make him invisible. To-day he met her accost easily, familiarly, even with what in a grown male might have been taken for a drunken leer.

“Well, my little man!” said Miss Oliver. “And what might you be doing here, all by yourself?”

“Choosin’,” answered ’Biades. Reluctantly he withdrew his eyes again from gloating on Mrs Pengelly’s miscellaneous exhibits. “I ’speat it’ll end in peppermint lumps, but I’d rather have trousers if a whole penny would run to ’em.”

He held out his palm, exhibiting a coin over which his fingers quickly closed again.

“What’s that money you have?” asked Miss Oliver sharply.

“A penny,” answered the child. “A whole penny. I like peppermint lumps, but they smell so strong in your breath that ’Bert and ’Beida would find out an’ want to share. Of course trousers are found out quite as easy, or easier. But you can’t go shares in trousers: not,” added ’Biades thoughtfully, “if you try ever so.”

“May I see the pretty penny?” coaxed Miss Oliver: for in the glimpse allowed her it had seemed an extraordinarily bright and yellow one.

“You mustn’ oome no nearer than you are now,” said ’Biades, backing a little. After an inward struggle he opened

his fingers and disclosed the coin.

"Where did you get *that*?"

Miss Oliver's eyes were notoriously sharp. Her voice rapped out the question in a way that made 'Biades blink and clasp the coin again as he cast a desperate look behind him in search of retreat.

"Mr Nanjivell gave it to me."

"Mr Nanjivell! . . . He couldn't!" Miss Oliver took a step forward. 'Biades lowered his head.

"If you come a step closer I'll butt 'ee!" He threatened. "Mr Nanjivell gave it to me," he repeated, and, seeing her taken aback, soared upon the wing of falsehood. "Mother's changing houses, an' Mr Nanjivell said I'd behaved so quiet I deserved a penny if ever a boy did in this world."

"A penny?" Miss Oliver echoed. "But where did he—how did he come across that kind of penny? Such a bright penny, I mean."

"He spat upon it, an' rubbed it on his trousers," answered 'Biades with a glibness that astonished himself, "peeking" between his fingers to make sure that they really held the prize. Inspiration took the child, once started, and he lied as one lifted far above earth. "Mr Nanjivell said as it might help me to forget Father's bein' away at the War. Mr Nanjivell said as I couldn' learn too early to lay by against a rainy day, and I was to take it to Missis Pengelly's and if it took the form of trousers *he* didn' mind. Mother wanted me to put it in the savings bank, but he wouldn' hear of it. He said

they weren't to be trusted any longer—not savings banks. He said——"

"But where did *he* get it?"

'Biades blinked, and set his face hardily. He had the haziest notions of how money was acquired. But from infancy he had perforce attended chapel.

"He took up a collection."

"*What*?"

"He took up a collection, Miss: the same as Mr Amphlett does on Sunday. Back-along, when he was at sea——"

"Aloibiades," said Miss Oliver on a sudden impulse, feeling for her purse. "What would you say if I gave you two pennies for your bright new one? Two pennies will buy twice as much as one, you know."

"O' course I know *that*," said 'Biades cunningly. "But what for?"

"Because you have told me such a pretty story."

'Biades hesitated. He had been driven—in self-defence, to be sure—into saying things at the bare thought of which he felt a premonitory tingling in the rearward part of his person. But somehow the feel of the coin in his hand seemed to enfranchise him. He had at once a sense of manly solidity and of having been floated off into a giddy atmosphere in which nothing succeeded like success and the law of gravity had lost all spanking weight. He backed towards Mrs Pengelly's shop door, greedy, suspicious, irresolute.

Miss Oliver produced two copper coins, and laid them in his palm. As the exchange was made he backed upon Mrs Pengelly's shop door, and the impact set a bell clanging.

The sense of it shot up his spine of a sudden, and at each stroke of the clapper he felt he had sold his soul to the devil. But Miss Oliver stood in front of him, with a smile on her face that seemed to waver the more she fixed it: and at this moment the voice of Mrs Pengelly—a deep contralto—called, “Come in!”

Some women are comfortable, others uncomfortable. In the language of Polpier, “there be bitter and there be bowerly.” Mrs Pengelly was a bowerly woman, and traded in lollipops. Miss Oliver—

Anyhow, the child 'Biades turned and took refuge in the shop, hurling back the door-flap and its clanging bell.

This left Miss Oliver without, in the awkwardest of situations: since she had a conscience as well as curiosity. In her palm lay a guinea-piece: which meant that (at the very least, or the current rate of exchange) she had swindled a child out of twenty shillings and tenpence. This would never do, of course. . . . Yet she could not very well follow in at this moment and explain to Mrs Pengelly.

Moreover, here was a mystery, connected with Nanjivell. In the midst of her embarrassment she felt a secret assurance that she was in luck; that she held a clue; that she had in her grasp something to open Mrs Polsue's eyes in envy.

“The first thing,” she decided, “is to take this piece of gold to the child's mother, and instanter.”

But, as fate would have it, she had scarcely reached the porch of the Old Dootor's house when Nicky-Nan himself emerged from it: and at the sight of him her fatal curiosity triumphed.

“Mr Nanjivell!” she called.

Nicky-Nan turned about. “Good mornin', Miss. Was that you a-callin'?”

Having yielded to her impulse, Miss Oliver suddenly found herself at a loss how to proceed. Confusion and the call to improvise an opening movement mantled her cheeks with that crimson tint which her friend Mary-Martha so often alleged to be unbecoming.

“I stopped you,” she answered, stammering a little, “because, with all our little differences in Polpier, we're all one family in a sense, are we not? We have a sort of fellow-feeling—eh?—whether in trouble or prosperity. And as a Polpier woman, born and bred, I'd like to be one of the first to wish you joy of your good fortune.”

Nicky-Nan's face did not flush. On the contrary, it turned to an ashen grey, as he stood before her and leant for support on his stick. He was making inarticulate sounds in his throat.

“Who told you?” he gasped hoarsely. Recollecting himself, he hastily changed the form of the question. “What lies have they been tellin' up about me now?”

Miss Oliver had meant to disclose the guinea in her palm, and tell him of her meeting with the child 'Biades. But now she clutched the coin

closer, and it gave her confidence—a feeling that she held her trump card in reserve.

“Why, of course, they have been putting up lies, as you say,” she answered cunningly. “There was never such a place as Polpier for tittle-tattle. They’ve even gone so far as to set it about that it came from Germany: which was the reason you haven’t joined up with the colours.”

“What came from Germany?”

“And of course it is partly your own fault, isn’t it?—if you *will* make such a secret of the thing? . . . Yet, I’m sure I don’t blame you. Living the solitary life you do must make it specially trying to feel that every one is canvassing your affairs. For my part, I said, ‘If it *does* come from Germany,’ I said, ‘you may be sure ’tis through one of those lotteries.’” On a swift thought she added, “But that tale is all nonsense, of course: because the Germans wouldn’t pay in guineas, would they?”

“‘Guineas’?” repeated Nicky-Nan, as the solid earth seemed to fail beneath his feet and his supporting stick.

Miss Oliver, grasping the advantage of his evident distress, decided in a flash (1) that here, before her, stood the wreck of a well-connected man, cleanly in person, not ill to look upon; and (2) that she would a little longer withhold disclosure of the guinea.

“Well, I *heard* it took the form of guineas, Mr Nanjivell, but of course I don’t wish to be inquisitive.”

“That devil Amphlett has been talkin’,” muttered Nicky-Nan to himself.

“I only suggest,” Miss Oliver went on, “that if ’twas known—I don’t seek to know the amount, but if I had your authority to say that ’twas all in good coin of this realm—with my opportunities I might hush up half this silly talk about your being a spy and in German pay—”

“What? . . . ME, a German spy?” The words seemed fairly to strangle him.

“It’s a positive fact, I assure you. I mean it’s a positive fact *somebody* has been putting that story about.”

“If I knawed the critter, male or female—” Nicky-Nan gripped his stick.

Miss Oliver could not help admiring his demeanour, his manly indignation. The man had fine features, too—a touch of ancestry. She grew bolder.

“Well, I rather think I *do* know the creature, as you put it—though I am not going to tell you,” she added almost archly. Then, of a sudden, “Has Constable Rat-it-all been paying you any attention lately?”

“Well . . . I’ll be danged!”

Miss Oliver laughed pleasantly. “The fact is, Mr Nanjivell, you want a woman’s wit to warn you, as every man does in your position. And just now it took me of a sudden, happening upon you in this way and knowing how you were surrounded by evil tongues, that I’d cast prudence to the winds and speak to you openly for your good, as

a neighbour. You don't think the worse of me, I hope?"

"Why, no, Miss Oliver. Contrariwise I ought to be—if you hadn' taken me so sudden!" he concluded lamely.

"We'll say no more about that. All I suggest is that, until you find some one worthier of your confidence, if you care to count on me as an old friend and neighbour——"

"Good Lord!" Nicky-Nan cast a hand to his brow. "You'll excuse my manners, Miss—but if you'll let me go off an' think it over——"

He turned as if to flee into the house. Then as if headed off by the noise of hammering within, he faced about and made across the bridge for the quay-head and his favourite bollard. There, as a man in a dream, he found a seat, and vainly for ten minutes strove to collect and arrange his thoughts. Suspicion, fear, wild anger wove dances in his brain—witch-dances im-

mingled with cursings upon the heads of Amphlett and Policeman Rat-it-all. . . . Of a sudden he sat up and stiffened with a new fright.

"By her manner, that woman was makin' love to me!"

Left to herself, and as Nicky-Nan passed out of sight around the corner beyond the bridge, Miss Charity Oliver warily opened her palm and examined the guinea.

"By rights," she mused, "I ought to take this in to Mrs Penhaligon at once, and caution her about Alcibiades. . . . No, I won't, though. I'll call first and have it out with Mary-Martha. She thinks she knows everything, and she has a way of making others believe it. But she has proved herself a broken reed over this affair, and," said Miss Oliver to herself with decision, "I rather fancy I'll make Mary-Martha sensible of it."

#### CHAPTER XXI.—FAIRY GOLD.

"So you see, Mary-Martha, that for once in a way you were wrong and I was right."

"You're too fond of sweepin' statements, Charity Oliver. I doubt your first, and your second I not only doubt but deny. So far as I remember, I said the man was probably in German pay, while you insisted that he'd won the money in a lottery."

"I didn't insist: I merely suggested. It was you who started to talk about German money: and I answered you

that, even if the money *was* German, there might be an innocent way of explaining it before you took upon yourself to warn the police."

Mrs Polsue glanced at her friend sharply. "You seem to be gettin' very hot over it," was her comment. "Why, I can't think. You certainly wouldn't if you gave any thought to your appearance."

"I'm not hot in the least," hotly protested Miss Oliver. "I'm simply proving to you that you've made a mistake:



which you could never in your life bear to be told. The money is English gold, with King George the Something's head on it: and *that* you can't deny, try as you may."

"All the more reason why it shouldn't come through a German lottery," replied Mrs Polsue, examining the coin.

"I tell you for the last time that I only threw lotteries out as a suggestion. There's many ways to come into a fortune besides lotteries. You can have it left to you by will, for instance——"

"Dear, dear! . . . But never mind: go on. How one lives and learns!"

"And the other day the papers were full of a man who came into tens of thousands through what they called a Derby sweep. I remember wondering how cleaning chimneys—even those long factory ones—could be so profitable in the north of England, until it turned out that a sweep was some kind of horse-race."

"The Derby, as it is called," said Mrs Polsue, imparting information in her turn, "is the most famous of horse-races, and the most popular, though not the most fashionable. It is called the Blue Ribbon of the Turf."

"Indeed? Now that's very gratifying to hear," said Miss Oliver. "I didn't know they ran *any* of these meetings on teetotal lines."

"As I was saying," her friend continued, "the gowns worn are not so expensive as at Ascot, and I believe there is no Royal Enclosure. But the Derby is nevertheless what

they call a National Institution. As you know, I disapprove of horse-racing as a pastime: but my brother-in-law in the Civil Service used to attend it regularly, from a sense of duty, with a green veil around his hat."

"I suppose he didn't want to be recognised?" Miss Oliver hazarded.

"He didn't go so far as to say that Government Officials were compelled to attend: though he implied that it was expected of him. There's an unwritten law in most of these matters. . . . But after what I've told you, Charity Oliver, do you look me in the face and suggest that the Derby horse-race, being run, as every one knows, early in the London season and somewhere towards the end of May, if my memory serves me—can be made to account for a man like Nanjivell, that humanly speaking shouldn't know one end of a horse from another, starting to parade his wealth in the month of August?"

"You've such a knack of taking me up before I'm down, Mary-Martha. I never said nor thought Mr Nanjivell had won his money on a horse-race. I only said that some people did."

"Oh, well, if *that's* your piece of news," said Mrs Polsue with her finest satirical air, "it was considerate of you to put on your bonnet and lose no time in telling me. . . . But how long is it since we started 'Mister'-ing Nanjivell in this way?"

Miss Oliver's face grew crimson. "It seems to me

that now he has come into money—and being always of good family, as everybody knows——” She hesitated and came to a halt. Her friend’s eyes were fixed on her, and with an expression not unlike a lazy oat’s.

“Oho!” thought Mrs Polsue to herself, and for just a moment her frame shook with a dry inward spasm; but not a muscle of her face twitched. Aloud she said: “Well, in your place I shouldn’t be so hot, at short notice, to stand up for a man who on your own showing is a corrupter of children’s minds. Knowing what I’ve told you of the relations between this Nanjivell and Mrs Penhaligon, and catching this Penhaligon ohild with a gold coin in his hand, and hearing from his own confession that the man gave it to him, even *you* might have drawn some conclusion, I’d have thought.”

“I declare, Mary-Martha, I wouldn’t think so uncharitably of folks as you do, not if I was paid for it. You’re annoyed—that’s what you are—because you got Mr—— because you got him watched for a German spy, and now I’ve proved you’re wrong and you can’t wriggle out of *that*.”

“Your godfather and godmothers did very well for you at your baptism, Charity Oliver. Prophets they must have been. . . . But just you take a chair and compose yourself and listen to me.—A minute ago you complained that I took you up before you were down. Well, I’ll improve on that by taking you down

before you’re up—or up so far as you think yourself. Answer me. This a piece of gold, eh?”

“Why, of course. That’s why I brought it to you.”

“What kind of a piece of gold?”

“A guinea-piece. My father used to wear one on his watch-chain, and I recognised the likeness at once.”

“Quite so. Now when your father happened to earn a sovereign, did he go and hang it on his watch-chain?”

“What a silly question!”

“It isn’t at all a silly question. . . . Now tell me how many sovereigns you’ve seen in your life, and how many guineas?”

“O-oh! . . . I think I see what you mean——”

“I congratulate you, I’m sure. Now I won’t swear, but I’m morally certain that guineas haven’t been what they call in circulation for years, and years and years.”

“You’re always seeing them in subscription lists,” Miss Oliver objected. “Take our Emergency Fund—‘Charles Pendarves Tresawna, Esq., J.P., twenty-five guineas.’”

“I seem to remember that the Squire paid by cheque,” said Mrs Polsue drily.

“But the guineas must have been there, in the Bank . . . Oh, I see! You mean that a guinea being worth twenty-one shillings——”

“That’s right: you’re getting at it. Though I declare, Charity Oliver, there are times when I don’t know which is furthest behind the times—your head, or the coqueticots you insist on wearing upon it.

But now I hope you'll admit I was right, and there's a mystery about Nanjivell. Whether 'tis mixed up with his immorality or separate I won't pretend to decide, or not at this stage."

"But anyway you can't make out a guinea-piece to be German," maintained Miss Oliver with a last show of obstinacy.

"I don't say 'yes' or 'no' to that just yet," Mrs Polsue replied. "The newspapers tell us the Germans have been hoarding gold for a very long time. But you mentioned the Bank just now—or did I? Never mind: it was a good suggestion anyway. Wait while I send across for Mr Amphlett."

"Why, to be sure," said Mr Amphlett, "it's a guinea—a George the Second guinea." He pushed back a corner of the cloth and rang the coin on the table. "Sound . . . and not clipped at all. There's always its intrinsic value, as we say: and one of these days it will have an additional value as a curiosity. But as yet that is almost negligible. Oddly enough——" He broke off, fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and produced a guinea almost precisely similar. Miss Oliver gasped: it was so like a conjuring trick.

"Where did Miss Oliver get this one?" asked Mr Amphlett, laying his right forefinger upon the guinea on the table while still holding the other displayed in the palm of his left hand.

"I got it," confessed Miss Oliver, "off that youngest child

of Samuel Penhaligon's, who told me it had been given him as a present by Mr—by Nicholas Nanjivell."

"WHAT?"

She blanched, as Mr Amphlett stared at her. "His eyes," as she explained later, "were round in his head—round as gooseberries."

"Well, I suppose I oughtn't to have taken it from the child. . . . But seeing that he didn't know its value, and there being something of a mystery in the whole business—as Mary-Martha here will explain, though she will have it that the man is a German spy——"

"Stuff and nonsense, ma'am! . . . I beg your pardon: you're quite right: there is a mystery here, though it has nothing to do with German spies. I rather fancy I'm in a position to get to the bottom of it."

On Saturday, almost at blink of dawn, the Penhaligons started house-moving. Mrs Penhaligon had everything ready—even the last box corded—more than thirty-six hours earlier. But she would neither finish nor start installing herself on a Friday, which was an unlucky day.

The discomfort of taking their meals on packing-cases and sleeping on mattresses spread upon the bare floor weighed as nothing with the children in comparison with the delightful sense of adventure. Neither Bert nor Beida, when they came to talk it over, could understand why their mother was in such a fever to quit the old house. Scarcely ten days before she had

kept assuring them, almost angrily, that there was no hurry before Michaelmas. It was queer too that not only had she forbidden them to accept even the smallest offer of help from Nicky-Nan when he showed himself willing (as he expressed it) for any light job as between neighbours, but on 'Bert's attempting to argue the point with her she had boxed 'Biades' ears for a quite trifling offence and promptly collapsed and burst into tears with no more preparation than that of throwing an apron over her head.

"She's upset," said 'Bert.

"If you learn at this rate, you'll be sent for, one of these days, by the people up at Scotland Yard," said 'Beida sarcastically. But you cannot glean much intelligence from a face which is covered by an apron.

"She's upset at leavin' the house. Women are like that—always—when it comes to the point."

"Are they? I'll give you leave to watch me. And I'll bet you sixpence."

"You're not a woman yet. When the time comes you may start cryin' or you mayn't. But I'll take even money you box 'Biades' ears."

'Beida's glance travelled to that forlorn child. "I'll not take any bet," she announced; "when you know that it may be necessary at any moment—he's that unaccountable." She lifted her voice so that the innocent culprit could not avoid hearin'. "I don't speculate on a *thief*," she added with vicious intention.

"Hush—hush!" said 'Bert, and glanced anxiously at his sobbing parent.

Nicky-Nan was the worst puzzled of them all. He had promised Sam Penhaligon to do his best when the family shifted quarters: and now Mrs Penhaligon would not hear of his lifting so much as a hand.

He spent most of the day out on the cliffs, idly watching the military.

Mrs Penhaligon had invoked the aid of Farmer Best; and Farmer Best (always a friend of the unfriended) had sent down two hay waggons to transport the household stuff. By four in the afternoon, or thereabouts, the last load had been carried and was in process of delivery at Aunt Bunney's cottage.

At a quarter to five Nicky-Nan returned to the desolate house. The front door stood open, of course. So (somewhat to his surprise) did the door of the Penhaligons' kitchen.

"They're all behindhand," thought Nicky-Nan. "Better fit the good woman hadn' been so forward to despise my helpin'."

He peered in cautiously. The room was uninhabited; stark bare of furniture, save for the quadrant key left to hang from the midmost beam; the "hellen"-slated floor clean as a new pin.

Nicky-Nan heaved a sigh. "So they've gone," he thought to himself; "an' so we all pass out, one after another. A decent, cleanly woman, with all her kinks o' temper. Much

like my own mother, as I remember her."

He passed into his parlour, laid down hat and walking-staff, and of a sudden pulled himself upright, rigid.

Footsteps were treading the floor overhead.

For a moment it shook him almost to faintness. Then swiftly wrath came to his aid, and snatching up his staff again he stamped out to the foot of the stairway.

"Who's that, up there?"

"Ha! . . . Is that you, Nanjivell," answered the voice of Mr Amphlett. "A domiciliary visit, and no harm intended." The figure of Mr Amphlett blocked the head of the landing.

Nicky-Nan raised his stick and shook it in a fury.

"You get out within this minute, or I'll have the law of 'ee."

"Gently, my friend," responded Mr Amphlett soothingly. "I have the Constable here with me, besides Mr Gilbert the builder. And here's my Ejection Order, if you drive me to it."

"When you promised me ——" stammered Nicky-Nan, escalating the stairs and holding his staff before him as if storming a breach.

"But,"—Mr Amphlett waved a hand—"we need not talk about ejection orders. By the terms of your lease, if you will examine them, the landlord is entitled to examine his premises at any reasonable hour. You won't deny this

to be a reasonable hour. . . . Well, constable? What about that cupboard?"

Nicky-Nan, reaching the doorway, gave a gasp. Across the room Rat-it-all, on hands and knees, had pulled open the door of the fatal cupboard, and had thrust in head and shoulders, exploring.

"There's a loose piece of flooring here, Mr Amphlett. New by the looks of it."

There was a sound of boards being shaken and thrown together in a heap.

"Queer old cache here below. . . . Here, wait till I turn my bull's-eye on it! Lucky I brought the lantern, too!"

"You dare!" screamed Nicky-Nan, rushing to pull him backward by the collar.

The constable, his head in the bowels of the hiding-place, neither heard him nor saw Mr Amphlett and Builder Gilbert interpose to hold Nicky-Nan back.

"But 'tis empty," announced Policeman Rat-it-all.

"Empty?"

EMPTY?

Nicky-Nan, bursting from the two men, gripped Rat-it-all by the collar, flung him back on the floor, snatched his bull's-eye, and diving as a rabbit into its burrow, plunged the lantern's ray into the gulf.

Rat-it-all had spoken truth. The treasure—every coin of it—had vanished.

Nicky-Nan's head dropped sideways and rattled on the boards.

## MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE GERMAN AVALANCHE—“FRANCE IN DANGER”—THE AIM OF PAN-GERMANISM—THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE—THE PARTITION OF FRANCE—LORD HALDANE’S CONFESSION—POLITICIANS IN WAR-TIME—DRINK AND RHETORIC—MR ASQUITH AND LORD KITCHENER.

ONCE upon a time, according to the old, familiar story, an ominous rock, like a vast headland, encroached ever nearer and nearer upon a peaceful valley. Those who day after day watched its approach foolishly steeled their hearts against the fear of danger. The crash would not come in their day, they said. They would neither seek a happier valley, nor attempt to defend their homes against destruction. Self-deceived, they lived their lives in careless gaiety, and had they had time to make speeches after the crash came, they doubtless would have complained that they were a deeply injured folk, trapped unawares and stricken to the dust.

Until last August France and England were guilty of the same indifference which lulled the happy valley. They saw the German avalanche coming daily closer, and they pretended to think that their vision tricked them. They believed whatever seemed pleasant to believe. They listened eagerly to the tales of peace murmured in their ears by interested politicians. They remained resolutely deaf to the warnings of the honest and faithful men, who told them that everything was threat-

ened which they held dear. We shall never forget our own sublime Mr Runciman, who, when Lord Roberts urged his countrymen to arm themselves, went down to the City to apologise for the attack that Lord Roberts had made upon a great and friendly nation. That Mr Runciman should dare to apologise for anything that Lord Roberts might have chosen to do or say is ludicrous enough. That he should have apologised to Germany proves how obsequiously he had fallen under the sway of Potsdam. And France also had her Runcimans in abundance. M. Seignobos, for instance, who to be sure is not a mere politician, but a Professor at the Sorbonne, and an historian, confided to the ‘Frankfurter Zeitung’ his simple faith, at the passing in 1913 of the new German military law, that the huge increase in the German army was accounted for by the platonic love cherished by William II. for his soldiers. The Kaiser, in M. Seignobos’ view, liked to play at soldiers, and being able to glut his passion with flesh and blood, discarded the poor substitute of tin which satisfies boyish ambition all the world over. What, we wonder, do Messrs

Runciman and Seignobos think to-day? Protected by their self-esteem, they are, doubtless, rather disappointed than ashamed, and merely incensed against the Kaiser for turning, at the cost of their infallibility, his sport into reality.

At any rate they are not standing in the white shirt of penitence, and their fault is yet unpurged. But all were not so blind as they, and on either side the Channel were prophets who spoke unflinchingly the words of truth. Not until the war is over and we begin to count the cost, shall we realise fully the debt which we owe to Lord Roberts, whose faithful service we rewarded by a bitter neglect. And though the French Government was as careless or as ignorant as our own, there were still many voices speaking in the wilderness of France, voices which, all unheard, counselled prudence and preparation. Here, for instance, is M. Paul Vergnet, whose 'France in Danger,' now translated into English (London: John Murray), might have revealed to his countrymen the peril which confronted them. He possessed the knowledge which might have enlightened France, and the courage to impart it. The knowledge, indeed, was easy enough to come by, for with a strange sense of irony Germany made no attempt to conceal her intentions. In a thousand shapes and by a thousand tongues she announced the ambition, which she cherished, to impose her rule upon the whole of Europe. The aim of Pan-

Germanism, the insane boast of *Kultur*, the necessity of war, the gospel of hate,—these should have been the common-places of our politics. They were not. Perhaps the raucous voice of Germany did not carry far enough; perhaps an amiable sloth prevented France and England from guiding their actions by the Kaiser's threats. From some cause or another, we refused to hear the harsh word shouted in our ear, and the greater honour is due to those who persisted, despite the prevailing sloth, to proclaim aloud an unpalatable truth.

Among these honourable men M. Vergnet is entitled to a high place. He wrote in 1913, and should have left no doubt in the minds of his compatriots. He painted in lurid colours that spirit of Pan-Germanism which betokens the conqueror's pride, and which has been nurtured upon the boastful self-sufficiency of William II. "We are the salt of the earth." "The German nation alone has been called to defend, cultivate, and develop great ideas." "Let them all come, we are ready!" These arrogant sayings of a crazy emperor may have appeared ridiculous in the far-off days before the war. We know now that they were designed to achieve a particular effect. A people thus inspired with boastfulness could not shrink from the task of conquest. And if Germany hated England, she did not disguise her contempt for France. She admitted to her neighbour neither virtue nor intelligence. France, said the boors of Germany, has

neither literature nor industry; the arts and sciences perish in her midst; she is sinking fast into a general ineptitude. "France," said Dr Rommel, a widely-read German, "has given way all along the line, everything in her is going to rack and ruin, and now we can talk of her without fear and without anger, but with the respectful pity due to a great nation in the days of her decline. The oil is running low in the lamp of France." That there is no truth in these sad prophecies is demonstrated at last. We know now that the Germans, also, believed what they wished to believe. Their arrogance told them that they were supreme in the world; it taught them the most dangerous lesson of all—to belittle their enemies; and as it is not Germany's habit to pursue the policy of the ostrich, she wagged her warlike head on high, but nobody would notice her.

Pan-Germanism, as M. Vergnet tells us, did not rise to its full height without a struggle. The Emperor has not always been openly favourable to its pretensions. Now he has proffered, now he has withdrawn his support. But Pan-Germanism recked not of imperial smiles or frowns; it prepared the people for warlike adventures by all the means known to political intrigue—by the management of the press, by the foundation of clubs, by assiduous teaching in schools and colleges. The newspapers which the Pan-Germanic party "nobbled" are many and influential; the

writers upon them have proved themselves eloquent and unscrupulous; and France should have been in no doubt for many a long year of the fate in store for her. The pounce upon Agadir was, of course, a triumph of Pan-Germanism, and when the stroke had failed, its leaders and its press did not scruple to hold up William II. to public contempt. The "valiant coward," as the 'Post' called him, was asked to bear the shame of what seemed failure, and his son, the Crown Prince, was easily persuaded to express a public disapproval of his own father. How could an Emperor, thus driven, refuse to bow before the storm? Had he been less the partisan of war than he was, he must still have bent his head to the ceaseless intrigues of Pan-Germanism.

And it is not only the Emperor whom the Pan-Germans have roughly converted to their cause. They have captured also Herr Bassermann and the National Liberals, and long ago they turned the leaders of Socialism into staunch Imperialists. Herr Frymann, one of their noisiest spokesmen, went so far as to threaten revolution if the extreme demands of his party were unsatisfied. "The incredible delinquencies of the most exalted personages," he wrote, "exposed by the *black week* of the autumn of 1908, and since then by the collapse of the Moroccan policy of von Bethmann-Hollweg and von Kiderlen-Waechter, have raised the question whether the adoption of a parliamentary régime



is not an urgent necessity." That such words as these could be written and read in Germany shows how insecure would have been the throne of a peaceful Emperor. M. Vergnet in his admirable work clearly warns his countrymen not to rely for peace upon the rising tide of German democracy. "Only one revolution is possible in Germany," he wrote, "and for that the Pan-Germans themselves will give the signal if they think it advisable to let loose the democratic torrent, and do away at one fell swoop with all the *Serenissimi* who are dead-weights and impedimenta, and hinder a people determined to march boldly forward."

And remember that it was against France that Pan-Germanism aimed its deadliest shafts. Even those who, like Maximilian Harden, saw his country's bitterest enemy across the Channel, confessed the advantages of an attack upon France. "Since we are obviously unable to damage England on the sea," he wrote in 1913, "let us strike at her friends." France and Russia, thought the sanguine Germans, are easy antagonists, and to Germanise them thoroughly would be a long step towards the formation of the United States of Europe, which have always been the modest dream of William II. They have been sure for many years that France was already within their grip. Only one doubt assailed them: how much of her territory should they add to the German Empire? The

chiefs of Pan-Germanism were not agreed. The bold demands of Herr Class seemed too vast even for their lust of conquest. This swashbuckler declared that he would be content with nothing less than the whole of Northern France from Nancy to the Somme, so that she could make her attack upon England from Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkerque. And even this large slice appeased only one-half of Herr Class's hunger. He must also lay hands upon all the country which lay beyond a line between Nancy and Toulon, and thus make Germany mistress not only of the Channel but of the Mediterranean!

Herr Class announced his scheme in 1912. Five years earlier Herr Rudolf Martin had insisted that the German bag should contain Belgium and Luxemburg as well as the whole of Northern France. Thus while the unhealthy appetite of aggression varied with the pride and folly of the patient, the appetite, one size or another, was universal. France must be crushed! That was the cry shouted on the house-tops of Berlin for some forty years. The security of the German Empire must be ensured eternally by the cession of French soil. The inhabitants must be driven out without ruth or mercy; and that the humiliation might be complete, Germany was determined to seize all the French colonies which suited her ambitious design. Nor did the wealth of France escape her neighbour's burglarious eye. There was money

to be made by a sudden attack upon an unwary foe. Herr Alfred Kerr,<sup>1</sup> the editor of 'Pan,' confessed a year before the war that Germany would fight, and would fight for wealth. He described his country as bowing down eagerly before the golden calf of profit, as coveting the possessions of France merely because France was rich. His candour equalled his cynicism. He knew what Germany was doing, and he made no attempt to conceal her criminal designs. "When the German contemplates the rest of the world," said he, "he finds that he has not been spoilt, and that all that has been left him are the stale remains of a good dinner. But this share is merely a provisionary one in his mind, and I believe, indeed, that some day a new redistribution will take place." Nor did Herr Kerr hide his conviction that there was only one method of redistribution—the drawing of the sword. "In France"—thus he concludes his tirade—"you are blinded by allusions. You dream; you revel in the luxury of humanitarian ideas. You believe in justice, goodness, peace, fraternity; and that is a very dangerous state of things. You say 'war, violence, and conquest are things of the past, out of fashion, and altogether *vieux jeu*.' But I answer you, 'War is not out of fashion; it's a thing of tomorrow.'"

Thus did Herr Alfred Kerr prophesy the return of the

Huns, and it is not the accuracy of his foresight alone which is remarkable. What cannot escape us in this record of cynicism is the state of humiliation in which France has for years been compelled to live. The Germans, bullies always, put upon her the worst insults. She was asked to bear the outrages not merely of the Prussian press but of Prussian Chancellors. She knew that the conflict was near, and yet her politicians fell so far below their duty that they left her without adequate equipment. She has paid as heavily for the privilege of being governed by Caillaux as we have paid for the privilege of being governed by our self-seeking demagogues. But war has relieved an intolerable situation. France measures at last the task which lies before her, and by her incomparable skill and courage has not only retrieved the gross errors of her governors, but, trusting whole-heartedly in her army, has made it impossible that Germany should ever degrade her noble civilisation to the level of the Kultur of Berlin.

And if the democrats of France slumbered, the democrats of England snored. England, always the ultimate goal of German ambition, had her warnings too. But our politicians filled their ears with wax lest they should hear the truth too clearly, and not one of them professed the curiosity which bade Ulysses, intent to listen, lash himself

<sup>1</sup> See 'The German Enigma.' By Georges Bourdon. London: J. M. Dent.

to the mast. It was far more comfortable, in their eyes, to go about collecting votes, to flood the country with vulgar rhetoric, and to demolish the Constitution in a sense profitable to themselves. It is their pose to-day that they had long known and feared the warlike preparation of Germany. They pretend that they had always been free from illusion. When war broke out, they say, it caught them unsurprised. And it does not strike them that in thus affecting knowledge they plead guilty to a criminal neglect of the business which they are paid by their idol, the democracy, to transact. By far the wickedest of them, by his own account, is Lord Haldane. The other day he unburdened his soul to a journalist from Chicago, and left himself without a rag of excuse or defence. He confessed that for the last decade the European situation had been critical, yet during these years he did nothing to strengthen us against the aggressor. When he should have been increasing our army he boasted that he was cutting something off the regular forces! A fine boast, truly, for a Minister of War! He even went so far as to compose his own epitaph, and prayed that he might be remembered as one who helped to bury conscription—and in a deep grave. Does he feel happy now, we wonder, when he reflects that had he not buried conscription Europe would not have been deluged with blood? No such reflection as that is likely to disturb his slumber.

“Office without responsibility” has always been the watchword of Radical politicians.

But when Lord Haldane refers with self-satisfaction to his visit to Berlin in 1912, we are amazed at even his indiscretion. With a bland self-complacency he admits the gravest dereliction of duty. Men have been impeached for a sin less heavy than his, and he turns the sin over in his mind and on his tongue as though it were the most dazzling of the virtues. He went to Berlin, as we have been told a hundred times, to maintain and accelerate the improvement which the cunning of Prussian statesmanship affected to observe in the relations of England and Germany. It was, indeed, a memorable journey! It is doubtless enshrined apart in a corner of Lord Haldane's mind. He had “close and interesting conferences” with Bethmann-Hollweg. “The Kaiser, already well known to me, I saw again.” Note the delicate touch, “already well known to me.” Is not that enough to thrill the soul of the democrat? A Minister who moves on equal terms with emperors is assuredly fit to be the people's pride. More than this: it was Lord Haldane's privilege to talk with “many important” men. He was highly gratified; he makes no bones about that, even though he came away “uneasy.” It is hard to believe that after these interchanges of thought, after renewing the bonds of an old and imperial friendship, Lord

Haldane should have felt uneasy. Yet so it was. "Germany was piling up armaments. She showed no disposition to restrict her naval development." And all the eloquence of Schopenhauer's disciple could not turn her from the rash enterprise. What he could do he did valiantly, we are told. His converse was perfectly "candid and explicit." He made it clear, he says, to the statesmen of Berlin that England's intentions were honourable and pacific. He "disabused their minds, if unmistakable language could do it, of all doubt as to what would be England's attitude to a violation of Belgian neutrality." In brief, he spoke without ambiguity, and if Herr Bethmann-Hollweg and his friends misunderstood him, that was entirely their fault. Thus Lord Haldane; and we would give a great deal to hear in what light the Lord Chancellor of England appeared to the Kaiser and his staff.

Meanwhile, what seems of far greater importance than what Lord Haldane said and did in Berlin, is what he said and did when he got home. He came back "uneasy." We have his own word for it. He saw the armaments piled up; he noted the German repugnance to the restriction of navies. In brief, he had every reason to believe that war was an imminent possibility. And he preserved an obstinate and austere silence. The candour and explicitness of Berlin evaporated in the closer atmosphere of London. Had Lord

Haldane been worth his place, he would have done his best to stir up his countrymen to some perception of the impending danger. He said nothing. He might perchance have imparted the secret of uneasiness to his colleagues in the Cabinet. He could have done it with perfect safety, since no words of his (or of anybody else) would have stirred these resolute vote-catchers to action. When he did speak in public his definite purpose seems to have been to deceive his hearers. Four months after his return from the gratifying, if uneasy, visit to Berlin he delivered a eulogy of William II.: "We two nations," said he, "Great Britain and Germany, have a great common task in the world — to make the world better. It is because the German Emperor, I know, shares this conviction profoundly that it gives me the greatest pleasure to give you the toast of his name." And all the while was looked up in his breast the quieting knowledge of Germany's warlike preparation!

Lord Haldane has convicted himself of disloyalty to the country which he was paid to serve. He acted not in ignorance but in perversity. When we have settled with our enemies in the field, and when peace is signed, it will be our duty to settle with our enemies at home, with those restless demagogues who, to keep the "people" on their side, lulled it to sleep with smooth promises and deceiving words. Had they proclaimed what they say

they knew to be true, that Germany was obsessed by the spirit of war, it would have been necessary to strengthen the defences of the country, to increase the expeditionary force, and to spend vast sums upon arms and munitions. This, the only honest policy, would have proved unpopular in the constituencies, and accordingly our governors, like the true democrats that they are, left the fate of the empire to chance, the sole god of popular government. They busied themselves with stirring up rebellion in Ireland, with doing their utmost to impair the discipline of the army, and upon them must lie for ever the responsibility of many gallant lives lost in the first months of our ill-equipped war. If they are the men we believe them to be, the responsibility will not break their rest.

And the bland conclusion at which our Lord Chancellor—who, having lost his authority, retains his salary—has arrived, is that after the war there will be a great democratic advance. He does not see that the actions of himself and his colleagues are the strongest arguments which can be found against the democratic form of government. The rule of the people has been long held in the balance and found wanting. Ministers, highly paid to guard the interests of England, have looked only for popular applause. They suppressed the knowledge, which came to them officially, because they feared to dismay or affright

the mobs, upon whose sufferance they drew their salaries. The few men of genius and courage to whom we owe our salvation, are not bound by the lightest of light chains to that noisy, futile abstraction, called the people. Lord Kitchener, the prime hero of our war, has never once in his life stooped to the making of a popular speech. He has achieved the impossible without talking about it, without pandering to popular greed and popular ignorance. In eight months he has done what our Radical Ministers neglected to do through ten long years of comfortable majorities. If any one man deserves the title of Saviour of his Country it is Lord Kitchener, and his triumph is not the triumph of democracy, but the triumph of a great soldier's indomitable will. Nor can Sir John Jellicoe, Lord Fisher, and Sir John French, to whom also we owe our salvation, be charged with the taint of democracy. Whatever their political views may be, they owe their high places not to the gamble of the ballot-box, but to their own qualities, to their own superiority of brain and character. And while our soldiers and sailors have fought and bled for Britain, what have our Ministers, the true leaders of the democracy, been about? For a time, it is true, they abstained from rhetoric, upon whose effective use their craft depends. They assumed the solemn air of men of action. The least of them, we imagine, compared himself to William

Pitt. They were all saving England by their exertions, and Europe by their examples. And in this period of action, or at least of silence, what was the sum of their achievement? They permitted German reservists free access to their native country; they declared that Germans of military age, found upon neutral vessels, should not be hindered on their homeward voyage; they set no obstacle in the way of cotton imported into Germany, and thus made possible a vast manufacture of warlike munitions; they encouraged enemy aliens to surprise what national secrets they could in their unhampered sojourn in our cities. But this period of action, if action it may be called, did not last long, and the Radical politician is once more vocal in our land.

Now the Radical politician lives only in the sunshine of the voter's eye. Like the actor, he dies without a stage. Words, which correspond to no sense, vast plans, which might be popular, and of which no man can foresee the end—these are the real necessities of his being. And though at the outbreak of the war he chattered a great deal about a "truce," he soon grew tired of it, and became convinced that truces could no more stand the wear and tear of experience than preambles. Having made no provision for the unlimited supply of munitions which the war demands, the politician began to turn the deficiency to the best account. At last he had found something suitable to his peculiar brand

of eloquence. He was happy for the first time since last August. Drink! There was a topic ready to his tongue! The slackness of our workshops was due to drink, and not to the administrative failure of our Ministers. In a moment every crank was awake. The war in France was instantly forgotten. All that was needed was a "cry." Thus the Tapers and Tadpoles came into their own again. They had found a policy, and secured for ever, so they hoped, the solid support of the Teetotallers.

Unhappily the party was not unanimous. Some declared that they would be content to curtail the hours during which drinking was permitted. Others, with a blank misunderstanding of their country's crisis, thought it was a proper time for the Government to assume control of all breweries, distilleries, licensed houses, and of the forty trades which cling to them like barnacles. As if the Government, which had failed to organise the manufacture of shells, had time on its hands to spare for the public management of the liquor traffic! The scheme had much to recommend it. It was large, it was expensive, it was unnecessary, and if the experience of other governmental enterprises was any guide, it was foredoomed to ruin. What more could the soul of politician wish for? The mere thought of spending heaps of money came to his mind like water to parched lips. We have heard much lately of silver bullets. We have been told by dema-

gogues that it is the last sovereign that wins the war. We know that we need all the money and all the credit that we can lay our hands on; and this is the hour, when we are fighting for our lives, they would choose, if they could, for spending £400,000,000, not on munitions of war, but on the purchase of all the factories where strong waters are made, of all the shops where strong waters are dispensed. In consideration of the levity of this proposal, no words can be too strong. The evil which it would pretend to cure is small indeed, and would not be alleviated by so vague and hazardous a scheme. And how shall we describe the lack of concentration, the defective sense of humour implied in these vain proposals? All the energies of the nation should at present be directed to expelling the Germans from France and Belgium. On furthering this necessary design we must spend every penny that we have got. If money and time be left us after the war, we shall have leisure then for the academic discussion of ambitious experiments in State socialism.

Meanwhile we can only record that in the very height of a campaign careless and improvident persons are found to discuss the old and burning question of the liquor-traffic. It is a topic congenial to the politician; it lies well within the compass of his talent. But it can hardly be consoling to the men who are fighting in the trenches, and who really

cannot be expected to care if the public-houses of England are administered by ministerial incompetence or by the skill and knowledge of a much-abused and over-taxed trade. The truth is that between England and its elected representatives there yawns a gulf, wide and profound. While the best blood of the country is being spilled in France, the House of Commons a week or two since showed its keen appreciation of the crisis by discussing whether intoxicating liquor shall or shall not be consumed within its precincts. For our part we mind as little what our members of Parliament drink as where they drink it. It matters not a jot whether they consume dog's nose in a Pimlico lodging or soothe their thirsty, loquacious throats with fiery whisky in the tavern at the next corner. What is deplorable is that any body of Englishmen should think it worth while, in the presence of death and heroism, to earn their salaries by chatter so inane.

Thus has the mother of parliaments fallen into the pit of shame. Neither Sheridan nor Fox, triflers as they were, could have been guilty of an equal absurdity. It is the business of a Government in time of war to govern and to keep silence. The Government which guides our destinies to-day can achieve nothing without chattering. And not only does it chatter; it hopes still to keep its finger upon what it calls the public pulse. Not long since we witnessed the sad spectacle of the

Chancellor of the Exchequer consenting to receive signed "coupons," in obedience to a loud and vulgar advertisement. Can he not make up his mind, without this kind of support, even when England is fighting for her life? Would William Pitt, does he think, have condescended to this humiliation, when Napoleon, watchful at Boulogne, "armed in our island every freeman"? Truly he would not. His brain was alert enough to devise all necessary schemes; his back was broad enough to bear whatever burden of responsibility might be laid upon it.

There is but one member of the Government who speaks with the weight of uncontested authority, and that is Lord Kitchener. He is a man of action, to whom the sin of eloquence is peculiarly distasteful. We listen, therefore, to whatever he chooses to say with attention and respect. On March 15 he complained in the House of Lords that the British Army lacked ammunition. He made this complaint, not to catch the voter, not for the purpose of a showy rhetoric. He made it because he could no longer hide the country's urgent need. What he said has long been familiar to us, and need not be cited here. It reached every ear in Great Britain, save the ear of Mr Asquith. This eminent parliamentarian has long ceased to take an active interest in the affairs of the nation. He neither controls his colleagues, as Lamash discovered to us, nor reads

their speeches. And so, in complete ignorance of what Lord Kitchener had said about the material of war, he went to Newcastle-upon-Tyne in a mood of optimism and flatly and cheerfully contradicted his colleague. "I saw a statement the other day," said he in his nonchalant manner, "that the operations not only of our Army, but of our Allies, were being crippled, or at any rate hampered, by our failure to provide the necessary ammunition. There is not a word of truth in that statement." No Minister has ever given the lie to another more clearly and abruptly. And the country will know to which of the two men it may safely give its confidence.

To the folly of Ministers there is no end. And yet we face the great war with a good heart. When wars come in, Ministers go out, and it is satisfactory to reflect that the real work of the nation is being done to-day by men who are not the creation of accidental majorities. No sooner did Germany throw down her challenge than it was taken up eagerly by the people of England—by the people in the true sense of the word, not by the busybodies of the polling-booths, but by the gallant men of all classes; and they, with the aid of Lord Kitchener, and of our commanders by sea and land, will achieve the victory, heedless of chattering politicians and their cynical contradictions.



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## THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES.

### I. THE MOVE TO THE FRONT.

AS every one now knows, the transfer of the Expeditionary Force to France was remarkable, not only for its extraordinary smoothness, but also for the secrecy with which it was carried out. Our brigade were in camp near Harrow-on-the-Hill, and we only knew of our intended departure a few hours before we moved. We left camp at midnight on 21st August and arrived at Boulogne on 22nd after dark. At 10.30 P.M. I was detailed to superintend the disembarkation of transport. I worked at this until 2.30 A.M., and then called my Second Captain to finish the job, which gave me an opportunity for lying down for about one and a half hours. At 4.30 A.M. we landed and marched to camp near the Castle. At 11 A.M. or thereabouts I was sent for to the Brigade Office and told to

report on a position at La Chapelle, a village about four miles along the coast towards Ostend. German cavalry were reported to be not so very far away, and it was considered necessary to reconnoitre a position for the brigade to take up, in case of an attempted raid on Boulogne. So I set out with a couple of men of my company as escort on bicycles, and whilst doing the work we were given every assistance (including beer, for the weather was steaming) by the French villagers. By 2.30 P.M. sketch and report had been handed in, and camp reached once more.

At 8.15 P.M. we paraded and marched to the station to en-train. The enthusiasm of the inhabitants was extraordinary. The streets were packed, and we forged our way through a crowd of wildly cheering French people. Every window was

occupied, flags were waved, and every now and then some cheerful citizen would clap us on the back. One such rushed up to me, seized my hand in both of his, shook it excitedly, and cried, "Bon courage, mon ami—bon courage." The hill from the castle being very steep, proved too much for the machine-gun which was being man-handled down it, and it took charge, eventually dashing into a shop window, and badly crushing one of the detachment, who had a leg broken. The train left at about 12.30 A.M. for a "destination unknown."

The strength of my company at this time was 5 officers, 220 N.C.O.'s and men.

We arrived at Le Cateau at about 10.30 A.M., detrained, and moved to a field  $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile away, where we waited while the transport was unloaded. At about 11.30 A.M. we got on the move, and marched *via* Inchy, to bivouac about  $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile S.W. of Inchy (about five miles N.W. of Le Cateau, which was then G.H.Q. of General Sir John French). At about six o'clock I was once more sent for to Brigade Headquarters and told to reconnoitre the road to an artillery position near Solesmes (about eight miles to the north), so as to be able to guide the column by night, if required to do so. I asked my company for one volunteer to go with me, pointing out that it meant for him merely weariness and loss of sleep. The entire company promptly clamorously volunteered. I eventually took

the best boxer in the battalion with me.

All went well till I got near Solesmes and begun to hunt for an approach to the position indicated. It was then quite dark. Aided by the inhabitants we reconnoitred for a road going west along a railway embankment, but finding it impracticable for guns, were obliged to go through the village, which would, preferably, have been avoided. We had got a couple of hundred yards when we were challenged in French, and found a barrier across the road. The sentry didn't like the look of us, but calling out "Aux armes!" summoned his guard, keeping us meanwhile at the point of his bayonet. The guard came running up from one side of the barricade, and the civil population from the other. Laudable but unpleasant keenness was shown by the guard in getting their bayonets as near us as possible. The officer on guard then arrived and asked me who we were. I told him we were English. This remark of mine was received with scorn by the crowd, and a certain amount of incredulity on the part of the officer. This was not to be wondered at, since, as we afterwards heard, they had, up to that time, seen no English there, and our khaki looked in the dim light of a lantern very like the German blue-grey uniform. The French, of course, were dressed in their blue greatcoat and red overalls.

The French officer was rather perplexed. He was very polite,

and asked me if I would mind seeing the Maire. I naturally said I should be charmed (in spite of the valuable time I was losing, but there was no alternative). So we were marched away, surrounded by the guard—about twenty of them—and our bicycles taken away from us—"confiscated," the soldiers were careful to inform us! My orderly was delighted. He wore one long grin after that, for he felt that the night was not going to be so monotonous after all. The crowd were immensely interested. "Sales prussiens," I heard one patriot call us. But there was none of that booing and groaning that I afterwards noticed when German prisoners were seen in the streets. The Hun had yet to make his reputation.

At the Mairie all was soon explained, apologies offered for which, as I told the Maire, there was really no cause, and, our bicycles having been restored, we went on our way rejoicing.

We were not, however, to get out of Solesmes so easily. We were scarcely more than a couple of hundred yards from the Mairie when we were stopped by two men. I could see in the dark that they were both in uniform, but so many people are, in France, that I did not necessarily put them down as soldiers. They turned back when we reached them and walked beside us.

"Who are you?" asked one of them, a man whom I judged to be about fifty years old.

"An English officer," I replied.

"What are you doing here?"

"I am on a mission from my general."

"What mission?"

It is not a good thing to give away one's work on active service to strangers, and yet I did not want to offend any one in the village, so I answered, "Well, possibly you are a soldier or have been one, and so you will understand that one does not always speak of these things."

"I am a soldier," he replied, "for I happen to be the general in command here, and I want to know what you are doing."

I apologised, but it was quite impossible to talk openly in the street, as I explained, for the crowd we had always with us. He said, "Very well, we will go to my office and have a talk."

So we went off to his headquarters, a large building in the square, and I left my orderly outside with the bicycles, the guard, and about half the population of Solesmes. The orderly was enjoying himself enormously.

Two staff officers remained in the room with the general, and the conversation ran somewhat after the following fashion:—

"Where do you come from?"

"Beaumont."

"Beaumont. Where is that?"

"Near Inchy, about eight miles south of this place." The general looked at his staff officers, who both shook their heads. Then he said—

"There is no village of that name in that direction."

I assured him he was mistaken, and eventually we found

it, either on his map or on mine.

"What troops are at Beaumont?"

"I know of one brigade. There may be more now."

"There are no British troops in that direction."

I insisted that I came from there, and asked for his reason for doubting me.

"Because I had reports from that direction this morning."

"At what time?" I asked.

"At eleven o'clock."

"There may not have been at eleven, but there were at one."

He was plainly puzzled, and it was evident that he did not trust me. In answer to further questions I told him the number of our brigade and division, and when we left England, arrived at Boulogne, and detrained at Le Cateau. I then told what my present work was.

"But," he said, "what does your general want to bring guns here for?"

"My work is merely to find a way to this position" (on the map). "I naturally didn't ask my general why he wanted to bring guns in this direction."

He saw the force of that, and went on, "But is it possible that he doesn't know I hold Solesmes?"

"He evidently has not been informed."

I asked him where his guns were. He pointed out the position of three batteries on the map, to the north of the village. "Anyhow," I went on, "my orders are to find a

way to this spot, and I naturally want to do it. Can you give me a guide?"

"I do not advise it. I have my patrols everywhere, and you would be bound to be shot. It is not safe. You are fortunate not to have been shot as it is."

In addition, they all assured me there was no way up to this place for guns. I was then asked if I would speak on the telephone to the French divisional staff. I did so, and when I returned to the room where the general had remained (the divisional staff having said they were not at all interested in the matter), the general said—

"Although I am sure you are what you say you are, still these are unusual times, and perhaps you would not mind undressing, or giving me some proof that you are English."

This rather amused me, but I showed him my identity disc, and explained to him the interpretation of the various hieroglyphics on it. He was then quite satisfied. It was now 10.30, and I had lost quite enough time, so decided to return to camp, for in addition to the difficulty in getting by night to my destination, it seemed to me to be more important to report that the position was already held by French guns, though not on that particular hill. So I said "good-night" to my French friends, who were now extremely cordial, and they gave us a safe conduct beyond their lines. And

thus we retraced our way and got back to Beaumont about midnight, when, having reported to the brigade-major, I went on to camp and found we were moving in an hour, so lay down for a little sleep, but this was impossible on account of the noise of a waking camp.

At 1.30 A.M. the brigade packed up, and at two o'clock we were on the move. The

brigade went through Beaumont and Inchy, and then north through Viesly towards St Python. We could see Solesmes about two miles away to our right front. At about 5.30 A.M. we halted and got some breakfast. Suddenly we heard the dull reverberating boom of artillery. We had got to the front at last!

## II. FONTAINE-AU-TERTRE AND HAUCOURT.

As soon as we had finished our breakfast (*i.e.*, a cup of tea!) we moved off the road by battalions and took up a position of defence. Our *rôle* was to cover the retirement of the 2nd Corps (3rd and 5th Divisions), and we had been placed under the orders of the 2nd Corps commander for this purpose. The country was undulating, with St Python to the right front and St Vaast to the left front. The rest of the brigade were on our right. Of our battalion, my company was in front and another écheloned in rear to my left, about 1000 yards away. The other two companies were at first kept in reserve, at a farm called Fontaine-au-Tertre. My company were in beet- and corn-fields. I drew back my left, and kept one platoon as a reserve on my left, being apprehensive of an attack on that flank, as the firing was heaviest from that direction. The second in command came up at about 11 A.M. and stayed with me throughout the day. The firing came closer, and the C.O.

sent us up orders for our line of retirement, when it became necessary, since we were there to fight a retiring action, covering the retirement of our 2nd Corps.

We entrenched our position, and at about midday some French troops came in from the front and retired by our left, commandeering a waggon from a farm on the way, which they loaded with wounded. Our orders for the line of retirement were now modified. Instead of going to Cambrai, some twelve miles to the west, we were to march S.W. on Fontaine-au-Pire.

At about 2 P.M., or perhaps a little later, we saw cavalry to our left. There were about a brigade. Their scouts came to within 700 yards of us, but we were not sure whether they were British or Germans. I am now convinced that they were Germans. Neither side fired. Previous to this, the Irish Fusiliers had heavily fired on a German aeroplane, which, flying at a height of about 4000 feet, was not damaged.

At about four o'clock I got orders to retire to the farm, where two reserve companies were holding outlying orchards. It had then been raining for half an hour or so, and my company got under cover of barns, &c., and we went to work to get some food. Whilst tea was being got ready, the farm was shelled, shells bursting in and around the farmyard. So our men were got together, and sentries posted over one of the entrances. A sentry at once reported cavalry advancing from the N. and N.E. On the heights above Solesmes and St Python large masses of troops were visible, with cavalry approaching from the direction of St Python. I at once called out two platoons, who lined the bank of the road with fixed bayonets. The other two platoons remained in support. We waited till the cavalry were quite close, when we found that they were our own troops. They came past us, and both parties cheered vigorously. An officer told me they had had a pretty hot time of it, but had given as good as they got.

Two battalions of the brigade were holding the approaches to this farm across the fields, and we also blocked all roads. We belonged to the 4th Division, and had been placed temporarily under the command of General Smith Dorrien, commanding 2nd Army Corps, and our rôle was, as already mentioned, to hold our ground until the 2nd Corps had retired. It got quite dark, but

still no orders had come to go back.

At about 8 P.M. our advanced companies holding the orchard saw mounted troops coming up the road. Every one was on the *qui vive*, and absolute silence was kept. Not until the advancing horsemen got within about 20 yards of the line of trenches did the challenge ring out—

“Halt! hands up.”

There was no reply, so the French language was tried—“Halte, *qui vive?*” The column halted and appeared undecided, but there was no reply, and the column were seen to be edging away.

At once the order to fire was given to our men, and a burst of musketry broke out. The enemy, for such they proved to be, broke and galloped off whilst we collected their casualties. Again an advance was made against another battalion, and again a rattle of musketry brought their forward movement to a halt and sent the survivors scurrying away. After this we were left alone, and wounded Germans found in front of our lines were brought in and attended to.

At about 11.30 P.M. the order to retire reached us. We got our waggons, guns, &c., away first, taking them over the grass, to keep as quiet as possible, and then got going, having called in our advanced companies. We took our wounded with us. I think there had only been one man killed in the brigade.

We marched all that night

vid Viesly, Bethencourt, Caundry, Ligny-en-Cambrésis, Haucourt, which we reached just after dawn, about 4.30 A.M.

It was a most trying march.

Men had been on the move since 2 A.M. the previous day. There had been little time for rest or food, as they were always on the *qui vive*, entrenching, getting soaked by the rain, shelled in the farm, and attacked by night. Several of the reservists also had come from some quiet employment which did not tend to harden the feet, or keep them fit to carry the heavy marching order kit they had worn all that hot August day. So the conditions for a night march were hardly ideal. Men did their level best (they always do that), but they fell asleep as they marched, and dropped from sheer exhaustion.

I know that I, at times, staggered across the road, trying to keep awake. I had had no sleep the night before, nor the night we landed, and was very weary.

At last, just after dawn, we halted on the outskirts of the village of Haucourt. The country to the north (to our right) fell in a gentle open slope for 700-800 yards, and then rose sharply to a well-defined ridge about  $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile away. To our left (*i.e.*, south) the ground rose fairly steeply, thus hiding the country behind.

We moved off the road, and the battalion were told to lie down and sleep for a bit. The horses were sent away to water, sentries were posted, and we lay down. But our rest was

of short duration, for about an hour later a few dropping shots to the north were heard, followed by a heavy burst of musketry from beyond the ridge. The colonel at once gave orders for the different companies, and within a minute the men—having rapidly fallen in, carrying under their arms waterproof sheets on which they had been lying, entrenching tools, &c., and other equipment which had got loose whilst they slept—were being hurried off to take up their allotted positions.

It is always interesting to hear how one's enemy gets to the position he does, when he has appeared at a time or place where he was not expected, and undoubtedly the details of the way in which the Germans performed their extraordinarily rapid advances at this time will furnish most fascinating reading. It must be remembered that we had begun our retirement from the north at about 11.30 P.M., and as far as we knew the German infantry were then some miles away. We had marched by a good road for some five or six hours without a sign to show that any hostile troops knew of our movement and direction, and yet within an hour of our arrival, here they were attacking our outposts a mile to our front. And attacking in force too, as we were shortly to find out.

The battalion was disposed as follows:—

Two companies extended along the front, and the other two companies held back in re-

serve, some way in rear of the hill which rose to the south of the road by which we had marched.

The strength of my company at the commencement of this action was 5 officers and 184 N.C.O.'s and men.

On our right were the rest of the brigade. Then came my company on the road, with the left resting on the village of Haucourt. The other front company took up a position on the rising ground to my rear in a turnip field. They were only about 50-70 yards in rear—if as much—and being so much higher than we were, could fire over our heads.

We began hurriedly to entrench, the firing to our front growing fiercer every minute. The rattle of the machine-guns becoming more and more continuous, together with the constant white puffs of shrapnel bursting impartially along the whole ridge, told of the weight of the attack. It became evident that the ridge must be reinforced, or lost. About this time I met a staff officer belonging to the brigade on our right, who said: "They are very hard pushed on that ridge, and my brigadier wants support. The right of your brigade are going to reinforce. Can't you take up your company?" Telling him I would see if I could, I hurried across to the second in command and gave him the message. He gave me leave to take up my company, and said the other front company would come forward to hold my trenches and give us covering fire in case we needed it.

My company then rapidly advanced in an endeavour to get up on to the ridge and be of some use. Away to the right could be seen lines of men going up the slope on to the ridge. Along the whole of the ridge there was now a continuous roar—rifle, machine-gun, and artillery combining to make an appalling din. The enemy got the ridge before we could reach it, and drove our advanced troops off it. So the company was ordered to retire, and came back to its original position with a loss of two men wounded.

The Germans having got the ridge, were seemingly content. Anyhow they made no effort to advance across the perfectly open ground separating them from the British trenches. They kept below the crest, as though afraid of drawing our rifle fire. Our second in command had, however, given us orders not to fire until they came within 300 yards of our line, so they needn't have been so careful.

An artillery duel now started, in which our guns, posted just in rear of our advanced companies, had the best of it, and the German fire ceased. A hostile aeroplane, a Taube (so called because it resembles a dove), shortly afterwards came over us to locate our gun positions. Our reserve companies blazed away at it, but without effect, and our friend the Taube returned to its dovecot!

As soon as it had gone, our guns shifted position, as they guessed the reason of the visit, and a few minutes later a storm of shells came hurtling through



the air on to the position the guns had just left. They made a pretty fair mess of that field, and compelled us to lie close in our trenches. The only people who were not affected by it were the battery they were trying to hit. Later on the enemy brought up some heavier guns and silenced our field batteries.

During the morning, somewhere about midday, I fancy, I had been searching in rear of our position for my reserve ammunition which had somehow gone astray, when, in returning, I passed one of our batteries and went up to them. A divisional staff officer was up there. I asked him if he knew what was on my right or left. "You have got the division on your right, and 20,000 French on your left; you can hear them over there," pointing to our left front where the fight had been raging all the morning. I asked him what was going to happen.

"You've got to hang on here, we've got no end of transport huddled up in Haucourt and Ligny. You must stop here till that's clear. As you'll probably be attacked this afternoon, you'd better dig yourselves in well."

I passed this on to our second in command, and we did dig ourselves in well, improving our trenches as far as we could, having only the hand entrenching tool with us.

In the afternoon, during an artillery duel, our machine-guns posted on the left of my company, seeing a good target, suddenly let rip at a quarry about 900 yards away. This

fairly took away the breath of the German artillery, who stopped firing, evidently expecting an infantry attack. A few minutes later their guns switched on to us. They fired singly or in salvos, the shells lopping off branches of the poplars lining the road we were on, or cutting the whole trunk in two. Their aim was excellent, the shrapnel bursting overhead with that nasty sharp resounding crash and vicious ear-splitting twang as the bullets hurtled down on to our devoted heads.

It evidently was not considered etiquette for our machine-guns to intervene during a gun duel. From the way in which they peppered us, one might have thought the machine-guns had bagged a real live Crown Prince, or one of the other Lord High Everything Else's of which the German army is so prolific.

One effect of this bombardment was to start a fire in a house just in rear of my right. We didn't want this blazing away at night and giving our position away, so some of us got to work and put it out. It is interesting to note that amongst those hit by the shrapnel was the machine-gun sergeant, who had been struck in the middle of the forehead by a shrapnel bullet, which had merely cut the skin. Whether this was due to lack of initiative on the part of the bursting charge, or the protective power of the sergeant's skull, I am quite unable to say.

We sent our casualties up to the church, which had been

converted into a hospital, and sat tight for further developments. But time went on, and the expected infantry attack still did not come off, and at last it began to grow dusk. So we set to work to take up night positions, no orders to retire having been received.

On my left were a few weak detachments of other corps, which had belonged to the outpost line that was driven in in the morning, and these now rejoined their units on our right. This left a few of my men in the village, but not enough to defend it against a night attack. So our second in command decided not to hold the village at all, but told me to get my men out of it. As I was doing this a burst of fire came from the left. Going down the road in that direction I asked what the men were firing at. It was practically dark, and impossible to see what was going on, except that bullets came whizzing down the road from the open country beyond the village. I found the men all across the road with fixed bayonets, blazing away. They assured me that Germans were attacking them. As I had heard the French were on our left I did not believe it, and asked, "What makes you think they are German?"

"I saw the spiked helmets," was the reply. Now, the French troops don't wear spiked helmets, nor, as we know, do the British. I stopped the firing, and dead silence reigned. Seeing that the enemy were not pressing

here, we hurried on with getting the men out of the village on to their night position.

Suddenly a violent rattle of musketry started from the rear of the village and to the rear of the left of my company, who retaliated vigorously and stopped the enemy. This was followed in a few minutes by loud cheering in the village, then silence. The left of the company were faced in the direction of the firing and we awaited an attack. But none came, and the only sounds were trumpets continuously sounding in the village. The trumpets were not British. Dead silence reigned all along our line. The cheers had sounded so very like our own that we thought and hoped they were our reserves who had come up, as the firing was between us and our reserves. But this hope was soon shattered.

I was standing by the edge of our line when I saw a man coming into it from the direction of the village. He proved to be our medical officer, whom I had seen in the church during the day.

I asked him who was in the village.

"Germans!"

"How do you know?"

"I was taken prisoner by them."

Explaining what had happened, he said: "They came on us suddenly at the church, where I was standing with some stretcher-bearers and R.A.M.C. men, who were all wearing their badges. An

officer came up to me and told me I should be shot in the morning for treason. I asked him what I had done, and he replied: 'Never mind, that is not your affair.' Then they put us in front of their men, and with Germans holding my arms on either side, we were driven up the road towards your men, who naturally enough blazed at us as soon as they spotted the Germans. Lots of the Germans went down, including the two who were holding me, but I, by a miracle, was untouched, and in the confusion and darkness managed to get away. But nearly all my stretcher-bearers were shot by your men." This was our first experience of the disgraceful disregard by the Germans of the ordinary rules of civilised warfare, and of the contempt which these disciples of "Kultur" have for anything savouring of fair or honourable methods.

All firing had now ceased, and we seriously began to wonder why we had received no orders or information from our reserves. On our right were advanced detachments of two other battalions of the brigade, together with various details who in the stress of battle had got separated from their units. They reported that the Germans had occupied Ligny (on our right), so the

enemy were round both our flanks. An officer, who said he knew where Brigade Headquarters had been, went off to try and find them. Meanwhile we waited, with not a little anxiety, for the position was, to say the least, a perilous one. The men were very good, not bothering one with questions, though they well knew something was wrong.

At last our messenger returned. He told us he had failed to find Headquarters, and we heard that the brigade had retired some hours earlier. He had seen a bicycle in a ditch, and beside it a complete British equipment, with the contents strewn all over the place. Now a soldier does not strew the contents of his kit all about the road, nor does he leave his bicycle in a ditch. It was reasonable to suppose—in fact, unreasonable to suppose anything else—that the Germans had passed along that road. And that was about a mile in rear—*i.e.*, to the south—of where we were.

It was no use trying to disguise our fears any longer. The truth was forced on us—in fact, rammed down our throats. The enemy were north, south, east, and west of us, our own troops had retired, and we were completely out off.

### III. THE ATTEMPT TO REJOIN.

The Germans in the village were perfectly quiet, but we were well aware that with the

break of day an attack would be made on us, and we should be mopped up. We had a

pow-wow of representatives of the different detachments, carrying it on in low tones to the right of our line—*i.e.*, some way from the village—about half a mile, I should say. The only two roads leading to the south being occupied by the Germans—*i.e.*, those at Ligny and Haucourt—it was decided that an attempt to rejoin by the south should be made across country. There was a track going south between the two villages, but so faintly marked on the map that it was hard to distinguish by the aid of an electric torch. However, it had to be tried, and the men were roused, and fell in, in column of route, ready to move. Everything was done in absolute silence, orders being given in whispers. When all were ready, we stood waiting for the machine-gun limber, which had been left in the village. The gun detachment had gone towards the village, and we wondered whether the Germans would open fire on them. Minutes passed, however, and still not even the bark of a dog broke the silence. Then suddenly we heard the lumbering of the gun limber as it was driven towards us. It came bumping across the field, the horses stumbling over the turnips. Then we had to hunt for a place where the gun could get off the field on to the road. The latter was four or five feet lower than the field, and had a good-sized ditch as well. At last, however, it was got off, after being run up and down the line, and it crashed into the cobbles of the Chaussée,

luckily without being broken up, where it was loaded up with wounded. Our second in command now went along the line to tell them in front that we all were ready in rear. In front of our detachment he found some details of other corps, and then suddenly discovered there were no more troops in front. The head of the column had moved off and disappeared in the darkness. The only officer who thought he could guide us had gone on, and we were left to our own resources.

I afterwards heard that this is what had happened. When they were all ready in front, they passed down the line to know if every one was closed up in rear. The answer that came back was that all were ready. So the head of the column moved on. Then, for some unexplained cause, a gap occurred, the front portion of the column going on, and those in rear not noticing the fact. It was so dark, one could not see three yards away. We shall never know, in all probability, who passed up that message, but it was to cost us very dear. I was at the rear of the column at the time, and it didn't come down to me.

But thinking would not improve the situation, so we got on the move, and followed as best we could.

Was it not a native soldier in India who said, "All wars are good; some wars are better than others"? If it be permitted to paraphrase that sentiment, I would say, "All night

marches are difficult; some more so than others." This was one of the "more so's."

The circumstances were far from being happy.

The enemy, in unknown strength in unknown places, might be met with at any moment, and yet it was quite impossible to reconnoitre; there was no time for that. As for our own troops, we only had a vague idea of their direction, let alone their present position. The enemy might head us off, for they must have heard us get on the move. But all this had to be risked, so we pushed along. The men tramped on, stumbling in the ruts or tripping up over the turnips in the fields either side of the track, pushing on through the night without a murmur of any description. Then came a bad place, and the machine-gun toppled over it and fell three or four feet. The detachment and others got on to it, and pushing and pulling, with the horses straining and officers and men putting every ounce into the job, they set to work to get it on the narrow track once more.

A messenger went doubling up the column to halt it, for no shouting could be allowed. The men took up nearly the whole width of the track, so he had to run partly in the ruts and partly in the turnips, until at length his stumbling staggering efforts brought him to the head of the column, and his message that the machine-gun was 200-300 yards behind was instantly followed by the halting of the force, until word

was whispered that all were ready again.

Then a gap occurred in the middle of the line, owing to some men probably being asleep when others moved on, and once again that double to the front had to be carried through. There were some 500 men all told, and we probably took up 500 yards of track. At each halt the men, weary and exhausted, sank down and instantly fell asleep. Then came the risk of another break when we moved on again. It was not an easy march for those in rear.

Just before dawn we arrived at a village, where we halted. This village proved to be Ligny, just two miles east of where we started from! It would have been laughable had it not been so tragic. But it was only what might have been expected. Night marches across country in an unknown district and without previous reconnaissance are, I suppose, as dangerous and difficult to carry through successfully as any military operation can be. No one but a fool would attempt such a thing if it could be avoided. But this was not the time to work by book, and risks had to be taken. No blame could possibly be attached to any one for losing his way in such circumstances.

We got some bread here and left our wounded in the church, which was filled with British casualties from the previous day. No Germans were in the village at that moment. They had passed through during the night, and those in

rear had not yet got on the move.

We decided to make for Clary and so on South *vid* Selvigny, where we had heard the division had gone. My company were brought up and told off as an advanced-guard. Two platoons went on as vanguard, and I followed with the remainder as main-guard. The machine-gun went with the main-guard.

The major marched with me, and all went well for about 1-1½ miles. The country was flat on both sides of the road. We crossed a light railway which ran on an embankment to our right and had a farm building on the left. About 600 yards farther on was a solitary farm building bounding the right of the road. There were no other buildings, and all around were beet-fields. In front in the distance we could just discern a village in the gathering light.

All went well till the main-guard had reached the farm on the right of the road. Suddenly shots rang out from the front. At first there were only single shots, then came a lot more; after this the firing died away. It couldn't have lasted more than a minute. The main-guard meanwhile had got cover behind the farm building, and waited in extended lines ready to go on again. Those in rear were in the same formation. Looking through our glasses, we saw the vanguard commander (my 2nd captain) standing up (the vanguard were lying down in extended order) and signalling to his

front, *i.e.*, from where the shots had come. It was now light enough to see clearly the village and dimly discern figures of men at its entrance. A party of men were standing at its entrance near a white gate, and a little apart stood an officer in an easy lounging position, leaning against a wall, or something, with his legs crossed. I thought I knew that position; it reminded me of my old company commander in the S. African war, and who had been one of the column who had left us overnight. The uniforms looked British. The major turned round to another company commander who had joined us, and said—

"I believe they are our troops," to which the other replied that he thought so too, and added—

"I will go and tell that vanguard to push on," which he proceeded to do.

In the meantime, feeling positive, as we did, that we had our own troops in the village, we closed on to the road, and began moving on and coming up with the vanguard. Personally, I could not understand why the part of our column which had gone on in the night should halt for us—as one supposed they had—in this village, more especially as we should never have come along this road, if we had not lost our way in the night. However, I thought they might have gone wrong too. Anyhow, I had the evidence of my own eyes through Zeiss glasses that those people

were wearing British uniforms. So we gaily went marching on, whilst a cyclist careered cheerfully down the road to tell the troops in the village not to fire, as we were "our own people."

It is as well to note what had happened up in the vanguard.

The vanguard commander, Captain Trigona, was, of course, nearer the village than we were, and although he thought the "villagers" were British troops, he wasn't quite certain about it. He took stock of the position while lying down. He had noticed no troops in front of him before, for the group at the gate had only collected after the firing had ceased. Then he saw some one signalling to him, and so got up and replied.

"What regiment is that?" he read. "Dublin Fusiliers," he answered. At this the "villagers" took off their caps and waved, and signalled in English: "Good; come on, Dublin Fusiliers."

But there was a vague suspicion in the mind of our vanguard hero that all was not right, and he signalled back, "Will you send out a man?" After a moment or two they sent one out. But when he had gone about fifty yards he dropped down flat on his face. The suspicions of the vanguard commander in reference to the "villagers," as he afterwards told me, were centred on the shape of their head-dress, the length of the rifle, and seeing some lances

about. The colour of the uniform "seemed all right."

Still farther up in front the drama had become a tragedy.

The "point" of the vanguard — the most advanced troops of all, of course — consisted of 1 N.C.O. and 4 men. At the first outbreak of the firing, which seems to have been directed at his party, 3 of his men were badly hit, for he was less than 150 yards from the village. And yet even that party mistook the uniforms of their attackers at first, the wounded men on the ground saying, "It is rough luck to be knocked over by one's pals." However this N.C.O. quickly became convinced that the "villagers" were hostile. The cyclist named above came riding down the road, and he shouted to the rider to stop. He was lying down himself. But the cyclist went on, and the "point" commander shouted desperately, "Come back, come back; they're Germans." But the rider still went on until he was within a few yards of the white gate, when a shot rang out, and he tumbled from his seat and lay huddled up in the road. This was the time when the man who had been sent out from the village had stopped and lain down, and we, with the main-guard and remainder of the column, were closing up on the vanguard.

That single shot was the prelude to a heavy outburst of fire. From all along the edge of the village, to our front and right front, there

broke out a heavy and sustained rifle fire, whilst a machine-gun viciously spat forth bullets in a continuous rattle against our front line, and column on the road. In a very few seconds that column had ceased to be a target, for, almost without word of command, each platoon had extended and all now lay down, almost invisible to the enemy, in long lines one behind the other facing the enemy.

But although there was a good deal of cover from view, there was no cover from fire, and the bullets swished and stung through those roots in a very nasty way. The group at the white gate had vanished, and not a sign was to be seen of the enemy. The front line blazed away at where they thought them to be, but it was evident that an attempt to take the village by a frontal attack would result in annihilation. To stay there was to ask for the same result, but by a more prolonged method. Besides, even if the village were taken, we should be no better off, for we should merely be driving the enemy back on their supports, assuming them to be the rear of a German force ahead of us.

The fire directed on the vanguard and column on the road, naturally did not miss the machine-gun detachment, who were close to their limbered waggon, which contained the two guns. The driver was knocked off his horse, which, plunging madly amidst the pinging of the bullets, tried to

get clear of the road to the left; then both horses, now thoroughly maddened with fright and finding their driver gone, swung sharply round, bumped from the field, into which they had turned, down on to the road again, and galloped wildly down the road along which we had just come.

With the guns gone, our position was worse than ever, and the major gave the order to retire, and we went back to the building already mentioned as bordering the road. It was entirely owing to the remarkably poor shooting of the enemy that a retirement could be effected at all. There wasn't a scrap of cover during the movement, and it was quite light enough for good shooting. As it was, in effecting this movement we lost one officer killed and four wounded out of a total of twelve officers with the detachment. I cannot say how many N.C.O.'s and men fell at this stage.

When I came up to the building I saw it wouldn't help us. We had a firing line out each side of it, but this line was in open fields as before. The building was quite impossible to defend, consisting of a small brick cottage and wooden barn filled with hay. The major was nowhere to be seen, and when I asked for him, was told he had gone round the corner of the building. I went round and into the barn (pretty quickly, as the enemy watched that corner, and peppered any one who came round it) and shouted and looked for him. But he



was nowhere to be seen. The right of the firing line had come in to the farm, and, on inquiry, said the major had ordered them in, as he found he was losing so heavily. I now took command, and started organising a further retirement to a building about 600 yards in rear, with a railway embankment running from it across the front.

There were only two officers to be seen, one of whom I directed to go to this building and hold it. He took off a party at once. He belonged to the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and I am sorry to say he was eventually wounded and taken prisoner. He was keen and eager to do anything that was required. The other officer was lying wounded behind the brick wall of the cottage. I suppose there were about 200 men there and no officers, and very few senior N.C.O.'s.

It was a time when leaders were badly needed. But we had to make use of the material at hand. So we got any N.C.O., old or young—or at times no N.C.O. at all—to lead out parties to make a rush to the rear, and make their way back. They went in small parties of 6 to 8 each. As each party went out, we watched them. The rattle of musketry increased, and the bullets came whizzing and flipping amongst them. The men spread out as they ran for greater safety. But in spite of all this, it wasn't always nice to watch a rush. One was forcibly reminded of rabbits being bolted.

Too many men were falling to make it fascinating watching. But no one could take his eyes off a rush. Then came the getting together of men for the next party. The prospect for each man was not an alluring one. A retirement under fire is always nasty—this was positively horrid. And yet, as I watched those men running and falling, I felt convinced that the losses were not as heavy as they seemed, and that in some cases a man slipped on the wet dewy turnip and fell sideways and then lay doggo, but that he was not hit.

However, it was very trying to the men to watch. They had had practically no sleep for three nights (I had had about half an hour's sleep only during that time), and this was not the best sort of entertainment for weary men. The leaders had come to an end—but the firing was working round our right flank. Our firing line on the left were still plugging away and working to the rear, but there were still many more men to be led out of this farm.

Some one now told me that he had seen two officers go round the corner, so I ran round and into the barn, and eventually found two of our subalterns keeping up a fire from the kitchen. They both joined me, and having gone back to the men they each led out parties, to the centre and left (facing the front), whilst I took one out to the right.

The enemy now started shelling us (to add to our joy),

and, as usual with their artillery, at once made very good practice, their third shell dropping right on the farm building and scattering shrapnel all over the place.

However, we continued working back in small parties, but on reaching the railway embankment I found there were no men occupying this position. I moved along the railway towards the building N. of the Ligny-Clary road, but finding it unoccupied, went on to the village.<sup>1</sup>

We now set to work to collect, and left all wounded at the church which had been turned into a hospital, as mentioned before. We had now lost another four officers wounded, and one cut off and captured, leaving Trigona and me the only ones not hit.

Outside the church were a party of unwounded with rifles and equipment on the ground. They said they had been told by the medical officer to take off their equipment, as, if the Germans, on entering the village, found armed men about the hospital, the place would probably be reduced to a shambles. And this was not at all unlikely, for, having had experience of their methods, we knew that such terms as

"honour," or "civilised warfare," or "Geneva Convention," were merely regarded by them with contempt, and the latter only made use of (in the breach, not in the observance) to cover an attack, either on armed or unarmed people, for they did not apparently bother to differentiate between "killing" and "murdering." Their "kultur" did not stoop to the consideration of such trifles.

I told all the men to put on their equipment at once and fall in, and just then Trigona turned up unhurt. I was very glad to see him. In the meantime we were told the Germans were entering the village from the direction of Haucourt, and approaching it also from Clary, whence we had just come. However, we had got to make a bolt for it, for it was no use stopping still and getting taken without an effort. The first thing to do was to get out of touch with the enemy. To do this the first essential was to clear from the region of the fight.

So we left the hospital, and made off down the only road that was reported to be clear of the enemy. It led in the direction of Caudry. Our column of the night before

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<sup>1</sup> The reason for this line not being held only came to light later. It appears that the officer who was in command of the first party ordered back from the farm, and who had been directed to hold it, was attacked from the village of Ligny on approaching the farm, and driven north. The enemy who made this attack must have entered Ligny after we had marched through, and having driven this party north, pursued them, thus evacuating the village once more and leaving it clear for our succeeding parties. These in turn, finding no one holding the farm, went into the village and collected there. Had the Germans held Ligny I do not think any of us would have got away.

was now reduced to a little band of about thirty men and two officers.<sup>1</sup> Thus ended our attempt to rejoin the battalion by marching straight towards them.

#### IV. ACROSS THE GERMAN LINES OF COMMUNICATION.

It was now, I suppose, about 6.30 or 7 o'clock, and promised to be a hot day. It was decided to make for the village of Caudry in a N.E. direction, as being the only road open to us. But before we had left Ligny we heard that the Germans were on that road and marching towards us. So we turned off the road to the left, and passed through the gardens of houses bounding the road. These little gardens were all fenced with barbed wire, and we had no wire-cutters. (My own were on my horse!) This wire delayed us, but we eventually scrambled over or through it, and at last reached the northern edge of the village. There was now open country in front, with the ground falling from where we stood, and from hills right and left down to a valley about a mile away, and then rising sharply to a ridge dotted with copses, along which ran a railway line straight across the front. Away to the right was a small body of British troops (about a dozen) marching along the Caudry road. We called them in to us, as that road was hopelessly exposed. To

our front were another party, rather stronger, making apparently for a railway crossing west of Caudry. No German troops were visible, and the German party reported must presumably have come from the east.

We made our way down into the valley, where there was less chance of getting seen, when suddenly firing broke out straight in front of us (along the ridge apparently), and drove back the British party mentioned above. They retired by our left, and although we tried to get them in, we failed to do so. We didn't see them again.

As the enemy seemed to be at all points of the compass, things were looking none too bright, but it was decided to carry on down the valley straight at the position whence had come the latest firing, in the hope that cover in the low ground might enable us to worm our way through. When about 600 yards from the ridge a ditch was reached. This ran in a zigzag direction towards the ridge. It was about 4 feet deep and crammed full of brambles and nettles.

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<sup>1</sup> *Losses.*—Exact figures are not yet available. Of 12 officers who went into action, 2 only came out. One was killed, and 9 (8 of whom were wounded) taken prisoners.

Of the N.C.O.'s and men the only information at present available states that the Germans at one place buried over 50. About 500 went into action, and about 50 eventually rejoined their units.

The nettles were painful, but the brambles were quite as effective as an ordinary quick-set hedge, and so the attempt to force a way through them had to be given up. About 300 yards farther on we came to a deep ditch running along under the embankment, fringed in places with trees, and covered throughout with thick deep mud. We were now right at the foot of, and under the embankment, and the enemy were evidently waiting for us to come over the top, which we had no intention of doing. They had no doubt realised that firing at the other small party had merely resulted in driving them back, and they couldn't have helped seeing us coming across the open, but wanted us to come right up to them and be captured or wiped out. But having had one experience of that sort of thing already that morning, made one shy about trying it again, so getting down into the ditch we turned to our left (west), and slogged along in the deep mud. This was a holding black clay, at places allowing one to sink over the tops of the boots. We trudged along for about a mile, when we had to stop, owing to the men being dead-beat. Look-out men were posted front and rear, and the rear sentry at once reported cavalry. They turned out to be our friends from behind the ridge. About 100 to 150 had come down into the valley, and whilst some galloped off in the direction of the party which had

retired by our right, the others were plainly puzzled at our disappearance, and spread out right and left to search. To do this, they put out patrols in a fan-shaped formation, the base of the fan being the railway, and the outer ring coming to within about 150 to 200 yards of us. They evidently thought we were somewhere in that area, so we determined to push on before they found out their error. So we went on for another mile or so along this twisting ditch, and then halted again, where there was a certain amount of cover, but not much. A reconnaissance, however, showed a much better place about half a mile further on, with overhanging trees and undergrowth and high banks. So we eventually halted here, at 8.30 A.M. There was a clear field of fire on both flanks, and any one attacking would have had a bad time of it, without artillery to support the attack.

It was now explained to the men (who by now amounted to about 60, owing to the parties we had picked up on the way) that our object was to rejoin as soon as possible, and not to fight, for if we indulged in fighting there was small hope of ever rejoining, and any fighting we could do would not help the general operations. They were further told that we must continue to march westward until we were outside the German right wing, when we would turn south, but that whilst in the enemy's lines we must rest by day and march by night, and that as

soon as we were clear of their lines we could shove along by day as hard as we liked. Ammunition was checked and equalised, and turned out to amount to about 50 rounds per man, as far as I can remember. We decided not to advance further that day.

Our position now was between Fontaine-au-Pire and Haucourt, and the usual signs of a battlefield were dotted about around us. French peasants were moving over the ground searching for wounded, and from time to time waggons came along and halted so as to take up bodies. Equipment was left, and we were able to collect some emergency rations lying about. We got into touch with one of the men engaged in collecting the wounded, and explained who we were and why. He gave us the satisfactory news that for every British body he found, he found four Germans killed. So *that* was all right. He arranged to send us some water, and told us there were four Englishmen in hiding close by. These four men came down during the day. They recounted various adventures. One had been captured and escaped. They were all in mufti, and wanted to join our party. As their uniform was not far off, they were told they would be allowed to join if they came in uniform, not otherwise. So they brought over their uniform during the day and changed in the ditch, becoming soldiers once more.

"From information received," it appeared that all the sur-

rounding villages were occupied by Germans, more especially to the west. Cambrai was reported to have a strong garrison, and the river Escaut flowed roughly north and south from that place, and all its crossings were sure to be occupied. It therefore seemed best to move round the north of Cambrai. One of our French friends told us he would get into touch with some one who could help us. He suggested that we should go to some entrenchments north of the line, by night, as it would be drier there. We decided to do this, and meanwhile collected sufficient tea and sugar from our emergency rations to make enough tea for the whole party, and gave this to the Frenchman, who said he would prepare tea for us. We decided to get it after dark. We carried this out, and had a most excellent and grateful glass of hot tea all round. Then we went on to our night position, put out sentries and went to sleep, or waited for dawn, according to the temperament of the particular individual.

We stood to arms two hours before daybreak and waited till it was light before lying down again. At about 9 o'clock we were brought some hot coffee and bread, which had been provided by some kind friend, who sent a message to say he had not yet been able to find out our best way out of the district, as the Germans were about. I heard that about a dozen British soldiers had passed

along the railway during the night towards Cambrai, and it was suggested that we should follow. However, as Cambrai was obviously occupied by the enemy, owing to its size and strategic position, that suggestion did not meet with favour. At about midday a Taube went over us. As we were rather exposed from the air, the men were directed to lie down in any confused sort of heap, and "to look like turnips," keeping their heads down (for faces looking up are easily spotted from an aeroplane, even at a good height). However, when the machine was nearly over us, the engine shut off. This was suspicious, as this is usually done to give the observer an opportunity of examining some object through glasses, since, owing to the vibration, this cannot be done when the engine is going. It might have only been that the pilot wanted to speak to the observer, or to get below a cloud, for they were flying on the lower edge of the clouds. But whatever the reason, I thought they had spotted us. However, after a bit the engine went on again and the machine disappeared, much to our relief.

At about noon a sentry reported a German soldier approaching our position. He was walking along the edge of the corn-field, at the end of which was our position.

At the same time another sentry reported another German approaching along the other edge of the corn-field.

They were about fifty yards apart, and carrying rifles. Thinking that they were advanced scouts to a party trying to round us up, it was decided that they should be allowed to walk straight into us and then be captured without firing. So we lay in wait in our depression, and when they had come right up to the edge, we suddenly sprang up and startled our visitors with a shout of "Hands up."

The one in front of me started back as though to run away when he saw himself covered by rifles, so I jumped out of the pit and ran at him with my revolver. He then stood still.

At the same time I saw the other German run back into the corn, so telling my men to deal with the first one, I ran across to the second and shouted to him in German to stand or I would fire. He was so startled that he stood like a lamb. We then took both of them into the pit or depression.

Examination showed these men to have come from the hospital in the neighbourhood. One was wounded in the arm, the other had a sprained ankle. The rifles they had were British weapons they had picked up. I gave the rifles to two of my men, whose own guns were choked with mud and therefore useless.

Letters from Germany which they had in their pockets merely said how anxious every one was at home, and how the Russian advance was regarded with dread. A diary one of them had kept showed the tremen-

dously long marches that the Germans had been called on to perform. One entry finished as follows:—

“At last we reached X——. This ended a heartbreaking march of 57 kilometres (35½ miles). I slept where I halted, as I was too tired to eat.”

As no military value attached to these documents, they were given back to the owners. The prisoners said they were expected back in hospital at three o'clock, so we might expect a search to be made for them if they did not return. Such a search must lead to our whereabouts being known, when sufficient force would be concentrated to wipe us out, for our information showed the enemy to be in overwhelming force (compared to us) in our neighbourhood.

It is true that we might do them some damage first, but there could be only one result to such a fight. If we stayed where we were we should undoubtedly be spotted, but any move north of our position would bring us at once in view of the German post at Fontaine-au-Pire. So we were obliged to go back south over the railway. The prisoners were an embarrassment. We didn't dare leave them, and yet they couldn't march. So we decided to take them a short distance and leave them under cover. They were blindfolded before we moved off. This frightened them, and they asked what they had done that they should be killed. They were told that they weren't going to be killed, but

they weren't very sure about it. I then asked them the way to Beaumont, but they didn't know. I mentioned the place two or three times to them. The reason was as follows: We wanted to go north to get round Cambrai, which was to the west, and strongly held. Beaumont was to the east of us, and if we could induce the Germans (who were barring our way to the north) to go to the east, our way to the north would be open—or at any rate we might reasonably expect it to be easier to get through.

So we moved off to the railway again, and crossed it. At this point it was on a steep embankment, which was thickly covered with dense undergrowth. The rain of two days ago had left the clay soil here damp and slippery, and it was an awful business to get the Germans up. However, it was done at last, and the whole party got to the top, and spread out along the line and lay down. At this moment I looked back at the country we had come from, and saw half a dozen Germans watching the whole proceeding from the cornfields a few hundred yards away. As soon as they saw that we were looking at them they bolted into the corn and lay down in it. They were evidently from the hospital, and would doubtless report what they had seen. However, we had got to go on, so we all dashed across the line at the same time and got down into the low ground and our ditch on the other side.

The prisoners I left on the

railway sitting down about ten yards apart. They were both blindfolded, and the one with the sprained ankle had his hands tied behind him. The one who was wounded in the arm was not bound in any way.

The prisoners were now told that they would be left where they were with a sentry to watch them. This sentry would stop them from moving or talking, and would give no warning, but at the first spoken word from either, would instantly shoot. Later on they would be taken back to their hospital.

I added that the sentry would now answer, and they could tell his position.

I then turned round to one of my men who was standing close by, and said in English "You know your orders?" and he replied, "I do." He then quietly slipped away, and I turned to the prisoners and said, "Remember you are in no danger if you keep quiet, but will be shot at once if you talk or try to escape. Do you understand?" They said they did, and I left them and followed the party.

I first went to some Frenchmen and explained what had happened, and asked them to see that the prisoners got back to their hospital by nightfall. They said that it was a case of our lives or those of the Germans, and that they ought to be killed. Although one realised the logic of the argument, it was necessary to tell them that such were not British methods, and that it was im-

possible to murder them. At last they said they would do as I wished, and I went on to my party, carrying with me a huge round loaf of bread about 15 lb. in weight. This, with four others of the same kind which we had got, was distributed to the men, who were told it would have to last for the next twenty-four hours.

We now moved along the low ground until we came to the road leading from Haucourt to Fontaine-au-Pire. A reconnaissance, previously made, showed that this road led over the railway by a bridge which was reported to be guarded. The country was now quite open all round, and a further advance seemed certain to lead to our being spotted by our friend the enemy. There was a corn-field on our left, and the men were told to get into it and lie quite quiet till night-fall, when we could go on. However, in spite of all orders to the contrary, some of them were full of conversation, and this nearly led to disaster.

We had been there about half an hour when the noise of horses coming along the road was heard. One man went on talking (apparently he hadn't heard the horses). Suddenly a voice shouted out "Aufstehen, schnell" (Get up—be quick about it), followed by a startled guttural exclamation, the sounds of a scuffle, a shot, and horses' hoofs galloping away in the distance. I jumped up and ran towards the spot. A German officer was struggling with one of our men and hanging on to his



rifle, at the same time trying to draw his own revolver, which was grasped by another of my party. A third man of ours was taking a pot-shot at a German orderly who was galloping up the road towards the railway, *ventre à terre*.

On reaching the scene of action, I pointed a revolver at the officer's head and said, "Stop that man."

"Are you an officer?" he asked.

"I am."

"Gott sei Dank" (thank God!) he ejaculated fervently. He was in an awful fright (and I don't blame him! He had just been fired at, at about five yards' range). "Stop that man," I said again, keeping the revolver very near his forehead.

"You won't harm him?"

"No—stop him instantly."

The orderly was galloping up the hill leading to the bridge. If he got over the ridge, to which he was now quite close, we could never stop him, and he would give the alarm and so bring sufficient force against us to overpower all resistance. In an open country, with little ammunition, and surrounded by overwhelming superior forces, what could we hope to accomplish?

We might have tried shooting at him, but a galloping horse is by no means a certain target, nor is shooting by any means a silent pastime, and firing would give the alarm as surely as the orderly himself. The one shot already fired had probably done quite enough damage as it was.

The German officer hesitated, for how many seconds I can't say, but it seemed an eternity. At last he shouted—once, twice, thrice, and at the third hail the man pulled up almost on the top of the hill, turned broadside on to us, and remained there.

It had all happened very quickly. It takes a long time in the telling, but these things happen very quickly in reality. The proof of this lies in the fact that, while all this was going on, the galloping horseman had not got beyond the hail of his master's voice.

I think we all breathed easier when he pulled up—(I know of one who did!). I turned to the officer again.

"You can't take me prisoner," he burst out; "I'm neutral, I'm a doctor."

"Will you give me your word," I asked him, "that you will not say a word about having seen this party if I let you go?"

"I'm neutral," he repeated, "you can't take me prisoner."

"I don't care how neutral you are," I replied. "I'd—d well will take you prisoner if you don't give me your word of honour to keep quiet about us."

He looked up the road at the waiting horseman, then shrugged his shoulders and said, "Very well—I'm neutral. I don't want to take sides."

"Does that include your orderly?"

"Yes, I'll answer for him."

"Your word of honour?"

"My word of honour."

We shook hands on it, and

he mounted his horse, which was being held by one of my men.

"I am out here," he said, "looking for two of my patients who ought to have returned to hospital. I am afraid they may have got lost or got hurt. When I heard your men talking I thought I had found them; that is why I dismounted."

"They may be back by now," I said, "but if I find them I won't hurt them." I thought it unnecessary to suggest that he should look for them on the railway!

He nodded, and rode back up the hill to his man. They talked together for a minute or two, went on and disappeared over the ridge. I have every reason to believe that this officer kept his word. Had he broken it he would have lost nothing by it but his honour. We should have been scuppered, but he need never have said even to his orderly that he had given his word. It is good in a war of this sort to be able to place on record that one has met at least one honourable opponent.

We now had to consider what to do. It was possible that the German doctor might give us away. It would have been easy to keep him, but the danger, of course, lay in that case with the orderly, who was a shy bird and would undoubtedly have turned tail again had we attempted to get near him.

So the only thing to do was to get the officer to tell his

man to keep quiet, and take the risk. It luckily turned out all right. Even if the doctor did not give us away, the shot already fired might have the same result, so it was necessary to move. The only possible place was our old spot in the ditch. Nowhere else was there any cover. The corn-field was useless as a defensive position, whereas in the ditch there was anyhow good cover, and it would in any case be better than where we were.

We started to go back, and on the way met a party of enthusiastic and friendly Frenchmen, who, dancing about with excitement, led my party to imagine that the entire German army was approaching. However, their news was reassuring, as they said there were only a few Red Cross Germans left in Haucourt.

We got back to our old place and waited for dusk. No attack came from the north, the direction which one was afraid of exciting (as we wanted to move north-west that night, so preferred to keep things quiet there). But just before we meant to move, a shot was fired from the direction of the railway bridge. Who fired it, and why, one couldn't tell, but it alarmed the neighbourhood, and one could hear excited voices in that direction. We waited a bit, but nothing more happened, so as it got darker we got on the move.

Our plan was to move parallel to the railway and south of it, in the direction of Cambrai, until we had passed

two bridges, one of which we knew was held, whilst of the other we could get no definite information. We would then turn north, strike the railway, and find an undefended bridge. Never having seen the country, and there being no moon, it was expected to be by no means an easy business. And so it fell out. We kept to the low ground, going west till we got close to the village of Longsart (about two miles), and saw the German lamps signalling from it past us to Fontaine-au-Pire or Ligny. We then turned north and did a lot of walking through beet-fields, but didn't find the line. The night was pitch dark, but stars were then showing. I halted the party and sat down, covering my head with my Burberry, and got men to stand all round me, spreading out their coats in a circle to prevent any light from showing, and by aid of a small electric torch, which I always carried, studied the map. I still thought we were going in the right direction and went on, and eventually found the railway. The question now was whether the crossing we wanted was to our right or to our left?

Before moving off, I had pored over the map trying to commit to memory every turn and twist in the railway as far as Cambrai, and exactly where these twists occurred, so that when we struck it one could tell, from the direction in which it ran at that particular place, where-

abouts to look for the bridge. But I was working with a map of a scale of 1 inch to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles, marked with contours which were stated on the map "Instructions" to be "only approximately correct." We had consequently gone up hills which were not marked on the map, and also through beet-fields (making a horrid swishing noise in doing so) which retarded the pace of our march. We had also marched round some fields that were fenced. Any one who has tried to lead a column by night across country in time of peace, even after a most careful reconnaissance carried out by daylight, knows the difficulty of finding one's way. To do the same thing under the present circumstances was a hundred times more difficult. The point need not be pressed for those who have done this work; as for those who haven't, let them try it—just once.

From the direction in which the line ran where we struck it (roughly N.W. and S.E.), we appeared to be east of the bridge we were seeking, so turned west, and went stolidly on in the direction of Cambrai. The railway ran in a deep cutting, with trees growing up its almost precipitous sides, and a quickset hedge running along the top. Whenever we came to a gap in the hedge it was investigated, but it only led to a small building, such as a signal-box, &c., or a few steps down the side leading to a slippery concrete "slide" down

the side. I once tried to get down the cutting at a likely spot, but owing to the steepness of the slope, merely succeeded in losing my feet and crashing down through the trees, bumping against them until one of them brought me up sharply. Two or three men who followed did the same thing. One of them lost his rifle, and we took some time finding it. We eventually clambered back to the top. I suppose we had dropped at least 30 feet, and it was hard work getting up again, and so dark we couldn't see our hands in front of our faces, let alone the tree-trunks and branches for which we had to feel. We were bruised all over, but nothing worse. We concluded that this was not our bridge!

We still pushed on towards Cambrai. One couldn't see five yards ahead, it was so dark. At last it was felt that we were so near this town that we must be almost on the German outposts. So we halted; the men were told we had overshot the bridge and were going back. They turned about, when suddenly, quite clearly in the stillness of the night, I heard a crack, presumably within fifty yards of me, as though a man had stepped on a dry twig. To make quite sure that one's nerves (possibly overstrained) were not deceiving one, I whispered to the man nearest me—

"Did you hear anything?"

"Yes," he whispered back; "I heard a twig snap."

It flashed across my mind that we were right on top of a German post. I went quietly back along the column and met Trigona coming up.

"What is the matter?" he whispered.

"We've overshot it; I'm going back."

I told him to go to the rear (the original head of the column), and that I would go to the new front and lead again. I also told him to look out for our being followed.

Then we went on. We stopped at intervals, as I thought I heard steps in rear as soon as we had stopped. Trigona, however, said he heard nothing. Flashes broke out behind us, and were answered by flashes in front. In one case I judged this flash in front to be not more than 200 yards away, yet when I came up to where I judged it to have been, nothing was to be seen. But another flash broke out at what I judged to be about 200 to 300 yards farther on. It is very hard to judge such things. My opinion was based on experience of signal lights in my old signalling days. One thing was certain: they came from a moving and not a stationary light. Well, we pushed on, and suddenly the moon came out, and a few hundred yards on we came to a bridge, which turned out to be unguarded. While approaching that bridge, every moment one dreaded a burst of fire being opened in front. Bayonets were fixed, and the men directed to charge im-

mediately if fire was opened on us. However, fortune was with us—nothing happened, and we crossed the bridge.

It was now 1 A.M. The country in front seemed quite open as far as one could see in the moonlight, and we didn't like to go on in such a moon across open country, as we couldn't "place" this bridge. I didn't know which one it was. So it was decided to remain on the northern side of the line between the quick-set hedge and the trees growing up the cutting. The party therefore halted, sentries were posted right and left, and we waited for daylight.

The men were very tired, and got to sleep at once and snored loudly. Both Trigona and myself tried to stop this, but couldn't do so. Shortly after the sentries were posted, a man coming from the same direction as we had, passed our front on the other side of the hedge. The moon had now gone in, and we could only hear and not see him. The snoring continued. He stopped and listened, then went on. He could easily gauge our length of front by the snoring. To try and scupper him was hopeless; it was too dark, and also might lead to firing. So it was decided to stop where we were, and if necessary fight where we were. Trigona and I lay down together, and being dog-tired and weary from want of sleep for several days, I eventually dozed off. I was aroused by Trigona touching me on the arm. He

whispered that the sentry on the left reported that he had heard guns moving to some trees to our left front, that infantry were also in front, and that we should be attacked at dawn.

I went to see the sentry, and came to the conclusion that the noise was guns and transport rumbling down the Cambrai road; he was distinctly vague about the infantry. However, I woke the men up. It was about 3.30 A.M. But the men didn't seem able to keep awake, and snoring was rampant. They either had no nerves or no imagination. It gradually got light: a foggy morning. Word came down from the right that a "whole lot" of Germans were advancing along the line. But nothing was to be seen from this flank. No one could accuse the *sentries* of lack of imagination. But it was very excusable, for they had gone through a trying time.

At last I decided to reconnoitre myself, as the men's accounts were rather untrustworthy, since for the last hour we had been watching for some signs of life from any and every direction. Every movement of a branch in the trees around us or across the line was regarded with suspicion. I decided to end this uncertainty, so, leaving Trigona in charge, I went out, and found that there were no Germans within half a mile of us in any direction.

This reconnaissance had shown that there were open fields all round, really very little cover where we were, no

houses to get food from, and we were in a position which I fully expected would be searched before long. That we had been followed to this place during the night I was quite convinced, and the gentleman who had done so was not likely to keep the information to himself. He hadn't been out there in the open country at 1 A.M. for the sake of his health. So we decided to move, although it was fairly light. The fog still held, and off we tramped.

The country was all open grass or stubble fields, and we went on, going downhill, keeping parallel to the road leading from the bridge and just within sight of it in the fog.

We had to cross a road or two, and before doing this each road was reconnoitred on both flanks, then carefully approached, and eventually rushed across. Cars were passing down one of them fairly frequently and we had to bide our time. At last, after going about a mile, we heard the ring of a bell or clock and the bark of a dog, so, going in that direction, halted in corn-fields about 500 yards from a village, which could every now and then be seen in the mist.

I thought it a good thing to go and get some information now, and try and get food. I left all my equipment, except revolver and belt, with Trigona, and we decided on his route if I got scuppered. We *had* to have information, and at once. I then went off, and soon found an old man working in a field. I asked him if there were any Germans in the village. He

replied that there were, and told me that most of them had gone off on the previous afternoon at about five o'clock to "round up" some English "Butins" (stragglers or looters) in the direction of Beaumont. He had also heard that they were going to search the railway. (This sounded like our German prisoners, who were left on the railway.) The old man also told me that the Germans were going to search that part of the country for wounded that day, including the field where our men were! This was cheerful news, as it meant we should have to move again, with the light growing stronger. I asked where we could get food, and he told me to go about two miles on, as he did not think there were any Germans there, but mentioned places where he knew they were.

He offered to dig me some potatoes, radishes, &c., if I would wait; but it was no time for gardening, so thanking him all the same, returned to the party.

I told Trigona what I had learnt, and we decided to move at once, although it was light, trusting to the fog to hold for, at any rate, a short distance. So we got on the move, and keeping in the fields, passed Cattenières on the left. We then came to the main Cambrai-Le Cateau road. At this point we were midway between a village called Igmel to our left and a sugar refinery to our right, in both of which there were German posts, according to the potato digger. He had also hinted that there were

spies at the refinery, and warned us to be very careful of it. So we steered midway between the two places—they were about 1000 yards apart—and having made sure the road was clear, and waited till the fog came down rather thicker than usual, rushed across it.

This crossing of roads we always thought a tricky business, as we should be more likely to find the enemy on the road than across country; and although all may appear to be quite clear, it is impossible to know whether there is not a sentry standing by a tree half a mile away (or 100 yards away for that matter) looking right down the road. However, luck was with us, and we went on. We were now three miles from the citadel of Cambrai, which was almost due west of us. We pushed on towards Carnières, about one mile ahead, when suddenly the fog lifted and we got the shock of our lives.

About 600-800 yards away to our left ran the Igmel-Carnières road, and this road was covered as far as we could see (about half a mile perhaps) with a column of infantry and transport marching in the opposite direction. Mounted officers rode at their head. I think the Germans were as surprised as we were. Both forces instantly halted. We were marching in one close column, without any scouts in front, as this formation had many advantages in the circumstances. Our aim was to worm our way through their posts, and an extended line of

scouts gives little scope for "worming." An examination through glasses showed that they were looking at us in the same way, with the mounted officers talking together, and all the troops in the column gazing at us.

It was a perfectly ridiculous situation, and one for which the drill-books give no guidance! They must have known, as well as we did, that no British troops were within twenty-five miles of us. It really seemed as though the game was up at last, and I must confess at that moment to a feeling of the most bitter disappointment at the seemingly inevitable failure of our efforts to rejoin. It was not a feeling of fear, for I fancy all of us had had a sense of exhilaration in this adventure. We were groping in the dark all the time (even in daylight!), and as no one could tell what difficulties would or would not be met with, every one, I fancy, clung to the belief that there was just a sporting chance of getting through. But now we were suddenly confronted by a body of troops who could make mincemeat of us when and how they liked, and it was their job to do so.

But there almost simultaneously flashed through one's mind the way in which we had been deceived by the enemy a few days before, and how we had been convinced in a weak light that we were gazing at British when we were really looking at German uniforms. If British eyes could be deceived, why

should not German ones also? So it was decided to try and bluff it out.

We had not halted probably for more than 15-20 seconds when the order was given to move on, and in the same close formation (column of route). We pushed along, all eyes glued to the left, wondering when the first shot was coming from that long, silent, hostile column, or when a horse was going to come galloping across to find out what and who we were. It seemed impossible that they could let us go without a question. The men were told to move as though they took no interest in the column, and to swing along. The ground rose to a low ridge on our right, and we gradually edged away up this ridge and over the other side. As soon as we were over the ridge, we extended and lay down behind it, posting look-outs in both flanks, and awaiting what was considered to be a certain attack. None came, however, and eventually the German column rumbled slowly and stolidly on into the little village of Igmel.

It is impossible to explain the German action, or rather want of action. Possibly the fact of our marching in fancied security, with no scouts out, made them convinced that we couldn't be British. On the other hand, if we were Germans, why were we marching away from the sound of the guns and so far away, and why not march on the roads instead of across country? We couldn't be prisoners, as we were all

armed. If they were in doubt, why didn't they send a horse across to find out? One can't answer these questions, but it would be most interesting to know. My own view is that we had been lucky enough to bluff them into the belief that we were Germans, just as the Germans had bluffed us three days before. In any event we were left alone. That was the most critical ten minutes of our march.

As soon as the German column got on the move again we also went on in the direction of Carnières. Eight men of the Gordons, who had somehow become detached from their battalion and had lain hidden for three days, saw us go by and sent a message asking if they might join us. We made arrangements for them to join us that evening before we left our halting-place. They did so and came on with us.

We marched on, but there seemed no cover at all. It was now quite clear of fog and unsafe to march any longer, so we halted in a corn-field, where we remained all day. We got food, and arrangements were made for our next night's march. It was found that Germans were in Carnières, and this seemed to be the outermost post from Cambrai, as the little village of Boussières (1 mile east of Carnières) was not occupied by them.

A system was now arranged in order to get information and supplies each day.

Whenever we halted we



would tell certain local inhabitants the direction in which we next wanted to go, and they would send out cyclists to discover the German dispositions in that area.

These reports would reach us at about four or five o'clock daily, when the final decision would be made as to the route to be adopted for the march that night. We never marched beyond the limit of the area about which we had information. It might only be five miles. If so we didn't go further, as to have done so would have been merely taking an unnecessary risk. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood in which we decided to halt, found halting-places for us.

The route decided on for this night was towards Boussières, then leaving Cagnoncles on the left, Rieux on the right, and on to the west of Naves. There was a railway line running across our front that passed through Naves, and although the Germans were reported to be in the village this bridge was not being occupied. There was no other crossing available. No trains, of course, were then running. From Naves we intended to go north-west over another railway, and cross the Cambrai-Valenciennes road, another of their communications. This march was about seven miles in length.

We left at dusk as soon as the eight men of the Gordon Highlanders (already mentioned) had joined us, and carried out the march as arranged.

At Naves we had to cross the Cambrai-Villers-en-Couchier road, which was kept by the Germans exclusively for motor traffic, cars, bicycles, &c. As the road was occupied when we approached, we had to wait until all was reported clear by scouts sent on ahead to reconnoitre. The men lay down, some of them slept and snored.

We waited here about half an hour, while our scouts went on to the village to see if all was clear. At last we heard footsteps in the darkness, and thinking it might be a German patrol, we shifted away from the road. However, the footsteps quietly approached, and then came a very low clear whistle. It was our scout, who told us that the bridge was still unguarded, but that the Germans were in the other end of the village, and we must move very carefully. We moved across country on to the bridge, which we crossed, and eventually, after passing the Valenciennes road, we went down to the Marshes, between Thun St Martin and Thun Leveque. Here we found a place in the woods to stop in, near the river Escaut. We got there about midnight. These marches always took a long time, as going across country, scouting each road before crossing it, &c., took up a lot of time.

The next day was a perfect day to laze about in, and the dull booming of the guns far to the south could be distinctly heard. In fact, the firing, practically incessant through-

out the day, seemed so much nearer, that we thought the Germans must be getting driven back. All day long the Valenciennes road was occupied with transport, &c. This consisted chiefly of heavy supply waggons, convoys of wounded, cars, and a long artillery column. The village of Thun St Martin (about 2 miles from us) was drawn back from the main road, though its outskirts, in the shape of a few scattered houses, stretched almost up to it. About mid-day some Germans came down the road, passing quite close to us, without seeing us. Later on another party came down the river and wandered in and out of the trees. One of our sentries now reported that two Germans had come to within 100 yards of him, and were watching him. So placing the men, who were in a clearing, into the trees, I went over to the sentry, keeping under cover all the way. He told me that two men had come quite close to him along a path; that one had gone away, while the other had lain down behind a tree and remained there. I peered through the bushes, using my glasses, but utterly failed to see any sign of the man—though, of course, if he had got the tree in front of him I shouldn't have been able to. The sentry also reported another party to his left. These parties, however, did not see us, I fancy, or we should have heard more about it. They were there all right; I saw

some myself, but though some of them came very near us, none of them blundered into us or saw us.

Taube aeroplanes passed over us, but as we were under the trees they naturally couldn't spot us.

So the day passed slowly on, and I fancy most of us had an uneasy feeling during the afternoon, as at any moment we saw that we might be discovered. A certain symptom of this feeling showed itself amongst the men; they were all unnaturally silent and wakeful. This symptom manifested itself when we got on the march that night. We had to cross a couple of bridges over the canals, and we approached them as quietly as possible, as we were on the outskirts of a village (and one could never tell where there were spies). Our guide had gone on and we had lost him in the darkness. We came to forked roads, and I decided to halt and wait for the guide to come back, as I didn't know which road to take. I told the men to lie down and keep quiet, off the road. They moved off the road, started running, and the next moment were dashing wildly across the grass, where they lay down in an extended line. The man next to me tried to do the same, and fell with a loud splash into a dyke which ran a few feet away from us, and dropped into four or five feet of water, getting wet up to the neck. This damped his ardour somewhat, and was a bit of a shock to him, as he

told us when still in the dyke. We got him out all right and got the men back into position again. It was, however, quite evident that the strain of the last few days was telling on their nerves.

Our guide shortly afterwards came back to us full of apologies, and I explained that a party marching by night in woods could only go slowly, as we didn't know the paths as he did. Then we went on marching *via* Paillencourt, and then west to Hein-Lenglet parallel to the river Sensée till we came to Fressies. All the bridges were reported guarded except one at Aubigny-au-Bac, for which we steered, but later on we heard that the Aubigny bridge was occupied by a machine-gun detachment, and that the Germans patrolled up to Fressies. So we determined to halt for the night and get further information. We found an empty house, and made ourselves very comfortable by putting a lot of straw in it. It was the only shelter there was; it certainly was a good one. We got into it at about 2 o'clock in the morning.

The next day we had got cyclists out routing around for some other bridge that we could use, when at about 7 o'clock information reached us that the Aubigny bridge had been unguarded since 4 o'clock. German patrols had been quite close during the day, but had not come up to the house. It was impossible to tell whether the leaving of the bridge was a ruse or not,

for we could never tell when or where the whereabouts of our party might become known. However, it was no good stopping where we were, and it was decided to take the risk. So off we went at once, and were across the set of bridges, over marsh, river, and canal, by 8 o'clock. We heard next day that the bridge had been reoccupied at 4 A.M. We were certainly very lucky. We also heard that the Germans, who two days ago had hunted for Englishmen at Beaumont, had moved up the railway towards Cambrai, hearing that they had been seen on the railway "in the trees," and that other troops from Cambrai had been sent out. However, the birds had flown, the French were silent, and it only remained to the enemy to scratch their heads and sorrowfully return to whence they came.

In crossing the river here we had got on to the main Douai-Cambrai road, and moved off it at once, marching north to Fressain - Villers - Erchin, and beyond. We, of course, wanted to get west, but couldn't do so, as the Canal de la Sensée ran north up to Douai, and we heard that it was patrolled all the way. Our march that evening was about seven miles. We decided to halt where we did, as during our march we got very contradictory information. So we waited to clear up doubtful points—which referred to German positions and movements. We therefore halted for the night.

From where we were we

could now watch the Douai-Cambrai road. We saw a certain amount of traffic during the day, chiefly of ambulance waggons moving towards Douai.

Information now reached us that there were no Germans in Douai, and our scouts wanted us to go there. However, as one knew from the map that it was obviously a strategic centre, this was not credited.

Confirmation of this view was received just before marching off that night, in the shape of a letter saying "On no account go to Douai." So we turned Douai by the south, and went *viâ* Gœulin-Estrées-Vitry-Izel-Lez-Erquechin, and halted some distance from the latter place. This was a march of about sixteen miles, and included the crossing of Douai-Cambrai main road, the Sensée Canal, and the Douai-Arras road. We reached our halting-place at about 2.30 A.M.

We breathed easier now. All our marching lately had been with the idea that if we could get to the west of the Douai-Arras road the worst would be over. For, rightly or wrongly, one had the idea that once across that road, there was a good chance of being outside the German line of communications. In any case, one felt that it would be safer in the open country west of the Douai-Arras line than in that through which we had been marching, with its maze of rivers, marshes, canals, roads and railways, which were mostly guarded, and the position of whose guards

was apparently being changed at uncertain times. Every one was very weary by the end of the march, but it had turned cold and there wasn't much sleep.

At about 5.30 some peasants came over to us with food, and from about 8 A.M. onwards the entire population of the district, who seemed to have heard of our arrival, flocked round us. Nothing could keep them away, so no one got any of that slumber of which some of us were so much in need. But they brought us any amount of food, and words cannot express their kindness.

At about 10 A.M. the owner of a car which had drawn up not far from where we were, came and talked over plans. I told him we intended to go *viâ* Vimy, across the Lens-Arras road and then work south-west, as we hoped by now to be nearly clear of the German right wing. He offered to take me into Lens in his car, as he said there was a light steam train running from there to Frevent some 35 miles south-west of Lens, and we might be able to arrange for it to take us. I naturally jumped at the idea; so leaving Trigona in charge of the party, off we went. On the way we stopped at his house, where I met his wife, and was regaled with champagne. Then we went into Lens. As far as my recollection goes no Germans had yet been seen there. We found that a train would be leaving at 7.20 next morning, and that our party could go by

that one. I returned to the car, when my kind host came up and said—

“Word has just come in that a German column is approaching Lens, and is one hour’s march away from it. So we shall have to clear out.”

However “one hour” gave plenty of time, so we went to a restaurant first with some friends of his, where we drank to the health of the allied nations!

Then we cleared out, having arranged for information to reach us if the train could still run (in spite of the Germans). We went back to his house, where I had a hot bath, and a shave (the first since August 24). I was plastered with mud nearly up to my waist, and had a shaggy eight days’ growth of beard. I remember what a horrid sight I looked in the glass. The cuffs of my coat were in rags, but Madame got her maid to mend them whilst we were at lunch, so I lunched with them in shirt sleeves.

After lunch we waited until about 3.30 P.M. for a message from Lens, but none came, and so I decided not to wait any longer. We therefore got into the car and drove back to our party.

Orders had just been received that day calling out the reserves up to forty-eight years of age. It was interesting to notice the supreme calmness with which this order was received. It had, of course, been expected. I re-

member how we stopped at the gates of my host’s house when he told his gardener, a man who was called up by the order.

“Jacques,” he called out, “here is the order calling you up. I have got a copy of it; it reads, ‘All men of the ..... class to report at once at .....’ So you will have to go.”

“Ah,” replied the gardener, who was already quietly untying his apron—“when does one start?”

“At six o’clock to-night.”

“Good—but one must tell one’s wife.”

Just that and nothing more. But the women were standing at the doors of their houses along the street, watching us with dull, glassy eyes. Their period of “waiting” was about to begin.

We rejoined our party, and found that the “Joy-Day” was still going on. Crowds of people were all around and amongst the men, nor could they be kept away. The children regarded us much as they would a strange circus that, unannounced, passes through a village. But the older people showed an interest of a different sort. They seemed to be trying to realise what this war meant. They had seen no British soldiers before.

No message came from Lens, so it was decided to march west and cross the Lens-Arras road about half-way between the two towns, then to go south south-west, leaving

Arras on our left, and make for Amiens, where it was reported that trains were running. This was about 45 miles away in a bee-line, but at least 70 as we should have had to march, as Arras (strongly held) was in this line and we should have to march round it.

We paraded at 7.30 P.M., and just as we were about to move off a note arrived saying that the train would leave in the morning as arranged. This was excellent news. There was no information about the Germans. So we moved to within about five or six miles of where we should have to entrain, and halted there.

At about 5 A.M. we were on the move. It was necessary to keep the whole affair as quiet as possible, and the men were not told what was in the air. The reason for this was that Germans were now reported to be in the north part of the town, and we intended to entrain from the south part. Besides, our French friends had warned us against spies. It was a lovely morning, and one felt rather bucked at the success of our adventures so far. On the way we passed a French peasant who was standing looking at us from the door of his house. I called out to him "Bon jour," but my advances were definitely checked by his retort of "Cochon." He evidently took us for Germans.

When I was being marched through the streets of Solesmes by the French some one in the crowd had called out "Sales

Prussiens." But I prefer the term "Cochon" (when addressed to the real article, of course!).

We skirted Lens without entering the town, and eventually found our train. It was loaded with reservists going off to report themselves. They found room for us, and off we went. The journey was without incident, and at about 11 o'clock we reached Frevent. Here we learned that the Germans were already in Amiens and spreading west. So it was decided to march at once for St Pol (12 miles away), where there was said to be a train running, in the hope that we might thence get on to the coast railway and get down south before the Germans cut the line. Arrangements were made to this effect with the local authorities, and a note written to St Pol, when up came a British officer doing a forward reconnaissance in a car. He said that when he came into Frevent and heard that we were there, he couldn't believe it, and thought it must be a German force that was there. He told us we could never get south, as the Germans were south of Amiens, and well west of it. So we should have to go round by sea. He promised to get instructions for us by telephone at Abbeville, where he was returning. Abbeville was about 40 miles away. He also said he would send out a relief column to meet us, in the shape of waggons. It was decided that we should march that afternoon to Auxi le Chateau (about 13 miles), and stop the

night there. The waggons were to meet us at Auxi. Trigona went on to Abbeville with him, and was to meet us with the waggons at Auxi later on. We said good-bye, and off he went.

At two o'clock we got on the move and began our track. Some of the party were very footsore, and had to be taken in a police-car we came across, and later on we had to put one in a side-car of a motor-bicycle we met. We saw no Germans at all, and reached Auxi le Chateau at dusk. Here we were very kindly treated and fed, and given a good hall with plenty of straw to sleep on.

The waggons duly arrived, and at about 7 A.M., after they had had two or three hours' rest, we went on to Abbeville. Trigona was left in charge, and I went on in a police-car to get instructions and make arrangements at Abbeville. On arrival I went to the post-office and rang up Dunkerque, according to arrangements. I was told that it was impossible to go south, and that we must come north and be sent round by sea. The line between Abbeville and Amiens was cut. I pointed out that if we once got south we would soon find our corps, but was informed by the governor that it was no use. We had got to go north.

So we made arrangements to go up by the afternoon train. Having done this, we chose a place where the men could get food when they arrived. The party got in about one o'clock. They were in five waggons, and

the procession looked like a school treat, for every waggon was decorated with bouquets of flowers given the men by women and children as they came through the country. This was a very kind custom, but rather embarrassing at times. On one occasion I had one bouquet after another given me, and felt like a ballerina on the stage! They were passed on to the men behind, and so the whole of the leading sections of fours marched through that particular village carrying large bunches of flowers.

They all had a very good lunch at Abbeville, and then we marched off to the station where we entrained.

All our worry was now over, for we went north, and the next day were shipped over to England from Boulogne, and thence in due course drafted back to our regiments.

Those who came back belonged to the following regiments:—

*Officers—*

Capt. N. P. Clarke	} Royal Dublin Fusiliers.
Capt. A. S. Trigona	

*N.C.O.'s and Men—*

Royal Scots	. . . . . 3
King's Own Regiment	. . . . . 3
Royal Warwickshire	. . . . . 5
Somerset Light Infantry	. . . . . 8
West Riding Regiment	. . . . . 1
East Lancashire Regiment	. . . . . 2
Hampshire Regiment	. . . . . 5
Gordon Highlanders	. . . . . 8
Royal Irish Fusiliers	. . . . . 4
Munster Fusiliers	. . . . . 2
Royal Dublin Fusiliers	. . . . . 35
	—
	76

So ended our trek. The

only comment I have to make is that the standing luck of the British Army never deserted us. The way in which our luck stood by us was really extraordinary. It is to be hoped that when that country is freed from the invading hordes, one may be able to go over it once more. There are places one would like to visit, people one would like to thank. On coming up country in the train from Abbeville, the party had a meal at a station. I offered, as had always been done, to pay for the officers and give a requisition on the British Government for the food for the remainder. But I was met

with a firm refusal from the girl behind the counter in the following words: "Non, Monsieur, l'armée Anglaise ne paie pas." On another occasion we received the reply: "J'aimerais bien avoir votre bonne de réquisition—pour souvenir."

These replies were simple in themselves, but the feeling behind them was eloquent. No words of mine can ever express our gratitude to those who so ably and nobly helped us during a very trying period.

The distance covered from the scene of action to Abbeville was about 125 miles, of which 35 miles were by light railway.

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## "K (I)."

WE do not deem ourselves A I,  
We have no past: we cut no dash:  
Nor hope, when launched against the Hun,  
To raise a more than moderate splash.

But yesterday, we said good-bye  
To plough; to pit; to dock; to mill.  
For glory? *Drop it!* Why, then? *Why?*  
To have a slap at Kaiser Bill!

And now to-day has come along.  
With rifle, haversack, and pack,  
We're off, a hundred thousand strong.  
And—some of us will not come back.

But all we ask, if that befall,  
Is this. Within your hearts be writ  
This single-line memorial:—  
*He did his duty—and his bit!*

THE JUNIOR SUB.

## DIVERGENT OPERATIONS IN WAR.

To the Briton who is used to the reflection that upon his Empire the sun never sets, there is nothing novel in the fact that when his country goes to war it means disturbance all over the world. Besides the main affair in Flanders, he has accepted the fighting in West Africa, South-West Africa, East Africa, and the Persian Gulf as natural; raids on Egypt and on the North-West Frontier of India were only to be expected, and must of course be dealt with; and now he acquiesces in an expedition to the Dardanelles. So much for his land forces. The fleet, of course, is expected to be ubiquitous, to be ready to go anywhere, and do anything. This multiplicity of effort, which in itself would lead to anxiety, has, he reflects, often occurred before. It was so in the wars of the eighteenth century—is there not a purple passage of Macaulay's which proves how widespread is the clash when England takes arms?—and on turning out his reference in the 'Essays,' he finds it written of a Hohenzollern thus—

"The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, *in order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend*, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America."

From which he may draw

the conclusion that red men have made some progress in civilisation, even if Hohenzollerns have not.

This many-sidedness of our wars is neither new nor surprising. It may be regarded—according to the point of view—as a consequence, or a curse, or a cause of Empire; but however it be looked on, it is a fact. Other people may have a private set-to in their own street, which thereon becomes impassable, and traffic goes by new ways; but our street is the world's highway, and when we have a difference to settle there will be fighting far and wide.

Yet though there is nothing novel in this, there is a danger. Our efforts may be distracted from the main issue: having the power to strike anywhere which command of the sea gives, we may fritter away our strength in a series of little blows—mere pin-pricks. To consider which of these distant warfares are essential, and then to abide by the decision of his military and naval experts as to how far they can be carried on without undue waste of force, is the real task of the statesman in war-time. Every one knows the story: "Oh yes—yes, to be sure—Annapolis must be defended—troops must be sent to Annapolis" (and to another city beginning with A), but quite as preposterous enterprises are

connected with far more distinguished Ministers. The younger Pitt would doubtless have known where Annapolis was before despatching troops thither, but he was even more notorious for scattering them to out-of-the-way and useless places.

It is easy to condemn such foolishness—in the light of later-day wisdom—but it is well also to recognise the temptation. The middle wars of the eighteenth century were—so far as England and France were concerned—genuinely wars for colonial empire, and they could be decided by great strokes oversea. It was right policy to send men to India and America and to keep fleets in the West Indies, for here lay the prizes of war, and the only way to get them was to take them. No decision could be reached between England and France in Europe. We could beat the French fleet and bombard a port or two, but we had no army. We could not invade them, and we could prevent their invading us, and so but for a possible overrunning of Hanover, which Englishmen would take philosophically, the wars would have been a species of stalemate. Overseas, however, it was quite another matter. Each side in those days had an empire which it had to defend and strove to enlarge, hence distant expeditions were not only tempting but sound policy. The first war (1739-1748) left the competitors for world-empire much

as it found them, but in the Seven Years' War Wolfe and Clive dealt France a staggering blow by capturing Canada and overthrowing her schemes in India, and we should have done better still had we pressed her ally Spain with more vigour and plundered her more relentlessly. The third round, the American War, went grievously against us. Though France and Spain gained little, they had the satisfaction of helping our American colonies to defeat us, and it was only a lucky victory at sea coming in the nick of time which saved us from far worse things. We might easily have had to surrender Gibraltar, perhaps even Canada, and, what would have then seemed a horrible disaster, our whole string of West Indian islands.

These wars then established as a sound principle of British policy, the attack of her enemies' possessions oversea. The command of the sea was essential, or at any rate such a preponderance of sea-power as would make it fairly easy to send soldiers to distant places. The Navy would cover the landing, one colony be snapped up after another, and when the time came for peace, possession was nine points of the law, and the loser would be glad to make terms to save what was left. It will be observed that this was French policy against England just as much as it was English policy against France, only that England commonly had the better of it, because being an island she could keep out of

European entanglements and France usually could not. When for once in a way, in the American War, France was at peace in Europe and could turn her whole mind overseas, she gave us as good as she got. Further, it will be observed that the telling strokes were mostly struck far away. Arcot and Plassey, the Plains of Abraham, Yorktown, and the Islands of the Saints are widely scattered.

These are commonplaces of history, but it is not so commonly recognised that with the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars many things had changed. At first, indeed, the problem seemed the same. Here was this restless and aggressive France again at war with us. True, the creature had come out in new colours with a new name: a Republic instead of a Bourbon kingdom, a tricolour instead of the white, but it was the same beast; what was sauce for the goose would be sauce for the gander; we knew how to deal with it. Let us attack its extremities and exposed limbs shrewdly, and in time it would be glad to ask for peace, which would be granted on condition that a few more of its possessions oversea were made over to us. We reckoned that the business of plundering France of her colonies would be easier than usual, for in the whirlwind of the Revolution the French Navy had for the time gone to ruin, and the spreading of Republican principles of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" to the French West India islands

had set royalists, revolutionaries, mulattoes, and blacks all at each other's throats. Further, France had so many enemies in Europe that she would be kept fully occupied at home, and the Revolution had so many enemies in France that we should doubtless find weak spots at which to strike.

Such were the first ideas which, individually and collectively, recommended themselves to our statesmen: on the surface they were comprehensive if not coherent, and they certainly did not threaten to confine our activities too narrowly. In the course of the years 1793 and 1794 we captured Tobago, St Pierre, Miguelon, Martinique, St Lucia, and Guadeloupe; we landed men in the pestiferous island of Haiti, took Port-au-Prince and Mole St Nicolas, which guarded the Windward Passage; we kept a force under the Duke of York taking part in the combined operations in the Netherlands; we held Toulon till Bonaparte's guns blew us out of it, whereon we revenged ourselves by seizing his native land of Corsica; we sent an expedition to Granville to help the Vendéans,—and the result of all these things upon the war was *nil*. We desired to crush the Revolutionary Government: it was not crushed, but triumphant. We desired to keep the French out of Belgium and to secure the position of Holland, but Belgium had been overrun by the French and so had Holland, and, what was worse, the Dutch had gone over to the

side of France and put their fleet into her hands. We had allied ourselves with Prussia and Austria: Prussia had withdrawn from the war and Austria was beaten. We had aimed at helping the royalists in Toulon and the royalists in La Vendée: Toulon had been reduced and the Vendéans beaten down. In the West Indies we had picked up the French islands, but in the effort to hold them we were destroying the British army.

How this came about is worth a moment's study. It depended on two facts. First, that the capture of an enemy island called for the leaving of a garrison; secondly, that the West Indies were frightfully unhealthy. Thus the more islands we took the smaller was the force left free, and the more men we sent to the West Indies the more we lost. For example, when in 1794 Grey took Martinique, St Lucia, and Guadeloupe, he left six battalions to hold the first, two in the second, and then when he had captured the third and sent some reinforcements to Haiti, was too much reduced in number to do anything more. It was not losses in the fighting which had crippled him, for never were operations more skilfully and more harmoniously conducted than by Grey and his friend Sir John Jervis, who commanded the fleet that accompanied him. He reduced the strongly fortified Martinique with a loss of 360 killed and wounded, though the French commander had 6000 men; he took St

Lucia without any loss; his casualties at Guadeloupe were 86, though 4000 men—of sorts—were in arms against him. This is a brilliant record for an expedition only 7000 strong at the start. But a career of conquest in the islands was bound to be short if the captures were to be held. Grey was brought to a standstill by his own success. So far we have considered only three islands. Grey had eleven in his care in the Lesser Antilles alone.

But had he merely been brought to a standstill, that would have mattered little. It was impossible to stand still in the West Indies, for an enemy far more deadly than the French was always at work. Every summer yellow fever advanced to the attack, and the mortality in the troops was appalling. Take the case of that reinforcement which Grey sent to Haiti in the end of May 1794. It left Guadeloupe 420 strong; it reached Haiti after less than a fortnight's voyage just over 250; the remainder had been thrown overboard or landed at Jamaica to die. A month later the force in Haiti (seven battalions) numbered 2000 sound and 1700 sick: in nineteen days 34 out of 64 officers died. The eleven Windward Islands in British hands in July of the same year were held by thirteen complete battalions, twenty-eight companies of infantry, and five companies of artillery—in name a big force. They really mustered only 4500 men fit for duty and 1200 sick. The garrison of Guadeloupe at the

beginning of August numbered 2300 men. 330 died in the month, and at the end of it 1500 were sick and 500 only fit for duty. In the whole year Grey's force lost 27 officers in action, but 170 from yellow fever. Of his 7000 men, 5000 had perished—mostly by disease. Add the losses in the navy and in the transport ships, and it may be reckoned that this one year cost England 14,000 lives in the West Indies.

This hideous loss, however, was scarcely exceptional, when large bodies, particularly of such boys as the Government chose to send as soldiers, were gathered. In normal times it was known that a battalion in the West Indies would have to be entirely renewed every second year. Even before the war began nineteen battalions were in the West Indies and nine more in British India, where the health was little better—and the whole line of the British Army only numbered eighty-one battalions. More than a third of them then were stationed where in two years they would be destroyed, without a shot fired by an enemy.

Yet even this was not all. We had taken the islands; we might be inclined to presume that there would be no further fighting to be done. We could reinforce our men, and our fleet would prevent reinforcements being sent by the French, for had we not command of the sea? We presume too much. Theoretically we could send men and the French could not, but in practice it was the other

way about. Two French expeditions got through—the first, with seven ships and fifteen hundred men, reaching Guadeloupe in June 1794; the second in January 1795, bringing six thousand men. Grey received four battalions in May 1794, three of which he sent on to Haiti—and with the exception of another hundred men on a stray transport, blown out of her course, not another man till December. Dundas, at the head of the War Office, was profuse in promises, but, if his word be taken, the most unlucky of mortals, for the wind was always foul when his transports were ready to sail. The whole truth was that his transports were never ready to sail when the wind was fair.

Of course the French, thus reinforced, recaptured Guadeloupe, and so began a fresh set of troubles for the British in the West Indies. Guadeloupe became a centre from which all the neighbouring British islands could be attacked, raids made, and arms distributed. This checked the tide of British success, and shook confidence. Worse still, it began to undermine the fidelity of the negroes. The French, led by a mulatto, Victor Hugues, promised freedom, the rights of man, and all sorts of glorious visions. We had no reward for the faithful but the prospect of continued slavery. We could not even enlist them to fight. Though one general after another advised Dundas that it was imperative to do so, Vaughan telling him that the whole British Army would not be

enough if the Government meant to hold the islands with white troops alone, Dundas with the wisdom of Downing Street overruled them.<sup>1</sup> Thus, armed with French weapons and seduced by French ideas, the negroes began to slip off into the mountains which fill the centres of these rugged islands, to burn and raid plantations, to murder white men, and to organise themselves in bands of brigands which grew daily larger and more desperate. So by the end of 1795 we had lost St Lucia as well as Guadeloupe, held only small pieces of Grenada and St Vincent (our own islands), were threatened in Martinique, had a revolt in Jamaica, while at Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti, which island we were still trying to reduce, no British soldier could go a hundred yards from the defensive lines without being shot. And this was the year that Dundas chose to despatch an expedition to Cape Town, to send a battalion to attack the Dutch colony of Demerara, and to land a force of 3500 men, with 2000 horses, on an island near Quiberon, six miles long and four broad, where there was neither forage nor pasture for the horses, nor supplies for the men, nor a safe harbour where the fleet could re-embark them. They remained for six weeks till supplies had run so low on the covering fleet that the Admiral feared to take the men on board lest they should

starve on his ships, or to take off their supplies first lest if a storm came on they should be left to starve on land—this to help the Vendéans, by escorting to them a French royal prince, who at the last moment cried off. He was wise.

It is needless to follow the tale of the West Indies further: it is enough to quote Mr Fortescue's<sup>2</sup> summary of the whole cost and the results. He says—

“The West Indian campaigns . . . cost England in army and navy little fewer than one hundred thousand men, about half of them dead, the remainder permanently unfitted for service. And in return for this frightful cost of life there could be shown only the British islands of Grenada and St Vincent, utterly devastated and ruined, and the French islands of Tobago, intact, but of small value, of Martinique, much damaged and with difficulty held, and of St Lucia, so wasted as to be no more than a naval station. For this England's soldiers had been sacrificed, her treasure squandered, her influence in Europe weakened, her arm for six fateful years fettered, numbed, and paralysed.”

Yet through these six fateful years the Ministry continued to scatter expeditions over the globe with the impartiality of the rain from above. Ceylon, Ostend, Portugal, Minorca, Sicily, North Holland, Belleisle, Genoa, Ferrol, Cadiz, Malta, Egypt, and, of course, India—“all places that the eye of Heaven visits”—and meantime the French went on their way in Europe unchecked and unaffected.

It is easy to blame Pitt, his

<sup>1</sup> Vaughan did it, in defiance of orders.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. J. W. Fortescue, ‘History of the British Army.’

ministry, and above all his War Minister, Dundas. But it is perhaps a counsel of perfection to expect Ministers to see further in war than the man in the street. Doubtless they should do so; but the experience of the past in the shape of history leads to the conclusion that they seldom do. Similarly it is unreasonable to condemn everything they did. By no means all their divergent operations were absolutely futile; some, such as those in India, were successful and profitable; others would have been profitable if they had been successful. But where Ministers failed was not through exceptional stupidity, carelessness, or over-confidence. True, they had neglected the armed forces of the Crown in time of peace, and, therefore, what they sowed in peace they reaped in war; true that—as usual—they knew far better in Downing Street than the men on the spot; true that they were prepared to help the ignorant soldier in his own trade from the profundity of their political wisdom;<sup>1</sup> true that Dundas always promised what he could not possibly perform; true that they trusted in specious adventurers, and so Cabinet secrets became enemy common gossip. These things are annoying, but they cannot be said to be surprising—if novelty be the essence of surprise.

The plain fact is that, to the best of their military capacities, Ministers were applying an old time-honoured policy to a set of new circumstances. They had humiliated France before by operations oversea, and they expected to do with New France as they had done with Old France. The prime mistake lay in failing to see that it was a new France. Just as the spirit of the Revolution completely changed the conditions in the West Indies, so it changed European warfare; they had to deal with a nation in arms, inspired with new ideas that could not be killed, and they hopelessly under-estimated the force against them. In 1793 Hood wrote from Toulon, "Had I five or six thousand good troops I should soon end the war." It is easy to dub this cheery optimist a blind guide; but the same blindness overcast the eyes of Ministers throughout, when they continued to land wretched little expeditions on the French coast or elsewhere in the hope of subduing a nation. Their old policy was out of date, and of the magnitude of the new policy they had no glimmer of an idea, yet they tried everything at once. A commercial oversea war against French colonies and trade was possible, though less easy than in former days; it would not have subdued

<sup>1</sup> In 1793 Dundas, as a consolation for his failure to provide Murray in the Low Countries with the ships and guns demanded, sent him instead a plan for the siege of Dunkirk drawn up by the Lord Chancellor Loughborough. But we are used to Lord Chancellors who know better than soldiers.



France, but it would have secured something; a concentrated effort on the Continent in support of her Allies was also possible, and was the only hope of taming Revolutionary France if that was the object of the war; but between two stools we were bound to slip.

Yet though Ministers may be in some degree excused for the failures of the early part of the war, because they believed themselves to be following a policy that had proved itself sound in previous wars, it is less easy to excuse them for persisting in this policy during the second half of the war. They had had nine years of experience; they knew quite well that the Treaty of Amiens was only a truce. Yet once more they committed themselves to the same system of divergent operations — what Napoleon called “pygmy combinations” — sent to places which were only of secondary importance. And their folly is made more conspicuous because the years 1805, 1806, and 1807 were the time of Napoleon’s greatest triumphs.

Since England found no ally against the French to begin with, it is plain that our first business in 1803, 1804, and 1805 was to guard ourselves. This, of course, we did, but little idea beyond the defensive entered into Ministers’ heads. True, we attacked the French West Indian islands — as before — and we also plun-

dered the Dutch settlements; Demerara, Berbice, Surinam were captured, and we tried to take Curaçoa. But this process was bound to end as soon as garrisons were provided, unless reinforcements were sent, and with Napoleon’s army at Boulogne, England would not spare men for abroad. Thus, till Villeneuve failed and the quarrel with Austria drew off the *Grande Armée* to the Danube, Ministers had little opportunity for a war-policy. When in the summer of 1805 the chance came, it is instructive to see what they found to do.

Even before the pressure was removed they had made up their mind to do something aggressive. They desired to secure Sicily — in order to quell Napoleon, — and in April 1805 they sent off Craig — a most capable officer — with four battalions of infantry, a handful of cavalry, and some guns to the Mediterranean. He was to seize Sicily, whether with the consent of its ruler the King of Naples, or without it; he might protect Naples from the French; he might co-operate with an allied Russian force from Corfu; he might prevent the French seizing Alexandria or Sardinia; in fact his instructions left him a wide discretion. He was likely to need it, considering the size of his force.

Craig’s expedition,<sup>1</sup> shipped in thirty-seven transports which were escorted by three ships of war under the com-

<sup>1</sup> He had two battalions for Gibraltar as well as his own force.

mand of Admiral Knight, sailed on April 17th, 1805. Nineteen days before, however, Villeneuve had slipped out of Toulon and Nelson had missed him. When Craig's fleet reached Finisterre he heard that Villeneuve was loose off the Spanish coast. In much alarm he put into Lisbon, prepared, if the French appeared, to land his force, seize the Portuguese forts and defend himself. Three days later the Portuguese Government bade this dangerous refugee begone, and he sailed southward, falling in next day with a fleet which proved to be Nelson's. He went on to Gibraltar, but Admiral Knight dared not anchor there for fear of the Spanish gunboats, so *for six weeks* the convoy cruised on and off Gibraltar, waiting to be sure that the way was clear. At last an escort arrived from Malta, and Craig reached that island after three anxious months at sea.

At Valetta he learnt that he was to co-operate with the Russians in South Italy—though what Russians was uncertain. His information gave them at 25,000; one Russian commander, Lascy, said 15,000; another, Anrep, spoke of 10,000 from Corfu and 12,000 from Odessa. In any case, Craig was to provide ships to transport them, and August, September, and October passed away in arranging a common plan of campaign between

Malta, Naples, and Corfu, while the King of Naples was spending his time in concluding secret conventions with both sides in turn. Craig put to sea with 7000 men on November 3rd, met the 14,000 Russians, and landed at Naples on the 20th. They took up a position, and covered Naples with complete success—because no enemy was nearer than the Po. They stayed till January 7th, 1806, unable to move, because neither horses nor mules were to be had for the guns, let alone the baggage. Then the Russians were ordered to return to Corfu, for which they embarked on January 14th, and on January 29th Craig sailed for Messina. Not an enemy had been sighted nor a shot fired.

Now notice the dates. Craig reached Malta in July; in September Austria prepared for war against Napoleon, intending to hold the Upper Danube with Mack's army, while her big force under the Archduke Charles carried on an offensive campaign in North Italy. In September, then, Craig and the Russians might either have made a valuable diversion in the south of Italy, or by landing at Venice have joined the Archduke.<sup>1</sup> But by October 7th Napoleon had swooped on Mack and cut his communications with Vienna. This paralysed the Archduke. On October 20th Mack surrendered at Ulm, and the Arch-

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<sup>1</sup> Craig had practically no cavalry, and was very short of ammunition. He brought 400 rounds per man, expecting to get more at Malta; but Malta was so short of ammunition that he had to give up 160 rounds per man to the troops there.

duke, hotly pressed by Massena, was retreating into the Carnic Alps to get back to Vienna. *It was exactly a month after Ulm* that Craig and the Russians landed at Naples. As they had no transport they could not move. There was nothing left for them to do except to receive belated news of Napoleon's successes.

Meantime a similar exploit was going on in the North. When Napoleon marched his army to the Danube in September he left the North of Germany more or less open, and Pitt seized the chance of another diversion. It would threaten, perhaps recover Holland; in any case it could strike into Hanover, and regain that state as a recruiting-ground,<sup>1</sup> and it would threaten Napoleon's flank. Accordingly he prepared an expedition, and called in allies.<sup>2</sup> Russians 40,000 strong were to land at the Swedish port of Stralsund; the Swedes, in return for a subsidy, were to provide 20,000; and it was hoped that Prussia would join also. The King of Prussia, Frederick William, was known to be, politically speaking, a worm and no man, yet when Napoleon defiantly marched Bernadotte's corps to Ulm through the Prussian territory of Ausbach, it was hoped that even this royal worm would really turn. Thus on October 10th orders were given

to ship troops; on October 16th 11,000 "would be embarked at once for the Elbe," on October 29th they did start, and on November 17th the first detachment anchored at Cuxhaven; meantime 20,000 Russians under Tolstoi had arrived at Stralsund, and the Swedish king in a lucid interval<sup>3</sup> had agreed that his troops should cross the Elbe.

This seemed promising. A combined advance was made to the Weser, and our Ministers sent reinforcements which reached the Weser in December, and put Cathcart in command. The King of Prussia, it is true, was still in agonies of doubt, but his Ministers and Alexander of Russia had pushed him at last to send on November 14th what was practically an ultimatum to Napoleon. The only weak point was that it gave Napoleon a month to make up his mind; an answer was called for by December 15th. Frederick William did as he would be done by; incapable of deciding himself, he was considerate in giving Napoleon plenty of time. Such a demand could only be described as a Penultimatum.

Anyhow, through the latter end of November, English, Russians, and Swedes hung on the Weser. Tolstoi would not advance into Holland till Prussian help was secure, and till the French had been ex-

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<sup>1</sup> A very valuable one. The King's German Legion was then being formed. It amounted in the end to 14,000 first-rate men.

<sup>2</sup> An agreement between Russia, Sweden, and England had been made in February 1805.

<sup>3</sup> Gustavus was a lunatic.

pelled from the fortress of Hameln. So 9000 Russians blockaded Hameln, and the British, raised by Cathcart's reinforcement to 25,000, waited, while the Swedes dawdled and Prussia wavered. But Napoleon did not waste time. On November 13 he was in Vienna; on December 2 he crushed the combined Russians and Austrians at Austerlitz; on December 6 he made an armistice by which Austria retired from the struggle—and now he was ready to answer that month-old ultimatum.

When Cathcart landed at Cuxhaven on December 15 he was met by the news of Austerlitz: a fortnight later it was rumoured that Prussia had come to terms with Napoleon, accepting the bribe of Hanover. On January 21 Cathcart learnt that 50,000 Prussians were on the march to occupy Hanover. Nothing was left but to retire; and on February 15 the British force, over 26,000 strong, which had been in Hanover for three months without finding an enemy to fight, were once again at sea, homeward bound.

Such were the military triumphs which we had to set against Ulm and Austerlitz in the fateful year 1805—the year that launched the Emperor Napoleon on his career of European conquest. True, we had won Trafalgar, but how did that check him? It is not Craig and Cathcart who are to be blamed: no general can

move without transport and supplies, or fight if he is sent where there is no enemy.

In October 1806 came the downfall of Prussia at Jena. In the winter and spring of 1807 Napoleon was fighting Polish mud and Russian armies. In February he was almost beaten at Eylau. In June he retrieved himself by shattering the Russians at Friedland. Let us see what were our contributions towards turning the scale in these two years of 1806 and 1807.

We look first to the Mediterranean, where we left Craig at Messina. The next suggestion made to him from home<sup>1</sup> was a landing in Dalmatia to prevent the French from making that a base to invade Russia. Having shown this to be folly, Craig came home, broken in health, and was succeeded by Sir John Stuart. In May 1806 the force in Sicily was raised to near 8000 men, and Admiral Sir Sidney Smith and Stuart prepared to do something. Joseph Bonaparte's army in Naples was 50,000 strong, but it was much scattered. There were three main bodies. Massaena with 15,000 was besieging Gaeta, but the place was well fortified and open to the sea; we could always reinforce it, and till it was taken the French hold on Neapolitan territory was insecure. St Cyr had 12,000 in Apulia; Verdier and Reynier 10,000 on the toe of Italy, Calabria.

<sup>1</sup> By Windham, who had succeeded Dundas. Pitt was dead, and the Ministry of All the Talents had come in.

Stuart therefore decided for a stroke at Calabria, and though he could not get Smith to escort him, since that tuft-hunting Admiral was busy dancing attendance on the King and Queen at Palermo, he landed 5000 men in Calabria on July 1, and on July 4 his troops<sup>1</sup> met and shattered Reynier's 6000 at Maida. Reynier lost over a third of his force, and was flung back into the mountains.

So far well: we had taught the French that we could fight—and incidentally we had shown how we were going to beat them in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, by overcoming their shock tactics with straight shooting, by setting line against column: but the victory was not used. Instead of pursuing Reynier, Stuart spent the next two days writing his despatches describing the victory, and the army spent them "kicking its heels and eating grapes," while Reynier escaped by a roundabout road. Smith, desperately anxious lest Stuart should win all the laurels, kept cruising along the Calabrian coast trying to get the towns to surrender to him before Stuart came up, instead of going to Gaeta as he promised; and on July 18 Gaeta surrendered. This set Massena free; and the French rolled down from the north, and apart from the taking of Reggio, and the distributing of arms to Calabrian

insurgents—who used them not to fight the French but to plunder their own defenceless towns,—nothing was done. The troops went back to Sicily, where in October they numbered 13,000 men,<sup>2</sup> while the French watched them across the straits; and on October 14 Jena was fought, and our ally Prussia tumbled headlong into ruin. Once more we had given no help. So much for 1806.

The story of 1807 is a tangled one, but it is remarkable, for it would take high place in any collection of national follies. It began with the sending of 6000 men under Baird, conveyed by Sir Home Popham, to seize the Cape of Good Hope. Baird's force sailed on August 31, 1805, reached Table Bay on January 4, 1806, and Cape Town was surrendered on January 13. Popham now found himself without a job, and, persuaded that he had the sanction of the Cabinet, he determined to make one. He begged a battalion from Baird, commanded by Beresford,—afterwards the Portuguese Marshal,—and on April 14, 1806, set sail for the Rio de la Plata. He put in at St Helena, borrowed a few men there, wrote home to say where he was going and to ask for more troops, and went on his way, reaching the river about the beginning of June. He had intended to seize Monte Video, but he changed his mind

<sup>1</sup> The action was entirely directed by the brigadiers: Stuart rode about the battlefield enjoying the fight, but gave no orders.

<sup>2</sup> And by December 19,000.

and decided for an attack on Buenos Aires. We are accustomed to see the two places close together on a small-scale map, but they are separated by over a hundred miles of water.

There was some humour in the situation. Here was a British expedition engaged on an enterprise without any orders from home—indeed, two months were to pass ere the Cabinet was to learn that it was even intended; secondly, Buenos Aires was the capital of a country half as large as Europe, and had 70,000 inhabitants, while Beresford's force, even when strengthened by all the marines and sailors that Popham could afford, numbered 1600 men. Finally, it was highly doubtful if we could be said to be enemies of the town at all. We were at war with Spain, and Buenos Aires was a Spanish colony; but it was exceedingly disloyal to Spain, half independent and ready to revolt. Indeed, if Beresford had offered it independence and protection from such Spanish forces as were there, it would have jumped at the offer. But this he was not prepared to do, so the town made ready to defend itself. The High Gods, however, must have been in the mood for a joke, for Beresford landed, beat off the Spaniards, and this town of 70,000 souls, defended by 86 guns, capitulated; Beresford lost one man killed and a dozen wounded. This occurred on June 27, 1806.

Again, this was all very well for what it was worth. It was not going to hurt Napoleon

much, but it might open a market for British trade, and Popham wrote home in high glee about his own achievements, and also sent to Baird, his nearest neighbour at the Cape, for more men. At the end of July the Cabinet got his St Helena letter saying where he was going, and in October sent off Auchmuty to help him with 2000 men, and on August 29 Baird sent off a reinforcement from the Cape. But long before these had sailed the joke had gone a stage further. The Spaniards had rallied; the inhabitants had realised how weak Beresford was. They attacked him in Buenos Aires. Popham could not help him, for the water was too shallow for the fleet to approach, and on August 12 Beresford had to surrender, he and all his men being carried prisoners into the interior.

In late September 1806, then, England was rejoicing over the capture of a city (which had been already lost), an expedition was on its way from the Cape, and another setting sail from home, to help Beresford (who was already a prisoner)—and Napoleon was gathering his forces on the Main, preparatory to the campaign of Jena. But our Ministers did not heed *him*. Popham's success seemed to have robbed them of all sanity; the Argentine was not enough; they now got ready another expedition of 4000 men, which was to go under Craufurd to Chile to preserve peace and order, not to pledge England to give protection, nor to en-

courage revolt, but to secure Valparaiso as a strong military post, and from there concert with Beresford "the means of securing by a chain of posts, or in any adequate manner, an uninterrupted communication, both military and commercial, between Chile and Buenos Aires." This chain of posts, maintained, be it observed, by 6000 men, who were also to hold Monte Video and Valparaiso, was to stretch 900 miles *across the Andes*. Windham's soaring imagination defied time, space, and possibility.

Even that was not enough. Lord Grenville, not to be outdone in amateur strategy, propounded an additional scheme, namely, an attack on Mexico from east and west. From the east with 6000 British and 3000 black troops; from the west by 1000 whites and 4000 sepoy from India (who as a *hors d'œuvre* were to take Manilla on the way). Grenville wrote, "the objection obviously is that the two attacks cannot correspond exactly in matter of time." *Exactly* is good—but Arthur Wellesley was set to report on this scheme. What he said remains written; what he thought can only be imagined. But one may hazard a guess that in later days he would have briefly dismissed it with his customary terse inscription, "H. B. D."

Even Ministers had to draw the line somewhere, so Craufurd's expedition sailed and Grenville's idea was pigeon-holed; then came the news

that Buenos Aires was lost to us, so Craufurd was diverted to the Rio de la Plata, and finally Sir John Whitelocke, with 1800 men, was sent in March 1807 to take supreme command.

Here, then, by degrees there gathered over 10,000 British troops of excellent quality: Baird's, Auchmuty's, Craufurd's, and Whitelocke's. Craufurd's were the last to arrive. They joined the rest on June 14, 1807, and on that *very day Napoleon was defeating the Russians in the decisive battle of Friedland*.

The rest of the tale is known. Monte Video had been taken in February, so Whitelocke attacked Buenos Aires. His men landed on June 28; on July 5 they started to storm the city; their separate columns were entangled and cut up in the streets; and on July 7 they had to make terms. Under the Treaty prisoners were to be liberated, all our conquests in La Plata were to be given up, and we were to evacuate the country. But *on that very same day* another Treaty was signed of far greater moment to England, although we had no voice in it. That was the Treaty of Tilsit. By it our ally Prussia was stripped of territory and her army reduced to 40,000 men, and our other ally Russia went over to Napoleon's side, agreeing to accept his Continental system, to exclude English goods from Russian ports, and even to make war on England if England would not come to terms with France.

So this was how four years

of our old war policy of divergent operations and pin-pricks left us. We had had three great Allies, Austria, Prussia, and Russia; we had failed them all, and we had lost them all. We had also set out to help the Bourbons of Naples. Joseph Bonaparte ruled in Naples; the Bourbons were sheltering in Sicily, which we held for them. We had lost Hanover; we had been driven from Italy and from La Plata. These last losses, it is true, were not serious. What was serious was that we had lost honour and reputation in Europe. Let us see how we stood in European eyes of the time.

First, we had acquired a character of irresolution. We talked about an expedition, and eventually sent it. After a time it went back to its ships and sailed home. It was so with Craig and Stuart in Italy, with Cathcart in Hanover; it was repeated with Moore's expedition to Sweden in 1808. We came, saw, and went away.

Secondly, we appeared profoundly selfish. The fleet kept us safe and enabled us to send men where we would. We used this power either to re-embark our men when dangers became pressing, or to send them to distant places where we could—at no great risk—snap up our enemies' colonies. When we had taken those of France, we went on to absorb those of Spain and Holland. While our Allies bore the heat and burden of the day, while their lands were trampled by Napoleon's soldiery, while their

towns were taken and plundered, their armies overthrown, their kingdoms conquered, we were safely adding to our Empire. We took what gains there were, and our Allies took the losses. Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland—to quote Mr Belloo's travesty—

“HERNANI (Europe), *with indignation*. . . . Dans ces efforts sublimes Qu'avez-vous à offrir ?

“RUY BLAS (England), *simply*.  
Huit francs et dix centimes.”

It is not money that exalteth a nation.

Further, if we showed ourselves irresolute and selfish to our Allies, we displayed ourselves to our enemy, France, as contemptible. It was seldom that one of our expeditions mustered twenty thousand men—not often did they exceed the ten thousand. What could such a handful do against the master of five hundred thousand? Other nations did grasp the elementary fact that to beat the common enemy they must overthrow his main army in the field: they failed, but their policy was sound. We failed too, but our policy was senseless—because we did not see that a big army was essential, and because we frittered away the army we had in divergent operations in places where we might win a trifling success while the common cause was going to ruin elsewhere.

“But,” we say, “we held the sea.” Certainly we did, and no one wishes to belittle the admirable work of the fleet, whether in battle or in carry-



ing and covering such military expeditions as we undertook. What the sailors could do they did. But till their efforts were turned to the right use of sea-power—namely, *to carry soldiers to places where victory on land was possible and decisive and to help to maintain them there*—our sea-power only counted on the defensive. Our fleet destroyed French, Spanish, Dutch, and Danish sea-power. It made it possible for our forefathers to sleep comfortably in their beds—as we have recently been told we may sleep in ours. But to sleep comfortably in a bed is not the highest ideal of national life.

“But our sea-power wore down Napoleon at last.” There is no proof of it. He fell because one army of his perished in Russia, because its successor was beaten at Leipzig, because his marshals in Spain could not beat Wellington’s allied army at Vitoria. These events occurred in 1812 and 1813, but Trafalgar was in 1805. Reckon what sea-power had done towards crippling Napoleon by the time of the treaty of Tilsit in 1807: travel round the coast of Europe. Russia was Napoleon’s secret ally, Sweden soon to receive a French marshal as king, Prussia under Napoleon’s heel, all the North German coast in his hands, Denmark cowed by us but malevolent, Holland in French power, Spain an ally of France, Italy a French

kingdom, Turkey under French influence. This, then, was the result, so far, of sea-power to us, *that all the coast-line of Europe was unfriendly*, except Portugal—and Marshal Junot was just setting off to close that. On the other hand, we could congratulate ourselves that Napoleon was powerless in Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, Minorca, and Malta.

And if even it be held true that sea-power prevailed in the end, we must reckon the cost. “How long, O Lord?” Ten years of warfare after Trafalgar and Austerlitz; eight after Eylau and Friedland. Had we in either of these years put out our whole strength on the decisive spot, much might have been saved in lives and money, and more won in national repute.

Such are some of the lessons of history from our last great war, and once again we are in the grip of a great war. None can foretell its length. But once again there is the opportunity, the temptation, and the danger of divergent operations, with the added difficulty that in many of them there is little to gain and much to lose. We are assured that they are necessary by Ministers who, when criticism is made, reply that we must not speak to the man at the wheel, and all that is being done is for the best. But Ministers always say this.

G. T. W.

## THE PRINCE.

"In my Father's House are many mansions."

INDIA'S "untouchables" is one of the popular subjects of the day, and one which is often alluded to with faint conception of all the thousand year-long cycles of tragedy implied, stretching away into the mists of time when the Aryan races enslaved the original owners of Hindostan.

The untouchable races are those who, since time was, have been forced to perform the filthy and the menial trades and occupations of Eastern society, debarred not indeed from the possible possession of worldly goods, but from any sort of social position or communion. Living as they do within a world and a society of their own, they have grades and guilds and precedence unmolested, recognised as worthy by themselves alone, but cruelly beaten, maltreated, and even murdered at the least hint of any aspiration to social communion with the non out-caste races. Ministered to by some equally degraded priesthood, who, like the fallen angels, have lost their place in heaven, they live in a world unknown, and uncared. Who deems worth a thought what an untouchable thinks or cares about? So long as he scavenges the middens, and flays and dresses the skins of beasts diseased, or removes the carrion, or so long as his women-kind dance and pander

to classes one degree less out-cast, so long may the untouchable be allowed to exist without ill-treatment.

But the East has some glimmering of shame for its age-old treatment of its conquered tribes. Shame, added to an ingrained habit of euphemy, has made the sweeper to be known by the title of "*mehtar*" or Prince. And it is euphemy and subconscious knowledge perhaps of wrong, and not irony that is responsible. To all the Eastern world the sweeper, ironically, if you like, spoken of by the English as "*Plantagenet*" the knight of the broom, is known as "*Prince*," and so be it, even as the water-carrier is known as *bihistee* of *bheestee*, the man of Paradise. The cry goes down the long railway platform that dances and shimmers in the noonday sun, or comes up from the crumpled dots on the desert battlefield—"Oh man of paradise!" "Oh man of paradise!"—the cry of Dives to Lazarus in Abraham's bosom; and yet the man of paradise, if not untouchable, is of a menial unclassed race, not far removed from his brother servant the Prince.

How the untouchable became untouchable is one of the mysteries of the East. Who were the tribes and clans whom force of arms drove down to unthinkable degradation no

man can rightly tell, or perhaps none have deeply studied. Some day the march of freedom and intellect that, fight it never so strongly, the British rule is bringing, will produce an untouchable poet, and then perhaps we shall know something that they think who once were princes and rulers before time was. The astonishing spread of Christianity among the humbler folks in Southern India is going to work a spell of which no man can tell the end. Even is it possible that as the people of France turned on the *Ancien Régime*, so may the untouchables turn on those who have spurned them.

Be that as it may, this is a story of one untouchable, and how the stone that the builder rejected became in some sense the head of the corner, and how Buldoo, sweeper and knight of the broom, died for the glory of the British Empire and came to lie in "God's Acre," as our beautiful old English idiom has it.

Buldoo was a member of the lowest grade in the scales of the untouchables—a sweeper, a scavenger, who earned his bread by cleaning the middens of the English. Hard-working, deceitful, lying, faithful, childish, wayward, and cringing, hardly a human being, yet living in a world of his own, peopled by many other untouchables of a hierarchy peculiarly its own.

At the doorstep outside his master's dining-room stood at meal-time his tin pannikin, into which the contemptuous

servant cast the unclean scraps from the English master's unclean scrapings, while Buldoo waited patient and inscrutable. Faultlessly would he sweep morning and evening the carriage-drive; conscientiously would he remove all lumber and litter, and ever under his arm the badge of office, the wire-bound besom of broom twigs that sets the acrid dust of the roadway whirling high.

Buldoo was a fine specimen of his kind, and ranked among the princes as something of a swaggerer, for he had grown a fine beard and curled it somewhat as the warrior castes might, so that it was pitiful to see him slink past a twice-born Hindu, fearing to incur some revenge at the hands of hired wielders of the quarter-staff for a touch unwittingly given. Once when a lad he had crossed a footbridge with a Brahmin on it, and had, that even, been beaten within an inch of his life for his presumption.

When war burst on the Empire whose drums follow the sun to its rest round the world, the spirit moved our Prince that he too should go to the war, where gold and food are both the servants of the English. So to France went he like all the world—as a sweeper to His Majesty's Indian Forces, Follower number ninety and nine by the stamped tin disc round his neck. And he swept for the Army and France as he never swept before. The drive through the iron gates up to the old chateau where the staff he swept for were billeted, was thrice

swept daily in concentric curves and circles, and when the general rode out to take the air Buldoo would be on duty with his besom to bow down low to the representative of power and majesty and dominion.

But intercourse with Europe had wrought some transformation in the *mehtar's* humble point of view. Under a crucifix at the cross-roads behind the chateau, a blind white beggar had whimpered for alms, and Buldoo, swayed by some weird influence, had given a half franc, and been thrice blessed therefor—the “prince” and the pauper, below the Crown of Thorns and the inscription I.N.R.I. The day before a British Atkins, beguiled by the bushy black beard and the clothes that hid the thirty-inch chest, had hailed him as—“one of them Sykes,” and shared a cigarette packet. So it came about that when next day it was the turn of Buldoo’s brigade to “go into the line,” Buldoo insisted on leaving the chateau and coming to the brigade headquarters’ dug-out in the third parallel behind the front trench, and keeping that dug-out thrice swept from cock-crow to sunset.

It was the second morning in the line that high explosive shell and shattering shrapnel followed on the blowing up of the advanced trench, and a jagged piece of shell tore a hole in Buldoo’s thigh, he who had better business in the middens of Sirhind than with Krupp and Erhart. A motor ambulance and a European orderly helped the shaken sweeper by way of

a cross-channel steamer to the Indian hospital in peaceful England, and he found himself lying on a European bed between a Sikh and a Dogra, while an English *Memsahib* flitted about the room; so strange and so comfortable that Buldoo and his neighbours found it easier not to think. They were well enough handled, these alien men of the East, by the kindly folks around. “Such handsome gentlemen too,” as the trim business lady at the hotel office hard by remarked—and among the handsome gentlemen was poor thirty-inch-chest Buldoo of the black beard, with a shell-torn thigh. But the damp English winter and want of stamina were too much for the sweeper, and one morning poor Buldoo was no more.

Nobody cared, at least no one of kindred hue. The nurse had thought him a poor patient body, and had always a kindly word; but no Eastern friend tended his last hours. Then, as the *babu* in the registrar’s office remarked, was “pretty kettle of fish.” The disposal of the Indians who died in hospital had been arranged for. The Hindoos were burnt by arrangement with a crematorium, and the followers of the Prophet were duly laid to rest in the Muhammadan burial-ground at Woking. But the *mehtars*, the knights of the broom, are not recognised by either community. Most sweepers, however, are burnt, but some must be buried, and Buldoo was one of the latter. That was clearly established

by a sweeper on duty in the hospital. The Muhammadan authorities, however, flatly refused to admit the corpse to sepulture within their jurisdiction. The mortal remains of the "prince" were a difficulty. Then there came by an English vicar who heard the dilemma, and offered to bury the dead alien ally in Christian ground. And thus it was that a small cavalcade wound its way towards the yew-trees and tombstones of an English churchyard. A small hand-bier, a khaki-clad orderly, and two sweepers of the hospital staff, and following wondering, the supervising Sister to whom the solitariness of the patient had appealed.

And thus it came about that Buldoo, sweeper and outcast, *Dum* of the village of Jekh Sayanwalla in the province of the Punjaub, was buried in consecrated Christian ground in old England, hard by the crusaders' wall in the Church of St Mary Within—a fit subject for those who moralise on the endings of man, and the time when the first shall be last and the last shall be first. Buldoo the *mehtar* had died for the English as much as Hari Singh, the Rajput of the tribes of the moon, and lies among the proudest of his masters till the day when the Lord of Hosts makes up His jewels.

G. F. MACMUNN.

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DIARY OF A DRESSER IN THE SERBIAN UNIT OF THE  
SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL.

BY L. E. FRASER.

A primrose blows on the hill,  
O Love is changed into misery !  
Men hack and welter on battlefields,  
With souls that shrivel in agony.  
Their souls are slain, and the husks we save  
We range them neatly in hospitals.  
O Love is changed into misery !  
A primrose blows on the hill.

—HELEN DOUGLAS IRVINE.

*Preface to a Register of a Hospital for the  
Wounded.*

AFTER dark on Sunday, January 3 (December 21 O.S.), we reached Uskub, where several doctors from the British Red Cross and from Lady Paget's unit, with a Russian woman doctor, were waiting to greet us. They spoke kindly, but were obviously worn out and rather disheartened. One and all had been ill in dirty, plague-stricken Uskub, where they had taken a kind of low fever, and where typhus is raging. There is smallpox, too, — one of their orderlies is down, but luckily not seriously. There are hundreds of patients in Uskub, and for these few doctors to work there is like trying to drain the sea. More and more come in, after ten to fifteen days of travelling, by jolting bullock-cart or huddled in trains, with wounds undressed and broken bones unset. They are put down anywhere, for the doctors to attend to or not, as they can; and ragged men lie in the fields, and huddle round the doors,

with filthy, suppurating wounds, and die like flies. No wonder the exhausted fever-stricken doctors say bitter things about the country and its people, when they have all this to contend with — and in addition, Serbian ward-maids who steal everything portable, and an Egyptian plague of vermin on the persons and surroundings of bath-loving Britishers.

We left Uskub rather thoughtful, and, to be honest, a trifle depressed. The carriages have no lighting, but we lit our own candles, and scorned the dangers of possible Bulgarian rifle-shots, preferring the chance of being shot to the certainty of being bored. We got out at Nish about 8 o'clock in the morning.

The first news we had was that all our baggage and equipment had gone astray, and doubts arose as to whether we should ever see it again. We were also told that Kragujevatz was full of typhus, and that an American doctor and two nurses had died of it. There seems to

be practically every epidemic possible here, except cholera, and that may come in the spring. Nearly every one at Uskub had recurrent (relapsing) fever.

We found Nish to be a straggling country town, with streets deep in mud. It is full of thousands of refugees from Belgrade, besides ever so many wounded. Every other man one met was limping or had his hand bandaged. Besides these, there are many Austrian prisoners wandering about almost at will, and doing work of all sorts for a little pay. Their blue-grey uniform marks them out, and no Serbian would help them over the frontier.

Many of them are of Serbian race, and all seem pretty well treated. They make very satisfactory hospital orderlies, the Uskub people told us. We saw three hospitals, and our doctors saw another. There is such a terrible press of work that it seems almost unfair to criticise, but such haphazard, dirty wards one cannot imagine. Dressings are done, slowly, every day, and there the nursing seems to end. Hospitals are places where wounded men can lie down and be fed. There are double windows everywhere, all closed; even the Serbian officers delight in utter absence of air. The nursing is all done on the V.A.D. system in the Serbian hospitals, and mighty badly done too, as the Serbians themselves realise, for they are very anxious for foreign help. No one seems to spare trouble, and neglect occurs through ignorance.

We were very well treated

by the Red Cross and Foreign Office people, and given a regular Serbian lunch at the hotel. We drove about the hill-surrounded town later, some in carriages, some in the Commandant's own motor!

We arrived at our destination, Kragujevatz, quite early on the morning of Tuesday, January 6, long before any one expected. No Serbian ever seems to tell one the proper time for trains, which probably arrive with a very wide margin. We got ready in a great hurry, and someone remarked, "No one has even looked at the place where we are to live for six months." "Where we are to die in three, you mean," said someone else, with memories of Uskub.

Kragujevatz is a good deal more cheerful than Nish, though it is on much the same country-town lines, with the same unbelievable mud. We found we were to live in what was once a small hospital, with about four large rooms for dormitories, some small rooms, a hall to be used as a general living-room, and a loft. The kitchen is outside. The doctors mostly inhabit one of the smaller dormitories. I am in a dormitory of eleven people. The whole place is quite bare, but very clean and cheerful—also airy, as we inhabit it. This was also a day of no work. We explored Kragujevatz, wading through the mud. There are apparently just as many wounded men in Kragujevatz as in Nish, though this is supposed to be a slack time at present. We are to be given a hospital of 250 beds! We

came prepared for 100, so this is rather upsetting. We are to get Austrian orderlies apparently, *ad lib.*, so shall manage well enough, I hope. What will it be when there is a rush, though? The Austrians are very numerous in this town. Those of Serbian race are really much happier to be as they are, but it is hard for well-educated men to be reduced to the state of Gibeonites, though the Serbians treat them with perfect friendliness so far as I have seen, and they go everywhere.

Our house is to be worked by half a dozen of them. They are a Babel of races, and taken all round are far inferior physically to the really magnificent Serbs. It is a pleasure to see the latter, practically all big and muscular, with excellent well-cut features and clear brown complexions, with good eyes. It is a very masculine type, broad across the cheek-bones, which means of course that the women are too hard-featured to be often pretty.

We are having our meals in *the* hotel just now, as our own kitchen is not ready,—long meals with course after course of meat eaten at *the* table in the centre, while crowds of Serbian officers occupy the other tables. This is army headquarters, so staff officers abound. The streets were also interesting this morning: every one was buying his or her turkeys and sucking-pigs for Christmas, and it is a strange sight to see a particularly grand officer going home with a live sucking-pig in one

hand and a live turkey in the other. Pigs are the chief industry, so to speak, in Serbia, and sucking-pig its chief dainty. These hapless animals made the place ring with their squeals as they were carried home by their hind-legs, head downwards, over a man's back, in baskets, or in their purchasers' arms like a baby. Christmas here is our Twelfth Night, as the Old Calendar is used, in Greek style. Opposite to our house is a small hospital where there are eighty cases of relapsing fever, mostly with wounds in addition. It is run by a young Serbian who was just about to take his medical degree in Paris when the war broke out. There is no medical faculty in the University of Belgrade, so Serbian doctors are all trained in Paris, Vienna, or Berlin. This young man came to tea at our house this afternoon, and I was introduced to him, as being also a fifth-year medical, with children's diseases as my ultimate aim, just as it is his. He is a big, dark-haired youth, with rather shock hair, and somewhat pale. We have to converse in French, as English is not yet among his many languages, though he hopes to add it by our aid. He was just about to pay his afternoon visit to his patients, and asked Dr Campbell, Miss Christitch, and myself to come with him. He has four wards, each with about twenty patients, lying on mattresses on the floor, so close that the orderlies have to walk on the mattresses to reach the patients. The doctor has



three or four orderlies to help him, some Austrian, some Serbian, and the patients are Serb, Austrian, Czigané (gipsy), and of many other races. All—doctor, patients, and orderlies—were on the most friendly terms; the doctor treats them more like younger brothers than patients. They were mostly convalescent, though some were still very ill, and those who were better were very gay, laughing and talking and demanding more to eat. One man explained that he had now been in three wars, Turkish, Bulgar, and Austrian, and wounded in all. He was very proud of it. I took rather an interest in the fever, as every one was getting it in Uskub, and probably some of us will have it. It is conveyed by vermin, and the patient runs a temperature for a week or so, then has a week of normal temperature, then a second week of fever. A third attack sometimes occurs. It is not often fatal, but it leaves the patient looking like a ghost.

This young doctor attends to these patients, gives them medicines, dresses wounds, operates, does X-ray work, and has a number of out-patients into the bargain, doing it all by himself very cleverly and efficiently, with great skill and gentleness. As in all Serbian hospitals, the nursing is atrocious. I had been strongly tempted to ask the young doctor whether wards were so stuffy in Paris, but I felt ashamed to criticise, and had him to tea with us instead, pionic fashion, in the hall.

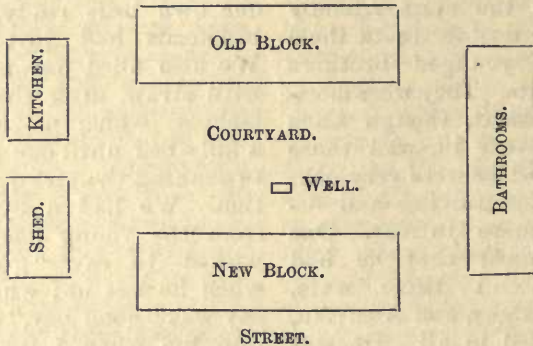
We really began work on Wednesday. Our doctors went to the hospital early to superintend the cleaning and whitewashing, while we remained at the house to get our own beds ready, for our bedsteads had just arrived. We also filled our mattresses with straw, after the Serbian fashion, which makes rather a hilly bed until one gets used to shaking the straw into position. We had a flying visit from the young doctor. He wished to say "good-bye" when he left us; what he did say was "good boy," and went into fits when I told him it meant "bon garçon." Most of the afternoon also was occupied in settling down, while some of the needlewomen of the unit made curtains, so that we could construe bathrooms in our dormitories. We had some welcome home letters to-day, dated the 14th, but of course there was very little news in them. The young Serbian doctor came to present us with military post-cards, a most welcome gift, as they stand a better chance of passing the Censor.

"I am good boy," he announced after this gift. He then read us a paragraph in the local paper, announcing our arrival, translating it into French as he went, and at his request Miss Douglas Irvine, Miss Shepherd, Miss Neill Fraser, and myself went over to his little operating theatre and had a Serbian-English lesson for our mutual benefit, working through the medium of French. We had

delightful Serbian coffee there, too.

After tea we paid a first visit to our new hospital. It consists of two blocks of build-

ings on this plan, with extra sheds in the courtyard. Each block has several wards, while the operating-room and theatre are in the back block, which



means that the patients have to be carried across from the new block, which is to be filled first. There are already a number of patients, which makes it very difficult, because they have to be crowded together while the other wards are cleaned; for the hospital has been run quite "à la Serbe," with good doctoring, but haphazard nursing by orderlies and untrained ladies. Luckily nearly all the patients are almost convalescent, as there is a lull in the fighting just now. There is a crowd of Austrian prisoner orderlies, of the many races which make up the Austrian Empire. These are on the friendliest terms with the patients and with us, and when properly supervised are quick and satisfactory all round. We unpack beds, and grow quite confused with the babel of tongues around us, being lucky enough, however, to find one orderly, John, who

speaks English. It is bad English, but pleasant-faced John is very proud of it. We plunge heroically into bad German, while some few, particularly Miss Shepherd, distinguish themselves in Serbian.

It makes one furious at the utter futility of war, to joke with our prisoner orderlies, and see them caress the men they have been forced into wounding and maiming for life. Then when we got back to our house there were our six orderlies, mostly ex-schoolmasters, lighting fires and drawing water, till one felt ill with shame at it all.

There is less to write about Thursday's happenings, for the simple reason that we have had far more to do. We began filling mattresses and making beds at our new hospital in the front block. We are obliged to overfill our wards, according to British

ideas, but our beds are a good size, so each patient should have sufficient air space, especially now that we are opening the windows in the wards. When some of the new wards were ready and looking quite home-like, some of the patients were got ready. The orderlies bathed them first, in rather a unique way. They appeared to plunge them, bandages and all, into a bath which is used for every one in succession; a douche followed this horrible proceeding, and then they clothed the patients in the new pyjama suits we have provided. We had heard that Serbians will not wear night-shirts, and when we saw the way they wander about the courtyard and corridors, we quite understood their preference for suits. When they were clad in these suits, which were much appreciated, their wounds were dressed in the dressing-room. Miss Hunter and I as Unit dressers spent practically the whole day in this room, watching the wounds being dressed. There has been a Serbian woman doctor in charge, the wife of one of the military doctors, but she superintends the whole hospital, while the dressings are done by the Austrian prisoner doctor, who is very good at it, and very kind about explaining things to us. He has been an army doctor, and has some of his Red Cross orderlies to help him. He is great friends with all the surrounding Serbians, and speaks their language so well that I think he must be Slavonic. His

orderlies are also very good. Many of the patients are almost well, but there are some bad wounds, also frost-bites. After these dressings, the patients were settled in their new wards, much delighted with their surroundings. We find them very gay and kindly, and they stand pain well. By the way there was a "Czigané," a gipsy as dark as an Indian, who confided to the Serbian doctor — "Gospoditza" (Madame), "I have been bathed as a child, but never since until now." I had a home letter to-day dated December 18. No other incident except a visit at tea-time from the young Serbian doctor and an officer friend of his, who spoke only Serbian, and held a limited conversation with Miss Shepherd. We have given our friend, the young Serbian doctor, a running invitation for tea-time, so that he can learn English and help us with things Serbian—a sort of mutual benefit society, in fact.

By Friday evening we have taken over all our new patients. It is by no means easy to clean and reorganise a dirty and haphazard hospital which is already almost full of patients. We have now eight wards, each with about 16 to 19 patients, who all assure Miss Christitch that they are being so petted and nursed that they will never be fit for the trenches again! Each ward now has its own sister, probationer, and three orderlies, while the doctors, dressers, theatre sister, and theatre

orderlies have also been allotted their tasks. Of course things are still very far from perfection, and our patients have the wandering spirit very strongly developed, so that one never quite knows where they are likely to turn up next. "My ward is far more like a model lodging-house than a ward," lamented one of the sisters. Several Serbian ladies called to-day with sucking-pig and cakes, in honour of Christmas time, and patients and orderlies had a grand time. We shall find them dreadfully happy-go-lucky, I fear, but there is a delightful feeling of "happy family" about our patients and staff.

The Serbian lady and the Bosnian doctor now leave us, —she for the front with her husband, I believe, he for some other hospital in town. Both have been most courteous and considerate over this affair of taking over the hospital. It might have been a trying time of friction, but instead we have all been very friendly, and they have spared themselves no trouble on our behalf.

All this sounds as though our hospital is a sort of Garden of Eden, and as some uninitiated people are to read this journal, perhaps I should leave it there. This would be a pity, because it would give a very untrue impression. Miss Hunter and I have seen the darker side pretty fully to-day during our long hours in the dressing-room. We have seen broken limbs, filthy wounds, patients wasted with fever, young lads with their

toes rotted off with frost-bite, and stroug men maimed for life. In one ward there is a lad with a hopeless head wound, who lies groaning constantly. Another man who has refused to have his leg amputated, keeps assuring us that it is "Dobra! dobra!" (better).

The worst time we had was this morning early, when we visited a ward which we had not taken over at that time. How clever doctors can combine modern surgery with medieval nursing in that way, I cannot fathom. The ward was full of patients, lying on questionable beds, and wearing more than questionable clothes. Every window was tightly shut, and a stove made the place like an oven. All of the men here had badly poisoned wounds; some groaned constantly. Only a Zola could have done justice to a description of the mingled smells of crowded human beings, foul wounds, tobacco, iodoform, and greasy Serbian food. Some Florence Nightingale should arise to reform Serbian nursing.

During the morning of Saturday Miss Hunter and I assisted the doctors with their dressings in the dressing-room, where a horrible confusion of old and new *régime* exists. We have had a legacy of several theatre orderlies, two of them very well trained in the Austrian Army Medical Service, and very gentle and good at their work. Of these, one, a big, fair, Scotch-looking man, asked to be allowed to stay with us. Another is a very quiet little fair man, the

best of the lot. None of these theatre orderlies is a regular Austrian; indeed, practically all the hospital orderlies are of Serbian race. This work seems to be the favourite prisoner task here, so Serbians get it.

The afternoon was spent doing dressings with Dr Campbell in her wards, and later in the dressing-room preparing dressings. I was taking a little time off in the hall at "home" when I noticed one of our orderlies looking rather flushed and ill. With Miss Douglas Irvine's help as interpreter, I found he had untreated frost-bite of both feet, got through sleeping in an open shed, before he came to us, when he was at brick-making. We led him off to the dressing-room at once. He is in his early twenties, I should say, and is a fair-haired, blue-eyed, melancholy boy, a Bohemian school-teacher when at home. He limped along with us very silently. His feet do not seem very bad. I dressed them in the usual way, and Matron found some soft slippers to replace his hard boots. After dosing him we departed to our hotel, leaving him to go home by himself. He looked crushed and hopeless, poor boy. I suppose our own men in Germany are suffering like this, only much worse. While we were dressing him one of the orderlies asked him, "Sind Sie Oesterreicher?" He is a real Austrian, this man; so much the worse for him!

But for the date I should

never know that Sunday had come round again. It has been a day of hard medical work. Miss Hunter and I generally begin our day by wandering round the wards to call on the patients. Sister Mitchell's ward is rather gay, as she has three very lively convalescents, who are non-commissioned officers at present and law students during the brief intervals of Serbian peace. One speaks French after a fashion, and speaks it all the time. He is twenty-two, already a husband and father. He is a very nervous type of boy, and had been allowed as much morphia as he liked under the old management, so that he is on the verge of morphia mania. The other two, his friends, are quite different, being handsome, big men. Both have some knowledge of German. One had been in the three Serbian wars, and proudly showed us a scar, from a Turkish bayonet, on his arm. The other had just had a visit from his mother, who has a farm near here, and had brought him brown bread and cream cheese, which he insisted on our tasting. Tasting is not a correct term: I was unable to finish my share, and had to convey it from the ward. The French-speaking youth remarked that they were now our brothers, as they were fighting for us, while we were attending to them; so we were their sisters. These sudden, enthusiastic announcements are rather embarrassing to the average British woman.

Post-card from home to-day, Monday, Jan. 11 (Dec. 29 O.S.), dated Dec. 23. Most of us have sore throats, coughs, and colds at present, probably from the abominable atmosphere into which duty has called us lately. One or two of us are quite seedy.

To-day was rather a heavy day of work. In the afternoon, when all the other work was finished, about twenty new cases arrived from hospitals in town. When I say new cases, I mean new to us, for most of the poor wretches had been wounded for weeks. Some of them looked barely human, they were so wasted with fever, and all were terribly filthy and verminous. All had poisoned wounds, but the worst of it was that, in more than one case, the bed-sores they had got from neglect were worse than the original wound which had brought them to the so-called hospital where they have been. One boy, almost dying, we could just recognise as having once been a fine, handsome, Serbian lad, of the usual muscular type. Now he is almost a skeleton, with the peculiar yellow look that recurrent fever leaves. His original wound is very dirty, but still worse is a bed-sore, which has left the bone of his back quite bare. He cannot recover.

Another boy, a real Austrian, had been shot in the head, and had a certain part of his brain destroyed, so that he is quite blind. He cried bitterly when Dr Holway asked him how long he had been so. When

he had been put to bed, we asked him if he needed anything, and he asked for the loaf of bread he had brought with him, and sat up and ate it like a wolf. We asked if he felt better, and he said, "Ja, ich geh!" quite tonelessly. Mostly he lies without a sound. I pray that he may die.

The boy with the bed-sore died to-day, Tuesday. There has been a rumour about that we must be careful not to unpack too much of our stores, as the Austrians are over the Drina, and we may have to run for it. Kragujevatz has been evacuated twice already during this war, so it is no wonder people are nervous. The Austrians were once only six hours' journey off, and they behaved nearly as badly as their cousins the Germans. When we were on the journey here, our Unit of young and unattached females rather hoped for thrills of this sort; but now, with our helpless cases, we are like mothers with young families, and only hope to be left quiet. Should any one have to be left behind with the helpless cases, I fancy the whole Unit would volunteer. Noble women!

My house orderly with the frost-bite is better. I dressed the wound again to-day. We had some conversation, and I only wish some one would treat the Kaiser as I treat his language. This boy has been in the war since it began last August, and has seen a good deal of fighting. All his own

comrades are dead or wounded. He says he is much better off here than at Nish, where he was taken after he became a prisoner, on the 22nd of November. I asked him whether he had been wounded, and the gentleman's pride was hurt. He said a whole battalion of them had to surrender together. Perhaps pride prevented him complaining about his feet to us. I must find out some time or other. If only I knew more of his language! He is a very easy person to draw.

So far we have not had much of the Serbian cold weather, but to-day, Wednesday, January 13, there is a good deal of soft, slushy snow. The streets are a shade worse than usual; our Wellingtons are a blessing.

The latest rumour is that Roumania is to join Serbia, and settle the Austrians, who are gathering again at Budapest. Very soon Bosnia and the other Slavonic parts of the Austrian Empire are to be won back. This rumour is much more cheerful than yesterday's, so we are going to believe it.

Very busy in the hospital, dressings all morning and all afternoon, then slight operations by the doctors up to about eight o'clock at night. Such filthy wounds are certainly never seen at home, or such smells smelt. Two non-medical orderlies came in with one case, and turned very green, so I hastily ejected them. Our own theatre orderlies stand anything, with

pleasant grins. "The Scotchman" has learnt to say "All right!" instead of "Dobra!" which means the same thing, and is used equally often. He is very proud of his new word.

Miss Neill Fraser is rather bad, with a poisoned arm, got while helping those terrible cases two days ago. She was very plucky to stand helping them. The whole house rings with coughing. Unit and orderlies are eating cough lozenges wholesale. I wonder who will be the first to get recurrent fever and become "cadavre comme un singe," as Sister Mitchell's patient describes it!

According to the Serbians, Thursday, January 14, is New Year's Day, which is a great feast-day with them. Of course, as it is war-time, there is not much festivity, but all the same there is an air of rejoicing, and many nice things to eat all round. All the lads about here who are twenty years old this year came into town to join the army, singing and wearing knots of immortelles in their caps. Some of our patients were given presents of socks to-day, brought out in our stores, and they were very delighted, and displayed them with broad smiles. They were also treated with various good things to eat by Serbian visitors. The other day an officer brought several dainties for the patients, explaining that he was doing it for the peace of his brother's soul, the brother having fallen in battle lately.

This seems to be a custom here.

Yes! it was New Year's Day, and our theatre orderly, "the Scotchman," acted up to his name by being drunk. One of our innocent pros was much horrified, but the man was not really bad, only very cheerful, shouting "All right!" the whole time. We kept him off the bad cases.

Fifteen "new" cases came in, mostly from the Military Hospital. Four were fairly well, but the others were pretty bad, and in the usual state of filth, emaciation, and bed-sores. One man, a real Serbian, between thirty and forty, must have been a very fine, strong man once, with good features and beautiful teeth. He was wounded in two places, horribly dirty and covered with sores, and so thin! I know now where the old Maltese artists got their models for those terrible crucifixes. It must have been in some medieval hospital. This man had been in hospital for two months, getting into this state, and then had been jolted to our place, where he came within an inch of dying on the dressing-table. We saved him from that, but it will not be for long.

I visited the blind Austrian boy, who is in Sister Holway's ward, where Miss Shepherd is pro, just to offer him "New Year" greetings. He asked us whether the war was still going on. I suppose the poor child has been lying among foreigners for weeks. We told him we were from Scotland,

and he confided in us. He asked to be helped to write to his sister, his only relative. He has no idea of how long he has been blind and a prisoner. The other patients, who, even if prisoners, are all Serbians, do not treat him well, and I do not blame them for one moment. The Austrians have been utterly abominable to them, behaving just as the Germans have acted in Western Europe. However, we are getting one of the house orderlies, who is our tablemaid and an ex-schoolmaster, to see him to-morrow, and write his letter for him. I cannot imagine anything more awful than what that boy has been through, that feeling of being blind and helpless and utterly lost among his enemies. Poor little Samson! Worse, because he knows only his own language.

On Friday we brought the "Lehrer" to visit our Austrian boy, and they had a very long conversation together, during which the letter was written. It was handed over to a Serbian Red Cross Major afterwards, and will get through, I believe.

We are now having all our meals at the house, and have left the hotel. This is an immense saving of time, and the atmosphere is a good deal clearer in our baronial hall. One can hardly see through tobacco smoke and steam in the hotel in the evening. All the same, the hotel was rather amusing. Ever so many imposing-looking officers come there to dine. Several of them wear



a pretty little Order, rather like a Maltese cross, in white enamel. We asked a Serbian friend what this was, and were told rather coldly that it was the "Kara Georgevitch" medal, given by King Peter "for a distinguished service." Is this the famous regicide medal? Our evil-minded Unit rather hopes it is, especially as one of the wearers was a guest at our table one day. We hear rumours that Roumania is to join Serbia.

This morning, Saturday, our Austrian boy, Johann, found to his delight that his sight had partly returned. He could make out my head, hand, and shoulder quite quickly. The "Lehrer" was also delighted at this news, and told me that poor Johann had asked "Der liebe Gott" that he might see again.

We had a visit from Dr Ross to-day. She is a doctor who has done a good deal of work in Persia, where she has had some exciting and very trying experiences. She is working in a fever hospital here, where there are also two Greek doctors, and she told us that conditions there are really terrible. It is shockingly dirty, of course, alive with vermin, and with no nursing at all; the patients are never even washed. It is very overcrowded; one finds a recurrent fever, a typhus, and a dysentery case lying three on two mattresses and exchanging germs. There is not even enough food. It is really heart-breaking work for one doctor or nurse from our

country to offer service to a hospital like this. Several are doing it, including three nurses who came out here with us. They feel almost hopeless, as there is so much to do, and fine men are dying like flies daily from sheer neglect.

One of our house orderlies is rather ill at present. I am afraid the usual simple medicines will not be enough for him, as they have hitherto been for the others. This man, an ex-Post Office official, is always rather nervous about himself, as he has a family of young children at home. He was shot through the lung, and, though the wound has healed, he is afraid serious damage has been done. Dr Campbell set his mind at rest on this point, and did the same for another house orderly, also the father of a family, who has an almost identical wound.

Sunday once more. When we were doing the dressings two clodhoppers of orderlies let a stretcher down heavily in the passage. The occupant, a Czigané, allowed himself the long "Yow-ee" that is permitted to Serbian heroes in pain. I promptly fell upon the youths in English, and had the pleasure of seeing them get very pink. The Czigané made rather a joke of it with Scotty, so I don't think much damage was done. Cziganés are very plucky, however.

No extra work to-day, in honour of Sunday, and I was rather thankful. I

am having my turn of Serbian influenza, the family plague. (Indeed, this diary is being written up a day or two later.) All our Unit and all the Austrian orderlies are having it one by one, the "Lehrer" being down to-day, but not badly. It lasts only a day or two, but is not very pleasant while it does. "We all walk the wibbly-wobbly walk" just now, and the "wibbly-wobbly smile" is also in evidence. Miss Neill Fraser is better, anyhow, which is a comfort, but she will not be back to work for some time.

Went to the dressing-room on Monday, but could not see the wounds properly, as the patients seemed to be miles away from me. Not wishing to cross-infect them through carelessness, I went home and to bed for the rest of the day. Our sick orderly has been removed to our hospital, much to his relief and to ours, as the Military Authorities have the decision in their hands as to where cases are to go, and he expected another experience of Serbian "nursing." He is really seriously ill.

Six transferred cases arrived, but I did not see them, of course. They were in the usual dreadful condition; we are getting quite used to it. One poor soul had lost both feet through frost-bite.

Another rumour, that two Bavarian Army Corps are marching on Belgrade. Poor little Serbia! I hope it is not true. We get no news here; people at home must

know far better how things stand than we do. As for getting letters home, things are even worse than the Consul at Salonica foretold. Usually there are no stamps in the G.P.O. at Kragujevatz! Miss Christitch returns to London shortly, after a visit to Belgrade, and she is our one hope.

Matron, who looks after our invalids in a most maternal way, had arranged that I should stay in bed all Tuesday, but I managed to elude her and got away to hospital in the afternoon. There was very little to be done. Another new case arrived, practically dying. A nice bill of mortality we shall have! We have now about 150 patients in the hospital, but there have been several deaths, of course, even in this short time.

We are to be given the house opposite for our convalescing cases, and this will be a very good thing, as we have several who might almost be discharged, if there were any hospital they could attend as out-patients near their own home. It will mean extra work, of course. This house, which was the young Serbian doctor's recurrent-fever hospital, has been empty for some time, and he has been transferred to another place farther off in the town. There was some word of a Russian Medical Mission coming there, but they are evidently to be in some other town. They were here before, some months ago, and

created quite a sensation because of their good looks, as they are a very handsome set, we are told.

Smallpox is evidently approaching, as the authorities have ordered the hospital orderlies to be vaccinated. We had quite an amusing time on Wednesday afternoon, doing thirty-seven, of whom I vaccinated twenty-five. Some were anxious to be done on both arms, and the worthy Scotty, who had been done a fortnight ago, nearly got done again by mistake, he was so enthusiastic about it. Scotty is getting the family plague by the way. Also another house orderly is off to hospital to-night (not to ours, poor soul!). Miss Christitch is back, and sent us a wonderful cake, in honour of her Slova or Saint's day.

Thanks to a good dose, Scotty is "dobra" to-day, Thursday. He had a little playful interlude with a patient who came over to the dressing-room with an Austrian cap on, which Scotty playfully bashed, and called the wearer "Schwaba!" which is the Serbian slang word for Austrian. The other man thereupon pretended to shoot Scotty. Of course, technically, Scotty is a captured "Schwaba," so it is hardly his place to make remarks.

The Government have opened two Inns or Convalescent Homes in town. Each consists mainly of one large room. In one, fifty of our convalescents are to go; in the other, fifty from other hospitals in

town. The Government is to feed them, but we are to do the dressings about twice a week in each place. In future we are to go there, I believe, but to-day they came to us, the whole fifty in batches. Dreadful crush in the dressing-room. If we had been Serbs we should have shouted ourselves hoarse over it. These men were really in good condition, but have all been in hospital much longer than they need have been with slight wounds. The wounds wanted cleaning up badly. Some of the men were very fine-looking. One was a big, brown-bearded man, who was very picturesquely brigandish. He, like the rest, was wearing a white pyjama suit, but his belt was a big brass-buckled one with an Austrian Eagle on the buckle. He said the belt was "Schwabski, ne Serbski," so I suppose it is one of the spoils of war. He wore a long-handled knife in it, with an ornamented hilt, which I must have another look at some time. These men are kept at the Convalescent Home by the simple expedient of giving them only pyjamas to wear. This ensures their sobriety also. Serbs are temperate as a race, but not so absolutely as they would like one to think.

Miss Christitch visited our house to-day, but when I was out. She has been west, near the Bosnian frontier, and has seen terrible sights. There is very little fighting, but men are dying daily, by tens, of fever, recurrent, typhus, or enteric, but mainly of the last.

There is not a soul to nurse them. It has been decided that no one can be spared from this Unit, but we have wired home for ten fever nurses. Of course that is very little. Cholera is expected in the spring, and that will be horrible beyond words. There is absolutely no sanitation in this country. Everything goes fairly well in peace time, because this is really a healthy peasant nation, but in a time such as this pestilence breaks out at once. Even this town is full of fever, hundreds of cases of enteric, typhus, recurrent, and scarlet, with smallpox on its way and cholera a possibility later. Our Unit is so small in the midst of so much hopeless misery. All that we can do is like the drop of water that the robin of the legend dropped into hell.

Very busy day, Friday, January 22. Dressings all morning, Dr Campbell's operations after dinner, Dr Holway's after tea. Thirty-eight of our patients were sent to the Convalescent "Hole" to-day, and about ten of them were discharged altogether. I think they were all rather sorry to leave us. Those who were discharged got about a fortnight's leave, then they go back to the front again. As I was returning to hospital after tea, Alexandrovitch, the nicest and finest-looking of Sister Mitchell's non-commissioned officers, came past in his uniform, and gave me the Serbian salute, with the curved hand at the temple. He is on his way back to his

commando at Belgrade, he told me. I hope he adds no more wounds to those he has already gained in his other three campaigns, beginning with the Turkish bayonet wound. Some of our hapless patients could not get a train to-night, and much upset Sister Fraser by returning to her ward and demanding to sleep there once more. Dr Campbell, when making a round in one of her wards, discovered one of her ex-patients, fully clothed, and I grieve to state not altogether sober, lying curled up on the ward floor. He was invited to go, much to the delight of another patient, a bonny brown-eyed boy who rocked to and fro with laughter, which he attempted to stifle in his handkerchief.

Mr Camfield had by this time assisted Miss Macdougall to get her X-rays going, and a good deal of time after supper was spent in the X-ray room. The brown-eyed boy was one of the cases, and we found that his elbow will never be much use to him. At any rate he will not get another chance of being shot.

Poor Matron is in bed with the family plague. She is the only invalid just now, or I am sure she would never have gone to bed at all.

We are getting more patients to fill the places of those who have left, and fifteen arrived to-day, Saturday, Jan. 23. I really think we have never had such a terrible day, most of the patients being in a very bad state, with shattered limbs and wounds that poured

foul-smelling matter. The men get so cold during their bathing and dressing that we are obliged to keep the dressing-room windows shut on their behalf, and the atmosphere becomes foetid almost beyond endurance. Serbians are very brave. I have often seen a man almost faint with pain before he uttered a word of complaint, but some of these men had been lying in fever and in the agony of wounds for weeks, and their nerve was absolutely gone. One could not avoid hurting them during the dressing, and the room rang with cries and groans. These had once been fine men. Now they were skin and bone, with all spirit gone out of them. One this afternoon, who had been a big strong lad, cried like a child when his wound was dressed, was soothed by caresses as a child is, and childishly pleased with his new clothes. They are broken men.

The day's work ended for me at an operation where the man died on the table during the operation, which was his last chance of life.

Sunday very bright and sunny, but we spent it in the dressing-room, where more new cases arrived during the afternoon. They were rather better than Saturday's on the whole. One was an Austrian boy of nineteen, worn out with fever and with terrible bed-sores. He smiled a shaky little smile at us, and apologised for being so dirty, poor laddie! as if it were his fault. We have such a

mixture of nationalities in our hospital, mostly real Serbs of course, but also Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Croatians, "real" Austrians, Magyars, and Czigánés, also a Pole. The Serbs are very fair in the treatment of their prisoners, but of course conditions are terrible everywhere. I hate to think how our men may be treated in Germany,—efficiently dressed, probably, by some hurried brute of a German surgeon, then bundled off anyhow, jeered at, perhaps, when their nerve goes, as every man's nerve will go under certain conditions. Then, before they are properly well, they will be hounded out to work, and go dragging themselves to it, with the dull expression I see every day in Austrian faces. War is the damn'dest piece of silliness the devil ever invented.

Off to the dressing-room as usual at 8.30, and at it pretty well all Monday. We have four theatre orderlies, all Austro-Serbs, and all trained in the Austrian Army Medical Service. Three of them are called "Milé" or "Michel." Of these one is the famous "Scotty," a stalwart person with blue eyes and a reddish moustache, very cheerful and somewhat noisy occasionally. Then there is "Black Michael," a very dark-complexioned little man, with eyes like black currants, a very good and gentle worker. He has a good working knowledge of German, so Miss Hunter and he act as interpreters, when words are needed, but signs work quite well as a rule. The third

"Milé," "Little Milé," spends most of his time cutting up dressings for Sister Boykett, who works him far harder than his lazy little soul enjoys. With a round fair face and blue eyes he looks rather like a fat baby angel, except for his little moustache. He is the "knut" of the party, possessing a very spick-and-span uniform, and has lovely teeth, which he displays in broad grins when we vainly try to hurry him. The others are quite of the Ragged Regiment (I must speak to Scotty about that sleeve of his, it's too bad). Our fourth orderly, Johann, is rather a pudding-faced person, very pleasant, but not altogether brainy, and he is rather apt to be unintentionally rough. Really, that place is a perfect Donnybrook Fair in the morning, with sturdy orderlies continually bringing in yet another patient on a "nossila" or stretcher. These nossilas are put down on the floor until a dressing-table is vacant, and the Medical Staff have a sort of hurdle-race over them.

Quite a red-letter day Tuesday, Jan. 26: I had an afternoon off. Miss Percy, Miss Hutchison, and I, being free together, went for a walk outside the town. It was a beautiful mild day, not at all our idea of what Serbian weather was to be. We were not very sorry to leave the town behind. There are very few women and children in it, owing to the two evacuations. Every other man is either wounded or a prisoner, or

both, and the whole place looks forlorn and deserted, with hospitals at every street corner.

Outside we crossed the muddy little river, the Leponitza, and went along very muddy roads uphill, to where we got a good view of the town, picturesque enough, with its quaint red-tiled houses. It lies surrounded by hills,—low brown hills near and high blue ones in the distance. There are several pretty little valleys, with woods and villages in their shelter. We crossed the fields, and close to the big Powder Magazine found the first primroses of the year, very tiny still. Bunches of pale-green Christmas roses, too, that we picked and took home. Our road home led us past the Barracks and through the Market. We met strings of bullock-carts coming out of town, some of the drivers wearing big, brown sheepskin hats, shaped like beehives. All wear "papoushka," a sort of leather sandal with pointed toes. These are worn with bright-coloured stockings, over which they are fastened by a leather thong. *The* feature of our walk was a visit to a cake shop, a new one, where the cakes were even more delicious than the usual run of Serbian cakes. These cakes really brighten our days for us here. We have neither time nor opportunity for other forms of amusement, and our only social relaxation is to gather round the dormitory stove at night to eat cakes and lovely Turkish Delight, and such things. Conver-

sation is apt to be rather gossiping; but horrors of all sorts have been strictly forbidden of late, as being too depressing at that hour. The Military Attaché brought round word of the sinking of the *Blücher* to-night. That means we have been saved a repetition of the Scarborough affair.

Five hours' hard work in the dressing-room, from half-past eight to half-past one, saw me finished for the day on Wednesday. We have one or two Turks among our patients, some on one side, some on the other: a mere question of geography whether they fight for Austria or Serbia. One has exactly the hatchet-face of the carved Turks' heads in St John's at Malta. He has strange, hard-blue eyes, but a very pleasant smile, and is a decidedly grateful patient. He said the dressing-room was heavenly. Some people have a curious idea of Heaven.

As we were both off for the afternoon, Miss Macdougall and I went together to the First Reserve Hospital, where Dr Ross has been given the typhus wards. We went there and asked for her, and she showed us over her wards, after warning us not to come in. The First Reserve is in an immense building, and as a building there is nothing wrong with it. One can hardly believe that there are 1500 patients there, but so we were told. I hope it is not true. I can hardly describe this place so as to give any idea of what it is like, but I can give a few figures.

They say that twenty-five doctors have died there of fever since this war began. Six are ill of typhus now, mostly Greek doctors, and most of these will die. There are other fevers as well, but we saw only the typhus wards. There are long, connected corridors, and here the patients were lying so closely together on mattresses on the floor that one could not pass between them, and the doctors must walk on the mattresses to get to a patient. The air was quite indescribable: it was like entering a sewer. We saw Dr Ross's own room, which opened off a dark corridor crowded with beds, on which one could dimly see patients lying in the dark. She took us through her typhus wards, and here we walked carefully, keeping well away from the beds to avoid the swarming vermin which carry the disease. The air was even fouler than in the corridors. I have seen some of the worst slum dwellings one can find in Britain, but never anything to approach these wards in filth and squalor. Men lay crowded together on mattresses. We saw three shivering together on two mattresses. No one washes them; they lie there in the weakness of fever, becoming filthier and filthier. When a man dies the next comer is put straight on to the same dirty mattress, between the same loathsome sheets. The place is full of orderlies certainly, but they crouch apathetically in corners, waiting their own turn

to die. If a patient is too ill to eat or drink unaided, they leave him to die. Amidst all these horrors the doctors of the place go through the farce of injecting expensive drugs into these tired creatures, covered with vermin and bed-sores, until they themselves take the disease and die. In this place we saw splendid men, many in the beauty of the fever flush: and here the flowers of Serbian manhood are thrown to wither and die. Even when they are only the wrecks of men, one can see how fine they have been, with their regular features and beautiful teeth. The acknowledged death-rate is 10 a day,—that is to say, 150 or so a fortnight. Our own hospital has 150 beds in it. That gives one an idea of what such a death-rate means. There is a horrible carelessness of human life which comes on those who live where men die so quickly, and it must have come upon the authorities here. There comes a time, under these conditions, when a fresh case of sickness arouses no pity, but only a weary disgust and utter hopelessness of doing any good. This town is terrible; but they say that Valjevo, farther north, is worse still, that more than 3000 men lie there untended! No one who has not seen such things can realise them: it is better not to realise them if one wishes to remain quite sane. Ten splendid men every day, from one hospital, in one of the

healthier towns in this country! If they died at once it would be terrible; but they die after weeks of torture, from the disease itself, from hunger and thirst, from vermin, from the pain and fever of their sores; they die in utter hopelessness in hideous surroundings. Very often it must happen that their own people never hear of them again. It is no exaggeration to say that a man would have a better chance of life if he were left to lie where he fell.

It was some relief to go all round our own little hospital that evening. We have only a few men after all, but these few have everything done for them that we can do, and it is done by those who are still fresh and untired, who take pleasure in their work. Here are cheerful faces, and the men sing strange minor Serbian songs. Here are no foul smells, only the pleasant homely smell of straw mattresses and black bread. But we can do so little! We are to take some more patients soon, but we cannot do more than a certain amount. It is better to save a few than to struggle hopelessly with too many.

Nothing worth recording on Thursday, Jan. 28.

The Austrian boy who came to us last Sunday died this evening, Friday, Jan. 29. He had had nothing the matter with him originally but comparatively slight frost-bite, and had been put into a hospital here where he took fever. He



had never been touched for forty days, and died simply of bed-sores and neglect, only skin and bone. He was always so grateful for all we did. As long as I live I shall never forget that little wasted creature I dressed that Sunday afternoon, with his poor little smile, his utter childish helplessness, and his quiet resigned little voice when he answered our questions. When I was helping to lift him back on to the stretcher, his hand knocked against my cheek, and he said "Ach! Schwester!" and begged my pardon, as if he had hurt me. And he has had weeks of torture before he died.

Really our Unit has always some member of it in bed. To-day, Saturday, poor Matron is ill again, and Miss Hutchison. I have not recorded all the little departures to bed, but nearly every one has had some time there by now, never very serious but very annoying. We have a third house orderly ill. I only hope it is not recurrent fever this time. I am inclined to think not: the man is much run down, and has been ill before. He is a big, red-moustached "Bauer," very muscular when really well. He was wounded in the lung on the 5th of December, and has come to us almost straight from hospital, so that he is still only convalescent, and has a good deal of pain from his lung. Poor Josef! he has a dozen or so of children at home, and it is his daily terror that we should send him to the

Military Hospital. When I was taking his temperature to-day, he offered to get up and work: he was quite well, he said. "Don't send me to the hospital, Fräulein Doktorin! let me stay here." He really is better, though. We are now taking over a little café on the way to our hospital, and are to run it as a fever ward under one of our own sisters. It means only twenty patients (two days' deaths at the First Reserve!), but at least we can have our own servants there. They have a claim on us, after all. We are going to try to get our other house orderly, Sebastian, back from the Military Hospital. Why should he not have the chance? Other men have none, but then one always realises the troubles of people one knows. We are to do the 100 convalescent dressings also, of course, but not in the house opposite. . . . I wish there were a regiment of nurses here — nurses, not doctors, who are of far less use in fever.

Our X-ray apparatus now works very well, and Miss Macdougall is quite in the best circles of Serbian society, we tell her, for officers come to her, even from Nish. We had several of Dr Holway's cases to-day, including Johann Frenzel, the half-blind Austrian boy. He can see better every day, he says, and can make out some colours now, but cannot tell one person from another. I pay him a call every evening: he is really a very interesting case. He has been moved into another of Sister

Holway's wards, where the patients and orderlies are very kind to him. He is getting over his nervous breakdown, thanks very largely, I think, to Miss Shepherd, "Die kleine Schwester," who is so patient with him, and with another, a Serbian boy, who is really hardly human and is always crying out. Poor Johann gives no trouble like this: he was only too resigned at first, but he is getting much brighter.

Sunday was quite a light day for me; indeed, I never suffer from too much work. We start getting up early in our dormitory, because we have only one bathroom. First, breakfast begins at 7.30, and the sisters and probationers get to hospital by 8 o'clock. I go to the dressing-room at 8.30, and it is nearly 2 o'clock before Dr Campbell and I come over to the very tail-end of "second dinner." This morning's work is really quite hard, harder some days than others. One feels as though one would never get round the patients.

The afternoon is spent in various ways, depending a good deal on how much work is to be done. Sisters and probationers take turns to have their off-time either before or after tea; and off-time is generally spent in wandering round the town, with a call at the cake-shop!

I usually go the round of some or all of the wards before supper; they are more cheerful then. They don't look like a spick-and-span home hospital, because one could

never get Serbs to be so uncomfortably tidy, and nothing will keep them from storing bread under their pillows. They are delightful patients, though, most cheerful and grateful. We have a mixture of nationalities, probably one or more of every race in South Europe. Of these the Magyars are least beloved by us, and loathed by the Serbs, who are quite forbearing, however. They have strange, hard, expressionless faces, and make very unresponsive and unsympathetic patients. The Serbs blame them for most of the Austrian atrocities. The real Austrians are very pleasant, as a whole, and very grateful, but undoubtedly soft and not at all a warlike people. The Serbs are all one could wish for as patients, and most perfectly courteous and simple in their dealings with us.

This evening I went with Sister Jordan to her new charge, the little fever ward. It is roughly furnished with home-made wooden beds, our own supply of iron bedsteads having given out by this time, but it looks clean and very cosy. I wish we could multiply Sister Jordan by a hundred or more, and nurse all Kragujevatz. We gave out blankets, and spent a very pleasant, busy hour tucking the patients up for the night.

Miss Christitch is to go home (to London I mean) next week, and after a good deal of consideration I have decided to send this first part of my Diary home. I hope it does

not make too depressing an impression there, but really I do not see the use of writing cheerful and untrue impressions. The men who go home usually will not tell what they have seen,—they think it unfit for women to hear. Being a woman myself I have no such feeling, and when I come home I shall tell every one I can what war really means. I believe that if every one quite realised it we should never have war again. It is cruel, senseless waste of life, and no one is finally any better for it. Even if any were, it could never be worth it, to drag men from their useful occupations, where they have at least a fair chance of happiness, and to torture them in every conceivable way, body and soul. No human being, no group of human beings, should have such a power of life or death over their fellow-men. I cannot believe that any mass of people could set themselves against another nation unless they were tricked and deluded by militarist cliques and a lying press. I think that even the most hardened diplomat could never make war, if he did not think of human beings as he

thinks of ammunition, by their number and by their force. No brain can realise the awful misery of war. Serbia has a small part in this war of all Europe. We see a tiny fraction of Serbia's misery, we have been here only a month, and none of us will ever rejoice at a victory again. We know only too well now what it means. We sorrowed for our own men ever since war began, but we had the proper "warlike" feeling. We dared to feel satisfied, even happy, when we heard that so many of the enemy had been killed, wounded, made prisoners. If we could only think of the fallen and wounded on both sides as men and not as numbers, no one could think for a moment of making war. It is better, though, to die as the Serbs die, than be like Bosnia.

Long live Serbia! the pluckiest little country in the world, and the most misunderstood. She may die where she stands, but she will never give in, and she is too proud to moan about it. There is never a word of complaint, never a question of surrender. She is sad in her songs, and in her songs alone.

*Since this Diary reached England the deaths from typhus of Dr Ross, Sister Jordan, and Miss Neill Fraser have been recorded in the daily press.*

## NICKY-NAN, RESERVIST.

BY "Q."

## CHAPTER XXII.—SALVAGE.

"MISTER NANJIVELL!  
Mis-ter Nanjivell!"

It was the child 'Beida's voice, calling from below.

"Are you upstairs, Mister Nanjivell? I want to see you—in *such* a hurry!"

Following up her summons, she arrived panting at the open doorway. "O-oh!" she cried, after a catch of the breath. Her face blanched as she looked around the bedroom; at Builder Gilbert, standing, wash-jug in hand; at Mr Amphlett, kneeling, examining the cupboard; at Policeman Rat-it-all, kneeling also, but on one knee, while on the other he supported Nicky-Nan's inert head and bathed a cut on the right temple, dipping a rag of a towel into the poor chipped basin on the ground beside him.

"What are you doin' to him?" demanded 'Beida, her colour coming back with a rush.

Mr Amphlett had slewed about on his knees. "Here, you cut and run!" he commanded sharply. But his posture did not lend itself to authority, and he showed some embarrassment.

"What are you doin' to him?" the child demanded again.

"He've had a fit," explained Builder Gilbert, holding out the ewer. "Here, run down-stairs and fetch up some more water, if you want to be useful."

'Beida stared at the ewer. She transferred her gaze to Rat-it-all and his patient: then, after a shiver, to Mr Amphlett. She had courage. Her eyes grew hard and fierce.

"Is that why Mr Amphlett's pokin' his nose into a cupboard?"

"Rat it all!" the constable ejaculated, casting a glance over his shoulder and dipping a hand wide of the basin.

"Fetch up some water, my dear," suggested Builder Gilbert. "When a man's in a fit 'tis no time to ask questions, as you'll learn when you grow up." Again he proffered the ewer.

'Beida ignored it. "When a man's in a fit, do folks help by pokin' their noses into his cupboards?" she demanded again, not removing her eyes from Mr Amphlett.

"Pack that child out!" commanded Mr Amphlett, standing up and addressing Rat-it-all. "Do you hear me?"

"I hear, sir," answered Rat-it-all. "But situated as

I be——” He cast a helpless glance at the child, who seemed to grow in stature as, lifting her forefinger and pointing it at Mr Amphlett, she advanced into the room and shrilled—

“You’ve come to steal his money, the three of ’ee! An’ you can’t take me in nor frighten me, not one of ’ee!”

The high treble voice, or the word “money,” or both, fetched Nicky-Nan back to consciousness. He opened his eyes and groaned.

“The money—where’s the money?” he muttered. His eyes opened wider. Then of a sudden his brain cleared. He sat up with a wild cry, almost a scream; and, thrusting Rat-it-all backwards with all the force of one hand, with the other groped on the floor for his walking-staff—which lay, however, a couple of yards from him and close by Mr Amphlett’s feet.

“My money!—Rogues! Cheats!—” He broke down and put a hand to his head in momentary faintness. “Where be I?” Then taking his hand away and catching sight of the blood on it, he yelled out “Murder! Where’s my money? Murder! Thieves!”

“Hush ’ee, Mister Nanjivell!” ’Beida dropped on her knees beside him. “Hush ’ee now, co! Here, let *me* take the towel an’ bathe your poor head,” she coaxed him. “You’ve had a fall, an’ cut yourself—that’s what happened. An’ these men weren’t murderin’ ’ee, nor shan’t while I’m here.

No, nor they han’t stole your money, neither—though I won’t say they weren’t tryin’.”

He submitted, after a feeble convulsive struggle. “Where’s my money?” he persisted.

“Your money’s all right. Safe as if ’twas in the Bank—safer, I reckon,” she added, with an unfriendly glance at Mr Amphlett.

“What money is this you’re talking about?” asked that gentleman, stepping forward. He had no children of his own: and when he spoke to children (which was not often) his tone conveyed that he thought very little of them. He used that tone now: which was sheer blundering folly: and he met his match.

“The money you were huntin’ for,” answered ’Beida quick as thought.

“You mustn’t speak to me like that. It’s naughty and—er—unbecoming.”

“Why? *Weren’t* you lookin’ for it?” Her eyes sought Rat-it-all and questioned him.

Mr Amphlett made haste before his ally could speak. “The Policeman was acting in the execution of his duty.” This was a fine phrase, and it took ’Beida abaek, for she had not a notion what it meant. But while she sought for a retort, Mr Amphlett followed up his advantage, to crush her, and blundered again. “You don’t understand that, eh?”

“Not rightly,” she admitted.

“Then don’t you see how foolish it is for little girls to mix themselves in grown-up people’s affairs? A policeman has to do many things in what

is called the execution of his duty. For instance," continued Mr Amphlett impressively, "sometimes he takes little girls when they're naughty, and locks them up."

"Fiddlestick!" said 'Beida, with a sigh of relief. "Now I know you're gassin'. . . Just now you frightened me with your talk of executions, which is what they do to a man when he's murdered some person: and o' course if Nicky—if Mr Nanjivell had been doin' anything o' *that* sort—which he hasn', o' course. . . . But when you go on pretendin' as Rat-it-all can lock *me* up, why then I see your game. Tryin' to frighten me, you are, because I'm small."

"If you were a child of mine," threatened Mr Amphlett, very red in the gills, "do you know what I'd do to you?"

"No," replied 'Beida; "I can't think. . . . But I reckon 'twould be something pretty mean. Oh, I'm sick an' tired of the gentry!—if you call yourself gentry. First of all you turn Father an' Mother out to find a new home. An' then, as if that wasn't enough, you must come nosin' in after Mr Nanjivell's small savin's. . . . Gentry!" she swung round upon Builder Gilbert. "Here, Mr Gilbert, you're neither gentry nor perlice. When I tell you about Miss Charity Oliver, that calls herself a lady! What must *she* do but, happenin' on 'Biades—that's my younger brother, an' scarce turned four—outside o' Mrs Pengelly's, with a bit of gold money in his hand that Mr Nanjivell

gave to him in a moment o' weakness—what must she do (an callin' herself a lady, no doubt, all the while) but palm off two bright coppers on him for a swap? . . . That's a *fact*," 'Beida wound up, dabbing the towel gently, but with an appearance of force, against Nicky-Nan's temple, "for I got it out o' the child's own mouth, an' work enough it was. That's your gentry!"

"Hey?" Nicky-Nan pushed her hand aside. "What's this you're tellin', now?"

"Ask *him*!" she answered, nodding towards Mr Amphlett. "He knows all about it, an' 'tis no use for him to pretend he don't."

"*Me* give your small brother —?" began Nicky, but broke off with a groan and felt his brow again. "Oh, where's the head or tail to this? Where's the *sense*? . . . Give me my money—that's all I ask. Stop talkin' all of 'ee, an' fetch me what you've stole, between 'ee, an' leave me alone."

Mr Amphlett shifted his ground. "You're right, Nanjivell. What's become of your money?—that's the main point, eh?"

"O'course 'tis the main point," growled Nicky. "Though I'm damned if I see how it consarns *you*."

"Maybe I can enlighten you, by-and-by. For the present you want to know what has become of the money: and I've a strong suspicion this child can tell us, if she chooses to confess. If not—" he raised a minatory forefinger and shook it at 'Beida—"well,

it's fortunate I brought the constable, who will know how to act."

"Will I?" said Rat-it-all, scratching his head.

"No, you won't," 'Beida answered him stoutly, and turned again to Nicky-Nan.

"Mr Nanjivell," she pleaded, "tell me—didn't you find these three turnin' your room inside out?"

"'Course I did." Nicky-Nan cast a malignant glance around.

"Was they doin' it with your leave?"

"'Course they wasn't. Why, look at the state o' my head!"

"You cut it yourself, fallin' against the scurtin'-board by the cupboard," put in Builder Gilbert.

'Beida noted his nervousness.

"You say so," she rapped on him. "Maybe when Mr Nanjivell has you up before Squire Tresawna, you'll all swear to it in league." Again she turned to Nicky. "Struck your head, did you?—fallin' against the cupboard, when they was huntin' for your money: which they can't deny. Did you *want* Mr Amphlett to find your money?"

"*Him?*" said Nicky-Nan bitterly. "*Him?* as I wouldn't trust not ha'f so far as a man could fling him by his eye-brows!"

"Well, I've got your savin's—'Bert an' me, every bit of it—stowed an' put away where they can't find it, not if they hunted for weeks. I came upstairs to tell about it, and where we've stowed it. Now be you goin' to put 'Bert and me to prison for that?"

"My dear"—Nicky-Nan spread out his hands—"not if you was a thief an' had really stole it, I wouldn't. But behavin', as you have, like an angel slap out o' Heaven——" He staggered up and confronted Mr Amphlett. "Here, you clear out o' this!" he threatened, pointing to the door. "You're done, my billies. Tuck your tails atween your legs an' march!"

"A moment, if you please," put in Mr Amphlett suavely. "You will allow that, not being accustomed to little girls, and not knowing therefore how a pert child should properly be chastised and brought to book, I have been uncommonly patient with this one. But you are mistaken, the pair of you, in taking this line with me: and your mistake, though it comes from ignorance of the law, may happen to cost you both pretty dearly." He paused, while Nicky-Nan and 'Beida exchanged glances.

"Don't you heed him," said 'Beida encouragingly. "He's only gassin' again." But she faced up for a new attack.

"I have reason to believe," continued Mr Amphlett, ignoring her and wagging his forefinger at Nicky; "I have evidence going far to convince me that this money of which we are talking is not yours at all: that you never earned it by your own labour, nor inherited it, nor were left it in any legitimate way. In other words, you were just lucky enough to find it."

"What's that to you?"

"It concerns me to this

extent. By the common law of England all such money, so discovered, belongs to the Crown: though I understand it is usually shared equally among the Crown, the finder, and the lord of the manor on which it was hidden. Therefore by concealing your knowledge of this money you are illegally defrauding His Majesty, and in fact (if you found it anywhere in Polpier) swindling me, who own the manor rights of Trebursey and Tretlake, which together cover every square inch of this town. I bought them from Squire Tresawna these ten years since. And"—he turned upon 'Beida—"any one who hides, or helps to hide, such money is an accomplice, and may go to prison for it. *Now*, what have you to say?"

But Mr Amphlett had missed to calculate on Nicky-Nan's recklessness and the strength of old hatred.

"Say?" Nicky shook with passion. "I say you're tellin' up a parcel o' lies you can't prove. Do *I* step into *your* dam Bank an' ask where you picked up the coin?—No? Well then, get out o' this an' take your Policeman with 'ee. Fend off, I say!" he snapped, as Rat-it-all touched him by the arm.

"No offence, Mr Nanjivell," said the Policeman coaxingly. "But merely as between neighbours, if I might advise. Mr Amphlett is a very powerful gentleman: or, as I might put it better, he has influence, unknown to you or me, an' knowledge——"

"He's a very powerful skunk."

"'Beida! . . . 'Beida!" called a voice from the foot of the stairs. 'Beida, after a start of joy, answered with the Penhaligon war-whoop, as her brother came charging up.

"Have you told him?" burst in young 'Bert, and drew back at gaze, a foot within the threshold.

"Yes, I've told him," answered 'Beida. "No, you needn' stare so," she went on hurriedly, catching him on the edge of confusion. "It'll be all right if you just answer up an' tell the truth. . . . When we was movin' this afternoon, you an' me took Mr Nanjivell's savin's away, the last thing—didn' we?"

"Then where are they?" thundered Mr Amphlett.

"Don't you answer him that," said 'Beida sweetly. "But answer everything else. An' don't you be afraid of him. *I* ben't."

"What d'ee want me to tell?" asked 'Bert, a trifle uneasily.

"Everything: 'cept you may leave out 'Biades. He's but a child o' four, an' don't count."

"Well," said Bert, addressing Mr Amphlett—and his face, though pale, was dogged—"if 'Beida's willin', I'd as lief get it off my mind. . . . The first thing, sir, was P'liceman Rat-it-all's comin' to me, Tuesday evenin': an' he said to me, 'What be you doin' to occupy yourself as a Boy Scout, now that this here coast-watchin's off?'——"

"I didn' say 'off,'" inter-



rupted Rat-it-all. "I didn' use no such low and incorrect expression. My words was 'Now that this here coast-watchin' has come to a on-timely end.'"

"I dessay that *was* the way you put it," Bert admitted. "When you starts talkin' Lun'on, all I can follow is the sense—an' lucky if that."

"Bodmin," corrected Rat-it-all modestly. "I don't pretend to no more than the Provinces as yet: though Lord knows where I may end."

"Get on with the story, boy," Mr Amphlett commanded.

"Well, sir, I owned to him that I was left pretty well at a loose end, with nothin' on hand but to think out how to do a Kind Action every day, as is laid down in the Scout Rules: and it may come easy enough to *you*, sir," added Bert with unconscious irony, "but *I* got no invention. An' his manner bein' so friendly, I told him as how I was breakin' my heart for a job. 'Would 'ee like to catch a spy—a real German one?' says he. 'Get along with 'ee, pullin' my leg!' says I. 'I ben't pullin' your leg,' says he. 'I be offerin' what may turn out to be the chance o' your life, if you're a smart chap an' want promotion.' 'What is it?' said I. 'Well, I mention no names,' said he, 'but you live in the same house with Nicholas Nanjivell.' 'We're turnin' out this week,' said I. 'All the more reason why you should look slippy an' get to work at once,' says he. Then I told him, sir," went on Bert,

gathering confidence from the sound of his own voice, "that I was fair sick o' plannin' to do Kind Actions, which was no business of anybody's in War time, and a bad let-down after coast-watchin'. 'But,' said I,"—here he turned upon Nicky-Nan—"if 'tis a Kind Action for Mr Nanjivell, I'd as lief do it upon him as upon anybody: for you might almost call him one o' the family,' I said. 'Kind Action?' says he. 'I don't want you to do him no kinder action than to catch him out for a German spy. I name no names,' says he, 'but from information received, he's in the Germans' pay, an' Mrs Polsue is ready to swear to it.'"

Nicky-Nan gripped his walking-staff and stood erect, as if to spring on Mr Amphlett. But of a sudden the enormity of the charge seemed to overcome him, and he passed a hand over his eyes.

"That's the second time," he muttered. "An' me, that—God help me!—scarce bothered myself about its bein' a War at all: bein' otherwise worried, as you'd know, sir." His straight appeal to his inveterate enemy had a dignity more convincing than any violent repudiation. But Mr Amphlett waived it aside.

"Let the boy tell his story. . . . Well, boy, and what was your answer to the constable?"

"I told him," said Bert stolidly, "to get along for a silly fat-head. Didn't I, now?" Bert appealed to the recipient of that compliment to confirm its textual accuracy.

"He did so," corroborated Rat-it-all. "He is right, to that extent. Which it gave me such a poor opinion of the whole Boy Scout movement that I've treated it thenceforth as dirt beneath my feet. There was a time when I thought pretty tolerably of Baden-Powell. But when it comes to fat-heads——"

"But you see, sir," Bert went on, "this put me in mind that I'd seen Rat-it-all for two days past behavin' very silly behind walls an' fuzz-bushes, an' 'most always in the wake o' Nicky-Nan—of Mr Nanjivell, I mean: which I'd set it down that it was a game between 'em, an' Mr Nanjivell just lendin' himself for practice, havin' time on his hands. First along I'd a mind to join in an' read the man one or two Practical Hints out o' the sixpenny book; for worse shadowin' you couldn' see. But when it turned out he was doin' it in earnest against Mr Nanjivell I allowed as I'd give him a taste o' the real article, which is what they call 'Scoutin' for Scouts' in the Advanced Course; whereby he called on Mr Gilbert here, yesterday afternoon; an' Mr Gilbert's back parlour window bein' open because o' the hot weather, and me bein' behind the water-butt at the corner——"

"You tarnation imp!" exclaimed the builder.

"Which," continued Bert stolidly, "he was askin' if he reckoned by chance th' Old Doctor's House had any secret hidin' places, an' would he oblige the landlord Mr Amphlett by

comin' along to-morrow an' bringin' a hammer? Which I went straight home an' borried mother's, an'—an'——"

"An' you've told quite enough," put in 'Beida.

"By no means," objected Mr Amphlett. "What have you children done with the money?"

"Oh," said 'Beida wearily, "we're back on the old question, are we?"

But here Nicky-Nan broke in. "Mr Amphlett," he said, "you tell that, as landlord, you've a right to walk in an' see to the repairs. Very well. I don't know the law: but I doubt if the law, when I look it up, 'll say that the said landlord has power to bring along a Bobby and a Speckulative Builder. It *may* be so, o' course. Any way, you've taken it so, an' walked in; an' the next thing you'll do is Walk Out." He pointed with his staff to the door. "*Me*—a German spy! Forth, the three of 'ee!"

Mr Amphlett saw no way but to comply. "You will hear more of this, Nanjivell," he threatened, turning about in the doorway.

"Gas, again!" said 'Beida. Nicky-Nan stood silent, pointing. The retreat was not dignified.

"But, o' course," said 'Beida, "the bottom of it all was 'Biades."

"'Biades?"

"He'd caught up with some chatter about your bein' a spy. Oh, bless your soul, *everybody's*

talkin' about it!" she assured Nicky-Nan cheerfully. "But little pitchers have the longest ears; an' mother an' me bein' so busy with the packin', he got ahead of us. He's a clivver child, too, but"—'Beida shook her head—"I'm harried in mind about 'en. Quite in a tricksy way he wormed it out o' mother what a spy was, an' how the way to go to work was to s'arch his cupboards; an' then quick as snuff he started 'pon yours, not sayin' a word to anybody. Pretty clivver for four years' old—an', what's clivverer, he found the money too!"

"Damn the young viper! . . . No, I asks your pardon. Bless his tender heart, I s'pose I ought to say, seein' as how providential——"

"You can put it which way you like. I dessay God A'mighty has the right an' wrong of it clear: an' 'Bert an' I allowed we'd leave 'Biades to a Higher Power after we'd made him sensible, on the seat of his breeches, of the way his conduc' appealed to us. For I take shame to own it, Mr Nanjivell, but at sight o' that boundless gold Satan whispered in the poor mite's ear, an' he started priggin'. . . . The way we found it out was, he came home from Mrs Pengelly's stinkin' o' peppermints: an' when we nosed him an' asked how he came to be favoured so, all he could say on the ground hop was that he'd met a shinin' Angel unexpected in Cobb's Alley: an' the Angel had stopped him and

pulled out a purse an' said, 'Alciades Penhaligon, the Lord has been much interested of late in your goin's-out an' your comin's-in, an' what a good boy you've a-been. Here is 2d. for you in gold o' the purest water. Go thou an' carry it to Our good friend Missis Pengelly, who will doubtless reckonise and exchange it in peppermint cushiens.' Which was too thin. So we were forced to beat him till the truth came out. An' then he brought us here, an' showed what he'd a-found: an' with the furnitcher movin' an' mother so busy, 'Bert and I managed the rest. We weren't goin' to let that Amphlett snatch it. If you'll come around by Aun' Bunney's back-garden into Mother's kitchen you shall count it out, every penny."

"'Bert," said Nicky-Nan after a pause, "you've done a Kind Action this day, if you never do another."

"But the clivverness started with 'Biades," insisted 'Beida. "I hope you'll bear that in mind, though I say nothing against the child's sinfulness."

"You're the best friends, all three, I ever met in this world," said Nicky-Nan gratefully.

On his homeward way, and half-way up the hill, Mr Amphlett at this same moment turned, looked aloft, and accused Providence.

"What blisters me," said Mr Amphlett to the welkin, "is the thought that I subscribed no less than two guineas to the Boy Scouts Movement!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.—ENLIGHTENMENT, AND RECRUITING.

“Was there ever a woman on this earth so tried?” demanded Mrs Penhaligon, lifting her eyes to two hams and a flitch of bacon she had just suspended from the rafters, and invoking them as Cleopatra the injurious gods. “As if ’twasn’ enough to change the best kitchen in all Polpier for quarters where you can’t swing a cat, but on top of it I must be afflicted with a child that’s taken wi’ the indoors habit; and in the middle of August month, too, when every one as means to grow up a comfort to all concerned is out stretchin’ his legs an’ makin’ himself scarce an’ gettin’ a breath o’ nice fresh air into his little lungs.”

“What’s lungs?” asked ’Biades.

“There was a boy in the south of Ireland somewhere,” his mother answered, collecting a few wash-cloths she had hung to dry on the door of the cooking apparatus, “as took to his bed with nothing the matter at the age o’ fourteen. Next day, when his mother called him to get up, he said he didn’t feel like it. An’ this went on, day after day, until now he’s forty years old an’ the use of his limbs completely gone from him. That’s a fact, for I read it on the newspaper with names an’ dates, and only three nights ago I woke up dreamin’ upon that poor woman, workin’ her fingers to the bone an’ saddled with a bed-riding son. Little did

I think at the time——” Mrs Penhaligon broke off and sighed between desperation and absent-mindedness.

“I like this stove,” answered ’Biades. “It’s got a shiny knob on the door, ’stead of a latch.”

“How the child does take notice! . . . Yes, a nice shiny knob it is, and if you won’t come out to the back-yard an’ watch while I pin these things on the clothes-line, you must stay here an’ study your disobedient face in it. The fire’s out, so you can’t tumble in an’ be burnt to a coal like the wicked children in Nebuchadnezzar: which is a comfort, so far as it goes. Nor I can’t send you out to s’arch for your sister, wi’ the knowledge that it’ll surely end in her warmin’ your little sit-upon. . . . I’d do it myself, this moment,”—the mother grew wrathful only to relent,—“if I could be sure you weren’t sickenin’ for something. You’re behavin’ so unnatural.” She eyed him anxiously. “If it should turn out to be a case o’ suppressed measles, now, I’d hate to go to my grave wi’ the thought that I’d banged ’em in.”

So Mrs Penhaligon, having picked up her cloths, issued forth into the sunlight of the back-yard. ’Biades watched her through the narrow kitchen window. He watched her cunningly.

As soon as he saw her busy with the clothes-pegs, Master ’Biades crept to a small iron

door in the wall, a foot or two from the range, and stealthily lifted the latch. The door opened on a deep, old-fashioned oven, disused since the day when the late Mrs. Bunney (misguided woman) had blocked up her open hearth with a fire-new apparatus.

The child peered ("peeked" as they say in Polpier) into the long narrow chamber, so awesomely dark at its far end, and snatched a fearful joy. In that cavity lay the treasure—gold—untold gold!

He thrust his head into the aperture, and gloated. But it was so deep that even when his eyes became used to the darkness he could see nothing of the hoard. He wanted to gloat more.

Tingling premonitions ran down his small spine; thrills that, reaching the region of the lower vertebræ, developed an almost painful activity. . . . None the less, 'Biades could never tell just how or at what moment his shoulders, hips, legs, found themselves inside the oven; but in they successively went, and he was crawling forward into the pitch-gloom on hands and knees, regretting desperately (and too late) that he had forgotten to sneak a box of matches, when afar behind him he heard a sound that raised every hair on the nape of his young neck—the lifting of the back-door latch and the letting-in of voices.

"You never *did*," said the voice of 'Bert.

"Leave me to tell her," said the voice of 'Beida. "The way you're goin', she'll have the

palpitations afore you begin. . . . Mother, dear—if you'll but take a seat. Is't for the tenth or the twelfth time we'm tellin' 'ee that father's neither killed nor wounded?"

"Then what is it, on earth?" demanded the voice of Mrs Penhaligon. "An' why should Mr Nanjivell be followin' you, of all people? An' where's my blessed latest, that has been a handful ever since you two left me, well knowin' the straits I'm put to?"

"If I'm introodin', ma'am—" said the voice of Nicky-Nan.

"Oh, no . . . not at all, Mr Nanjivell!—so long as you realise how I'm situated. . . . An' whoever left that oven door open, I'll swear I didn't."

'Beida stepped swiftly to the oven, swung the door wide enough to allow a moment's glance within, and shut with a merciless clang.

She lifted her voice. "Mebbe," she announced, "'twas I that left it on the hasp before runnin' out. I was thinkin' what a nice oven 'twas, an' how much better if you wanted to make heavy-cake in a hurry, to celebrate our movin' in. 'Bert agreed with me when I told him," she continued, still lifting her voice, "and unbeknown to you we cut an' fetched in a furze-bush, there bein' nothin' to give such a savour to bread, cake, or pie. So if you're willin', Mother, we'll fire it up while Mr Nanjivell tells his business."

"What's *that*?" asked Mrs Penhaligon, sitting erect, as her ears caught the sound of a wail, muffled but prolonged.

'Beida set her back firmly against the oven. "Bread takes longer than cakes," she announced, making her voice carry. "Cakes is soonest over. We might try the old place first with a heavy cake, if Mr Nanjivell don't mind waitin' for a chat, an' will excuse the flavour whatever it turns out——"

"We're bewitched!" cried Mrs Penhaligon starting erect as the wailing was renewed, with a faint tunding on the iron door.

'Beida flung it open. "Which I hope it has been a lesson to you," she began, thrusting herself quickly in front of the aperture, and heading off the culprit before he could clamber out and run to his mother's lap. "No, you don't! The first thing *you* have to do, to show you're sorry, is to creep back all the way you can go, an' fetch forth what you can find at the very end."

"You won't shut the door on me again?" pleaded 'Biades.

"That depends on how slippy you look. I make no promises," answered 'Beida sternly. "'Twas you that first stole Mr Nanjivell's money, and if you ben't doin' it again, well, I can only say as appearances be against him—eh, 'Bert?"

"Fetch it out, you varmint!" 'Bert commanded.

"But I don't understand a word of this!" protested the mother. "My precious worm! What for be you two commandin' him to wriggle up an' down an oven on his tender little belly like a Satan in Genesis, when all the time I thought he'd taken hissself

off like a good boy, to run along an' play 'pon the Quay? . . . Come 'ee forth, my cherub, an' tell your mother what they've a-been doin' to 'ee? . . . Eh? Why, what's that you've a-got clinched in your hand?"

"Sufferin's," sobbed 'Biades, still shaken by an after-gust of fright.

"*What?*"

"Sufferin's!" echoed 'Beida excitedly. "Real coined an' golden sufferin's! Unclinch your hand, 'Biades, an' show the company!"

As the child opened his palm, Mrs Penhaligon fell back, and put out a hand against the kitchen table for support.

"The good Lord in Heaven behear us! . . . Whose money be this, an' where dropped from?"

"There piles of it——" panted 'Beida.

"Lashin's of it——" echoed 'Bert.

"An' it all belongs to Mr Nanjivell, that we used to call Nicky-Nan, an' wonder if we could get a pair o' father's old trousers on to him with a little tact—an' him all the while as rich as Squire Tresawna!"

"—Rich as Squire Tresawna an' holy Solomon rolled into one," corroborated 'Bert, nodding vigorously. "Pinch it 'tween your fingers, mother, if you won't believe."

But to her children's consternation, Mrs Penhaligon, after a swift glance at the gold, turned about on Nicky-Nan as he backed shamefacedly to the doorway, and

opened on him the vials of unintelligible fury.

"What d'ee mean by it?" she demanded. "As if I hadn' suffered enough in mind a'ready, but you must come pokin' money into my oven and atween me an' my children! Be you mad, or only wicked? Or is it witchcraft you'd be layin' on us? . . . Take up your gold, however you came by it, an' fetch your shadow off my doorstep, or I'll—" She advanced on poor Nicky-Nan, who backed out to the side gate and into the lane before her wrath, and found himself of a sudden taken on both flanks: on the one by Mrs Climoe, who had spied upon his visit and found her malicious curiosity too much for her; on the other by gentle old Mr Hambly returning from a stroll along the cliffs.

"Hullo! Tut—tut—what is this?" exclaimed Mr Hambly. "A neighbours' quarrel, and between folks I know to be so respectable? . . . Oh, come now—come, good souls!"

"A little nigher than neighbours, Minister," put in Mrs Climoe. "That is if you had eyes an' ears about 'ee."

Nicky-Nan swung about on her: but she rested a hand on either hip and was continuing. "'Naybours,' you said, sir? 'Naybours'? Him accused by public talk for a German spy—"

"Hush, Mrs Climoe! Of all the Commandments, ma'am, the one most in lack of observance hereabouts, to my observation, is that which for-

bids bearing false witness against a neighbour. To a charitable mind that includes hasty witness."

"There's another, unless I disremember," snapped Mrs Climoe, "that forbids 'ee to covet your naybour's wife."

While Mr Hambly sought for a gentle reproof for this, Mrs Penhaligon, pale of face, rested a hand against her gate-post, and said she very gently but in a white scorn—

"What is this talk of neighbours, quarrelin' or comfortin' or succourin' or bearin' witness? There be neighbours, an'"—she pointed a finger at Mrs Climoe—"there be livers-by. Now stroll along, the lot of 'ee, and annoy somebody else that lives unprotected!"

She said it so quietly and decisively, standing motionless, that Lippity-Libby, coming around the corner of the lane with paste-pot and brush, and with a roll of bills tucked in his armpit, mistook the group for a chance collection of cheerful gossips. He drew up, lowered his pail, and began in a business-like way to slap paste upon the upper flap of a loft-door across the way, chatting the while over his shoulder.

"Good evenin', neighbours! Now what (says you to yourselves) might I be carryin' here under my arm in the cool o' the day. Is it a Bye-Law? No, it is not a Bye-Law. Or is it a Tender? No, it is not a Tender. Or is it a Bankrup' Stook, or a Primrose Feet, or at the worst a Wesleyan Anniversary? Or peradventure is it a Circus . . . Sold

again! 'Tis a Recrutin' Meetin', an' for Saturday."

Having slapped on the paste, he unfolded a bill and eyed it critically.

"YOUR KING AND COUNTRY WANT YOU.—That's pretty good for Polpier, eh? Flatterin', one might almost say."

His cheerfulness held the group with their passions arrested. Nicky - Nan turned about and stared at the placard as Lippity - Libby smoothed it over the paste, whistling.

At that moment Un' Benny Rowett, hands in trouser-pockets, came dandering along. He too, taking the geniality of everyone for granted, halted, spread his legs wide, and conned the announcement.

"Oh!" said he after a pause, wheeling about. "Still harpin' on the Germans? Well, Mr Hambly, sir, I don't know how it strikes you, but I'm sick an' tired of them dismal blackguards."

"I can't bear it," said Mrs Steele, walking to and fro in her drawing-room. She ceased wringing her handkerchief, and came to a halt confronting the Vicar, who stood moodily leaning an arm on the mantel-shelf.

"I believe," he answered after a pause, "you would find it worse to bear in a month or so if I hadn't offered."

"Why didn't you consult me?"

"I wrote to the Bishop——"

"The 'Bishop!' Well . . . what did *he* advise?"

"Oh, of course he tempor-

ised . . . Yes, I know what you are going to say. My consulting him was a momentary throw-back of loyalty. The official Churches—Roman Catholic, Greek, Anglican, the so-called Free—are alike out of it in this business. Men in England, France, Russia—Germany and Austria, too—are up against something that really matters."

"What can matter comparable with the saving of a soul?"

"Losing it, sweetheart: or, better still, forgetting it—just seeing your job and sticking it out. It is a long, long way to Tipperary, every Tommy knows; and what (bless him!) he neither knows nor recks about is its being a short cut to Heaven."

"Robert, will you tell me that our Faith is going down in this horrible business?"

"Certainly not, my dear. But I seem to see that the Churches are going down. After all, every Church—even the Church Catholic—is a means to an end, not an end in itself. Where I've differed from four out of five of my clerical brethren (oh, drat the professional lingo!)—from the majority of the clergy hereabouts, is that while they look on the Church and its formularies as something even more sacred than the Cross itself, I have believed in it as the most effective instrument for teaching the Cross." Mr Steele pulled a wry mouth. "At this moment I seem to be the bigger fool. They *may* be right: the Church *may* be



worth a disinterested idolatry: but as a means to teach mankind the lesson of Christ it has rather patently failed to do its business. Men are not fools: or rather they *are* fools, but not fools enough in the long-run to pay for being taught to be foolish. They pay us ministers of religion, Agatha, a tidy lot of money, if you take all Europe over: and we are not delivering the goods. In their present frame of mind they will soon be discovering that, for any use we are, they had better have saved the cash and put it into heavy artillery."

"All we have lived, worked, hoped for in this parish—we two, almost alone——"

"And now," said the Vicar ruefully, "I am leaving you quite alone. Yes, you have a right to reproach me. . . . Old Pritchard, from St Martin's, will take the duty. His Vicar will be only too glad to get rid of him."

"Oh, don't let us talk of that silly old man!" said Mrs Steele impatiently. "And as for reproaches, Robert, I have only one for you—that you did this without consulting me."

"Yes, I know: but you see, Agatha——"

"No, I do not see." She faced him, her eyes swimming. "I might have argued a little—have cried a little. But why—oh, why, Robert?—did you deny me the pride to say in the end, 'Go, and God bless you'?"

held in the Council School-room, on Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. [Public meetings in Polpier are invariably fixed for Saturday, that being the one week - night when the boats keep home.] Schoolmaster Rounsell and his daughter (back from her holiday) had decorated the room, declining outside assistance. It was a rule of life with Schoolmaster Rounsell and his daughter to be very stiff against all outside assistance. They took the line that as State-employed teachers of the young,—that is to say, Civil Servants,—they deserved more social respect than Polpier habitually showed them. In this contention, to be sure, they were wholly right. Their mistake lay in supposing that in this dear land of ours prejudice can be removed by official decree, or otherwise than by the slow possession of patience, tact, and address. Mr Rounsell, however, was less stiff than usual, since the Vicar had asked him to second a vote of thanks at the end of the meeting. He and his daughter spent a great part of the afternoon in arranging the platform and decorating the back wall with a Union Jack, two or three strings of cardpaper-flags that had not seen the light since Coronation Day, and a wall-map of Europe with a legend below it in white calico letters upon red Turkey twill,—“DO GOOD AND FEAR NOT.” It had served to decorate many occasions and was as appropriate to this as to any of them.

By 6.45 the room was crowded with an audience numbering two hundred and more. They sat very quietly in the odour of the evil-smelling oil lamps, expectant of oratory. For Squire Tresawna (who pleaded an attack of gout as an excuse for not attending) had not only assured the committee of his personal sympathy, but at his own cost had engaged a speaker recommended by a political association (now turned non-political) in London. There was promise of oratory, and every Cornish audience loves oratory.

In the Squire's absence Farmer Best took the chair. Punctually at seven o'clock he mounted the platform, followed by the orator from London (a florid gentleman in a frock-coat and dingy white waistcoat), the Vicar, Mr Hambly, Mr Amphlett, Dr Mant, and Mr Rounsell. As they entered, Miss Rounsell, seated at the piano at the far end of the platform, struck the opening chords of "God Save the King." It seemed to take the audience by surprise: but they shuffled to their feet and, after a few bars, sang the anthem very creditably.

When they had settled themselves, Farmer Best opened the meeting.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Naybours all," he said,—“I don't suppose these here proceedin's will conlude much afore ten o'clock: after which it'll take me the best part of an hour to get home; an' what with one thing and another I

doubt it'll be far short o' midnight afore my missus gets me to bed. Whereby, knowin' my habits, you'll see that I reckon this to be summat more than an ord'nary occasion: the reason bein', as you know, that pretty well the hull of Europe's in a state o' War: which, when such a thing happens, it behoves us. I'll say no more than that, as Britons, it behoves us. It was once said by a competent observer that Britons never, never—if Miss Rounsell will oblige?"

This was a rehearsed effect. Miss Rounsell, taking her cue, struck the key-board, and as Miss Charity Oliver (in the front row) testified next morning, "the effect was electric." All sprang to their feet and sang the chorus of *Rule, Britannia!* till the windows shook.

"Think 'ee, friends," continued Farmer Best, as the tumult and the singers subsided. "There's no more to say but that most of 'ee's heard tell, in one way or another at some time of his life, of Army-geddon. Well, this here's of it; an' if you ask my opinion o' that fellow they call the Kaiser, I say I wouldn' sleep in his bed for a million o' money. And with these few remarks I will no longer stand between 'ee and Mr Boulton, who is a speaker all the way from London, an' will no doubt give us a Treat an' persuade many of our young friends in front to join up."

Mr Boulton arose amid violent applause. He pulled the lapels of his frock-coat together.

He spoke, and from the first moment it was clear that he held at command all the tricks of the hired orator. He opened with an anecdote from the life of President Garfield, and a sentimental application that made the Vicar wince. He went on to point out, not unimpressively, that Armageddon ("as you, sir, have so aptly and so strikingly termed it") had actually broken upon the world. Farmer Best, flattered by this acknowledgment of copyright in the word, smiled paternally.

"It has burst like a thunderstorm upon the fields of Belgium; but the deluge it discharges is a deluge of blood intermingled with human tears. And where, my friends, is Belgium? How far distant lie these trodden and wasted fields, these smoking villages, these harvests where men's bodies crush the corn and their blood pollutes the corn they planted to sustain it? Listen: those fields lie nearer London than does your little village: men are dying—yes, and women and little children are being massacred—far nearer London than you are peacefully sitting at this moment."

"Come!" thought the Vicar, "this fellow is talking sense after all, and talking it rather well." Mr Rounsell stood up and pointed out the positions of Liège and Polpier on the wall-map, and their relative distances from London.

A moment later the Vicar frowned again as Mr Boulton launched into a violent—and as it turned out, a lengthily invective against the German

Emperor; with the foulness of whose character and designs he had, it seemed, been intimately acquainted for a number of years. "Who made the War?" "Who had been planning it and spying for the opportunity to gratify his unbridled lust of power?" "Who would stand arraigned for it before the awful tribunal of God?" &c. The answer was "the Kaiser," "the Kaiser," "the Kaiser Wilhelm"—Mr Boulton pronounced the name in German and threw scorn into it.

—"Which," mused the Vicar, "is an argument *ad invidiam*; and when one comes to think of it, rather a funny one. The man is still talking sense, though: only I wish he'd talk it differently."

Then for a quarter of an hour Mr Boulton traced the genesis of the War, with some ability but in special-pleader style and without a particle of fairness. He went on to say that he, personally, was not in favour of Conscription. [As a matter of fact he had spoken both for and against Compulsory Service on many public platforms.] He believed in the Voluntary Principle: and looking on the many young men gathered in the body of the hall, and more particularly at the back ["excellent material" he called them, too], he felt convinced there would be no hanging back that night; but tomorrow, or, rather, Monday, when he returned to London, he would be able to report that the heart of Polpier was sound and fired with a resolve

to serve our common country. Mr Boulton proceeded to make the Vicar writhe in his seat by a jocular appeal to "the young ladies in the audience" not to walk-out with any young man until he had clothed himself in khaki. He wound up with one of his most effective perorations, boldly enlisting John Bright and the Angel of Death; and sat down amid tumultuous applause. It takes all sorts to make a world, and this kind of speech.

Farmer Best called upon the Vicar.

"I wish," said Mr Steele, "to add just a word or two to emphasise one particular point in Mr Boulton's speech; or, rather, to put it in a somewhat different light. And I shall be brief, lest I spoil the general effect on your minds of his very powerful appeal.

"I address myself to the women in this room. . . . With *you* the last word lies, as it rightly should. It is to *you* that husband, son, brother, wooer, will turn for the deciding voice to say, 'Go, help to save England—and may God prosper and guard you'; because it is your heart that makes the sacrifice, as it is your image the man will carry away with him; because the England he goes to defend shapes itself in his mind as 'home,' as the one most sacred spot, though it be but a cottage, in which his imagination or his memory installs you as queen; in which your presence reigns, or is to reign.

"Do you realise your

strength, O you women? . . . The age of chivalry is not dead. Nothing so noble that has once so nobly taken hold of men's minds can ever die, though the form of it may change. Now the doctrine of chivalry was this, for the Man and the Woman—

"For the Man, that every true soldier went forth as a knight:

'And no quarrell a knight he ought to take

But for a Truth or for a Woman's sake.'

And our soldiers to-day fight for both: for the truth that Right is better than Might, and for the sake of every woman who reigns or shall reign in an English home; that not only shall she be safeguarded from the satyr and the violator, but that she shall be secured in every inch of dignity she has known in our days; as queen at the hearth where her children obey her, and in her doorway to which the merchants of all the earth bring their wares.

"For the Woman, chivalry taught that she, who cannot herself fight, is always the Queen of Tournay, the president of the quarrel, the arbitress between the righteous and the unrighteous cause, the dispenser of reward to him who fights the good fight. . . . So, and as each one of you is the braver to speak the word—'Go, though it break my heart: and God bring you safely home to me!'—she shall with the heavenlier right tender her true soldier his crown when he returns and kneels for a blessing on his victory."

When the speeches were ended and Farmer Best arose to invite intending recruits to step up to the platform, Mr Boulton had an unhappy inspiration. "If you'll excuse me, Mr Chairman," he suggested, "there's a way that I tried this day week in Holloway with great effect. . . . I take out my watch an' count ten, very slowly, giving the young men the chance who shall rush up before the counting is over. It acted famously at Holloway."

"Oh, very well," said Farmer Best doubtfully, taken off his guard. "The gen'leman from London," he announced, "will count ten slowly, an' we're to watch out what happens. He says it acted very well at Holloway last week."

On the instant, as Mr Boulton drew out his watch, the audience hushed itself, as for a conjuring séance. Mr Hambly passed a hand over his brow, and sighed.

"One — two — three —" counted Mr Boulton, and a mortuary silence descended on all.

"— four — five — six — seven —"

"Pray on, brother Boulton! 'Tis workin', 'tis workin'," squeaked up a mock-religious voice from the back.

Some one tittered audibly, and the strain broke in a general shout of laughter. Old men, up to now profoundly serious, lay back and held their sides. Old women leaned forward and searched for their handkerchiefs, their bonnets nodding. Mr Boulton pocketed

his watch, and under his breath used ferocious language.

"I don't wonder!" said Farmer Best with a forced attempt at sympathy. Then he, too, broke down and cast himself back in his chair haw-hawing.

There was a sudden stir in the crowd at the back, and young Obed Pearoe came thrusting his way through the press.

"Well—I don't care who laughs, but I'm *one!*" growled young Obed, half defiantly, half sullenly, and tossed his cap on to the platform like a challenger in a wrestling ring.

"And I'm another!" announced the clear quiet voice of Seth Minards, thrilling the room as the hush fell.

"Aw, 'tis Seth!" "Seth's a beautiful speaker once he gets goin'." "But what's the meanin'?" "Seth, of all the boys!" "Let Seth speak!"

"Ha! What did I promise you?" proclaimed Mr Boulton triumphantly, reaching down a hand. "Here, clamber up to the platform, my lad, and give 'em a talk. . . . You can talk, they're saying. Strike while the iron's hot."

Seth took his hand and vaulted to the platform; but dropped it on the instant and turned to the meeting. "I come here, friends," he announced, "because Mr Obed's offered himself, an' I don't see no way but I must go too. . . . That's it: I don't agree wi' the ha'af that's been said to-night, but I don't see no other

way. We've got to go, because—" his voice sank here, as though he were communing with himself: it could scarcely be heard, "—because—" he swung about upon the elders on the platform and swept them with an accusing finger. "We've got to go because *you've* brought this thing about, or have let it come about! It don't matter to *me*, much. . . . But we've to wipe up the mess: an' if the young men must go an' wipe it up, an' if for them there's never to be bride-ale nor children, 'tis your doin' an' the doin' o' your generation all over Europe. A pretty tale, too, when up to a fortni't ago your talk was o' peace an' righteousness! . . . Forgi'e me, Mr Best . . . I'll fight well enough, maybe, when it comes to't. But *why* were we brought up one way, to be tortured turnin' our conscience to another?"

There were no other recruits. "A great disappointment," said Mr Boulton. "That earnest young fool spoilt it all."

"He made the best speech of the evening," answered the Vicar.

"Well, anyway he's enlisted. He'll find the Army a fine discipline for the tongue."

"Indeed," said the Vicar viciously. "I did not know that you had experience of the Service."

As Seth Minards thrust his way out of the insufferably stuffy room, in the porchway he felt a hand laid on his shoulder; and, turning about, recognised Nicky-Nan by the dim starlight.

"God bless 'ee, my son!" said Nicky heartily, to his utter surprise. "I can't stay to talk now, havin' to force my way in an' catch Dr Mant. But maybe we'll both be seein' this War from to-morrow; an' maybe we'll meet in it, or maybe we will not. But you've let in light 'pon an older skull than your own; an' I thank 'ee, an' I'll pray th' Almighty every night on my knees that you may fight well an' be preserved through it all, to come home an' testify."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—THE FIRST THREE.

Mr Amphlett had breakfasted, and had gone upstairs to put on his frock-coat and array himself for Divine service.

The servant girl announced Mr Nanjivell.

"Sorry to trouble 'ee, sir, and upon such a day," said Nicky-Nan, drawing up his

sound leg to "attention" as his enemy entered the parlour: "but my business won't wait. I saw Doctor Mant after the meetin' last night, an' this mornin' I was up early an' had a talk wi' the Minister—wi' Mr Hambly. The upshot is, that time presses."

"I do not usually discuss

business on the Sabbath," said Mr Amphlett stiffly.

"O' course not. Who would?" Nicky-Nan agreed. "But the upshot is that you an' me havin' been not what you might call friends——"

"I am due at Divine service in less than an hour. State your business," commanded Mr Amphlett.

"And I am due away, sir, in about that time. Will you look at this paper?" Nicky-Nan laid on the table a half-sheet of notepaper scribbled over with figures in pencil. "Look over that, if you please; or put it off till you come back from Chapel, if you will: but by that time I shall be gone. You'll find my address in Plymouth at the foot."

"If you'd kindly explain ——"

"Mrs Penhaligon has the money. I've spoke to Doctor Mant: who says I can be put right, an' the operation, with board and lodging, will be covered by ten pound. I've taken ten pound, as accounted for on the paper."

Mr Amphlett picked up the paper, and felt for his pincez.

"Still I don't understand."

"No, you wouldn't. I'm trustin' 'ee—that's what it comes to. I've had a talk with Mr Hambly besides; and he and Doctor Mant 'll look after my interests. . . . You see, I *did* find a hoard o' money in the Old Doctor's house, an' stuck to it, not knowin' the law. On the paper, too, you'll see what I've used of it—every penny accounted for. Mr

Hambly says that anyway the law gives me a share far beyond anything I've used. So I leave it atween 'ee, to see fair play for me if ever I come back. If I don't, I've left it to the Penhaligon children; an' Mr Hambly an' Doctor Mant 'll see fair play for them. . . . But you understand, sir"—Nicky-Nan dived into his left trouser-pocket and showed a palmful of coins, "I've taken ten pound, for the operation an' sundries."

Mr Amphlett studied the paper for a moment.

"But, my good man—since you say that you have taken Mr Hambly into your confidence ——"

"Well, sir?"

"Oh, well—you will be back, doubtless, in a few days' time; and then we can talk. This—this is very—er—honest of you."

"It may be. As for bein' back in a few days' time, if the War should be over in a few days' time you may expect me. I hope it won't. God forgive me for sayin' so, but I'll be more comfortable there. . . . Ay, d'ee hear me, Mr Amphlett? More *comfortable* than here amidst women's tongues an' clerklly men's devices, an', what's worst, even the set-up whisperin' o' children. God forgive 'em an' forgive *you*! I'm a Polpier man, an' the last o' my stock; but I'll come back, if at all, to finish in Polpier with credit."

"This represents a considerable sum of money," said Mr Amphlett, conning the paper, and with a note, which he

could not suppress, of elation in his voice.

"Ay; does it not?" said Nicky-Nan scornfully. "Well, I leave 'ee at home, to prove how honest you can contrive to be with it. D'ee see? . . . There's boys, like your nephew, young Obed Pearce, as goes to fight for their conscience; an' there's boys, like young Seth Minards, as goes to fight despite their conscience; but for me, that am growin' elderly, I go, maybe with a touch o' the old country, in contempt o' my kind."

Mr Amphlett had seated himself at the table, and with his golden pencil-holder was at work on the paper making calculations. Nicky-Nan, going out, turned in the doorway and lifted his hand to the old remembered naval salute.

A couple of hours later, having given them a two-

miles' lift on the way, Nicky-Nan at the cross-roads dropped young Seth and young Obed to take their way to the inland barracks. He was for the coast-road, with the hospital and the operating-theatre at the end of it. If Heaven willed, he might eventually be of some service on the heave of the sea, as they in their youth and their strength assuredly would be in the land campaign.

As his hired trap jolted on, at a twist of the road before it bore straight-eastwardly, he caught sight of their diminishing figures side by side and already a goodish way off on a rise of the inland road. It did not occur to them to turn on the chance of sighting him and waving a hand. The two were comrades already, sharing talk, on this their first stage towards the battlefields of Flanders.

FINIS.

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## ACROSS ASIA MINOR ON FOOT.—V.

BY W. J. C.

RAIN began to fall while we breakfasted at Missis Khan the following morning, and there was every promise of a bad day. Had I been alone I should not have thought of leaving these pleasant quarters under such conditions, for I had learnt to regard delay by storm as a time of rest, nor had I ever found the hours pass slowly. But the Consul had to complete his mission and return to Adana by a certain day, and so was for setting out in any weather.

Our path took us up the left bank of the Jihun for several miles, to the new railway bridge. Yesterday we had been gay, irresponsible travellers in a land of sunshine and blue hills, of spring flowers, and ancient ruins and memories. To-day, under the compulsion of official duty, we scrambled and slid, in heavy rain that wet us to the skin, along a clayey bank to count the unfinished spans of a steel bridge. I thought the dignity of travelling with a Consular *kavass* was not without its drawbacks.

Mustapha had now been instructed by Ibrahim, and no longer went breathless on foot like a man driven; he rode perched on the mound of baggage upon his horse, and sheltered himself under an umbrella and looked, in the

blur of rain, as if mounted on a camel. But the two servants had qualms on the score of unwarranted advantage, and again and again offered to exchange places with their masters.

Just before we reached the bridge a sluggish stream lay across the path. It was ten or twelve feet wide, muddy water between muddy banks, with a boulder or two half-way; and Mustapha, not liking appearances, crossed higher up; Ibrahim, however, as a more capable and resolute man, went straight ahead. His horse stopped after entering the water, wary as to the bottom in front.

"Go round," cried the Consul, now looking on from the farther bank. But assuming the style of an expert in such matters, Ibrahim spurred the horse forward; and the beast responding with a start, plunged into a deep hole. The rider's face, as he pitched off sideways, was that of one suddenly overtaken by the extremity of humiliation. He soon scrambled out, but the horse remained fast, a fore-hoof jammed between sunken boulders, head and hindquarters above water, shoulders and saddle-bags submerged. In its struggles to get free the animal merely churned up blue ooze, and looked like fracturing its legs.

With Mustapha's aid, given with a lurking grin, the saddlebags were removed and the horse extricated, and then Ibrahim attended to the baggage. As he turned out the various articles, he uttered disarming cries of sorrow at their state. White napery, sheets, blankets, articles of clothing, all were soaked in blue mud. As they came from the bags he carefully spread them on a bush and covered them with his tunic against the drenching rain. What I saw was a man who had spoilt his master's kit through folly; what the Consul saw, however, was something else. He lost sight of the fault in the servant's present solicitude, and murmured "Splendid!" continuously. Presently a doubtful article came to light as Ibrahim rummaged. It looked like a sodden pair of purple socks as, with another little cry of anguish, he thrust it reverently inside his shirt.

"What is that?" asked the Consul with fresh satisfaction in his servant. Ibrahim drew the article out again, holding it up now for inspection. The Consul looked at it curiously, and so did I; then I looked more curiously at the Consul's face. For the sodden purple thing was the Oxford Book of English Verse which went with the Consul everywhere; in which he read o' nights; from which he quoted hourly upon the road, finding apposite lines for everything we saw. Its delicate leaves were adhering like wet cigarette papers; and I expected trouble for Ibrahim

at last. But no; the Consul's admiration soared instead to greater heights. Turning to me as if for my instant concurrence, he exclaimed heartily, "What a splendid person!" and seemed to find my answering laughter something that needed explanation.

During the afternoon the rain ceased, the clouds lifted a little, and in the north appeared a long bank of trees with white minarets standing above them against a black sky. It was our first view of Yarzuat, or Hamidieh, as latterly it had been named in honour of Abdul Hamid. Now Ibrahim cantered away again upon his recurring duty of courier, and we, across ploughed fields of deep black loam, took the shortest line to the town.

Hamidieh stands on the Jihun, and is a village town of several thousand souls, chiefly Moslems of the more fanatical sort. They had already shown the kind of spirit that was in them by the change of name; they displayed it to the full during the Cilician massacres. To fanaticism they added method more cold-blooded than was found elsewhere. After killing all Armenians upon whom they could lay hands, they checked the slain by the roll of rate-payers, and hunted the missing with dogs in the tall green wheat that surrounded the town. In such a place one would scarcely have expected to find Armenians living again, at least not so soon. But here, three years later, Moslem and Armenian were jostling each

other in the street, Armenian shops were open, and the massacre seemed to have become a vague memory. The gust of fanaticism over, one race dropped its active hostility, and the other hastened to make the most of a period of tolerance. The Armenians had forgotten nothing; so much more was added to the long tale of oppression; but others of the race had come to the old haunts of the fallen and filled the interstices left in Moslem life. For they were in Asia Minor before the Turk—from the time of the Ark their legends say—and cling to the land as the original population.

We had hoped to go on to Osmanieh the next day, but during the night rain again began. In the morning it was so heavy that the Consul, bearing in mind his experience of the previous day, was against setting out. He wrote up his report, slept, read in his book of verse, having carefully dried it overnight, and then passed on to speculations upon the authorship of the anonymous verses which conclude the volume. In this fashion he managed to get through the day tolerably well.

But when the next morning came and the rain was even heavier, the Consul began to fume. He paced the balcony restlessly, looking now at the sky, now at the swollen Jihun. Occasionally he professed to see mountains, finding in the glimpses proof that the weather was clearing. During these paces he encountered a

white-bearded Moslem, storm-bound like ourselves. The old man had scarcely moved for an hour, content to smoke placidly in the shelter of the balcony and watch the pouring rain. Now and then he smiled gravely to himself. To this untroubled figure the Consul presently made complaint of the weather and consequent delay.

"My brother," replied the old Moslem, "what matters waiting one day or seven if the heart is at ease?" It was a question that, in his present mood, altogether took the Consul aback.

The same afternoon while I was on the balcony a man appeared crossing the khanyard. He walked with dignity and indifference to the rain, as one conscious of importance and that he was being watched. He wore a red fez and long black buttoned-up coat, into the pockets of which his hands were thrust. On his feet were heavy shoes that could be slipped off and on like clogs. He climbed the steps, and as he drew near scrutinised me closely, and asked if I was the English Consul. His manner was exceedingly deliberate and consequential when I said I was not, and asked what he wanted. He replied that he had come to draw a tooth for the Consul, and with professional pride swung one hand out of his pocket and displayed an instrument that I eyed with due respect, though scarcely able to refrain from laughter. It was a pair of dental forceps, a foot long, heavy, rusty, dirty;

with a similar instrument I had once seen a native horse-doctor wrench a tooth out of a horse's jaw. I had heard of no proposal to call in a dentist; as a matter of fact my friend was lustily singing "Widdicombe Fair" at this moment, and making the khan re-echo with the doings of "Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all"; so I told the dentist he had made a mistake. But he was certain he had been sent for to draw the Consul's tooth; and to come through the rain on such a rare mission only to find himself the victim of a mistake was more disappointment than he could express. And then I remembered that Ibrahim had complained of toothache. He was called, and at the sight of his swollen face the dentist's eyes gleamed, though there was still regret that the Consul was not the sufferer. Quite a group of spectators watched the operation. Ibrahim was placed on a low stool on the balcony; the dentist spent some time in making sure of the right tooth; this settled, he struck an attitude, holding himself a little way from the patient. Suddenly he flourished his instrument, executed a sort of rush upon Ibrahim's mouth, and before I thought he had got a hold flung the tooth on the floor. If the instrument might have been better, there was nothing wanting in expertness and strength on the part of the operator.

After two days' delay a morning came without rain. The clouds lifted a little, the Consul

undeniably saw mountains, and the sight was his warrant for starting. What the going might be like he cared nothing; he would wade in mud if necessary. Report spoke of a metalled road to which five or six hours' travelling would bring us, and the Consul's imagination leapt over the intervening difficulties and fixed itself upon the *chaussée* as a point soon to be reached. The town of Osmanieh was our destination, some thirty miles away by air-line—but a quite uncertain distance terrestrially.

One may be familiar enough with tramping through mud, yet on each morning of facing it afresh there is a curious shyness. You are hopeful that beyond the immediate mire there is better going: that with a little patience and judicious picking of the way you will escape lightly. So you do not at the outset go straight; you turn aside, wander in fields, and spend much time and energy seeking a cleaner path. Turkish roads are seldom enclosed; the traffic continually seeks a fresh surface, and you sometimes find a width of several hundred yards cut up by wheels and hoofs. This was the state of the ground here, and the retentive clay soil was flooded; even grass that looked promising at a distance became mere tufts standing in water on getting up to it. In a little while the Consul and I were far apart, each hallooing and shouting to the other that his was the better way. We zigzagged, we went at right angles to our

proper course, we turned back, moved in circles, were stopped by hidden ditches too wide to be jumped, and the extremities of which had to be gone round. It was some time before we nerved ourselves to going as straight ahead as might be. Meanwhile Ibrahim and Mustapha came on behind, with an incessant sound like popping corks as the horses withdrew their hoofs from the mud. As the day wore on we became more and more doubtful of the metalled *chaussée*. We had travelled seven hours without seeing it, and now it figured as a legendary thing that never had actual existence. But somewhere about four o'clock we reached a clean sandy path that went through a ragged cane-brake. And then, indeed, came the metalled road, and we entered it, believing that now we should soon reach Osmanieh and a comfortable khan. A glance at the map would have told us differently, for we were only abreast of Toprak Kale, but in our present state of hopefulness the map seemed unnecessary.

Toprak Kale is a castle that stands in a curious gap in the hills. Through this gap, at its narrowest point only a hundred yards in width between the cliffs, is the way down to the Mediterranean and the battlefield of Issus. Alexander's army, coming from the west, had turned through the gap to reach a pass across the Amanus Mountains, forty miles to the south. Meanwhile the Persians, marching from

the east, had crossed the same mountains by the pass that enters the Cilician plain above Osmanieh. On reaching the gap they were in Alexander's rear. Following him they arrived at the plain of Issus, and there, in the narrow space between the mountains and sea, encountered the Macedonians hurrying back to meet them on the news of their whereabouts. Travel over the ground, and the marchings and countermarchings of these armies of long ago seem to have happened only yesterday.

Osmanieh proved to be an elusive place, for after eleven hours of severe tramping, a day harder than any other of the journey, darkness came on before the town was in sight. But at last the path entered orchards, and now we thought of reaching the khan in a few minutes. That, however, turned out to be a vain idea. With a sudden cry Mustapha slipped from his horse and ran off in an extremity of haste by the way we had come. With his wide loose breeches and bent body, he made a strange black circular figure for a second or two against the white road, and then was lost in the gloom. It was only after he disappeared that I recognised he had oried "shapka" (the hat), and looking at the horse, discovered that my straw hat, which had hung among the baggage all day, was missing.

"What does your man mean by going off in that fashion?" demanded the Consul, speaking like one with a serious

grievance. I explained what had happened.

"Ibrahim," he said, "would not have lost the hat; and if he had, would not go off like a fool. What do you propose to do?"

I proposed to wait.

"Now," exclaimed the Consul, groaning, "I shall become rigid with cramp. It will be necessary to carry me into Osmanieh." Little wonder that he found the day's journey severe. It would have tried the hardest, yet he had light-heartedly kept on, and but for this delay would have finished without sign of fatigue. His cramp ceased while we waited; ten minutes passed, twenty, thirty, and there was no sign of Mustapha.

"This is absolutely the last straw?" said the Consul, as his cramp returned. But then a far-off voice came out of the darkness, crying: "Where is the English Consul?" It came from a man sent back by Ibrahim to conduct us to the khan, and the Consul's spirits revived. "There are no limits to Ibrahim's common-sense," he remarked, as he went off with the guide. I waited some forty minutes longer. Then the same messenger returned; and Mustapha not appearing I went to the khan.

To provide for the numerous Germans and other foreigners engaged in railway construction near Osmanieh, the khan had turned itself into an "hotel." It supplied bedding and meals; the beds and windows were curtained, and a coloured print of Dorando, of

Olympic fame, was on the wall. On entering I did not see the Consul, and asked where he was. For answer Ibrahim drew aside the curtain and showed my friend stretched on the bed asleep, his head wrapped in a towel in Oriental fashion. I gathered that Ibrahim took credit to himself that the Consul slept. For he recommended me to do the same before eating, and offered to wrap my head; and, further, as one upon whom the shadow of his lord had sometimes fallen, he proposed to do so much as wash my feet. But because I declined his advice and help, he regarded me thereafter as a graceless person, and never offered any services again.

Owing to the number of people who were dining at the hotel, we had to wait till nine o'clock for a relay dinner. Just as we went down to the room Mustapha arrived. He had run back after the hat for an hour, fearing a deduction from his pay for the loss, had found it by some miracle, and now, though tired and perspiring, was a thankful man.

Nestling under bold wooded mountains at the edge of the plain, Osmanieh looked a pleasant place in the sunlight of a spring morning. Its recent history, however, was not at all in keeping with its bright and peaceful appearance. "In this town," said Ibrahim to his master, "there have been many events." He used the word "events" advisedly, for in Asia Minor it is a matter involving imprisonment to speak of "massacre" openly. But adopt

the euphemism "vukuart" (events) and you may say what you like. During the time of the Cilician massacres chance provided the Moslems of Osmanieh with an opportunity to go one better than the people of Hamidieh. A number of Armenians, including many pastors of the Protestant Church, were on their way to a convention at Adana. Including men, women, and children, they exceeded two hundred, and being so numerous their Osmanieh friends housed them for the night in the local church. Early the next morning the Moslems set out to make sure of this party. An Armenian who had got wind of the plot ran to warn those in the church, but a rifle-shot dropped him in the street before he had gone far, and the mob arrived while the Armenians were preparing breakfast. The few who endeavoured to leave the building were shot or knocked on the head; the others barricaded the doors, and sat down, their backs to the walls, to await the end. The mob fired the building, and all within perished.

From Osmanieh to Baghche was another long stage, but one altogether pleasant. For much of the way the road went up the valley of the Baghche river, climbing steadily among broken wooded mountains whose summits carried snow. Like the Cilician defile through the Taurus, this pass traversed what had been a border land and the scene of much fighting between Arab and Christian. One castle

especially conveyed the very spirit of wild days. It was built on a mass of grey rock rising from waving woods that spread around it for miles, and showed no sign of ruin. It was said to have been the stronghold of a *dere bey*, or valley lord, within the last seventy years. For some little distance we travelled on a Roman way, still in better condition and with a better surface than any other portion of the road to Baghche.

It was nearly eight o'clock before we reached the khān at Baghche, another that had been turned into an hotel. For the time being this village was the headquarters of the German engineers, as well as of the construction staff, for a section of the railway that included the great tunnel being bored under the Amanus Mountains. At Baghche, too, was stationed the German diplomatic official whose presence had excited the Consul's curiosity. The reasonable way for us to reach Baghche would have been by construction-train from Adana to Osmanieh, and thence by horse. Traveling so our movements would have been known from the moment of starting. As it was, we arrived without a hint of our coming leaking out; and the first information that the German official had of us was the Consul's note announcing his arrival, delivered by Ibrahim soon after we reached the hotel.

The official's position soon came out. He was described as "Delegate of the German

Embassy at Constantinople." Just what he feared the Consul would learn at Baghche there was no guessing, though his dread was obvious. Official calls over his hospitality hardly allowed us out of his sight. His quarters were not large enough to permit him to put us up; so each morning at seven his *kavass* would come to the hotel with an invitation for us to breakfast. It resulted in our passing each day with him. Between meals he showed us station-buildings, railway earthworks, and such-like immaterial things; and gave figures as to the progress of the great tunnel. One morning there was some kind of proposal made to visit the tunnel. "Would you really like to see it?" the Delegate asked. We set out to go there, but before long found ourselves adroitly switched off to something else, and in the end never got near the tunnel. Equally singular was it that although there was a large staff of German engineers in the village, we saw none of them. We were, in fact, hospitably segregated, and shown and told only so much as was thought proper.

Bad weather detained me in Baghche for three days after the Consul returned to Adana. During this time the Delegate's hospitality was as generous as before; but with the Consul out of the way he seemed to breathe more freely. His manner became easier; he spoke more openly; there were glimpses of the intentions and hopes underlying the Bagdad

railway adventure. To my comment on the solid construction of everything, the heavy steel sleepers, the weighty rails, the Delegate said—

"Of course. It will be one of the great railways of the world. The rails weigh 120 English pounds to the yard,—heavier than on any other railway. The reason is that we shall run very fast and heavy trains. The traffic will be enormous."

"Who are 'we'?" I asked, laughing.

"The line will be part of the Ottoman State Railways," he replied easily. "It will be worked by the State, of course."

In a number of ways the Delegate was an interesting man. He spoke at least six languages; had been stationed in Egypt, in India; had ridden over the Russian Mohammedan provinces in Central Asia. Now when duty fixed him in a tumble-down village of Asia Minor he was heart and soul in his work. What that was he explained at some length. There had been trouble between the German Staff and Turks in this district. The acquisition of land for the railway had been opposed. In a quarrel between a German official and a Turkish landowner the German had shot in self-defence and killed the Turk. The incident at one time promised to be serious, for Moslem feelings were embittered, and work upon the railway was delayed.



"I am here," he went on, "to give firmness and support to our engineers and the construction staff." His words bore out what I had heard in Adana,—that the affair to which he referred had become so threatening in its results, that the whole German staff had hastily left Baghche, some even going on to the port of Mersina as the safest place for them.

For his chief, von Bieberstein, the German Ambassador at Constantinople, the Delegate claimed the inception and adoption of the railway scheme. It was the Ambassador's fondest dream. The project was an old one, the Delegate said; but von Bieberstein had vivified it, and made it appeal to the imagination of the German people. He had done this by linking the two words Constantinople-Bagdad as the name for the railway; a small thing, but an inspiration of genius for its purpose. Not only had the name fired German imagination, but Ottoman as well. "No great project," the Delegate remarked, "ever owed so much to its name."

Very striking it was to see how his share in the work of forwarding this political scheme absorbed the Delegate's whole energies and thoughts. No partner ever took a more personal interest in a business. One could understand a man in the Delegate's position doing his duty precisely, even something more than his duty; but for him it was more than duty—he had much of a visionary's enthusiasm. Every waking

moment seemed to be devoted to the service he was engaged upon. All day long, from early morning till late at night, came messages and telegrams, couriers with bags of mails, callers of all sorts. I wondered, as I sat smoking in his room and watched these activities, how so much could arise. Apparently the Delegate kept himself posted with doings over a wide area. When the Consul left to go back to Adana the Delegate had arranged for him to spend the night in German quarters at Osmanieh. The morning afterwards, while we were breakfasting, the Delegate remarked: "The Consul did not go to our quarters at Osmanieh. It is very strange." When I asked how he knew, he said he had just received a telegram. The matter seemed to worry him, as if a prowling rival had again slipped out of sight. From this trifle he had to pass to affairs at Aleppo, and on the Euphrates, and to write instant letters for waiting messengers.

"Sometimes I think it necessary," he remarked, "to go into other districts. Then I telegraph to the Ambassador. The Ambassador replies 'I approve.' I set off in the morning on horseback with Ibrahim Chowshe. By evening I am in Aleppo, the next day on the Euphrates. In five days I ride two hundred and fifty miles."

He was short and puffy, no great horseman to the eye, but his boiling energy certainly made all things possible. For his country's interests it would have been hard to find a better

official. When not answering despatches and telegrams, and radiating over some 50,000 square miles of country, he had to win native goodwill. In this, I surmised, he and his countrymen always found difficulty. The Turk is, in many ways, the easiest man in the world to get on with. Treat him justly and courteously, avoid running foul of his religion, and remember that he has the traditions of a warlike race, and he will do almost anything for you. But brow-beating and cast-iron official methods he does not accept mildly. He becomes obstinate, and has a long memory for scores that he thinks should be settled. The attitude of the natives to the Germans at Baghohe told of lively hostility. Not a German official went out except accompanied by an armed Circassian *kavass*, and even the Delegate never stirred without the giant Ibrahim Chowshe dogging his footsteps.

Handicapped by the arrogance and rigid official ways of his colleagues, the Delegate evidently found every artifice necessary. The first time I entered his cottage there were three or four young children playing on the floor with new German toys. They were the children of a local Turkish official; the toys gifts from the German Empire. One afternoon the Delegate proposed that we should go for a walk. With Ibrahim Chowshe in front we climbed up into a mountain glen, following a sort of goat-track beside a

stream. At a turn in the path we came upon a little Turkish maid of seven or eight, who, at the sudden appearance of three strange men, began a pitiful wailing. "Korkakma" (do not fear), said the giant Circassian, stooping down and patting her head. Then came the Delegate's opportunity: "Korkakma," he said several times, but he also put more coppers into her hand than she had ever received before. That too, no doubt, was an investment by the German Empire.

From Baghohe my next stage was a long and hard one over the mountains to El Oghlu, a small village within twenty miles of Marash. We started before sunrise, when the valleys were filled with fleecy clouds, and reached the pass sometime after midday. For the whole distance the path, which was no more than a horse-track, olung to the slope overhanging a deep and narrow gorge. Behind us ridges covered with snow rose higher and higher as we climbed; the sides of the gorge were wooded; here and there were patches of growing crops; and in the bottom of the ravine tumbled a considerable mountain stream that sometimes had to break into a waterfall to make its descent. It was the greenest country I had seen in Asia Minor.

The path was said to be the shortest way between Marash and Baghohe, one frequented much by those on foot. By this reason it had been the scene of much killing during

the great massacre. Many Armenian labourers with their families had been on their way to the lowland harvesting when the madness swept into the mountains from Adana. From many villages around Marash the men-folk had gone forth in spring and never come back in autumn. Except that they were upon the road or on the plain during that fateful week, their friends knew little more. Where they fell or how could only be surmised. On this path alone I was told that more than two hundred, and not all of them men, were known to have perished, cut off as helplessly as sheep. The world heard of the Adana massacre; but for every two victims in that there were seven in the surrounding districts.

At the summit of the pass, some distance above the path, stands a white guard-house, still occupied by a few *zaptiehs*, as a check upon robbers who once were more busy in this district than now. It looks over heaving mountains clothed with pine forest, and as a post must be lonely as a lighthouse. The pass may be called a double one, for beyond the guard-house the track goes down a few hundred feet into a valley, and in a couple of miles rises steeply to a second ridge. Hereabouts it enters a wood of stunted oak-trees, covered with long grey moss. Seen, as I saw the trees, through a puff of driving mist, they looked like forlorn ghosts.

At the edge of the path on this mountain-top, among the dreary trees, was a man finish-

ing off a newly-made grave. He had buried a body, heaped earth upon it, and topped the mound with a few pieces of stone, and now was placing branches above to keep wild animals away. The body, he said, was that of one who had been found dead upon the road. With the English instinct for a "crown's quest" strong within me I wanted to learn more. Did the *zaptiehs* at the guard-house know of it? Yes. Was the dead man a Moslem, or what? A Moslem. Why was the grave here? To this somewhat needless inquiry, the reply was the question, "Where should it be?"

On gaining the second ridge I looked down into the long plain that stretches from the mountains behind Marash to Antioch in Syria. It was green as a meadow; its winding rivers were gleaming, and a wide marshy lake, that seemed to extend across the plain, gave the idea that I should have miry going before getting to Marash. By a tortuous path, on which we travelled three feet for every one of direct progress, we came down to level country as night approached. Here grew wild-flowers in rank profusion; young hollyhocks, anemones, peonies growing like young thistles, and asphodel in area like wheat-fields. Within a hundred yards I could have gathered a score of plants familiar in English gardens.

Although we came down into the plain by daylight El Oghlu was still some distance off, and again night caught us

on the road. Travelling in the dark I always tried to avoid, yet as often as not the stage was not completed in daylight. Ighsan had hated being benighted; and Mustapha now, in his turn, began to fume and grow surly with the falling darkness, and to complain of late starting. In Asia Minor one may be shot on the road after dark, especially in towns, if not carrying a lantern. There was a great deal more than this, however, in Mustapha's dislike. I never got to the bottom of his objection; but suspect that fear of the supernatural had more to do with it than anything else.

At last El Oghlu, as a vague cluster of huts loomed out of the darkness beside the road. The Delegate at Baghche had told me there was a khan here. It consisted of only one room, he said, but he had managed to secure it for the night, for the exclusive use of himself and his two Circassians, on payment of a ridiculously small sum. He advised me to make the same offer to the khan-keeper. There were more than twenty travellers of the poorer sort in the room, including three pedestrian Circassians, in a race of horsemen a class whose reputation has its peculiarities, and I did not think any reasonable sum would secure privacy for me. But the company was to be avoided if possible, so I offered our host the equivalent of half-a-crown. The offer was considered, and finally accepted, though the other guests took it ill, as well they might. They

showed no inclination to budge when I wished to sleep, so after waiting long enough I got into bed as a plain hint, and watched for developments. The khan-keeper now stood on small ceremony. He brought in a rough ladder, and hustled the unwanted inmates up it into a loft overhead. When all had disappeared he took away the ladder and laid it on the floor beside me, as if signifying that he had performed his part of the contract, and that the rest now depended on myself as custodian of the means of egress. I had never seen Mustapha laugh before, but now he laughed hugely, whether at me or the guests or the khan-keeper I was uncertain. But after midnight I judged that his mirth had been directed at me, for I found myself hurriedly placing the ladder in position for those above to descend when they wished, lest worse should befall me. Thereafter I let them sleep where they chose, and some stayed in the lower room. To the end of the journey Mustapha told this story at every stopping-place as his latest and best.

For the eighteen or twenty miles between El Oghlu and Marash, we had a hot and windless day and sky without a cloud, except over the northern mountains. These were lofty and capped with snow, and above them stood till evening a gigantic bank of cumulus that altered the whole appearance of the country. The summits of the clouds reached half-way to the zenith, and as they merged

into the snow below, and were scarcely distinguishable from it, they seemed to make a range loftier than the Himalayas. On the nearest blue spur of these immense mountains the city of Marash climbed out of the plain, its gardens and orchards as small green squares upon the slopes, its buildings and minarets clear and white in the fierce sunlight. For more than four hours this view grew before me, not changing otherwise. Seen again from the plain when leaving, on a similar bright day, but without the clouds, Marash seemed another place altogether.

For an old city of 50,000 or 60,000 souls, with level country coming up to its doors in front, Marash has the singularity that no wheeled traffic reaches it. *Arabas* and ox-carts have been seen there, I believe, but I never met any. Timber, firewood, wheat, rice, the carpets and linens that the town manufactures, all come and go by camel, horse, or donkey-back. The pianos of the American Mission, even the heavy boilers for the heating apparatus of their large college buildings, all came in by camel. A railway is projected and hoped for, meanwhile there is no attempt at road-making. The German Delegate at Baghche looked for great developments in Marash, and much business for the railway when the Bagdad Railway Company should have time to run a branch line to the city. I think he had good cause for his belief. The plain is fertile,

and the mountains behind are said to be rich in minerals; samples of ores, lead, iron, manganese, silver, were continually being brought to me. There was also talk of oil.

The city is pleasant and clean in a Turkish fashion, with gardens and orchards, bright running streams coming down from the heights, and has a noble position. The general mountain-slope hereabouts breaks into small wavelike ridges, hollows, and knolls, before going down to the plain in a glacié. On this irregular ground the city stands, each slight ridge higher than the one next before it, so that, seen from below, the slope appears to be one. The highest part of the city may be 700 feet above the plain; the lowest 200 feet,—they try to get some elevation, for the plain is malarious, like all rice-country. Between these levels the buildings stretch in a long belt parallel to the edge of the plain. Behind the buildings the mountain-side goes up steeply to the snow on Akher Dagh. There are narrow, irregular streets filled with camels and donkeys, and hot bazaars with deep shadows and stabs of white light, and Eastern odours and gaily-dressed Asiatic figures. The afternoon scene in the yard of my khan was as varied and richly coloured and as oriental as anything I had come upon.

The Turkish population is credited with being fanatical, almost as much so as that of Kaisariyeh. During the few days of my visit I happened

to witness a curious religious ceremony that showed the people's belief in their faith. By some means the city had been honoured with the gift of a single hair of Mahomet's beard. It was brought in, accompanied by clergy and members of the Ottoman Parliament, and received with enormous pomp and reverence. All the Moslems of Marash, dressed in white for the occasion, kept holiday and filled the streets from an early hour; the garrison turned out in review order; windows and house-tops were packed; there had not been such an important event in Marash during Moslem history.

Leo the Isaurian, perhaps greatest of Byzantine Emperors, was a native of the city. He was of Armenian blood; and it is a curious fact that Armenians of the mountains behind Marash show martial qualities to be found in no other section of the race. The centre of this exceptional Armenian people is the small town of Zeitoun, forty miles north of Marash. It is a place among wild mountains, as inaccessible as any in Asia Minor, whose people have ever given trouble to their Moslem rulers. At this time it was in unrest again, raiding Turkish flocks and harbouring Armenian deserters who had fled in hundreds to that country, and the Turkish authorities were gathering troops at Marash in case of an outbreak. The Zeitounlis were also said to have sent messages of defiance to Marash, threatening to march upon that city.

The Zeitoun district contains in all perhaps 20,000 souls, but for stir and sound achievement and menace they might be a million. You hear mere wild stories of Zeitoun than any other town in Asia Minor. Of its "Robber Ward," that quarter of the town where the Zeitoun brigands lived in open honour, whence they issued like heroes to roam and take toll over the country from Aleppo to Kaisariyeh. Of the defeats Zeitounlis had inflicted upon Turkish regulars. Of how Zeitoun burnt the Turkish mosque—a feat not to be attempted anywhere out of Zeitoun. And of what the women of Zeitoun, while the men were away holding the passes against the Turks, did to 300 men of the Jerusalem battalion who had been taken in battle and left in their charge. I had heard these tales and many others, and now proposed to go up and see this remarkable people in its native fastness.

With an American friend I called on the Governor of Marash to get his permission for the visit. He looked down his long nose for a few seconds, touched it thoughtfully with his pen, said there was trouble brewing, and then agreed that I should go provided I took a *zaptieh*. The *zaptieh*, I had no doubt, was to keep his eye on me, and see what I got up to. Without me a solitary *zaptieh* would not have entered the district.

So on a fine morning I left Marash, the *zaptieh* and Mustapha riding, myself and two

Zeitounli guides on foot. Of the two paths to Zeitoun the upper and shorter was blocked by snow, so I had to follow the longer, which made a good two days' journey. It skirted the plain for a few miles, crossed the Jihun by a lofty Arab bridge of single span near where the river enters its gorge for the Cilician plain, and then struck northward into the mountains. It was a glorious day of hot sunshine and blue sky, among green valleys and gorges, and mountains with snow upon their higher slopes. That night was spent in the hut of a Greek priest on the banks of the Gureddin river. In fording the river, which was in flood, Mustapha and his horse fell, and were all but washed away into a deep rapid just below. Owing to the baggage getting filled with water the horse was unable to rise after his fall, and for a while all that was visible was a sort of inverted umbrella, representing Mustapha's extended baggy black trousers, their owner having pitched forward and got himself head downward under the animal's neck. The country grew wilder beyond this place, and the path went in deep narrow valleys and gorges between high cliffs. Then it entered a district of steep-sided little hills whose surface was of disintegrating schist, that seemed to resolve itself from rock into a greasy treacherous pulp. Rain was falling, and the soft ground became deeper and more adhesive and yet more

slippery. It looked as if the horses could not proceed far, and the guides said the worst was to come. On reaching that part, however, a narrow stone-paved path zigzagged up and down the slippery hills. I was told that in wet weather this stretch of country had been found to be impassable by troops, and that its military value as a defence was well known by the Zeitounlis. They had built the paved way for their own purposes—with American money subscribed for their relief—and made it wide enough for no more than two abreast. They had left, moreover, a long unpaved stretch to stop the passage of guns.

Beyond the clay country the path went among wild mountains, on the sides of which waterfalls could be counted by dozens. It was four o'clock when I entered Zeitoun. Seen from a little distance the town rose into the clouds in steps of houses. Through the rolling mist appeared from time to time glimpses of snow and black rock so much overhead as to be startling. I passed through the entrance gateway and found myself among steep, narrow alleys with water rushing over the cobbles, water pouring from roofs, and falling in cascades from nowhere in particular. In a few minutes a crowd of people swarmed out of shops and courts, and women and old men rushed up and kissed my hands and wept, and proposed to carry me to the building reserved for dignitaries of the Gregorian Church

when they visit Zeitoun. I could not think what all this demonstration was about, but soon discovered. The town was in a state of excitement; from its inhabitants' point of view they were on the eve of war against the Turk. A few days earlier the Turkish Governor had gone out with troops to surround Armenian deserters in a village not far away. The deserters, joined by some Zeitoun hot-heads, beat off the troops with loss and shot the Governor. And now, on the morning of my arrival, had come news of the bombardment of Beirut by Italian cruisers. To the Zeitoun mind both affairs pointed to one inevitable sequel. The Turks would revenge Beirut on the Zeitoun Christians by trying to wipe them out, and make the shooting of the Governor and troops the excuse for doing so. In the nick of time to help or to protect them had come, as they thought, a British officer. The rumour soon spread that I had walked in order to ascertain by actual test how long it would take an army to come to the aid of Zeitoun from the sea, for Zeitoun is nothing if not self-centred. With notions like this current it was clear that the sooner I left the town the better; there could be no question of staying for a few days as I had purposed.

I had an introduction to the acting governor—who could not be found—and to the Armenian Protestant pastor, to whose house I went. He hospitably received me for the

night, and I slept in a room surrounded by English books.

There was just time to see a little of Zeitoun in the morning, though rain and mist continued. I saw no more of Beirut Dagh, the great mountain of ten or eleven thousand feet that towers above the town, than a few lower crags. I visited the Kale, or castle, some of whose rooms are built jutting out over a precipice; got a glimpse of the new Turkish fort dominating the town; scrambled over wet roofs and down steps to get from one part of the town to another, and then went to "The Bridge." There are various bridges in Zeitoun, but this is "The Bridge," apart from all others, for there was enacted the tragedy of the Jerusalem battalion. Captured by the Zeitoun bands, these Moslems were left as prisoners in the hands of the women, while the men of Zeitoun went out to further battle. What combination of hatred, revenge, and expediency impelled the women to the action they took would be hard to judge. They led the prisoners to the bridge—well bound, one must suppose—and flung them all, man by man, into the narrow chasm with its torrent raging below. That was only some twenty-five years ago—and there are women still living who took part in it.

Every one in Zeitoun is armed—you see men with slung guns everywhere upon the road. Cartridges can be smuggled in, but with rifles there is great difficulty; so



Zeitoun gunsmiths make them; not openly, but there are caves in the face of Beirut Dagh where the manufacture goes on. So I was told, and doubted much what sort of weapon could be produced, till I saw and examined one. Except for the curious flat stock, and that all the parts were bright, it was a Peabody-Martini without name, number, or mark. The gunsmiths, I heard, were able to take a rifle, faithfully copy it, working chiefly by hand, and produce a weapon that would shoot like the original.

Zeitounlis call themselves the British of Asia Minor. Once at least they have captured the Turkish fort built to overawe them. At one time thirty thousand Turkish regulars were sent against them, besides a cloud of Circassians from Albistan. They were only saved from massacre by the determined intervention of the British Ambassador at Constantinople. The bearing and manner of the men is in singular contrast to that of most Armenians to be seen elsewhere. In pride and dignity and fearlessness my guides might have been Albanian mountaineers, whom, indeed, they somewhat resembled. If all Armenians were of the same nature as these Zeitoun Highlanders there would never have been an Armenian question in Asia Minor. And still less a Greek question.

On returning to Marash my next destination was Aintab, a large town to the east, within twenty-five miles of the

Euphrates. The route was a horse-track that went first through the rice-fields of the plain, and then entered low downs dotted with the black tents and flocks of nomads. The first day's stage ended at Bazaarluk, a quiet old khan in a little green plain. Behind the khan rose a conical artificial mound, in size worthy to be called a hill. Of its origin no one had any idea. The lowing of many cattle, the leisurely tinkle of their bells as they scrambled on the mound, the nomad's fires that dotted the plain after dark, and the wide view of sunset sky, made Bazaarluk a peaceful contrast with the wild Zeitoun country I had just left.

The next day's stage into Aintab was a long one, and to make sure of doing it we set out just as dawn was breaking. The road at once climbed into bold hills dotted with pines. In the heyday of the Zeitoun brigands, fifteen or twenty years ago, this was one of their favourite haunts. A large guardhouse at the highest point told of many *zaptiehs* having been stationed here once. There were still four or five in occupation, and one pacing on the flat roof as sentry required me to come in and show my papers. I had been taken for a German during earlier stages; now I was suspected of being an Italian. Italians, the sergeant in charge said, had just been expelled from this region, and he was required to arrest all he saw.

During the hot afternoon we

entered a country of rolling downs and bright red earth. A heavy sleety rain came on, that sometimes turned to snow, and the temperature fell suddenly as if we had entered a freezing-chamber. It was the weather they tell you to expect in Northern Syria at this time of year. When I got down into Aintab about five o'clock the sun was shining brightly again, the roads were drying, and the red mud caking on our clothes.

In Aintab more than in any other town one gets the idea that the Armenian community is on good terms with itself. More than a third of the town's 50,000 inhabitants is Armenian, a body well-to-do and prosperous beyond any other of the community. They speak of themselves with some complacency as Armenians with a difference.

The town is clean and well-built, and stands in a shallow valley among low, treeless downs of red earth. But there are many pistachio orchards, the bushes planted in rows and cultivated with solicitous care. The castle, a building of no particular interest or appearance, though portions are said to be of great age, is almost the only structure remaining from the early days.

Go into the wheat bazaar, and there you see the nature of the Aintab country reflected in its produce. The town is in a wheat district, and in the bazaar the grain is spread in great mounds, like heaps of yellow sand, among which camels kneel, or stalk slowly,

and buyers and sellers, dressed in strange garments, go with clamorous voices.

There is a church in Aintab with a history out of the ordinary. It was built by an Armenian who had obtained ordination in the Anglican Church, and raised money in England for a church in Aintab. Just what happened I could not discover, except that he had gathered an Anglican community around him for some time and that it had since diminished. When I saw the building it was locked up, and was said to have been closed for several years. Above a doorway is what purports to be a representation of the Royal Arms, but it is hardly to be recognised as such without help. Around this derelict church property have gathered disputes and litigation. Some would like to buy it; others would like to sell; and yet others claim that it cannot be sold. There was a story that it might fall to the State, and provide an instance of an Anglican Church being converted into a mosque.

From Aintab a splendid road goes south towards Aleppo. Nowhere else in Asia Minor had I got upon such a road,—metalled, rolled, evenly graded. It went between red, gently undulating downs planted with pistachio, lentils, vines, and wheat; and beyond the fields in the west were glimpses of the Amanus Mountains. All day long this splendid road went through the same fruitful country in a brilliant atmosphere that was pleasantly

cool, with its 3000 feet of elevation above the sea, and yet in hot sunlight. Then at evening we reached Besh Geuz Khan (the Khan of Five Eyes), standing alone among rolling wheat.

A great and unusual uproar among the camels in the yard next morning at dawn drew me out to learn the cause. They were being fed in a way I had often heard of, though never seen till now. Their winter food upon the road is dough made into balls great as a fist; but now, for some reason, though green food was plentiful, they were still getting dough; and they objected. By the screaming, groaning, and snorting that went on, one would have said the beasts were being tortured. And torture the process of feeding looked to be. With right arm bared to the shoulder, a camel-man would take a ball of dough in hand and thrust it into a camel's gullet as far as his arm could reach. It was necessary to get the ball beyond a certain point, or the beast would not be able to swallow it.

The good road, the glorious weather, and limitless wheat that grew taller and taller as I went south, continued all the next day. Now olive orchards began to appear on slopes facing the sun. The trees were planted in rows, and many looked old enough to have seen Crusaders. Early in the afternoon white domes and minarets and tall, dark cypresses appeared ahead, and we soon entered the little town Killis.

Somehow I was conscious now of having got out of Asia Minor. There were subtle changes of air, of scenery, of buildings and people, hard to fix in detail, yet unmistakable. They tell you that entering Killis from the north you will find the language Turkish, but that passing out of it to the south Arabic must be used. I found this peculiarity exactly as described. Seeing I was taking the wrong way to a khan, as I went in I was hailed in the friendly Turkish phrase of "Heimshiré!" (my countryman), and put right by a friendly Turk. Just outside the town the next morning a farmer of whom Mustapha asked the road had not a word of Turkish.

The cool, clean, stone khan, the sunlight almost tropical in its heat, the white buildings, the olive-trees and tall thin cypresses, and the green wheat like a sea around the town, made Killis a place of pleasant memories. Even a disturbance in the market-place as we left did not do prejudice to the delightful impressions. The market-place was crowded, when a boy yelled "Italiano! Italiano!" referring to myself. Immediately a crowd ran up, as threatening as I cared to see, and there looked to be every prospect of a great row. Mustapha shouted that I was English, and some believed him, while others did not. Some, indeed, seemed not to understand what he said, though the cry of "Italiano" left them in no doubt. But the *zaptiehs* soon arrived, and

at a sight of my passport and old teskere, cuffed the boys, and saw us out of the square.

The scenes on the road from Killis were purely Syrian. There were graceful, unveiled women and girls carrying articles on their heads, dragging bundles of thistles and wood, and working in the fields. There was also the same gently undulating wheat, now two feet high, going to the horizon. In the afternoon a long level bank, stretching from east to west, came in sight, cutting across the wheat. I might have known what it was, yet found myself altogether at a loss till getting up to it. It was the Bagdad Railway line going towards Aleppo.

Gaferun Khan, which we reached at evening, stood among tall wheat that brushed its walls. It had occupants of various races for the night, among them quite a number of Armenians. After I had gone to bed a furious quarrel broke out in the adjoining room, and grew more and more violent. Presently Mustapha came to the door, saying he was in fear, and wished to sleep in my room. He believed that some one would be killed, and, as an Adana Moslem, familiar with judicial proceedings after the massacre, was anxious to have a good witness that he was not in the affair. I asked who they were who quarrelled, and he said Armenians. The struggling and shrieking went on for a time, and after a wild climax died away. In the morning

there was blood on the balcony and steps, and I asked Mustapha what had happened. But he took no interest in the matter. "Bilmem" (I do not know), he said, nor did he make any attempt to find out, satisfied to be well out of the trouble.

It was a hot dusty afternoon when above the wheat-fields I first saw the minarets and citadel of Aleppo. What with the gorgeous spring weather, the strangely buoyant Syrian air, and the change from wild mountain travelling to a really great Oriental city, Aleppo was vastly alluring to me. In population it is as great as Smyrna, something over 300,000 souls, you are told. In the Azizieh quarter, that occupied by the rich and foreigners, the buildings are European, standing in clean white streets. But beyond that is the old city, with its khans and courts, its citadel and alleys and bazaars and mosques, as unchanged as those of Damascus. The city is the distributing centre for Mesopotamia, and has a great trade still, though not so great as of old. The British Consul kindly lent his *kavass*, and with him I saw as much of old Aleppo as a few days' stay permitted.

The *kavass* was of interest in himself. His name was Hector; he spoke six languages at least; had travelled in the East with various well-known travellers, and now, full of information, liked nothing better than to show his knowledge. He prided himself upon his Scottish ancestry on the father's side, and with this to add to

his dignity made a great figure. In uniform with clanking sword, he walked unswerving through the crowded bazaars, and left it to others to get out of the way, or do worse.

Among the old khans of Aleppo, almost like fortresses in their massiveness, one might spend a week. One of them was occupied by the British Levant Company in old days, and still has memories of those times. There are those who have it that Shakespeare was in Aleppo in the service of the Company, and one at least spent time in investigating the matter. You hear that he found nothing of positive proof, but did find something that indirectly gave colour to the theory. Chiefly that, after fixing the exact years when Shakespeare might have been in Aleppo, he found that the Levant Company's records dealing with that period had strangely gone amissing, even in the suggestive way of having been cut out of the books. And then again you hear that the missing records, after having lain unknown at Alexandretta for many years, at last were destroyed in ignorance. And so the legend grows.

Of Aleppo's bazaars a great deal might be written, for in them, as in very few other places, may still be seen the true East. They are of immense extent, dim tunnels, here and there crossed by shafts of strong light, in which moves a crowd of many nationalities dressed in gorgeous colours. The bazaars of Asia Minor pro-

per are mere trading khans by comparison; and the Grand Bazaar of Stamboul becomes small and commonplace beside those of the Syrian city.

The citadel, too, is a finer and more impressive pile than anything of the sort to be found in Asia Minor. It rises out of a deep dry moat, with lofty machicolated walls, and has an imposing entrance, and dominates the whole city by its own constructed bulk and height. It is kept in repair, and is now a barracks and armoury, to which access is not always easy to obtain. Of later date, but also of wonderfully impressive bulk, are the great barracks that stretch like a fortress along a low range outside the city on the north-east. They were built by Ibrahim Pasha during the Egyptian occupation, and have a front of enormous length.

Except when going to Zeitoun, when one was thrust on me, I had never travelled with a *zaptieh* during the whole distance from Samsoun. But now for the journey down to the sea the British Consul held that one was necessary. The people were excited against Italians, and between one European and another saw little difference.

So a *zaptieh* was provided, and one morning I left Aleppo by the Antioch gate for the Mediterranean. We soon forsook the road, and followed a path across low stony hills, and after travelling upon it all day stopped for the night at a ruin used as a posting-house. It was at the foot

of *Jebel Bereket* (the Hill of Blessing), beside which they show you the base of *St Simon Stylites'* column. Thence the next day we entered the plain, the same plain that comes down from *Marash*. Here were villages of huts built of cane; low ridges covered with *asphodel* in bloom—poor flower for so much leaf and stalk,—then after fording the *Afrin* river we came to *Hammam*. As the name implies, it is a place of baths. There you may see warm water bubbling from the hillside and running down as a stream among the rank green *asphodel*. Beyond *Hammam* the plain becomes marshy, and the path joins a road that is carried on a stone causeway for several miles, with water on either side. It is the beginning of those marshes that become a large lake behind *Antioch*. The land, they tell you, is excellent and might be easily drained; but fishing rights in the lake bring in three thousand pounds a year, and so future benefit is sacrificed for present profit.

This plain, that lies behind the *Amanus* Mountains, carried a dense population in old times. Tradition says that when *Alexander* passed hence to *India*, he drew from *Northern Syria* 120,000 recruits.

At *Kirk Khan*, a village at the eastern foot of the *Beilan* Pass, I spent the last night before completing the journey. *Kirk Khan* had a large *Armenian* population at the time of the *Adana* massacre. The rows of stone buildings gutted

by fire, the broken walls, the present desolation of the place, tell of what happened to the *Christian* inhabitants. For its population *Kirk Khan* saw one of the most murderous massacres in the country.

By noon the next day we had reached the summit of the *Beilan* Pass, and a little later the *Mediterranean* and the whole *Cilician* coast almost to *Mersina* were in sight. Above the *Cilician* plain rose the white wall of the *Taurus*. And in the north-west, across the blue *Gulf of Alexandretta*, were the hills of *Jebel Nur* and the small port of *Ayas*. The air was so clear that one might have counted the white-sailed fishing boats lying off that harbour.

Through *Beilan* village, a little below the pass on the *Mediterranean* side, where *Ibrahim Pasha* defeated the *Turks*, the old highway went down to the sea. It wound through a beautiful country of pine and oak and beech, fields of wheat, and pastures with cattle. Lower down were *carob-trees* beside the road, and then began hedges of *aloes*, and occasional *date-palms*.

*Alexandretta* lies in the narrow plain which runs between the mountains and sea from the *Beilan* Pass to the head of the *Gulf of Iskanderoon*. During the long period covered by the *British Levant Company* it was one of their trading posts; and in the cemetery may be seen still the tombstones of their agents who died here in the eighteenth century. Until the time of the

Egyptian occupation the place was little more than a village. Then Ibrahim Pasha took it in hand, drained the malarious marshes, used it for the purposes of his armies, and thereafter it began to grow. It has no harbour, only an anchorage that affords partial shelter, but the making of a good port presents no difficulties. A German company holds the concession for the work which is now in progress. Considering the position of the town with regard to Aleppo, one would expect to find the two places connected by a railway that followed the shortest route—that of the Beilan Pass. But French susceptibilities prevented, you are told, and the new railway

goes north from Alexandretta along the coast plain, and joins the Bagdad Railway near Osmanieh, thus covering two sides of a triangle to reach Aleppo.

Of Alexandretta as a port a great deal will yet be heard. It is the natural port for Aleppo and all that great part of Mesopotamia which looks to the Mediterranean rather than the Persian Gulf for its outlet.

I spent three days in the town, my journey over, waiting for a steamer. Every chance had passed, many years since I supposed, of the place ever coming under the British flag. That was three years ago; but now nothing should seem more reasonable or more likely.

#### CONCLUSION.

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## ADVENTURES OF A DESPATCH RIDER.

## THE BATTLE OF THE AISNE.

## I. STRATEGY IN THE RANKS.

IN my former long letters I have tried to supplement the sketchy epistles I sent you while I was in the middle of things, so that you might have a more or less complete account of what we did and what we thought. My last letter, so far as I remember, finished with a lament on the passing of the good old days, but, on looking back, I do believe that we've had more exciting times after our arrival on the Aisne than we had before it. In those first weeks life was young and fresh and full. We became more sophisticated. Every day I got to know a little more about military matters. I may not be so exciting, but really I shall be more interesting and accurate.

I'm going to start by giving you an account of what we thought of the military situation during the great marches and the battle of the Aisne—for my own use. What happened we shall be able to look up afterwards in some lumber-some old history, should we forget, but, unless I get down quickly what we thought, it will disappear in after-knowledge.

You will remember how the night we arrived on the Aisne T—— and I stretched ourselves on a sand-heap at the

side of the road—just above Ciry—and watched dim columns of Germans crawling like grey worms up the slopes the other side of the valley. We were certain that the old Division was still in hot cry on the heels of a rapidly retreating foe. News came—I don't know how: you never do—that our transport and ammunition were being delayed by the fearsome and lamentable state of the roads. But the cavalry was pushing on ahead, and tired infantry were stumbling in extended order through the soaked fields on either side of us. There was hard gunnery well into the red dusk. Right down the valley came the thunder of it, and we began to realise that divisions, perhaps even corps, had come up on either flank.

The ancient captain of cuirassiers, who had hauled me out of my shrine into the rain that afternoon, made me understand there was a great and unknown number of French on our left. From the Order before the Marne I had learnt that a French Army had turned the German right, but the first news I had had of French on our own right was when one staff-officer said in front of me that the French away to the east had



been held up. That was at Doue.

Our retreat had been solitary. The French, everybody thought, had left us in the lurch at Mons and again at Le Cateau, when the cavalry we knew to be there refused to help us. For all we knew, the French Army had been swept off the face of the earth. We were just retiring, and retiring before three or four times our own numbers. We were not even supported by the 1st Corps on our right. It was smashed, and had all it could do to get itself away. We might have been the Ten Thousand. But the isolation of our desperate retreat dismayed nobody, for we all had an unconquerable belief in the future. There must be some French somewhere, and in spite—as we thought then—of our better judgments, we stuck to the story that was ever being circulated: “We are luring the Germans into a trap.” It was impressed upon us, too, by “the Div.” that both at Mons and Le Cateau we were strategically victorious. We had given the Germans so hard a knock that they could not pursue us at once; we had covered the retirement of the 1st Corps; we had got away successfully ourselves. We were sullen and tired victors, never defeated. If we retreated, it was for a purpose. If we advanced, the Germans were being crushed. Modern war—I’m afraid I’m becoming platitudinous—is psychology, more psychology, and more

psychology. The Germans thought we were beaten, because they didn’t realise we knew we were victorious the whole time.

I do not say that we were always monotonously cheerful. The night after Le Cateau we all thought the game was up, until the morning, when cheerfulness came with the sun. Then we sighed with relief and remembered a little bitterly that we were “luring the Germans on.” Many a time I have come across isolated units in hot corners who did not see a way out. Yet if a battery or a battalion were hard hit, the realisation of local defeat was always accompanied by a fervent faith that “the old Fifth” was doing well. Le Cateau is a victory in the soldier’s calendar.

Le Cateau and La Bassée,  
It jolly well serves them right.

We had been ten days or more on the Aisne before we grasped that the force opposite us was not merely a dogged, well-entrenched rearguard, but a section of the German line. One day a French cavalry officer arrived at D.H.Q., and after his departure it was freely rumoured that he had ridden right round the German position. News began to trickle in from either flank. Our own attacks ceased, and we took up a defensive position. It was the beginning of trench-warfare, though owing to the nature of the country there were few trenches. Then we heard vaguely that the famous series of enveloping movements

had begun, but by this time the Division was tired to death, and the men were craving for a rest. The order came suddenly. One night we were relieved by the 6th Division. Every man in the Division as we marched

south firmly believed that we were going to a rest camp. Several despatch riders thought of applying for commissions, for we were filled with the idea that we should have nothing to do in the future.

## II. THE DIVISION ON THE AISNE.

Along the Aisne the line of our Division stretched from Venizel to the bridge of Condé. You must not think of the river as running through a gorge or as meandering along the foot of slopes rising directly from the river bank. On the southern side lie the Heights of Champagne, practically a tableland. From the river this tableland looks like a series of ridges approaching the valley at an angle. Between the foothills and the river runs the Soissons - Rheims road, good *pavé*, and for the most part covered by trees. To the north there is a distance of two miles or so from the river to the hills.

Perhaps I shall make this clearer if I take the three main points about the position.

*First.* If you are going to put troops on the farther side of the river you must have the means of crossing it, and you must keep those means intact. The bridges running from left to right of our line were at Venizel, Missy, Sermoise, and Condé. The first three were blown up. Venizel bridge was repaired sufficiently to allow of light traffic to cross,

and fifty yards farther down a pontoon-bridge was built fit for heavy traffic. Missy was too hot: we managed an occasional ferry. I do not think we ever had a bridge at Sermoise. Once when in search of the C.R.E. I watched a company of the K.O.S.B. being ferried across under heavy rifle fire. The raft was made of ground-sheets stuffed, I think, with straw. Condé bridge the Germans always held, or rather neither of us held it, but the Germans were very close to it and allowed nobody to cross. Just on our side of the bridge was a car containing two dead officers. No one could reach them. There they sat until we left, ghastly sentinels, and for all I know they sit there still.

Now all communication with troops on the north bank of the river had to pass over these bridges, of which Venizel alone was comparatively safe. If ever these bridges should be destroyed, the troops on the north bank would be irrevocably cut off from supplies of every sort and from orders. I often used to wonder what would have happened if the Germans had registered accurately upon the bridges, or

if the river had risen and swept the bridges away.

*Second.* There was an open belt between the river and the villages which we occupied—Bucy-le-Long, St Marguerite, Missy. The road that wound through this belt was without the veriest trace of cover—so much so, that for a considerable time all communication across it was carried on by despatch riders, for a cable could never be laid. So if our across-the-river brigades had ever been forced to retire in daylight they would have been compelled, first to retire two miles over absolutely open country, and then to cross bridges of which the positions were known with tolerable accuracy to the Germans.

*Third.* On the northern bank four or five spurs came down into the plain, parallel with each other and literally at right angles to the river. The key to these was a spur known as the Chivres hill or plateau. This we found impregnable to the attack of two brigades. It was steep and thickly

wooded. Its assailants, too, could be heavily enfiladed from either flank.

Now you have the position roughly. The tactics of our Division were simple. In the early days, when we thought that we had merely a determined rearguard in front of us, we attacked. Bridges—you will remember the tale—were most heroically built. Two brigades (14th and 15th) crossed the river and halted at the very foot of the hills, where they were almost under cover from alien fire. The third brigade was on their right in a position I will describe later. Well, the two brigades attacked, and attacked with artillery support, but they could not advance. That was the first phase. Then orders came that we were to act on the defensive, and finally of our three brigades, one was on the right, one across the river, and one in a second line of trenches on the southern bank of the river acted as divisional reserve. That for us was the battle of the Aisne. It was hard fighting all through.

### III. THE DESPATCH RIDERS.

When D.H.Q. are stationary, the work of despatch riders is of two kinds. First of all you have to find the positions of the units to which you are sent. Often the Signal Office gives you the most exiguous information. "The 105th Brigade is somewhere near Ciry," or "The Div. Train is

at a farm just off the Paris-Bordeaux" road. Starting out with these explicit instructions, it is very necessary to remember that they may be wrong and are probably misleading. That is not the fault of the Signal Office. A Unit changes ground, say from a farm on the road to a farm off

the road. These two farms are so near each other that there is no need to inform the Div. just at present of this change of residence. The experienced despatch rider knows that, if he is told the 105th Brigade is at 1904 Farm, the brigade is probably at 1894 Farm, half a mile away. Again, a despatch rider is often sent out after a unit has moved and before the message announcing the move has "come through" to the Division. When the Division is advancing or retiring this exploration-work is the only work. To find a given brigade, take the place at which it was last reported at the Signal Office and assume it was never there. Prefer the information you get from your fellow despatch riders. Then find out the road along which the brigade is said to be moving. If the brigade may be in action, take a road that will bring you to the rear of the brigade. If there are troops in front of the brigade, strike for the head of it. It is always quicker to ride from van to rear of a brigade than from rear to van.

The second kind of work consists in riding along a road already known. A clever despatch rider may reduce this to a fine art. He knows exactly at which corner he is likely to be sniped, and hurries accordingly. He remembers to a yard where the sentries are. If the road is under shell fire, he recalls where the shells usually fall, the interval between the shells and the times of shelling. For there

is order in everything, and particularly in German gunnery. Lastly, he does not race along with nose on handle-bar. That is a trick practised only by despatch riders who are rarely under fire, who have come to a strange and alarming country from Corps or Army Headquarters. The experienced motor-cyclist sits up and takes notice the whole time. He is able at the end of his ride to give an account of all that he has seen on the way.

D.H.Q. were at Serches, a wee village in a hollow at the head of a valley. So steeply did the hill rise out of the hollow to the north that the village was certainly in dead ground. A fine road went to the west along the valley for three miles or so to the Soissons-Rheims road. For Venizel you crossed the main road and ran down a little hill through a thick wood, terribly dark of nights, to the village; you crossed the bridge and opened the throttle.

The first time I rode north from Venizel, M—— was with me. On the left a few hundred yards away an ammunition section that had crossed by the pontoon was at full gallop. I was riding fast—the road was loathsomely open—but not too fast because it was greasy. A shell pitched a couple of hundred yards off the road, and then others, far enough away to comfort me. A mile on the road bends sharp left and right over the railway and past a small

factory of some sort. The Germans loved this spot, and would pitch shells on it with a lamentable frequency. Soon it became too much of a routine to be effective. On shelling - days three shells would be dropped one after another, an interval of three minutes, and then another three. This we found out and rode accordingly.

A hundred yards past the railway you ride into Buoy-le-Long and safety. The road swings sharp to the right, and there are houses all the way to St Marguerite. Once I was riding with despatches from D.H.Q. It was a heavy, misty day. As I sprinted across the open I saw shrapnel over St Marguerite, but I could not make out whether it was German shrapnel bursting over the village or our shrapnel bursting over the hills beyond. I slowed down. Now, as I have told you, on a motor-cycle, if you are going rapidly, you cannot hear bullets or shells coming or even shells bursting unless they are very near. Running slowly on top, with the engine barely turning over, you can hear everything. So I went slow and listened. Through the air came the sharp "woop-wing" of shrapnel bursting towards you, the most devilish sound of all. Some prefer the shriek of shrapnel to the dolorous wail and deep thunderous crash of high explosive. But nothing frightens me

so much as the shrapnel-shriek.<sup>1</sup> Well, as I passed the little red factory I noticed that the shrapnel was bursting right over the village, which meant that as 80 per cent of shrapnel bullets shoot forward the village was comparatively safe. As a matter of fact the street was full of ricocheting trifles. Transport was drawn up well under cover of the wall and troops were marching in single file as near to the transport as possible. Two horses were being led down the middle of the street. Just before they reached me the nose of one of the horses suddenly was gashed and a stream of blood poured out. Just a ricochet, and it decided me. Despatch riders have to take care of themselves when H.Q. are eight miles away by road and there is no wire. I put my motor-cycle under cover and walked the remaining 200 yards. Coming back I heard some shouting, a momentary silence, then a flare of the finest blasphemy. I turned the bend to see an officer holding his severed wrist and cursing. He was one of those dashing fellows. He had ridden alongside the transport swearing at the men to get a move on. He had held up his arm to give the signal when a ricochet took his hand off cleanly. His men said not a word, sat with an air of calm disapproval like stubborn oxen.

It was one in the morning

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<sup>1</sup> Curiously enough, months after this was written the author was wounded by shrapnel.

and dark on the road when I took my next despatch to St Marguerite. Just out of Bucy I passed M—, who shouted, "Ware wire and horses." Since last I had seen it the village had been unmercifully shelled. Where the transport had been drawn up there were shattered waggons. Strewn over the road were dead horses, of all carcasses the most ludicrously pitiful, and wound in and out of them, a witches' web, crawled the wire from the splintered telegraph posts. There was not a sound in the village except the gentle thump of my engine. I was forced to pull up, that I might more clearly see my way between two horses. My engine silent, I could only hear a little whisper from the house opposite and a dripping that I did not care to understand. Farther on a house had fallen half across the road. I scarcely dared to start my engine again in the silence of this desolate destruction. Then I could not, because the dripping was my petrol and not the gore of some slaughtered animal. A flooded carburettor is a nuisance in an unsavoury village.

At the eastern end of St Marguerite the road turns sharply south. This is "Hell's Own Corner." From it there is a full and open view of the Chivres valley, and conversely those in the Chivres valley can see the corner very clearly. When we were acting on the offensive, a section of 4.5 in. howitzers were put into posi-

tion just at the side of the road by the corner. This the Germans may have discovered, or perhaps it was only that the corner presented a tempting target, for they shelled to destruction everything within a hundred yards. The howitzers were rapidly put out of action though not destroyed, and a small orchard just behind them was ploughed, riven, and scarred with high explosive and shrapnel.

The day St Marguerite was shelled one of the two brigadiers determined to shift his headquarters to a certain farm. D— and the younger B— were attached to the brigade at the time. "Headquarters" came to the corner. D— and B— were riding slowly in front. They heard a shell coming. B— flung himself off his bicycle and dropped like a stone. D— opened his throttle and darted forward, foolishly. The shell exploded. B—'s bicycle was covered with branches and he with earth and dust. D— for some reason was not touched. The General and his staff were shelled nearly the whole way to the farm, but nobody was hit. The brigade veterinary officer had a theory that the safest place was next the General, because generals were rarely hit, but that day his faith was shaken, and the next day—I will tell you the story—it tottered to destruction.

I had come through St Marguerite the night after the brigade had moved. Of course I was riding without a light.

I rounded Hell's Own Corner carefully, very frightened of the noise my engine was making. A little farther on I dismounted and stumbled to the postern-gate of a farm. I opened it and went in. A sentry challenged me in a whisper and handed me over to an orderly, who led me over the black bodies of men sleeping to a lean-to where the General sat with a sheltered light, talking to his staff. He was tired and anxious. I delivered my despatch, took the receipted envelope and stumbled back to the postern-gate. Silently I hauled my motor-cycle inside, then started on my tramp to the General who had moved.

After Hell's Own Corner the road swings round again to the east, and runs along the foot of the Chivres hill to Missy. A field or so away to the left is a thick wood inhabited for the most part by German snipers. In the preceding days D—— and S—— had done fine work along this road in broad daylight, carrying despatches to Missy. I was walking, because no motor-cyclist goes by night to a battalion, and the noise of a motor-cycle would have advertised the presence of brigade headquarters somewhere on the road. It was a joyous tramp of two miles into the village of dark, ominous houses. I found a weary subaltern who put me on my way, a pitch-black lane between high walls. At the bottom of it I stepped upon an officer, who lay across the path asleep with his men. So tired was he that he did not wake.

On over a field to the farm. I delivered my despatch to the Brigade-Major, whose eyes were glazed with want of sleep. He spoke to me in the pitiful monotone of the unutterably weary. I fed off bully, hot potatoes, bread and honey, then turned in.

In the morning I had just finished my breakfast when a shell exploded fifty yards behind the farm, and others followed. "Headquarters" turned out, and we crawled along a shallow ditch at the side of a rough country road until we were two hundred yards from the farm. We endeavoured to get into communication with the other brigade by flag, but after the first message a shell dropped among the farther signallers and we saw no more of them. Shells began to drop near us. One fellow came uncomfortably close. It covered us with dirt as we "froze" to the bottom of the ditch. A little scrap of red-hot metal flew into the ground between me and the signal sergeant in front of me. I grabbed it, but dropped it because it was so hot; it was sent to the signal sergeant's wife and not to you. We crawled a hundred yards farther along to a place where the ditch was a little deeper and we were screened by some bushes, but I think the General's red hat must have been marked down, because for the next hour we lay flat listening to the zip-zip of bullets that passed barely overhead.

Just before we moved the Germans started to shell Missy with heavy howitzers. Risking

the bullets, we saw the village crowned with great lumps of smoke. Our men poured out of it in more or less extended order across the fields. I saw them running, poor little khaki figures, and dropping like rabbits to the rifles of the snipers in the wood. Two hundred yards south of the St Marguerite-Missy road—that is, between the road and the ditch in which we were lying—there is a single line of railway on a slight embankment. Ten men in a bunch made for the cover it afforded. One little man with an enormous pack ran a few yards in front. Seven reached the top of the embankment, then three almost simultaneously put their hands before their eyes and dropped across the rails. The little man ran on until he reached us, wide-eyed, sweaty, and breathing in short gasps. The Brigade-Major shouted to him not to come along the road but to make across the field. Immediately the little man heard the voice of command he halted, stood almost to attention, and choked out, "But they're shelling us"—then, without another word he turned off across the fields and safely reached cover.

In the ditch we were comfortable if confined, and I was frightened when the order came down, "Pass the word for the motor-cyclist." I crawled up to the General, received my despatch, and started walking across the field. Then I discovered there is a great difference between motor-cycling under rifle fire, when you can hear only the very close ones, and walking

across a heavy turnip-field when you can hear all. Two-thirds of the way a sharp zip at the back of my neck and a remembrance of the three men stretched across the rails decided me. I ran.

At the farm where the other brigade headquarters were stationed I met S—— with a despatch for the general I had just left. When I explained to him where and how to go he blenched a little, and the bursting of a shell a hundred yards or so away made him jump, but he started off at a good round pace. You must remember we were not used to carrying despatches on foot.

I rode lazily through St Marguerite and Bucy-le-Long, and turned the corner on to the open stretch. There I waited to allow a battery that was making the passage to attract as many shells as it liked. The battery reached Venizel with the loss of two horses. Then, just as I was starting off, a shell plunged into the ground by the little red factory. As I knew it to be the first of three I waited again. At that moment Colonel Seely's car came up, and Colonel Seely himself got out and went forward with me to see if the road had been damaged. For three minutes the road should have been safe, but the German machine became human, and in a couple of minutes Colonel S—— and I returned covered with rich red plough and with a singing in our ears. I gave the Colonel a couple of hundred yards start, and we sprinted across into the safe hands of Venizel.



## IV. ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS.

Beyond Missy, which we intermittently occupied, our line extended along the foot of the hills and crossed the Aisne about three-quarters of a mile short of Condé bridge—and that brings me to a tale.

One night we were healthily asleep after a full day. I had been "next for duty" since ten o'clock, but at two I began to doze, because between two and five there is not often work for the despatch rider. At three I awoke to much shouting and anxious hullabaloo. The intelligence officer was rousing us hurriedly—"All motor-cyclists turn out. Pack up kit. Seven wanted at once in the Signal Office." This meant, firstly, that Divisional Headquarters were to move at once, in a hurry, and by night; secondly, that the same despatch was to be sent simultaneously to every unit in the Division. I asked somebody to get my kit together, and rushed upstairs to the Signal Office. There on the table I saw the fateful wire.

"Germans are crossing Condé bridge in large numbers." I was given a copy of this message to take to the 15th Brigade, then at St Marguerite. Away on the road at full speed I thought out what this meant. The enemy had broken through our line—opposite Condé there were no reserves—advance parties of the Germans might even now be approaching headquarters—large numbers would cut us off from the Division on our right and would isolate the

brigade to which I was going; it would mean another Le Cateau. I tore along to Venizel, and slowing down at the bridge shouted the news to the officer in charge—full speed across the plain to Bucy, and caring nothing for the sentries' shouts, on to St Marguerite. I dashed into the general's bedroom and roused him. Almost before I had arrived the general and his brigade-major—both in pyjamas—were issuing commands and writing messages. Sleepy and amazed orderlies were sent out at the double. Battalion commanders and the C.R.E. were summoned.

I started back for D.H.Q. with an acknowledgment, and rattling through the village came out upon the plain.

Over Condé bridge an oohreous, heavy dawn broke sullenly. There was no noise of firing to tell me that the men of our right brigade were making a desperate resistance to a fierce advance. A mile from Serches I passed a field-ambulance loaded up for instant flight; the men were standing about in little groups talking together, as if without orders. At Headquarters I found that a despatch rider had been sent hot-foot to summon B— and C—, who that night were with the corps, and others to every unit. Everybody carried the same command—load up and be ready to move at a moment's notice.

Orders to move were never sent, for not a German had crossed. Our two ghastly

sentinels still held the bridge. The tale was an old one. A little German firing—a lost patrol of ours returning by an unauthorised road, mistaken in the mist for Germans—a verbal message that had gone wrong. As for the lieutenant who first started the hare—his name was burnt with blasphemy and plastered with invective for days and days. Later he was forgiven, because he was a brave man and came to high honour.

I have written of this famous scare of Condé bridge in detail, not because it was characteristic, but because it was exceptional. It is the only scare we have ever had in our Division, and amongst those who were on the Aisne, and are still with the Division, it has become a phrase for encouragement—"Only another Condé."

During the first days on this monotonous river, the days when we attacked, the staff of our right brigade advanced for a time into open country and took cover behind the right haystack of three. To this brigade T— took a message early one morning, and continued to take messages throughout the day because—this was his excuse—he knew the road. It was not until several months later that I gathered by chance what had happened on that day, for T—, quite the best despatch rider in our Division, would always thwart my journalistic curiosity by refusing resolutely to talk about himself. The rest of us swapped yarns of an evening.

These haystacks were unhealthy: so was the approach to them. First one haystack was destroyed. The brigade went to the next. This second was blown to bits. The staff took refuge behind the third. In my letters I have told you of the good things the other despatch riders in our Division have done, but to keep up continuous communication all day with this be-shelled and refugee brigade was as fine a piece of despatch riding as any. It received its proper reward, as you know.

Afterwards the brigade emigrated to a hillside above Ciry, and remained there. Now the German gunner in whose sector Ciry was included should not be dismissed with a word. He was a man of uncertain temper and accurate shooting, for in the first place he would shell Ciry for a few minutes at any odd time, and in the second he knocked a gun out in three shells and registered accurately, when he pleased, upon the road that led up a precipitous hill to the edge of the Serches hollow. On this hill he smashed some regimental transport to firewood and killed a dozen horses, and during one of his sudden shellings of the village blew a house to pieces just as a despatch rider, who had been told the village that morning was healthy, rode by.

You must not think that we were for ever soudding along, like the typical "motor-cyclist scout" in the advertisements, surrounded with shells. There was many a dull ride even to

Bucy-le-Long. An expedition to the Div. Train (no longer an errant and untraceable vagabond) was safe and produced jam. A ride to Corps Headquarters was only dangerous because of the innumerable and bloodthirsty sentries surrounding that stronghold.

One afternoon a report came through to the Division that a motor-car lay derelict at Missy. So "the skipper" called for two volunteers who should be expert mechanics. Divisional Signal companies were not then provided with cars, and if the C.O. wished to go out to a brigade, which might be up to or over eight miles away, he was compelled to ride a horse, experiment with a motorcycle that was probably badly missed by the despatch riders, or borrow one of the staff cars. T—— and the elder B—— volunteered. As soon as it was dusk they rode down to Sermoise, and crossing by the ferry—it was perilous in the dark—made their way with difficulty across country to Missy, which was then almost in front of our lines. They found the car, and examining it discovered that to outward appearance it was sound,—a great moment when after a turn or two of the handle the engine roared into the darkness, but the noise was alarming enough because the Germans were none too far away. They started on their journey home—by St Marguerite and Venizel. Just after they had left the village the beam of an alien searchlight came sweeping along the road.

Before the glare had discovered their nakedness they had pulled the car to the side of the road under the shelter of the hedge nearest the Germans, and jumping down had taken cover. By all the rules of the game it was impossible to drive a car that was not exactly silent along the road from Missy to Hell's Own Corner. The searchlight should have found them, and the fire of the German snipers should have done the rest. But their luck was in, and they made no mistakes. Immediately the beam had passed they leaped on to the car and tore scatheless into St Marguerite and so back to the Division.

After its capture the car was exhibited with enormous pride to all that passed by. We should not have been better pleased if we had captured the whole Prussian Guard. For prisoners disappear and cannot always be shown to prove the tale. The car was an *ἀει κτήμα*.

In the morning we rode down into Sermoise for the motor-cycles. Sermoise had been shelled to pieces, but I shall never forget a brave and obstinate inhabitant who, when a shell had gone through his roof and demolished the interior of his house, began to patch his roof with bully-tins and biscuit-tins that he might at least have shelter from the rain.

Elated with our capture of the car we scented greater victories. We heard of a motor-boat on the river near Missy, and were filled with visions of

an armoured motor-boat stuffed with machine-guns plying up and down the Aisne. T—— and one of the B——s made another excursion. The boat was in an exposed and altogether unhealthy position, but they examined it, and found

that there was no starting-handle. In the village forge, which was very completely fitted up, they made one that did not fit, and then another, but however much they coaxed, the engine would not start. So regretfully they left it.

#### V. LIFE ON THE AISNE.

The night that T—— and I slept down at Ciry, the rest of the despatch riders, certain that we were taken, encamped at Ferme d'Epitaphe, for the flooded roads were impassable. There we found them in the morning, and discovered they had prepared the most gorgeous stew of all my recollection. Now, to make a good stew is a fine art, for a stew is not merely a conglomeration of bully and vegetables and water boiled together until it looks nice. First the potatoes must be cut out to a proper size and put in; of potatoes there cannot be too many. As for the vegetables, a superfluity of carrots is a burden, and turnips should be used with a sparing hand. A full flavour of leek is a great joy. When the vegetables are nearly boiled, the dixie should be carefully examined by all to see if it is necessary to add water. If in doubt spare the water, for a rich thick gravy is much to be desired. Add bully, and get your canteens ready. This particular stew made by O—— was epic. At all other good stews it was recalled and discussed, but never did a stew

come up to the stew that we so scrupulously divided among us on the bright morning of Sept. 12, 1914, at Ferme d'Epitaphe, above Serches.

Later in the day we took over our billet, a large bicycle-shed behind the school in which D.H.Q. were installed. The front of it was open, the floor was asphalt, the roof dripped, and we shared it with the Divisional Cyclists. So close were we packed that you could not turn in your sleep without raising a storm of curses, and if you were called out of nights you were compelled to walk boldly over prostrate bodies, trusting to luck that you did not step on the face of a man who woke suddenly and was bigger than yourself.

On the right of our dwelling was a little shed that was once used as a guard-room. A man and woman were brought in under suspicion of espionage. The woman was put in the shed. There she shrieked the night through, shouted for her husband (he had an ugly sounding name that we could not understand), and literally tore her hair. The language of the cyclists was an education even

to the despatch riders, who once had been told by their Quartermaster-Sergeant that they left the cavalry standing. Finally, we petitioned for her removal, and once again slept peacefully. The Court of Inquiry found the couple were not spies, but unmarried. So it married them and let them go.

The cyclists were marvellous and indefatigable makers of tea. At any unearthly hour you might be gently shaken by the shoulder and a voice would whisper—

“’Ave a drop o’ tea—real ’ot and plenty o’ sugar.”

Never have I come back from a night ride without finding a couple of cyclists squatting in the gloom round a little bright fire of their own making, with some fine hot tea. Wherever they go, may they never want a drink!

George O—— was our unofficial Quartermaster. He was and is a great man, always cheerful, able to coax bread, vegetables, wine, and other luxuries out of the most hardened old Frenchwoman; and the French, although ever pathetically eager to do anything for us, always charged a good round price. Candles were a great necessity, and could not be bought, but George always had candles for us. I forget at the moment whether they were for “Le General French, qui arrive,” or “Les pauvres, pauvres blessés.” On two occasions George’s genius brought him into trouble, for military law

consists mainly of the commandment—

“Thou shalt not allow thyself to be found out.”

We were short of firewood. So George discovered that his engine wanted a little tuning, and started out on a voyage of discovery. Soon he came upon a heap of neatly cut, neatly piled wood. He loaded up until he heard shouts, then fled. That night we had a great fire, but in the morning came tribulation. The shouts were the shouts of the C.R.E. and the wood was an embryonic bridge. Severely reprimanded.

Then there was the Honey Question. There were bees in the village and we had no honey. The reputation of George was at stake. So one night we warily and silently approached some hives with candles; unfortunately we were interfered with by the military police. Still an expedition into the hedgerows and woods always has an excuse in time of war, and we made it.

The village of Acy, high on the hill above the road to Venizel, was the richest hunting-ground. First, there was a bread-shop open at certain hours. George was often late, and, disdaining to take his place in the long line of those who were not despatch riders, would march straight in and demand bread for one of his two worthy charities. When these were looked upon with suspicion he engineered a very friendly understanding with the baker’s wife. Then there

was a dark little shop where you could buy good red wine, and beyond it a farmer with vegetables to sell. But his greatest find was the chateau, which clung to the edge of the hill and overlooked the valley of the Aisne to Condé Fort and the Hill of Chivres.

Searching one morning amongst a pile of captured and derelict stuff we discovered a canvas bath. Now, not one of us had had a bath since Havre, so we made arrangements. Three of us took the bath up to the chateau, then inhabited by a caretaker and his wife. They brought us great pails of hot water, and for the first time in a month we were clean. Then we had tea and talked about the Germans who had passed through. The German officer, the old woman told us, had done them no harm, though he had seized everything without paying a sou. Just before he left bad news was brought to him. He grew very angry, and shouted to her as he rode off—

“You shall suffer for this when we return;” but she laughed and shouted back at him, mocking—

“When you return!”

And then the English came.

After tea we smoked our pipes in the terraced garden, watched the Germans shelling one of our aeroplanes, examined the German lines, and meditated in safety on the war just like newspaper correspondents.

It was in Serches itself that George received the surprise of

his life. He was after potatoes, and seeing a likely-looking old man pass, D.H.Q. ran after him. In his best French—“Avez-vous pommes-de-terre à vendre?” The old man turned round, smiled, and replied in broadest Yorkshire, “Wanting any ‘taters?” George collapsed. It seems that the old fellow had settled in Serches years and years before. He had a very pretty daughter, who spoke a delectable mixture of Yorkshire and the local dialect. Of course she was suspected of being a spy—in fact, probably was—so the military police were set to watch her,—a job, I gathered later from one of them, much to their liking.

Our life on the Aisne, except for little exciting episodes, was restful enough. We averaged, I should think, a couple of day messages and one each night, though there were intermittent periods of high pressure. We began to long for the strenuous first days, and the Skipper, finding that we were becoming unsettled, put us to drill in our spare time and gave some of us riding lessons. Then came rumours of a move to a rest-camp, probably back at Compiègne. The 6th Division arrived to take over from us, or so we were told, and R— and C— came over with despatches. We had not seen them since Chatham. They regarded us as veterans, and we told them the tale.

One afternoon some artillery of this division came through

the valley. They were fine and fresh, but not a single one of us believed they equalled ours. There was a line of men to watch them pass, and everybody discovered a friend until practically at every stirrup there was a man inquiring after a pal, answering questions, and asking what they thought in England, and how recruiting was going. The air

rang with crude, great-hearted jokes. We motor-cyclists stood aside just criticising the guns and men and horses. We felt again that shyness we had felt at Chatham in front of the professional soldier. Then we remembered that we had been through the Retreat and the Advance, and went back to tea, content.

#### VI. THE MARCH FROM THE AISNE.

We left Serches at dusk with little regret and pushed on over the hill past Ferme d'Epitaphe of gluttonous memory, past the Headquarter clerks, who were jogging peacefully along on bicycles, down the other side of the hill, and on to the village of Maast. Headquarters were in a curious farm. One side of its court was formed by a hill in which there were caves—good shelter for the men. There was just one run that night to Corps H.Q. in a chateau three miles farther on.

The morning was clear and sunny. A good, lazy breakfast precluded a great wash. Then we chatted discreetly with a Paris *midinette* at the gate of the farm. Though not in Flanders, she was of the Flemish type,—bright colouring, high cheek-bones, dark eyes, set a trifle too closely together. On these little social occasions—they came all too rarely, that is why I always mention them—there was much advantage in being only a corporal. Officers, even Staff Officers, as they

passed threw at us a look of admiration and envy. A salute was cheap at the price.

In the afternoon there was a run, and when I returned I found that the rest-camp rumour had been replaced by two others—either we were going into action immediately a little farther along the line beyond Soissons, or we were about to make a dash to Ostend for the purpose of outflanking the Germans.

We moved again at dusk, and getting clear of the two brigades with H.Q. rode rapidly twenty miles across country, passing over the road by which we had advanced, to Longpont, a big dark chateau set in a wood and with a French sentry at the gate. Our third brigade was trekking away into the darkness as we came in. We slept in a large room on straw mattresses—very comforting to the bones.

The morning was again gorgeous, and again we breakfasted late and well. The

chateau we discovered to be monumental, and beside it, set in a beautiful garden, was a ruined chapel, where a service was held—the first since the beginning of the war. Our host, an old man, thin and lithe, and dressed in shiny black, came round during the day to see that we had all we needed. We heard a tale—I do not know how true it was—that the Crown Prince had stayed at the chateau. He had drunk much ancient and good wine, and what he had not drunk he had taken away with him, together with some objects of art. The chateau was full of good things.

During the day I had a magnificent run of forty miles over straight dry roads to Hartennes, where, if you will remember, that great man, Sergeant C—— of the cyclists, had given us tea, and on to Chacrise and Maast. It was the first long and open run I had had since the days of the retreat, when starting from Les Pommeroys I had ridden through the forest to Compiègne in search of the Divisional Train.

Just after I had returned we started off again—at dusk. I was sent round to a place, the name of which I cannot remember, to a certain division; then I struck north along a straight road through the forest to Villers-Cotterets. The town was crammed with French motor-lorries and crowded with French troops, who greeted me hilariously as I rode through to Véze.

There we slept comfortably in the lodge of the chateau, all, that is, except the younger B——, who had been seized with a puncture just outside the main hotel in Villers-Cotterets.

In the morning I had a fine run to a brigade at Béthancourt, the little village, you will remember, where we lunched off an excellent omelette, and convinced the populace, with the help of our host, that the Germans would come no farther. While I was away the rest discovered some excellent white wine in the cellar of the lodge, and before starting again at dusk we made a fine meal. B—— and I remained after the others had gone, and when the wife of the lodge-keeper came in and expressed her utter detestation of all troops, we told her that we were shedding our blood for France, and offered her forgetfully a glass of her own good wine.

That night we slept at Béthisy St Martin. On the retreat, you will remember, the lord of the chateau had given some of the despatch riders dinner, before they learnt that D.H.Q. had been diverted to Crécy-en-Valois. He recognised us with joy, allowed us to take things from the kitchen, and in the morning hunted out for us a tennis set. Four of us who were not on duty played a great game on a very passable gravel court.

We now heard that “the



Division" was convinced that we were going to make a dash for Ostend, and rumour seemed to crystallise into truth when orders came that we were to entrain that night at Pont St Maxence. The despatch riders rode ahead of the column, and received a joyous welcome in the town. We stalked bravely into a café, and drank loud and hearty toasts with some friendly but rather drunk French soldiers. Gascons they were, and d'Artagnans all, from their proper boasting—the heart of a lion and the cunning of a fox, they said. One of us was called into a more sober chamber to drink ceremonious toasts in champagne with their officers. In the street another of us—I would not give

even his initial—selecting the leading representative of young, demure, and ornamental maidenhood, embraced her in the middle of the most admiring crowd I have ever seen, while the rest of us explained to a half-angry mother that her daughter should be proud and happy—as indeed she was—to represent the respectable and historic town of Pont St Maxence. Then, amidst shrieks and cheers and cries of "Brave Tommy" and "We love you," the despatch riders of the finest and most famous of all Divisions rode singing to the station, where we slept peacefully on straw beside a large fire until the train came in and the Signal Company arrived.

## MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT — ITS FIRST DUTY — A PLAIN TALE OF  
WICKEDNESS—A PARIASH AMONG THE PEOPLES.

AT last that has happened which should have happened at the outset of the war: we have a Government which represents the diverse talents and opinions of the nation. The responsibility is no longer to be laid upon a single faction to fight the battle of the Empire. The change is salutary and unexpected. A disagreement, the last of many, between Lord Fisher and Mr Churchill seems to have opened the Prime Minister's eyes to the lack of discipline in his Cabinet. Whatever was the efficient cause, the result has been accepted with a quiet confidence by the country. Ever since the war began the situation has been hazardous and obscure. A truce of parties was proclaimed, and swiftly broken by the Minister who had proclaimed it. And as the weeks passed, the truce was translated into an immunity from criticism. The Cabinet, we were told, was as brittle as glass and as sensitive. The Ministers proclaimed loudly through their representatives in the press that nobody might touch them. Democrats though they were, they bade the common herd to keep at a respectful distance. Their judgment and their courage were said to transcend the common knowledge of men. In brief, they stood upon the topmost pinnacle of tyranny, and made no less a demand

upon their countrymen than that they should fall upon their knees before them, and shout with a single voice: O last repository of wisdom, live for ever!

Now this spirit of silent adulation was good neither for the Ministers nor for the country. It encouraged in these, upon whose activity the fate of the British Empire rested, a complacent sloth, a satisfied vanity, which are not the best qualities for the conduct of a great war. And in the days before reconstruction the Radical journals, proud in the domination of their party, demanded that a strict censorship of opinion should be added to the censorship of news. Had they had their way we should have delivered the nation bound and gagged over to the clique which happened to hold office when war was declared, and we should have risked upon the untried ability of half a dozen politicians, elected in times of peace for the purposes of peace, the safety of the Empire. Now at last our anxiety is relieved. We have good reason to hope that in the stern struggle that lies ahead of us we shall have the best talents that the country affords, united for the sole purpose of achieving a victory over the arms and ambitions of Germany.

In the first place, we have a guarantee that no thought of party advantage will disturb the councils of the coalition. When Tories and Radicals exert equal authority, we may be sure that neither party will be diverted from envisaging the end in view. There is nothing to gain either for the one or for the other. Even were they not dominated by a common patriotism, they would yet be persuaded to serve their country. And the mere fact that Mr Asquith, dismissing some of those who worked with him in the glorious days of disruption, has called to his aid the best of the Opposition, proves that at last he has grasped the magnitude of the task which lies before him. And since we may take it that all classes are now represented in the Cabinet, the only criticism which will be necessary is the criticism which is designed to keep the members of the Cabinet at the high level of their duty. Above all, we have every reason to believe that henceforth civilians will not interfere in the conduct of military operations, and that our Ministers will leave the soldiers and sailors, to whom is confided the high command, free to act as they think right. We have given our whole-hearted confidence to Lord Kitchener and to those who work with him, and that confidence will be neither withheld nor lessened. We know that the great fleet is sure in the hands of Admiral Jellicoe and his colleagues. And being assured that their security from

interference is absolute, we may take comfort in the thought that no disaster shall overtake the country that military skill and courage can avert.

The fact is that in the crisis of a great war there is no room for politics. Our statesmen have always recognised that truth in the past. They have readily accepted the principle of coalition at the hour of danger. William Pitt, when he confronted the might of revolutionary France, strengthened his position by inviting the help of the Whigs, and the Whigs willingly gave him that help, in spite of the obstructive tactics of Charles James Fox. The responsibility rests upon all parties in the State, it should be shared by them all. At least we have a guarantee that the necessary operations of the war shall not be disturbed by the bias of politics, and that the talents of Mr Balfour and Lord Curzon, for instance, shall not be wasted by a scruple of party.

But now that we have united in a common Government the best men that the House of Commons contains, there remains one other necessary purpose to be achieved. We must mobilise the whole country, until it acknowledges but one object—the speedy termination of the war. Those who stay at home must be enrolled as soldiers and subjected to the same discipline which they obey who fight the battle of England abroad. There is one method and one method only by which we can

ensure an adequate supply of shells and explosives, and that method is compulsory service. The men in the workshops must learn to forget the rules of their unions; they must rise above the mere greed of high wages. They must consider that they too fight under England's flag, and they must do as they are told without dispute and without question. They must wear the uniform, and they must take the military oath, and if they refuse to obey their superior officer, they must be punished as deserters and be punished in the field.

In other words, it will be the first duty of our new Government to adopt a form of conscription. The men in the trenches are behaving with a gallantry and a self-sacrifice which find not their parallel in the history of warfare. It is monstrous that they should suffer from the lack of high explosives, and that this lack should be due to the idleness of the shirkers who stay at home. The soldier who fights and dies for us in Flanders is paid a shilling a day for his pains. His brother in the workshop, without risk of danger, is doing his best to make money out of the war. He has not hesitated to strike, when he should have known that every hour of his idleness meant the death of his comrades, who are defending his home and his life on the field of battle. The soldier who fails to do his duty is justly shot. The workman, who too should be counted a soldier, does what he will,

and hitherto has escaped the penalty of his misdeeds. And justice will not be done until all those who of a suitable age are compelled to serve the country, and are punished as traitors if they disobey the command of their appointed officers.

That any objection would be raised in the country to the principle of conscription we do not believe. If Englishmen are told what is the duty expected of them they will not shrink from obedience. It is not wholly their fault that they have not realised how heavy is the burden of the war. They have seen neither burnt villages nor devastated fields. They have not always been given the wise lead they have a right to demand. But whether the country raises an objection or not matters very little. The clear necessity of the case is too strong for hesitation. The soldiers fighting in Flanders are giving cheerfully whatever they have to give—even life itself, and they cannot but cherish an uneasy sense that the men in the workshops are not rising to the height of the danger. The duty, then, of our strong and trusted coalition is plain. Now that it has collected into a single Government the best of all parties, it must mobilise all the able-bodied men in the country, and compel them, under the laws of military discipline, to fight the enemy either in the field or in the factory. Thus only shall we take full advantage of our strength; thus only shall we

defeat the most desperate and least scrupulous enemy that ever was arrayed in arms against us.

If any spur were needed to goad Government or people to activity, it may be found in the report recently published on the German outrages committed in Belgium. The report is not the work of passion or partisanship. The members of the Committee which has drawn it up are not men easily swayed by fury or anger. They have preserved throughout a tone and demeanour of the strictest impartiality. They began their inquiry full of doubts. As the facts, already published, had transcended the general experience of human brutality, it was not strange that they should have been incredulous. But the further they went, and the more evidence they examined, the more their scepticism was reduced. The Belgian witnesses were as passionless, apparently, as the members of the Committee itself. They showed no trace of vindictiveness to the lawyers who took their depositions, and suppressed whatever of emotional excitement there may have been in their minds. This is not to be wondered at. It is the trivial emotion which makes the greatest noise. There comes a point in human suffering, at which those who feel it take refuge in silence, or in the sparing recital of a hateful truth. They who have sipped full of horrors are not wont to embellish their nightmares.

So the Committee was astonished at the plainness of the record placed before them. "There might be some exaggeration in one witness," it writes, "possible delusion in another, inaccuracies in a third. When, however, we found that things which had at first seemed improbable were testified to by many witnesses coming from different places, having had no communication with one another, and knowing nothing of one another's statements, the points on which they all agreed became more and more evidently true. And when this concurrence of testimony, this convergence upon what are substantially the same broad facts, showed itself in hundreds of depositions, the truth of these broad facts stood out beyond question. The force of the evidence is cumulative. Its worth can be estimated only by perusing the testimony as a whole. If any further information had been needed, we found it in the diaries in which German officers and private soldiers have recorded incidents just such as those to which the Belgian witnesses depose." Out of their own mouths they are convicted! And we may place absolute faith in the report of Lord Bryce's Committee, with this exception, that it is careful to understate the atrocities which have been committed by the butchers of Germany.

From the first moment that the Germans invaded Belgium, a country whose neutrality they had guaranteed in 1839, and reassured on July 31st, 1914, they gave themselves up to an

orgie of wickedness. Wherever they went they proved themselves drunkards, thieves, ravishers, and murderers. They defied the code of decent morality as they defied the code of international law. They spared neither age nor sex; they spared neither little children nor old men. The peaceful tillers of the soil, non-combatants who had never raised a hand against them, were food for their powder no less than the brave soldiers who hindered their lawless advance. It is impossible without reading the whole of the evidence to gain an adequate impression of German lust and German cruelty. Here are some typical examples. "On or about the 14th and 15th of August the village of Visé was completely destroyed. Officers directed the incendiaries who worked methodically with benzene. Antiques and china were removed from the houses before their destruction by officers who guarded the plunder, revolver in hand. The house of a witness which contained valuables of this kind was protected for a time by a notice posted on the door by officers. This notice has been produced to the Committee. After the removal of the valuables this house also was burnt." Thus it appears that the instinct of robbery controlled the lust of destruction. And was not the ineffable Herr von Bode present to estimate the worth of the German loot?

After Visé there came the turn of Liége. "The Rue des Pitteurs and houses in the Place de l'Université and the Quai des Pécheurs were system-

atically fired with benzene, and many inhabitants were burned alive in their houses, their efforts to escape being prevented by rifle fire. Twenty people were shot, while trying to escape, before the eyes of one of the witnesses. . . . The fire burned on through the night, and the murders continued on the following day, the 21st. Thirty-two civilians were killed on that day in the Place de l'Université alone, and a witness states that this was followed by the rape in open day of fifteen or twenty women on tables in the square itself." It is a hideous comment upon the morals and manners of the nation which vaunts itself the keeper of the universal conscience, and which aspired at the outset of the war to impose its "civilisation" upon the world.

So the awful record continues. At Andenne 400 people lost their lives in a single massacre; the Germans signalled their entry into Namur by firing on a crowd of 150 unarmed, unresisting civilians, ten alone of whom escaped; at Tamines, little girls and boys were killed for looking at the German soldiers,—had they not looked at them, they would probably have been killed for the neglect; the town of Dinant was set on fire by hand-grenades, hundreds of unarmed civilians were slaughtered, and the Germans completed their work of destruction by laying hands upon a girl of seven, one of whose legs they broke and the other they injured with a bayonet. Doubtless the hero

who achieved this triumph was rewarded with the iron cross. Nor were the ruffians content to kill and burn. They practised wherever they went the shameful refinements of cruelty. At Herent the Germans shot a civilian and stabbed him with a bayonet. They then compelled a prisoner, who was witness of this gallant deed, to smell the blood upon the bayonet!

The victory over Louvain and its books and its University is by this time the property of the whole world. There is no one in either hemisphere who does not know this access of blind rage. The Committee's report adds some touches which should not be forgotten. "On the evening of the 25th firing could be heard in the direction of Herent, some three kilometres from Louvain. An alarm was sounded in the city. There was disorder and confusion, and at eight o'clock horses attached to baggage-waggon stamped in the street and rifle fire commenced. This was in the Rue de la Station, and came from the German Police Guard (21 in number), who, seeing the troops arrive in disorder, thought it was the enemy. Then the corps of incendiaries got to work. They had broad belts with the words 'Gott mit uns,' and their equipment consisted of a hatchet, a syringe, a small shovel, and a revolver. Fires blazed up in the direction of the Law Courts, St Martin's Barracks, and later in the Place de la Station. Mean-

while an incessant fusillade was kept up on the windows of the houses. In their efforts to escape the inhabitants climbed the walls." Nothing is spared us of blasphemy or brutality in this recital. "Then the corps of incendiaries got to work." Could it be more simply expressed? The broad belts of the miscreants bore the words "Gott mit uns." So they carried on their task of murder with a blasphemous invocation stamped upon them! Doubtless the Germans thought that not a bad performance for one evening. They did yet better on the 26th. That day saw such massacre, fire, and destruction as had not been seen for centuries. The University, with its library, the Church of St Peter, and unnumbered houses were burned to the ground. Some citizens were shot, others were sent off with the troops. On all sides soldiers were heard shouting, "Man hat geschossen," a sound more grimly ominous than the tocsin of St Bartholomew's Eve. So the work of sacking and murder went on, and even when it was finished, when little was left to kill or burn, the Germans had not finished with the people of Louvain. As if impressed for a moment by the enormity of their crime, they began to manufacture false evidence. They packed filthy cattle-trucks full of captured citizens, crammed a hundred in each truck, and labelled the trucks, "Civilians who shot at the soldiers at Louvain." Several

witnesses have described the horrible tortures suffered by the victims of German cruelty on the journey to Cologne. For two days and a half they were without food. Then they received a loaf of bread among ten persons and some water. The journey lasted eight days, and on the road two of the men went mad. After parading the starved, ill-treated Belgians before the sight-seers of Cologne, they sent them back again to their own country, a miserable sacrifice to the Germans' infamous system of terror.

This persistent policy of looting and murder, if it impresses our imagination most deeply, is not the only breach of the laws of war committed by the Belgians in Germany. It is established by the report that the German Army in Belgium used women and children and non-combatant men as a screen to its advance, that they killed prisoners and wounded soldiers, that they fired on the Red Cross, on ambulances, and on stretcher-bearers, that they made an improper use of the White Flag. In brief, there is nothing in our international code that they did not outrage. They have made war without any sense of fairness or honour, and thus have proclaimed themselves in act to be the enemies of the human race. Yet flagrant as their contempt of all reasonable conventions has been, still more horrible is the malignant cruelty they have displayed. They have mutilated women, they have cut off the hands of children, they have bound and

tortured harmless men. Many of their crimes may be attributed only to sexual perversion, and it is plain that Germany, which affects to be the most highly educated country in Europe, has learned all the lessons that Sadism has to teach. Their own defence is manifestly absurd, and indeed has not been pressed. They destroyed the towns and villages of Belgium, they pretend, because their soldiers were fired upon by non-combatants. That their soldiers were fired on no proof has ever been adduced, and it is exceedingly unlikely, since we know well that the Belgians made every effort possible, by proclamation and otherwise, to warn civilians to take no part in the hostilities. The only reasonable explanation is that the Germans hoped by a system of brutality to strike terror in the people of Belgium and to break the power of their defence. Their failure to frighten their enemies shows that though in the scholastic sense they may be students of psychology, they have learned nothing whatever of human character. But having set out to dishearten all those whom they encountered by the way, they declare that necessity justifies the last enormity. "The spirit of war," says the report of Lord Bryce's Committee, "is deified. Obedience to the State and its War Lord leaves no room for any other duty or feeling. Cruelty becomes legitimate when it promises victory. Proclaimed by the heads of the army, this doctrine would seem



to have permeated the officers and affected even the private soldiers, leading them to justify the killing of non-combatants as an act of war, and so accustoming them to slaughter that even women and children become at last the victims."

The explanation does but add to the disgrace which is piled up upon the back of Germany. She has mocked life and death. She has insulted war. She has shown herself before the world without faith and without mercy. To match her crimes you must go back to Tilly and the siege of Magdeburg or to Tamerlane himself. She finds no counterpart in modern history. When they discover the truth, even the Turks will shrink from her in horror. And let it be remarked that the devil's work done in Belgium was not the work of a caste or clique. It was the work of a nation in arms. No doubt it was systematised by the general staff. No doubt brutality was inculcated as a part of military discipline. But it is part of a discipline that has been universally accepted in Germany as a proof of national grandeur, and there is none, high or low, who has taken his share of the war who can evade the responsibility of murder and rapine.

As she has probably discovered by this time, it is at herself, not at Belgium, that Germany has struck the heaviest blow. While Belgium and her gallant king have touched the zenith of glory,

Germany has sunk to the very depth of infamy. She is thrust beyond the pale of civilisation. She has become a pariah among the peoples. When the war is over, and it will not last for ever, all the other nations will refuse to renew the ties of friendship and intellect and commerce with the State that has trampled the laws of war and peace under foot, and has murdered, in glad obedience to command, the women and children of a country whose neutrality it was bound to respect. That the truth about Belgium has been set forth by a Committee of distinguished Englishmen is a matter of complete satisfaction. We know with double clarity what the use of asphyxiating gas, the poisoning of wells, the sinking of passenger ships has taught us, that we are opposed to a dishonourable and unscrupulous foe, whose defeat is a necessity, unless the whole world is to sink back into the barbarism of the darkest age. Above all, we hope that the gentlemanly prigs, who are preaching in our midst the mischievous doctrine of pro-Germanism, will read the report and henceforth keep silence. That they should use the means they do of calling attention to themselves we are not surprised. Some there are who find a comfortable sense of "superiority" in pretending that their own country is always in the wrong, whose love of Germany is so deep and wide that, while they have no word of blame for her warlike

preparations, they condemn all those who defended themselves against her onslaught, because if nobody had taken up her challenge there might have been peace. Even now the peacemakers clamour that Germany shall not be humiliated, and it is not likely that the report of Lord Bryce's Committee will have any greater influence with them than the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Their minds are swayed, not by a sense of justice nor by the love of truth, but by a superstition; and though it is well that even they should be told what their friends achieved in Belgium, we have little hope of their reformation. They will still go on signing sentimental petitions, and sighing for the hour when they may return, smiling and bland, to their spiritual home. As for the Germans themselves, we need not be surprised that they have in them the seeds of Sadic cruelty. They have been educated out of human shape. They have sat at the feet of State-fed professors and have mistaken their noisy rhetoric for learning. They have amassed facts and not understood their import. They have crammed themselves full, as a Strassburg goose, with gobbets of erudition, and they have forgotten in the professional din the words of the wise man: "Knowledge without conscience is the ruin of the soul."

It is of a good omen that the 18th of the month which now

opens is the centenary of Waterloo. The situation in 1815 is not unlike the situation of to-day. We were then, as now, part of a coalition, whose end and aim were to save Europe from the domination of one man. But if the game is the same, if the old players still hold a hand, they are differently combined. The present struggle, moreover, though it cannot last so long as that which terminated at Waterloo, is intense with an intensity of which Napoleon, the greatest captain of modern times, never dreamed. As we compare the two struggles we are perforce conscious above all of their differences. While we are far enough away from the past to look at it through a haze of glory and romance, we are so close to the present that we are absorbed by a vision of horror and ferocity. We know that the heroism now displayed in Flanders is greater even than the heroism of Waterloo. Brave men, more harshly tried than their forefathers were, are facing the trial with all the old nonchalance, with all the old indomitable courage. They have not forgotten in a century of prosperity how to die for their country, and there cheerfully fall in a day as many as a hundred years ago fell in a campaign. But as we have said, the omens are good. In 1815 we did more than our share in saving Europe from the oppressor, and we have a sure hope and faith that we shall do our part also in crushing this new tyrant, who, without Napoleon's genius and without

Napoleon's excuse, would put England under his ruthless and foreign heel.

There is no more gallant episode in modern history than that which is known by the name of the Hundred Days. When Napoleon was sent to reign in Elba it seemed that the peace of Europe was assured. The statesmen, who thought they might resume their old habit of intrigue, forgot for the moment the spirit and resource of the Corsican. Napoleon had been in exile less than a year when he landed on the coast not far from Cannes, and saw once more the land of France. It was a France which he had not known for many years, a France curious only about new Constitutions; and it provoked Napoleon to an utterance which the German Emperor, who delights to imitate the faults of a great man, has echoed more than once. "You are pushing me in a way that is not mine," said he. "You are weakening and chaining me. France looks for me and does not find me. Public opinion was excellent; now it is execrable. France is asking what has come to the Emperor's arm, this arm which she needs to master Europe. Why speak to me of goodness, abstract justice, and of natural laws? The first law is necessity; the first justice is the public safety." Do we not know now whence Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg pilfered his famous speech?

But when Napoleon was in the field he recovered his ascendancy at once. At Grenoble he conquered at a word the 5th Regiment of the Line. It was the critical moment of the revolution. The Imperial Advanced Guard struck into the Royalist Advanced Guard at a small village some fifteen miles from Grenoble. "Napoleon," writes Captain Becke<sup>1</sup> in his admirable panegyric, "as ever, rose to the occasion, and dominated the whole scene. For the men's muskets were actually levelled to open fire on the invader, when Napoleon, alone and on foot, advancing to within pistol range, addressed the soldiers in words that rang in their ears: 'Soldiers of the 5th of the Line, do you remember me?' There was a volley of assent, and then the clear strong voice continued: 'If there is in your ranks a single soldier who would kill his Emperor, let him fire. Here am I!'" His success in diplomacy was not so great as his success in winning the army over to his side. He knew that the best hope of victory lay in breaking up the coalition formed against him. He thought, vainly, that the interest of Marie Louise might avail to detach Austria. He was convinced, as many have been convinced since, that the sentimentalists of England would insist upon peace at any price. Austria and England threw their whole weight

<sup>1</sup> Napoleon and Waterloo. A strategical and tactical study. By Captain A. F. Becke. London: Kegan Paul.

into the scale against Napoleon, but even with so formidable an array of enemies, all would not have been lost had Napoleon risen to the height of his former achievements. The history of his last fateful campaign has been written by many hands, by none better than by Captain Beoke. It is our fault if we do not know what Napoleon did and said every hour of the eventful weeks. Controversy still rages acutely about the merits and demerits of his generalship. A hundred critics have speculated what would have happened had he acted otherwise than he did, had Ney and Grouchy served him more wisely. His symptoms are still examined by doctors, as though he were here to answer to their treatment. On the one hand, his partisans plead illness in excuse of his failure; the others declare that he was never better in his life than on the field of Waterloo. But victory is relentless, and makes no allowance. There is a vast difference between war and the war-game. In the supreme crisis of a soldier's fate it does not matter what he should have done; it matters only what he did. And Napoleon, despite his genius, despite his courage, despite his dominion over his troops, was beaten at Waterloo, and how-

ever much we may regret the death of romance, we can only take satisfaction in the thought that Europe was at last saved from the domination of a tyrant, and that peace was assured after twenty years of bloody war.

To-day, as we have said, another and a worse tyrant threatens Europe. If the German Emperor were victorious, we should succumb not to the glamour of genius, but to the ugly supremacy of organised cruelty. It is the Kaiser's whim to believe himself Napoleon reincarnate. He does his best to mimic the great man's style, to travesty the great man's gestures. He has read, no doubt, that Napoleon ill-treated his British prisoners, and he does the same. He has learned from the model whom he cannot approach, the cant of necessity. In limping after his hero he has turned his back upon the past of Prussia. Blücher fought at Wellington's side for freedom. The Kaiser fights to enslave the world. And so it is that we accept the centenary of Waterloo as a good omen. If we won then, we are ten times assured that we shall win now. For then we faced Napoleon, the rival of Alexander and Cæsar. The worst bogey that confronts us to-day is a pinchbeck Caligula.

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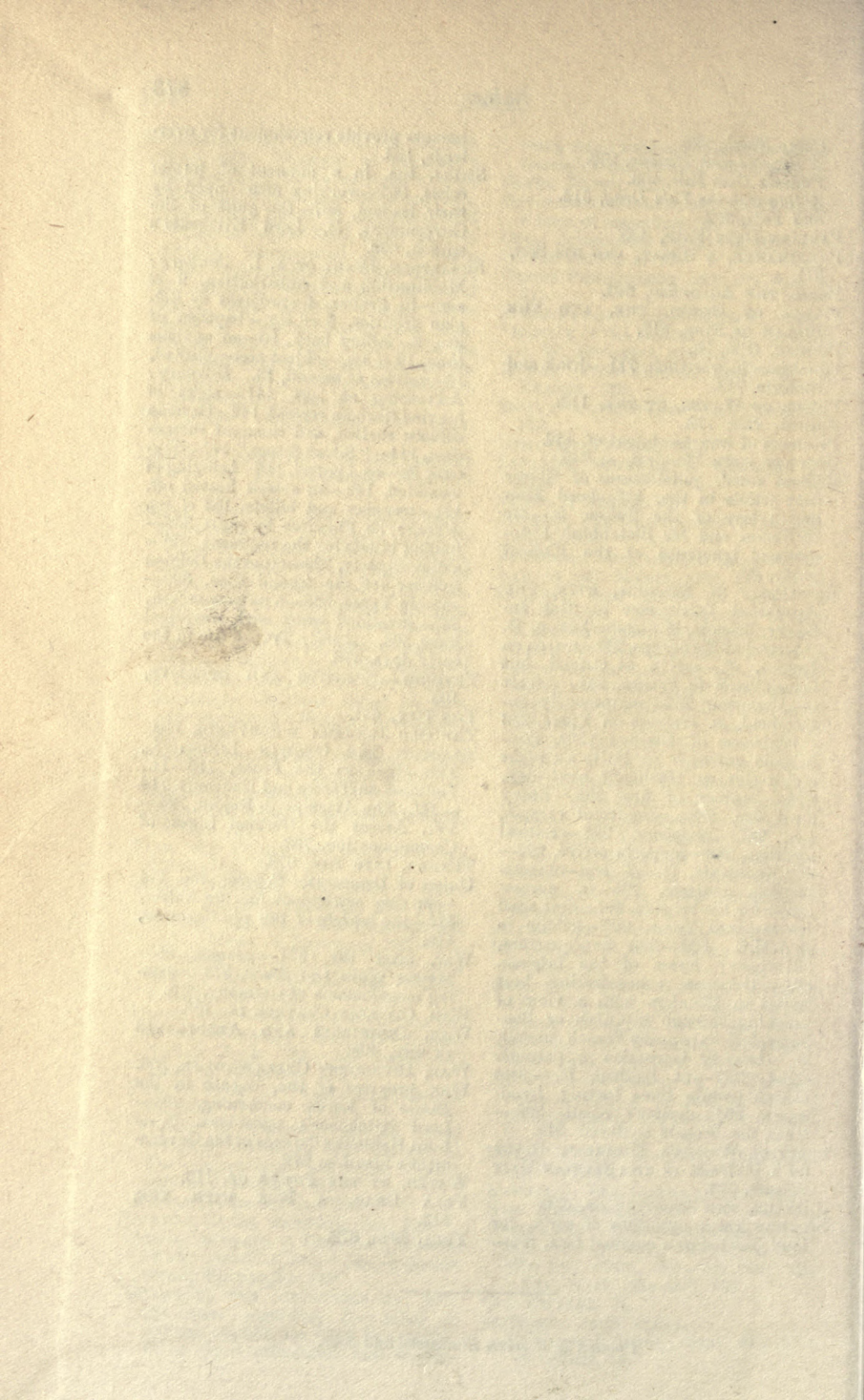
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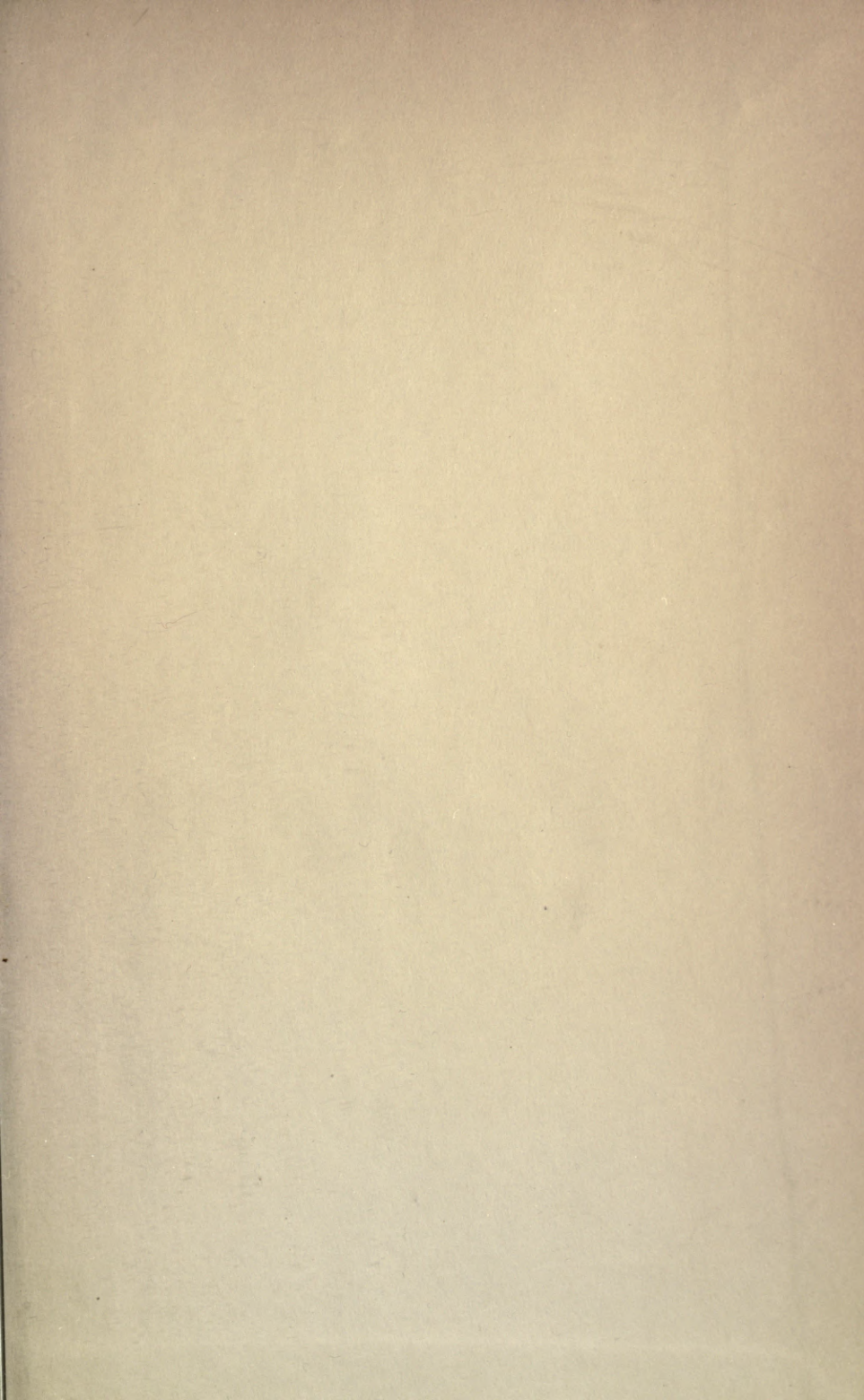
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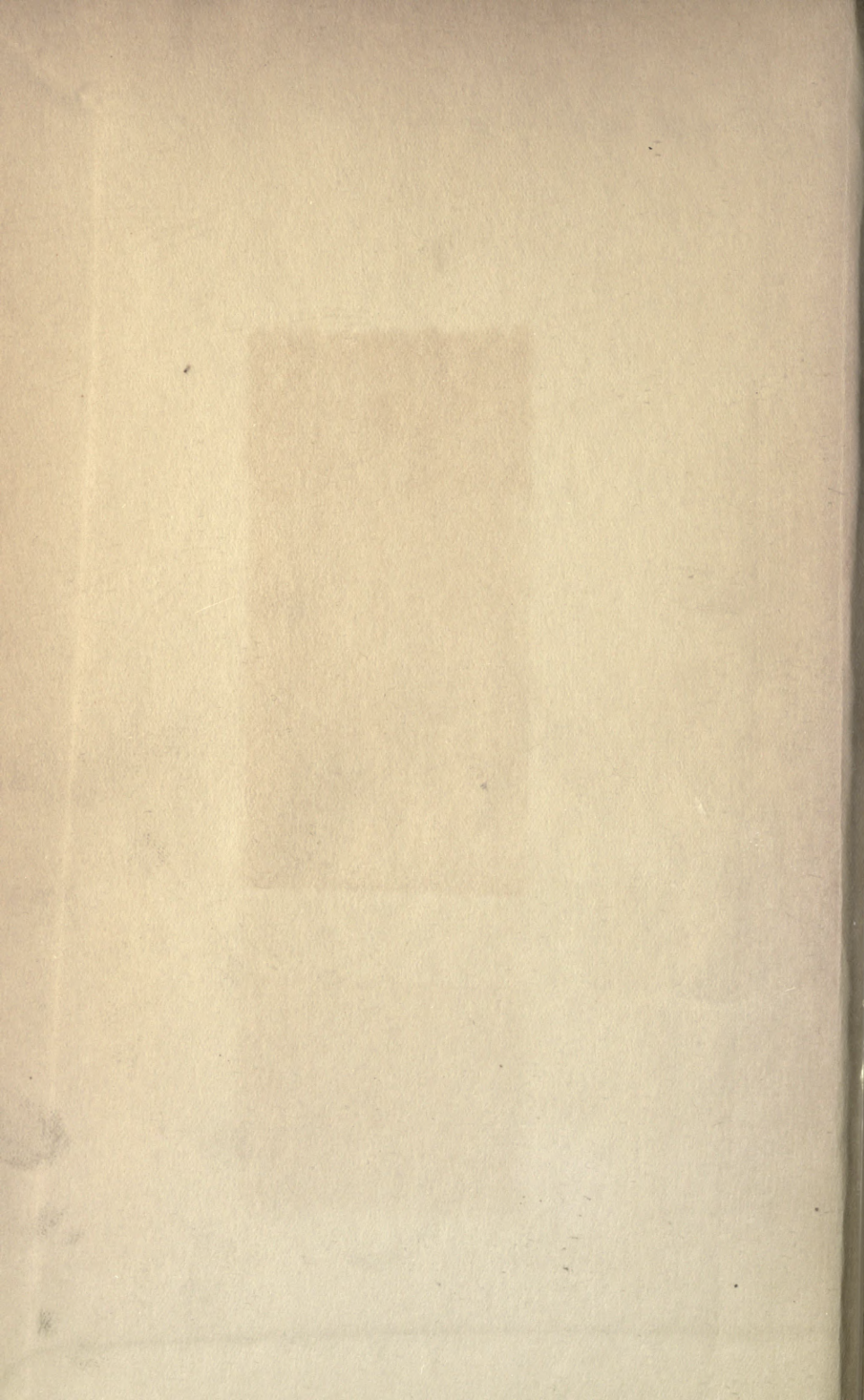
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