



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

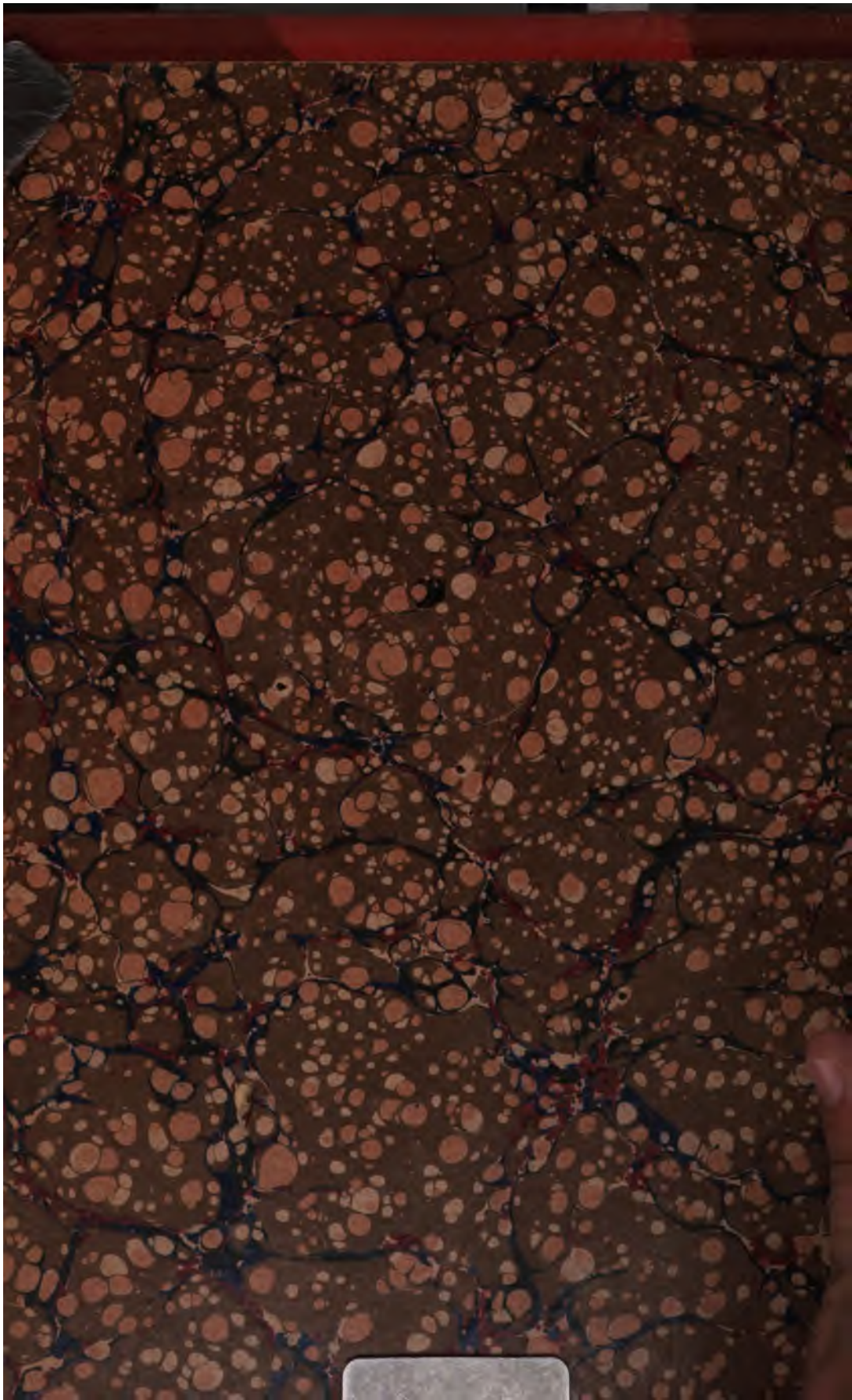
We also ask that you:

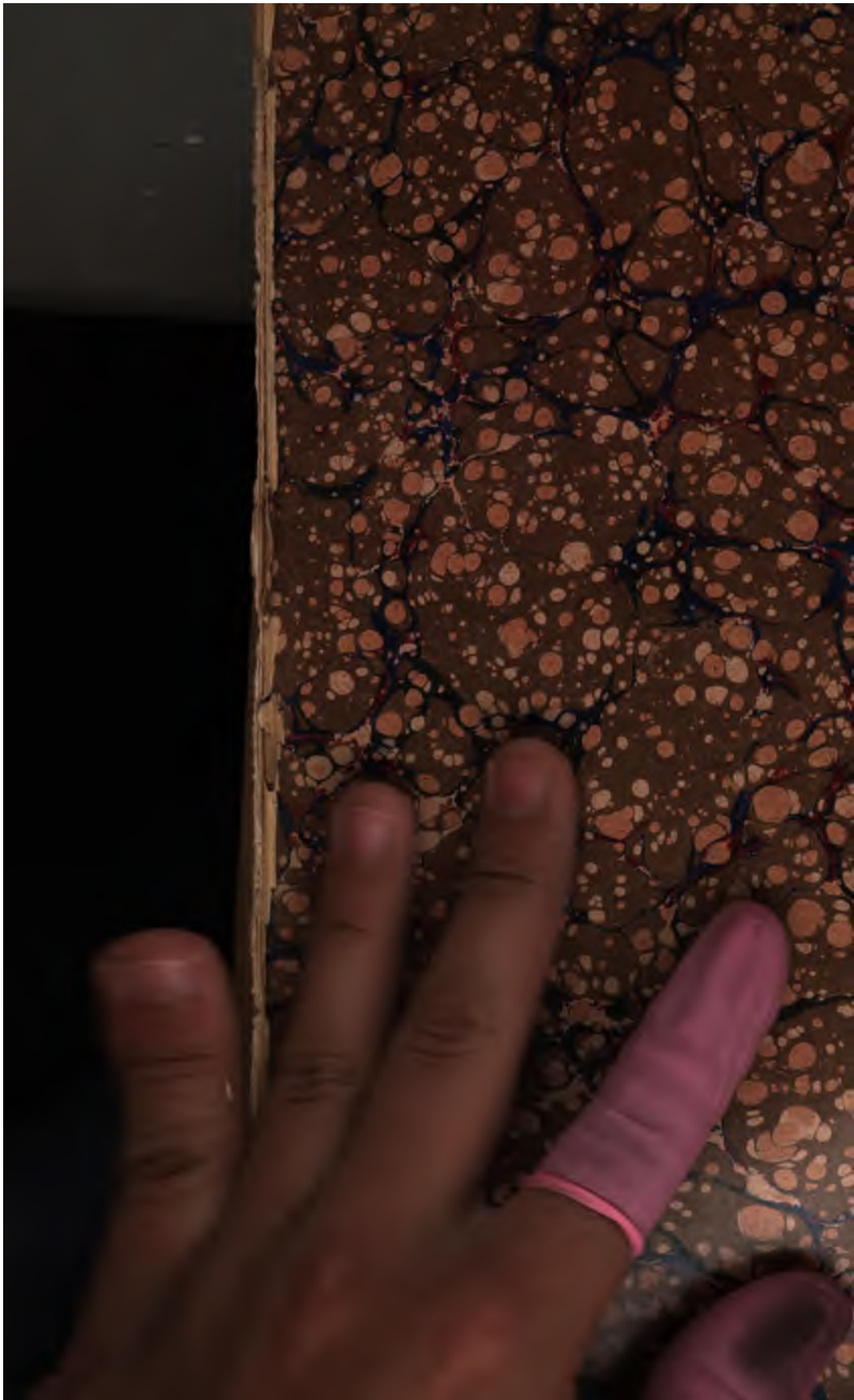
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







52-

100

7



1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62  
63  
64  
65  
66  
67  
68  
69  
70  
71  
72  
73  
74  
75  
76  
77  
78  
79  
80  
81  
82  
83  
84  
85  
86  
87  
88  
89  
90  
91  
92  
93  
94  
95  
96  
97  
98  
99  
100



1

THE  
CONTEMPORARY  
REVIEW

VOLUME LXXIII. JANUARY—JUNE 1898

LONDON  
ISBISTER AND COMPANY LIMITED  
15 AND 16 TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN  
1898

**LIBRARY OF THE  
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY.**

Q.36505

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO.  
At the Ballantyne Press

## CONTENTS OF VOLUME LXXIII.

### JANUARY, 1898.

	PAGE
The Coming of the Slav. By George Washburn, D.D. . . . .	1
"Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-Eight?" By William O'Brien . . . .	14
The Jewish Workman. By John A. Dyoche . . . . .	35
The Fall of the Roman Empire and its Lessons for Us. By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. . . . .	51
How Joseph Arch was Driven from the State Church. By W. T. Stead . .	71
A Day's Shoot in Chitral. By Colonel Durand . . . . .	84
Priest or Prophet? By J. A. Meeson . . . . .	89
The Teaching of Cookery. By Mrs. Mary Davies (late Government Inspectress of Cookery) . . . . .	106
The Shortening of Parliament. By T. C. Snow . . . . .	115
Mescal: A New Artificial Paradise. By Havelock Ellis . . . . .	130
The Plevna of Labour. By An Onlooker . . . . .	142

### FEBRUARY, 1898.

The Breaking-up of the Austrian Empire. By N. E. Prorok . . . . .	153
The British Ship of War. By Fred. T. Jane . . . . .	174
Alphonse Daudet. By Virginia M. Crawford . . . . .	182
The Problem of the Far East . . . . .	193
The Attack on the Council. By T. McKinnon Wood. . . . .	202
St. John and Philo Judæus. By W. E. Ball . . . . .	219
Our Trade with Western China. By John Foster Fraser . . . . .	235
"A Typical Alien Immigrant." By Arnold White . . . . .	241
"The Sunken Bell." By the Editor . . . . .	251
The State of the Army. By a Member of the Headquarters Staff . . . .	275
Bechuanaland. By the Rev. John MacKenzie . . . . .	282
The National Liberal Federation. By a Moderate Radical. . . . .	298

### MARCH, 1898.

The Demoralisation of France . . . . .	305
The Immorality and Cowardice of Modern Loan-Mongers. By A. J. Wilson .	326
The Military Amateurs. By Tearem, M.P. . . . .	335
Agricultural Depression. By Sir Edmund Verney Bart. . . . .	346
The Secret of Baldness. By G. Clarke Nuttall . . . . .	356
Ahikar the Wise. By Dr. E. J. Dillon . . . . .	362
The Problem in the Far East. By Fred. T. Jane . . . . .	387
The Registration of Midwives. By Charles T. Cullingworth, M.D. . . . .	394
The Dragon and the Chrysanthemum. By N. G. Mitchell-Innes . . . . .	403
The Decline of Tractarianism. By A Country Parson . . . . .	415
The Romance of School. By the Warden of Glenalmond . . . . .	430
The Relation of Choice to Freedom. By Emma Marie Caillard . . . . .	439
The Strike of the German Students in Austria. By S. Schidrowitz . . . .	450

## APRIL, 1898.

	PAGE
The Failure of Our Foreign Policy . . . . .	457
Some Notes on the Zola Case. By David Christie Murray . . . . .	481
India on a Gold Basis. By W. R. Lawson . . . . .	491
The Cycle Industry. By Duncans . . . . .	500
Ferdinand Fabre. By Edmund Gosse . . . . .	512
Mr. Mallock as Political Economist. By J. A. Hobson . . . . .	528
Crocodile Shooting in India. By E. Stewart . . . . .	540
The Differentia of Christianity. By John Robson, D.D. . . . .	547
Irish Elementary Education. By Edith F. Hogg and Arthur D. Innes . . . . .	564
England and France in West Africa. By Professor Westlake . . . . .	582
✓ The Balance of Power. By "Quorum Pars Fui." . . . .	593

## MAY, 1898.

✓ The Collision of the Old World and the New. By Politicus . . . . .	609
The Dreyfus Case. By M. Yves Guyot . . . . .	618
Our "Expert" Statesmen. By Tearem, M.P. . . . .	628
Health on the Bicycle. By E. B. Turner, F.R.C.S. . . . .	640
The Waning of Evangelicalism. By Richard Heath . . . . .	649
Some Notable Dogs in Fiction. By Phil Robinson . . . . .	666
A Bird's-Eye View of the Transcaspian. By E. N. Adler . . . . .	680
The Slave Trade in the West African Hinterland. By Canon C. H. Robinson . . . . .	698
The Jewish Colonies in Palestine. By Joseph Prag . . . . .	706
In Andalusia with a Bicycle. By Joseph Pennell . . . . .	714
The Opinions of Friedrich Nietzsche. By Professor Seth . . . . .	727
How China may yet be Saved. By Demetrius C. Boulger . . . . .	751

## JUNE, 1898.

Russia and Mr. Chamberlain's Long Spoon. By W. T. Stead . . . . .	761
Mr. Gladstone's Theology. By G. W. E. Russell . . . . .	778
Our Policy in the Far East. By Sir William Des Vœux, G.C.M.G. . . . .	795
The Prison Treatment of Women. By Mrs. Sheldon Amos . . . . .	804
Is Evangelicalism Declining? By J. Guinness Rogers, D.D. . . . .	814
A Visit to the Philippines. By Claes Ericsson . . . . .	829
The Christian Ideal of Liberty. By Emma Marie Caillard . . . . .	838
Ought the State to Cover Maritime War-Risks? By John Glover . . . . .	851
The Supply of British Seamen. By A. Cowie . . . . .	855
✓ Bachelor Women. By Stephen Gwynn . . . . .	866
✓ The Ruin of Spain. By Dr. E. J. Dillon . . . . .	876

## THE COMING OF THE SLAV.

THE Latin and the Teutonic races have had their day, and they have failed to establish a truly Christian civilisation. They have done great things in the organisation of society, in the development of material wealth, in literature, art, and science, and especially in recognising and securing in some degree the rights of the individual man; but they have exalted the material above the spiritual, and made Mammon their god. They have lost the nobler aspirations of youth, and are governed now by the sordid calculations of old age. We wait the coming of the Slav to regenerate Europe, establish the principle of universal brotherhood and the kingdom of Christ on earth.

This is the substance of an address delivered not long ago by a young Slav. If it were the fancy of a single brain it would not be worth noticing; but as it is, in fact, the dream of more than a hundred million brains in Europe, it has some interest for those who are to be regenerated by the coming of the Slav. Englishmen and Americans used to have such dreams, and somehow, without much wisdom or much conscious direction on the part of their rulers, these dreams have got themselves fulfilled in a measure. If we have failed to establish a truly Christian civilisation in the world, and left something for the Slavs to do, it is, perhaps, our fault; but we have certainly done something towards the evolution of society. If we hear less of these dreams now, it is because we have found that the renovation of the world was a "bigger job" than we had counted upon. The Latin races had certainly failed to realise their dreams when the Teutonic races took up the work and put new life into it. If now the Slavs can complete it, so much the better for us and the world, however painful the process may be. The Latin races have lost

nothing worth having by our leadership, and if the Slavs are to bring in a truly Christian civilisation and universal brotherhood, then Latin, Teuton, and Slav will share alike in all the happy results which must follow. There is nothing manifestly absurd in their dream. It must be acknowledged that there is some truth in their pessimistic view of modern civilisation, and it has happened again and again in the history of the world that a new race has been called to take the lead in regenerating it. The Slavic race seems to be the only one in sight to which such a mission could be given. It is not exactly new. The Slavs have been a long time in Central and South-Eastern Europe. Even Russia is only relatively new. But their early development was checked by the Turkish invasion of Europe. But for this, Constantinople would, centuries ago, have been the capital of a great Slavic Empire, and Central Europe might have been Slavic instead of German. As it was, all the southern Slavs fell under the Turks, and went back into barbarism. Those in Central Europe were overwhelmed by the Germans, and Russia was absorbed in endless wars with her neighbours. Essentially, then, the Slavic race is a new one. It has never exerted any direct influence upon the development of European civilisation until within a few years. The race is not only new, but far more numerous and powerful than any of the races that in times past have been called to overthrow or regenerate an existing civilisation in Europe. It numbers more than a hundred millions under the rule or leadership of Russia, which is certainly to-day the leading Power in Europe. The alliance with France may be considered as not simply a Governmental alliance, but as a league of the Slavic and Latin races against the predominance of the Teutonic. The enthusiasm with which it has been accepted by the French and Russian peoples seems to result from some such idea, of which, perhaps, neither is fully conscious, although it has been suggested by both French and Russian newspapers. There is nothing strange or absurd in such a race, under such circumstances, feeling that they have a great mission to fulfil in the world.

It is interesting to know what this great race is dreaming of, but the question which interests us still more is whether the Slavic people can be depended upon to realise such an ideal civilisation as they dream of. They are far enough from it now. Whatever may be said of Western civilisation, even enthusiastic Frenchmen have no desire to exchange it for that of Russia. This, however, proves nothing. The Slavs are just emerging from barbarism, and the Russian Government is more under the influence of Western than of Slavic ideals. The same thing is true of the governing class and of educated Russians generally. They may be ardent Pan Slavists, and believe in the mission of their race; but their faith is not in the selves—it is in the *moujik*. When we ask for the ground of t

faith, they tell us that there is something in the Slavic race which is above, or beyond, the comprehension of the Western world. The very writers who give us the saddest and most pathetic pictures of the Russian people, as they are, still profess the most unbounded faith in the *moujik*. They believe that it is his destiny to regenerate the world. Perhaps it is; but the trouble is that they give us no sufficient reason for their faith. Even Dostoievski takes for his motto the lines of the poet Tuchef:

"No man can comprehend Russia with his reason;  
It is only necessary to believe in Russia."

In one of his novels he says: "Russia has the genius of all nations, and Russian genius in addition. We can understand all nations, but no other nation can understand us." The truth seems to lie in the first quotation. Every Russian is, to a certain extent, a mystic, who sees visions and acts upon intuitions. He believes in Russia as a Christian may believe in the book of Revelation, without understanding it. Its history, past and future, is to him a sort of Apocalyptic vision—with its mysterious seals, trumpets, and horses; its conflicts which shake heaven and earth; the final triumph of the saints of God, and, at the end, the Holy City coming down from heaven. We do not doubt the sincerity of Russian writers, but we can hardly avoid feeling that this apotheosis of the *moujik* is largely the work of the imagination. He is the Great Unknown to educated Russians as well as to Western Europe. He may be destined to overrun Europe, to revolutionise the Russian Government, and to establish a better civilisation in the world. It is not impossible. The fact that he expects to do it is something. The fact that Russia is now the dominant Power in Europe, and that the Slavs of Austria and the Balkan Peninsula are waking to new life is something more. These facts are at least important enough to excite our curiosity as to what manner of man the typical Slav may be.

The Russian *moujik* does not impress us at first sight as a man likely to inaugurate a higher and a more Christian civilisation. He is very dirty, very ignorant, very fond of strong drink. He is improvident. He submits to every sort of oppression with stolid indifference and is generally as uninteresting to the ordinary traveller as any peasant in Europe. But first impressions are hardly worth recording, and we may be sure that intelligent Russians would not have such faith in the *moujik* if there were not something in him which does not appear upon the surface. That there are some seventy-five millions of them ready to obey a single will is something which stirs the imagination, and may account for some part of this faith; but this is not the foundation of it. They believe that the race has certain qualities which fit it to rule the world. They may be latent now, but they



only wait the opportunity to become active. With these latent qualities we have nothing to do ; but the *moujik* has qualities which it is possible for those who are not Russians to understand. His soldierly qualities are pretty well understood by all the world. He is patient, obedient, brave and hardy, content with little, easily disciplined and as ready to die on the field of battle as a Turk. It is chiefly, if not exclusively, as a soldier that he has had any influence in Europe or Asia; but in this career he has extended and strengthened the Slavic power until it now to some extent dominates Europe. There is no reason to believe that those who have directed this movement have had any idea of overthrowing Western civilisation, but, if we can trust Russian writers, the soldier believes that such is his duty and his destiny. There is not much chance of his attempting it so long as the present Government exists, but should there be such a revolutionary movement in Russia as there was in France a hundred years ago it is not improbable that her armies would overrun all Europe. For the present the coming of the Slav means little more than the extension and increase of the political power of Russia. What political qualities the *moujik* may have is a matter of speculation. The paternal Government of Russia affords him but little opportunity to display them. There is a shadow of self-government in the *mir*, but Russian writers generally represent him as practically incapable of taking care of himself. This may be true, but he knows enough to be thoroughly discontented with his present condition and to detest the existing administration. He is at least on the way to having some political ideas. It is true that he still distinguishes between the administration and the Czar, and probably accepts his absolute despotism as the will of God; but as he becomes more intelligent he will learn that the evils of the administration are inseparably connected with this system of government: and what direction his ideas will take then remains to be seen. He may prove to be as ready to rebel against the State as he is to rebel against the Orthodox Church.

It is the religious character of the *moujik* which is brought out most clearly by Russian writers and which is of the greatest interest and importance. Outside of his purely material interests religion is the only thing he has to think about. It is only on this side that his character has had any chance to develop and race characteristics to show themselves. He is ignorant. He is superstitious. He is often immoral. But he is intensely religious. He believes in God, in Christ, and in the New Testament as firmly as he does in his own existence, and if he is Orthodox he believes equally in the Church. He is ready to make any sacrifice or to die for his faith, and when he realises that he is not living up to it he suffers bitter remorse. He is capable of living a pure and noble life, as we see in some of the heretical sects. The idea of expiation for sin by voluntary suffering,

as Christ suffered for the sins of the world, is perhaps the most general and most characteristic of all their religious ideas. This is brought out clearly in almost all the Russian novels. As the influence of this idea can be better illustrated than described, I venture to quote here a story published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1883 and vouched for by Count de Vogüé as true. It is given in the words of the Russian nobleman who narrated it. It is somewhat long, but it illustrates many things in Russian life as well as the special point which we are discussing :

“In my early youth I knew an old pedlar who was called Uncle Fedia. No one knew him by any other name. No one could say whence he came nor whether he had ever followed a more Christian trade. He was not loved by the people, first because his trade as a pedlar was one which good Christians leave to the Jews and gipsies, and with his old flat hat, torn foxskin cloak and hang-dog look he was more like a vagabond than an honest Russian peasant, with his cap, his sheepskin coat, his frank face, and smiling lips.

“Besides this the peasants suspected him of being in league with the devil. He was accused in the great houses of being a thief, and by the officials of being a smuggler. There was never a drunken brawl in a tavern that all the blame of it was not put upon this poor stranger—although there was no evidence against him, except that his passport was not always in proper order. The children caught the infection, and hooted and stoned him in the streets.

“As for me, I always liked Uncle Fedia. He was connected in my mind with all the fête-days, for it was then that he always came to our house and opened his pack, full of wonderful things. He even gave me credit when my pockets were empty and when all were abusing him. I often felt inclined to defend him, but I was already old enough to know that one loses his time in defending those whom the world condemns.

“The last time that Uncle Fedia came to our house was a Sunday in Lent, a cold, stormy day, and just at evening. He begged to spend the night in our barn, but my mother was afraid of him, and my father ordered him off. He went away, but I ran after him, and told him that he could stay in the granary of an old mill not far off. ‘Thank you,’ he said, ‘but the village is not very distant, and if I am buried in the snow before I get there no one will miss me; Uncle Fedia counts for but little in God’s world.’ I felt sad, and was sure that he was not a bad man. The next day I was ashamed of my simplicity, when my father, entering the room, all excited, told us the news of the day. ‘Thank God I did not listen to you,’ he said. ‘I congratulate you on your *protégé*.’ Then he told how the house of a neighbour, a man who had been hard on the peasants, had been burnt

down during the night. My father had no doubt that it was the work of Uncle Fedia, and, in fact, they arrested him for it during the day. A judicial inquiry was opened, but, in spite of all the efforts of the prosecutor, nothing could be proved against him. The evidence seemed rather to inculpate a certain Akoulina, a servant in the house of our unfortunate neighbour. This woman, dismissed the night before, after a storm of invective, had reached her house the next morning, and could not prove how she had spent the night. Justice at once dismissed Uncle Fedia, but with threats and an order to quit the district at once.

“Three months later the trial of Akoulina came on, and crowds were present at it. My father was called as a witness, and consented to take me with him in the carriage. He left me at the stable with the horses, and advised me to be patient; but he had not counted on my curiosity. I followed him to the court-room, and there, hidden behind a corner of the stone near the door, I listened with all my ears. You know our provincial courts. They are all alike—a bare hall, a double range of benches, a platform, a table for the judges, and over their heads, on a whitewashed wall, a great round clock and a Christ. That day the hall was crowded with all classes of people—nobles, functionaries, and peasants. There was the prisoner; a little behind her one of her relatives, amusing two little girls, and holding a new-born baby. All my attention was fixed on Akoulina. She was young, erect, and strong, neither pretty nor ugly, but a true specimen of a Russian girl. She seemed scarcely to hear what the clerk was reading. She looked neither at the judges nor at the crowd. Her eyes were fixed on the great white face of the clock. Now and then she would suddenly turn to the door. She seemed to expect some one whom the hour ought to bring. The prosecutor read the evidence. It was overwhelming. The husband of Akoulina had lately died, a drunkard. She remained a widow with three children, and had always had the reputation of being ugly and unmanageable. Dismissed and beaten for her insolence by the lady of Ivanofka, she had left the house with threats of vengeance only a few days before the fire. She had repeated the invariable menace of our peasants—‘I will let loose the red cock.’ In the evening she had said the same thing to a man of whom she had bought a bundle of straw. Then she had disappeared. The next day she returned to her house worn out with fatigue, covered with mud, and without her straw, appearing to ignore the fire which had occurred during the night. She declared that she had taken her straw to a certain isolated barn belonging to her cousin, Anton Petrovitch, who had quitted the country immediately after and shipped as a sailor at Odessa. But the absence of this witness was considered of little importance by the court, and the prosecutor concluded by demanding the condemnation of Akoulina

and her deportation to the mines of Siberia. Many witnesses were examined, but without eliciting anything favourable. The peasants all maintained that attitude which is invariable to them in a court of justice. They trembled; they eluded every direct question. They knew nothing. They made no charges, and said nothing which could possibly compromise themselves. One old woman alone had the courage to say that Akoulina was killing herself with hard work, that her three children were angels of the good Lord, and that it would be hard for them to have their mother sent to Siberia.

“The advocate assigned to Akoulina—a little beardless blond, abashed by the presence of so many grandees—simply appealed to the pity of the court, and then made a speech on the emancipation of the serfs which ought, he said, to secure harmony among the different classes. Akoulina paid no attention to what was going on. Her eyes were fixed on the clock and the door. It was plain that only one single idea occupied her mind. A word from her cousin Anton Petrovitch could save her, and she could only be saved if Anton entered the door and said the word. Every one said that Anton was lost, but she expected his arrival as by a miracle. As the hands of the clock moved on, her feverish anxiety increased. The judge interrogated her for the last time. She had but one answer: ‘Let them bring Anton Pétrovitch, and he will say so.’ She said it with such an accent of sincerity that it touched many hearts, in spite of the evidence accumulated against her. Even the judge was evidently moved; but what could he do unless Anton should appear by a miracle? And then the children: it was heart-rending; they were playing so quietly, intimidated by the crowd, but full of sweet innocence. Involuntarily the judge had turned more than once to look at them.

“When the sentence was read Akoulina fell to the ground, but stretching her hands towards her children. Then, crouched on the floor, overcome with weeping, lifting her hands and eyes to the Christ on the wall, she burst out: ‘Christ, my Lord, save me! O Saviour, have mercy on my children! Have pity on Thy servant!’ Moved by the cry, all the peasants involuntarily rose, kneeled down, and made the sign of the Cross. My heart was breaking. It was the stillness of death. It was the clock which broke the silence, slowly tolling out the hour of twelve. It was a funeral knell which moved every heart. The sound roused Akoulina; she rose to her feet and cast one despairing look at the door. All eyes followed her, as if Anton was about to appear. I looked eagerly myself. The door did not open, but, to my astonishment, I saw near it a foxskin cloak, with its meagre folds and its odour of cold and snow which I well knew. Uncle Fedia had entered a moment before and was crouching behind me. His little eyes wandered timidly over the audience, from the judge to the accused, then rested on the children. When the judge

began again to read the sentence, Uncle Fedia scratched his head and coughed with an absent air. He looked at the children, at the Christ, and suddenly, with great care not to touch any one, he advanced with timid steps into the empty passage-way before the judge. Then he knelt down, made the sign of the Cross, and took off his hat. 'What do you want?' said the judge, interrupting his reading. Uncle Fedia answered with a humble and scarcely audible voice: 'Pardon me, my judge, but this woman is not guilty. I am the sinner. I set the fire.' The magistrate looked at him with astonishment. They thought he was mad. They asked his name. The name excited the attention of the audience and suggested something to the judges. They questioned him. He declared that he had slept at the mill. He had met Akoulina going to the house of Anton Petrovitch. After midnight he had secretly left the mill, reached Ivanofka, and set fire to the stables. He had long meditated this revenge for the beating he had received there last year. When they reminded him of his former denials he demanded whether they had not found at Ivanofka a pot of tar with a certain mark. He had bought this the day before, as they could easily learn. Such a pot had been found, and the astonishment of the judges gave way to a new feeling, in which the audience evidently shared. Perhaps this readiness to condemn him arose from a secret desire to save Akoulina. We were all quite ready to believe that the criminal was this vagabond whom we had at first suspected. Was it not divine justice which now forced him to acknowledge his guilt? A feeling of joy and satisfaction took the place of the anguish which we had felt before.

"The judge invited Uncle Fedia to repeat his confession under oath. He seemed to hesitate for a moment, but raising his eyes to the Christ, he took the oath. He was condemned and stood solitary and alone in the midst, his eyes fixed on the floor, overwhelmed with the universal reprobation. I acknowledge that, while I had to confess to myself that my old friend was guilty, I suffered for him. He was sent to the mines of Siberia for ten years, and I slipped some roubles into his hands, and said 'Good-bye, Uncle Fedia.' 'Thank you, my child,' he whispered. 'It is nothing. No one will be troubled about it.' I remembered then that he had said the same thing when I had last seen him. Outside the peasants surrounded Akoulina and overwhelmed her with felicitations. She could only repeat: 'The Lord be praised. O the cursed gipsy who wished to destroy an innocent woman!' They took her in triumph to the village, and at night they had grand rejoicings at the tavern.

"It was years after this that, one morning, we saw the priest running breathless into our garden. 'O God!' he cried; 'O the justice of God! If you only knew what has happened.' 'I know,' said my father; 'Ivan has killed himself by falling from his ladder.

It is a good thing for the village. He was a savage.' 'Oh!' said the priest, 'but you do not know the most terrible of all. This man, when dying, confessed to me his secret. "Father," said he, "I am a great sinner. It was I who burned Ivanofka to revenge myself on the proprietor for sending my son into the army." "What do you mean?" I said. "It was the pedlar Fedia who did it, and is now suffering for it." "No, father," he replied, "it was I. He slept in my barn that night, and sold me the pot of tar with which I set the fire. I am sure that he suspected me. The day of the trial of Akoulina he came to me and said: 'It is a sad pity. To-day they are going to condemn Akoulina, who is innocent.' I threatened him, and he went away trembling. No doubt he had pity upon the poor children, and gave himself up to save them, while I——" And just then he died unforgiven.' When we heard all this we brought the priest to the governor. He wrote to Siberia; but when the reply came it said: 'Who can find your Fedia in Siberia, as though there was only one vagabond of that name? Within a year two Fedias have died at the hospital at Tomsk and three at Tobolsk, without speaking of others. We know nothing about him.'

"When it was known in the village that we had accomplished nothing Akoulina brought a basket of eggs to the priest and begged him to celebrate a service for the soul of poor Uncle Fedia. We all went to the church. Never did I pray so sincerely. I understood for the first time then what was read in the Gospel of that day: '*As Thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world.*' I understood it when I thought of the humble figure of poor Uncle Fedia, trembling in his foxskin coat in the midst of the court, with the scowling faces all around him. Those who abused him then weep now when they think of this despised brother dead in the hospital of Tomsk or Tobolsk, or no one knows where—outcast, alone, and uncared for."

This pathetic story needs no comment. We find other types of this same religious spirit in almost all Russian novels, and the religious vagaries of Tolstoi are hardly original with him. They reflect the ideas of the *moujik*. Some years ago the editor of a St. Petersburg review published his recollections of the life of Sutaieff, a peasant of Tver, whom he had personally known. This poor man spent a number of years as a stone-breaker in the streets of St. Petersburg. He made good wages, but he had a heavy heart. His conscience gave him no rest. He went to an Orthodox priest for comfort, and this priest advised him to read the Gospels. He bought an alphabet and a Bible, and with great difficulty he learned to read. As he read a new world opened before him. He felt that the world in which he lived was not the world of the Gospels, not a world of

righteousness and love. He went back to his native village, and first of all distributed the whole of the 1500 roubles which he had saved among his poor neighbours. He had also some notes for money which he had loaned on interest. These he destroyed. Then he began to read the Bible to his family, and to teach them how to live this life of love. Then he taught it to his neighbours. Before he died he had about a thousand followers—all trying like himself to realise the kingdom of God in their village life. They were naturally persecuted by the Government, which does not encourage independent thought even in those who, like Sutaieff, hold the doctrine that it is wrong to resist any man by force, who offer but a passive resistance to oppression, and who are always ready for martyrdom. The editor of the review exhorted Sutaieff to be cautious and prudent, but he replied: "The Gospel tells me—'Go and preach; they will persecute you; they will bring you before courts.' I do not fear the courts. Why should I? They will throw me into prison; they will exile me; but I shall find everywhere men to whom I can preach the truth. Here, or in the Caucasus, or anywhere; it makes no difference. God is everywhere. I do not fear those who destroy my body. I fear only the loss of my soul. If they bury me alive I shall not tremble. I wish to suffer for Christ." Here is a poor peasant in the depths of Russia with the spirit of John Huss, the great Slavic reformer; and he is not alone. He is a type. He illustrates in many ways the character of the *moujik*. He is not simply religious. He not only accepts the New Testament as the Word of God, but is ready to follow its teachings to the letter as he understands it, and to die for it if necessary. This is true, not only of the heretical sects like the Stundists, but of the Orthodox as well. The spirit is the same. They differ only in their conception of what Christianity demands of them. The *moujik* has a sublime spirit of self-sacrifice. He loves his life, like other men, but he will give it up for his faith, for the Czar, for his friend, for his ideal, whatever it may be. He will brave death or exile to the mines of Siberia. He will walk calmly up to the cannon's mouth. He will sacrifice anything for what he conceives to be his duty. There is no more striking incident in the history of war than that related by Carlyle of a company of Russian soldiers at the siege of Sweidnitz. They deliberately marched into a moat, that their comrades might make a bridge of their dead bodies to reach the walls of the fortress.

This spirit of self-sacrifice does not manifest itself alone in great and exceptional deeds of heroism, but in daily life. It is a mistake to think of Sutaieff simply as a martyr. He won over his village to a life of love by living such a life himself among them, sacrificing himself for them every day in those things which we call little, but which make up the greater part of our lives. The Bulgarians testify

that, in the last war, the Russian soldiers who were quartered in the captured towns were like members of their own families, devoted to the children and ready to help in all sorts of work. The Turks who were prisoners in Russia testify to the unvarying kindness and goodwill of the peasants. General Skobeleff once told me a story of the war in Bulgaria which illustrates this characteristic. He overtook the Turkish refugees, flying before him, between Philippopolis and Adrianople, and in their flight the women threw down their babies in the road. Although pressing forward as rapidly as possible, the Russian soldiers stopped to pick up these children, and carried them tenderly in their arms, until almost every soldier of the leading regiment was carrying a baby, so that at last the general was forced to stop and find carts and men to take these children to a place where they could be cared for. It is a wonder that no great Russian artist has ever put this strange picture upon canvas.

We might multiply these illustrations indefinitely, but enough has been said to prove that in his religious character at least the *moujik* is the most original and interesting peasant in Europe. He has grave faults and weaknesses, like other men; but his peculiar virtues, his pathetic endurance of suffering, his profound sympathy with humanity, his faith in voluntary self-sacrifice, his very dreams of destiny commend him to the sympathy of all the world. He does not seem to belong to the matter-of-fact world of the nineteenth century.

How far the educated classes in Russia and the Slavs in other countries partake of the character of the *moujik* is a question which it is not easy to answer. The Russian gentleman whom we meet in society seems to be very much like every other European gentleman—perhaps even more cosmopolitan, a type of Western civilisation; but a more intimate acquaintance with him, and a careful study of Russian literature and especially of Russian biographies, cannot fail to modify this first impression. We have of course a greater variety of types than among the peasants; as many probably as could be found among educated Englishmen—Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals, Nihilists, fanatical churchmen ready to persecute Dissenters to the death, atheists, mystics, devoted pietists, ritualists, and so on to the end of the catalogue of good, bad and indifferent in every department of life. But, after all, whatever else he may be, he is a Slav. He believes in the mission of his race as much as the *moujik*, even though he may be an open enemy of the existing Government in Russia—and his religious instincts are not unlike those of the *moujik*, though he may call himself an atheist. Many of the characters in Russian novels seem to us impossible. We cannot conceive of sane minds working on such lines; but Dostoievski himself was almost as strange a character as Raskolnikoff, and Marie Bashkirtseff could only have been a Russian. Tolstoï is not a fair example of a typical Russian noble,



but he is only an exaggerated and somewhat abnormal specimen. There are many as good as he, without his peculiar eccentricities. It does not seem to us that a Russian official who devotes himself to plundering his Government and oppressing those under him can have any idea of brotherhood or self-sacrifice, but such combinations do no trouble the Russian novelist.

The only conclusion which I wish to draw from these facts is that the educated Russian differs from other educated Europeans as much as the Russian peasant differs from other peasants, and in much the same way. Wide as is the gulf which separates the *monjik* from the educated classes, and little as they understand one another, the Slavs of Russia are a homogeneous race, and are likely to bring the Slavs of other countries under their influence. It is not an accident that it is a Slav, Goluchowski, who has brought Austria and Russia into alliance. But the Slavs of other countries are by no means so homogeneous as those of Russia. The Mohammedan Slavs are lost to the race. Their religion seems to have destroyed their race characteristics. They are the most fanatical of Moslems, and are gradually leaving the Balkan Peninsula for Asia. The Slavs of Austria and the Balkan States are divided into so many nationalities, each with a long history of its own, that they seem to have little in common, and to care far more for their nationality than their race. They are divided, too, between the Orthodox and the Catholic Churches; but the conflict with the Germans and the Magyars is rapidly bringing them together in Austria, while Russia has brought Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro into alliance, and is preparing the way for Slavic rule in Macedonia. There is no question about the coming of the Slav in South-Eastern Europe. This era of peace, so called, is working out changes more momentous than many a great war. It is clear now that the Slav, and not the Greek, is to inherit the Eastern Empire. This does not necessarily imply the speedy extension of the Russian Empire to the Adriatic; but when the time comes for Russia to take Constantinople the southern Slavs must inevitably come under her rule—and the coming of the Slav will in the end mean the coming of Russia. What Russia may be or may do after she takes Constantinople the Czar himself could not tell us. As we have seen, the Slavic race is still in its youth. What it may be when it comes to maturity, how far it will realise its dreams and develop higher and better civilisation than that of the West, the next century will show. As the race becomes more united, more enlightened, and more self-conscious, it will be less likely to yield to Western influences. This is already manifest in Russia. It is more Russian to-day than it was in the time of Alexander II., and there is nothing in the happy disappearance of Pobiedonostsef from the front, or in the more liberal acts of the present Czar, which is inconsistent with a still more dis-

tinctively Slavic development. Russia is every year less dependent upon the West, intellectually as well as politically and commercially, and this has gone so far that the French alliance is not likely to exert any permanent influence upon the course of Russian thought.

If this were anything more than a sketch or study of the character and aspirations of the Slavic race, there are many political questions which have been mentioned incidentally in this article that would need to be discussed at length, and it might have been necessary to explain more fully what the coming of the Slav has to do with practical politics—what relation it has, for example, to the Concert of Europe or the Cretan question. It would be easy to show that it is an important factor in all European questions, but this is beyond our purpose. The reader will draw his own conclusions from this sketch as to how far the coming of the Slav as the dominant power in Europe is inevitable, and as to whether this coming is to be regarded as an evil: whether it will hasten or hinder the progress of civilisation.

GEORGE WASHBURN.

## “WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF NINETY-EIGHT?”

IT is one of the curiosities of literature that the only person nowadays who “fears to speak of '98” is the Trinity College Professor who, in hot youth, wrote the stirring ballad beginning as above. Dr. Ingram is a distinguished man of science, who, the report goes, is less flattered to be reminded of his revolutionary lyric than the Wordsworth of Grasmere would have been by compliments to Wordsworth the Girondist. Nevertheless, for generations after the political economist has been forgotten, the poet of '98 will be plagued with an assured immortality. Versifiers innumerable have spent their lives in turning out books which have brought them less lasting fame than the unwilling laureate of '98 has secured by the publication of six stanzas in a Dublin weekly newspaper. Next year it will be with a reluctant England as it has been with the reluctant author. The fact that Ireland does not “fear to speak of '98” will be thundered into English ears through all the channels of expression that a race fifteen millions strong can command at home and abroad. The celebrations of the centenary of the great insurrection will give easy-going Englishmen one of those awakenings as to the real state of Irish feeling which have usually to be administered, once in every generation at least, in the shape of some armed rising, Clerkenwell explosion, or Mitchelstown massacre. There is no better argument of the incapacity of Englishmen to understand a people they will persist in governing than their triumphant surprise that the Duke of York was not hooted through the country. When the Prince of Wales was received with a similar decent courtesy in Dublin, in 1885, the *Times* began a war-dance over the grave of conquered Irish nationality. The result was that, from that day forth until he quitted the country, no day passed that the unfortunate Prince was not forced to see black

flags thrust in his face and armed policemen cracking the skulls of the crowds who assembled to set the readers of the *Times* right as to the truth about Ireland.

This time Earl Cadogan has more discreetly asked the gentlemen of the English press into his drawing-room to give them a gentle hint that there must be no bragging of the conquest of Ireland, because the poor Dublin jarveys do not refuse English fares, or because the touters for tourists hail the Duke as the cheapest and best of advertisements. Nevertheless, how many Englishmen are there who will not be shocked to hear that Princes' visits have no more influence upon any of the deeper currents of Irish feeling than a tourist's tips have upon the nationality of the German waiter who brings him his dinner, or of the *cocher* who drives him to the Jardin de Paris? Let who doubts it visit Ireland next year with the Irish-American pilgrims. There will be less glitter of scarlet and gold, and fewer flags out of the Castle tradesmen's windows; but upon any battlefield of the insurrection one with eyes to see will learn lessons as to the intensity of Irish disaffection which waltzers through viceregal ball-rooms will only learn after another Fenian conspiracy—perhaps after another "Races of Castlebar."

When Mr. Gladstone thundered against "the blackguardism and baseness" by which the Union was carried, probably most Englishmen who knew anything at all of what he was driving at took this to be only a lurid allusion to the fact that the votes by which the Union was carried were paid for. I remember the horror that overspread the Tory benches one night during the Home Rule debates, when, in the midst of a speech of Colonel Saunderson's, alleging that the rebellion of '98 was the only gratitude England received for giving the Irish Parliament its freedom, Mr. Gladstone burst out, with the wrath of a prophet of old: "Mr. Pitt did it!" The Tory squires had not the remotest historical notion of his meaning, but they knew that one of the gravest personages in the history of England was being accused of deeds of guilt and bloodshed, compared with which the guilt of the insurgents who piked the prisoners in the barn of Scullabogue was but a scurvy scene-shifting incident in a five-act tragedy. These four words, however, comprise the whole history of the sanguinary rebellion of '98. It was Mr. Pitt who paved the way for it, it was Mr. Pitt who gave the signal for it, it was Mr. Pitt who turned all its horrors to account for the accomplishment of a Union which could never have been effected by fair means, nor even by the foul means of pecuniary corruption, without it. Nothing is clearer now to the informed than that the English Parliament, in unanimously passing their famous Act of Renunciation in 1782, enacting that "the right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by his Majesty and the

Parliament of that kingdom, is hereby declared to be established and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable," were not setting their seal to a sacred act of national reconciliation, but were enacting a living lie, with the firm intention of unsaying their words whenever their terror of the French and American arms should be abated, or the 80,000 muskets coaxed out of the hands of the Irish Volunteers. While the Bill repealing the Act of 6th Geo. I. was actually passing through the English Parliament, the Duke of Portland (who was then Lord-Lieutenant) wrote a secret despatch to Lord Shelburne, in which he said :

"I have the best reason to hope that I shall soon be enabled to transmit to you the sketch or outlines of an Act of Parliament to be adopted by the legislatures of the respective kingdoms, by which the superintending power and supremacy of Great Britain in all matters of State and general commerce will be virtually and effectually acknowledged."

This was the real temper of the Lord-Lieutenant, who was all the time exciting the enthusiasm and gratitude of Grattan by declaring Irish independence "to be established and ascertained for ever"; and the reply of Lord Shelburne, who was the elder Pitt's closest confidant, is no less plain-spoken :

"The contents of your Grace's letter of the 6th instant are too important to hesitate about detaining the messenger whilst I assure your Grace of the satisfaction which I know your letter will give the King. I have lived in the most anxious expectation of some such measure offering itself; nothing prevented my pressing it in this despatch, except, having repeatedly stated the just expectations of this country, I was apprehensive of giving that the air of demand which would be better left to a voluntary spirit of justice and foresight. No matter who has the merit, let the two kingdoms be one, which can only be by Ireland now acknowledging the superintending power and supremacy to be where nature has placed it in precise and unambiguous terms."

Fitzgibbon, who afterwards, as Lord Clare, was foremost in the work of bullying and bribing the country into the Union, tells us that the Bill whispered of in the secret despatches of the Duke of Portland and Lord Shelburne was actually drafted at the very moment when Grattan was going into transports over the final and complete acknowledgment of Irish independence just made by England. It would be curious to trace the subsequent history of the draft. What we know is that if the Duke of Portland had carried out the design of "now requesting Ireland to acknowledge the superintending power and supremacy of England," the answer would have been the seizing of himself and Dublin Castle by a citizen army, to which there was no English force in the kingdom capable of offering half an hour's resistance. Washington's army at its best was never equal in numbers, material, or armament to the Irish volunteer army of 1782; and in 1782 the power of England was at its lowest ebb, what with the

surrenders of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, and her repeated humiliations, even at sea, at the hands of D'Orvillers, D'Estaing, and the fleets of France and Spain. "To attempt it (that is to say, the Union) in time of war would be insanity," Lord Harcourt had long ago concluded. His Grace of Portland himself was "convinced that the spirit of this country is raised so high that she would expose herself to any hazard rather than relinquish or retract any of the claims she has insisted on through her Parliament."

Accordingly, Lord Shelburne's "now" was put off to a more opportune time. "Though with the strongest and most poignant reluctance," the Duke of Portland played the hypocrite and pretended to rejoice in the Act of Renunciation which he detested and was plotting secretly to retract. Even Fitzgibbon was instructed to outbawl the patriots as a champion of Irish independence. English Ministers had the meanness to accept 20,000 sailors and immense subsidies in cash from the gratitude of an Irish Parliament for a solemn treaty of reconciliation which they were all the time waiting for the first favourable opportunity to repudiate. Grattan has been with justice blamed by his countrymen for dismissing the citizen army, at the points of whose bayonets he forced his Declaration of Independence upon an English Parliament, in which the very Whigs accepted it "with the strongest and most poignant reluctance." It ought to be a subject of shame to all honourable Englishmen that Grattan's only fault was that he trusted the solemn word and Act of the Parliament of England, and accepted as a genuine measure of national reconciliation a concession which was only made, under the pressure of military calculations, by men determined to cancel it as soon as Ireland should have thrown away her arms.

Grattan's chivalry effected what English arms would not have dared to attempt. The volunteer army was frowned down. When they insisted that the only condition on which a Parliament—of whose 300 members a majority were the paid creatures of Government, and all but sixty hired their seats, as they might hire a town house, at from £2000 to £3000 per Parliament—could continue to exist was to reform it, they were snubbed with rather toplofty denials of the right of armed men to interfere in civic affairs. Grattan trusted the plighted troth of England with more of the magnanimity of the paladin than of the sagacity of the statesman. The result was that as soon as England had purchased peace by means of the men and money voted by the enthusiastic Irish Parliament, English statesmen no longer thought it "insanity" to work for the destruction of the Parliament that had confided in them.

Even the harshest critics cannot find in the conduct of the independent Irish Parliament any palliation for the treachery of England. The Irish side of the bargain was observed with splendid generosity. It

was the 20,000 sailors voted by the Irish Parliament that enabled Lord Howe to relieve Gibraltar and induce France and Spain to agree to the Peace of Versailles.

“Nothing is more conspicuous in the history of the Irish Parliament,” says Mr. Lecky, “than the discretion with which it abstained from all discussions on foreign policy, and the loyalty and zeal with which it invariably supported England in time of war. Pitt, in introducing the Union, in 1799, . . . acknowledged that the divergences in time of war between the two Parliaments, which he so gravely feared, had, in fact, never occurred.”

Domestically the Parliament had proved itself a no less worthy dwelling-place for freedom. In its first independent session it went far to remove the most offensive disabilities of the Catholics, such as the registering of Catholic priests, the obligation of Catholics to pay Protestant watchmen and reimburse sufferers by the operations of foreign privateers, the incapacity to become schoolmasters or guardians of Catholic children, and so forth; while the Protestant Dissenters of Ireland were in this year relieved of grievances under which the Dissenters of England continued to groan until 1836. The movement for Parliamentary reform, which was the only crime chargeable against Irish public opinion, was at the same moment agitated strenuously in reference to the English Parliament by Pitt himself, as it had been agitated by his father.

On the other hand, the story of English statesmen's plots to escape from the engagements solemnly entered into with the Irish nation presents one of the blackest records in human history of duplicity and baseness unredeemed. The peace which was purchased by the Irish subsidies was employed to undermine Irish freedom. The healthy national movement for reforming the Parliament was turned into an engine for corrupting it more scandalously. The emancipation proposals, in which a generous statesman would have hailed the approaching disappearance of religious passions among Irishmen, only prompted Pitt and his satraps to create a new and more diabolical instrument of sectarian division by the invention of Orangeism. Plainly as Portland urged his colleagues to abandon the country altogether, rather than be true to their word, his successor, Lord Temple, “in the strictest confidence,” was false and more brutal still. “It is my unalterable opinion,” he wrote secretly, while he was in public beslobbering the Patriots with his caresses, “that the concession is but the beginning of a scene which will close for ever the account between the two kingdoms.” The task he avowedly set himself as Lord Lieutenant was to exasperate the differences between Grattan and Flood, and “to foment the spirit of disunion among the Volunteers, upon which alone I found my hopes of forming a Government.” Grattan, indeed, had still to be half-smothered with roses in the Viceregal Court, and the radiant vision of Irish liberty worshipped by Black Jack Fitzgibbon in

dithyrambs as impassioned as those of any patriot of them all. The grateful Parliament's vote of £100,000 to Grattan was capped by an offer of the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park from the admiring Viceroy. As we know now, the admiring Viceroy was "the more anxious" to make this splendid gift that the dilapidated palace would require "at least £10,000 to make it fit for the reception of any chief governor." Whether the real motive was the squalid one here suggested, or whether it was an attempt, with the brutal candour of the time, to buy the illustrious Irishman, or whether it was a more cunning attempt to confirm him in his confidence that England really and truly meant its Act of Renunciation, what is certain is that the feigned civilities of the Court towards Grattan covered a deep-set and irrevocable design to betray his trustfulness and to assassinate the Parliament whose independence the Commons of England had just acknowledged by a unanimous vote. Is it surprising, if the study of such stories of *Punica fides*, repeated by English governors of Ireland in every generation, led tens of thousands of young Irishmen in our own day to suspect that the outcry against Mr. Parnell was less inspired by the desire to purify public life than by the opportunity of getting rid of an Irish leader less trustful than Grattan towards English statesmen? The suspicion in this instance was unjust, but it was, oh, how natural!

The first object of Pitt and his Irish creatures was to make Parliamentary reform impossible, and keep the Parliament corrupt in order to subsequently kill it by driving upright men from reform to revolutionary courses; in other words, to terrorise the Parliament with a rebellion, as well as bribe it with gold. The quarrel between Grattan and Flood made Lord Temple's task of "fomenting the spirit of disunion among the Volunteers" an easy one. The country gentlemen who had begun to glory in the principles of religious freedom and to welcome their Catholic fellow-countrymen into their regiments were taught to embrace instead the spirit of sectarian devilry in the ranks of the Orange Society. Flood and his reformers were voted down by a mob of pensioners and placemen. The Volunteers withered away under Grattan's coldness and the Viceroy's secret intrigues. Flood's Irish nation was to be a nation of Irish Protestants only. Wolfe Tone's sharper eye saw that the only chance of forcing Reform on a Parliament of pensioners and bigots was by a movement taking in the Catholics and the Dissenters, now hot with the first enthusiasm of the French Revolution. One of the vital facts in all this controversy is that the United Irishmen (the name was first used by Tone at a banquet in Belfast in 1792) were not founded for the purposes of an armed revolution, but professed precisely the same principles as Fox professed in England, and proposed to realise them by the same methods. Thomas Addis Emmet, Dr. McNevin, and Arthur O'Connor,



representing eighty of the United Irish leaders, drew up a statement of their objects, when the rebellion was all over, in which they assure us that the question of separation was never once contemplated by the founders of the United Irishmen ; that their object was to bring about Parliamentary Reform by a union of Catholics and Protestants ; that it was not until convinced by years of experience of the hopelessness of expecting the Parliament to reform itself, that they most reluctantly began to dream of revolution and of foreign aid ; and that until the dragonades and tortures by which the people were driven into insurrection were at their height the great majority of the Society would gladly have disarmed before any real policy of reform on the part of England. Mr. Lecky—even the latter-day Mr. Lecky of the Unionist platforms—admits “ it is probable that this statement represents truly the opinions of the majority of the first leaders of the Society.” In four words, if the reformers became revolutionists, “ Mr. Pitt did it.”

The current English impression that the United Irishmen rushed to invoke French aid is equally ill-informed. A recent book of M. Guillon \* gives abundant proof from the French archives that the suggestion of a French invasion did not come from Ireland at all, but was made by Hoche to the Directory before he laid eyes on Tone or was even aware of the existence of the United Irish Society. It was not an envoy to France, but an envoy from France that first sought to pave the way for an invasion. The Rev. Mr. Jackson, who fell into the trap of a spy of Pitt's and poisoned himself in the dock, was the first emissary of Barras who reached Ireland. He was refused an interview by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Tone himself (the most revolutionary of the United Irish leaders) distrusted him and kept him at arm's length. And that was even after the Government had already put in force their policy of driving the United Irish Society under the surface by raiding their meeting-place in Taylor's Hall and seizing the papers in which they declared the object of their association to be “ an equal and impartial representation of the people in Parliament.”

It is probable that, under the influence of the reaction created in Ireland among the propertied men on the one hand, and among the Catholics on the other, by the enormities of the Septembriseurs, Pitt would have proceeded right away, in 1793, to make short work of the United Irish Society and carry the Union. If the French Republic had gone down before the apparently irresistible coalition of Austrian, Prussian, English, Dutch, Italian, and Spanish armies that were pouring down upon her by land and sea in that year, it is certain that the compact of 1782 with Ireland would have been instantly and unceremoniously broken by a Union. But instead of the Prince of Coburg and his Austrians swooping down upon Paris, or the English and the French traitors of La Vendée sweeping all before them, it so

\* “ La France et l'Irlande pendant la Révolution.” Paris. 1838.

happened that the English were chased from Toulon, from Corsica, from Dunkerque, and from Vendée, and were beaten again and again by Pichegru's bare-footed *sans-culottes* at Courtrai, at Tourcoing, and, even in the snows and ice of winter, hunted from the Meuse to the Yssel, and from the Zuiderzee to the Ems. Accordingly, Lord Harcourt's apophthegm that "in time of war" any attempt at the Union would be "insanity" again became the governmental *mot d'ordre* in Ireland. Hot foot on the English reverses on the Continent came from the Viceroy's pigeon-holes a considerable Catholic Emancipation Bill, giving the Catholics votes at Parliamentary elections, and opening to them the bar, the army, the navy, and the schools; and the Bill was, of course, passed into law without demur by his waged majority. The following year the chastening influence of defeat at home and abroad continued to exercise Mr. Pitt. The English *fiasco* at Quiberon, the rout of the Austrians in Italy and beyond the Rhine, the desertion of Prussia and Spain, hunger and dear bread at home, the breaking of Pitt's windows in Downing Street, the hooting of the King on his way through London, the knowledge that the Directory were turning over project after project for a descent upon Ireland, and, finally, the necessity of taking Portland and the patrician Whigs into his Cabinet, all seem to have decided Pitt, at least for a time, to try one honest effort to go back to the solemn bargain of 1782, to play Grattan fair, and to dish the pro-French party by a policy of unequivocating Parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation.

The result was the Fitzwilliam Viceroyalty—the last gleam of honesty in England's relations with the Irish Parliament. The statements of the Duke of Portland and of Lord Fitzwilliam himself have now indisputably established the fact that the Whigs only coalesced with Pitt on the distinct bargain that their policy should have a free hand in Ireland. The kernel of that policy was honest dealing with Grattan, who had all but ruined his influence by insisting on Reform and Catholic Emancipation as sternly as he set his face against the republicanism of Ulster. Fitzwilliam and his friends had freely identified themselves with the hopes of the Catholics and Reformers. When Grattan was summoned over to London to talk over the Irish arrangements with Pitt and Portland and the new Viceroy, it was as a national plenipotentiary, to whom England's faith was once more sacredly plighted. But even in the honeymoon of the new espousals Pitt's ineradicable hostility to Irish freedom peeped out. Sir John Parnell gave him a glowing picture of the union of Catholics and Protestants that would be the result of a generous policy. "Very true, sir," was Pitt's cold reply; "but the question is, whose will they be?" The unforgivable fault of the United Irishmen was, in fact, that very union of sects and effacement of bigotries; and the plotter of the Union always turned from those visions of union

among Irishmen with relief to the diabolical arrangements of the Castle party for setting Catholic and Protestant at daggers drawn by the establishment and encouragement of the Orange Society. One of Grattan's principal suggestions for winning the confidence of Ireland was the dismissal of Fitzgibbon, the Chancellor, who nakedly and without shame championed the Castle system of government by corruption and religious strife. To this Pitt returned a point-blank refusal. Nevertheless, for a few splendid weeks, the Irish people, ignorant of the ugly secrets which the memoirs of English statesmen have since disclosed, hailed Fitzwilliam's arrival with transports which threw the pro-French party into despair. It looked as if Grattan's confidence in English honour were about to be at long last justified. Burke's great soul was filled with horror at the thought of throwing over Fitzwilliam and his policy of conciliation. "Ireland," he said, with a prophetic insight to which five subsequent years of horrors paid their lurid tribute, "will be a strong dyke to keep out Jacobinism, or a broken bank to let it in." Lord Fitzwilliam has declared himself that he "never would have undertaken the government," if he had not found the whole Cabinet, with Pitt at its head, consenting parties to his Irish policy. He only came, however, to find himself the victim of treachery in his subordinates and desertion by his colleagues. Fitzgibbon, who was already an active worker for the Union, rose up with all his Satanic might against any displacement of the Castle garrison of corruptionists and bigots. He impregnated Pitt's mind with all his own repugnance to union among Irishmen. He warned him that the success of the policy of conciliation would be the death-blow of the policy of the Union, which was all this time the fixed background of Pitt's views about Ireland. The powers of darkness triumphed. Just when the mass of the Protestant population accepted and even called for complete emancipation of the Catholics; just when the Parliament, buoyant with hope, was celebrating the tremendous growth of Irish trade, even in the darkest moments of the war; just when Grattan was able to describe the French party as "inconsiderable and contemptible" in a country glowing with hopes of peaceful freedom—Fitzwilliam was dashed down from the Vice-regal throne and called back to England, amidst the consternation of the country, the disgrace of Grattan, and the demoniacal glee of the Fitzgibbons and Beresfords, who trooped back to Dublin Castle to hasten on the Union by drenching the Parliament with corruption, feeding the flames of Orangeism, and goading all who said them nay into rebellion. Fitzwilliam once recalled, the United Irishmen had no choice but to collect in secret, bind themselves by oath, arm, and fix their eyes on France. "Mr. Pitt did it!" The French invasion of Bantry Bay, which nothing but an accident of the weather prevented from overrunning Ireland, was more truly the doing of the men who

recalled Fitzwilliam than even of the indefatigable Tone, to whom it gave his first importance in Carnot's antechamber.

The first object of the Unionists was to make reform impossible. The next was to terrorise the country gentlemen by forcing an insurrection. In this work again Pitt and his Castle imps played a more important part than the drill-masters of the United Irish Society or the emissaries of France. The insurrection of 1798 was confined almost wholly to the provinces of Leinster and Connaught. A muster-roll of the United Irishmen, drawn up by Lord Edward Fitzgerald two months before the rising, proves that the Society had little or no strength in those parts of Leinster which rose in arms, and had no existence at all in the province of Connaught. Here is the document :

	Men.		Men.
Ulster . . .	110,990	Queen's County .	11,619
Munster . . .	100,634	King's County .	3,600
Kildare . . .	10,863	Carlow . . .	9,414
Wicklow . . .	12,895	Kilkenny . . .	624
Dublin County .	3,010	Meath . . .	1,420
Dublin City .	2,177		

Kildare, Wicklow, and Carlow were the only counties of all these where any considerable rising took place. Wexford, which was the real seat of the insurrection of '98, and which for four weeks held army after army at bay, is not mentioned at all. At the meeting at Oliver Bond's, where the Leinster County Delegates were seized, Wexford was not represented, either among the delegates or in the documents of the conspiracy.

Let us see what were "the well-timed measures" by which Lord Castlereagh afterwards boasted he forced on the rebellion, and produced a bloody civil war, costing at least 30,000 lives, in a county where, three months before the rising, the United Irish organisation was shunned, wherever its existence was even known, by the peasantry. The "well-timed measures" aimed at two main objects of policy: 1st, to destroy the growing union of Catholics and Protestants, by deliberately kindling the flames of sectarian savagery through the lodges of the Orange Society; and 2nd, to inflame the terrors of the country gentlemen by fabricated rumours of a general massacre after the French fashion, and then let them loose, in all the unbridled fury of an Ascendancy party, armed with plenary powers to flog, torture, kill, violate, burn, as their terrors or their lusts might prompt them. The proofs of these enormities might be rested upon the testimony of Englishmen and Protestants alone. "It is a fact incontrovertible," says Lord Holland, "that the people were driven to resistance by free quarters and the excesses of the soldiery, which were such as are not permitted in civilised warfare, even in an enemy's country." Lord

Moira told the House of Lords that he had been himself the witness of tortures and brutalities exceeding the worst stories of the Spanish Inquisition, and that "in a part of the country as quiet and as free from disturbance as the city of London." Plowden estimates at 7000 the number of men, women, and children murdered or driven from their homes within one year, in the small county of Armagh alone, by the new Orange banditti whom the plotters of the Union had conjured up to make the union of Catholics and Protestants impossible. It is probable that in this single county more defenceless Catholics were massacred, or burned out of their homes, than were immolated of French aristocrats in all the châteaux of France, or in all the *guillotines* of the Place de la République. "Neither age nor sex," we are told by the very Governor of Armagh, Lord Gosford, "nor even acknowledged innocence as to any guilt, is sufficient to excite mercy, much less to afford protection. The only crime which the objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic religion." The leaders of the Orange banditti were themselves magistrates, and Parliament, instead of repudiating their excesses, passed an Indemnity Bill, in 1796, giving them a wholesale absolution, if they had "apprehended suspected persons without due authority, sent suspected persons out of the kingdom, entered houses, or done divers other acts not justifiable by law." Fouquier de Tinville in his bloodiest hour had not more to answer for to humanity than the infamous Lord Carhampton in his dragonades in the north. Soldiery were let loose on the people's homes, at "free quarters," with unlimited licence for extortion, rape, and torture; men who refused to tell where their arms were concealed (for the good reason, in most cases, that they had no arms to conceal) were held in agony on the bare soles of their feet on the sharpened points of pegs, or "pickets," had their heads covered with pitch-caps of boiling pitch, till caps and pitch and scalp were dragged away by the torturers, or were again and again put through the agonies of strangulation by the ingenious device of half-hanging—until these atrocities wrung from the Commander-in-chief, Sir Ralph Abercromby, the indignant confession that "within these twelve months every crime, every cruelty that could be committed by Cossacks or Calmucks has been committed here"; and, later on, the famous rebuke that the army had sunk "into a state of licentiousness which would render them formidable to every one but the enemy." But Abercromby went down, as Fitzwilliam had gone down, before the howls of a triumphant Ascendancy. The great soldier was dismissed from his command as summarily as the enlightened Viceroy from the Castle. "Lord Camden," wrote the hero of Egypt, "has betrayed the situation of Commander-in-chief; he has thrown the army into the hands of a faction and made it a tool under their direction." And all this

saturnalia of the Ascendancy was not the outburst of a panic-stricken hour, but the calculated development of a plan of campaign, the "well-timed measures" by which a "premature outbreak" was to be forced and the Union carried. Fox has pledged his credit as a King's Prime Minister to the statement that he had "documentary evidence to prove that the cruelties had not been resorted to on the spur of the moment, but had been deliberately resolved upon long before for a certain purpose." "Mr. Pitt did it" in as true a sense as if his own hand had pulled the ropes and heated the pitch-caps.

The process by which the flourishing and peaceful county of Wexford was turned into the theatre of a war that proved a Frankenstein for its instigators is particularly worth studying. Miles Byrne, one of the insurgent leaders and afterwards a gallant soldier of France, confesses that, until a few months before the rising, the United Irish Society had made little or no progress among the people of the county, and was sternly opposed by the priests; with what requital the following passage will tell:

"The priests did everything in their power to stop the progress of the Association of United Irishmen, particularly poor Father James Redmond, who refused to hear the confession of any of the United Irish and turned them away from his knees. He was ill-requited afterwards for his great zeal and devotion to the enemies of his country; for after the insurrection was all over Earl Mountnorris brought him in a prisoner to the British camp at Gorey with a rope around his neck, hung him up to a tree, and fired a brace of bullets through his body. Lord Mountnorris availed himself of this opportunity to show his 'loyalty,' for he was rather suspected, on account of not being at the head of his corps when the insurrection broke out in his neighbourhood. Both Redmond and the parish priest, Father Frank Cavanagh, were on the best of terms with Lord Mountnorris, dining frequently with him at his seat, Camolin Park, which place Father Redmond prevented being plundered during the insurrection. This was the only part he had taken in the struggle."

But the case against the official instigators of the insurrection can be rested entirely upon the testimony of persons unconnected with the United Irish movement. The Rev. Mr. Gordon, a clergyman of the Established Church, who wrote a history of his own experiences in the bosom of the loyalist camp, came to the following conclusion as to the district within his own sphere of knowledge:

"Whether an insurrection, in the then existing state of the kingdom, would have taken place in the county of Wexford, or, in case of its eruption, how far less formidable and sanguinary it would have been if no acts of severity had been committed by the soldiery, the yeomen, or their supplementary associates, without the direct authority of their superiors, or command of the magistrate, is a question which I am not able positively to answer. In the neighbourhood of Gorey, if I am not mistaken, the terror of the whippings was, in particular, so great that the people would have been extremely glad to renounce for ever all notions of opposition to Government if they could have been assured of permission to remain in a state of quietness."

Some of those "acts of severity" are set forth with a particularity which ought to make Englishmen's cheeks burn when they criticise the morals of the Kurdish "loyalists" in Armenia, in the history of a loyalist country gentleman and landed proprietor, Mr. Edward Hay. Mr. Hay, like Lord Mountnorris, was suspected by the loyalist *enragés*, because he attempted to dissuade them from their barbarities. He was persecuted after the insurrection by the very men who had come to him trembling, and with tears in their eyes, to invoke his intercession with the insurgents. The fact that he had saved the lives of many of these cowardly scoundrels at the constant risk of his own was actually made the chief and, indeed, only count in the indictment against him, the argument of those who owed their lives to his intrepidity being that the success of his entreaties proved his influence with the insurgents. Mr. Hay traces the beginning of the disturbance in Wexford to the arrival of a corps of Orange miscreants called the North Cork Militia, who marched into Wexford with the medals and ribbons of the Orange Society triumphantly displayed on their breasts. They spent their time seizing anybody pointed out to them as a "croppy," whipping them at a triangle, tearing off their scalps with caps of hot pitch, and then turning them into the street with yells of delight when, the melted pitch trickling into the wretches' eyes, made them fall or dash their heads against some wall in their blindness and agony.

"A sergeant of the North Cork, nicknamed *Tom the Devil*, was most ingenious in devising new modes of torture. Moistened gunpowder was frequently rubbed into the hair cut close, and then set on fire; some, while shearing for this purpose, had the tips of their ears snipt off; sometimes an entire ear, and often both ears, were completely cut off; and many lost part of their noses during the like preparation."

Abdul the Damned might compose some pretty retorts upon his English lecturers out of the hints on good government furnished to his Majesty by Tom the Devil; yet not many years have passed since I myself spoke with people who witnessed the things Mr. Hay describes. The example of the North Cork soon turned the Orange yeomanry of every parish into a legion of Tom the Devils, who overran the country by night, scourging and torturing men and outraging women, with the result that the people, in their terror, forsook their houses in the night and lay concealed in the ditches.

"I had the good fortune," Mr. Hay himself tells us, "to succeed so far in my own neighbourhood as to induce the people to remain in their houses at night; and the trouble it gave me to effect so much would seem incredible to anybody without actual experience of the terror among the people. I was much amazed to find that this notion [of the fear of midnight raids from the yeomanry] was so firmly entertained by some people of respectability that I believe myself to have been the only person that slept in a house wherein I was on a visit."

All this in a county where the most malignant partisanship cannot quote proof of any counter-atrocities of the same character on the part of the people, and where no attempt at a rising took place, even after the insurrection had broken out in the adjoining county of Kildare. On May 23 the magistrates issued a proclamation announcing that unless there was a general surrender of arms within fourteen days application would be made to the Government to distribute the army at free quarters among the people's homes. It was expected that at least those who obeyed the proclamation would have been honestly afforded protection. "Would to God," says Mr. Hay, "that even at this period the spirit of the proclamation had been adhered to; for, in such an event, it is very probable that the county of Wexford would have escaped the dreadful misfortune of open insurrection!" Instead of which the people who "continued to flock in to the different magistrates for protection," and actually purchased pike-heads, which they did not possess, in order to satisfy suspicion by surrendering them, were subjected to devilries, compared with which all that had gone before were only barrack-yard recreations. Mr. Hunter Gowan rode through Gorey with a croppy's finger on the point of his sword, and stirred his punch with the ghastly trophy and playfully dropped it into a lady's bosom. In the Enniscorthy neighbourhood Mr. Archibald Hamilton Jacob and his yeomen scoured the country "with a regular executioner completely appointed with his implements, [a hanging-rope and cat-o'-nine tails." Mr. Perry of Inch, a Protestant and man of property, while he was being dragged to jail, had his hair close-cropped and gunpowder rubbed into it and set on fire until his skull was a jelly of crisped flesh and bone. Mr. Bagenal Harvey, whom events subsequently forced into the position of commander-in-chief of the Wexford insurgents, was a Protestant country gentleman, who had so little to do with the plans of the United Irishmen that on the very day of the night on which the rising broke out he brought into Wexford the arms which he had been at the pains of collecting from his own tenantry and surrendered them to the King's officers. It was so late when the business of registering the arms and receiving the protections for the peasants who had surrendered them was completed that he remained in the town for the night. As he was going to bed a body of yeomanry, under command of a Captain Boyd, raided his lodgings and carried him off in custody to the county jail, where, a day or two afterwards, the panic-stricken ruffians who had played him this scurvy trick came on their knees to beg his intercession with the rebels. This happened on May 26. On the previous day twenty-eight prisoners, confined on mere suspicion, were taken out of the Carnew Bridewell and, without the slightest form of trial, riddled with bullets in the ball-alley by a horde of yeomen and militia. On the day on which Mr. Bagenal Harvey had brought in the arms of his



part of the country another magistrate, Mr. Turner, was receiving the arms of all who possessed them, or could buy them at Mr. Fitzgerald's mansion of Newpark. The whole day long the people flocked in either to surrender their pikes or to protest that they had none, and to beseech protection against the marauders that were making the midnight hellish with the smoke of burning houses and the agonies of tortured men. Mr. Turner went home at ten o'clock at night, "indulging the fond hope at parting" with his host, Mr. Fitzgerald, "that the county of Wexford would remain quiet from the disposition generally shown by the people." Before the night was over the doors of Newpark were burst open by a body of yeomanry, who dragged Mr. Fitzgerald out of bed and conveyed him to Wexford Jail. Before the night was over, also, the preternatural patience of the people had at length reached its limits, and by the dawn the murderous crew of house-burners, torturers, and libertines were rushing with paper cheeks and trembling knees to their prisoners to save them from the insurrection into which they had at long last goaded the maddened people.

Only one disgrace remained to be added to the infamies of the official instigators of the rebellion of '98, and that was cowardice in the field even grosser than their ferocity before there were any pikes to be faced. There is nothing in the history of British arms more humiliating than the series of ignominious thrashings large bodies of troops received at the hands of leaderless and half-armed peasants in Wexford, unless it was the hesitation with which an army of 25,000 troops, including the Guards of England, hung for weeks on the flanks of a single French battalion subsequently in the west, before they plucked up courage to demand their surrender. Of course, the ignominy of the actual defeats in the field fell principally upon the Orange gentry and yeomanry. One night, while Colonel Saunderson was making one of his war-orations during the Home Rule debates, Mr. Gladstone made another of his brief contributions to history which may stand as a fit pendant to "Mr. Pitt did it." Colonel Saunderson was illustrating the dreadful and triumphant character of the war the Orange warriors undertook to wage against the Home Rule Parliament by bragging heaven-high how their fathers had thrashed the insurgents of '98. "You could not do it!" suddenly burst in Mr. Gladstone's voice, like a thunder-clap. "You had to call in England." That is the undeniable historical fact. The Colonel Saundersons of the county Wexford and their Orange levies were broken, hunted, walked over, and frightened out of their wits in battle after battle, until they could not be got to stand in sight of a corps of pikemen without a regiment of English regulars between them, and it was not until the Brigade of Guards was ordered across and the county ringed around with regiments of German mercenaries and English fencibles that the intrepid peasantry of this one not very large county, without

leaders, artillery, or even gunpowder, were got under. The first blow in the insurrection was struck by Father John Murphy, the priest of Boolavogue, who, like every other priest that took part in the rebellion, had exerted himself up to the last moment to induce the people to surrender their arms, and had preached in season and out of season against the United Irishmen and French principles. When he saw his chapel fired by the yeomanry and heard the shrieks of his scourged parishioners, he found that, owing to his own exertions for peace's sake, there were no better weapons left to them than pitchforks to defend the people's lives. But the truth of the warning, "Beware the fury of a patient man!" was never more fiercely illustrated than by Father John. With their pitchforks, such as they were, he and his parishioners that very night fell upon the Camolin Yeoman Cavalry, as they were returning from one of their carnivals of house-burning and torture, and cut to pieces such of the miscreants as could not escape by the speed of their horses. The victory enabled the "croppies" to recover the pikes they had surrendered; and with these rough weapons, fitted to handles twelve feet long, they, two days afterwards, at Oulart Hill, sent flying a force of at least a thousand cavalry and infantry that were sent out from Wexford with the confident expectation of exterminating them. Among the heaviest sufferers at Oulart Hill, it is comforting to know, were the inventors of the pitch-cap and of the gunpowder torture, the Orange corps, known as the North Cork. The next day the insurgents, to whose standard now rushed in thousands the victims of the pitch-cap and the cat-o'-nine-tails, poured down upon the panic-stricken garrison of Enniscorthy, who, after a couple of hours' defence, fled helter-skelter to Wexford town, setting fire to the town they were flying from, and redeeming their military record by hanging and hacking to pieces such of the peasantry as they could find in their homes on their line of flight. In Wexford town the best thing the heroes of the Ascendancy could think of was to flock to the jail to beseech the Protestant gentlemen whom they had cast into prison to go out to the insurgent camp at Enniscorthy and placate them with assurances that their prisoners were being most humanely treated. But the hour for trusting to the mercies of the Tom the Devils was gone. The pikemen, with the vigour of desperate men, beat back at the battle of the Three Rocks the advance-guard of the army General Fawcett was leading to the relief of Wexford, and without a day's delay swarmed to the gates of the town. The garrison hastened to assure the insurgents, almost on their knees, that they did not mean fight. Such of them as could run away did so promptly; and many of the yeomen who remained turned their red coats, hung out green flags, sneaked off to the priests to beg to be baptized as Catholics, and, in their zeal to be more rebellious than the rebels, took a principal part in the

reprisals on the people's side that followed. In Gorey the panic of Colonel Saunderson's forebears was equally ignominious. Even after General Loftus had arrived with 1500 regular troops and five pieces of artillery, the pikemen routed one of his divisions with great slaughter at Tubberneering and dashed into Gorey, while "the loyal minority" were flying as fast as their horses' legs could carry them along the road to Arklow. Within a fortnight the rebels, without the help of a single military leader, had cleared the entire county of its immense horde of yeomanry and militia, with the exception of Ross. Here their attack was defeated, after they had twice captured the town and twice lost it in the liquor-shops. But this was the only instance in which they were worsted in open fight until, after three weeks' preparation, General Lake at last surrounded their camp at Vinegar Hill with an army 20,000 strong and broke them, fighting stubbornly to the last, without gunpowder, without leaders, the women holding their ground in the midst of the shells and grapeshot as stoutly as the men.

The campaign against Humbert in the west was scarcely more glorious to the British arms. Six weeks after the total suppression of the Wexford insurrection, and while the island was (according to the estimate of the sober Plowden) filled with 150,000 troops of all arms, a French detachment of 1038 men all told landed at Killala and, for nearly three weeks, marched through a whole province, and kept this vast host in a state of perturbation. Humbert, an unlettered pedlar of rabbit-skins by profession, who had all the intrepidity, dash, and decision of character that were then making the French army the nursery of Napoleon's marshals, told the Directory (with two misspellings), in his despatch at parting from the Isle of Aix: "Whatever betides us, depend on it I will make the French arms respected." And he kept his word with a brilliancy worthy of the best traditions of French soldiership. Here, once more, the Ascendancy swash-bucklers "couldn't do it." Every time they came in contact with this handful of Frenchmen—at Killala, at Ballina, at Castlebar, at Colooney, and at Drumshambo—they fled before Humbert's face, and left behind them the only artillery he possessed. At Castlebar, the King's troops numbered between 5000 and 6000, under the fire-eating and torture-loving General Lake, and their flight was a *saute qui peut* so ignominious that the day has been known ever since as "The Races of Castlebar."

"The troops, in their panic, reached Tuam that night, thirty-eight miles from the field of battle. After having refreshed themselves for a moment, they pursued their way to Athlone. One officer of carabineers arrived there at one o'clock the next day with sixty men. They had made eighty miles in twenty-seven hours. One does not know where their flight would have stopped," adds the disgusted historian Gordon, "if the arrival of Cornwallis at Athlone had not stopped them."

The amusing thing about the panic is that there was not a single horseman among the French force to pursue them! Lord Cornwallis called up the Brigade of Guards and surrounded the French battalion and their battalion of Irish allies with two great armies, at the least twenty times as numerous, and still judged it prudent to hover and hesitate day after day before provoking an encounter. It was not until Humbert's little band had marched more than half their way to Dublin, in the hope of raising the country, that they at last—844 men being their total muster—capitulated, at Ballinamuck, to the host that encompassed them. The only blot on the glory of Humbert's exploit was that he made no stipulation for his unfortunate Irish auxiliaries, although in his proclamation establishing the Provisional Government, at Castlebar, he had expressly authorised them to enrol 9600 native infantry and 2400 cavalry, on the same footing as if they were French levies. While the Frenchmen were carried off to Dublin as prisoners of war, accordingly, 500 of their unfortunate native allies were massacred on the field, like as many pigeons in a trap, and the way of the Royalist fugitives back to Castlebar was marked at every mile with triumphal gibbets.

It is probable that what the average Englishman knows best (if he even knows anything beside) about the insurrection of '98 is Cruikshank's pictures of loyalist women and babies spitted on rebel pikes at Scullabogue. They were exhibited during the late anti-Home Rule crusade throughout England as the all-sufficient summary of the history of those times. I have, perhaps, sufficiently shown that the insurrection was wholly of official making; that it was characterised by extraordinary intrepidity on the part of the peasantry, when they were forced to set their backs to the wall, and by disgraceful poltroonery on the part of those whose burnings and scourgings had provoked the storm. Three abominable crimes were unquestionably committed on the insurgent side—some drunken runaways from the battle of Ross set fire to a barn at Scullabogue, in which eighty prisoners (sixteen of them Catholics) perished; when the insurgents first burst into Enniscorthy, which the flying yeomanry had just set fire to, at least twenty loyalists were massacred in the streets; and, in a moment of despairing rage, a number of prisoners, whom Mr. Hay from personal observation estimates at thirty-six, were piked and thrown over the bridge at Wexford. These atrocities were committed, not only without the authority of the rebel leaders, but in spite of protests which almost led to their own inclusion in the slaughter; and no candid student of the time will fail to see how small a space these three crimes, barbarous as they were, are entitled to occupy in the ghastly balance-sheet, on the other side of which is the burning of thousands of humble homes, the flogging, torturing, and half-hanging of tens of thousands of peasants, the innumerable outrages on women

and children, and the orgy of murderous deeds which drenched the county with blood after the suppression of the insurrection, and called forth the despairing protests of the very Viceroy. Respect for women is one of the best tests of comparative humanity in a campaign. Let me, on this point, place side by side without comment the statements of two historians, both of them loyalists :

MR. HAY.

"During the whole period of the insurrection in the county of Wexford, it is a fact no less surprising than true, that the fair sex was respected even by those who did not hesitate to rob or murder ; no one instance existing of a female being injured or violated, including the wives, sisters, and daughters of those denominated the greatest enemies of the people."

MR. PLOWDEN.

"As to this species of outrage, it is universally allowed to have been on the side of the military. . . . It has been boasted of by officers of rank that, within certain large districts, a woman had not been left undefiled ; and upon observation in answer that the sex must have been very complying, the reply was that the bayonet removed all squeamishness."

The Protestant Bishop of Killala, Dr. Stock, records of the Connaught campaign : "It is a circumstance worthy of remark that during the whole time of this revolt there was not a drop of blood shed by the Irish except on the field of battle." But no sooner did the valiant horsemen who fled eighty miles from the field of Castlebar return under the shelter of the English Guards and the German dragoons than the unhappy peasantry, to whom the Bishop of Killala pays this striking compliment, were butchered mercilessly by the hundred, and their priests hung in the very towns in which they had inveighed against French principles and besought their people to have nothing to do with the invaders. No description that could be penned of the savagery of the Orange terrorists could be as telling as Lord Cornwallis' familiar despatches about the state of things he found around him after the suppression of the Wexford insurrection. Two or three out of the many passages with which the Cornwallis correspondence is laden must suffice here : "I am very much afraid that any man in a brown coat who is found within several miles of the field of action is butchered without discrimination." "There is no enemy in the field to oppose our troops. We are engaged in a war of plunder and massacre." "There is no law in town or country but martial law. . . . But all this is trifling compared to the numberless murders that are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever." "The conversation even at my table, where you will suppose I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, &c. &c. ; and if a priest has been put to death the greater joy is expressed by the whole company." And when Lord Cornwallis attempts to moderate the zeal of the Ascendancy he becomes almost as detestable in their eyes as a Papist priest,

and is nick-named "Croppy Corny" because "I put a stop to the burning of houses and murder of inhabitants by the yeomen or any other persons who delighted in that amusement, to flogging for the purpose of extorting confession, and free quarters which comprehended universal rape and robbery throughout the whole country." But were the Orange terrorists, who had been wiled into Orangeism and detestation of their own countrymen by Mr. Pitt for his own purposes, so illogical in receiving with scorn the lectures on leniency and humanity that Mr. Pitt thought fit to administer to them, as soon as his own purpose had been sufficiently served?

It is not, perhaps, too much to assume that the reader of the foregoing pages will begin to understand the use of the terms "black-guardism and baseness" in reference to the preliminary arrangements for carrying the Union. When, in addition to all these tens of thousands of calculated murders, and all this pandemonium of religious strife deliberately organised between creeds that were beginning to come together only too unitedly, the reader proceeds to the subsequent steps by which a majority against the Union in 1799 was, before the end of the following Session, turned into a majority of 118 against 75 in favour of the Union by means of an expenditure of £1,200,000 in the meantime, he will have some notion of the intensity of the passions that will thrill the entire Irish race next year, and will understand how colossal is the absurdity of the good people who think it can all be conjured down by the visit of a Prince or the hiring of a royal residence. Even in the present distracted state of Irish parties, next year's centenary will mark as memorable a date in the history of the Irish race as this year's Jubilee did in the history of the Anglo-Saxon. We have had in our own time, as in 1782, an Act of Renunciation by the British House of Commons that was elected in 1892 to remit to an Irish Parliament the government of Ireland. We have had our recall of Fitzwilliam in the Tory reaction that reversed the policy of Mr. Gladstone and dashed the cup of conciliation from the lips of Ireland. Are we about to have a further repetition of a woful history by the discrediting of those in Ireland who paid any heed to the assurances of voluntary conciliation on the part of England, and by the vindication of those who argued that nothing was ever won from England unless through her difficulties and her fears? Grattan was driven out of the Irish Parliament between the hammer of Pitt's treacheries and the revolutionary anvil of Wolfe Tone's vigour. We may be nearer to another such calamity than the silly people who prattle of a royal residence suspect. It depends, I am afraid, chiefly upon whether there happens to be another Wolfe Tone biding his time somewhere among the ardent youths whom every year brings to manhood among a race fifteen millions strong. A second Wolfe Tone has not turned up yet, but Ireland is a country of surprises.

I have no desire to exaggerate the danger of Parliamentary agitation losing its hold upon the Irish masses. Nobody with any experience of the corruption in Parliament and desperation in the country which followed the collapse of the Tenant Right party of 1851, can contemplate the bare possibility of a new breakdown of Parliamentary action without the deepest anxiety for the fate of the generation of young men who may live to see it. The sense and patriotism of the race is still anchored firmly to the belief in a peaceful arrangement between the two countries and in our power of obtaining it by fearless and disciplined Parliamentary action. But it would be living in a fool's paradise to affect not to see that the popular confidence in the effectiveness of constitutional agitation is being seriously shaken, and that not merely by the strength of the anti-Home Rule prejudice in England, or the dubious attitude of some of the minor Liberal wire-pullers, but by still more serious influences in Ireland which—for what reasons, or with what objects, men will ask themselves hereafter with stupefaction—seem to be lending themselves, consciously or unconsciously, to the work of paralysing the Irish party in Westminster, and making any open organisation in the country impossible. The patriotic excitation which will prevail in Ireland during the year '98 will supply just the atmosphere in which hot-blooded young Irishmen and even a good many cool-headed ones might well begin to reconsider their opinions as to the efficiency of Parliamentary methods in the present circumstances of Ireland. There are rather fewer Irish in Ireland than there were in '98, but there are at least ten millions more of Irish in countries where they can be more dangerous to England. Those who comfort themselves with thinking that there is no longer a revolutionary France at hand with its Bantry Bay expeditions to encourage daring spirits forget that France is replaced by a power far more formidable in the eyes of England in a troubled hour, and a power with which Ireland is represented, not by one unauthorised emissary like Tone, but by a permanent population of many millions, yearly growing more potent in its government and in the dictation of its policy. The influences that wrecked the Arbitration Treaty at Washington are of more real concern to England than a French or Russian squadron off Bantry Bay. And the knowledge that these influences would have worked more ardently still for the ratification of the Treaty had Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy been honestly accepted and enforced by England may well moderate the scorn with which superior persons in Printing House Square will observe the shiploads of Irish American exiles who are coming across to celebrate the heroic popular memories and governmental crimes of '98.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

## THE JEWISH WORKMAN.

EVERY one, I think, will agree that at present, when alien immigration has become a question of practical politics, and the Government is pledged to the introduction of a Bill for "checking the importation of destitute aliens," whatever that may mean, it would be interesting to hear what the chief offender has to say in his own defence.

I am, I think, entitled to style myself a typical alien immigrant. I am a Jew, born in Russia, landed in this country some nine years ago with threepence in my pocket. I learned the trade of a tailors' machinist, and have worked in the ready-made, bespoke, and ladies' mantle trades, mostly in Leeds. I will confine myself chiefly to the trades I know best.

I have watched with great interest the growth of this question, as might naturally be expected, and have read all that I could lay my hand on relating to it. What struck me most was that nearly all that has been written on this question has been written by people who know little, or more often nothing, about it.

When the unemployed problem has so rapidly forced itself to the front of recent years, and when at the same time so many Russian Jews can find employment in this country, it is not surprising that the uninformed British public, to whom no one can deny a considerable imaginative faculty, should think that it is the alien Jew who takes the work out of the hands of the British workman. Add to this the prejudice against the Jew which still exists in this country, especially among the uncultivated classes; add also a certain low class of politicians who are on the look-out for cheap popularity; and add further the sensational journalist seeking for "copy," and the thing explains itself easily. But the cry of honest British workmen being



ruined by the savage Russian Jew is not confined to the politician on the stump and the sensational journalist. It is echoed by responsible statesmen, such as Mr. Chamberlain, and is to be found in books and pamphlets professing to deal seriously with the question. In a volume of the "Social Science Series," edited by Mr. Arnold White, appear the following extraordinary sentences :

"Of what avail, I would ask, is the recommended emigration as a panacea for our social ills, when for every hundred of our workpeople taken away a leak remains behind by which thousands more of an immeasurably inferior calibre come pouring in, by whom the conditions of existence are made harder than before, and the standard of comfort and decency of home life of our people is infinitely lowered? . . . The British workman is as capable as the foreigner to manufacture slop clothing, but he cannot compete successfully with the latter unless he is willing to work for merely nominal wages, and under conditions revolting even to read of."

"Whitaker's Almanac" for 1892 gives the number of alien immigrants for the previous year as 140,000; Mr. Chamberlain spoke of "tens of thousands."

From all this it would appear that this country is overrun by hordes of foreign savages, for whom the British workman must make place.

Now let us see what are the real numbers of alien immigrants. From the Governmental Report issued by the Board of Trade on the immigration of aliens into the United Kingdom (c. 7406) I quote the following: "The total number of aliens of all classes who arrived here, and may be taken as having remained here, amounted in 1891 to about 12,000, in 1892 11,500, and 1893 6000." This sudden drop in 1893 is continued in the following year, as appears from the Report of the Board of Trade for 1894, their number being about 5000. But even of this number not all of them become permanent settlers. A considerable proportion leave this country after a few years of residence, either for the United States, the Colonies, or to go back to their native place. Most of my countrymen whom I knew in Leeds six or seven years ago left this country. I met a young man in Berlin last summer who was on his way to the United States. He spoke English fluently and with a good accent. I asked him if he was born in an English-speaking country, and was surprised to learn that he had only just left Russia for the first time in his life. "But you are speaking English too well for a Russian," I remarked. "But you see," he replied, "I was brought up in the house of my uncle, who lived about twenty years in England; all his children were born there. His house was the haunt of all the English-speaking people in the town, and I could hear nothing but English there." He also assured me that there are a considerable number of Jews in western Russia who have lived some years in America or England, and that English is becoming quite popular there. I was told by a Jewish

restaurant-keeper in Hamburg that the number of Poles and Russians who are going back to their native country is considerable. "With some of them," he added, "the going and coming is quite a passion. Some of them will be a few years in America or England, get homesick, and go back to Russia, where they soon get disgusted with the political institutions and the way the Jews are treated there, and will go again to breathe the free air of the West. I am getting some regular customers now." From this the reader can see that, even from the figures given by the Board of Trade, a deduction of some kind must be made.

These Board of Trade figures, which Mr. A. White challenges, are corroborated by the Census returns of 1891, which give an annual increase of foreigners for the previous ten years of 8800.

So much for the figures. Now let us turn to the points of accusation made against those that remain here. Most of these may be summed up under the following headings:

I. That being *contented* with a much lower standard of subsistence, we are therefore (a) accepting much lower *wages*, and consequently (b) *displacing* the British workman.

II. Being of an inferior race, (a) we become a "dead weight on progress," a "mere tool in the hands of the capitalist to defeat the ends of labour." (b) Our dirty, immoral, and vicious habits must necessarily have a degrading and demoralising effect on the people among whom we live.

I cannot think of these accusations without being struck with the curious fact that all that is said against us in England is just the contrary to what we are accused of in Russia. Here it would appear we are contented to live with anything and willing to work "all the hours that God sends," and to be the tools of all parasites, sweaters, and exploiters. But, according to the reactionary Press in Russia, with the well-known *Novoye Vremya* at their head, and they are never tired of repeating it, we are persecuted in Russia, not because of our faith—oh dear, no! there is no religious persecution in Russia—but because we are lazy and unwilling to work, concentrating our efforts in taking as much as we can and giving as little as possible in return; and we ought to be driven out of Russia because we are *never contented* with our lot, and the State must always lose in the presence of the Jew, since he produces little and manages to get more than he earns! How often does the Russian Government declare that the reason for their constant *ukases* against us is because we are a dangerous and disturbing element among a loyal and peaceful population; that the discontent of the Jew drives him to all sorts of subversive ideas; that a disproportionately large number of us belong to nihilistic and revolutionary societies.

Which of these two opinions is the correct one? A discussion by

Messrs. Pobiedonostzey, Suvorin and Mestchersky, with Lord Salisbury, Messrs. J. Lowther and Inskip, on the relative defects of the Russian Jews, would prove very interesting.

I well remember, when I was fifteen or sixteen years of age, when my people began to urge upon me to decide my future, and my uncle, an old Rabbi, said that it would be best for me to learn some business, as I showed no inclination for the study of the law. I refused to comply with his request on the ground that I did not want to be one for maintaining the reputation of the Jew of being only capable of money-making, shopkeeping, &c., and I told him that we must show our enemies that we are as capable of working as Christians are, and that if the Jews had been working-people, not *Schachernachers*, business men, exploiters, and parasites, there would have been no "Jewish question" in Russia. My uncle shook his grey head, and, smiling bitterly, said that I was a hot-headed youth. "We are hated," he said, "because we are Jews, and always have been so for that reason only. So long as we remain Jews, choose whatever we do, our enemies will find fault with us." I thought then that my uncle was decidedly in the wrong, as it was impossible for him to understand the "Jewish question," having spent all his life in the intricacies of the Rabbinical law and Hebrew and Chaldean literature. I realised my ideal—I am a workman now—only to find that I am a "blighted blister" on the English workman, and that, with my dirty, immoral, and vicious habits, I demoralise the people among whom I live.

I will now proceed to answer the charges against us.

#### STANDARD OF COMFORT.

Any one who is even a little acquainted with the life of the foreign Jews in this country will often hear them say that the "yokel" (the name by which the Englishman is known amongst them) can live on much less than they do. A close acquaintance with their lives confirms this. In a Jewish family the husband is the sole bread-winner. A Jewish married woman is seldom to be found in a factory or workshop. In Manchester, out of 161 Jewesses employed in sixty tailoring workshops only one was married; of the nineteen non-Jewesses nine were married. As soon as a Jewish girl gets married she quits the workshop.

Contrast this with the action of the British workman, who exploits the labour of his wife and children, and who began to exploit the labour of the latter at the age of six when he was allowed to do so. If the Jewish workman gets as much as the English workman, his household income is still considerably less, because he has to pay for the religious instruction of his children. Only a comparatively small

number attend the Jewish Free School in Bell Lane in London, where elementary education and religious instruction are given gratis. The rest have, after leaving the Board schools, to go to "cheder" to be instructed in the Bible, Hebrew, &c., for which instruction the parents have to pay from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per week. The Jewish workman also often contributes to one or more of the innumerable charitable societies that exist in his community, and invariably pays to his congregation, which is in itself partly a charitable institution. (The greater part of the money spent on charitable work among the Jewish community does not come from the pockets of the wealthy Jews, as is erroneously assumed, but from the pockets of the Jewish working men.) The English woman, if she is not employed in a factory, is always hard-working, always trying to save her husband's wages. The Jewish woman, on the contrary, is idle, wasteful, and extravagant, spends her time in small talk, employs a Gentile woman to do the washing and house-cleaning for her, and spends her husband's wages on doctor's bills, expensive dress, and gold ornaments—for which the Jews have as strong a passion as English workmen have for strong drink. Although the Jewish standard of comfort does not include so large a quantity of alcoholic liquors as that of the British workman; it includes other things which the British workman is contented to do without, and the desire of the Jew to shine before his neighbours creates in him an increasing desire for a higher standard of comfort.

#### WAGES.

I have already said that I am engaged in the tailoring trade. I will, therefore, confine myself chiefly to this trade, and to Leeds, where the conditions of work are best known to me. How much printer's ink would have been saved if the people who write would confine themselves to what they know!

I must remind your readers that, of the Jewish workmen, the great majority are engaged in the tailoring trade. In Leeds no less than 80 per cent. of them are engaged in it, and it must therefore be admitted that on the conditions of labour in this trade alone must the statement of our cheap labour stand or fall. By far the larger number of English tailors are engaged in the first-class order trade, which is nearly all hand-work, and in which the retail prices of such suits will range from five to ten pounds or more, the purchasers being mainly the rich and well-to-do classes. The Jews are engaged in the second-class order and the ready-made clothing trades. The log price of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors (English) in Leeds is 5d. per hour. Now, the wages of a *competent* Jewish tailor in Leeds is from 6d. to 8d. per hour. It is seldom less than 6d. and sometimes above 8d. This may seem a bold assertion, and may be taken with some incredulity.

When Miss Isabella O. Ford — whose long connection with the Tailoresses' Union in Leeds has given her a good opportunity of learning the conditions of the trade, and who can, therefore, speak with authority on the subject—stated at a public meeting in Leeds that the Jewish middlemen paid better wages than English employers, her statement was received by the local Press with something akin to derision. The attitude of the Press is typical of that of the general public. It is a case of giving a dog a bad name. But, in the first and second numbers of the *Labour Gazette*, there is a table of statistics of hours and wages in Jewish tailoring workshops in Leeds, Manchester, and London. It gives the average wages in a Jewish shop in Leeds (including women and learners, whose wages are 3*d.* and less per hour) at 5½*d.* This rate applies only to coat-making, which is the most skilled part of tailoring. Those parts of the trade which require less skill in making—viz., vests, trousers, and juvenile clothing—are entirely left to women, Germans, and Englishmen. A few quotations from the Labour Department of the Board of Trade will prove that Jews are not competing for that part of the trade which is worst paid:

“The number of Jewish vests and trousers makers is very small. The Jewish coat-makers account for this on the ground that it is ‘impossible to make a living on vests and trousers.’ As a rule, vests are taken out of the City warehouses by English women, the pay varying with the class of work, and sinking to a very low rate. Trousers are taken out by English and Germans, both men and women. The women then employed are invariably English or Irish. The evidence of the managers of four City firms, all employing Jewish labour in East London, shows that in this respect that state of things shown to be prevalent in 1888 still obtains, and that Jewesses do not compete for the less profitable branches of the tailoring trade.”

#### DISPLACEMENT OF BRITISH WORKMEN.

Now, it may be said, and I often hear statements to this effect, that all the work which is done at present by the Jews could be done by Englishmen; that it is, in fact, work taken away from the Englishman. Surely it is absurd to speak of our taking away the Englishman's work when we get higher wages than he does. The fact of our being employed at a higher rate of pay shows that there is in our method of working something which makes us preferable to the Englishman, and which the latter cannot do. If any of your readers who reside in or visit Leeds will take the trouble to go into the clothing factory of the Co-operative Wholesale Society and ask permission to inspect the wage-book, he will find that the best-paid department is the one in which Jews are employed, their wages ranging as high as £2 per week of fifty hours.

The main point of this question is that the second-class order trade

and the ready-made clothing trade are entirely the invention of the Jews themselves.

Mr. Charles Booth says, "The wholesale clothing trade is not an invasion on the area of the employment of the English journeyman tailor, but an industrial discovery."

Now in what consists this industrial discovery?

Twenty or thirty years ago the trade consisted of two classes of garments: (1) The costume tailor-made, the purchasers of which, owing to the high price, were and still are the wealthier classes. (2) The cheap ready-made, which were made up by women who have little knowledge of the art of tailoring. Those who could not afford to pay £5 or £6 for a suit had either to purchase the slop suits made up by women or the cast-off clothing of the rich. The Jewish tailors succeeded in combining the style and quality of the first with the cheapness of the second. How did they do it? By division of labour and consequently the use of machinery. In a Jewish tailoring workshop there are three distinct trades: (1) the machinist, who can without the aid of a needle or thimble put in six coat pockets to an English tailor's one; (2) the baister; and (3) the presser.

In the large tailoring workshops this subdivision is carried out still further, and a coat goes through from fifteen to twenty hands. Here, as in other industries, a great economy of labour takes place, and a Jewish tailor employer can, therefore, produce a coat at a much lower rate and still pay higher wages. The Board of Trade Report proves my statement. It says: "The statements made by English tailors and tailoresses as to the unfair competition of Jewish men and women must be accepted with some caution. As a matter of fact, an English tailor is hardly ever to be found in a Jewish workshop, and many of the English tailors are somewhat slow to understand that, with subdivision of labour, a low rate per garment does not necessarily imply low earnings per day."

But it often happens that a Jewish tailor at a lower rate per garment can earn better wages than an Englishman, even where the method of working is the same, as the following instance will show. A few years ago I got work at a well-known firm of clothiers in Leeds, where subdivision of labour was carried on in the same way as in a Jewish workshop. There were only a few Jewish workmen there. The rest were all English women. It was all piecework. After a few weeks I left the place, as my earnings there amounted to twopence per hour less than I could earn when working for a Jewish employer. Yet the foremen of that place were grumbling that we were getting too much per piece, as it cost them more for making a garment than when they gave it out to a Jewish middleman. Yet Mr. J., who got their work outside, paid as good wages as any employer in Leeds. The explanation is in the superior management in a Jewish

workshop. In the English employer's works, where every one worked on piece and had to purchase his own trimmings, there was a large staff of booking-clerks and a staff of incompetent foremen who did not understand the trade. While, at the Jewish workshop, where nearly all are on day-work, there are no booking-clerks, and the organisation is so simple that the employer, with the aid of a girl, often manages a workshop with thirty machines and over a hundred workpeople. Such cases could be multiplied. That a Jewish employer takes out work at a lower rate no one will deny, but I challenge any one to prove that he does so by paying his workpeople lower wages than an English employer.

The alien immigrant Jewish tailors converted tailoring from a handicraft into a manufacture. The same has been accomplished in the boot and shoe trade, though not by Jews. To prevent it is the same as trying to prevent the coming of the next season. It is part of the evolution of the capitalist industrial system. In the tailoring trade we have created a method of work for which the English tailor is too clumsy or too conservative in his ways, and for which the English woman has not enough technical skill. By doing that we have cheapened clothing, so that a labourer or artisan can to-day get a well-made suit at the same price he formerly had to pay for the cast-off, and this advantage is eagerly seized by those trade-unionists who are never tired of denouncing the alien immigrant and sweated goods. So far as making of clothing is concerned, they have succeeded in giving it a neatness and style which it did not possess, save in some West End shops, where the English tailors were working under the supervision of experts, who often went to learn their trade abroad. An English-made coat was, a few years ago, and is still to-day in those places where the Jew has not yet made his appearance, although strong and substantial, too often heavy, rough, and not tastefully made, as every one who understands tailoring knows. The typical English-made coat possesses any amount of useless work and has no taste or finish. The Jewish workman possesses the quality of his race—he is an artist, and if his work sometimes lacks strength and durability, it is never wanting in taste or finish. The English workman is in this respect a mere labourer. His work is like his temperament, drink, and diet—strong, solid, and durable, but at the same time rough, coarse, and tasteless. In matters of style and taste the English workman can only follow the foreigner.

The English tailor complains that by introducing the second-class made-to-order trade we have taken his work away from him. But who prevents the English tailor from imitating the Jew? The Board of Trade Report concludes its summary in the following words: "If, besides the losing of the lower class of ready-made trade by the growth of employment of women in the provincial factories, the [Jewish

tailors were to be threatened on the other hand by the competition of Englishmen in the manufacture of the better class, on the system taught them by the Jews, the consequence to the Jewish tailoring trade would be most serious. Nothing but the conservatism of the English tailor prevents him from successfully entering into the field opened up to him by the Jews." If the English tailor will persist in sticking to his old, primitive and expensive method of production and not adapt himself to circumstances he must stand the consequences. In my humble opinion people do not clothe themselves in order to suit the caprices of the "people of England," the English tailor. Any one who cheapens a commodity without lowering the rate of wages is a benefactor to the community. Your English trade unionist is too apt to take a "workshop" point of view. If the two-pound suit had not been made by the Jew the English tailor could not have compelled any one to pay five pounds for a suit. If it had not been made by the Jew in England it would have been made by the German in Stettin or Frankfurt, just as the middle-class ladies' jackets and mantles are made in Berlin, and the English workman would have shown no more reluctance in wearing a German-made suit than he does in buying a German-made jacket or mantle for his wife.

I spent the whole of last summer in Germany, and I am well acquainted with the conditions of tailoring there. Although there is practically no subdivision of labour there, and it is still carried on on the same system as it was in this country some twenty or thirty years ago, the Germans have an advantage over England in the abundance of cheap labour, owing to the cost of living being much cheaper than it is here. In Berlin the wages of a tailor are a little over 3*d.* per hour, in Stettin 2½*d.*, while 6*s.* a week is considered a good wage for a woman. Stettin and Frankfurt houses are competing with England to-day. The alien Jews are now attracted to England by the higher wages obtainable in the Jewish tailoring workshops. Should even a small number of them be compelled by anti-alien legislation to settle in Germany and teach the Germans (who are so eager to learn) their method of organisation, the consequence will be that, with their cheaper labour, they will not only be able to oust you from your foreign markets, but you will stand a good chance of having your home market glutted with German clothing, and a good many Yorkshire mills will again have to run on short time, as they did in 1888 when the Jewish tailors in Leeds went on strike for a fortnight for a reduction of the hours of labour—this time with graver consequences, and the officials of the weaver trade unions, who are so eager in denouncing the alien immigrant, will have to face widespread unemployment among their members.

In the ladies' mantle trade Jewish ladies' tailors have achieved, if on a smaller scale, an equally striking success. Here, as in the men's



clothing, it formerly consisted of two classes of garments—the expensive costume tailor-made and the cheap garment made up by women, who are little acquainted with the art of ladies' tailoring. The middle-class people, who could not afford the former, and were unwilling to wear the latter, had to purchase mantles and jackets imported mostly from Germany. The result of the activity of the Jewish ladies' tailors was to introduce a branch of industry which was formerly confined chiefly to Germany. "In the mantle trade," says Miss Collet, the labour correspondent to the Board of Trade, "the Jews may be regarded as the introducers of a better article and a better system of organisation. According to the information supplied by three London firms, they are really making an opening for a successful competition with Germany." In the Stuttgart periodical, the *Neue Zeit*, for January 1894, an article appeared, by Berthold Hyman, entitled "Berliner Damenmantel Confection"—"The Berlin Ready-made Ladies' Mantles." The writer, who is perhaps not at all aware that there is such a question as Alien Immigration in this country, discussing the decline of the German export trade in ladies' mantles, states that the Russian and Polish Jews, by introducing the trade into this country, have succeeded in "emancipating the English market from foreign goods." The reason for the success of the Jews in their competition with German goods he wrongly imagines is because, being used to a Russian standard of comfort, they can afford to live and work for very little.

Now, when I was in Berlin last summer, I was offered work at half the price I was getting in England. And, although I had no desire to come back to England to enjoy the beauties of English climate and the grace of its manufacturing towns, and to become an "alien pauper," I was compelled to leave Germany, where I would have to put up with what seemed to me a starvation wage. Here we have another example of how the superficial observer, who sees people succeeding in producing cheaper goods, jumps to the conclusion that it is because they are working for low wages.

The mantle trade is rapidly expanding itself, especially in London. New warehouses are springing up in the City. When I was in London last October, Mr. Finn, the Secretary of the Mantlemakers' Union, told me that there is a great scarcity of hands felt, and that they could do with another 400 men. The wholesale clothing trade in Leeds has also grown considerably. The number of people engaged in this trade in Leeds has, from 1881 to 1891, nearly doubled, the figures being 6888 and 15,689 respectively. In this 15,000 only about 2000 Jews of both sexes are employed; the remaining 13,000 are all English. Since 1891 the total will have increased to about 25,000, of which the Jews will number 3500. This year, as well as last, was an exceptionally busy year in Leeds. There is a great scarcity of hands, especially in coat-making, and employers are looking out

for hands and cannot get them. Wages have consequently risen. Now, I would like to know where are the people whom we have thrown out of work? Why do they not come and do it? Where are the people whom we have compelled to go to the workhouse? Let them be taken out and put in our workshops. There is plenty of work for them. Where are they? The growth of the unemployed has as much to do with the immigration of alien Jews as the spots on the sun have to do with commercial crises, as some ingenious professor of political economy wants to have it.

Leeds would certainly not have been celebrated for its clothing industry if it were not for the presence of the "alien pauper."

#### SWEATING.

Besides the foreign Jewish workmen, the people who are "diseased in mind and body," who ruin the honest British workman with their cheap labour, the Jewish middleman comes in for his share. Here the sensational journalist has been at work. Several bad cases came before the Sweating Commission. The British public was horror-struck with some cases that were set forth by the sensational journalist as examples of the rest. The Jewish employer was represented before the public as a modern Shylock, who lives on the sweat of the alien immigrant and the unfortunate English woman, who is driven to the sweater's den to keep herself and her children from starvation. At one time I thought that an English factory was an earthly paradise, and I was determined to gain it. My first attempt resulted in a miserable failure. The paradise was not there. I made a second and third attempt, with the same result. And it did not take me long to become convinced that to work under an Englishman was not only not better but considerably worse than under a Jewish "sweater." I found that inside an English warehouse, where I was working on piece, and was therefore on my own time, I was locked out when I was a little late, subjected to fines for the slightest irregularity, and could not leave the place without a "pass"; and to get a "pass" was not always an easy matter. "If you insist upon going, you can go, but you will not have to come in again," I was told. The workpeople are locked in as in a fortress. In a Jewish workshop, although day-work is the rule, one can come and go whenever he likes. There we are paid for every minute we stop in the workshop. If one should go into a Jewish workshop in Leeds at eight o'clock in the morning he would often find it half empty. The Jewish employers complain that it takes them about a quarter of an hour before they can get all the machines going. Most of the workpeople have their breakfast in the workshop in the employer's time. Smoking is allowed everywhere. There are no fines. Not long since a "case" was settled

with an employer who gave one of his workpeople a week's notice because the latter objected to him "gassing" all the day. The "case" was taken up by the men's union, and the employer had to give in. Whilst at an English factory, if the "rushing" foreman overhears any one speaking in the employer's time, he will soon get a pass to leave. Some of the Jewish "sweaters" that I know are exceedingly kind and humane—gentlemen in the best sense of the term. About 500 English women, the most skilled tailoresses in Leeds, prefer to work in a "sweater's den," in spite of the fact that there is considerably less work there than in an English warehouse, and where they have to be idle on Fridays and Saturdays, the Jewish Sabbath.

The Jewish trade unions claim to have created, besides the second-class made-to-order tailoring, wholesale clothing and ladies' mantle trades, also waterproof clothing, cap, slipper and cheap shoe trades. Not understanding these trades, I cannot speak about them with any certainty. But from what I know of the tailoring trade I am inclined to believe their claim to be well-founded.

Most of the Jewish immigrants who are engaged in the clothing trade in Leeds have followed different trades and occupations in their native country; but they could not get the same employment here, as English employers as a rule have a "moral antipathy to employing Jews," as one of them expressed himself. I know many Jewish engineers, painters, brushmakers, &c., who were compelled to take to tailoring because they are Jews and foreigners. The Jew, being excluded from the means of livelihood in ordinary trades, has created industries for himself, where he often gets better paid than the Englishman. Here history repeats itself. It is not for the first time that the Jews, being cut off by their Christian neighbours from the means of existence in one way, have established themselves and prospered in another. Hence we find that in all the trades in which foreign Jews are engaged in any number, such as the above-named cap, slippers, &c., they themselves created them or have introduced a better and more efficient method of working.

#### INFERIOR RACE.

Are we of an inferior race? Mr. Arnold White says decidedly "yes." His pet theory that the Jews have created the sweating system and that they ruin the British workman with their cheap labour having been annihilated by the Board of Trade Report, he shifted his agitation against the alien immigrant from the economic to the social and moral field. He contends that "there are other and higher ideals for a nation than cheap clothing," and that the maintenance of the English race in its purest and best form "demands the exclusion of the alien." Mr. A. White, in order to show of what calibre the

Russian Jews are, gives a graphic description of Berdicheff, a town inhabited chiefly by Jews, and asks the public whether such people as those who inhabit Berdicheff are worthy of being admitted into this country. Not having travelled in Russia for the purpose of gaining information about the Jews there, and never having been in Berdicheff to know whether the description Mr. White gives about it is correct or not, or whether the Berdicheff Jew is typical of the rest of the Russian Jews, I cannot argue about it. But it would be interesting to learn how Mr. White reconciles his description of the Russian Jews with his eulogy of them in the *Nineteenth Century* for May 1892, in which he writes as follows: "Aristocratic quality of mind common to the whole race. Their sense of honour would have satisfied Burke. They are gentle to women and tender to children. There is that indefinable air of distinction about the lowest and commonest of these Jews which impresses the conviction on one's mind that their unpopularity is due perhaps, if one may be frank, to their native superiority over the settled nations of the earth. Trouble and pain have refined the Jews in Russia." I may also state that in the nine years of my residence in England I came across thousands of Jewish immigrants from all parts of Russia, from St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, Tiflis and Irkutsk, but only one from Berdicheff, and he was a Christian clergyman, who in his few years' residence in Leeds not only gained the esteem and friendship of his Christian neighbours, but even that of the Jews who as a rule so much hate a converted Jew (*mechumed*). But I do not think that there are many people in this country who are seriously of opinion that the Russian Jews are inferior to the French or English Jews for whom Mr. White professes to have such a great admiration. A people who have produced such men as Rubinstein, Antocolsky and Liberman, and many others who have distinguished themselves in almost all branches of human activity, cannot be of an inferior race. But, on the other hand, it may be argued, that while admitting that Russian Jews are not inferior to others, it is the Russian Jews who come here that are objected to. If so, what about Professor Leone Levi, and others? If we are an inferior race, you have nothing to fear from us, as your experience in Africa taught you that inferior races cannot last long amongst Englishmen.

These may be exceptions. What then of the general run of alien immigrants? In Leeds the Leyland Board School is attended almost exclusively by children of "alien paupers." In the returns it figures as one of the best elementary schools in Leeds. The attendance is the highest of any in the city, and the proportion sent to the industrial schools is the lowest. They are always best in drawing, and the teachers are unanimously of opinion that they have a quicker perception and better memories than the English children. One of the head masters assured me that he preferred to teach Jewish children,

as, in addition to their undoubtedly superior memories, there is an artistic element in them to an extent not to be found in English children.

Are we a "dead-weight on progress"? On whose progress are we a dead-weight? Certainly not on the British workman's, for I do not think there could be a greater dead-weight on progress than the British working man himself. "We are mere tools in the hands of employers to defeat the ends of organised labour." When the boot-makers' lock-out took place, Mr. Charles Freke himself—who has said that the alien had no manhood in him, to whose heart it was impossible to appeal—congratulated the Jewish bootmakers for their manly stand, for there was not a single blackleg among them, while there was a good supply of blacklegs amongst the free-born Britons.

It should also be borne in mind that the Jewish workmen on the whole are better organised than the English.

#### DEMORALISATION.

In Mr. White's book I find that the Rev. Mr. Reaney accuses us of bringing with us "vices peculiar to Continental large cities." This is downright absurdity, for, as a matter of fact, there are very few Jewish workmen who come from Continental large cities. Are the immigrant Jews as a rule dirty? If so, how are we to explain the following facts? According to Dr. Billing, the City of New York contained in 1890, 180,000 practically all immigrants. The annual death-rate per 1000 for the six years ending May of the same year was 6·2, as compared with Irish 28·0, colour 23·0, English 20·6, Germans 17·0, Americans 16·0. The same proportions apply to Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Washington. He also finds that, although the birth-rate among the Jews is smaller, they multiply faster by reason of a smaller mortality, especially among children under the age of five. The Jews are exceedingly clean in matters of diet. What is known as *côsher* food is food prepared according to cleanliness demanded by the Jewish law. Hence we find that they are less susceptible to cholera and other epidemic diseases. When the Black Death and other plagues ravaged Europe not a single Jew was affected.

Are we demoralising the people among whom we live? "Vicious criminals." A grave charge it is; and what are the facts brought in support of such an assertion? Criminal statistics? They show a smaller percentage of criminals amongst us than among the native population.\* Whom are we demoralising? The teetotaler? the good man of the Little Bethel? the Puritan? or that coarse brute, the public-house prop, whose altruism is so limited that it does not even include his wife and children? There is no need of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children so far as the Jews are concerned.

\* See Appendix to Board of Trade Report on Alien Immigration, p. 144.

The Jewish workman, at the worst, cares for his family only, which absorbs all his cares and attention ; but very often he lives for his relatives, religion, or race. The heart of the average British workman never throbs with any such sentiments. I doubt whether it beats at all, except, perhaps, when he is engaged in rabbit-coursing, dog-fighting, or other such noble and instructive amusements. Poor innocent creature ! Imagine him being demoralised by a drunken Jew or a loose Jewish woman ! Is not every one aware that the Jews are a sober people, and have, therefore, no teetotalers—the greatest evil drink has produced—amongst them, and that their women are proverbial for their chastity, except, perhaps, in cases where they become thoroughly Anglicised ? I came across a Jewish woman who drank and had acquired a large and varied stock of English expletives. This remarkable phenomenon was explained to me by her neighbours as due to the fact that she had been brought up among “yokels,” and was married to a pure-blooded Briton. And yet people complain that we do not become Anglicised ! Who ever heard, among foreign Jews, of those brutal fights, vicious language, and disgraceful scenes with which the British workman enlivens the monotony of his Sabbath ? Why, some of what were the most dangerous places in the East of London, such as Flower and Dean Street, Brady Street, and others, have become, since the foreign Jews have settled there, the quietest, peace-fullest places in London, where one can go to bed at any time and not be kept awake all night by the drunken orgies of English men and women. I am speaking now of my experience when I lived in Spitalfields a few years ago, in a street inhabited mostly by true-born Britons. In Whitechapel the contrast between the native and foreign population is most striking. On one hand you find people who are at as low a grade of drunkenness and vice as it is possible for human beings to come to. On the other, sober, peaceful, and industrious people, from whose lips will never fall an expression that can offend the most sensitive lady, but who are poor—an unpardonable offence in England, especially for a foreigner. The well-known Russian exile, Alexander Herten, the editor of the famous *Kolokol*, who spent most of his life in different European countries, speaking of the amenities a foreigner has to put up with in different countries, says : “In France there is one shield that will protect you from the insults and persecutions of the mob, and that is poverty. In England, where the greatest social stigma is attached to the word ‘pauper,’ the foreigner is more persecuted and insulted the poorer and more helpless he is.” This state of feeling has not altered in the least in the forty years since this passage was written. Mr. A. White, in one of his books, shows what the British nation gained from the Jewish immigrants some 200 years ago. The Jewish immigrant of to-day is not a jot inferior to his predecessor. When the Jew becomes

sufficiently rich and powerful, he is often promoted to the House of Lords, where he can vote down the wishes of the British nation as effectively as any native bishop or brewer among them. The Liberal and Conservative Governments vie with each other in showering distinctions upon him. The Russian Jew is kicked and spat upon because he is poor and helpless. Mr. White says that not even one in ten amongst us claims to be a religious refugee. But here again I would like to know, how does he reconcile this assertion with his article quoted above, where he states that "the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes did not cause more general movement in England than the May Laws and the consequent passing away of the Jewish population of Russia will bring about in other lands"? Not only was religious persecution the direct cause of the emigration of large numbers of Russian Jews, but indirectly it is responsible for the emigration of the great majority of them. To take myself for an example, I did not leave my native country because I was expelled either for political or religious reasons; but nearly every day brought me news of fresh expulsions, of new *ukases* against the people of my race, and I was asking myself, Where is this going to stop? Whose turn will be next? And I decided to leave the country where I could get neither justice nor mercy. I certainly have not come to live in English fogs for the mere pleasure of it. My case is typical of that of most Jewish immigrants. It is often asked why Jews do not take to agriculture. Because, I think, it would be misspent energy. The average size of the Jew is about two centimetres below the stature of the European; so is his measurement round the chest. But his skull, according to Lombroso, is relatively larger than those of European races. Why should he be engaged in an occupation that requires only muscular strength? Why not rather put him to one where he can make use of his nerve and brain as well as muscle? Of course, I know that the Russian Jew—who was born in a country under one of the most cruel and despotic Governments in existence, where there is practically no free education (though, in spite of that, the illiterate Jew is a white blackbird, for Jewish parents will pawn their bedsteads in order to give their children some sort of education) and no free institutions, and where he is even denied those miserable rights which are possessed by every Russian citizen (*sic*)—does not shine. But he is composed of a much better material, and if you give him the same rights and opportunities which the English workman possesses he will prove a strong and progressive element in the community. The moral or immoral force, the motive-power, of this anti-alien agitation is race hatred and that instinct so peculiar to Englishmen which impels them to glorify the powerful and the strong and to deride and persecute the poorer and weaker peoples who might need their sympathy.

JOHN A. DYCHE.

## THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND ITS LESSONS FOR US.\*

IT is a question which has been often discussed, and to which men's minds have often turned of late, whether States and nations have, like individual men, their necessary periods of infancy, childhood, adolescence, and old age, to be followed, in the one case as in the other, by death, which is the end of all.

The analogy between the State and the man at once suggests itself; but analogy is not in itself proof: on the contrary, it is sometimes one of our most misleading guides. That many great and strong empires have faded and vanished away is obvious.

"Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?"

But are we therefore forced to conclude that all States must die? Is it incumbent on the wise statesman to look forward to his country's death and to make provision for that event, as it is incumbent on each one of us individually to "consider our latter end," and so to order our affairs that those who come after us shall not have occasion to curse either our improvidence or our over-caution?

I suggest the question without presuming fully to answer it. Only I may hint that it does seem as if, for some reason or other, there were a greater tenacity of life among the nations of modern Europe than there was in most of the nations of antiquity; and that I do not see why, for practical purposes and for its influence upon conduct, we need look forward to an inevitable death of our country any more than to that death of the physical universe which, as philosophers tell us, is probable, perhaps inevitable, in some incalculably distant future age.

\* An Address delivered before the Social and Political Education League, November 3, 1897.



But if death is not the inevitable doom of a State, it is quite certain that States are liable to something which we may without any strained analogy call disease. Looking back over the pages of history we can easily recall instances of States which have had their energies wasted by fierce attacks of fever; States which have suffered from raving madness; States which have overtaken their powers by undertaking labours beyond their strength and have died of overwork; States which have dropt noiselessly out of the ranks, the victims of senile decay. Since, then, there is such a thing as national disease, and since it threatens primarily the happiness and eventually the life of the State, a serious student of history will be ever on the alert to discover the symptoms of disease in the past life of nations, and to trace the manner of its working, in order that he may combat its first manifestations in his own country. In fact, I think we may say that this work, the study of political health and disease, is emphatically *the* business and the *raison d'être* of all history.

It is with this view that I propose to describe some of the symptoms which marked the sickness and death of the most illustrious patient that was ever brought into the hospital of the nations. I mean the Roman Empire. And in applying the stethoscope, and feeling the pulse of that august sufferer, I shall sometimes consider whether there is anything in the symptoms of that political organisation which should suggest to us alarm or anxiety on behalf of our own scarcely less magnificent Empire.

Rome may be said to have lived for about twelve centuries; and we may divide this life of hers approximately into eight centuries of growth (750 B.C.—50 A.D.); two centuries of maturity (50—250 A.D.); and two centuries of old age and death (250—450 A.D.). Of course this division is of the most general kind, and it would be easy to show that the lines do not precisely correspond with the actual stages of her history, but as a mere approximation it will suffice for the present purpose.

For the first 240 years under the Kings the city by the Tiber seems to have steadily grown in riches and strength. After the expulsion of the Kings self-government was at first a dangerous, an almost fatal, privilege. The struggles of Patricians and Plebeians distracted the mind and weakened the energies of the State, and for sixty years she seemed to be sinking rather than rising in power and influence among the cities of Italy. Then came sixty years of steady though not rapid progress (450—390 B.C.), and then, after she had emerged from the terrible avalanche of the Gaulish invasion, which destroyed some of her rivals, and after the long feud between the Fathers and the Commons had been settled in a manner honourable to both by the enactment of the Licinian Laws (367 B.C.), she entered upon that full career of conquest which was not stayed till the whole

civilised world except Persia, India, and China, and much of the uncivilised world too, owned the dominion of the Senate and People of Rome.

Let us pause for a moment to think what the territory subject to this one city by the Tiber included at the birth of Christ. Italy, of course, and all the islands of the Mediterranean, Spain, France (not yet any part of England: that was not to be conquered till half a century later), Holland, Belgium, all the left bank of the Rhine, Switzerland, some of the fairest regions of Bavaria and Austria (in fact, all that lay south of the Danube); nearly the whole of that big debatable land which it is now the fashion to call the Balkan Peninsula, since we can no longer speak of it as "Turkey in Europe"; Greece; the whole of Asia Minor, which was then incomparably richer and more populous than it is now; Syria and Palestine; some strips on the frontiers of Arabia; Egypt, teeming with an industrious population, full of wealth, culture, civilisation, the product of untold centuries; and the whole northern shore of Africa right up to the Straits of Gibraltar, a land which was then the granary of the world, a land in which the traveller, now encamping in the wilderness under the shadow of Mount Atlas, marvels at the vast and solitary remains of Roman cities, which show how populous was then the country which is now all but a desert.

Reflect for a moment on what this means. Even now a sovereign who should thus hold all the lands round the Mediterranean Sea, and whose borders should be the Rhine, the Danube, and the Euphrates, would be incomparably the strongest ruler in the world; yet now America and Australia are in the scale altering the balance of power, the great Slavonic Empire of the North rules over territories practically unknown to the Roman, and China and Japan have come forth from the seclusion of centuries. As has been often pointed out, when Rome ruled she was not only the greatest but practically the only Power of which the statesman and the philosopher took any cognisance; the only enemy that could venture to stand up against her—the Parthian or Persian monarchy—being too remote, too Oriental, and too inapt for distant warfare to appeal powerfully to the fears or to the imagination of Europe.

But I have used the word "Empire," and have glided almost unconsciously out of Republican into Imperial times. What was it that made the Romans, who had so long abhorred the very name of King, bow their necks to an autocratic Emperor? Primarily and essentially the proved unfitness of the Senate and People of Rome to govern those vast territories which they had been so wonderfully successful in acquiring. It was a splendid series of aristocratic statesmen—those consuls, prætors, and *legati* who had led the Roman legions to victory in so many widely sundered lands. Yet nobler

were the qualities of the private soldiers who served in those legions, the brave and patient Italian peasants who fought the battles of the Republic, who faced the elephants of Hannibal and hewed down the gigantic Cimbri and Teutones. But it was one thing to conquer and quite another thing to rule. There was always, even in the best days of the Republic, this hateful thought in the mind of the Roman citizen—it is true that other nations had the same idea—that the power of the sword was to be used in order to exempt the warrior from the necessity of toil.

“In antiquity, conquest meant essentially the power to impose a tribute upon the conquered. To get your taxes paid for you was the sufficient reason for the previous expenditure of blood and treasure. . . . Athens had previously yielded to the fascinations of this advantage of the stronger, and the Romans, perhaps consciously, put it before themselves as the end of conquest.”\*

Acting on these hateful principles, and carrying them to their logical, but infamous, conclusion, the Romans in the course of a century had made their government of the provinces the scandal of the world. It cannot be said that any class of the dominant people were exempt from a share in the national crime. Guilty assuredly were the great and powerful Senators who, after wasting their substance by all kinds of vicious extravagance at Rome, set forth for a province, Achaia or Cilicia or Sicily, with the avowed object of restoring their fortunes by the plunder of the provincials. Not less guilty were the middle-class men, the *publicani*, or farmers of the public revenue, the *negotiatores*, or money-lenders, who bled the provincials to death by their unjust exaction of taxes, by the ruinous rate of usury which they demanded for their loans. Nor assuredly were the so-called “people of Rome” innocent, the idle, unprincipled, unpatriotic mob who lounged about the Forum ready to sell their votes to the highest bidder, who lived not on the proceeds of honest work, but on the corn-largesses, the outdoor relief administered at the expense of the provinces, whose wretched minds seemed capable of holding but two thoughts, *panem et circenses*—“bread and wild beast shows”—and who, if only a young nobleman had exhibited a sufficient number of lions and panthers, or, above all, some new and strange beast like a crocodile or hippopotamus, in the combats of the amphitheatre, were ready at once to entrust the lives and fortunes of millions of their subjects to his keeping.

So soon had the misgovernment of the provinces begun, and so glaring were the instances of that misgovernment, that already, in the year 149 B.C., there had been passed the Calpurnian Law, *De Repe-tundis*, for the restitution of money unjustly extorted from the provincials. It seems to have been a well-intended law, but—as Horace says—

\* I quote from Arnold's “Roman Provincial Administration,” p. 26.

“What is the use of empty laws  
If Virtue's not behind them?”

The trial of these cases of extortion was necessarily left in the hands of men who either had been or hoped to be governors of provinces themselves, and most of whom, for a sufficient bribe, were ready to acquit the most outrageous offender. One notorious criminal\* boasted that the profits—in other words, the plunder—of his first year of office would be for himself; those of the second year for his patrons and backers at Rome; but that he should want all the profits of his third year for the judges on his extortion trial. Thus even the law which was intended for the salvation of the provincials became another drop in their cup of misery, and it is said that there was even some talk of a petition for its abrogation on the ground that it caused more extortion than it cured.

It is a dismal picture this that is presented to us of the misgovernment of the Roman world by the members of the Senate, but it is important to have it well impressed on our minds, since without it we cannot understand the subsequent course of history. I will take one instance from the private letters of a man who loathed injustice and fought against it to the utmost of his power—from the correspondence of Cicero.

It is the year 50 B.C. Cicero is holding the office of Proconsul of Cilicia, an office which has been forced upon him much against his will. He is writing to his friend Atticus, in order to explain his conduct in an affair in which Atticus evidently thinks that he has been too particular, and has, by his over-strained conscientiousness, given needless offence to a powerful young nobleman, whose name, for the present, I will leave undisclosed. Cicero says that when he reached his province he was met by a letter from this nobleman recommending a certain money-lender, named Scaptius, to his good offices. Before long came Scaptius, who explained his need:—“A debt, long owing to me, from the citizens of Salamis, the chief town of Cyprus. Just give me an officer's commission and a body of cavalry that I may go and collect my debt.” Cicero refuses; he has made up his mind that he will not grant to any one an irregular office of this kind, which is only desired for the purpose of illegal exactions. Besides, when he inquires further into the matter, he finds that Scaptius has already had one such commission granted by Cicero's predecessor, has taken his dragoons over to Cyprus, wrought havoc there such as might have been the work of a band of brigands, and has blockaded the unhappy Senators of Salamis in their Senate-house till five of them died of starvation. So Cicero refuses, and persists in his refusal, but, willing to please Scaptius' powerful friend, says: “When the deputies from Salamis come into my presence I will tell them to pay you

\* Verres.

that which they owe." Before long the Roman creditor and the Cyprian debtors meet at Tarsus, "a city of Cilicia, and no mean city," as St. Paul truly averred, and stand together in Cicero's judgment-hall. Cicero urges the deputies to discharge the debt, and pleads his own humane government of the province as a reason why they should comply with his request. "Yes," said the deputies, "we will pay, and it will be out of your money, since you refuse to receive the *douceur* [evidently an enormous one] which we have been accustomed to give to the Governor." But then a discussion arises as to the rate of interest due on the debt. Cicero lays down the law that it is to be calculated at 12 per cent. compound interest, that being the legal rate as fixed by his own decree. Most gladly would the deputies pay 12 per cent., but Scaptius insists that 48 per cent. compound interest was the rate named in the instrument of loan, and, like Shylock, he stands upon the letter of his bond. "How can I do this?" says Cicero; "how can I possibly go against my own edict?" "I was horrified," he says to his friend, "for I knew that such a rate would be the ruin of the city." A good deal of wrangling follows as to whether Cicero's edict, fixing 12, or a certain *Senatus Consultum* (as we should say, a private Act of Parliament) fixing 48, should be taken as the legal rate. How this ends we are not exactly told, but the next stage of the trial must be told in Cicero's own words. "While this discussion is going on Scaptius beckons me apart. He says that he will not fight that point, but the deputies think they owe 200 talents (£40,000); he is willing to take that, but perhaps they really owe a little less. He begs me to screw them up to 200. 'Very well,' say I. I call them to me after dismissing Scaptius. 'What do you make it?' say I; 'how much do you owe?' They answer 106 talents (£21,200). I call Scaptius back; he makes a disturbance. 'Why don't you compare the accounts?' say I. They bring the accounts, and the amount agrees to a penny with what the deputies said. They press Scaptius to take the amount thus agreed upon; they offer to pay the money in, to be deposited in a temple, so that interest may cease to run; but, on the urgent request of Scaptius, who called me apart again and begged me to leave the matter undecided, I agreed to do so, and refused to let them pay the money into court, though I consider that in doing so I was indulgent to the man's impudent request, for impudent he seems to me, though some people count him a fool for not taking his money with 12 per cent. compound interest."

It is evident that Cicero was too just a Governor for this knavish money-lender, and yet not firm enough to insist on enforcing his own just decree; and that Scaptius preferred to take no decision at all at that time, being quite sure that the next Governor would be less conscientious, and would give him all that he desired.

The modern reader blames Cicero for undue leniency to a rogue. His

friend Atticus, as I have said, considers him far too scrupulous. "Would you have allowed me if you had been here," says Cicero, "to give Scaptius horse-soldiers to enforce his unjust claim? How could I read these books on philosophy, how could I write those books which you are so fond of praising, if I had done such a thing?"

Still Atticus was evidently not convinced. He thought that the recommendation of a powerful Roman nobleman should have had more weight with his friend. And who, then, was that powerful Roman nobleman? The reader learns with surprise that it was no less austere a patriot than Marcus Junius Brutus, who a few years later was one of the murderers of Cæsar, the man who "slew his best lover for the good of Rome." Nor is his surprise lessened when he learns, as Cicero did to his great astonishment, that the money after all really belonged to Brutus, that it was he who was pressing these unhappy Cypriotes to despair for the sake of his 48 per cent. interest, that the poor pitiful rogue Scaptius was only the cloak to cover the avarice of a man who bore one of the noblest names in Rome.

For Brutus was a man with a reputation for virtue; one who would undoubtedly have been sore wounded if any man had told him that he was bringing disgrace on the name of Rome by his covetous practices. This is why I have dwelt at what may seem undue length on this single case of extortion, because it is certain that if Brutus suffered five Cypriote Senators to be starved to death in the prosecution of his monstrous claims, other men, who made no profession of righteousness, must have done more dreadful deeds than this. "If they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

Thus, then, we come back by way of Cæsar's murderer to Cæsar himself, and we ask what was the meaning of the great change which he wrought in the Roman State? The transformation of the Republic into an Empire used to be attributed to the ambition of one man, Caius Julius Cæsar, and the historians even of the last century used to bewail this event as the downfall of liberty and the elevation of a tyrant. The more careful and philosophical investigations of recent inquirers have entirely changed our point of view. It is now admitted by nearly all historical students that the Roman Republican forms had proved utterly insufficient to secure decent government for the great countries round the Mediterranean Sea, and that the only alternative lay between a disruption of the Empire into its original atoms—a process by which the world would have sustained great loss—and its subjection to one sovereign ruler. Opinions differ, and probably will differ so long as men care to study Roman history, as to the motives and character of Cæsar. That he was ambitious is undeniable; that he started on his public career with any premeditated design of making himself sole ruler of the Empire is doubtful; that some of his most unconstitutional deeds were done in self-defence and were the almost

necessary replies to the lawless violence of his enemies, may be reasonably contended; but all these are matters for fair discussion. That the Republic as it was administered in his day, and as it had been administered for at least one generation before his birth, had become impossible admits of no question. As has been well said, it was not liberty that fell on the plains of Pharsalia, but the right of three hundred tyrants to enthrall the world. Put at its very worst the substitution of the Empire for the Republic meant the substitution of one tyrant for those three hundred. At its best it meant the rescue of the provinces from the grasp of men whose avarice made them merciless, and the subjection of those provinces to governors whom a wise and patriotic master called to severe account for every act of oppression and injustice.

Thus the establishment of the Roman Empire may be fitly compared to the process by which some of the mediæval kingdoms, especially that of France, became established, in spite of the revolts of the great barons, on the strong foundation of the good-will of the commonalty. Even as Louis le Gros and Philip Augustus set themselves to break down the power of the feudal aristocracy, which well-nigh overshadowed them, by granting charters to their towns, so—only on a far wider scale and by a much more sudden stroke—did Julius Cæsar strike down the power of the senatorial governors in the interest of the cruelly oppressed inhabitants of the provinces. It is true that the Emperor, like the Bourbon King, became at last an upas-tree, under whose shade no freedom could grow, but this was not his character in the earlier periods of his existence.

That miserable deed, the assassination of Julius Cæsar—a yet bigger blunder than crime—arrested the progress of the world, vainly attempted to avert the inevitable, and finally threw the reorganisation of the Roman State into the hands of Augustus, a wonderfully able politician, but not a man who possessed that marvellous insight into the very heart of things which distinguished the mighty Julius. Had Julius lived; had he carried some of his magnificent schemes into execution; had he been able to make of the Senate a sort of parliament representing the various countries of the Empire; had his descendants been men of the same stamp as some of their successors, who can say if the Roman Empire might not be existing at this day? As it was, none of these things happened. The Senate was never a real parliament, never an effectual counterpoise to the despotic power of the emperors—sometimes petted and pampered by them, more often cowering under their jealous wrath. In the great Julian family there were some men with splendid intellectual gifts, but there was also an element of mental unsoundness which, when a man had reached the dizzy height of master of the civilised world, often broke forth into actual insanity.

Caligula was a raving maniac. Claudius at times seemed actually imbecile. Nero's madness turned him into a man-eating tiger; and the crimes and follies of these men prevented the possibility of a lasting dynasty being established in the Julian line. Yet it is indisputable that, even under the maddest of the Julian emperors, the condition of the provinces was incomparably happier than it had been under the harpy rule of the Senate. Rome might shudder at the cruelties of Nero; the Senate might tremble at the frown of Tiberius; but Gaul rejoiced and Asia was glad by reason of the change in their condition.

A terrible civil war followed the death of the last Julian emperor. After a short interval, filled by the Flavian dynasty, even the worst of whom was not a bad ruler for the provincials, we come to that wonderful series of men whom we sometimes call by the generic name of the Antonines, and whom we must pronounce to have been, on the whole, the finest series of sovereign princes that the world has ever seen.

From the year 96 to 180 A.D., or for nearly a century, these five men ruled the Roman State—Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, of whom not one is a really bad emperor, and three are so good that we should have some difficulty in finding their equals in all the ten centuries of Christian Europe.\* These men, all but the first, were chosen by a process of selection from above, each emperor choosing out the fittest man in all his dominions and adopting him as his successor, a process which, so long as it lasted, and so long as the right of adoption was exercised by a wise and patriotic prince, combined all the advantages of elective and hereditary monarchy.

Under the reign of these princes, notwithstanding some great natural disasters,

"blight and famine, plague and earthquake,"

which no statesmanship could have averted, the Roman world enjoyed such peace and prosperity as it had not known before and was not to know again for centuries. It was by these men and their Julian and Flavian predecessors that nearly all the great buildings, the very ruins of which make Rome glorious, were reared from the ground. The Colosseum, the temples in the Forum, the Forum and Column of Trajan, the Arch of Titus, the Column of Antoninus, all belong to the early Empire. Under these emperors most of the great roads were made which penetrated into the most distant parts of the Empire, roads which the barbarous Middle Ages used but did not maintain; so that, at any rate in our country, the means of communication between London, Chester, and York were probably better under Marcus Aurelius than they were under any English sovereign before the

\* Possibly Alfred of Wessex, Louis IX. of France, and Joseph II. of Austria may challenge comparison with these three—Trajan, Antoninus, Marcus.



accession of the House of Hanover. The sea, which in the latter days of the Republic had often swarmed with pirates, was now secure, and from port to port of the Mediterranean plied the busy ships, exchanging the products of the East and West under a system practically of universal Free Trade; for though a moderate Customs duty was levied at the frontiers of the Empire, and a harbour duty at ports of entry, protective tariffs were unknown. Gradually the boon of Roman citizenship was extended to one class of the provincials after another, till at length, in 215, the Emperor Caracalla made all the free inhabitants of the Empire Roman citizens. It is true that some of the causes of decay, to which allusion will shortly be made, were already at work, true that some of the splendour and appearance of prosperity in the Empire was too dearly purchased. Still, on the whole, the first two centuries after Christ must be deemed to have been a fortunate time for the Mediterranean lands. The great "Roman Peace," with scarcely an interruption, smiled over the world. A work of welding, uniting, incorporating was going on from the Atlantic to the Euphrates. Men of the most widely sundered ethnographical descent, Gauls and Egyptians, Greeks and Numidians, learned to call themselves Romans, and took pride in that one great world-embracing name. The traces of this change are still to be seen in the map of Europe. The Roumania and Roumelia which perplexed some of us when the great split up of the Turkish Empire took place twenty years ago are both different forms of the same name: both look back, as it were, westward from the Danube and the Black Sea to the city by the Tiber; and it is only in the present century that the Greeks have reverted to the classical name Hellenes and divested themselves of the name *Romaioi*, which they were proud to bear all through the Middle Ages.\*

I will quote the words of a poet and of a historian, both writing in the later days of the Empire, when its fabric was already falling in ruin, to illustrate this point of the fascination which, with all her crimes, with all her selfishness, the glorious name of Rome possessed for subjects who had not a drop of Roman blood in their veins.

Claudian, a man probably of Greek nationality, born in Egypt towards the end of the fourth century, writes as follows:

"Rome, Rome alone has found the spell to charm  
The tribes that bowed beneath her conquering arm,  
Has given one name to the whole human race,  
And clasped and sheltered them in fond embrace;  
Mother, not mistress, called her foe her son,  
And by soft ties made distant countries one.  
This to her peaceful sceptre all men owe,  
That through the nations, whereso'er we go.

\* "Until the commencement of the Greek revolution the name of Hellenes was forgotten, that of Graikoi little used, and that of Romaioi universal."—Finlay, "History of Greece," v. 5.

Strangers, we find a fatherland ; our home  
 We change at will. We count it sport to roam  
 Through distant Thule, or with sails unfurled  
 Seek the most drear recesses of the world ;  
 That we may tread Rhone's or Orontes' shore,  
 That we are all one nation evermore."\*

The historian whose words I would quote to you is Ammianus Marcellinus, an officer in the Roman army, Syrian by birth, Greek by speech, born about the year 330. He served under the Emperor Julian, on whose death, when engaged in a campaign against the Parthians, his successor, Jovian, basely abandoned the Roman provinces beyond the Euphrates to the Eastern foe. One of the chief cities in the surrendered territory was Nisibis, which had been Roman for two centuries. When the citizens of Nisibis heard that the Emperor who had thus abandoned them was brought by the necessity of his line of retreat under the walls of their city, they streamed out to his camp, and, stretching forth their hands, prayed and besought him not to cut them off from the Empire. They asked for no subsidies from the public chest, for no detachment of soldiers ; they alone, if they had the Emperor's leave to do so, would defend their ancestral homes against the barbarian. The Emperor replied that he was bound by his oath to the Parthians, and could not depart from it. Thereupon all the citizens, with tears and lamentations, poured forth from the city, after taking a last farewell of the homes which were so dear to them, in which their childish years had been passed, where they had known all the joys and sorrows of family life. Indescribably dear as those walls and tombs were to them, they would not remain at Nisibis at the price of severance from the great Empire which had sheltered them and their fathers for centuries.

And yet, in spite of all, notwithstanding all its triumphs of peace as well as of war, notwithstanding the spell which it cast over the hearts and minds of the races which it conquered—a spell which, I fear, England seldom casts over her subjects—the Roman Empire fell. Why was this? I will only attempt to lay before you a few of the chief causes of her ruin.

1. First and foremost, I think, we must place the fact that the imperial diadem was in the gift of the soldiery. The Emperor, as I have said, had become an absolute necessity to the Roman State, but

"Hæc est, in gremium victos quæ sola recepit  
 Humanumque genus communi nomine fovit  
 Matris non dominæ ritu : civesque vocavit  
 Quos domuit, nexuque pio longinqua revinxit.  
 Hujus pacificis debemus moribus omnes,  
 Quod veluti patriis regionibus utitur hospes,  
 Quod sedem mutare licet : quod cernere Thulen  
 Lusus et horrendos quondam penetrare recessus,  
 Quod bibimus passim Rhodanum, potamus Orontem,  
 Quod cuncti gens una sumus."

—CLAUDIAN. "In Cons. Stilichonis," II. 150-159.

his name, *Imperator*, meant General, and it was as the master of thirty legions, and in defiance of all the maxims of the constitution, that Cæsar had won supreme power. Could his dynasty have settled down into a regular, time-hallowed succession of sovereigns, from father to son, perhaps, as I have said, the Empire might have lasted till modern times. From the causes at which I have already hinted this was impossible. In less than a century after Augustus became sole sovereign the last of his descendants perished by his own hand. In the civil war which followed, the legions discovered that Emperors could be made elsewhere than in Rome, and from that time onward this thought was always more or less in the mind of every ambitious general: "Who knows what may be the turn of Fortune's wheel? Who knows but I may one day be lord of all?" For a century, as I have said, this evil was averted by the wisdom and the patriotism of the adopted Emperors; but after that it burst forth and ravaged without restraint the Roman world.

The third century, the century which really dealt the fatal blow to the life of the State, was one long series of *pronunciamentos*. A general desires to make himself Emperor; he pampers and flatters his soldiers, he promises them an enormous donative; the legions acclaim him Emperor and Augustus; he marches towards Rome, wins or loses a battle, it matters not. In either case he is dealing one more deadly blow at the vitals of the State. If he wins, he sits upon his uneasy throne for two or three years, coins *denarii*, on which he is styled "Pious, Happy, Most Invincible." In two or three years another general, in some other province, repeats the process; he, too, is acclaimed August and Invincible; he marches into Italy; perhaps he wins, and the short day of the previous Emperor ends in a gory sunset.

That is literally the story of the Roman Empire during almost the whole of the third century; and when so much depended on the vigour and the wisdom of the supreme ruler, you can easily imagine what ruin and disorganisation it must have caused, how the whole machine of administration would get hopelessly out of gear, how the old game of the plunder of the provincials would recommence when the strong hand of the Emperor was withdrawn, how all classes of the community would be racked and ravaged in order to provide the promised donative for the soldiers of each successful usurper.

Therefore let the British Empire not lightly prize nor hastily throw away the great gift of an hereditary monarchical succession. It is no small matter that the man or woman who holds the highest place in these realms is able to trace back descent in an undoubted line to Alfred the Great and William the Norman. Hereditary kingship has given us a few excellent sovereigns, many middling, a few detestable ones; but even the worst and meanest of the race did at least

this service to the State that, by keeping the throne filled, he prevented that scramble for supremacy between general and general, or demagogue and demagogue, or baron and baron, which has so often ended in civil war, and which was one great cause of the ruin of Rome.

2. A second great cause of the decay of the Roman Empire was undoubtedly the fact that it was founded on *slavery*. But so, it may be said, were all the great States of antiquity. Athens, Sparta, Carthage, Rome, all presupposed by their constitution the existence of a large class of bondsmen at the base of the social pyramid; all accepted this as part of the necessary and eternal order of things; in all of them, even the most democratic, citizenship, self-government, free speech, all the best part of the blessings of civilisation, were for the slave-owner, not for the slave. Precisely, and that is probably one reason why, as already remarked, the modern kingdoms and republics have shown such a far greater tenacity of life than their earlier prototypes. In comparison with most of those ancient States Rome was extraordinarily long lived; but the cancer of slavery which she shared with them was working all the time, and in the end helped to destroy her. And the wars, the triumphant wars of Rome, helped on this consummation. Every war brought into the hands of the dealers crowds of slaves—Gauls, Germans, Thracians, Syrians—and these men—sold to some wealthy Roman who had perhaps piled up his fortune out of the ruin of their homes—either pandered to his vices as his household slaves, or, if condemned to the life-in-death of the field hand, toiled all day long in chains under the hot sun of Italy, and at night were shut up in the gloomy walls of the dungeon-like *ergastulum*. As has been seen over and over again in the history of the world, slave labour drove out free labour. The former is, I suppose, if worked by an overseer without conscience or compassion, the cheaper of the two, but at any rate the very fact that labour is performed by slaves makes labour dishonourable. The free man will not stoop to till the ground, to weave, to make a pair of shoes, because all these are the occupations of slaves, and he fears to be confounded with the servile throng. So the delusion is fostered that only war and politics are the fitting business of the free man. The happy life of honourable toil is abandoned, and there are left only a dissolute and turbulent mob in the cities, gangs of miserable, despairing, vengeance-brooding slaves in the country. A society which rested on such a basis as this, at the first rude shock of barbarian invasion might well topple down in hopeless ruin.

3. And this process, the replacement of the noble free population of Italy by gangs of slaves, was powerfully helped by a measure which seemed at first sight fair and reasonable—the distribution of cheap corn to the citizens of Rome. The younger Gracchus proposed and carried a law that every citizen of Rome should be entitled to buy every month a bushel and a quarter of corn for 1s. 5d., which was something less

than half the market price. In itself the proposal seems reasonable enough. By the strong arms and stout hearts of the commonalty of Rome, guided by the astute statecraft of the Senate, the great fabric of Roman dominion had been built up. While the Senator was adorning his villa with pictures and statues, the plunder of the conquered provinces, was it not reasonable that the poor plebeian should have the battle of life made a little easier for him by paying seventeen pence instead of three shillings for his monthly flour bill? And yet practically no measure tended more than this to the degradation and ruin of the Roman commonalty, to the destruction of the very class from which had been drawn the stout soldiers of the Punic and Macedonian wars. The cheap purchase was gradually turned into a free gift; the bushels of corn were turned into ready-baked loaves of bread distributed to the mob as they sat upon steps lining the seven hills of Rome. The provinces, especially Egypt and Africa, were put under contribution in order to supply the *annona* or corn largesse of the Roman people. It came to be recognised as one of the first duties of the ruler, whether he were called Consul, Emperor, or Prætorian Prefect, to keep up this dole of corn to its full amount, if possible to increase it. Thus the fabric of the Roman Empire became a crowned socialism: outdoor relief for the mass of the city dwellers at the bottom of the fabric, absolute irresponsible power and unchecked extravagance at the top. Certainly as far as the experience of the Roman Empire goes, it seems to show that socialism cannot be co-existent with liberty.

All this deluge of cheap corn—nay, of absolutely gratuitous corn—poured into Italy meant ruin to the Italian farmer. What was the use of his growing his wheat in the plains of Latium or Campania when his one great natural market, Rome, was by the action of the State supplied with wheat at nothing a quarter? Thus the petty farmers of Italy as a class rapidly disappeared. Arable land was turned into pasture; the great *latifundia*, as they were called, passed into the hands of Senators and *publicani* enriched by the plunder of the provinces. There where once had been the happy homesteads of men who could wield the *pilum* or drive the plough with equal patient courage, were now vast plains grazed over by flocks of sheep, tilled, as far as tilth was necessary, by gangs of slaves whose chains clanked as they moved, while afar off rose the walls of the *ergastulum*, not their home but their nightly prison.

4. A fourth and most potent cause of the ruin of the Empire was the financial oppression of the middle classes. I have said that the State tended more and more to become a crowned socialism. Caesar in his stately house on the Palatine might lord it as he pleased over the lives of the Senators and the treasures of the State, so long as he kept the soldiers in good humour by sufficient donatives, and the mob of Rome and the other big cities happy with bread and beast-shows.

But this tacit compact of the highest and lowest meant ruin to all the classes between them. Upon the middle classes all over the Empire was thrown the burden of taxation, a burden which became absolutely crushing as the years rolled on. I fear that even the noble works of the Antonine period—the roads, the aqueducts, the bridges, the harbours—were somewhat more than the finances of the Empire, especially with the unscientific method of dealing with State debts which then prevailed, could well afford. At any rate it is in the second century after Christ that we first begin to see signs of that exhaustion of the taxpayer which is such a fatal symptom of the third and fourth centuries. I cannot, of course, here go into the details of Imperial finance, but I may state that for the land-tax, which was the largest source of revenue, and for some other taxes also, the principle was adopted of holding the *Curia* responsible. The *Curia* was the unit of local self-government; we may call it perhaps the county council or the municipal corporation of each district. Admission to the *Curia* in the earlier days of the Republic and Empire had been a coveted honour; the letters *DEC* for *Decurio* on many a tombstone in Italy tell of the self-satisfaction of the provincial farmer or merchant who was proud of this mark of the confidence of his fellow citizens. But as time went on and the burden of taxation became heavier, and one decurion after another found it difficult to meet his obligations to the tax-gatherer, the State began to hold the members of the *Curia* jointly and severally liable for the taxes of the whole community. If A cannot pay his taxes, and says he would rather throw up his lands than attempt to pay his *tributum*, very well, let him do so; but B and C and all the other letters of the alphabet will have to make good the deficiency. Such was, in fact, the language of the Emperors through their representatives in the provinces; and now, instead of a coveted honour, the title *Decurio* became a brand of hated slavery. The principle of hereditary obligation was enforced. If a man's father had been a decurion he must be a decurion too. Did he try to escape from this obligation by becoming a soldier or a priest, even from the army and from the church he was drawn back by the officers of the revenue and "bound over to the duties of the *Curia*." It is, perhaps, only by toiling through the long and dreary section of the Theodosian Code which is concerned with this subject that one can get an adequate idea of the hopeless misery of the decurion, the middle classes, or what should have been the middle classes of the Empire, in the fourth and fifth centuries, under Constantine and Theodosius and their successors. Bankrupt members of bankrupt corporations, unwilling citizens of a dying Empire—upon them more than upon any other classes of the community fell the agony and the shame of her prolonged death-throes.

5. Fifth and last among the causes of the fatal collapse of Rome I place that which superficial observers were wont to place the first, namely, the incursions of the Barbarians. I do not undervalue the force and fury of the barbaric wave which, after it had been resisted with more or less success for upwards of a century, finally burst the dykes in the year 378, and thenceforward rolled almost unhindered over the Mediterranean lands. The men whom we call Barbarians belonged for the most part to the Teutonic race, a race which has ever been strong, courageous, and persistent. They were goaded into a passion of alarm by the appearance of the uncouth Asiatic hordes of innumerable Huns in their old dwellings, and, moreover, the wealth and delightsomeness of the lands under Roman rule had long attracted their hungry eyes. Still, for all this, I think we may assert that the Teutonic invaders would have had neither the will nor the power to effect the overthrow of the Roman Empire had that Empire itself been in a condition of political health.

Not the *will*, for it is evident that plunder rather than a well-concerted scheme of conquest was at first the object of Goths, Vandals, and Heruli; and that even after their first successes they stood at gaze in the midst of the desolation which they had caused, like a French revolutionary mob in the palace of their kings, half awed by the sight of all that old-world splendour, willing indeed to lay their hands on anything that they could carry away, but almost reluctant to apply the irrevocable flame to a building so far-famed and so magnificent.

Nor ought the Barbarians to have had the *power* to deal a smashing blow to the Roman fabric. The superiority of the Imperial troops in the temper of their arms and in the scientific discipline of their soldiers was evinced on many a battle-field in the third and fourth centuries, and showed that the Barbarians fighting against Rome were at a disadvantage almost as great as that of Asiatics to-day in warring against the regular troops of England or of France. But there was also this fatal flaw in the Roman case, that there was no sufficient population to back the efforts and recruit the exhausted ranks of the soldiery. As Seeley has finely said, "In the Roman Empire the human harvest was bad"—the result of those various causes of decay to which I have alluded. Thus when the Barbarians had once broken through the frontier line of the Empire, they found great empty spaces surrounding the cities. In these they settled, and if driven off returned again and again, like vultures to a carcass in the desert, till at last the Roman heart was too weak to rouse itself for another effort, and so one more province was lost to the Empire.

The Emperors themselves recognised the fact that the number of their subjects was dwindling, and made continual efforts to increase it. Witness the frequent laws of Augustus and his successors against celibacy, their attempts—which to us seem almost grotesque—to coax

the wealthier citizens into marriage and the rearing of a large family. Later on, when the depopulation had made greater strides and could no longer be stayed by remedies like these, we find them settling whole tribes of Barbarians in the border provinces within the frontier of the Empire. There was thus a sort of peaceful conquest going forward, a pacific and gradual Teutonisation of the Empire. It has been a good deal discussed whether this policy hastened or delayed the final catastrophe. I am inclined to think that it delayed it. The Barbarians thus peacefully settled on the Roman lands soon, I imagine, began to take pride in their position as citizens of the great world-empire, and were for the most part ready to defend their own homes, and therefore the provinces farther from the frontier, against the attacks of their late fellow countrymen. Thus the stream of barbarian invasion, like some river nearing the sea, was in danger of "silting up," and losing all its on-rushing impetus.

Very different, however, was the effect of the late Imperial scheme of recruiting the armies of Rome among these very Barbarians. True, it had always been the policy, and for long the successful policy, of the Republic to lean heavily on her allies for help in war, and even to make the last conquered nation help in subduing the next people that had to be encountered. Thus, in our own island there were Spaniards, Germans, Dacians garrisoning the camps along the line of the Roman Wall, while squadrons of Britons were guarding the banks of the Rhine and the Danube. But in the great conquering days of the Roman State there was always in the legions a nucleus of brave, well-disciplined Italian peasants, round whom these "auxiliary" troops could cluster. In the third and fourth centuries the Italian peasant had vanished: the allies, many of them soft Orientals inapt for war, made up the mass of the army. Sturdy Goths, Alans, and Vandals, enlisted in the service of the Empire, were taken sufficiently behind the scenes to see the weakness of their masters, and often returned to tell the tale to their fellow countrymen. At the same time, they had received from the Roman centurions just that drill and discipline which were needed to give point and piercing power to the iron of their stolid courage.

Alaric the Visigoth, who was the first Barbarian to stand within the walls of Rome a conqueror, had served for years as an auxiliary in the Imperial army, and in his campaign under Theodosius, in 394, learned the way to Rome. The rulers of the nearly bankrupt State tried to reduce his allowances and those of his Gothic followers. There were complaints and recriminations. As the Gothic historian says: "Fearing lest their own valour should be relaxed by a long peace, the Goths ordained over themselves a king named Alaric, who, being thus crowned, and consulting on the matter with his people, persuaded them to seek kingdoms for themselves by their own labours, rather than quietly



to lie down in subjection to others, and therefore, gathering together an army, he marched against the Empire." Foiled once and again, he still struggled on, persuaded that he heard an inward voice saying, "Penetrabis ad Urbem." He did penetrate at last to the City, he held it to ransom, he blockaded, he finally sacked it. That capture and sack of the great City, on August 24, 410, marked more than any other single event the crisis of that long and memorable tragedy which we call the Fall of Rome.

And now, having glanced over some of the chief causes which led to the disruption and ruin of the Roman Empire, we may ask ourselves in conclusion how many of the same symptoms are to be found in our own. Not, certainly, a dwindling population. Our legislators have no need to resort to expedients like the *jus trium liberorum* in order to foster the growth of large families. Not the decrease, but the rapid rate of increase of our population, nearly a million in every three years, causes searchings of heart to an English patriot. Long may the surplus of our people find their way across the seas to such magnificent new homes as Canada and Australia, and more and more may it be the business of our statesmen to guide and regulate that fertilising stream! But meanwhile we may, perhaps, take comfort from the thought that even the superabundance of our population is an evidence of vigour rather than of decay.

Nor can it be said that Britain is exhausting the resources of her distant possessions for her own benefit. Her relation towards most of her colonies is that of a liberal, almost too indulgent parent. Till a very few years ago the whole cost of the defence of the Empire, with one exception, has fallen on the inhabitants of these two little islands. Now the colonies are beginning to come forward to take their share of the burden; but there is no fear that we shall have either the desire or the power to drain of their wealth those great self-governing communities as Rome drained Asia Minor and Achaia.

I said, however, with one exception. India, as we all know, pays heavily for the army which we maintain there, and there are some who say that British rule in India reproduces the worst features of Roman rule in the provinces. I do not think this charge can be maintained. In the early days of the East India Company's Raj there were undoubtedly officials and money-lenders who plundered the defenceless Hindoo almost as Verres plundered the Sicilians. But Parliament and the awakened conscience of the nation soon remedied that abuse. In the whole of our national history I do not think we have done any nobler work than that which has been done by that splendid body of men, the Commissioners and the Collectors, the civil and military officials of India. The cost of the government of India, though large, has not, I venture to think, been too large for the priceless blessings of good order and peace which it

has bestowed on that vast region; nor are there many nobler figures in political life than those of the men who have exercised almost royal power in some Indian district as large as France or Germany, and who, after a life spent in the service of their country, return home almost as poor as they went out, to spend their declining years in the obscurity of a little English country town. But for all this, the whole effect of our policy, civil and military alike, is to impose a heavy burden on the finances of the country. The masses of the people of India are poor. Are we giving them, in defence, in civilisation, and in government, a more costly article than they can afford? I think that any one who traces the effect of financial exhaustion in bringing about the fall of the Roman Empire must look with some anxiety on the narrow margin of subsistence which is often left to the Indian taxpayer. Possibly that Indian Budget which is generally laid before an exhausted House of Commons at the fag end of the Session on some afternoon in late July is the document above all others over which a far-seeing British patriot ought to ponder with anxious thought.

In connection with this subject we may also consider the policy of the employment of the soldiers of other races in our armies. I have said that in Rome's great days she leant upon her allies, but that when she leant upon them alone she fell. From a military point of view there is something very striking in the faithful service rendered to the English Queen by the wiry little Ghoorkas, in the transformation which English officers have effected in the once cowed and demoralised Egyptian troops. But it is essential to the safety of the State that there should be, as there now is, comradeship and some sort of healthy rivalry between the British and the native soldier: that they should share the same hardships and the same dangers. If ever the day came when Englishmen thought that they could "sit at home at ease," leaving Asiatics and Africans to do the fighting for them and take all the hard knocks that were going, they would lose, and would deserve to lose, their world-wide empire.

Slavery, that curse of Greece and Rome, is, we rejoice to think, not eating into the vitals of our State. And—another mighty difference—we have with us the spirit of Christianity, which, whether we believe or disbelieve in its claim to speak on behalf of the Eternal, no one can deny to be the greatest altruistic force that the world has yet seen. Especially in our dealings with weaker and subject races would I emphasise the benefit which we derive from the existence in the world of such organisations as the Christian Churches. Every civilised race that has ever come into contact with barbarism—our own quite as much as the Roman, perhaps more than the Roman—is in danger of losing its moral balance owing to the ease with which it finds that it can push the barbarian out of its path. We see with alarm the sort

of frenzy of selfishness which seems to attack some men, not cruel by nature, in their dealings with the natives of South Africa. As some safeguard against this most deadly disease of the national character we look to the reports of Christian missionaries, who often perform for their dark-hued neighbours an office like that which in the later Roman Empire was entrusted to the *Defensor Civitatis*, and who, if powerless to prevent wrong, are at least able to insure that the national conscience shall be stung to agony by the knowledge of its commission.

National Character: I end with that thought. After all, the most precious asset in our national balance-sheet is not this protectorate or that kingdom, not "ships, colonies, or commerce," but the character of the men of this nation, to which each of the three partners, England, Scotland, and Ireland, has contributed its own indispensable element. We are not easily understood nor easily loved. We do not, like the Roman, the Frenchman, and the Russian, fascinate the peoples of lesser civilisation with whom we are brought into contact. We are selfish, as I fear most nations are selfish, and our neighbours, not always justly, think us to be grasping. But deep down in the national heart there is, I think, an instinctive love of fair play, which is capable at times of rising into an enthusiastic love of righteousness. We have been hitherto patient, truthful, and I think we may say courageous. The character of a nation, as the character of an individual, may change, and there are many influences at work which may tend to enervate and to degrade us, to destroy our love of truth, to poison the fountains of family life.

But, so long as we successfully resist these influences, and keep the fibre of our national character undissolved, I believe the world will not witness the downfall of the British Empire.

THOMAS HODGKIN.

## HOW JOSEPH ARCH WAS DRIVEN FROM THE STATE CHURCH.

WHEN the history of the nineteenth century is written few books will be more prized by the historian than the "Life of Joseph Arch." Here we have in comparatively brief compass an authentic page from the book of the life of the English labouring man, a legible page in which the narrative is inscribed in plain, bold characters, and a page also that is lit up with many vivid word-pictures of the realities of English life in the rural districts. It is a book that is as fascinating as a novel, and yet weighty and suggestive as the treatise of any philosopher. Whether the Countess of Warwick suggested the writing of it, or whether Joseph Arch brought his memoirs to the Lady Paramount of his native county to be edited, I know not, but between them they have contributed to our national annals one of the books that will live.

We feel as we turn over every page, here we have the typical Englishman. Here is the old English stock, unadulterated with foreign strain, unspoiled by cosmopolitan culture, a chip of the genuine old original block, on which, as on foundations of granite, the whole superstructure of our empire is reared. Our library shelves are crowded with lives of statesmen and soldiers and scholars, who were reared in palaces, educated in universities, and fostered into eminence by favourable opportunities. But they are the fewest of the few, and the totality of their experiences only represents the life of a decimal percentage of the people. But Joseph Arch was born in a cottage, and, as John Bright reminded us, the nation lives in cottage homes. He learned to read in the village school, and left it to earn a penny as a juvenile scarecrow. His university was the plough-tail. He was the most expert hedger and ditcher in the countryside. He is a sample, not of the cream, but of the milk. He is one of the rank and

file. In him we seem to join hands with long vanished generations of the ancestors of our English race. As seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, cease not for ever, but were before all constitutions, and will remain when all empires have crumbled to dust, so the ploughman, and the reaper, the carter, the hedger, and the ditcher represent the most ancient of all the sorts and conditions of men now existing in civilised lands. For the hunter who preceded the cultivator survives in Christendom only as a curio in a museum. He is a relic of the past, no longer a vital section of a living world. But the agriculturist is always with us. The steam-plough and the electric motor may change the conditions of his industry; but the ploughing and the reaping, the stimulation of the fertility of the earth by the capricious aid of the great natural deities—the sun, the rain, and the wind—will never die out among men. There were men like Joseph Arch in Warwickshire, living much as he did, bearing the same privations, cherishing the same aspirations, and wielding much the same implements in the days of King Alfred, and there will be much the same kind of men in Warwickshire when our remote descendants celebrate the millenary of Queen Victoria.

But Hodge, though as permanent as he is ancient, is also for the most part very inarticulate. Now and then a poet of genius, like the Ettrick Shepherd, or Burns, or Bloomfield, is born on the farm. But poets are not as ordinary men, and their experience, although often illuminating, is too irradiate with genius to be accepted as a good average sample of the prosaic life of everyday among the clods. In Joseph Arch we have a distinctly articulate man of the labouring class, a man who—thanks to the Methodists and Lady Warwick, who seem to have been the tutelary deities, the former of his youth, the latter of his maturer years—writes clearly and well, astonishing us with a racy, homely vigour and sturdy, trenchant English that instinctively recalls William Cobbett.

Joseph Arch does not make any claim to Cobbett's style. But there is a downright sledge-hammer way with him that even Cobbett could not excel. Cobbett, in the opinion of Hazlitt, was not merely the most powerful political writer of the day, but one of the best writers of the language. Even if Joseph Arch does not have the "cleverness of Swift, the naturalness of Defoe, and the picturesque satirical description of Mandeville," it is sufficiently high praise to say that he recalls Cobbett, who was credited by Hazlitt with all those virtues.

Joseph Arch's story of his life is naturally redolent of the farm and the field. He was born, he has laboured, and he hopes to die a labouring man among labouring men, who rise with the sun to tend their horses and spend the livelong day in the open air. If to-day he is, as he tells us with pardonable glee, "the Prince of Wales's own M.P."—for Sandringham is in the Norfolk Division Mr. Arch represents in

Parliament—there has never been in him the slightest inclination to turn his back upon the men of the smock-frock. He is as proud of his ancestry, this labourer of the Midlands, as if he were Earl of Warwick. His cottage at Barford, bought by his grandparents long ago as the result of savings carefully amassed when they were lodge-keepers in Warwick Park, is more to him than Warwick Castle is to his Countess editor. "It has been in the possession of the Arch family for a good hundred and fifty years." The Arches did not come over with the Conqueror, neither did any of them go as Crusaders to the Holy Land. But they have old memories which they cherish with legitimate pride. "Some of my Warwickshire forbears fought with Cromwell at Edgehill and other battles of the Civil War against tyranny and oppression and for the liberty of the people."

Long prior to the Roundhead times, we may depend upon it, in all the rough-and-tumble times of Reformation and Revolution, of Norman Conquest and of Danish wars, there failed not to the cause of the people the stout heart and strong arm which Joseph Arch inherits to-day.

Arch came of a long-lived, long-limbed stock. His grandmother, who lived to be ninety, was 6 feet 4 inches high, and each of her four brothers was taller than she. Of his mother he says she was a "fine, big, stout, healthy-looking woman, and I am as like her as two peas." Like his grandmother, his mother had been in service at the Castle. The seat of the resident Peer is often a technical college for the countryside, and Warwick Castle fulfilled its mission both in maintaining a high standard of rural, domestic, and horticultural achievement, and in training generation after generation of young men and maidens in the practical arts and crafts necessary to their calling. Mrs. Arch was a first-rate laundress and an excellent nurse. Arch's father was her second husband. Before she married the shepherd, she had been the wife of a coachman in a gentleman's family. It was from her that Joseph Arch acquired most of the faculties which made him famous. She was shrewd, strong-willed, and self-reliant. "Over and over again she would say to me, 'What you can do for yourself, my boy, when you grow up to be a man, never let anybody else do for you.'" The maxim sank deep into the lad's heart. In this book, written, as he tells us, when he is in the sere and yellow leaf, it is bearing such fruit as this: "I do not believe in State aid and land nationalisation. Present-day Socialism will die a natural death sooner or later. To my mind, the Socialism of the future will consist in the improvement and upward tendency of the strength—physical, moral, and mental—of the rural and urban population of England."

The predominant characteristics of Joseph Arch are the predominant English characteristics. He is self-sufficient, self-reliant, dogged, good-natured; a good man, with his fists or the quarter-staff, who can

give and take good swashing blows, but who bears no malice, and who with all his fighting knows that he is no soldier of fortune, but the elect man-at-arms of God Almighty. The deep-seated religious faith of the English people, which causes the foreigner so often to blaspheme, is as conspicuous in Joseph Arch as it was in Cromwell or in Nelson. Every Englishman, said a witty Russian, is an island, a thing apart, distinct, self-contained and independent. It may be asserted with hardly less truth that every Englishman is a man of destiny. If he becomes famous and achieves great things, it is not because of his own merits or capacities, but because he has been graciously admitted into a working partnership with the Almighty. This has seldom been asserted more emphatically by any one than by Joseph Arch :

“ I know that it was the hand of the Lord of Hosts which led me that day ; that the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth raised me up to do this particular thing ; that in the counsel of His wisdom He singled me out, and set me on my feet in His sight, and breathed of the breath of His Spirit into me and sent me forth as a messenger of the Lord God of Battles. . . . I was but a humble instrument in the Lord's hands. Now my work is over, my warfare is accomplished.”

“ Blasphemous conceit ” say some ; “ sanctimonious drivell ” say others ; but, whatever you call it, this is part and parcel of the mind-stuff which has built the British Empire. From King Alfred to Cecil Rhodes, all our great ones have been great in so far as this theory was the understratum of their life.

And this brings us to the most conspicuous feature of the book. Here is an Englishman full of the devout, inbred piety which has ever been the saving strength of the race ; a man, too, fervent in spirit, sturdy and staunch in the defence of principle, and capable of any self-sacrifice in the cause of the poor and the oppressed—a religious man in nature and by training. How does he stand in relation to the National Church ? Carlyle, in a familiar passage, has described the mediæval Church as a great shaft sunk through all the strata of English society, from which galleries were run out into every village and town, for the purpose of mining out the human jewels of intellect or of grace which might there be embedded. And wherever, in town or country, the diligent ecclesiastical miner came upon such uncut diamond, it was eagerly seized, carefully extricated from its rough surroundings, to be cut and fashioned with all the skill of the expert as a jewel for the diadem of the king. The search for the capable, and the enlisting of them where found for the service of the Church, gave the Church for centuries a monopoly of the talent of the nation. To discover the ablest, to educate, to train, and to employ them was the open secret of the power of the Roman Church, as it must always be the great test of the intelligence of all Churches.

In Joseph Arch, it will be admitted by his worst enemies, there was

material worth the having. He was born in a district in rural England which, when he was a boy, had not been plagued by Dissent. The tower of the parish church, which stands within a stone's throw of Arch's birthplace, dated back to the fifteenth century. The Anglican Church had, therefore, had a monopoly of the parish ever since the Reformation. No school board, no halfpenny paper, no pestilent agitator had arisen to trouble the peace of the rural Israel. The parson reigned supreme in the church, and the parsoness in the school.

Into this parish Joseph Arch came unheralded in 1826. He was only the son of a labourer who was receiving the munificent sum of 9s. a week. The boy was brought up in a religious home. He was taught to read the Bible at his mother's knee. By natural disposition he was predisposed to religious teaching. What did the Church do for him? What did the Church attempt to do for him? What influence did the State-provided apparatus of Christian ritual and doctrine exercise upon this unit of the English race?

If, in reading this book, the more intelligent of the Anglican clergy do not groan in spirit, even if they do not gnash their teeth in vexation and despair, they must be singularly dull in perceiving the true significance of things. For one of the most salient features of the "Life of Joseph Arch" is that the Church of England was to this tribune of the English labourer useless, or worse than useless. Instead of attracting it repelled, and if it had not been for other influences, the institution provided for the saving of the soul of the rustic and the Christianising of society, Joseph Arch would have been driven, as many thousands and millions of other men of like temperament have been driven, into violent antagonism to the Christian Church.

It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine a more absolutely complete illustration of failure than is supplied by the story of Joseph Arch and the Anglican Church. Instead of eagerly enlisting the new-born force in the service of the Church, it first ignored its existence, and then entered upon a policy of antagonism which culminated in Bishop Ellicott's famous suggestion about the horsepond. Of course it is open to any one to argue that Joseph Arch was irreclaimable, and that nothing that could have been done could possibly have made him a pillar of the Establishment. But those who read the story of his life as he tells it in his frank straightforward fashion will form their own conclusions on that point; and, as the matter is one of perennial interest, I will briefly summarise how it was that Joseph Arch was lost to the Church.

In this condensation of what Joseph Arch says I hope I may not be accused of taking sides one way or the other. I approach the subject as impartially as is possible to any one born and bred a Nonconformist, for it is to Nonconformists, equally with Churchmen, a



matter of importance to ascertain what it was which drove Joseph Arch, this typical representative of the rural democracy, into an antagonism to the State Church.

The first thing that stands out is that the causes of the failure of Anglicanism to utilise the energies of Joseph Arch were almost exclusively social and political, and not in the least degree ecclesiastical or doctrinal. Joseph Arch is an out-and-out Liberationist and sworn enemy of clericalism in all its forms. It is true that he says in one place that he was a Nonconformist by nature and by conviction, and that he "flung church-going over early in life from religious conviction. I did not believe in Church doctrine as preached by the parson." But when we come to inquire we find that the only Church doctrine to which he seems to have taken any serious exception was the precept to order himself lowly and reverently before his betters, which can hardly be regarded as a distinctively theological dogma. What is certain is that his parents were both Church people, that his father was a regular Communicant, and that his mother, although a rebel against the authority of the parson's wife, was a member of no Nonconformist denomination until years after Arch had left the Church. There were no Dissenters in Barford until Arch was fourteen years old, and then they only held meetings in a barn in a back lane. If the Church lost Arch and lost his mother before him, it was not because of the pestilent activity of Dissenting propagandists—the Dissenters merely harvested the crop which the Church had sowed. If they had never begun their preachments in that barn in the back lane, Joseph Arch would none the less completely have been lost to Anglicanism. He would probably also have been completely lost to Christianity—the usual fate of the revolting *prolétaire* in countries where there is no such thing as Nonconformity to save from Atheism those who are repelled from the Establishment.

The more closely the story of Joseph Arch's ecclesiastical relations is studied, the more clearly does it appear that the *causa causans* of the antagonism which drove him into the arms of the Liberation Society was the petty tyranny of rural clericalism, and the attempt of despotic human nature masquerading in the petticoats of the rector's wife to frame sumptuary laws for the governance of poorer neighbours. The tale as Arch tells it himself is simple and only too familiar to those who have studied the genesis of much latter-day Dissent.

"In our village we had a most despotic parson's wife, a kind of would-be lady pope, and one day she took it into her head to issue a decree. She gave out that all the girls attending school were to have their hair cut round like a basin, more like prison girls than anything else. My mother put her foot down, and said she never would allow her daughters to have their hair cut in such an unsightly way. When she heard this, the parson's

wife became very nasty, and she could be uncommonly nasty when she chose. She proceeded to make things very uncomfortable for my mother; but she had met her match and more in the agricultural labourer's wife. My mother fought it out inch by inch, and though she had a tough fight of it she won in the end. But the parson's wife never forgave her for it. My father, if he had been left to himself, would have given in at once, for the sake of peace and quietness, he was against offending the "powers that be" in a general way, but my mother pulled too strong for him. She went out and did battle, but from that time my parents never received a farthing's worth of charity in the way of soup, coals, or the like, which were given regularly, and as a matter of course, from the rectory to nearly every poor person in the village. . . . But though this was an unfair deprivation and a real hardship besides, with wages at nine shillings or, at the very most, twelve shillings a week, my mother would not let it trouble her; she was too independent for that."

There we have the whole Iliad in a nutshell. The masterful parsoness with her sumptuary law for the cutting of the scholars' hair, or the regulation of their dresses, or any other freak of feminine authority, no sooner finds her *ukase* set at naught than she employs the whole machinery of organised charity in order to make it "uncommonly nasty" for the recalcitrants. Moneys contributed for the healing of the sick and the succour of the starving are used in order to avenge the insult of refusing to wear a regulation bonnet or to dock a forbidden fringe—with the result that those who successfully defy this abuse of power deem it a duty which they owe to their self-respect to make it "uncommonly nasty" for the Church which confounds the gospel with the right divine of the parson's wife to regulate the tonsorial and sartorial fashions of the parish.

"Pretty foundation for your modern Nonconformity—a revolt against the prescribed method of cutting hair in a village school." It is a pretty foundation, indeed, much prettier, a Romanist would observe, as foundations go, than King Hal's desire to divorce his wife, which may as justly be regarded as the origin of the present Church of England as by law established. But if sneering is a game at which two can play, it contributes little to the matter in hand—an appreciation of the actual causes which deprive the Church of England of the support of those whom every sane Churchman desires to see enlisted in defence of the Church. A pretty Church defender is Joseph Arch! In the interest of the Church itself it is well to see the genesis of his Nonconformity.

It began with the revolt of his mother against the she-pope of the rectory. The deprivation of the doles of blankets and charity to a labouring man endeavouring to bring up a family on nine shillings a week would at any time have been felt worse than the levying of a poll-tax, even in good times. But in 1835 times were terribly bad—bad for the country, but especially bad for the Arch household. Joseph Arch says:

"I well remember eating barley bread, and seeing the tears in my poor mother's eyes as she cut slices off a loaf; for even barley loaves were all too scarce, and especially with us, just then. Because my father had refused to sign for 'a small loaf and a dear one' he could not get any work whatever for eighteen weeks. It was a terrible winter. No one who has not gone through it, or has not witnessed something similar, can realise how terrible it was. The scenes I witnessed then made an indelible impression on my mind. I have often told the Tories, 'You caused the iron to enter into my soul very young, and you will never draw it out. It will remain there till I die.' That barley bread got into my vitals."

A father out of work for eighteen weeks, boycotted or black-listed because he would not sign a petition in favour of the Corn Laws, and a mother whose refusal to submit to the sumptuary law of the rectory had deprived the family of all share in charitable relief—these object-lessons as to the practical working of Church and State did not predispose Joseph Arch to become a loyal son of the Church.

It is difficult for us to-day to realise the black, bitter hunger of those old days. Arch's description of the misery and sheer starvation of the labouring people among whom his youth was cast is not overdrawn. The people, he says, were ravenous. They were starving. They stole turnips from the fields, potatoes when they could get them, and any other edible thing they could lay hands on. Few indeed were those who had sufficient natural pride to keep them—if only for their children's sake—from the clerical soup kitchen. Mrs. Arch was such a one.

"Numbers of people used to go to the rectory for soup, but not a drop of it did we touch. I have stood at our door with my mother, and I have seen her face look sad as she watched the little children toddle past, carrying the tin cans, and their toes coming out of their boots. 'Ah, my boy,' she once said, 'you shall never, never do that. I will work these fingers to the bone before you have to do it.' She was as good as her word—I never went to the rectory for soup."

The lady despot at the rectory naturally resented this attitude on the part of the Arch family, and the feud even became bitter between them. But although her son says his mother was not appealed to by the Church service, and did not hold with the Church teaching, it is evident from what immediately follows that it was the social, not the theological, teaching to which Mrs. Arch objected. All men are equal in the sight of God, but nowhere were the distinctions of class and caste more brutally insisted upon than in the house of God.

"In the parish church the poor were apportioned their lowly places, and taught that they must sit in them Sunday after Sunday all their lives long. They must sit meekly and never dare to mingle with their betters in the social scale. It was an object-lesson repeated week after week, one which no one could mistake, and it sank deep into my mind. . . . I remember a thing which made my mother very angry. The parson's wife issued a decree that the labourers should sit on one side of the church and their

wives on the other. When my mother heard of it, she said: 'No, "those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and certainly no woman shall!' . . . I can also remember the time when the parson's wife used to sit in state in her pew in the chancel, and the poor women used to walk up the church and make a curtsy to her before taking the seats set apart for them. They were taught in this way that they had to pay homage and respect to those 'put in authority over them,' and made to understand that they must 'honour the powers that be,' as represented in the rector's wife."

There is not much of the French or American passion for social equality in the English peasant, but even he may turn. Joseph Arch tells, in his vivid, graphic way, what gave the finishing touch to his antipathy to the Church:

"And yet, while all this was going on, while the poor had to bear with such high-handed dealings, people wondered why the Church had lost its hold, and continued to lose its hold, on the labourers in the country districts! It never had any hold on me; in that I was my mother's son also. I never took the Communion in the parish church in my life. When I was seven years old I saw something which prevented me once for all. . . . I was a little bit of a fellow, and curious. I said to myself, 'What does father stop behind for? What is it they do? I'll see.' So I went out of church, closed the door, placed my eye at the keyhole and peeped through, and what I saw will be engraved on my mind until the last day of my life. That sight caused a wound which has never been healed. My proud little spirit smarted and burned when I saw what happened at that Communion service. First, up walked the squire to the Communion rails; the farmers went up next; then up went the tradesmen, the shopkeepers, the wheelwright, and the blacksmith; and then, the very last of all, went the poor agricultural labourers in their smockfrocks. They walked up by themselves; nobody else knelt with them, it was as if they were unclean—and at that sight the iron entered straight into my poor little heart and remained fast embedded there. I said to myself, 'If that's what goes on—never for me!' I ran home and told my mother what I had seen, and I wanted to know why my father was not as good in the eyes of God as the squire, and why the poor should be forced to come up last of all to the table of the Lord. My mother gloried in my spirit."

It was not till seven years after this that the local preachers of the Methodists began to come over from Wellsbourne and hold meetings in a back lane.

"There was no chapel in our village, but when I was about fourteen years of age some Dissenters began to come over from Wellsbourne. Then the parson got wind of it. He and his supporters, the farmers, dared the labourer to go near these unorthodox Christians. If we did, then good-bye to all the charities, no more soup and coal should we have. And it was no idle threat."

The Arches, having already lost all clerical bounty, were among the few who were able to attend the services in the barn without fear. Joseph Arch was much impressed.

“Rough and ready men they were, dressed in their fustian coats, earnest and devoted to the truth as they saw it. Good men all—they have gone home now. God rest them!”

These plain, rough “locals” in fustian had succeeded where the University-trained, State-endowed parson had failed. Not having any authority they did not abuse it. They did not attempt to enforce sumptuary laws, and in the barn, as before God, all men knelt as equals.

It was its social top-hamper that damned the Church in Arch’s eyes. The attempt to forge the name of God Almighty to every worthless cheque drawn by clerical insolence on the patience of the community naturally irritated a high-spirited lad. Arch was singularly fortunate in his schoolmaster. Although it was a parson’s school, the master “flatly refused to waste his time and ours over the Catechism,” from which it would seem that the lady pope of the rectory was much less lynxlike than most of her descendants. Notwithstanding his lucky experience, Arch is almost virulent in his hatred of Voluntary schools. He says:

“The majority of the schools were parsons’ schools; we call them Voluntary now, but parsons’ they are still, and they will remain so to the end. I should like to see them swept away from off the face of the country.”

This is hardly to be wondered at, when he had it branded into his soul from earliest childhood that the parson was the sworn champion of all that was most hateful in the social system, and the bitter enemy of every attempt to convert the serfs of the soil into the free citizens of a self-governed State. Here is a curious little anecdote of the struggle to establish that frightful engine of revolution, a sick benefit club, within the sacred precincts of the parish:

“There were no cricket or football clubs, no Foresters’ meetings. When they did start a sick benefit fund, of which, by the way, I am still a member, the parson, the farmer, and the leading men of the parish did their very best to put it down, to stamp it out with their despotic heels. The parson refused pointblank to preach a sermon in aid of funds for it. His parishioners had no right to start such a club, he thought; it was a sign that they were getting too independent, that they were learning how to help themselves, which was the very last thing he wanted them to do, whatever he might say and preach to the contrary. That a labourer who had fallen out of work through illness should be supported, even for a time, from a common fund over which the rectory had no direct control was gall and wormwood to the parson. Worse still, the labourer’s wife would not be so ready to come to the rectory back-door humbly begging for help. Worse and worse still, the men and children might slip out of the yoke of church attendance altogether, if rectory charity were no longer a necessity. No; the sick club was the true end of a bad wedge, and it must be pulled out and broken up without delay.”

When Arch was one and twenty he married, and soon afterwards he began to take an active part in local preachings and other doings

of the Wesleyan Methodists. "If a man feels a strong call to preach as I did, there is the circuit open to him, and the chapel pulpit of a Sunday."

Alas! within the Establishment a man may feel himself summoned to preach by all the Destinies, but there is no circuit open to him, nor is there an accessible pulpit in any of the churches! This is the second lesson of this true tale. If the social caste system consecrated by religion drove Arch out of Church, the opportunity for using his native gifts in preaching and teaching riveted him to the Chapel. Of his preaching Joseph Arch says that it owed its acceptance to the fact that he had become in local affairs a popular champion of the people's rights. He says:

"My neighbours found that I was no cracked bell; that, whenever I was hit, I rang true for liberty and the rights of the people. They knew that, though I preached on a Sunday, I was no humbug on a weekday. If I told them in the chapel pulpit that I hated shams and loathed oppression, that I earnestly believed in the higher destinies of man in this world as well as in the next, and that I had a deep and tender sympathy with the sorrows, the struggles, and the aspirations of my fellow men—if I told them all this and much more in the pulpit, each working-day made it clear to them that these words did not come glib from my lips, but warm from my heart. I knew their difficulties and the hardships of their lot, because I had shared that lot and faced the same difficulties. Yes; I tried to practise of a weekday what I preached of a Sunday to my brother labourers."

He soon found himself involved in feuds with the parson, until, as he says, there was not a parson or a squire in the country-side who loved the sound of his name. And no wonder. The schoolmaster refused to admit his boy to school unless he had a ticket from the parson. Arch threatened to appeal to the school authorities, and the ticket was no longer insisted on.

The working men in the village had a right to a couple of hundred-weight of coal per annum in compensation for the loss of a right of way across Warwick Park. But no coal was given except to the men whose names were on the parson's list. Arch threatened to resume his right of way across the park if his coals were not forthcoming, and once more he beat the parson. These things are to us but trifles. But to the villager they are what the Petition of Rights and the Magna Charta were to the nation. Arch was a village Hampden, when every Stuart of a squire had a Laud in the vicar.

So the years went by until 1872 came, the year of the Revolt of Hodge. Arch tells with simple eloquence the story of that stirring time. It was a great day for the cause of the rural population when Arch opened the campaign at the great demonstration under the old chestnut-tree on Wellsbourne Green. "I stood on my pig-stool," he says with rugged simplicity, "I stood on my pig-stool and spoke out

straight and strong for the men." The men had got bean-poles and hung lanterns on them, and as he looked down from his pig-stool and saw by the flickering light the earnest upturned faces of "these poor brothers of mine," thought burned within him like a live coal, and "I felt as if there was a strong fire in me." Arch was fulfilling a mission for which he had been raised up.

The occasion was critical. If the Church had even then at the eleventh hour rallied to the support of the new movement Joseph Arch would have been glad to forgive and forget. But to rally to the support of Hodge was the last thing in the thoughts of the great body of the rural clergy. Here and there a man like Canon Girdlestone and Bishop Fraser spoke out. But as a body the parsons were either passively inert or actively hostile. What that meant to a man who saw and felt and knew that he was the leader of one of the most marvellous moral and intellectual awakenings which the Midlands had ever witnessed may be imagined. When the National Union was formed and the brethren gathered together, and "we sang Russell's spirit-stirring hymn as with one mighty voice, I said within myself, 'Joseph Arch, you have not lived in vain, and of a surety the Lord God of Hosts is with us this day.'"

If the Lord God of Hosts was with Joseph Arch, at least one right rev. lord bishop recommended that the agitators should be ducked in the nearest horsepond. Arch responded by a good-humoured laugh at the bishop's heresy about adult baptism. Much more serious was the monstrous sentence of imprisonment with hard labour inflicted by the clerical magistrates of Chipping Norton upon sixteen labourers' wives who had abused some blacklegs who had taken their husbands' jobs.

Here was a sentence to be passed by clergymen of the Church of England on respectable working women, some of whom had children at the breast.

"By their decision they lowered themselves in the opinion of all Christian people; and those of us who had felt bitter against the parson and all his works felt more bitter than ever. We said, 'Not a single solitary parson shall sit on the bench to deal out left-handed judgment, if we can help it.' . . . These Church of England gentry have too often trampled ruthlessly on the labourer in the past; but we had our own Union now, and they could trample on us no longer. I held then, as I hold now, that clergymen have no business on the bench, and I am glad to see they are becoming fewer and fewer. It is a matter of common knowledge that clerical magistrates are always the hardest and most severe, and yet they call themselves ministers of One who always tempered justice with mercy."

It is unnecessary to go further. From first to last it is always the same old story. The Anglican Church has not driven men like Joseph Arch into Nonconformity by its ritual, by its ecclesiastical use, or by its doctrine. It has lost its hold on the leaders of modern

democracy because it has allied itself with the representatives of the older social system, against which the instinct of the modern world is in passionate revolt.

The lady pope of Barford may have had much better taste in hairdressing than that which prevailed in the parish; but it was hardly worth while to secure uniformity in the cut of a schoolgirl's hair at the price of converting a man like Arch, who might have been a pillar of strength to the Church, into its determined and inveterate foe.

When the Church alienates a man, the Chapel, which might otherwise have been powerless to attract him, offers him a career of preaching and talking, of organisation and of propaganda, which is a potent means of preventing any return to a communion which affords no opportunity for lay ministry.

There was nothing in the organisation of the Church in Warwickshire from 1850 to 1870 that could have given Arch the training in public speech, in the management of affairs and in the capacity to handle men which stood him in such good stead in the great agrarian revolt. "I was not afraid of walking," he said in 1875, "for I had been a Methodist preacher twenty-five years. I had walked seven thousand miles on my own conveyances to preach, and never had a sixpence from the State." Such training in his own conveyances and at his own charges could in those days only have been obtained in the Nonconformist communion.

But for that who knows what *Jacquerie* might have been let loose in England. Thanks to that training the much-abused agitator was, from the Continental proletariat's point of view, a pillar of Conservatism.

"Union meetings, meetings everywhere, was the order of the day, and we had to be on the sharp look-out to keep professional trade unionists from the towns in their own places. I was not going to have our folk made light-headed with wrong notions, so that they would be leaping over the hedge of the law into a jail. Said a good friend of the cause, 'We must have a care that Hodge does not blossom into an Anarchist.' I did not intend that he should; I had no special fancy for fiery blooms of that sort. Wherever I spied out a blossom of anarchy and arson I said to myself I would nip it in the bud; and nip it I did, sharp as a November frost or a pair of scissors."

To sum up the whole matter in a sentence: If the Church of England wishes in the future to avoid losing men like Joseph Arch, she will have to regard the putting on of "side" as the very devil, to treat the abuse of charity as a means of social and religious influence as malversation of funds, to interest herself with all lawful movements for removal of admitted evils and to develop a lay ministry.

W. T. STEAD.



## A DAY'S SHOOT IN CHITRAL.

SOME summers ago it was my good fortune to be wandering in the little-known country of Chitral and to be the guest of the late Sirdar Afzul-ul-Mulk, the second son of the Mehtar (or King) of Chitral, at his fort of Mastuj. A more uninviting spot it is impossible to imagine. We were camped in the centre of the valley, here about a mile wide, on a bare plain. On both sides of the valley rise towering mountains, hard of outline, bare, stony, and unsoftened by any grass or tree, varying in colour with the sunlight from shades of purple and brown at morning to one uniform hideous grey-yellow at midday, of which the traveller in the Hindoo Kush gets so heartily sick. For, indeed, the country immediately south of the Hindoo Kush, excepting the valley of Chitral itself, and Kafiristan, where regular rain falls, and consequently fir-clad slopes are seen lower down, presents for hundreds of miles the same features. Valleys with patches of cultivation, where irrigation is possible, and the rest sand and rock, the lower slopes of the mountains, to the elevation of some 7000 to 8000 feet, absolutely bare of tree or shrub; above that are seen occasional patches of fir, and above that again the eternal snows. But it is not so often as might be expected that these last show themselves, for the valleys are for the most part narrow, and the mountains forming them shut out the view of the great snow peaks. Throughout this region it may be said that no rain ever falls, so scarce are the occasions on which it is seen. The country depends on the snowfall of the winter for its supply of water, the land under cultivation being irrigated by water-cuts leading the water from the torrents which pour down from the snow and glacier-clad upper hills. A desolate place indeed looks Mastuj: a few scattered hamlets, with their cultivated fields, occupy the plain, and one fine palm-tree rises near the

fort; but with these exceptions nothing breaks the monotony of colour except the deep blue of the sky reflected in the waters of a shallow marsh, and the white efflorescence which scars the plain with its leprous patches. A desperately windy place, too, for it is the junction of three large valleys and one smaller one, and howling winds are always blowing up and down. Far away to the west the giant peak of Tirich Mir, 26,000 feet high, is framed by the hills enclosing the valley; but in summer beyond this view, which, though fine, is too distant to be impressive, very little snow is to be seen, though on all sides within a few miles gigantic glaciers are pouring their streams into the plain, for the lower ranges rising abruptly thousands of feet above the valley hide the heads of the mountains behind. We were not sorry to escape from Mastuj, and when our host suggested a day after ibex in the neighbouring hills we gladly agreed, left the plain, and camped that evening up a side ravine some ten miles from Mastuj. The road led up a narrow gorge through which a stream had cut its way, one of the wildest scenes it is possible to imagine: here for thousands of feet sheer precipices of rock tower over you; farther on great slides of rocky *débris*, standing at as steep an angle as it is possible for anything to stand, lead the eye far up the mountain-side; or again a hillside of soft conglomerate is passed, cut up by centuries of melting snows into a thousand pinnacles, many of them capped with huge blocks of stone, the "roches perchées" of geologists.

My companion and I felt rather like would-be murderers, for we were to assist at, to our minds, the most unsportsmanlike proceeding, the shooting of ibex with the help of dogs. As we rode along through the narrow gorge our host and his followers proudly pointed to certain places where, during previous winters, slaughter great and grim had been accomplished, the game forced to abandon the higher ground by heavy snow, being driven by dogs into some *cul-de-sac* in the lower ravines, where the local sportsman can shoot fifteen or sixteen at a stand.

We camped in the bed of the ravine in a small thicket of bushes affording some screen from the wind which all night long tore down from the gorge. Here retribution overtook me for laziness in not superintending the putting up of my camp bed, a "Paragon" from England, with very light diagonal supports let into four metal corners. It gave way when sat upon, and was irretrievably smashed. For the next few months the ground was my bed, and so long as a heap of straw—the cattle fodder of the country, which is broken up under the ancient system of treading out the corn into pieces an inch or two long—can be obtained, no more comfortable bed exists. It has its disadvantages: there are but few snakes in the country, it is true, but centipedes and huge spiders are not pleasant bed-fellows; and ever since the evening when my companion discovered

a centipede four inches long on my cap, as we sat by the camp fire, my nerves had been rather shaken, and very careful search used to be made every night before turning in.

Next morning before daylight we were on the move, and rode steadily up the mountain-side to the height of about ten thousand feet, where we halted at a convenient spot and waited till news should be brought of the dogs having found game. The dogs used are large savage animals, some of whom, by their long silky ears and tufted elbows, show signs of Persian greyhound blood, and others resemble the old English sheep-dog: the majority are large powerful nondescripts of unfailing strength and great stride, to whom the steepest hillside is no check. They are carefully entered as puppies with some well-trained old stager, and soon pick up their duties. Some hours before sunrise, while the wind is still blowing down the mountain-side, the dogs are let loose and hunt the skirts of the hill until they scent game; as soon as a trail is struck they follow it up till the game is sighted. Then they dash in and drive it until it takes refuge in some precipitous ground, to which ibex and markhor make as soon as disturbed. Here the training of the dogs, or their natural aptitude for the chase, shows itself. As soon as the herd or single beast they may be following comes to a standstill the dogs surround it and bay it, the hunters, left some thousands of feet below, perhaps, being called to the spot by the hounds' voices. In some cases the dogs manage to catch a herd in the open, and to shepherd it there till their masters come up.

We beguiled the time, while waiting for news of a find, by showing the amiable savages the use of the burning-glass, using the lens of a pair of field glasses. All were intensely interested, especially our host, who proceeded to try the effect on one of his followers' hands, with, to him, the most satisfactory results. In the midst of this trifling, news came that the dogs had found, and there was a mounting in hot haste, and a ride straight up the mountain-side for about three thousand feet, over ground which had been carved out by glaciers centuries ago, the old moraines being now covered with grass and shrubs. The last few hundred feet was an experience: the ground would be generally considered absolutely impossible for horses, being a good deal steeper than the roofs of most houses. Up this our ponies toiled in zigzags, the shaley nature of the soil alone enabling them to keep their foothold. Our host, a feather-weight on a Badakshani horse, rode up all the way. The last fifty feet stopped us. My pony, carrying close on fourteen stone, came to a standstill at a point where he could not move forward any farther, and had no room to turn, and I got off on the off side, between him and the hill, to find the ground so steep that one's hands came in useful in getting up. Delivered of his rider's weight, a few more desperate struggles carried my plucky

little mount to the top of the moraine, and we again mounted, for my companion also had been forced to dismount. Another hundred yards brought us close to the edge of a huge glacier, whose terminal ice wall shone and blazed in the morning sun; but there was no time for admiring the beauties of nature, for, within a couple of hundred yards or so of us, six or seven dogs were baying savagely at a solitary ibex which they had driven into a niche in the face of a cliff, from which there was no path even for him, the only track leading to the spot where he stood being down a crack in the rock by which he had made his way. This was now guarded by two dogs, who, every time the ibex tried to force his way up, dashed at him and drove him back. Dismounting, and keeping under cover of a small moraine, we approached and lay down, watching the scene from a distance of fifty yards. It was a very picturesque sight, but one very revolting to an Englishman's idea of fair play and true sport. The precipitous cliffs, some hundred feet high, rose out of the *débris* of a lateral moraine piled in confusion at its feet; halfway up was the ibex, now standing and facing despairingly out from the cliff, again turning and trying to force his way up, butting at the dogs as they barred his way, only to be driven back every time, to resume his pitiful position and to gaze over the wild hillsides over which he was to roam no more. Below him lay, occasionally rising and pacing uneasily backwards and forwards, three more dogs, their eyes fixed on their prey, every movement of which they eagerly followed. Anxiously they seemed to be looking out for their masters, for already a couple of hours had passed since they had bayed their quarry, and catching sight of one of our party, they, with a chorus of fierce howls, greeted our approach.

Once the game is thus properly secured, nothing will tempt the dogs to desert their guard, and cases were told us of dogs lost by their masters being found next day still keeping watch and ward, having spent probably half the previous day and certainly all the night at their posts. For some minutes we watched this strange scene, then my companion fired; and sinking on his knees for a moment, the ibex, which when shot was facing the dogs above, slid backwards over the edge of the cliff, and turning over and over in the air landed amongst the dogs below with a fearful crash. There was a short and frantic worry, stopped with some difficulty by the dogs' masters as soon as we could get up to the spot; the usual ghastly rites were performed, and the dogs received their reward. They looked unspeakably savage on their way home with muzzles bloodied to the eyes, for the comradeship of the chase was dissolved, and they now turned their attention to each other and struggled madly at their leashes in their endeavours to join in a general fight.

The head of the ibex was fortunately uninjured by the fall, though many of its bones had been broken, and the horns found their way

eventually to India, the first trophy probably brought by an Englishman from Chitral. So ended the day's sport, which had been interesting as an example of the national system of shooting. To our ideas it lacks all the charm which is found in game shooting in the mountains, the difficulty and excitement of the stalk being altogether absent. All that is required of the sportsman in Chitral is straight shooting; so far as any sport is concerned one might just as well shoot the domestic goat herded by the village dog.

Our return showed how bad the ground we had ridden over was. Even Afzul-ul-Mulk walked down the first few hundred feet, and no Chitrali noble will walk a yard if he can help it. A general and affected royal limpness overcame him as soon as he had to walk, and he tottered along supported by a man on each side, his style of going being very much that of a large loose-jointed doll. His difficulty in walking was increased by his wearing a huge pair of brown leather riding-boots about six sizes too large for him, which, being of an economical turn of mind, he had bought second-hand in the Calcutta bazaars during a visit to India the previous year. His trousers of green velvet, and Bokhara silk undercoat worn below a dirty white cotton robe, completed an extremely quaint shooting costume. The affectations of royalty are rather amusing in Chitral. The old Mehtar when riding used to loll in his saddle, and lean his weight on a man's head who walked beside him. He was an old man of sixty, of very fine physique, the only tall man in Chitral, and could still sit straight on his horse when he liked, and look like a horseman; but the habit which, owing to the vile nature of the tracks honoured with the name of roads in Chitral, he and all Chitralis have acquired of always riding at a foot-pace, had led to his taking to this way of finding relief during a long ride, and the trick has been copied by his sons. The Chitralis are a nation of riders as far as the upper classes are concerned, and devoted to polo, every village having its ground, such as it is: one we played on had a stream about five feet broad running across the middle of it, which had to be jumped constantly all through the game; but there is not a horseman in the country: they sit on, but they cannot ride. Their horses are never properly broken, and being always ridden in a plain sharp-edged snaffle with no martingale, and never trained as colts, they are as ungainly a set of stargazing brutes as can be met in any country. For their masters have no hands, and their idea of managing their mounts is to carry out the advice the writer once heard given to an officer in riding school by a cavalry rough-rider: "That mare bores, sir: if you find her 'anging on your 'and, don't pull at her, but job her in the mouth like the hartillery."

A. G. A. DURAND.

## PRIEST OR PROPHET?

UNDER the title of "The English Church, the Priest, and the Altar" Mr. Francis Peek has published a book which is the outgrowth of an article that appeared in the CONTEMPORARY, in criticism of Canon Knox-Little's "Sacerdotalism." Mr. Peek tells us that, since that article was written, he has been led to a more careful study of the books and manuals of the Sacerdotal party in the Church of England, and that he now seeks to make more widely known the doctrines held by this party, to show how destructive such doctrines are to the spiritual religion taught by Christ, and to point out that in reality they embody many of the chief errors of the Church of Rome. The books from which the teaching of the Sacerdotalists has been gathered are principally, "Confession," by Canon Carter; "The Catholic Religion," by the Rev. Vernon Staley; "The Treasury of Devotion," a manual of prayer, by Canon Carter; and "Sacerdotalism," by Canon Knox-Little. These are taken as fairly representing the teaching of the Ritualists. Mr. Peek believes that the Sacerdotal party is doing incalculable mischief to the Church of England and to the cause of religion itself, and contends that their system is absolutely contrary to the teaching of the Prayer-Book, as it is to the spirit of the Bible. The Sacerdotal system is treated under four heads: (1) Apostolic Succession; (2) Confession and Absolution, or the Sacrament of Penance; (3) the Doctrine of the Real Presence; and (4) Eucharistic Sacrifice and Worship; and under each head the teaching of the Sacerdotalists is contrasted with that of the Prayer-Book and the Bible. The treatment of this great and perplexing subject is plain and practical, and, as it seems to us, on the whole convincing. The author is a well-known earnest and faithful layman, deeply attached to the Church. He tells us there is now "an awakening,

especially among moderate men of all parties," against the errors and evils of the Sacerdotal system. The writer of this article cannot say that he recognises in the Church any very clear signs of such an awakening. He is not satisfied that Mr. Peek has succeeded in showing, or, indeed, that it is possible to show, that Sacerdotalism is as clearly and entirely opposed to the teaching of the Prayer-Book as it is to the teaching of the New Testament. Again and again Canon Knox-Little tells us that, in regard to the belief and practice of the Sacerdotalists (and he seems to rejoice in the name), the question whether they are scriptural or not is not the point :

"The question whether a doctrine or practice has the sanction of Scripture is, of course, of the highest importance; . . . but when the question is one of honesty and loyalty, the *first thing* to be determined is, does the Church teach and sanction this or not? Whether or not men may think the Church's teaching not warranted by Scripture, at least they will agree," &c.\* "I repeat that the question before us at the moment is not as to the *truth* of the doctrine under discussion; but the question is whether the Church of England does or does not teach and sanction confession and absolution, or auricular confession; . . . and I would appeal to any fair-minded man, whatever his opinions be as to the *truth* of the doctrine, whether it is possible, in the face of the teaching of the Prayer-Book, to deny that the Church of England does so teach."

I believe (should I not say I fear?) that the Canon has done more towards establishing his position than Mr. Peek seems prepared to allow. But I should think that in all such matters the primary, vital, and supreme question ought always to be, Is it true? Is it scriptural? As well might a lecturer in geology say, "Whether what I am teaching is true, or whether it is the testimony of the rocks or not, is not the point; 'honesty and loyalty' demand that I should teach the system." What would be thought of such a man in the scientific world? Now herein is one great distinction between the priest, or the ecclesiastical Christian, and the prophet, or the evangelical Christian. The one is bound by the customs of the Church and the traditions of the fathers; the cardinal principle of the other is faith's independence of any authority but Christ's.

As the book I am noticing insists, there are, strictly speaking, two types of Christian piety in the Church—the Evangelical and the Sacerdotal. The Evangelical holds the apostolic conception of faith, free grace, and the soul's immediate relation to Christ. What is the meaning of Sacerdotalism? In his dissertation on "The Christian Ministry," Bishop Lightfoot says, "In speaking of Sacerdotalism, I assume the term to have essentially the same force as when applied to the Jewish priesthood—*i.e.*, to designate the Christian minister as one who offers sacrifice and makes atonement for the sins of others."

\* "Sacerdotalism," p. 15.

Sacerdotalism means that the priest and the sacraments he administers are the only divinely authorised channels through which God comes to man and man draws near to God. Now, it has often been shown that the New Testament knows nothing of such claims or pretensions. The Christian minister is only a priest in the etymological sense of the word (= *presbyter*), and never in the sense of the Sacerdotalists, who use the word as equivalent to *sacerdos*, *hiericus*, *köhen*. The kingdom of Christ "has no sacerdotal system. It interposes no sacrificial tribe or class between God and man, by whose intervention alone God is reconciled and man forgiven. Each individual member holds personal communion with the Divine Head." (Lightfoot.) The Christian ideal is a "priesthood co-extensive with the human race."

The assumption of priestly (sacerdotal) rights is said to be based on the doctrine of Apostolical Succession. And that doctrine, according to the Sacerdotalists, rests on the promise of the Saviour, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." But surely it is plain enough from the Acts of the Apostles that that promise, and the commission that goes along with it, were not confined to any order. It is not bishops, or any "successors," but individual Christians and evangelists, who carry on the great missionary work. The bishops (who at the first are the same as the presbyters or elders) are not the successors of the Apostles. "The episcopate was formed not out of the apostolic order by localisation, but out of the presbyteral by elevation." (Lightfoot.) As a matter of fact, the word "apostle" is sometimes used as a general term for "one who is sent," like our word missionary. Andronicus and Junia are called apostles, missionaries sent out by the Churches, as Paul and Barnabas were sent out by the Christians at Antioch. And in the early Church after New Testament times, the word apostle is still used as equivalent to missionary. According to the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," the chief place in the Church is held not by bishops, but apostles and prophets. The prophet's gift is for the Church itself; but the apostle is still a missionary, an itinerant preacher, and in no sense of the word a bishop or a priest. No administrative authority, no sacramental grace, no right to ordain to the ministry, is attributed to this "apostle." This is what the "Teaching" says: "And every apostle who cometh to you, let him be received as the Lord; but he shall not remain more than one day; if, however, there be need, then the next day; but if he remain three days, he is a false prophet." That apostle is not a diocesan bishop, nor is the diocesan bishop his successor. Ignatius magnifies the office of bishop, but knows nothing of the doctrine of Apostolical Succession. To him "the chief value of episcopacy lies in the fact that it constitutes a visible centre of unity *in the congregation*." A large part of his genuine letters is occupied with exhortations to unity. But I think it is safe to assert that not a word of his bears out the claims of



Sacerdotalism. Extravagant claims were early put forth in behalf of episcopacy (*e.g.*, in the Clementine Homilies), but they were not allowed to pass unchallenged. A strong reaction set in. It was a prophetic reaction, and issued, as Lightfoot says, from a true instinct, which rebelled against the oppressive yoke of external tradition, and did battle for the freedom of the individual spirit.

Irenæus is often named as an authority for the doctrine of Apostolical Succession; and, in fact, he does point to the bishops as successors of the Apostles. But in what sense? Certainly not in the sense of the modern doctrine. When writing against heresy, he looks for the original teaching of the Apostles, which he expects to find in the Churches where they had laboured. He turns to the bishops (the pastors) of those Apostolic Churches for the traditions of apostolical teaching. "In the succession of bishops you have the guarantee for the transmission of the pure faith." He regards the episcopate as the "depository of apostolic tradition." But there is no reference to sacramental grace, nothing to warrant the modern doctrine of Apostolical Succession. With Irenæus Apostolical Succession has reference to the trustworthiness of witnesses; it is a question of evidence. This was necessary in the days of tradition, before the New Testament canon was formed, but no longer needed when tradition gave place to documentary evidence.

It is Cyprian who first gives complete expression to the Sacerdotal doctrine. And in the end we get what has been called a threefold abdication. "First, the community of the faithful abandoning all powers to the elders or *presbyteri*; the presbyteral body then concentrating itself in a single person, who is the *episcopos*; finally, the *episcopi* of the Latin Church recognising one among themselves, the Pope, as chief." Now, Cyprian speaks of the new clergy in the terms of the old priesthood. He quotes passages which refer to the Jewish priesthood and applies them to the Christian ministry. And thus "the phraseology of the Levitical law is transferred to Christian institutions." (Westcott.) The bishop becomes *sacerdos*. But a priesthood requires a priestly service; and so the simple institution of the Lord's Supper becomes a sacrifice, *sacrificium dominicum*. For it is part of the theory of Sacerdotalism that sacrifice is the highest act of religion, notwithstanding the words which our Saviour quoted from Hosea, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." It is proper, we are told, that as there were sacrifices in the Mosaic law, so there should also be in the Law of Grace a *continual sacrifice* whereby to worship God in a manner worthy of Him, *in addition to* the one sacrifice offered by our Lord Jesus Christ on Mount Calvary. Just here I will only ask one question: How does this compare with the argument of the Epistle to the Hebrews?

In Cyprian's view the bishop is the indispensable channel of divine

grace. "He is the absolute vicegerent of Christ in things spiritual." The priests who stand in the place of Christ offer a true and full sacrifice in the church to God the Father. "As Cyprian crowned the edifice of episcopal power, so also was he the first to put forward without relief or disguise these sacerdotal assumptions; and so uncompromising was the tone in which he asserted them, that nothing was left to his successors but to enforce his principles and reiterate his language." (Lightfoot.) The rise of the Sacerdotal orders, as Dr. Fairbairn says, marks a long descent from the Apostolic age, but is no thing of Apostolic descent.

The Christian ministry has become a priesthood. No grace is to be had apart from the sacraments it administers. This power is imparted to the priest by the grace conferred in ordination. And as Mr. Peek reminds us, "It is maintained that the laying on of the hands of a bishop in consecration conveys to other men, as bishops or priests, the gift of the Holy Ghost irrespective of personal character." They may be themselves wanting in the grace of which they are the channels. It is the teaching of the Sacerdotalists that "the unworthiness of the minister hinders not the grace of the sacrament." Now when we are told that unspiritual men may transmit spiritual grace, and that gifts of the Holy Ghost come by the laying on of the hands of the bishop, or the *summus sacerdos*, quite irrespective of the moral character of the bestower or the recipient, we think of Avignon, we call to mind Pius II. and the Borgias, and a host of other such men, and absolutely "decline to bewilder our moral sense by ecclesiastical fictions of that sort." We suspect any theory of the ministry of which such a provision is made an essential part.

Next comes for consideration the claim of the Sacerdotalist to administer the Sacrament of Penance, which includes private confession to a priest, the performance of penance when ordered by him, and the acceptance of absolution at his hands. Mr. Peek reminds us that the Prayer-Book advises confession to a priest or minister in two special cases, and limits it to them, in the exhortation before Communion, and in the Order for the Visitation of the Sick. On this subject I am bound to state that I see more force in Canon Knox-Little's argument than Mr. Peek does; though it is plain that in what the Canon infers from or reads into the Prayer-Book he is nearer the doctrine of the Romish Church than the belief of the Church of which he is a "priest." The Prayer-Book allows confession to a priest, and teaches absolution which only a priest may pronounce. That is dangerously near to Romanism. When Newman went over to Rome he said, "I take my stand on the Prayer-Book." And yet we must agree with our author that the statement\* that "a prominent principle of the Reformation is the truth, and duty, and blessing of

\* "Sacerdotalism," p. 25.

auricular confession and priestly absolution," is simply astounding. In the New Testament there are no directions to Christian ministers to receive the confession of sins, and no direction to Christian people to confess sins to their minister before they can hope to be forgiven. This is the teaching of the New Testament: If we confess our sins (*i.e.*, to God), He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins.

Now this sacrament is based on the following two passages:

1. "Confess your sins one to another, and pray one for another."

But clearly this confession is a mutual acknowledgment of sins by brethren to brethren, and bears not the faintest resemblance to "auricular confession."

2. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." Now, if this were the power of absolution granted to the Apostles (or rather, to the followers of Jesus), there is absolutely no instance recorded, or even suggested, of the Apostles communicating that power to others. It is the figure of "binding and loosing," common in Talmudical literature, to express the power of declaring what was allowable under the law. And so authority was given to the Apostles to declare what was allowed and what disallowed under the Gospel. When bishops ordain clergy they say, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God now committed unto thee by our hands. Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven," &c. Even supposing that this formula conferred the gift of grace, it would be essential to the Sacerdotal theory that it should have been used for this purpose from the beginning. But, for the first thirteen centuries, it was not used at all in this sense. It was not till the Fourth Lateran Council (1215 A.D.) that the Latin Church, when about to authorise sacramental confession and absolution, introduced the words as part of its Ordination service.

The priest is authorised in the Romish Church, and by such a manual as the "Priest in Absolution," in the English Church, to put to those who confess the most searching questions on the most delicate subjects. True, the late Archbishop of Canterbury publicly denounced this book, and Bishop Wilberforce, years ago, said that to exalt confession into a necessity of Christian life was one of the worst developments of Popery. But the custom is spreading; and the Sacerdotalists are glorying in the fact. Young Anglican priests go round among their parishioners exhorting them to come to confession.

The Confessional is unknown in the Church for the first 250 years. Chrysostom and Augustine denounced the practice after it had been introduced. It is dangerous to priest, hurtful to penitent, and injurious to the community. Proof of this could be given in painful abundance.

On the subject of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper it is truly said that the Sacerdotalists hold totally different views from any other party of our Church.

"A careful comparison of the teaching of the Bible and of the Prayer-Book with that of the Sacerdotalists will show how greatly the latter contradicts both. To such an extent, indeed, is this the case, that it is impossible to conceive that the Sacerdotal teaching could ever have been urged as taught by either, unless it had been necessary at any cost to support the claim of the Sacerdotalists that they have a sacrificial priesthood in the Church."

The priestly teaching contradicts the Prayer-Book. If the Anglican Communion Office is compared with that which was in use before the Reformation, or with the Roman Missal of to-day, it will appear that care was taken to remove all traces of the sacrificial theory of the Lord's Supper. The word "altar" is never used, but always the "Lord's Table," or simply "the Table." *Θυσιαστήριον* in the New Testament is either the Cross or Christ Himself.\* In the Roman Missal the invocation of the Holy Spirit to change the elements into the Body and Blood of Christ is the very essence of the service; but in the Prayer-Book all that we have is the simple words of institution. The Communion service in the Prayer-Book is a Protestant ordinance. As Mr. Peek says, if we compare the sacred account of the institution of the Lord's Supper and its celebration by early Christians with the teaching of the Prayer-Book, "it would seem impossible that any Churchman should profess the views held by the Sacerdotalists, and it is only by the most extraordinary perversion of words that the slightest semblance of plausibility can be given to their arguments." When the idea of a priesthood was introduced, there soon of necessity followed the institution of a priestly service. The *sacerdotium* involved a *sacrificium*. Such a term as Eucharistic sacrifice is neither found nor warranted in the Bible; and the Prayer-Book plainly declares the sacrifice of Masses to belong to blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits. Cyprian was the first to associate the specific offering, *i.e.*, the Lord's Supper, with the specific priesthood. He was the first to designate the *passio Domini*, nay, the *sanguis Christi* and the *dominica hostia*, as the object of the Eucharistic offering. See Harnack,† who adds:

"Cyprian's statement that every celebration of the Lord's Supper is a repetition or imitation of Christ's sacrifice of Himself, and that the ceremony has, therefore, an expiatory value, remains a mere assertion, though the Romish Church" (and, we may add, the Sacerdotalists in the Anglican Church) "still continue to repeat this doctrine to the present day."

In the earliest view of the Communion there is no resemblance to the Catholic theory of a sacrifice. That theory can be traced largely

\* See Westcott's note in Ep. Heb.

† "Hist. of Dogma," vol. ii.

to the influence of pagan customs. It seems likely that the change was partly due to the converts from the religion of Mithras. As Renan (Hibbert Lecture) has said :

"The beautiful Egyptian worships, which hid a real emptiness beneath a great splendour of ritual, counted devotees in every part of the Empire. There was a morning service—a kind of Mass, celebrated by a priest shorn and beardless ; there were sprinklings of holy water ; possibly benedictions in the evening. All this 'occupied, amused, soothed.' I sometimes permit myself," Renan adds, "to say that if Christianity had not carried the day, Mithraicism would have become the religion of the world. It had a Eucharist, a supper so like the Christian mysteries that good Justin Martyr can find only one explanation of the apparent identity, viz., that Satan, in order to deceive the human race, determined to imitate the Christian ceremonies, and so stole them."

No doubt, the true explanation of the resemblance is that the Lord's Supper was modified to meet the Christians who had been converted from Mithraicism. There is abundant evidence of the effect these heathen mysteries had on Christian worship. It would be a real service to pure Christianity to trace the origin and introduction of the Sacerdotal beliefs, practices, vestments, &c., which come from pagan sources.

Now the attempt has been made to carry back these and other customs, thus introduced, to the age of the Apostles, and base them on the teaching of the New Testament, just as the Levitical priesthood in the Jewish Church was referred to Mosaic institution. And so we get illustrations of what are properly called "extraordinary perversion of words"—e.g., "Do this in remembrance of me" is said to mean, "Offer this for a memorial of me." As a perversion of words and "wresting of Scripture," it would not be easy to find a parallel to this—unless, indeed, in the teaching of the Sacerdotalists, who are determined at any cost, if possible, to trace their late and pagan customs back to the New Testament. We have another case of "perversion" in "Sacerdotalism" (p. 112): "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice, is our Lord's teaching—i.e., I will have sacrifice, but not without mercy."

The above perversion turns on the use of the Greek words, ποιεῖν and ἀνάμνησις. The assertion that the latter word is a technical term of sacrifice may be confuted from any Greek dictionary. This is Grimm's rendering for this passage, "*ad memoriam mei recolendam.*" And, notwithstanding the many meanings of ποιεῖν, it is never used in the sense of "offer," or in relation to sacrifice, in the New Testament. Any scholar ought to see in a moment that it is far-fetched to give it that meaning in this passage on the strength of the LXX. rendering of Exodus xxix. 39. The Hebrew word (*asah*), though not the usual word for "sacrifice," is no doubt used in that

sense here. In that case the proper Greek rendering is ἔρδειν or ῥέζειν. But these do not occur in Biblical Greek, and ποιῆν is used in the ordinary and simple rendering of the common meaning of 'asah. But surely that does not justify the rendering "offer" in the New Testament. "The perversion of the meaning of these words would hardly have been attempted if the Sacerdotalists had any reasonable justification for changing Christ's words, 'DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME' into 'SACRIFICE ME AS A MEMORIAL TO GOD THE FATHER.' It is we, and not God, who are to be 'reminded.'"

"The rise of the Sacerdotalist orders (and customs) marks a long descent from the Apostolic age, but is no thing of Apostolic descent." When we inquire as to the causes of this departure from primitive truth and custom, we find two answers have been given. In the first place the change has been shown to be largely due to pagan influence. According to Ritschl, the Gentile Christians could not understand the simple spiritual worship of the Gospel. They could not understand a religion without a priest. And they "found it easier to adjust the religion to themselves than to adjust themselves to the religion." They brought with them their beliefs and customs. They could not shake off their sacerdotal habits, nor appreciate the free spirit of the Gospel. This heathen tendency is seen in the life and teaching of Tertullian, who affords the basis for the "legalism and materialism which underlie Sacerdotalism." Cyprian is said to have spent no day without reading something of Tertullian, his "teacher." "Give me my teacher," was his constant request. Now Cyprian was a great ecclesiastical ruler, and through him the "legalism and materialism" so prominent in the thought and teaching of Tertullian acquired still greater force:

"The depth and purity of his own religious feeling makes itself felt almost everywhere in his writings; yet the conceptions of the Church and its institutions which he sets forth and which thenceforward dominated Latin Christianity were, indeed, most natural under the circumstances of time and place, but not less truly involved injurious limitations and perversions of the full teaching of the Apostles."\*

Cyprian represents the second influence of change in Christianity. Through him the idea of an official priesthood came into Christianity from Judaism. "Cyprian shows us a rejuvenescent Judaism, a kingdom of truth translated into a kingdom of priests."† The spirit of Sacerdotalism is Gentile, due to pagan training; but the form is Judaic, derived from the Old Testament. How much of modern Ritualism is a conscious and avowed imitation of Old Testament worship! Sacerdotalism is an imposing edifice. But what of its foundation? It has often been shown, and shown conclusively,

\* Hort, "Ante-Nicene Fathers." † Dr. Fairbairn, "Christ in Modern Theology."

that the New Testament knows nothing of the priesthood of the Sacerdotalists. Dr. Lightfoot and others have proved, and proved conclusively, that the early Church knows nothing of the claims of the priest. But this is the answer the Sacerdotalists make: The priestly title for the clergy in the New Testament was avoided that there might not be too sharp and sudden a break between the old economy and the new. It is astounding that any one who has read the Acts of the Apostles should use such words! The Epistles to the Galatians, Romans, and Hebrews show most plainly that Judaism is superseded by Christianity. Surely the New Testament gives no evidence of a desire to compromise between the two systems, or to keep back important truths or conceal necessary institutions out of respect for the prejudices of the Jews. If there had been an official priesthood in the New Testament, Cyprian would not have gone back to the Old Testament. If there had been a priesthood in primitive Christianity, converts from paganism would not have felt the change they did, and pagan critics would not have taunted the Christians (as they did) with what seemed to them the strangeness of a religion without a priest, an altar, or a sacrifice. This is Cyprian's argument: The New Testament is the fulfilment of the Old, and, as there is a priesthood in the one, so there must be in the other. But a priestly order involves a priestly sacrifice. In the Old Testament there were many sacrifices of the altar; in the New Testament we have one sacrifice of the altar in the Body and Blood of the Lord. And on this are based the priesthood of the clergy and the sacrifice of the Mass.

Now we are familiar with the argument against this in the Epistles to the Hebrews and the Galatians. It seems to us that the results of the New Criticism of the Old Testament help to elucidate and enforce that argument. Let us, then, consider the question of the place of the priest in the Old Testament, and see whether even there the priest is greater or fulfils a more important function than the prophet or the preacher. "The priest, properly so called," it has been said, "plays only an unimportant part in the history of Judaism. Power belongs to the prophet of God, to him whom God inspires, to the prophet, to the saint, to whoever has received a mission from heaven." The history of Israel is now seen to be the history of prophecy. One of the most important results of the Higher Criticism has been the restoring of the prophets to their right place in the Old Testament history and dispensation.

According to the traditional view of the Old Testament, as stated by W. Robertson Smith, the whole law of the Pentateuch was given in the wilderness. The keeping of this law was the whole of religion. Sacrifices and atonements are dependent upon the priesthood and its services. None but the priest has immediate access to God in the

sanctuary. All depends on priestly mediation. "It is a complete theory of the religious life." The work of the prophets is to expound the law and enforce its observances. It is their duty to recall the people from their backsliding, and lead them to a strict observance of the precepts of the law. (The Sacerdotalist theory of the relative importance of the sacraments and the word of preaching, the relation of the priest to the prophet, has been wondrously assimilated to this view.) This theory of the work of the prophets was improved upon by later scholars, who regarded the prophets as exponents of the spiritual elements of the law, teaching that its precepts were types of spiritual truths of a dispensation to come. This later view is essentially the earlier "rabbinical view, supplemented by a theory of typology. It is perfectly logical and consistent in all its parts. It has only one fault. The standard which it applies to the history of Israel is not that of the contemporary historical records, and the account which it gives of the work of the prophets is not consistent with the writings of the prophets themselves." The prophets know nothing of the law which they are supposed to interpret and enforce. And according to the popular religion, as gathered from the history, it is the privilege of every Israelite to offer sacrifice. This system of sacrifice is the basis of the faith of Samuel, David, and Elijah, and is plainly the custom of earlier times. The history does not know the Levitical law. In the earlier period there are priests, but they are the delegates of the people. Their consecration is from the people, and not from God.\* When it was the privilege of laymen to offer sacrifices for themselves, the chief function of the priest was the oracle. According to Gesenius, among the earliest Semites the ideas of "priest" and "prophet" were closely related ("Das Priester- und Prophetenthum floss bei den ältesten Semiten ohne Zweifel in einander, so dass dieses Wort (Köhen) ursprünglich beides anzeigte"). The Hebrew word (*kôhen*) and the kindred word in Arabic (*kâhin*) meant originally a soothsayer (Weissager, Wahrsager). The Arabic verb (*kahana*) is thus defined: Ariolum egit, præ sagivit, prædixit occulta. In the simple ritual of early religion the priest has no place. He is merely guardian of the temple, with its images and sacred things. Where there was a temple there was an oracle, a kind of sacred lot, which could only be drawn where there was an ephod and a priest. "The Hebrews had already possessed a tent temple and oracle of this kind in the wilderness, of which Moses was the priest." Now a Torah ("law," more properly teaching or instruction) is any decision or instruction on matters of law and conduct given by such a sacred authority. The collection of oral decisions thus given became a traditional Torah. Later on there grew up in the hands of the priests a ritual Torah, and thus we get the "Torah of the Priests."

\* Judges xvii. 5, 12; 1 Sam. vii. 1.



"The Law of Holiness"\* shows us what this Torah was in the time of the Exile. It includes many moral precepts as well as ritual rules.

Now, the great prophets of the eighth century B.C., while uttering words of condemnation against the ritual of the great sanctuaries, speak very differently of the judicial or teaching functions of the priests. That they regard as part of the divine order. The ritual Torah took shape under Canaanite influence. In the dark days of Manasseh the sacrificial duties of the priests seem to have reached their full importance, as may be seen from Micah vi., and by the time of Josiah the altar service has become the essential thing in the priesthood and displaced the function of teaching. From the point of view of pure religion, the spiritual teachers of the Old Testament make it plain that this is a degeneration, and not a true development.

When we take up the books which the Jews called the Earlier and the Later Prophets, we find that in the history of the religion there is a great conflict of ideas. On the one hand, the priest, yielding to pagan influence, presses sacrifice and exalts ritual; and, on the other hand, the prophet proclaims that what God requires is that men should reverence Him and work righteousness. "Trust in God and do good": that is the burden of their message. It is the same conflict that we see running right through the history of religion. We are face to face with it to-day. The Sacerdotalist is exalting the sacraments ("Push the sacraments," a late bishop is reported to have said to a curate) and enlarging the ritual, while the Evangelical is teaching a life of spiritual reverence to God and righteousness towards man as the sum and substance of religion. It seems to be the place and duty of the prophet, in the history of religion, to check priestly usurpation and exalt the moral law. The modern priest exalts the Mass; the prophet exalts the living Christ.

In the Old Testament Moses is the great prophet, the father of prophecy. The religion he taught is embodied in the Commandments and in what is called the Book of the Covenant.† It is a simple religion: God is a holy being, and requires that His children live a righteous life. There is no suggestion of a ritual, no mention of a temple or a priest. There were simple sacrifices among the Hebrews, as among the other Semites; but they need no priest or elaborate ceremony in this earliest code. Now, the religion of the nations with whom Israel came in contact were priestly religions, with their elaborate systems of sacrifice and ritual. When the Israelites settled in Canaan the same thing happened which happened to Christianity when it came into touch with paganism. Many of the features of modern Sacerdotalism are of pagan origin. The very name, priest, as

\* Lev. xvii.-xxvi.

† Exodus, xx. 23-xxiii.

applied to a Christian minister, as we have seen, is largely due to pagan influence. So, it seems, the conception and function of the priesthood among the Hebrews was due to the influence of Canaanite religion. The Israelites were surrounded by the priestly system of the Canaanites, and they yielded to its influence and borrowed from its practices. And soon began the great conflict, which continued right down to the Captivity, and only ended, after the Return, in the compromise of the Levitical law. The Israelites entered the Promised Land with the teaching of their great leader in their memories: Jehovah is a holy God, and demands the reverence, love, and obedience of His children. "He spake not unto them, nor commanded them, in the day that He brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices; but this thing He commanded them, saying, Hearken unto my voice and I will be your God," &c. And yet there were simple sacrifices. And these rapidly grew, under Canaanite influence, into an elaborate and corrupt system.

Pass on from Moses to the next great prophet, Samuel. Listen to him: "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." That one sentence speaks volumes. The kingship is established, and Solomon builds a great and splendid temple. Provision is made for the worship of his foreign wives in accordance with the custom of their native religion. After Solomon's death, the kingdom is divided, and in the northern division Jeroboam sets up the golden calves, and says to the people: "These are the gods which brought you up out of the land of bondage." Idol worship becomes the State religion, and the priests do the bidding of the king. Canaanite influence has prevailed; the ritual has become more elaborate. In the royal sanctuaries public offerings are maintained by the king and presented by the priest. The priests of these sanctuaries are among the grandees of the realm. And now we witness the degeneracy of religion, and paganism gaining the upper hand. It did so under kings like Ahab and Manasseh. Temples were opened to the worship of Baal. Worship became a State ceremonial and shared the corruption of the State.

"The priests," as Canon Driver says, "whose duty it was to teach the people the moral precepts of God, were not the least offenders; they 'feed on the sin of my people and set their heart on their iniquity,' *i.e.*, instead of striving to check iniquity, they long to see it abound in order that their own perquisites, derived from the people's offerings, may be the greater."

What the king desired the priest was ready, and indeed bound, to do. The word of the king even became higher than the law of God. Ceremony must be exalted even at the expense of moral truth. Under the king the priest becomes supreme. And real spirituality seldom survives the supremacy of the priest. He enlarges worship,

but weakens the real authority of God. He is eager for the increase of sacrifice, but cares not that righteousness diminishes in the land. Now it is the prophet, called and inspired of God, who comes to save the religion which king and priest are depraving, and call the people back to the pure and simple religion of their fathers. We have an insight into the state of religion and the work of the prophet in the great scene on Carmel. Again and again prophets were raised up to breathe new life into religion, which, in the hands of the priest, had become corrupt. They were possessed by a supreme conviction of the presence and purpose and holiness of God. They were ready to give up home and happiness and life that they might carry out the purpose and declare the truth of God.

"They were not State officials, endowed soothsayers, but free speakers for God before men. They were the men who reprov'd, exhorted, commanded the kings, condemned their personal vices, denounced their public infidelities, demanded that the State should be so ruled as to be approved and blessed of the God who loved righteousness and hated iniquity. They were the men, too, who contended against the priests, speaking words of lofty scorn against their 'vain oblations' and their 'appointed feasts,' demanding instead that they 'cease to do evil, learn to do well.' These Hebrew prophets stood infinitely above the kings and priests: theirs is the lofty ideal we love, that lives still and can never perish. In it there was no tyranny, no formalism, only free service and perfect righteousness." (Fairbairn.)

Sacerdotalism says that sacrifice is an indispensable part of worship, and none but the priest can offer it. The priest claims to control all access to God, and to be the medium of communication between God and man. This is the text of prophecy: "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it. Thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." Listen then to the voices of the prophets. Let them speak for themselves:

"I hate, I despise your feasts, I will take no delight in your solemn assemblies. Yea, though you offer me your burnt offerings and your meat offerings I will not accept them; neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. But let judgment roll down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream. *Did ye bring unto me sacrifices and offerings in the wilderness forty years, O House of Israel?*" (Amos v. 21-25).

Could Jehovah's indifference to sacrifice and ritual be more plainly put?

Hosea: "For I desire mercy, and not sacrifice."

Isaiah (i. 11-17): "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord. I delight not in the blood of bullocks or of lambs or of he-goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hands, to trample my court? Bring no more vain oblations, incense

is an abomination unto me. . . . Cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow."

Micah : When the people ask :

"Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?"

the prophet's answer is :

"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

There we have a picture of earnest seekers after God, who, under priestly guidance, have lost their way. And the prophet leads them back to God, in words that express a beautiful ideal of religion. Jeremiah in plain words says :

"Add your burnt offerings unto your sacrifices, and eat ye flesh. For I spake not with your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices: but this thing I commanded them saying, hearken unto my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people" (vii. 21-23).

Thus do these great prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. make light of the religionism of ritual, and anticipate the teaching of Jesus, who made no man priest, and said nothing about the necessity of sacrifices. The prophets rebuked and condemned not only idolatry and immorality, but also the heathenish reliance on the virtue of mere sacrifice. And yet they do not demand the abolition of sacrifices. Not yet: that day is to come.

Deuteronomy is largely the product of this prophetic spirit and teaching. It was written by a prophet who interpreted and applied the teaching of Moses to the needs and conditions of his own day. On this book the reformation of Josiah was based. One thing had become clear. The sacrificial worship at the local shrines in the hands of the priests had become corrupt to the core, and could never be purified by partial reforms. The priests and the people had learned and copied heathen customs from their Canaanite neighbours in the religious feasts of the village sanctuaries. The first step towards reformation must lie in the destruction of those local shrines which had become polluted with paganism. To separate the people from these abominations, the village sanctuaries and festivals are to be abolished, and the principle is laid down that at Jerusalem is the only legitimate sanctuary. Thus Deuteronomy abolished local shrines, and associated sacrifices and ceremonials with the temple of Jerusalem. But, under the influence of the prophets, an effort was made to moralise the teaching of the ritual. As Bishop Moorhouse puts it: "If Israel was unable to rise to the lofty height of purely spiritual teaching, then the prophets would descend to the level of the popular

worship, and strive to convert that into a more adequate vehicle of spiritual truth." And so there still remained the two ideals of religion, the priestly and the prophetic. There were still the two conceptions of religion, one a sacrificial system, the other a conception of a righteous God who has not ordained sacrifices, though He will accept them if offered from a pure heart; but who requires and demands that men shall reverence, love, and obey Him. Josiah's reformation left many things in the temple which savoured of heathenism; and in this there was danger to pure and spiritual religion. "Little as some of us may think of these ritual reforms, they were found too violent for the people, who looked back with regret to the merry festivals and immoral indulgences of the village sanctuaries."

When the Jews returned from captivity they revived the simple rites of olden times, but with new forms. This revival has been well compared to the Oxford Movement of this century. Now, it was in that age that the Levitical law finally took shape. Side by side with prophetism it had been growing through all the centuries since Moses. There had all along been a ritual law (Torah) in the hands of the priests. Ezekiel's ordinances are a reshaping of the priestly law, which reached the form in which we now have it in Leviticus (and partly in Exodus and Numbers) in the time between Ezekiel and Ezra.

"The offerings of individuals are no longer the chief reason for which the temple exists. All weight lies on the stated service, which is, as it were, the representative service of Israel. The individual Israelite, who, in the old law, stood at the altar himself, and brought his own victim, is now separated from it, not only by a double cordon of priests and Levites, but by the fact that his personal offering is thrown into the background by the stated national service." (Robertson Smith.)

This legal ritual did not satisfy the deepest spiritual needs of the people; but it looked forward and led onward to the great sacrifice "once for all." One thing it did, however; it practically extinguished idolatry. It preserved the religion of Jehovah, as a living power in Israel, till shadow became substance in Jesus Christ. It became the "Tutor" (*παιδαγωγός*) to bring men to Christ. Under the influence of the prophets the Levitical law had put a new spirit into the old ritual. It was like putting new wine into old bottles. But we can now regard it as part of God's plan of training His people and preparing them for the coming of Messiah. Now that the priest only offers sacrifice, personal religion is separated from the temple, and assumes new forms. The reading of the Scriptures, free service in the synagogues (which sprang up on every hand after the return from captivity), simple worship in the family—all this was preparing the way for the New Testament. Sacrifice could only be offered in one place, and when the Jews were driven from the Temple by the

downfall of Jerusalem, the sacrificial system fell, never to be restored. But meanwhile the one great sacrifice, "once for all," had been offered on Calvary. "The priestly code was meant to give expression to the demands of the prophets for spiritual service and national holiness; but the ideas of the prophets could not be realised under any ritual system, but only in a new dispensation, when priestly atonements would be no longer needed." And so when the greatest of all prophets came, He began His ministry either by the address at Nazareth, in which, quoting from Isaiah, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He anointed me to preach," &c., He said, to-day hath this Scripture been fulfilled in your ears; or, by the Sermon on the Mount, in which a religious communion is founded without a priesthood, without an offering, without a temple, without a ceremonial. The only worship is love; the only sanctuary is the heart. And during His ministry our Saviour more than once quoted the words of Hosea, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice."

The Law was a divine institution, but "essentially subsidiary (*νόμος παρεπισήλθεν*), it came in to the side of a state of things already existing, a parenthesis in the divine plan." This is from the note on Rom. v. 20, by Sanday and Headlam, who quote from Chrysostom: "Why did he not say the law was given, but the law entered by the way? It was to show that the end of it was temporary, and not absolute or claiming precedence." "It did not lie," says W. R. Smith, "in the right line of direct development, which, as the Epistle to the Hebrews points out, leads straight from Jeremiah's conception of the new covenant to the fulfilment in Christ." The law was a *παιδαγωγός* (an inferior slave, whose duty of enforcing discipline ceases when the child reaches maturity), to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith. But now faith is come, we are no longer under a *παιδαγωγός*. Why, then, turn back again to the weak and beggarly elements, to be in bondage over again? The history of the declension from the simplicity of the spiritual religion of the Gospel, from the truth as it is in Jesus, is a sad and astounding history. The Christian minister is a prophet and not a priest. His duty is to preach and not to sacrifice. "The one sacrifice for sins for ever" needs no "renewal or repetition"; it leaves no room for a sacrificing priest. Paul was charged with apostasy from Moses, "an apostate from the law," the Ebionites called him. The Epistle to the Hebrews was written to show that this "apostasy from Moses" is demanded by faithfulness to Christ; but that apostasy from Christ to Moses is "not only an inexcusable blindness, but an all-but-unpardonable crime."

J. A. MEESON.

## THE TEACHING OF COOKERY.

**P**ROBABLY in no country is so much money spent on the teaching of cookery to the working classes as in England—indeed, of late years, under the auspices of the different county councils, the sums expended have been very great, lectures, demonstrations, and practice-classes, with a view to this end, having been held almost universally. In many instances, no doubt, the work was too hastily entered on—in consequence, probably, of the fact that funds were suddenly available for educational purposes, and that their immediate use left but little time for the development of plans and cautious experiments.

Now the questions are arising: What has been the outcome of this teaching? Thousands, we are told, have been under instruction. What has been the result? What has actually been learned? Is there the visible improvement in the homes of the working classes, the decrease of drunkenness which sanguine supporters of the scheme so confidently expected? or has the work been of too ephemeral a character to be of lasting good? Even when apparently most successful, has not the effect been much as after St. Anthony's sermon to the fishes?

To any one who has had an opportunity of judging it must be evident that, while the teaching of cookery has been almost universal and not without effect, the result has been in no way proportionate to the immense outlay of energy and funds it has involved. The popular explanation of this is that the ignorance and prejudice of the working classes have prevented them from availing themselves to the extent they should of the instruction provided for their benefit, even when brought to their very doors; and that it is this which has proved a barrier to important dietetic and culinary reforms. This is, however, scarcely a fair statement of facts; whilst it cannot be denied that a great

amount of prejudice against cookery instruction does exist amongst the working population, it would be unjust to them to attribute the failure of many of the classes arranged for their benefit to this cause alone. That the movement would be met with prejudice must have been known beforehand, great conservatism prevailing in many parts of England, more especially in the rural districts, in regard to food and methods of cooking it. To those unacquainted with Hodge and his habits of thought it may seem that he has only to hear of that admirable person, the French peasant, to at once follow his shining example, and abandon his frying-pan for the *pot-au-feu*, and his fried "taties" for lentil soup. But Hodge is the very last person to comprehend the raptures of enthusiasts over the customs of a country he has always understood to be a "poor lost sort of place," and the fact that, according to your statements, the inhabitants have actually a fancy for eating "workhouse trash" when under no compulsion to do so, only justifies him in the contempt he already feels for them. If your previous actions have commended you to him, he may give you credit for meaning well, otherwise he may only see covert insult in your efforts to improve his dietary, and the affront you offer to the intelligence of his helpmeet by proposing to teach her a subject which he knows—if you do not—"comes of itself" only makes him the more indignant. It is, however, encouraging to notice that while much of the instruction given to the working classes has been unappreciated, in some places a great deal of interest has been aroused, and has led to the establishment of permanent means of instruction.

Now, it is not generally realised that the work of teaching cookery to working women is one of peculiar difficulty and demands unusual ability, much more than even a thorough knowledge of cookery being required. To be successful a teacher must be, in the best sense of the word, a gentlewoman. She must be educated, that she may be able to invest her subject with interest; sympathetic, that she may win confidence; tactful, that she may not offend prejudice. She must also be well acquainted with the conditions under which her hearers live, and she herself must be able to cook and cook well under precisely those conditions and with as few utensils. Dependence on apparatus is not the sign of culinary proficiency, but the reverse; and there is no doubt that many lecturers have failed to win confidence by their inability to cope with the difficulties their hearers have daily to face. Before deciding on her programme the teacher of working women must make herself acquainted with the rate of wages and the food resources of the district in which she is going to give instruction. The question of wages is an exceedingly important one. Dishes which may be cheap for families with an income of £300 may be impossible luxuries on 14s. a week. This has not been generally realised. One hears of the extraordinary economy which will supply dinners for the



working classes at such prices as 3*d.* a head. But for a family of six persons 3*d.* a head would be 10*s.* 6*d.* a week, and that, supposing the teacher to be in a rural district, leaves but 3*s.* 6*d.* for all other meals, rent, clothes, &c. Dinners at 2*d.* a head would be 7*s.* a week; at 1*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*; still an undue proportion out of 14*s.*, and 14*s.* would be very good wages in many parts of the country. In London and other large cities the majority of the working population are equally poor. If wages are higher, house rent, fuel, &c., are more costly. Undoubtedly it is the poorest who most need instruction and help. In the country it will be found that bread, cheese, and vegetables are the chief articles of diet; meat from the butcher is a luxury for once a week or fortnight. Most villagers keep pigs, so the cooking of pig in its various forms should receive attention. It is of little use for a teacher to be able to make a beefsteak pie, a few scones, and a purée of lentils (which in few villages are to be procured) and be unable to advise on the salting of pork, the cooking of a harslet, or the manufacture of a black or pork pudding. Of the greatest importance is it that she can make savoury dishes out of the potatoes and fresh vegetables which grow in the cottagers' gardens. At present the potato is the chief vegetable grown, and this is but rarely, if ever, cooked in any way but by boiling or frying. Yet they make a delicious stew with the addition of onions; and excellent soups may be made of these vegetables, whilst the addition of herbs will give a variety of flavours. A potato and onion stew, which requires but a few minutes' preparation, if left to cook gently by the side of the fire, will provide, with a slice of home-made bread, a far more appetising and satisfactory meal than the slice of bread and butter or marmalade, with overbrewed tea, which is generally the midday meal of a working man's child.

In towns the teacher can easily discover the foods preferred by the working classes by buying her provisions in districts frequented by them. She must be able to cook a kipper or a bloater; have a knowledge of whelks and mussels; be able to make savoury dishes of "block ornaments"—*i.e.*, the cuttings of meat sold cheaply by the butcher; and both in town and country she should take every opportunity of teaching the uses of nutritious and cheap foods such as oatmeal, haricots, lentils, peas, &c.

Another important factor of success in the teaching of cottage cookery is that all the dishes should be prepared with a due regard to time, labour, and fuel, as well as to material. I have elsewhere had occasion to point out that a woman who has the whole of her family's needs to supply, with possibly, as one once remarked to me, a "cross baby, and a husband coming in to dinner at twelve o'clock in the day," has no time for the niceties of cookery, which to them appear mere "messaging and fiddling." Methods of cookery which

may be very suitable in a gentleman's kitchen are quite impossible in working homes.

But how little the conditions of cottage life have been realised may be seen by reference to many of the books written for the guidance of the working woman. In one she is told never to be in a hurry. Another advises her to soak her onions in water with carbonate of soda to get rid of their strong flavour, to parboil her potatoes before using them in stews. A nourishing soup is brought to her notice, which will require a good half-hour spent rubbing it through a sieve. She is instructed how to make her cold fish into fish-cakes, her cold meat into rissoles, &c. Now, a working woman, with all the work for a house and family to occupy her day—the washing, scrubbing, sewing, cleaning, &c.—cannot at times help being hurried; she has certainly no time for such fads as the soaking of onions with carbonate of soda, and, as from experience she may have found that potatoes are best cooked in their skins, she may question the necessity of parboiling them for stews; and she, most assuredly, cannot spare the time for the preparation of purées or fish-cakes and rissoles. In vain will money and time be spent in the formation of cookery classes for working women unless all these facts are taken into careful consideration.

Even of the best efforts in this direction much cannot be expected—the habits of working women are already formed, and not very many will be found to put in practice to any extent what has been learned, however much the subject may interest them. If any great revolution in the dietary and cookery of the working man is to be brought about it must be by teaching the children—the future wives and mothers of the rising generation. It may be said this is already done—the Education Department having included the teaching of cooking in its curriculum. This is true, but unfortunately it is under conditions that would fail of success in the teaching of any subject.

It is now upwards of twenty years since cookery was first taught in elementary schools, but as yet little impression has been made by the teaching. Under the Education Department cookery is allowed as a specific subject, and, “after needlework,” is held to be of importance to the girls; yet it is not deemed to be of sufficient importance to be placed under examination or even regular inspection (there being but one inspectress for the whole of England). When we come to the time allotted, we find that, although the examination in needlework (which is comparatively a simple subject) requires a girl to spend about four hours a week during her school life (that is about 168 hours a year), for cookery forty hours' instruction in the school year, twenty of which only need be spent in *actual practice*, is deemed sufficient. On reference to the code it will be seen that the grant is paid on the attendance, the only other condition being that the teacher

must hold a certificate from a recognised school of cookery. As many as eighteen children—until recently twenty-four—may be taught practically at one time by one teacher. Unless, therefore, the school boards themselves place the subject under supervision—as in a few instances they do—it is left to the average teacher to give any instruction she pleases. It is true that the Education Department has provided “hints” and “suggestions” for the teaching of the subject, but they are more generally ignored than acted upon. What the outcome of this freedom has been may be seen from the reports in the Education Department Blue-book of 1894–95, that of 1895–96 being practically a repetition.

If a foreigner, after paying surprise visits to the cookery classes all over England, were to be asked what he gathered from his observations was considered to be the staple dish of the English working man, he would undoubtedly answer, “Rock cakes”; and if asked what he supposed the next in importance, “Sausage rolls”—for, unfortunately, it is on rubbish of this kind that much of the limited time allotted to cookery is spent. “The children will buy these,” explains the teacher, “and the board object to have any loss on the food cooked.” If a stew is taught, the great advantages of stewing are dwelt on, but rarely seen. “There is not time to get the meat tender in the lesson” is the reason given. That the “best part of the potato lies next the skin” is invariably taught, but I have never once seen potatoes cooked in their skins—which is undoubtedly the surest way of preserving this best part. The teaching generally is extremely fragmentary, consisting of a few miscellaneous dishes arranged without method or adequate repetition. It cannot, therefore, be considered that the teaching in elementary schools has reached the state of efficiency that could be desired. It is undoubtedly true that in some places the results are as satisfactory as possible under existing circumstances—that a class in this district, or those under that board, may be pointed out as doing useful work; but, speaking generally, the results are not good, and are not calculated to have any beneficial effect on the community.

But how can this state of things be remedied? The first step undoubtedly, would be the examination and inspection of all elementary classes receiving a grant for cookery. This, as in other subjects, would give an incentive to work, which is now lacking. It would weed out the bad teachers and encourage the good. The grant being paid on results, as well as attendance, the school boards would not retain teachers incapable of producing results. This would, undoubtedly, lead to more favourable arrangements with regard to the time allotted to the subject, and this, again, would have its effects on the training of the teachers. For, undoubtedly, one great cause of the failure in the teaching of cookery is the incompetence of the average teacher.

Most unfortunately for the general improvement of our English cookery, the training of teachers has been hitherto more a matter of philanthropic enterprise than of business. It is impossible to speak too highly of the energy and devotion many ladies and gentlemen have given to the subject, but their zeal in the majority of cases has been in excess of their knowledge, with the result that the system of training generally adopted is not calculated to produce experts, nor even fair amateurs—hundreds of young women (many mere girls) being turned out as certified teachers, not only of all branches of cookery, but of the chemistry of food and physiology, in less time than it would take to train an efficient kitchen-maid in a gentleman's kitchen. As a consequence we find that the average cookery teacher has no knowledge of cookery in any true sense of the word, no grip of her subject. She can make a few miscellaneous dishes more or less well—she has a smattering of chemistry of food, hygiene and philosophy—more time in proportion having been given to these subjects than the one in which she is supposed to be trained; but most emphatically she is no cook. But it is objected by some ladies interested in the training schools, "We do not wish our teachers to be cooks, our aim is distinctly educational." Nay, further, I have been told that it is desirable that the teachers should not be cooks. But this is scarcely sense. Would it be argued that it is not desirable that a teacher of music should be a musician, or a teacher of writing a good penman? Is it rational to apply to cookery arguments which would not be admitted as sound applied to any other educational subject? I am convinced that no good results are possible until the teachers of cookery are both good cooks and good teachers. I do not wish to say one word against the right teaching of theory. I regard it as most valuable as a means to an end, but it is not the end itself. It must not be overlooked that cookery is not only a science but an art, and a practical art can only be acquired practically. "An ounce of practice," says the proverb, "is worth a ton of theory."

It would be impossible for me to enumerate the many instances of absurd teaching which have come under my notice in consequence of this "learning too much and knowing too little," but one will serve as an example. At a lesson that was being given to a class of children on the cooking of potatoes, I heard the following: "You must peel the potato very very thinly, because the best part lies next the skin" (the teacher meantime giving a slow and clumsy demonstration of this operation). "Nitrogen lies next the skin; now nitrogen is very nutritious, if you didn't have nitrogen you would die. Dextrin is in the potato, and starch; you make starch of dextrin." And so the lesson proceeded. But alas! for the potatoes, although they had all these three on board—nitrogen, dextrin, and starch—they did not avail to save them, for they perished miserably in the cooking, and were

turned out a most unappetising and watery mass. Can any teaching be more futile than this or less educational?

The question, however, of whether a certificated teacher of cookery should be required to have as large, and as accurate, a knowledge of cookery as might reasonably be expected of a plain cook is, I venture to think, not a matter for private judgment. It is a matter of public interest, and a matter on which the public have a right to express their opinion, involving, as the teaching of cookery does, a great outlay yearly of public funds, given by the Government in grants, and paid in salaries by school boards and county councils. At the present time there are some twenty-four training schools of cookery, many of which have sprung up with fungus-like rapidity during the last few years under the auspices of county councils, and which, in the majority of cases, have obtained recognition of their diplomas through affiliation with other schools. None of these are Government schools, all being under the management of committees of ladies and gentlemen, although during the last three years a step has been made in the right direction by putting them under inspection. So long as they do not grant certificates to the regularly trained teachers on less than a period of six months' instruction—480 hours of twenty hours a week, one month of this time being spent in practical class teaching—they are free, with very trifling restrictions, to arrange their own systems and to train and examine in any manner they please. In some instances the practical examinations are conducted by the members of the committees themselves, who not unfrequently know less than those they examine. In many of the schools a great portion of the instruction is given by the pupils themselves, who are generally but a few weeks in advance of those they teach. I need scarcely point out the extreme mischievousness of such a practice.

It is, however, a matter for encouragement that many schools fully realise the present unsatisfactory state of things, and have in some instances taken steps to ensure more thorough training by a lengthened period of instruction, and by the employment of undoubted experts as teachers. But as all certificates are of an equal grant-earning value to indiscriminating school boards and county councils, such schools find themselves at a manifest disadvantage in obtaining pupils; few, comparatively, being willing to pay the higher fees necessary, and to spend the additional time in obtaining a certificate, which is of no more value, so far as Government recognition is concerned, than any other.

Undoubtedly a second step towards the improvement of cookery-teaching would be in the Education Department taking entire control of the subject so far as its own teaching is concerned, conducting its own examinations, and granting its own diplomas. At first the subject of cookery-teaching was more or less experimental, but now, when the subject has been taught for upwards of twenty years, whatever need

might have existed in times past for the Department to recognise diplomas granted on varying standards, the time has surely come for it to fix its own standard and expect the schools to conform to it.

Unquestionably the examinations would have to be of a very thorough character, otherwise the position of affairs would be made worse than at present. It is not advisable in the interests of any subject that Government recognition should be given to other than the best; certainly not with regard to cookery. It would, I think, be scarcely too much to require that the applicant for a certificate should be able to cook well any joint usually seen on English tables, any vegetables in ordinary use, any fish easily obtained; that she should be able to make plain soups and stews, porridge, cookery for the sick-room, bread, ordinary puddings, pastry, &c.; and that, as the preparation of meals is the chief object of cookery, she should be able to prepare a simple dinner and dish it to a given time. The preparation of a meal bears the same relation to cookery as the making of a garment does to needlework—it is a test of how far knowledge can be put to a practical purpose. More than this: as the certificate is to guarantee her ability to teach the children of the working classes, would it be too much to ask that the examinee should give proof of her ability to cook, under the same disadvantages of stoves and utensils, dishes most suitable for working people; that she should be tested in giving a demonstration of these dishes to a class of children, and practically instruct a class of eighteen; still further, that she should be able to pass an examination in the principles of cookery and in the elementary chemistry of food and cookery?

Now, I do not hesitate to say that such an examination, conducted by competent examiners, would revolutionise the present system. Undoubtedly very few schools could be carried on on their present lines. It would soon be found that, for passing even so simple an examination as the one I have suggested, much more than even twelve months' work would be required as preparation for the average girl who enters a cookery school without previous domestic training. It would also be found necessary, where schools have no endowment—and few have—to raise the present low fees. £15 for six months is the highest fee charged at any school, £12 or £10 is the average. Now, it must be obvious that at the rate of 6*d.* an hour it must be somewhat—not to say *very*—difficult to provide competent instructors or adequate material for experiment. Hence the system I have alluded to of pupils teaching pupils, the want of a comprehensive curriculum and adequate practice. It should not be overlooked that, with a Government examination to work for, the schools could ask and get adequate fees, for it would be the best and not the cheapest schools which would then secure pupils.

It is objected that the question of examiners is a difficulty; that

each school would want to supply them, and that no school would be satisfied with examiners chosen from any school but its own. To that I would say, that if a new system of things is inaugurated it is desirable that the examiners should be independent of any and every school, and should have such qualifications that there cannot be two opinions of their capacity. It may be difficult to find such persons, but assuredly not impossible. We have in England some of the most able French and English cooks: why should there not be some attempt to profit by their experience and benefit by their advice in this important matter? There is no reason why cookery should be treated unlike any other subject. Would it be thought sensible to start schools of engineering without the advice of engineers, or schools of medicine whose committees included no doctors? No one would wish to dispense with philanthropic enterprise, but it is most desirable that it should be guided.

Space will not, however, allow me to go more thoroughly into this subject, and I must leave it, hoping that my article may be useful in drawing attention to the matter, and that in time the increased competence of the cookery teacher, the adoption of a more reasonable scheme for teaching the children of the working man, together with adequate Government inspection of the elementary classes, will have their effect on even the poorest homes. We want, says a well-known writer, "common sense in cookery, as in other things. . . . Food should be used and not abused. Much of it is now absolutely wasted for the want of a little art in cooking it. Health, morals and family enjoyment are all connected with the question of cookery."

MARY DAVIES.

## THE SHORTENING OF PARLIAMENT.

WHAT ought to be the length of Parliament? The law says, "Not more than seven years." The Chartists said, "Not more than one year," and I wish to urge a few reasons for agreeing with the Chartists. Now that the Liberal party is revising its programme, with a prospect of having plenty of time for the process, there is a chance of getting a hearing for suggestions that pass unheeded in its day of victory. I believe that the shortening of Parliament is essential to the prosperity of the party, which of itself would matter little, and to the great causes for whose sake the party is precious, which matters a great deal. The term should be a year, if possible, but if we cannot get one year, two are better than three, and three are better than four.

This is not the place to defend the continued existence of the Liberal party, or its claim to do the work of progress in English politics. The young lions of the *National Review* and the flying eagles of the Independent Labour party agree that we are a "fossil bourgeoisie," a "congregation of smug hypocrites," a "pack of blind hounds, for ever chasing red herrings," and so on. We might be more wideawake, we might be a little less respectable, we might dig deeper into the foundations of theory; but, such as we are, here we are; we have done a few things for progress, and we have made our opponents do a few more things, and it has not yet been proved that any other servants could serve her better.

Neither is this the place to defend the fundamental assumptions of democratic politics. In spite of all the modern assurances that democracy is "only a form of government," "a fetish," "an outworn superstition," and without "singing hymns to the ballot-box," or "pinning my soul to the infallibility of the odd man," I am old-



fashioned enough to believe that our Government, in these islands, is and ought to be a democracy—that is, that the ultimate power of deciding all political questions is and ought to be in the hands of the majority of the electors to the House of Commons, and that those electors ought, as time goes on, to be successively increased in numbers (perhaps till they include all adults, male and female; but this is a controverted question, and I want to keep to the principles on which all progressive Liberals agree). Further, I assume that our democracy is and ought to be parliamentary, and on the Cabinet system—that is, that in electing the House of Commons we are and ought to be doing two things at once, deciding on the character of our legislation and selecting the persons whom we are to entrust with executive power, and that no persons can get such power in any other way than by the support of a majority in the House of Commons. Further, I assume, as matter of common knowledge, that in our existing Constitution this scheme of government is hampered by two or three serious obstacles which must soon be removed, such as the law of Registration, which mutilates the constituencies, the Ownership Vote, which swamps them, the procedure of the House of Commons, which would discredit the Circumlocution Office, and, above all, of course, the powers of the House of Lords.

“But all these are mere questions of machinery. Nobody cares about them but the belated survivors of old-fashioned Radicalism. The real issues of politics are things like work and wages, rent and capital, health and education, land and dwellings, imperial defence and colonial federation. These are the things that matter, not the manipulation of the voting-machine.” Doubtless these are the ends; the matter of ultimate importance is the work that is done with the votes, not the number of persons that give them, nor the number of times that they are given. But reason and experience show that the quality of the machinery is all-important to the output of work. If we are social reformers, in earnest with a social programme, a constitutional programme must come first in time. The removal of political obstacles is the alphabet of social progress.

The removal of obstacles is the alphabet of progress. But there is one letter in the alphabet which our political schoolmasters ignore with strange unanimity. In all the political speeches and programmes of the last ten years, I do not remember seeing more than three or four references to the shortening of Parliament. The House of Commons is elected for a term which may nominally be seven years, but with a general understanding that it must not be more than six, and the general practice is to run it as near as possible to the limit of six; dissolutions at any shorter limit than five are always taken as the result of some sort of accident, like the Liberal schism of 1886, or the Cordite Vote of 1895. Even with these accidents, the average

length of Parliaments from 1868 to 1895 has been four and a half years (we need not go back before 1868, because the conditions were so different). In that time we have had six Parliaments, of which three have lasted six years (1874, 1880, 1886), one five years (1868), one three years (1892), one one year (1885). (In each case a session is counted as a year, which justifies the ascription of one year to the Parliament that lasted from November 1885 to June 1886.) And Liberal Governments have been just as great offenders as Conservative Governments. The Parliaments of 1868 and 1880 were Liberal; if the short Parliaments of 1885 and 1892 were Liberal also, their shortness was altogether against the will of the party in power. The Chartists put down "Annual Parliaments" among their Five Points, and before the Chartists, a Duke of Richmond proposed them in a Bill, and Alderman Sawbridge found authority for them in the "*Brevia Parliamentaria*." By this time, as we all know, we have got, or got near to, the three Chartist points of universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and equal districts; we are within sight of payment of members; but the fifth point has dropped out of popular recognition.

And yet, one would think, if we are to be a real democracy, it is just as important that we should express our will often as that we should express it effectually; or rather, it is not expressed effectually unless it is expressed often. The objects of a general election, we have said, are two, to decide on our policy and to select our agents. How can we be said to be deciding the policy of our Government when it is three, or four, or five years since our opinion was asked on the matter? And how can our governors be said to be those of our choice, when, for anything anybody can tell to the contrary, we are thirsting to turn them out? Of course I know that things are not so bad as the theoretical worst. The country's voice can express itself to a certain degree by other means than a general election. Proposals like the match-tax, or the universal public-house compensation, (to take examples from both sides), are wiped out by general consent. A Government is kept back from war with Russia or forced into war in the Soudan by a wave of popular emotion. There is, or is said to be, a general feeling in the air that a Government is succeeding or failing. But all this is a very poor substitute for the direct and explicit expression of the people's will. It is like the old apologies for leaving masses of people unenfranchised. "They are virtually represented." So, when we complain that we are committed to action that we have never authorised and probably detest, we are told that "The Government are sensitive to public opinion." If they are sensitive to it, why do not they take the obvious means of ascertaining it? But they will never do that. Was it not Peel who said: "I have never been able to ascertain the moment which gentlemen would think proper for a dissolution"?

Not that we can blame Liberal Governments for avoiding premature dissolutions while the law remains as it is; for if they did dissolve prematurely the Conservatives would not follow their example, and the result would be that the Liberals would have all the short Parliaments and the Conservatives all the long ones. But we must blame them for not having altered the law when they had the chance. For, indeed, the length of our present term is far more injurious to Liberals than to Conservatives. A Conservative House is not injured, for Conservative purposes, by lapse of time. Whatever private grievances there may be, inside the House or in the constituencies, members vote straight just the same; and when a difficulty comes it is always safe to do nothing. But a Liberal Government is always losing as the House gets older. It begins with high hopes, too high for "creatures such as we are, in a world such as this is," and inevitably many of them must be disappointed. There are so many things to be done, and so few can be done in the time, and every one left undone is a grievance to some ardent soul. There is the old leaven of tradition left working in the high places of the party. There is the friction of vested interests clogging the wheels of justice. And till something can be done to make it impotent, there is the House of Lords to envenom our failures and mutilate our successes. Our only hope is in renewing our strength at its source.

The mention of the House of Lords suggests a speculation. Suppose that we had to choose between our present length of Parliament with the House of Lords abolished, and an annual Parliament with the House of Lords retained. Which would be the more favourable to progress? Test it by looking back at the past. Suppose that the choice had begun in 1886. Take first the alternative of no Lords and long Parliaments. From 1886 to 1892 the history would have been just what it actually was, the country surprised into a fit of reaction by the unexpected Home Rule Bill of 1886, then rapidly tending towards Home Rule from 1887 to 1890, under the guidance of Mr. Balfour with his imprisonments and evictions, and other Unionists with yet darker deeds, then suddenly checked in its conversion at the end of 1890 by the fall of Mr. Parnell and the disruption of Ireland, and caught in that transitional moment by the election of 1892. All this time the absence of the Lords would have made no difference to the history. Then, from 1892 to 1895, a little more harvest could have been reaped if the Lords had not been there. But how much more? Could the Home Rule Bill have been passed into law? I doubt it. Against such a small majority the Opposition would have managed to upset the cart somehow; perhaps they would have snatched a Cordite Vote, perhaps they would have made a bargain with the Parnellites; but, sooner or later, they could have reduced the fight to a drawn battle, and to a Government

drawn battle is a defeat. In 1894, it is true, Mr. Gladstone's resignation would not have left the party uncertain about its leader. We should have had Lord Rosebery in the Commons for the last eight years, and experience would have shown whether he was or was not our strongest man. And in the same way, the presence of Lord Salisbury in the Commons might have had some effects which it is difficult to calculate, sometimes in the way of making him give way sooner, sometimes in the way of making his followers hold out longer. But all the time the dominating fact would have been the Liberal majority diminishing from forty. A margin which would be abundance for Conservatives is starvation for Liberals. It uses up more steam to go on than to stand still. It is true, we should have carried the Employers' Liability and Registration Bills, and added a little more strength to the Parish Councils Bill, supposing that we had not been turned out in our first year, as I suggested above. But how much difference would that have made to 1895? It might have reduced the majority a little, at the utmost by fifty votes, but we did not lose the election for want of this Bill or that Bill. We lost it because we were not in a condition to win it. A Liberal victory means that the country—candidates and electors alike—is living on a high level of conscience and hope; just then the country was tired of the high atmosphere, and 1895 found it in the fogs.

So, then, the absence of the House of Lords would not have made so very much difference to our history since 1886. But suppose that we had kept the Lords, but had an annual House of Commons. Presumably, 1887 would have returned the same House as 1886, with reduced majorities in many constituencies. But 1888 would have changed things. For once, the English public really watched the history of Ireland. Between Mr. Balfour's blazing exhibition of Unionist methods and the magnificent propagandist work of the Irish party in the English constituencies (why has that propaganda been so limply dropped?) people in England were eager for Home Rule. If even 1892 could give a majority of forty, 1888 would have given eighty. Of course, the House of Lords would have thrown the Bill out, but 1889 would have come, with the Pigott disclosures, and the majority would have gone up to a figure which the Lords would have been bound to respect. And with the Lords in that cowed mood, we should have got many things besides Home Rule—some of them things that we have got as it is, like free education and local government, but without the characteristic Tory mutilations. 1890 would have made little change; perhaps the Liberal majority would have gone down a little, as it always does after a great victory. But 1891, coming after the Parnell catastrophe, would have reduced the majority further, perhaps down to the forty of 1892. (Only it must be remembered that, *ex hypothesi*, the Irish

question would have been closed by the institution of Home Rule, and the English constituencies would have been much less impressed by a purely Irish event.) In the absence of an Irish question, we may suppose, Sir William Harcourt's great budget would have come in 1891 or 1892 instead of 1894. But besides that we should have had Mr. Gladstone with Ireland off his mind, and what would he have done next? Here imagination fails. And, failing to imagine Mr. Gladstone's action, one must fail to imagine how it would have affected the elections of 1893 and 1894. But, as far as we have gone, I think I have made it probable that if we had had an annual Parliament ten years ago, we should have got much more good out of it than out of an abolished House of Lords.

And, to test the hypothesis, I have assumed that the House of Lords was going on all the time. But in practice, of course, it would not go on. When the country has its back put up, as it had in 1884, and as, *ex hypothesi*, it would have had in 1889, it is quite ready to abolish the House of Lords, or to modify it in some way that would do just as well as abolition; only it never gets the chance of voting while the iron is hot. Now in our construction it would have had that chance, and used it.

Here I shall be told that the argument leads not to frequent elections, but to the Referendum. "If the people are really to govern, they must decide on a question by itself; a general election decides on a group of questions taken in a lump, so that it is uncertain what the people really mean about any one of them, except that one which happened to be uppermost when they were voting." Well, that is plausible, and, if we cannot get Parliaments shortened, we may have to come to the Referendum. But we ought to try anything else first. Our whole system rests on the assumption that the stream of our collective will flows through the House of Commons, and through no other channel. If we begin to make other channels, the power of the House of Commons is lessened, and, with lessened power, it must become less attractive to the strongest men. If statesmen are to be tempted to seek power in other ways than by coming to the front in the House, we had better have no House at all. We might conceivably have a democratic Government without it, a Cabinet taking the people's instructions by a plebiscite every week; but, so long as we do profess to govern through the House, let us govern through it entirely. Even as it is, with all the weight of empire upon it, its proceedings are too often frivolous and irresponsible. What would they be if it came to think that they did not matter so very much after all? But let us have an annual Parliament, and then we have a Referendum *ipso facto*, without any weakening of the House of Commons. Inevitably, the pressing political questions would sift themselves down to a small number, as indeed they do now, but the questions

which were ignored at one election would take their turn at the next, and in five or six years the country would give its voice on, say, Home Rule, the House of Lords, Local Option, Free Trade or Protection, Land Tenure, Disestablishment; when the decision was in favour of the *status quo*, that particular question would drop out of agitation for the next few years.

Perhaps the assertion of the "sovereignty of the people," and the necessity of asserting it at short intervals, has an antiquated and pedantic sound; in fact, Rousseau anticipated the remark that "the English people are free only at a general election." But I hope there is nothing antiquated or pedantic about the other great reason for frequent elections. If they were not wanted for the sake of practical political results, they would be wanted for the sake of the political education of the voter. Most people are so constituted that they cannot do anything well unless they have a practical interest in it. A practical interest does not at all necessarily mean a selfish interest, but it does mean an interest connected with action of some sort. Even the interest of speculative knowledge generally depends on actively searching, not sitting passive for the knowledge to flow into you. And again, most people cannot interest themselves very strongly even in knowledge that is to lead to action, if the action is to be long deferred. But, on the other hand, if they are led on by the necessity of action that has to be constantly repeated under varying conditions, they acquire a mental habit of preparedness, a trustworthy judgment about the matter, a reasonable and permanent interest in it. In short, they get an education in it. Now for the great mass of electors, the only action that is called for, the action which must be repeated to give them their lessons in politics, is the action of voting. The rank and file of voters do not belong to committees or associations, they do not follow the daily papers closely, they pass long spaces of time without thinking about politics at all, and nobody troubles to make them think, till the few months before a general election. Then there is a sudden waking up; there are public meetings every night, the postmen are loaded with leaflets, the canvasser is never off the doorstep. In short, we try to do the work of years in months. It is perfectly wonderful how, under such conditions, we get so many people to vote as we do, and on the whole, to vote with so much genuine political conviction as they do, on both sides alike. But how much better they would do it if they did it oftener.

It is all very well to say that "the voter ought to take an intelligent interest in politics," "he ought to watch his representatives and see what they are doing," "he ought to make up his mind on great questions;" so he ought, and so multitudes of excellent citizens do, in spite of all discouragements. But we know the average man: with

daily life to be lived, work to be sought and then done, children to be fed and bills to be paid, is it likely that he is going to spend his spare energies in qualifying himself for a decision that will not be called for till the next century? It reminds one of the precocious baby that watched his nurse stealing the small change and quietly resolved to tell Mamma as soon as he could talk.

And it is all very well to throw the responsibility on the political educators of the voter, and say that they ought to keep him up to his work in the intervals between the elections. To do them justice, they do, with wonderful strenuousness and pertinacity, considering everything. It seems such useless work, getting up meetings, making speeches, defending votes before the Revising Barrister, going round with petitions, completely uncertain all the time whether all the good that you seem to have done will not be swept away by some sudden fluke three years hence, a scare of war, or a depression in trade, or an unpopular act of a supporter, or a magnificent candidate on the other side. And the voter is so sensitive to being bored; it is not safe to worry him with educative efforts when there is nothing immediate to come of them; he may turn in resentment to the side that has left him alone.

And this difficulty applies especially to political education on the Liberal side. To bring their principles before the voter the Liberals have to do explicit political work; but the Conservatives have an implicit propaganda in the arrangements of daily life. The conspicuous people are Conservatives in such a large proportion—the squire and the parson and the doctor in the village, the large employer and the people that live in the large houses in the town. If they did nothing purposely to spread their opinions, their mere visibility would have an attractive force. They draw votes by unconscious inertia, and the process loses nothing by long intermission; the Liberals make them by conscious persuasion, and frequent repetition is all important.

In the absence of parliamentary elections our political instinct, divining the necessity of the frequent instruction of the citizen, has seized on the municipal elections as a field for political contests. And so we get a certain amount of political education, but of a very poor kind, because the issues are so local; and for the sake of a very poor political lesson the municipal elections are perverted from their proper use. Give us parliamentary elections, and the municipal elections can be cut loose from politics.

If a year is to a nation what a day is to a human being, as a time-honoured authority says it is, imagine the condition of a school where five or six days generally elapse between one lesson and the next, and an interval of three days is exceptionally short, and a succession of two following days is only known once or twice in any boy's school time. What clever boys they must be to learn anything at all!

Consider the case of a man who came of age in 1868, just too late to get on the register. In this year 1897 he is fifty, and in that time he has seen six general elections, 1874, 1880, 1885, 1886, 1892, 1895. He may have had one or two more chances of voting, if there were by-elections where he lived; but then there may have been one or two unopposed elections and that would give him one or two chances less. Here is a man of fifty, probably a father of grown-up children, very possibly a grandfather; his voice is supposed to be the determining factor in the government of his country, and he has only uttered it six times in his life! Nay, we are assured that whatever happens the present Parliament will not be dissolved before 1901; so the man will be fifty-four when he gives his seventh vote. And I have assumed very favourable conditions—that before 1885 he was either a borough voter or a £12 county voter; that he has either never removed at all, or timed all his removals with prophetic certainty that a general election would not come off before the January following the next Midsummer but one. I should like to know how many of our survivors from 1868 have voted through all six elections unchecked.

Of course, there is a practical and most powerful reason why nobody presses the shortening of Parliaments—the expense. It is bad enough as it is; somebody, either the candidate or his supporters, has to find the average £500 which the law allows for a contest, to say nothing of what may have to be found outside the law; necessity is responsible for the stifling of many a contest and the selection of many a “duffer.” If the money had to be found every year, how should we get any candidates at all? Well, we have long had an item on the Liberal programme—only somehow we have never pressed it—on purpose to cover that difficulty: public payment of election expenses. It is mostly stated as “payment out of the rates,” but payment out of the Imperial taxes would be far better. If the rates were responsible, there would be a constant tending to avoid contests for the sake of saving the rates, especially where the result was certain, and it is exactly in the constituencies where the result is most certain that contests are most wanted, for the sake of educating the electors. To encourage strict local supervision of expenses, the Imperial payment ought to be a fixed amount for the constituency, calculated on the population and area jointly, and the local rates ought to save what they could out of it, or pay the excess above it. As things are now, an election is supposed to cost £1,000,000 in legitimate expenses. With a quickened public conscience it would cost continually less, but even if it remained at a million, it would be money well spent in making the people master in their own house. And, after all, somebody has to find the money now, and, what is of equal practical importance, the expenditure would be popular. When a Government



once proposed it, no member could venture to oppose, because he would be plainly labelling himself as a rich man intending to frighten a poor opponent out of a contest.

We are pledged to payment of members. It is certainly just, and it would give us valuable members whom we cannot get without it. Yet its effect would be greatly limited by the precariousness of seats. There are very few occupations that a man can leave for a term of Parliament, and trust to finding them there to come back to when the term is over, if he loses his seat the next time. But I would urge that the payment of expenses is far more important. For the payment of members benefits only the successful candidate, and the payment of expenses benefits the unsuccessful candidate as well. If the member is paid, and the expenses are not paid, a rich candidate will be ready to spend all the more money on the chance of getting some of it back again, and a poor candidate will be worse handicapped than ever, unless he is standing for a perfectly safe seat. But pay the expenses, and, even if members are not paid, you have opened the way to at least one class of poor men, those who could live somehow if they got into the House, but to save their lives they cannot raise £500 in a lump; and all other poor men are at least not worse off than they were before. And you have done a yet greater thing. You have given every constituency the chance of a contest. In a Parliamentary Constitution, contests are the life-blood of politics, and uncontested seats mean failing circulation.

Moreover, if you pay members without shortening Parliaments, and without paying expenses, they have a direct interest in running the Parliament out to its full term, and premature dissolutions become rarer than ever. If I were in the House, I should vote against payment of members, although in itself it is quite right, unless it was accompanied by at least one of the two safeguards, shortened Parliaments and payment of expenses.

“But consider the uncertainty and instability of the popular judgment. Are we to put our institutions into the melting-pot every Midsummer? Are we to subject the whole interests, perhaps the safety, of a world-wide empire, to the caprice of an annual vote?”

Well, it is unhappily true that the popular judgment is subject to caprice. Englishmen who have wrung their hands in despair and bowed their heads with shame for the deeds of their Government have no need to be reminded of that. But how do we mend the matter by prolonging the results of the caprice? If we put a Government into power that lets the Turks and the Russians command our ships as Charles II. let the Dutch burn them, and sacrifices the Cretans as Bolingbroke sacrificed the Catalans, the best remedy is that we should have a chance of putting it out again before it has time to do any more mischief.

Apparently, the idea is that the popular vote is not so dangerous, if you do not take it very often, as if the "popular caprice" governed only at the moments when it was uttered, and something else governed in between. And I am afraid that that is the calculation of many advocates of long Parliaments. "The master gives idiotic orders, but if he waits long enough between them, it is possible to disobey him." But I am writing for readers who believe in democracy.

"But the caprice is really made less disastrous by lasting longer. Continuity of policy is a good thing, even if it is continuity in the wrong policy. Foreign Powers complain, as it is, of our constant vacillation. They say they cannot join us in any alliances or mutual concessions because they never know whether the policy of one Cabinet will be reversed by its successor. Where should we be if no understandings could be trusted beyond a year ahead? And it is the same with home administration. A Minister has a scheme for his department. Whether it is good or bad, it ought to have time to be tried. With a system like that no Minister would have time to think of a scheme at all. It would be as much as he could do to get to know his secretaries by sight before he was turned out."

Here there are two assumptions, first that annual Parliaments would mean constant change of Government, second that change of Government would be fatal to continuity of policy. Take the first assumption first. Would an annual Parliament mean an annual or a very frequent change of Government? That is, would the judgment of the electors change as fast in one year as it now changes in five or six? As a rule, it would not. If you look at the thermometer once a month you are very likely to find a change of twenty or thirty degrees, but you do not conclude that you would find it changed as much as that if you looked every day. The oftener the House is elected the less its party complexion will change at one election on an average. Of course the average will not always be observed; for a few years together the majority will be nearly constant, then it will change rather rapidly. But probably there will never be a catastrophic change like 1880 or 1895. A majority of 150 is not built up in a single year.

And so, if "continuity of policy" depends on the persistence of the same party in power, there is no reason why it should be injured by frequent elections. But the second assumption is also unfounded. Even if frequent elections did mean frequent changes of Government, they would not mean frequent breaks of "continuity." Rather, they would be a powerful influence in its favour. If Governments changed oftener, the permanent traditions common to both parties would be distinguished with sharper emphasis from the details on which they differ. And probably this common basis would be most perceptible in foreign policy. So far as the mere outsider can observe, the most "continuous" foreign policy

which our Foreign Secretaries have to encounter belongs to the ever-changing Government of France. In truth, it is absurd to talk about "continuity" in the kaleidoscopic succession of "mutual rapprochements" and "strained relations" which we call "European politics." When there is anything moderately permanent in our foreign relations it can always be embodied in a treaty, and then it goes on whether our Government is changed or not. But as to all these "arrangements" and "understandings," made to-day and broken to-morrow, if an annual Parliament kept us out of these, that would be not the least of its merits.

A similar thing may be said about domestic "continuity" with even greater cogency. Governments do not spend their time in demolishing the results of each other's administration. When a Minister has done a good piece of work in his department the country recognises it and his successors keep it going. Sometimes, it is true, one of the main principles of the party is involved, and a particular section of administrative policy has to be reversed by a new Government. But in general the agreement of successive administrations is much more conspicuous than their difference; the impatient reformer complains that they do not differ enough.

"But a Parliament is not only a voting-machine for registering a plebiscite. It is a body of practical men doing business. It has to get warmed to its work. The members have to get used to each other's ways, and take the measure of each other's capacities. With an annual election, they would be broken up just as they were beginning to settle down." Even so, it may be remarked, that might be a reason against one year, but it is no reason for six. School boards and county councils get "warmed to their work" in three. But the supposed reason rests on an assumption misinferred from our present experience, like the kindred assumption about "continuity of policy." It supposes that the *personnel* of the House would be changed after an annual election, as much as it is now changed after a sexennial election. But, of course, it would not. It would only be changed, on an average, a fifth or a sixth as much. To take an extreme case, the House of 1895 differed by about 200 members from the House of 1892. If the change had proceeded equally by annual elections, that would have given about sixty-seven new members to each of the three years, or about a tenth of the House. A body that does not lose more than a tenth of its members at once is in no danger of "breaking up when it has just warmed to its work." Sometimes, of course, in times of rapid change, the new members would be many more than a tenth, but generally they would be fewer. In point of fact, a far more probable danger than undue change is undue sameness. In very many constituencies, it would become a matter of course to re-elect without a contest, except in

times of violent excitement, much as the officers of a company are re-elected. I hope this danger would be partly obviated by the provisions as to expenses, of which I have spoken; but in the meanwhile, I make a present of it to those who fear "change" and "turmoil."

"Valuable members may lose their seats by a momentary caprice of the constituency." The objection is really too simple. They are liable to lose them as it is, and with an annual election they would have the chance of getting them back again all the sooner. A few members are too valuable to be lost to the House, even for a year; somebody would vacate a safe seat for one of these, just as is done now. And in the case of the valuable members there would be a positive advantage in the annual system. A member could take a holiday for a year, to recover his health or to go on an important mission, without leaving his constituency unrepresented. Somebody else could be put in, avowedly as a warming-pan during the rightful member's absence. The position of "warming-pan" would be a very useful introduction to the House for young men beginning Parliamentary life. And there would be an opposite kind of utility in the rotation of seats in some cases. Where, for instance, there are two good local candidates, with equal claims to the seat, and neither of them very important to the work of the House, it would be easy to return them alternately, and avoid all grievances. A plentiful supply of ex-members is a useful element in the political work of a constituency.

The same illusion underlies the objections of "turmoil" and "labour." "The country is all upside down at an election. Friends quarrel, and trade declines, and everything is in confusion. Are we to go through all that every year?" And so the practical political workers will say: "We have to give up our pleasures and neglect our business to sit in stuffy committee rooms and knock at obdurate doors and flatter crotchety voters. After the election, whether we have lost or won, we thank God that it is over for the next six years. If it was all to be done every year or every two years, life would be impossible. But of course we could not do it. The only result would be that people would have to be paid to do it, and we should get the American state of things—politics left to the professional politicians, and the ordinary man manœuvred out of all control." (I do not give this as necessarily the true view of American politics, but it is the view that would be given by my hypothetical friends.) The illusion is the same. You are thinking of frequent elections as if they would be like our present rare elections. But, of course, they would not. The "turmoil" and "labour" would disappear, except a small and manageable part of them. Political activity is like every other kind of activity. It works better equably than in bursts, and the same output of work done

equally takes less out of the workers. The oftener you black your boots the more easily they take a polish each time. To put elections at long intervals because they upset things so when they do come, is as if you put your stock-taking every five years because it upsets your business so when you do it. Even as it is we are not quite stagnant between the elections. In the slackest times, when an election is furthest distant, we have a moderate amount of political work going on in the constituencies. If elections were frequent, that moderate work would be all that we should want in the near prospect of a poll. How do we manage our annual municipal elections? We know that they must come every year, and we calculate accordingly. Where the contest is keenest nobody complains of trade deranged and social life embittered and private time absorbed, simply because mankind has an instinct of self-preservation, and when an emergency is certain to come often we provide against all its inconveniences. And so it would be if our Parliamentary elections were annual.

I have spoken as if the frequent verdict of the people would always or generally be on the Liberal side. Of course that is our hope, for the present generation at least, and so long as the distinction between the parties keeps its present form. But that does not mean that the party called "Liberal" is always to be in power. If the people vote often they will often vote for Conservative Governments, but then they will insist on their doing Liberal work. And even if that expectation is disappointed we shall not repent. The democracy has a right to its judgment, even when it is a judgment against the light. The restoration of Protection would be a calamity; but, as Burke would have said, it would be a greater calamity if the people were bent upon it and kept back by the inertia of our legislative processes. We need not quarrel with the legislators who passed the Septennial Act because they were not up to the level of modern democratic theory. They had many excuses for their eagerness to snatch up any weapon for keeping out the Pretender. But if we were now put into their places, we should be bound to acknowledge that if the people of England really wanted a Jacobite Parliament they were entitled to have it.

There is a possible alternative to the shortening of Parliament to an invariable fixed term—the gradation of members' terms individually, according to their majorities in their constituencies. Let us say, for instance, that a member shall have one year if he beats his opponent (or higher of two opponents) by anything under 5 per cent., or 105 to 100, two years for anything between 5 and 10 per cent., three years for anything between 10 and 20 per cent., four years over 20 per cent. I do not suggest this as anything but a curiosity, but there are certain obvious merits about it. It would have some part of the effect of proportional representation without its complications. The minority

would not exactly get representation in proportion to its size, but it would get a nearer prospect of representation. And the great object of encouraging contests would be promoted more powerfully than by any other expedient short of the direct payment of candidates for standing. If you can shorten the other man's time, even supposing that he beats you, the miss ceases to be as bad as the mile.

In this way or some other, something must be done to quicken the pace of reform, if this generation is to see any good work. People talk about the impatience of youth, but youth has time to wait. A middle-aged Radical has a right to be impatient, at the age when private opportunities are narrowed, and personal hopes are lessened, and the coming changes of personal life must be mostly bitter. Progress is slow, and time is short, and I want to see a few things done before I die.

THOMAS COLLINS SNOW.

## MESCAL: A NEW ARTIFICIAL PARADISE.

**I**T has been known for some years that the Kiowa Indians of New Mexico are accustomed to eat, in their religious ceremonies, a certain cactus called *Anhalonium Lewinii*, or mescal button. Mescal—which must not be confounded with the intoxicating drink of the same name made from an agave—is found in the Mexican valley of the Rio Grande, the ancestral home of the Kiowa Indians, as well as in Texas, and is a brown and brittle substance, nauseous and bitter to the taste, composed mainly of the blunt dried leaves of the plant. Yet, as we shall see, it has every claim to rank with haschisch and the other famous drugs which have procured for men the joys of an artificial paradise. Upon the Kiowa Indians, who first discovered its rare and potent virtues, it has had so strong a fascination that the missionaries among these Indians, finding here a rival to Christianity not yielding to moral suasion, have appealed to the secular arm, and the buying and selling of the drug has been prohibited by Government under severe penalties. Yet the use of mescal prevails among the Kiowas to this day.

It has indeed spread, and the mescal rite may be said to be to-day the chief religion of all the tribes of the Southern plains of the United States. The rite usually takes place on Saturday night; the men then sit in a circle within the tent round a large camp-fire, which is kept burning brightly all the time. After prayer the leader hands each man four buttons, which are slowly chewed and swallowed, and altogether about ten or twelve buttons are consumed by each man between sundown and daybreak. Throughout the night the men sit quietly round the fire in a state of reverie—amid continual singing and the beating of drums by attendants—absorbed in the colour visions and other manifestations of mescal intoxication, and

about noon on the following day, when the effects have passed off, they get up and go about their business, without any depression or other unpleasant after-effect.

There are five or six allied species of cacti which the Indians also use and treat with great reverence. Thus Mr. Carl Lumholtz has found that the Tarahumari, a tribe of Mexican Indians, worship various cacti as gods, only to be approached with uncovered heads. When they wish to obtain these cacti, the Tarahumari cense themselves with copal incense, and with profound respect dig up the god, careful lest they should hurt him, while women and children are warned from the spot. Even Christian Indians regard Hikori, the cactus god, as co-equal with their own divinity, and make the sign of the cross in its presence. At all great festivals, Hikori is made into a drink and consumed by the medicine man, or certain selected Indians, who sing as they partake of it, invoking Hikori to grant a "beautiful intoxication;" at the same time a rasping noise is made with sticks, and men and women dance a fantastic and picturesque dance—the women by themselves in white petticoats and tunics—before those who are under the influence of the god.

In 1891 Mr. James Mooney, of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, having frequently observed the mescal rites of the Kiowa Indians and assisted at them, called the attention of the Anthropological Society at Washington to the subject, and three years later he brought to Washington a supply of mescal, which was handed over for examination to Drs. Prentiss and Morgan. These investigators experimented on several young men, and demonstrated, for the first time, the precise character of mescal intoxication and the remarkable visions to which it gives rise. A little later Dr. Weir Mitchell, who, in addition to his eminence as a physician, is a man of marked æsthetic temperament, experimented on himself, and published a very interesting record of the brilliant visions by which he was visited under the influence of the plant. In the spring of the past year I was able to obtain a small sample of mescal in London, and as my first experiment with mescal was also, apparently, the first attempt to investigate its vision-producing properties outside America,\* I will describe it in some detail, in preference to drawing on the previously published descriptions of the American observers.

On Good Friday I found myself entirely alone in the quiet rooms in the Temple which I occupy when in London, and judged the occasion a fitting one for a personal experiment. I made a decoction (a different method from that adopted in America) of three buttons, the

\* Lewin, of Berlin, indeed, experimented with *Anhalonium Lewinii*, to which he gave its name, as early as 1838, and as he found that even a small portion produced dangerous symptoms, he classed it amongst the extremely poisonous drugs, like strychnia. He failed to discover its vision-producing properties, and it seems, in fact, highly probable that he was really experimenting with a different cactus from that now known by the same name.



full physiological dose, and drank this at intervals between 2.30 and 4.30 P.M. The first symptom observed during the afternoon was a certain consciousness of energy and intellectual power.\* This passed off, and about an hour after the final dose I felt faint and unsteady; the pulse was low, and I found it pleasanter to lie down. I was still able to read, and I noticed that a pale violet shadow floated over the page around the point at which my eyes were fixed. I had already noticed that objects not in the direct line of vision, such as my hands holding the book, showed a tendency to look obtrusive, heightened in colour, almost monstrous, while, on closing my eyes, after-images were vivid and prolonged. The appearance of visions with closed eyes was very gradual. At first there was merely a vague play of light and shade, which suggested pictures, but never made them. Then the pictures became more definite, but too confused and crowded to be described, beyond saying that they were of the same character as the images of the kaleidoscope, symmetrical groupings of spiked objects. Then, in the course of the evening, they became distinct, but still indescribable—mostly a vast field of golden jewels, studded with red and green stones, ever changing. This moment was, perhaps, the most delightful of the experience, for at the same time the air around me seemed to be flushed with vague perfume—producing with the visions a delicious effect—and all discomfort had vanished, except a slight faintness and tremor of the hands, which, later on, made it almost impossible to guide a pen as I made notes of the experiment; it was, however, with an effort, always possible to write with a pencil. The visions never resembled familiar objects; they were extremely definite, but yet always novel; they were constantly approaching, and yet constantly eluding, the semblance of known things. I would see thick glorious fields of jewels, solitary or clustered, sometimes brilliant and sparkling, sometimes with a dull rich glow. Then they would spring up into flower-like shapes beneath my gaze, and then seem to turn into gorgeous butterfly forms or endless folds of glistening, iridescent, fibrous wings of wonderful insects; while sometimes I seemed to be gazing into a vast hollow revolving vessel, on whose polished concave mother-of-pearl surface the hues were swiftly changing. I was surprised, not only by the enormous profusion of the imagery presented to my gaze, but still more by its variety. Perpetually some totally new kind of effect would appear in the field of vision; sometimes there was swift movement, sometimes dull, sombre richness of colour, sometimes glitter and sparkle, once a startling rain of gold, which seemed to approach me. Most usually there was a combination of rich sober colour, with jewel-like points of brilliant hue. Every colour and tone

\* I pass lightly over the purely physiological symptoms which I have described in some detail in a paper on "The Phenomena of Mescal Intoxication" (*Lancet*, June 5, 1897), which, however, contains no description of the visions.

conceivable to me appeared at some time or another. Sometimes all the different varieties of one colour, as of red—with scarlets, crimsons, pinks—would spring up together, or in quick succession. But in spite of this immense profusion, there was always a certain parsimony and æsthetic value in the colours presented. They were usually associated with form, and never appeared in large masses, or, if so, the tone was very delicate. I was further impressed, not only by the brilliance, delicacy, and variety of the colours, but even more by their lovely and various texture—fibrous, woven, polished, glowing, dull, veined, semi-transparent—the glowing effects, as of jewels, and the fibrous, as of insects' wings, being perhaps the most prevalent. Although the effects were novel, it frequently happened, as I have already mentioned, that they vaguely recalled known objects. Thus, once the objects presented to me seemed to be made of exquisite porcelain, again they were like elaborate sweetmeats, again of a somewhat Maori style of architecture, and the background of the pictures frequently recalled, both in form and tone, the delicate architectural effects, as of lace carved in wood, which we associate with the *moucharabieh* work of Cairo. But always the visions grew and changed without any reference to the characteristics of those real objects of which they vaguely reminded me, and when I tried to influence their course it was with very little success. On the whole, I should say that the images were most usually what might be called living arabesques. There was often a certain incomplete tendency to symmetry, as though the underlying mechanism was associated with a large number of polished facets. The same image was in this way frequently repeated over a large part of the field; but this refers more to form than to colour, in respect to which there would still be all sorts of delightful varieties, so that if, with a certain uniformity, jewel-like flowers were springing up and expanding all over the field of vision, they would still show every variety of delicate tone and tint.

Weir Mitchell found that he could only see the visions with closed eyes and in a perfectly dark room. I could see them in the dark with almost equal facility, though they were not of equal brilliancy, when my eyes were wide open. I saw them best, however, when my eyes were closed, in a room lighted only by flickering firelight. This evidently accords with the experience of the Indians, who keep a fire burning brightly throughout their mescal rites.

The visions continued with undiminished brilliance for many hours, and, as I felt somewhat faint and muscularly weak, I went to bed, as I undressed being greatly impressed by the red, scaly, bronzed, and pigmented appearance of my limbs whenever I was not directly gazing at them. I had not the faintest desire for sleep; there was a general hyperæsthesia of all the senses as well as muscular irritability, and every slightest sound seemed magnified to startling dimensions. I

may also have been kept awake by a vague alarm at the novelty of my condition, and the possibility of further developments.

After watching the visions in the dark for some hours I became a little tired of them and turned on the gas. Then I found that I was able to study a new series of visual phenomena, to which previous observers had made no reference. The gas jet (an ordinary flickering burner) seemed to burn with great brilliance, sending out waves of light, which expanded and contracted in an enormously exaggerated manner. I was even more impressed by the shadows, which were in all directions heightened by flushes of red, green, and especially violet. The whole room, with its white-washed but not very white ceiling, thus became vivid and beautiful. The difference between the room as I saw it then and the appearance it usually presents to me was the difference one may often observe between the picture of a room and the actual room. The shadows I saw were the shadows which the artist puts in, but which are not visible in the actual scene under normal conditions of casual inspection. I was reminded of the paintings of Claude Monet, and as I gazed at the scene it occurred to me that mescal perhaps produces exactly the same conditions of visual hyperæsthesia, or rather exhaustion, as may be produced on the artist by the influence of prolonged visual attention. I wished to ascertain how the subdued and steady electric light would influence vision, and passed into the next room; but here the shadows were little marked, although walls and floor seemed tremulous and insubstantial, and the texture of everything was heightened and enriched.

About 3.30 A.M. I felt that the phenomena were distinctly diminishing—though the visions, now chiefly of human figures, fantastic and Chinese in character, still continued—and I was able to settle myself to sleep, which proved peaceful and dreamless. I awoke at the usual hour and experienced no sense of fatigue, nor other unpleasant reminiscence of the experience I had undergone. Only my eyes seemed unusually sensitive to colour, especially to blue and violet; I can, indeed, say that ever since this experience I have been more æsthetically sensitive than I was before to the more delicate phenomena of light and shade and colour.

It occurred to me that it would be interesting to have the experiences of an artist under the influence of mescal, and I induced an artist friend to make a similar experiment. Unfortunately no effects whatever were produced at the first attempt, owing, as I have since discovered, to the fact that the buttons had only been simply infused and their virtues not extracted. To make sure of success the experiment was repeated with four buttons, which proved to be an excessive and unpleasant dose. There were paroxysmal attacks of pain at the heart and a sense of imminent death, which naturally alarmed the subject, while so great was the dread of light and dilatation of the pupils that the eyelids had to be kept more or less closed, though it

was evident that a certain amount of vision was still possible. The symptoms came on very suddenly, and when I arrived they were already at their height. As the experiences of this subject were in many respects very unlike mine, I will give them in his own words: "I noticed first that as I happened to turn my eyes away from a blue enamel kettle at which I had been unconsciously looking, and which was standing in the fender of the fireplace, with no fire in it, it seemed to me that I saw a spot of the same blue in the black coals of the grate, and that this spot appeared again, further off, a little brighter in hue. But I was in doubt whether I had not imagined these blue spots. When, however, I lifted my eyes to the mantelpiece, on which were scattered all sorts of odds and ends, all doubt was over. I saw an intensely vivid blue light begin to play around every object. A square cigarette-box, violet in colour, shone like an amethyst. I turned my eyes away, and beheld this time, on the back of a polished chair, a bar of colour glowing like a ruby. Although I was expecting some such manifestation as one of the first symptoms of the intoxication, I was nevertheless somewhat alarmed when this phenomenon took place. Such a silent and sudden illumination of all things around, where a moment before I had seen nothing uncommon, seemed like a kind of madness beginning from outside me, and its strangeness affected me more than its beauty. A desire to escape from it led me to the door, and the act of moving had, I noticed, the effect of dispelling the colours. But a sudden difficulty in breathing and a sensation of numbness at the heart brought me back to the arm-chair from which I had risen. From this moment I had a series of attacks or paroxysms, which I can only describe by saying that I felt as though I were dying. It was impossible to move, and it seemed almost impossible to breathe. My speedy dissolution, I half imagined, was about to take place, and the power of making any resistance to the violent sensations that were arising within was going, I felt, with every second.

"The first paroxysms were the most violent. They would come on with tinglings in the lower limbs, and with the sensation of a nauseous and suffocating gas mounting up into my head. Two or three times this was accompanied by a colour vision of the gas bursting into flame as it passed up my throat. But I seldom had visions during the paroxysms; these would appear in the intervals. They began with a spurting up of colours; once, of a flood of brightly illuminated green water covering the field of vision, and effervescing in parts, just as when fresh water with all the air-bubbles is pumped into a swimming bath. At another time my eye seemed to be turning into a vast drop of dirty water in which millions of minute creatures resembling tadpoles were in motion. But the early visions consisted mostly of a furious succession of coloured arabesques, arising and descending or sliding at every possible angle into the field of view. It would be as

difficult as to give a description of the whirl of water at the bottom of a waterfall as to describe the chaos of colour and design which marked this period.

"Now also began another series of extraordinary sensations. They set in with bewildering suddenness and followed one another in rapid succession. These I now record as they occur to my mind at haphazard: (1) My right leg became suddenly heavy and solid; it seemed indeed as if the entire weight of my body had shifted into one part, about the thigh and knee, and that the rest of my body had lost all substantiality. (2) With the suddenness of a neuralgic pang, the back of my head seemed to open and emit streams of bright colour; this was immediately followed by the feeling as of a draught blowing like a gale through the hair in the same region. (3) At one moment the colour, green, acquired a taste in my mouth; it was sweetish and somewhat metallic. Blue, again, would have a taste that seemed to recall phosphorus. These are the only colours that seemed to be connected with taste. (4) A feeling of delightful relief and preternatural lightness about my forehead, succeeded by a growing sensation of contraction. (5) Singing in one of my ears. (6) A sensation of burning heat in the palm of my left hand. (7) Heat about both eyes. The last continued throughout the whole period, except for a moment when I had a sensation of cold upon the eyelids, accompanied with a colour vision of the wrinkled lid, of the skin disappearing from the brow, of dead flesh, and finally of a skull.

"Throughout these sensations and visions my mind remained not only perfectly clear, but enjoyed, I believe, an unusual lucidity. Certainly I was conscious of an odd contrast in hearing myself talk rationally with H. E., who had entered the room a short time before, and experiencing at the same moment the wild and extraordinary pranks that were taking place in my body. My reason appeared to be the sole survivor of my being. At times I felt that this, too, would go, but the sound of my own voice would establish again the communication with the outer world of reality.

"Tremors were more or less constant in my lower limbs. Persistent, also, was the feeling of nausea. This, when attended by a feeling of suffocation and a pain at the heart, was relieved by taking brandy, coffee, or biscuit. For muscular exertion I felt neither the wish nor the power. My hands, however, retained their full strength.

"It was painful for me to keep my eyes open above a few seconds; the light of day seemed to fill the room with a blinding glare. Yet every object, in the brief glimpse I caught, appeared normal in colour and shape. With my eyes closed, most of the visions, after the first chaotic display, represented parts or the whole of my body undergoing a variety of marvellous changes, of metamorphoses or illumination. They were more often than not comic and grotesque in character, though often beautiful in colour. At one time I saw my right leg

filling up with a delicate heliotrope; at another the sleeve of my coat changed into a dark green material in which was worked a pattern in red braid, and the whole bordered at the cuff with sable. Scarcely had my new sleeve taken shape than I found myself attired in a complete costume of the same fashion, mediæval in character, but I could not say to what precise period it belonged. I noted that a chance movement—of my hand, for instance—would immediately call up a colour vision of the part exerted, and that this again would pass, by a seemingly natural transition, into another wholly dissimilar. Thus, pressing my fingers accidentally against my temples, the fingertips became elongated, and then grew into the ribs of a vaulting or of a dome-shaped roof. But most of the visions were of a more personal nature. I happened once to lift a spoonful of coffee to my lips, and as I was in the act of raising my arm for that purpose, a vision flashed before my closed (or nearly closed) eyes, in all the hues of the rainbow, of my arm separated from my body, and serving me with coffee from out of dark and indefinite space. On another occasion, as I was seeking to relieve slight nausea by taking a piece of biscuit, passed to me by H. E., it suddenly streamed out into blue flame. For an instant I held the biscuit close to my leg. Immediately my trouser caught alight, and then the whole of the right side of my body, from the foot to the shoulder, was enveloped in waving blue flame. It was a sight of wonderful beauty. But this was not all. As I placed the biscuit in my mouth it burst out again into the same coloured fire and illuminated the interior of my mouth, casting a blue reflection on the roof. The light in the Blue Grotto at Capri, I am able to affirm, is not nearly as blue as seemed for a short space of time the interior of my mouth. There were many visions of which I could not trace the origin. There were spirals and arabesques and flowers, and sometimes objects more trivial and prosaic in character. In one vision I saw a row of small white flowers, one against the other like pearls of a necklace, begin to revolve in the form of a spiral. Every flower, I observed, had the texture of porcelain. It was at a moment when I had the sensation of my cheeks growing hot and feverish that I experienced the strangest of all the colour visions. It began with feeling that the skin of my face was becoming quite thin and of no stouter consistency than tissue paper, and the feeling was suddenly enhanced by a vision of my face, paper-like and semi-transparent and somewhat reddish in colour. To my amazement I saw myself as though I were inside a Chinese lantern, looking *out through my cheek* into the room. Not long after this I became conscious of a change in the visions. Their *tempo* was more moderate, they were less frequent, and they were losing somewhat in distinctness. At the same time the feeling of nausea and of numbness was departing. A short period followed in which I had no visions at all, and experienced merely a sensation of heaviness and torpor. I found that I was able

to open my eyes again and keep them fixed on any object in the room without observing the faintest blue halo or prism, or bar of glowing colour, and that, moreover, no visions appeared on closing them. It was now twilight, but beyond the fact of not seeing light or colour either without or within, I had a distinct feeling that the action of the drug was at an end and that my body had become sober, suddenly. I had no more visions, though I was not wholly free from abnormal sensations, and I retired to rest. I lay awake till the morning, and with the exception of the following night, I scarcely slept for the next three days, but I cannot say that I felt any signs of fatigue, unless, perhaps, on one of the days when my eyes, I noticed, became very susceptible to any indications of blue in an object. Of colour visions, or of any approach to colour visions, there was no further trace; but all sorts of odd and grotesque images passed in succession through my mind during part of the first night. They might have been the dreams of a Baudelaire or of an Aubrey Beardsley. I would see figures with prodigious limbs, or strangely dwarfed and curtailed, or impossible combinations such as five or six fish, the colour of canaries, floating about in air in a gold wire cage. But these were purely mental images, like the visions seen in a dream by a distempered brain.

“Of the many sensations of which my body had been the theatre during three hours, not the least strange was the feeling I experienced on coming back into a normal condition. The recovery did not proceed gradually, but the whole outer and inner world of reality came back, as it were, with a bound. And for a moment it seemed strange. It was the sensation—only much intensified—which every one has known on coming out into the light of day from an afternoon performance at a theatre, where one has sat in an artificial light of gas and lamps, the spectator of a fictitious world of action. As one pours out with the crowd into the street, the ordinary world, by force of contrast with the sensational scenes just witnessed, breaks in upon one with almost a sense of unreality. The house, the aspect of the street, even the light of day appear a little foreign for a few moments. During these moments everything strikes the mind as odd and unfamiliar, or at least with a greater degree of objectivity. Such was my feeling with regard to my old and habitual self. During the period of intoxication, the connection between the normal condition of my body and my intelligence had broken—my body had become in a manner a stranger to my reason—so that now on reasserting itself it seemed, with reference to my reason, which had remained perfectly sane and alert, for a moment sufficiently unfamiliar for me to become conscious of its individual and peculiar character. It was as if I had unexpectedly attained an objective knowledge of my own personality. I saw, as it were, my normal state of being with the eyes of a person who sees the street on coming out of the theatre in broad day.

"This sensation also brought out the independence of the mind during the period of intoxication. It alone appeared to have escaped the ravages of the drug; it alone remained sane during a general delirium, vindicating, so it seemed, the majesty of its own impersonal nature. It had reigned for a while, I now felt, as an autocrat, without ministers and their officiousness. Henceforth I should be more or less conscious of the interdependence of body and brain; a slight headache, a touch of indigestion, or what not, would be able to effect what a general intoxication of my senses and nerves could not touch."

I next made experiments on two poets, whose names are both well known. One is interested in mystical matters, an excellent subject for visions, and very familiar with various vision-producing drugs and processes. His heart, however, is not very strong. While he obtained the visions, he found the effects of mescal on his breathing somewhat unpleasant; he much prefers haschisch, though recognising that its effects are much more difficult to obtain. The other enjoys admirable health, and under the influence of mescal he experienced scarcely the slightest unpleasant reaction, but, on the contrary, a very marked state of well-being and beatitude. He took somewhat less than three buttons, so that the results were rather less marked than in my case, but they were perfectly definite. He writes: "I have never seen a succession of absolutely pictorial visions with such precision and such unaccountability. It seemed as if a series of dissolving views were carried swiftly before me, all going from right to left, none corresponding with any seen reality. For instance, I saw the most delightful dragons, puffing out their breath straight in front of them like rigid lines of steam, and balancing white balls at the end of their breath! When I tried to fix my mind on real things, I could generally call them up, but always with some inexplicable change. Thus, I called up a particular monument in Westminster Abbey, but in front of it, to the left, knelt a figure in Florentine costume, like some one out of a picture of Botticelli; and I *could not* see the tomb without also seeing this figure. Late in the evening I went out on the Embankment, and was absolutely fascinated by an advertisement of 'Bovril,' which went and came in letters of light on the other side of the river; I cannot tell you the intense pleasure this moving light gave me, and how dazzling it seemed to me. Two girls and a man passed me, laughing loudly, and lolling about as they walked. I realised, intellectually, their coarseness, but visually I saw them, as they came under a tree, fall into the lines of a delicate picture; it might have been an Albert Moore. After coming in I played the piano with closed eyes, and got waves and lines of pure colour, almost always without form, though I saw one or two appearances which might have been shields or breastplates—pure gold, studded with small jewels in intricate patterns. All the time I had no unpleasant



feelings whatever, except a very slight headache, which came and went. I slept soundly and without dreams."

The results of music in the case just quoted—together with the habit of the Indians to combine the drum with mescal rites, and my own observation that very slight jarring or stimulation of the scalp would affect the visions—suggested to me to test the influence of music on myself. I therefore once more put myself under the influence of mescal (taking a somewhat smaller dose than on the first occasion), and lay for some hours on a couch with my head more or less in contact with the piano, and with closed eyes directed towards a subdued light, while a friend played, making various tests, of his own devising, which were not explained to me until afterwards. I was to watch the visions in a purely passive manner, without seeking to direct them, nor was I to think about the music, which, so far as possible, was unknown to me. The music stimulated the visions and added greatly to my enjoyment of them. It seemed to harmonise with them, and, as it were, support and bear them up. A certain persistence and monotony of character in the music was required in order to affect the visions, which then seemed to fall into harmony with it, and any sudden change in the character of the music would blur the visions, as though clouds passed between them and me. The chief object of the tests was to ascertain how far a desire on the composer's part to suggest definite imagery would affect my visions. In about half the cases there was no resemblance, in the other half there was a distinct resemblance which was sometimes very remarkable. This was especially the case with Schumann's music, for example with his *Waldscenen* and *Kinderscenen*; thus "The Prophet Bird" called up vividly a sense of atmosphere and of brilliant feathery bird-like forms passing to and fro; "A Flower Piece" provoked constant and persistent images of vegetation; while "Scheherazade" produced an effect of floating white raiment, covered by glittering spangles and jewels. In every case my description was, of course, given before I knew the name of the piece. I do not pretend that this single series of experiments proves much, but it would certainly be worth while to follow up this indication and to ascertain if any light is hereby thrown on the power of a composer to suggest definite imagery, or the power of a listener to perceive it.

It would be out of place here to discuss the obscure question as to the underlying mechanism by which mescal exerts its magic powers. It is clear from the foregoing descriptions that mescal intoxication may be described as chiefly a saturnalia of the specific senses, and, above all, an orgy of vision. It reveals an optical fairyland, where all the senses now and again join the play, but the mind itself remains a self-possessed spectator. Mescal intoxication thus differs from the other artificial paradises which drugs procure. Under

the influence of alcohol, for instance, as in normal dreaming, the intellect is impaired, although there may be a consciousness of unusual brilliance; haschisch, again, produces an uncontrollable tendency to movement and bathes its victim in a sea of emotion. The mescal drinker remains calm and collected amid the sensory turmoil around him; his judgment is as clear as in the normal state; he falls into no oriental condition of vague and voluptuous reverie. The reason why mescal is of all this class of drugs the most purely intellectual in its appeal is evidently because it affects mainly the most intellectual of the senses. On this ground it is not probable that its use will easily develop into a habit. Moreover, unlike most other intoxicants, it seems to have no special affinity for a disordered and unbalanced nervous system; on the contrary, it demands organic soundness and good health for the complete manifestation of its virtues.\* Further, unlike the other chief substances to which it may be compared, mescal does not wholly carry us away from the actual world, or plunge us into oblivion; a large part of its charm lies in the halo of beauty which it casts around the simplest and commonest things. It is the most democratic of the plants which lead men to an artificial paradise. If it should ever chance that the consumption of mescal becomes a habit, the favourite poet of the mescal drinker will certainly be Wordsworth. Not only the general attitude of Wordsworth, but many of his most memorable poems and phrases cannot—one is almost tempted to say—be appreciated in their full significance by one who has never been under the influence of mescal. On all these grounds it may be claimed that the artificial paradise of mescal, though less seductive, is safe and dignified beyond its peers.

At the same time it must be remembered that at present we are able to speak on a basis of but very small experience, so far as civilised men are concerned. The few observations recorded in America and my own experiments in England do not enable us to say anything regarding the habitual consumption of mescal in large amounts. That such consumption would be gravely injurious I cannot doubt. Its safeguard seems to lie in the fact that a certain degree of robust health is required to obtain any real enjoyment from its visionary gifts. It may at least be claimed that for a healthy person to be once or twice admitted to the rites of mescal is not only an unforgettable delight but an educational influence of no mean value.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

\* It is true, as many persons do not need to be reminded, that in neurasthenia and states of over-fatigue, symptoms closely resembling the slight and earlier phenomena of mescal intoxication are not uncommon; but in such cases there is rarely any sense of well-being and enjoyment.

## THE PLEVNA OF LABOUR.

**T**HE most dangerous industrial battle of our time has been fought out, almost to exhaustion. At the moment when this REVIEW is going to press, it is impossible to say what the result has been. Only two things can be said with certainty. One is, that it is unsatisfactory to both sides; the other is, that the friends of social peace must nevertheless be thankful that it is no worse.

It concerns all men who look ahead to endeavour to appreciate the inner history and the true import of the struggle. Labour has been forced, for months together, to hold its trenches in a desperate fight. It has been for trades-unionism a matter of life and death. Whatever may be thought of their tactics when the quarrel began, the engineers have fought as stubbornly and as steadily as men ever fought to save their country from invasion. Their funds in hundreds of thousands—at least a quarter of a million in cash—had to be poured out like water. The provision they had made for sickness and old age had to be compromised. The combination against them had inexhaustible resources in itself, and was reported to be backed by outside capitalists, one of whom alone proposed to lend a million without interest, if necessary. Yet, to the last, when terms hostile to the broad principles of trades-unionism were offered, they voted by 100 to 1 against surrender.

The outside public has not, if the truth must be told, been very keenly interested in the dispute. For a time, public opinion was distinctly against the A.S.E. The man in the street—or at least, the business man—believed that the engineers had been in many ways unreasonable about machinery, and did not sympathise with the demand that the eight hours day should be made an absolute London rule. It was only when it became gradually more and more plain

that the real object of the Federation was to kill effective unionism altogether, that the powerful force of public opinion began to tell against Colonel Dyer's schemes. It is time now to throw a little light on the real issues of the contest, which are not at all apprehended by many of those who have closely followed the public history.

The occasion which provoked the conflict was almost accidental, although it had been long intended by a certain section of the masters. There has been trouble brewing for years in the shops, the masters being nettled by the demands, sometimes unreasonable, as to machines, and the men being nettled by the tendency to use piece-work rates as a means to cut down the wages standard. A federation of masters had grown up in the north. It turned largely on ship-building interests, and it was cemented by such incidents as that which happened at Earle's, where a dispute over a machine led to the intervention of the Board of Trade, and the Board of Trade agreed with the men. London, however, was outside the area of the Federation, and probably the detailed difficulties in the London district were less acute than in other districts, where the local leaders of the A.S.E. were less intelligent. It must be remembered that the A.S.E. is organised on a system of local independence, and that a district can practically take out its men, and even pay them 10s. a week, without obtaining the leave of the Central Executive at all. If, therefore, some local branches have been unreasonable about labour-saving machines, the whole society is not to blame for that, and there would never have been, once the Federation had come into negotiation with the Central Executive, any serious difficulty in settling general rules and in creating a fair tribunal to which individual disputes could be referred. The question of piece-work rates was more complicated, because there is a perpetual craving among employers to put their efficient men on piece-work in order to get high speed out of them, and then to cut down their rates when, by reason of a large output, they earn very much more than the standard weekly wage.

This very difficulty, however, has been met and settled to everybody's satisfaction in other trades, and there is no reason why, by bargaining between the Federated employers and the A.S.E. as a whole, it should not have been settled very smoothly. But, unhappily, at the time when these griefs arose, the Federation and the Central Executive of the A.S.E. were not in touch with each other, but were at arm's length and mutually defiant. Apparently, it never even occurred to Colonel Dyer and his friends that such things were better settled by reason and common agreement than by brute force. "The control of our own workshops" became the war cry of the masters. May not a man do what he likes with his own? And in support of this very plausible demand they alleged a still more plausible desire. They wanted to increase the output of the English trade, so that they

might the better hold their own against that common enemy and popular bogey—the foreigner.

This state of mind led them to resolve in their secret conclaves that they must make an end of the power of the Union. It had become the more obnoxious to them since it had appointed paid officials, by whom any complaints that might arise in a workshop were carried to the master, so that his own employes did not appear in the matter at all. Even the most just and honourable of employers dislike this change; and even the most submissive of Unions finds it expedient some time or other to make it. In the earlier stage, when any man or group of men in a workshop feel aggrieved, they have to go, or at least send a deputation, to the management. The masters, therefore, know the ringleaders of the shop; and, to put it brutally, they can either get rid of them, or can at least check any inconvenient zeal by the constant fear of that result. But once a paid delegate exists, there is no one for the master to dismiss. The result is that there are more complaints—reasonable or otherwise, as the case may be—and no doubt the result is also that this independent “ambassador of labour” often gives himself airs and plays the fool, as “his betters” do in similar circumstances of sudden elevation.

The trade was in this temper when, by a curious accident, a quarrel wholly unconnected with the real difficulties hurried it into this tremendous war.

It has long been well-known that London hours in various trades tend to be shorter than the working hours in the provinces. In part it may be that the London workman has, on the average, farther to travel to and from his work. In part it is probably an instance of the general law that London labour is relatively well paid and well treated, apparently because, on the whole, it is picked labour. In the London engineering trade there had long been an approach to the eight hours day. Many great firms had given it voluntarily, and found it to answer well enough. In fact, when the crisis came, and the A.S.E. resolved to insist upon it as a London rule, a large majority of the London employers either had given, or were quite prepared to give, the concession. The great object-lesson of the concession of the shorter day by the Admiralty itself had broken the back of resistance; and although not a few, by reason of peculiarities in their work, or of their own incapacity to organise it, or of mere inertia and conservatism, disliked and feared the change, no first-class employer was prepared seriously to say that it would necessarily diminish the output or increase the cost of production to any appreciable extent.

This is treated by the campaign orators of the Federation as if it were a self-evident absurdity. They know very well that it is, on the contrary, a very simple and obvious fact. There are many reasons

for it which can hardly be discussed without going into technical details. There are two, however, which can be apprehended by any one.

In the first place, the masters' great complaint of slack output, either because of machine restrictions or of restrictions on piece-work, implies that a speeding up of the work and an increase of the output on a large scale is possible with improved arrangements. The whole industrial world knows well that a shorter day reacts in these very ways. The shorter the day, in reason, the harder a man *can* work, and in the net result, the harder he *has* to work while he is at it. If the masters had said, "You shall have your forty-eight hour week, but you shall leave us a freer hand with machines and piece-work," there would have been an end of the matter, and everybody would have gained in the result.

In the second place, it is notorious that when a man goes to work before breakfast, say at 6.30, after a long travel from his home, and after probably a dram at the public-house to pull himself together, he is not a very efficient machine. Everybody knows that in those hours before breakfast very little useful work is done. It is not altogether that the men shirk it—though, as the managing partner is not about, and the foremen themselves are not very energetic, there is plenty of temptation to shirk for any one who is so minded. But the men are not physically fit for much. A man with a good meal inside him will always be worth more pay than a man without—just as a beef-fed navvy will lift more cubic yards in a week than a navvy who is less well fed. It is calculated, and it seems to be true, that these hours are actually the worst for accidents—to men and to machinery alike. The consequence is plain. If the working week were so rearranged that men could practically get their breakfast before they began work, there would be an automatic increase of efficiency of very great advantage to every one concerned.

The London trade then could easily have conceded the demand for a forty-eight hours week. But a hitch arose which the public does not as yet understand. A group of firms who live by Government contracts determined that *they* could not stand it. The reason was simplicity itself. They were, in fact, hard pressed by provincial competitors. They were already afraid of losing their contracts, owing to the general high cost of London work and to the fact that they had no longer, for various reasons, their old lead over their northern rivals in skill and general efficiency. They would not have minded a general eight hours day; but what they could not stand was a rule which required a forty-eight hours week from them and left their rivals free to work for fifty-four hours. As the conditions relative to machinery and piece-work would probably be the same for both, they felt, and felt very reasonably, that they would be handicapped

in what was already a very close race, and might very easily be ruined.

As a result of this, a few ringleaders, including Messrs. Thornycroft and Messrs. Humphreys and Tennant, proceeded to agitate against the *excursion* which was on the point of being made. They obtained the support of other Government contractors, and of various persons who for a variety of reasons dislike the change, and it was *swayed* that the question should be fought.

This decision proved to be momentous. The Federation, which had *not* *hitherto* had any hold on London, came in to back the resisting *minority*. Why the provincial masters, whose interests were, on the *whole*, *not* *seriously* rather than injured by a London eight-hours rule, should have thus thrown their sword into the scale, is not very easy to explain. Probably they were themselves eager for a contest upon the wider question, and thought it good tactics to force the fighting.

From the moment of their intervention the character of the dispute absolutely changed. Professing to believe that if the eight-hours day were conceded in London it was intended to demand it elsewhere—which was probably at the time quite untrue—they issued their famous declaration that if the A.S.E. maintained the small local strike, the Federation would lock out the whole of the Union men in successive batches of twenty-five per cent. each week. The A.S.E. took up the challenge, and the nation was instantly involved in a first-class industrial war. The masters then made great play with all their grievances concerning machinery and the supposed slackness of output, which have already been discussed, and they congratulated one another upon their good fortune in driving this dangerous Union into a position in which they reckoned it could certainly be beaten.

The grounds for this assurance were not at first obvious to the uninitiated, but, as the masters were well aware, the A.S.E. was, in fact, very unpopular in the world of Unionism. It is needless to enter into the rights and wrongs of their quarrel with Mr. Knight and his boiler-makers, which, after all, was only an incident. The fact is that many of the unions have had reason to resent the interference of the A.S.E. in matters of division of work, while others dislike it with that kind of jealousy which the powerful must expect to excite.

It is probably also true that the A.S.E. has not always been well managed of late years. Nevertheless, it seemed as if this society, with £300,000 in the bank, was a dangerous enemy to attack. The Federation chiefs, however, did not think so when they met at Carlisle. Their fighting men, who have always formed a kind of inner ring within the Federation, calculated out the position to their own satisfaction. "We shall be able," they said, "to lock out practically the whole of the 90,000 men of the society. They will, therefore, be

able to raise nothing by levies, and they will get little or nothing from other unions or the public; therefore it will not take more than seven or eight weeks to exhaust their invested funds, even if they throw into the melting-pot the funds which are necessary to secure their sick benefits. Before two months are out, therefore," they said, "we shall have them back on our own terms, and those terms will be that the Union is to have nothing further to say in the matter, and is to be nothing more in future than a second-rate benefit society." The more far-seeing had already suggested a still further step. "Let us," they said, "do what Livesey has done and what the Dock Companies are doing; let us organise shop benefit funds of our own, and let us take care either to avoid Union men altogether, or at least to wean them from their society and make them join our own fund." From this to the further policy of refusing to employ Union men and black-listing them was an easy step.

When, however, the employers essayed to carry out their threat, they found the matter a great deal more difficult than they supposed. Instead of locking-out 90,000 Society men, they found they could not lock-out, in spite of all their exertions, more than a fraction of that number. Instead of finding the remainder frightened by the powerful attack, and ready to desert the cause, they found not only the Society men, but even the non-Society men, supporting the A.S.E. with astonishing unanimity, and levying on themselves to an amount which, as time went on, approached £10,000 a week. A period of feverish activity accordingly began among the forward section of the masters. They organised what was called a canvassing committee, which was, in plain English, a committee for the coercion of reluctant employers. They used threats right and left. The usual plan, of course, was to tell dependent firms that if they did not join the "roll of fame" they need expect no more orders.

Considering that the fighting section were to a large extent important Government contractors and that their work constantly involved the placing of sub-contracts or the ordering of great masses of fittings and appliances, the effect of such a boycotting expedition may easily be imagined. Dozens of the weaker firms were driven, sorely against their will, to join. After a while, however, the astute Colonel Dyer and his friends discovered that the situation cut both ways. There are, in fact, an immense number of orders in the market at present; and it became clear as time went on that it might easily pay a firm not to lock out its men. It is true that the first firms who started the game were able to draw a certain amount of loose labour, good or bad, from the provinces, and some of them have been able to keep going after a fashion. But the new firms whom Colonel Dyer sought to frighten into his net, perceived that if they locked out the Society



and they could get in the way of their plan. The difficulties of the situation were so a matter of fact, invited the Federation in an important sense of reasonable liberty, of which the outside world was so ignorant. It is said that they were actually permitting the firms they mentioned a considerable sum per week for every man they worked on, as long as the dispute should last. Much as the men have spent over the process, it is beyond doubt that the employers have spent far more. In spite, however, of all their efforts, the lock-out extended very slowly. The disastrous fact that certain great independent firms, such as Harland & Wolff, and the Fairfield Company, suddenly refused to fall into line, undoubtedly crippled Colonel Byer's campaign. There was even at one point a serious proposal in the Federation that the dispute should be settled by the simple method of extending the eight hours day in London only, on the understanding that it was not to be demanded in the provinces. This, however, would not do. The Federation found that as it had taken up the London contractors and their quarrel it could not drop them again. They made it exceedingly plain that they would stand nothing except a national settlement; they did not so much mind for their part a national eight-hours day, and they were happy enough with a national nine-hours day. But a local settlement they would not have, and the project dropped accordingly.

The employers had been curiously successful in concealing their actual policy and intentions from the public; and but for the Siemens indiscretion they might have continued to do so. The publication of an interview, in which he was reported to have said openly that they proposed to smash the unions, was a bomb-shell in the camp of the Federation. Of course, there were denials *ad nauseam*; but the fighting section of the Federation knew well, and did not hesitate to say privately, that these denials were a shocking piece of hypocrisy. At a later period the publication of a remarkable article in the *Chronicle*, circumstantially accusing the Federation of an organised attempt at Union-smashing, produced still further disgust in the camp of the employers. The true facts appear to be that there have been throughout a Forward party and a more Moderate party among the rulers of the Federation. Ever since they conferred together at Carlisle the party of violence have been quietly looking out, probably without the knowledge of some of their own colleagues, a policy of Union-smashing of the most absolute character. They have certainly developed the idea of founding Masters' Benefit Societies in the Federation shops, so that it had already matured some weeks ago into an elaborate and carefully considered scheme; the idea being that a man might be passed on from one federated shop to another without losing his benefits, although the organisation of the scheme should be such as to leave him practically at the mercy of his employers. At

the same time, although they have never ventured publicly to say that they propose in future to employ no Union men, there is no doubt that, at least among the fighting section, that is seriously intended. At least, they have arranged a very ingenious system for the exchange of characters between one shop and another, which is intended, in plain English, to allow them quietly to black-list inconvenient persons without running the legal risk or moral obloquy of doing so in terms. In some of the Federation circles the black-list system appears to be undisguised. Here is a case which is reported by a Union secretary in a large town :

“ Six fitters, not being satisfied with the money they were receiving at Messrs. A—, left the latter's employment. Three got started in R—, others in C—. They were working away, getting more money, and giving every satisfaction to their foremen. One day, about a week or two afterwards, the time-keeper in the one case, and the foreman in the other, came to them with a printed sheet in their hand and asked their names and where employed last. On giving a truthful statement they were informed that the firm had no longer any need for their service. They asked if there was any fault to be found with the work and the officials replied in the negative.”

The usual plan, however, appears to be more refined. Perhaps it has been improved upon since the date of that incident. When a man applies for work at a federated shop, application is made for his character at the shop from which he comes. If that be a non-federated shop, it appears that specific inquiries are frequently made as to whether he is a unionist or not. If the shop be in the Federation it is not necessary even to go so far as this ; the wording of the character returned will convey sufficiently to a federated eye whether the man is a person of the black-listed kind or not. The Federation will be quite prepared to say, officially, as they have agreed to say in the latest terms, that they will not advise any particular employer to give a preference to non-union men. But it is certainly the intention of the Forward section to adopt this rule among themselves and to extend it as widely as possible, and it is more than probable that, if the employers win, the only way in which a man who is known as an active trades unionist will be able to get work in a federated shop will be by going to some non-federated employer and getting a character from him in a false name, as, in fact, the Society men are, in some cases, preparing to do already.

The suspicion which grew up in the public mind as to the real meaning of the employers' campaign operated very unfavourably on their plans. The truth is that their own more moderate section, represented by such men, to quote only one example, as Sir Benjamin Browne, probably never intended to go so far, and were sufficiently wise to see that a policy of driving the men to desperation, even

if it were nominally successful, would be ruinous to the employers in the end. Accordingly, after a long period of obstinate refusal to refer the matters in dispute to any sort of conference, Colonel Dyer at last got as far as the Westminster Palace Hotel. Even then the fighting section declared roundly that they would not tolerate any sort of conciliator or independent chairman. They were perfectly frank about it. "Any independent chairman," they said, "would give the men something. We are quite satisfied that we have beaten them already, and we propose that they shall come back absolutely on our own terms."

The struggle had already lasted far more than the eight weeks which the calculators had allowed it at Carlisle; the masters had spent enormous sums of money, and it was perfectly well known that many of the weak firms which were being subsidised were face to face with ruin. Their orders had gone elsewhere, and there was very little chance that when the fight was over their customers would return. The great firms, however, and particularly the Admiralty contractors, were prepared to hold out a little longer. The Admiralty had, in fact, been very sympathetic; they had acquiesced quite patiently in the paralysis of their great naval ship-building programme. It is supposed by the innocent outsider that this was because the Admiralty was bound by the strike clauses in the contracts themselves to wait until the combatants had settled their dispute. It is now known, however, that this is not true. Detailed statements have been made in the London Press, and have been left conspicuously unanswered, in which it is alleged that there are large quantities of Admiralty contracts in which there is no strike clause at all of any kind, and in which the Admiralty nevertheless has put on no pressure to demand delivery of goods which ought to have been delivered months ago. The fact is that these Government orders have been quietly put aside, while the limited resources which the contractors now possess are employed in turning out the work of such private customers as refuse to wait.

As time went on, however, and as the disclosures attracted public attention to this extraordinary state of things, and as the Navy League, of all people, began to protest in the most serious manner that the whole margin of our naval supremacy had been absolutely lost by the delay, Colonel Dyer found himself under a constantly increasing pressure to settle the dispute. At the end of the first conference he and his friends were under the impression that they had done an excellent stroke of work. The formula they had proposed would leave them practically a free hand to proceed with the policy of Union-smashing at their leisure, and as they had transferred the decision from the hands of pestilent agitators like Mr. Sellicks and Mr. Barnes to the votes of the men themselves, who were no doubt weary of the

strike and no doubt anxious to return to work, they thought that their troubles were over.

The discovery that the men themselves were 100 to 1 against them was, therefore, a staggering blow. The unfortunate circumstance that the Admiralty was getting nervous about public criticism at the same moment produced a considerable change of mind on the part of the more reasonable employers. And there is no doubt that Colonel Dyer went into the adjourned conference with instructions which practically meant the settlement of the dispute.

But the fighting section were not yet done with. When they discovered what was going on, a number of them rushed up to London, and sat down in the Westminster Palace Hotel to see that Colonel Dyer did not give too much away. The result was almost ludicrous. Those who know the details of the historic proceedings of the December conference will not readily forget them. Colonel Dyer himself was reduced to the uttermost pitch of perplexity. At one time he was imploring the friends of the men to keep the newspapers quiet until he could arrange the deal; at another time he was reduced to a state of physical collapse by the conflicting violence of the masters who insisted that he should arrange a settlement, and other masters who insisted that he should not. So far as an outsider can judge, he seems to have done his work admirably. He devised a set of propositions which appeared to concede a great deal, but which, in fact, conceded very little. No one could deny that he had recognised, after a fashion, the idea of collective bargaining; but no one who knows the facts can doubt that upon these terms collective bargaining will not, in fact, exist. Before this article sees the light the men will have voted upon the terms, and the discussion will have, therefore, entered upon a new phase. One can only repeat, therefore, what was said at the beginning. What the result may be it is as yet impossible to see; but it is practically certain that it will be satisfactory to neither party.

We have drifted into a state in which both the masters and the men have organised themselves upon a great scale and are able therefore to wage battles of the first magnitude. Once this state of things has come about, it is absolutely senseless to be contented with arrangements which settle nothing, and with definitions which can only mean a prolonged period of guerilla war. If the men reject the terms they can no doubt, if they choose, stay out till Parliament meets. The Admiralty will then have a heavy account to pay, and the Federation will therefore be driven into some tolerable terms after all. But in any case it is strange that the masters, shrewd as they are, have failed to see that to bring back by brute force so many thousands of beaten and infuriated men is the worst way in the world to increase the output of their shops or to avoid the friction of which they complain. It may be lamentable, but it is quite certain, that the speed of work under

such a state of things would not improve, and the breakages of machinery would be painfully frequent. If the fighting masters had half as much statesmanship as they have cunning, they would have long since recognised that the only safety, as well as the only justice, is to be found in frankly dealing with the collective power of the men, and in making it the interest of the Union as a whole to stop the vagaries either of branches or of individuals.

Meanwhile, there is at least one moral which is plain. There is an interest which is greater than either that of the master or that of the men. It is that of the consumer, or, in other words, that of the community. This dispute has made it plain that arbitration must presently become compulsory. No doubt the British public will not tolerate such an innovation in any direct or acknowledged form ; that is immaterial. In New Zealand, Mr. Reeves was not afraid to produce a Compulsory Arbitration Bill, and it seems to be unanimously admitted that everybody is the better for it. It is said that the employers of the North are furious with the Tories because of the operation of the Conciliation Act, lame as it is. If it be true, it only shows that men who are enraged and despotic have little sense of their own interest. But the Conciliation Act is itself a stronger machinery than Mr. Ritchie has himself yet dared to make it. It is high time it was made stronger still.

AN ONLOOKER.

## THE BREAKING UP OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY is a political community in flux, or as the Germans put it, *im Werden*. Devoid of the unity which race, religion, language, literature, and common laws effect, it cannot be called a nation in the sense in which England, France, and Germany are nations. It is a limbo of political fragments gravitating with one exception towards other States, but which no other State could annex without exciting the jealousy and arousing the opposition of powerful rivals. Since it first received its name in 1806, Austria has been continuously undergoing a process of internal change, progressing or receding according to the point of view of the spectator. Within certain well-defined limits these modifications, which are always interesting to the student, leave the practical politician indifferent. But there are other possible developments which must necessarily affect all Europe, change the political centre of gravity, and produce serious international complications. And the Habsburg monarchy seems to be on the verge of some such change just now, in fact certain of its most influential ethnographical elements are already taking measures to prepare for the eventuality. To-day it is a dual State, and is officially known as Austria-Hungary. To-morrow, however, it may become Austria-Hungary-Bohemia. At present the Empire is, politically speaking, German, in virtue of the law of *vis inertiae*, and it forms the corner-stone of the Triple Alliance. In a short time its sympathies may have become Slav and its foreign policy philo-Russian. This, however, is but one of a series of possibilities, the realisation of any one of which would be equally fraught with the gravest consequences.

The Empire owes its greatness—nay, its very existence—to the ruin of a number of other States, some of which once played a conspicuous

and even glorious part in European history, just as the detrital rock known as pudding-stone is composed of the water-worn *débris* of other rocks which once had an independent existence of their own. The delusion which the main component elements of Austria seem to labour under, is that all the pebbles and cobbles can be removed from this political pudding-stone without affecting its character; and the danger they incur lies in their strenuous and persevering endeavour to act upon this delusion. This is the Austro-Hungarian problem in a nutshell. Home rule was conceded to Hungary in 1867; why not, they ask, extend it to Bohemia in 1898, and replace centralisation with federation? Such is the question in its simplest form.

The answers are numerous. Two, however, will amply suffice for the moment. The experiment is dangerous because the change to federation necessarily involves a number of other changes so far-reaching that they must inevitably affect foreign States and provoke their interference. The second reason is equally cogent: were it feasible to steer clear of international troubles, it would still be impossible to avoid civil war, for such is the peculiar ethnographical mixture which we see in Austria, that no scheme of federation can possibly be devised which would not constitute a flagrant violation of the rights of one or more of the nationalities within the monarchy itself. And heretofore this peculiarity has always been looked upon as a guarantee for the durability of the present arrangement.

If the members of each different race were massed together in one district, the problem would be considerably simplified. But this is very far from being the case. The territory of each is dotted over with large ethnographical islands formed by rival races, as, for instance, Bohemia with German settlements; or else a people of the same stock is split up into tribes possessing different languages or dialects, different alphabets, different histories, and different religions. This is the weak point of the Slavs. They are racially split up and geographically scattered. We are wont to label them all with one name, which warrants the belief that they are one people. But the name is a misnomer and the belief a mistake. In a matter of this kind statistics are extremely misleading. Let us say, for instance—and the statement is quite correct—that there are nearly fifteen millions of Slavs in Austria proper,\* as against eight and three-quarter million Germans.† What is more natural than to conclude that, as the Slavs outnumber the Germans in the proportion of nearly two to one, they should likewise enjoy a corresponding degree of political influence? Or, put it in another form: if it be meet and just that the Magyars ‡

\* The exact number is 14,805,000. In the Austro-Hungarian Empire there are 21½ million Slavs who do not control the destinies of the monarchy, as against 16 million Germans and Magyars who do.

† In exact numbers 8,840,000.

‡ Hungarians.

should be allowed to rule a country containing seventeen and a half million persons, wherein they themselves number only seven and a half millions, why should it not be equally—nay, much more—just that the Slavs should govern Austria, seeing that, out of a population of twenty-eight and three-quarter millions they number fourteen and three-quarter millions?

The fact is that the unity of the Slavs is hardly more than an ethnographical abstraction. For political purposes it is non-existent. Thus the Poles are not Czechs,\* although both are Slavs; they speak different tongues, the former possessing a rich literature, the latter a very poor one; their political history has little in common, and as lately as four years ago the Poles were allied with the Germans against their brothers, the Czechs.† The Ruthenians, who are also Slavs, have no great love for the Czechs, while they utterly loathe the Poles, and their language is very different indeed from that of either of the other two peoples, as are also their alphabet (they use Russian characters) and their religion. The Czech idiom is to the Ruthenian as German is to English, or as French is to Roumanian. Then come the Croatians, who are not only Slavs, but the very purest specimens of the race; and they would feel mortally offended if they were confounded with any of the foregoing. The Slovenians, whose very name proclaims them to be Slavs, would be less wrathful at such a mistake, probably because their very backward state of civilisation would lead them to regard it as a compliment. But they differ in many respects from Czechs, Poles, Ruthenians, and Croatians. Nothing, however, could characterise the situation more satisfactorily than the circumstance that, whenever a Panslavonic Conference is convoked, the chosen representatives of the various Slavic sections are forced to converse with each other in German! Thus the Slavs of Austria-Hungary are not united by the bond of religion, history, language, literature, nor identical political aspirations. Even at the present moment the Polish Slavs in Austria persecute their brethren the Ruthenians, quite as ruthlessly as the Russians used to persecute the Poles.

And the peoples already mentioned by no means exhaust the list of ethnographical fragments in Austria-Hungary. There are about three million Roumanians, almost a million and a half Slovenians, two million Jews, and nearly three-quarters of a million Italians, &c. &c. And they intersect each other everywhere. The Germans are settled in Transylvania among the Hungarians, in Moravia, in Bohemia, and in Silesia among the Slavs; the Czechs are invading Austria, and

\* Hungarians.

† The Slavonic inhabitants of Bohemia. They form roughly about three-fifths of the population of that country. The Germans constitute the other two-fifths. The word is pronounced almost identically with the English word "checks."



are particularly numerous in Vienna ; while the Jews are migrating to Bosnia. When we say therefore that the Germans of Austria or the Magyars of Hungary are in a minority, we are comparing them not with one race but with various races, and the conclusion we draw is false. The Germans possess a relative majority in Austria just as the Magyars do in Hungary ; and that is an essential point.

Now, complicated as the problem already is, it would be relatively simple if political parties ran parallel with these national fragments. But this is very far from being the case. It by no means follows that because a man is a Czech he is also a partisan of federalism and a hater of the Germans. He may be a Clerical, or he may be a Social-democrat. In like manner a German may be an enemy of the German party, because he happens to be a Conservative, a clerical, or an anti-Semite. The Serbs and Croatians are not only one and the same race, but they speak the same language ; yet they hate each other because they are members of different Churches. The Germans, as we saw, instead of presenting a united front to the enemy, are split up into half a dozen political fractions who breathe fire and flame against one another. And so on to the end of the chapter : the threads become hopelessly entangled and confusion worse confounded.

The one centripetal force in the Empire is the Emperor Franz Josef, who enjoys the affection of all parties in the State. The magic of his words, the chivalry of his character, the strength underlying his human weakness, and the poignancy of his suffering irresistibly draw his subjects to him, and in the wildest political storm an utterance of his suffices to produce a profound calm, during which the voice of reason has a chance of being heard. By force of circumstances and by dint of experience he is become the most far-sighted statesman in his own Empire and, it may be, in all Europe. He can understand all parties, for he passed through most of them himself, and what is equally to the point, he can fathom motives and appreciate persons. In 1848 he was an Absolutist of the type of his friend and ally, Nicholas I. of Russia ; he next became an Opportunist ; after which he turned Liberal, and at one time he went so far as to adopt Federalism itself. It is highly probable that as long as Franz Josef lives the dual Empire may contrive to subsist on its present basis, but only on condition that no wild experiments are attempted. A return to Absolutism is not a whit more dangerous than a plunge into Federalism. Both would prove suicidal.

The present critical condition of Austria is the logical outcome of its historical development, and, in order to be understood aright, must be viewed in the light of history. This is no difficult task, seeing that the most ancient of the events in question are not quite so old as the century. The wars of Napoleon I., which had acted as an irresistible solvent upon the German Empire, left the Kaiser still at the head of a powerful empire, over which he ruled without

Parliament or Ministry. The one branch of legislation which pointed to Liberalism was the section dealing with the relations between Church and State; the one remnant of old times which still suggested Federalism was the quasi-independence of the various provinces of which the Empire was composed. Thus, on the one hand the Roman Catholic Church was entirely under the thumb of the Government, Joseph II. having placed it upon a Procrustean bed of his own making, and there it lay till the beginning of the second half of this century. Between Hungary and Austria, on the other hand, there existed a vigilantly watched customs cordon, and a high tariff of duties was levied on various kinds of produce. Austria at this stage was an unwieldy Empire, not a modern State.

In 1848 it was shattered to its foundations. Hungary rose up in rebellion. The dynasty was seriously threatened. The military aid of Russia was sought for and obtained. Then a new man suddenly appeared upon the scene, young, energetic, hopeful, and devotedly attached to the principles of Conservatism as understood by the feudal nobility of Central Europe. This man was the Emperor Franz Joseph. His one ruling idea was to preserve intact the heritage of his forefathers and to weld his heterogeneous peoples into a compact State. One of the surest methods of compassing this end would have been the Germanisation of the Slavs and Magyars, had the moment been propitious. Unfortunately it was too late. The sentiment of nationality had been already awakened in the breasts of the Magyars; it had never been extinguished among the Poles; and the philological studies which were flourishing in Germany called it into new life among the Bohemians. Another method, far less efficacious and infinitely slower, would have been the creation of a code of laws for the whole Empire. But for many reasons this scheme was never undertaken. The only other way remaining was to enlist the all-powerful Church in the cause, and make it a willing instrument in the hands of the State. And this Franz Joseph set about doing.

The vast majority of Austrians were members of the Roman Catholic Church. The Protestants and the Orthodox were but as dust in the balance when compared with these. The bulk of the people were uneducated, superstitious, submissive, mere clay in the hands of the spiritual potters, and nothing seemed easier than to mould and shape them politically in accordance with the Emperor's desire. The experiment was duly tried, and bade fair to justify the most sanguine hopes. A Concordat was concluded with the Vatican; the Church regained her independence, and the clergy accomplished yeomen's service in the cause of Absolutism. But "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang oft a-gley," and the chapter of accidents thwarted the statesmanlike plans of the Emperor. Hungary, after the removal of the customs cordon, entered into commercial relations with Europe, thrived, "waxed fat," and, like Jeshurun of old, began to kick. A

Liberal Government took over the reins of power, and in 1868 laws were passed which no casuistry could reconcile with the terms of the agreement entered into by the Austrian State and the Vatican. From this time forth the Germans were split up into fractions, the Liberals and Clericals hating each other more profoundly than Germans and Slavs. And finally the federalist current acquired such strength that the Emperor himself nominated a Cabinet of Autonomists.

But the most fateful step of all was the concession of virtual independence to Hungary, which rendered the year 1867 the turning-point in the history of the House of Habsburg. The gifted Magyars, forming but a fraction of the entire population of the kingdom, although relatively in a majority, assumed absolute power over the whole. They at once gave the Croats a system of restricted home rule, and then set themselves to Magyarise the other nationalities. From that day to this latent war exists between the Magyars and the Slavs and Roumanians of the kingdom of Hungary, and from that day to this the Bohemians, Moravians, Slovacks, &c. insist on their right to go and do likewise. And the example thus given was partially followed in Austria proper. Four years later the Poles of Galicia obtained home rule and the right of governing or misgoverning three and three-quarter millions of Ruthenians, and immediately afterwards another Bill was drafted, which Parliament would have passed by a large majority, giving to Bohemia the same privileges as those enjoyed by Hungary. The opposition of the Magyars, under Count Andrassy, hindered this Bill from becoming law, and wrecked the Ministry which, with the Emperor's sanction, had drafted it. From that day to this Bohemia has played the part of Ireland in Austria, and the question of autonomy for the Czechs is at the root of most of the trouble that worries the Emperor and paralyses the Parliament.

When we speak of the Austrian Parliament, we are forced to use an expression which cannot but prove misleading to ordinary Englishmen unacquainted with the constitution of the dual Empire. In one sense the number of Parliaments in the monarchy is legion; in another sense, there is not one. Austria proper, as distinguished from Hungary, has seventeen legislative assemblies\* and one central Imperial Parliament, none of which are truly representative of the people. *Ex officio* members of the seventeen Diets are the Archbishops and Bishops of the Roman Catholic and Orthodox Churches and the Rectors of the Universities. Then come the representatives of great landowners; the wealthiest class of the urban population send delegates; the boards of commerce and the guilds also elect a certain number. Rural districts are compelled first to choose spokesmen, who then elect a representative. Austria's earliest Imperial Parliament was the creation of her first "Liberal" Ministry, which assumed the reins

\* They are called Landtage or Diets, and consist of a number of members varying from 22, as in the Diet of Görz and Gradiska, to 242 as in that of Bohemia.

of power in the year 1860. It consisted exclusively of representatives of the wealthiest classes, mainly Germans and Jews, who were not elected by the people, but chosen by the Diets. Twelve years later the so-called "Citizen Ministry" proclaimed the principle of direct election. Like most "Liberal" Cabinets in Austria, it was actuated by a desire to forward the interests of the party, which were wholly distinct from those of the people. The electoral law was therefore based on the principle of class. Thus there were representatives of the great landed estates, of cities, market-places and industrial centres, and of chambers of commerce. A few delegates from rural districts were also admitted, but they could not be elected directly by the people. Characteristic of this state of things is the circumstance that the Chamber of Commerce of Galicia has but eighty-seven electors, and sends three deputies to Parliament; that of Styria possesses sixty-four constituents, who send two members. In Moravia nineteen landowners choose one member of Parliament; and in Bohemia nineteen wealthy landlords possess and exercise the right of choosing another. In the Parliament thus constituted there were 353 members, over twenty parties, and no majority.

The late Premier, Count Taaffe, managed to govern Austria for fourteen years with the help of this extraordinary assembly, coquetting now with one party and now with another. The feat was little less than a political miracle. The means by which he accomplished it were innumerable, but nothing stood him in such good stead as his thorough knowledge of men and motives. The Czechs, who a short time before had found themselves within sight of autonomy, were determined to take no further part in Parliamentary work, and to abstain from the Assembly altogether. Count Taaffe induced them to reconsider their decision, and things moved very smoothly until the Czech people withdrew their confidence from their representatives and replaced them with fiery hot Nationalists, who seemed amenable to no considerations which any Austrian Minister could lay before them. Then the Parliamentary machine for the first time stood still. There was but one way of remedying the evil—a very radical and drastic method for an Austrian Government—and the Premier discerned and unhesitatingly chose it. He drew up a most comprehensive scheme of electoral reform and suddenly sprang it upon the Imperial Parliament. It was the first truly Liberal measure which had ever been laid before the Reichsrath, and it was received with howls of execration by all parties in the House, but more especially by the German "Liberals." Count Taaffe consequently fell, and Austrian politics drifted into chaos.\*

The Coalition Ministry which succeeded effected nothing and speedily broke to pieces. Count Badeni then appeared upon the

\* Count Badeni was compelled to give a small instalment of the Electoral Franchise Bill drawn up by his predecessor. But it amounts to very little indeed.

scene in the part of "the Providential Man," which he undertook to play by special request. He had served the Government as Viceroy of Galicia, ruling the Ruthenians with an iron rod for many years, but had no more idea of Parliamentary government, civil law, or elementary statesmanship than the average blacksmith has of the mechanism of ladies' watches. He was utterly unacquainted with parties and people in Vienna, and absolutely averse from consulting those who might have given him serviceable advice. A Pole of the Poles, he formed a Cabinet in which Ministers of that nationality predominated, and he succeeded in rendering the very name of his nation odious in Austrian ears. Had he been born in Turkey he would have had few peers among the pashas; but when he called in the police for the purpose of expelling Austrian members of Parliament, even the Emperor's friendship no longer availed to save him.

Count Badeni found in the present Reichsrath the same Parliamentary materials which his predecessor, Count Taaffe, had left, with the sole addition of the Socialists, whose number is very restricted. Thus there were sixty-eight Poles, seventy-nine Czechs, forty-seven German Nationalists, forty-three German Conservatives and Clericals, thirty Christian Socialists, nineteen Italians, sixteen Slovenians, and so on through a list of about thirty little groups. As the Czechs and the Germans, with the assistance of kindred little fractions, practically hold each other evenly balanced, the compact mass of Poles turn the scales and forms a majority on whichever side they choose. Their support is, therefore, absolutely indispensable to any and every Government. Their price is high, but, as they already enjoy political autonomy, it is paid them in economical concessions and portfolios in the Cabinet. Galicia is one of the so-called "passive" provinces of the Empire, and draws freely upon the German and Czech population for the means of eking out its existence.

Count Badeni experienced no difficulty whatever in securing the services of his countrymen in the Reichsrath, and as he was quite prepared to buy up the Czechs, he considered himself master of the situation. The policy which he was believed to favour was that of the Federalists. He was disposed to recognise the "historic rights" of the peoples who compose the Empire of Austria. Translated into every-day language, that phrase means the reconstitution of the old feudal kingdom of St. Wenceslaus, comprising Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland, and the resurrection of Zvonimir's kingdom in the south, including Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, with Bosnia and Herzegovina thrown in. This would give Austria, which already possesses two Cabinets, three Imperial Councils, and over twenty Parliaments, several new legislative assemblies and Imperial Councils. It would also mean war with Hungary. Whether Franz Josef would have any subjects to govern after the metamorphosis is another question, which Count Badeni deems

inopportune. Overtures, however, in this sense, were made to the Czechs who had for years been posing as Democrats and Radicals, and they closed with the offer and divested themselves of their principles in a twinkling. The first instalment of the price stipulated was paid last April in the form known as the *Sprachenverordnung*, or language decree.

The question of tongues has for many years past caused much bad blood and still worse language throughout the Empire. Every idiom claims a right to oust every other idiom. This is natural and patriotic. Every people likes its own tongue best. The first step of the Magyars on receiving autonomy in 1867 was to proscribe German and discourage every language but their own. Their last move, at the close of 1897, has been to replace the names of German towns and districts with Hungarian ones. In Austria proper the language dispute raged principally in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, where the proportion of Germans to Czechs is approximately as two-fifths to three-fifths. Now of all the nationalities in the monarchy the Germans are the least aggressive and the most amenable to reason. They have always rested the claims of their language on its own merits, and have done nothing politically to support them. There was a time when they might have Germanised the Empire, but they allowed the opportunity to slip by unutilised. Fifty years ago the city of Prague contained 73,000 cultured Germans and only 50,000 Czechs mostly illiterate. The former took no measures to perpetuate their supremacy, fondly regarding the actual condition of things as final; the latter forged ancient literary monuments, "arranged" the Census returns, and moved heaven and earth to oust the German tongue out of Bohemia. Still the Germans felt sure of success.

And appearances warranted the assumption. There was no Czech literature to speak of, no culture, no science except the German. But the Slavs are a very gifted and enterprising race, and steer straight for the end in view without worrying themselves over the ethics of ways and means. The discovery of the old German epic *Die Nibelungen* stimulated the Czechs to make a similar discovery in their own literature, and as nothing of the kind happened to exist, they invented one—the "Könighofer" manuscript. This was the foundation of the literary movement among the Slavs of Bohemia, who owe all that they have and much of what they are to the teaching and culture of the Germans, who, neglecting their own national interests, played the disinterested part of cosmopolitans. The Czechs never acknowledged the debt which even foreigners cannot feign to ignore. But the final break between the two nationalities occurred in 1848, when the Germans sacrificed everything for liberal ideas, while the Slavs identified themselves with the reaction.

Since Austria first received a quasi-Constitutional government in the beginning of the sixties, the struggle between the two peoples

became more bitter and intense. The Czechs, allied with all the clerical, Conservative, and feudal factions, left nothing undone to drive Austria into Federalism, and to obtain the fulness of home rule as enjoyed in Hungary, with the concomitant right of life and death over the Germans. During all those years, therefore, the Habsburg monarchy had to struggle with an internal disease which threatened to break it up into its component parts. The circumstances that many of the most uncompromising champions of Federalism were Germans who had become Czechs and Germans who without abjuring their nationality supported the principles of feudalism and reaction, imported into the struggle an element of rancour and bitterness paralleled only by the hatred existing between Roman Catholics and Orangemen in the north of Ireland. Home rule in Bohemia would mean the denationalisation of the German element, which, when all has been said and done, will be found to have contributed more than the Czechs or even the Government to the prosperity of the country. The very first step taken would be the proscription of the German tongue throughout Bohemia. Yet this measure was conceded by Count Badeni as the first instalment of the price which he promised to pay for the Parliamentary supports of the Czechs.

This question of languages is capable of being stated in a manner as misleading as any of the other problems which absorb the attention and arouse the passions of the peoples of Austria. For instance, let us put it this way: In Bohemia, Moravia, and Austrian Silesia the Slav-speaking population is in a decided majority, the ratio of Slavs to Germans being as three-fifths to two-fifths. Instead, however, of asking that their idiom should be made the sole official medium throughout these three provinces, the Slavs prefer the very moderate request that both languages should possess equal rights and both be official. This seems reasonable enough. But a little further analysis shows us where the sting lies hidden. Let us suppose that in the north of Ireland the Celtic tongue was spoken and read by a considerable majority of the population, but that there remained large districts in which not a soul understood a word of any idiom except the Queen's English. Let us imagine further that a Radical Government, without consulting Parliament, issued an Order in Council compelling every State official, every judge and magistrate not only in the province but in all Ireland to be prepared to express himself as fluently in Celtic as in English. If, over and above all this, every capricious Celt who desired to cause trouble could, by issuing a summons or a statement of claim in the Irish language, compel every English official in the exclusively English-speaking districts to employ the Celtic tongue throughout the entire case, and oblige even the judges of the Court of Appeal to do the same, when the pleadings came before them, how would such a decree be received in the province of Ulster? More favourably than in the German districts of Bohemia? Now this was

exactly the scope of the celebrated *Sprachenverordnungen* which Count Badeni suddenly sprang upon the country last April.

The Germans naturally refused to submit to it. They discerned its drift, foresaw its consequences and opposed its execution. The Czech tongue is spoken by only a few million persons in a circumscribed province, and the most of these, though highly gifted by nature, are relatively uncultured. As a language, therefore, it offers no special attractions to any but the Czechs. Many of these learn German over and above, because with Czech alone they can have no communications with the western world. Few Germans master the Czech tongue. It follows, therefore, that the execution of Count Badeni's edict involves the dismissal of German employés throughout the country and the nomination of Czechs in their stead. And this, despite the acknowledged fact that it is to German enterprise, labour, capital, and culture, that Bohemia has become the most flourishing province in the Austrian monarchy.

Nor is that all. The demand for equality of the two languages is avowedly but the first step towards the abolition of German. This is perfectly understood by both parties in Bohemia. Hence their zeal and perseverance, their bitterness and rancour. The Germans, who in this matter have invariably displayed a spirit of moderation bordering on listlessness and indifference, have ever been ready to agree to an arrangement which would limit the spheres of the two languages in accordance with the respective nationalities of the population. When Count Taaffe was Prime Minister they entered into negotiations on the subject with the Parliamentary representatives of the Czechs, and came to an understanding which satisfied their rivals, the Government, and their own people. This settlement was signed in 1890 by the Parliamentary representatives of the Czechs, was forthwith repudiated by their constituents, and remained a dead letter ever since. And this breach of faith on the part of the Czechs is the reason why the Germans now refuse to take part in any new conferences. The Germans, on the other hand, when they had the means of Germanising cities and towns, never availed themselves of their opportunity. Thus, in 1856 Prague contained 73,000 Germans as against 50,000 Czechs. But they employed both languages impartially in all public and official documents, and in the street names put the Czech inscriptions before the German. To-day in that same city of Prague there is not one German citizen in the Town Council, and the German tongue is everywhere proscribed. The street names are all in Czech only, and private German firms have been systematically threatened and bullied into removing the German names over their shops, although they had given the Czech signboards the place of honour. In this way all the great German institutions have been gradually denationalised by the Slavic element, whose patriotic fanaticism cannot be sufficiently commended by those who see in such elementary outbursts



of passion the one saving virtue of nationalities. The university itself—the oldest German university extant—narrowly escaped the fate of the Town Council, and owed its preservation solely to the circumstance that the German professors had it split up into two, one remaining German, the other exclusively Slav. It would be absurd to blame the Czechs for a line of action which they regard as patriotic. So long as final success seems probable, they will doubtless continue their present plan of campaign, confident that, if it triumphs, they will be rewarded by universal approval. If obviously condemned to failure it is, of course, criminal. And this is really the important issue.

The Germans are even now ready to acquiesce in a reasonable compromise on the basis of a delimitation of the sphere of the two languages. Bohemia should, they hold, be divided into purely Czech, purely German, and mixed districts. In the first of these the Slavic idiom should prevail, in the second German, and in the last the two languages should have equal rights. The Czechs admit in theory the principle of equal rights, but interpret the word “equal” in a sense very different from that which the Germans give it. To us in England it matters little who triumphs, although the spectacle is intensely interesting on many grounds. But it is impossible to study the question on the spot without coming to the conclusion that, weak as Germans are numerically, no number of *Sprachenverordnungen* and no degree of Czech fanaticism will or can compel them to renounce a birthright of which men like Goethe, Schiller, Kant, and Lessing were intensely and rightly proud.

Count Badeni having obtained his Parliamentary majority by means of an edict the very legality of which eminent juriconsults deny, proceeded to the legislative task before him with a light heart. The time had come for the renewal of the Compromise, or *Ausgleich*, between Austria and Hungary for a further term of ten years, and it was imperative that it should be concluded by the Parliaments of both countries before the close of the year 1897. There were certain difficulties in the way which had cropped up for the first time since the Magyars had received autonomy, chief among which was the divergence of views on the subject of Hungary's contribution to the common fund of the Empire. In 1867, when the resources of the smaller of the two halves of the monarchy were entirely undeveloped, it had been arranged that Hungary should pay 31·4 per cent. of the expenses for the maintenance of a common army, common diplomacy, and finances, while Austria should contribute the remaining 68·6 per cent. During the thirty years which have elapsed since then Hungary has made considerable progress in trade, industry, and agriculture, and her partner deemed it fair and just that her contribution should be raised accordingly. The Hungarians demurred, on grounds which seem very reasonable to an outsider, but agreed

to pay 33·2 per cent. instead of 31·4, basing these figures on a calculation of the revenue derived from taxation in each half of the monarchy, whereas the Austrians urged that the proper basis should be the number of the population, and the fair share of Hungary 43·14 per cent., adding, however, that they would be satisfied with 36 per cent. Conferences were held by the delegates on both sides, but no agreement was come to. All parties in Austria were without exception in favour of increasing Hungary's annual payment. It was in view of this spirit of the Imperial Parliament, and backed by his strong majority, that Count Badeni took to riding the high horse, and declared with the hauteur of a Galician magnate: "I am the leader here. I mean to lead the Parliament." It was an unfortunate saying, and it clung to its author through thick and thin, until the Parliament finally led him to the train which took him back to Galicia. It is needless here to recapitulate the story of Count Badeni's brief Ministerial career, which threw Austrian affairs into chaos, let loose the worst human passions, and almost caused a revolution. The Germans, whose Parliamentary conduct in opposition had ever been mild and yielding, suddenly became violent obstructionists, and the Czechs, who had written "democracy" on their banner, enthusiastically supported—nay, called for—repressive measures which no Legislative Assembly could brook, while the Cabinet cheerfully steered straight for Federalism and dismemberment. There can be no doubt that the Opposition was guilty of systematically abusing Parliamentary forms and clogging the legislative machinery; but it is equally true that the only alternative was armed resistance, and the evil chosen was the lesser of the two. Now that the obnoxious tactics have proved successful, the entire population of Austria, with the sole exception of the Czechs, acknowledge their debt of gratitude to the obstructionists.\*

Seeing that he could not come to acceptable terms with the Hungarian Government on the subject of the quota, and that the renewal of the *Ausgleich* for a further term of ten years was for the moment impossible, Count Badeni brought in a Bill for the prolongation of the existing arrangement for one year. It was then that Dr. Lecher delivered his famous obstructionist speech, which not only lasted twelve hours, but was clear, closely reasoned, pertinent, and eloquent. Little progress could be made under these conditions, and all efforts to modify them led to scenes suggestive of Bedlam rather than an Imperial Parliament. At last Count Badeni resolved to resort to the brutal methods which had stood him in good stead against the helpless Ruthenians of Galicia. He called in the police and had the chief obstructionists removed by force, whereupon he discovered to his dismay that he would

\* It is absurd for foreigners to wax indignant at German obstruction, or at Czech fanaticism. Final success will give a more euphonious name to one or other of these patriotic methods. The point of view of each is perfectly intelligible. The insoluble mystery is the hurry displayed by an Austrian Prime Minister to proceed to the dismemberment of the Empire.

have to eject the entire Opposition on the same grounds. This he probably would not have hesitated to do had not the Viennese meanwhile arisen in their thousands to make common cause with the Germans. Count Badeni, relying on the fancied omnipotence of Dr. Lueger, the chief of the anti-Semites, who was supposed to have the Viennese population "in his pocket," caused the crowds to be dispersed by force. But as Dr. Lueger's popularity had suddenly vanished, this gentleman informed the Premier that he could no longer answer for the peace of the city, and the Count's last card was played. How little this "far-sighted" statesman could see into the future is evident from the following facts. On the eve of his fall (Saturday) he was received by the Emperor, and after the audience he assured his friends that his position was stronger than ever before. On the following day he made a similar statement to Herr Abrahamowicz, the Polish Armenian who had become President of the Parliament. That individual brought the glad tidings to the Polish Club at 11.30 A.M., yet two and a half hours later Count Badeni had ceased to be Prime Minister.

This event, which was received with public and enthusiastic rejoicings throughout Austria, was a terrible blow to the Czech Parliamentary party, who found themselves in a less enviable predicament than Esau of old, who, having sold his birthright, at least received his mess of pottage in full. They, on the contrary, having bartered every principle, the sacredness of which they had been zealously preaching, for certain political concessions, discovered that they had received nothing in return for the sacrifice except the odium of apostacy and the disgrace of failure. It seemed probable that their constituents would dismiss them as summarily as their predecessors had been dismissed after they had agreed to the language compromise with the Germans. And these apprehensions might have been realised had nothing happened to distract the attention of the Czech mob. Something, however, did occur in the very nick of time, one might say providentially, were it not reprehensible to tax Providence with the misdeeds of self-seeking politicians.

The populace of Prague attacked German and Jewish shops, houses, factories, schools, and even a German hospital, breaking the windows, "gutting" warehouses, destroying property which could not well be carried away, and burning what it was impossible conveniently to devastate in any other manner. Many undeniable facts go to show that the plan had been carefully prepared by persons whose intelligence was considerably above that of the mere masses, and the attitude of the Mayor of Prague provoked and received the plaudits of the Czech population. Martial law was proclaimed, trade ceased, industry was paralysed, and human lives were ruthlessly sacrificed. This is not the place to describe in detail the reign of terror in Prague from the day on which the German hospital was brutally attacked down to the moment of the discovery of a smouldering bomb in the German theatre. But

perhaps it may be useful to make one remark on the attitude of the various parties during that critical period. There is not a German, a Czech, or a Jew in that historic city or in Bohemia, who is not prepared to affirm that the conduct of the Socialists was absolutely irreproachable and in every respect laudable. They themselves took no part whatever on either side, they employed all their moral influence to stop the reign of violence, and their organs in the press treated the question with judicial impartiality and in a truly humane spirit. The cause of Socialism made enormous progress in consequence, their journals—which are undoubtedly the fairest, most dispassionate, and most truthful in the Empire—gained thousands of new supporters, and their ranks were swelled by the accession of new recruits composed of the pick of the population.

Baron Gautsch von Rothenthurn, the new Prime Minister, a man whose name is suggestive of no particular principles except that which is embodied in the saying *J'y suis et j'y reste*, might have easily become popular merely as the successor of the obnoxious Pole who had preceded him. He was mainly remarkable for the rapidity with which he had obtained and the tenacity with which he had clung to office. He had been a member of the Cabinet of Count Taaffe; he was a friend of Count Badeni, who gave him a portfolio in his Ministry; he had pleased the Liberals without displeasing the Clericals; and is remarkable physically for his fine figure, intellectually for his retentive memory, and politically for his rare dexterity. The immediate task he had before him, the oiling of the Parliamentary machine, was comparatively easy. All parties were thoroughly tired of the disgraceful scenes which had been enacted while Count Badeni was "leading" the Legislative Assembly; all except the Czechs and Poles were delighted at the late Premier's downfall; even the Czechs themselves began to see that they had provoked a storm which might, had it raged somewhat longer, have made very short work of their political aspirations, and a pacific spirit actuated all. Baron Gautsch was expected to strike while the iron was hot, and at first appearances seemed to justify the expectation. He made overtures to the Germans and the Czechs, and I have excellent grounds for affirming that he succeeded. His success was of course relative to the immediate task which he tackled, and, like it, temporary. He could have set the legislative machinery in movement. But ambition or a desire to try absolute government for a while moved him to abandon the temporary task and insist on smoothing away in a week all the difficulties which had accumulated for generations, and as this attempt failed miserably, he prorogued Parliament and set about governing the Empire by means of edicts. The Compromise with Hungary was thus prolonged for a year.

Baron Gautsch has apparently more hope of succeeding in the provincial Diets than in the Imperial Reichsrath, where the relative position and the aims and objects of the parties have remained

unhappily. The Government is less fit disposed to submit themselves to the Bohemian Diet and it was even possible that they might remove the seat of their national university from Prague to some more German city. But having discussed these matters at Home and determined they would not stand their ground, and continue the contest in the other end. They are now attending the sittings of the Bohemian Diet, and this is a good sign in itself. Moreover they are much less excited and in a much more conciliatory mood than at any time during our Emperor's tenure of power. But the Czechs are quite as unyielding as before. Their legal *National Diet* went so far as to demand the German members of the Diet promising to leave their "foreign quarters" in Prague, and their provinces have since attacked several schools and German women. Both peoples are now vigorously at work in trade, industry, and social life, and civil war is threatening throughout Bohemia. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that the Diet is a body which does not represent the people. It represents the nobility, the clergy, the owners of great landed estates and of large factories. Out of 244 members only sixty-nine are German, whereas the German population, being to the Czech as two-fifths to three-fifths, should possess at least ninety-eight representatives. But the main point is less to settle once for all the differences between two parties who are and will remain irreconcilable than to arrive at a temporary *modus vivendi* which would enable the Government to renew the *Compromise* with Hungary and celebrate the Jubilee of the Emperor, who will have reigned fifty years next December. And, despite the warlike spirit of the Czechs, it is highly probable that the personal influence of Franz Josef will finally turn the scale and hinder further dangerous developments during the year. The Czechs, too, are beginning to grasp the fact that a complete victory might prove to be but the prelude of a crushing and decisive defeat.

Meanwhile the only victors in the struggle have been the Hungarians in general, and the Liberal Cabinet of Baron Banffy in particular. The outburst of patriotic feeling provoked by the opposition of the two halves of the monarchy on the subject of the quota enabled the Hungarian Government to appropriate and realise a goodly portion of the programme of the National party, which clamoured for a loosening of the bonds that linked the two countries together. They have been to some extent relaxed already, and the process will be continued in case the customs treaty is not renewed by May 1 next. These are triumphs such as no other Hungarian Premier had ever scored, nor are they the only satisfactory results of last year's campaign. Baron Banffy has defeated, disorganised, and practically ruined the Kossuth party.

In Hungary the Government of the day, whatever its component parts, is absolute master of the country. As a matter of fact, no party but the Liberals has ever assumed the reins of power; but if it

had, the character of the Parliamentary majority could and would, it is confidently asserted, be changed overnight. Parliamentary representation in Hungary is established on a very narrow basis. The Opposition complains that out of 15,000,000 citizens only 800,000 persons possess a theoretic right of recording their votes, and scarcely more than 400,000 are in a position to avail themselves of it. In other words, 8,000,000 have no political voice even in theory, and 3,000,000 more have none in practice. This state of things, even if there be no exaggeration, is no concern of foreigners. The people themselves being satisfied with the electoral law, there is nothing more to be said on this score. But the Kossuth party have always been a very sharp thorn in the side of the Liberal Government. Genuine Hungarians and uncompromising patriots, they invariably carried a considerable amount of public opinion with them which in all cases it was difficult to ignore, and in some dangerous to oppose. Now this barrier has been practically swept away, and Baron Banffy is the uncrowned king of Hungary.

When the Bill prolonging the Compromise for a year was brought into Parliament, Count Apponyi, the leader of one section of the Opposition, having received satisfactory assurances from the Hungarian Premier as to his action in certain future contingencies, announced that on patriotic grounds he would abstain from opposing the Government. In Hungary as in Austria there is a certain shadowy line beyond which most fractions of the Opposition never venture to go, lest they should offend the monarch and disqualify themselves for power. This fear was for many years the bane of the German Liberal Opposition in the Reichsrath of Vienna, and it still continues to work wonders in Hungary. Naturally it is powerless to affect such groups as that of Kossuth, which advocate a complete separation from Austria. Consequently this party, unmoved by the undertaking given by the Premier, announced that it would imitate the policy of obstruction inaugurated in Vienna, with the object of hindering the Bill from passing before the close of the year 1897, and of compelling the Government to prolong the Compromise by means of a decree, as in Austria. Now, a decree of this kind, although legal and provided for in Austria, is said to be unconstitutional in the other half of the monarchy, and the Government was anxious to avoid it.

The Kossuth party, seeing itself isolated in consequence of the defection of all other oppositional groups, who would not disqualify themselves for power, set about obstructing the Bill. Baron Banffy looked calmly on and made no sign. The year was drawing rapidly to a close, and it became very doubtful whether the Bill would pass both Houses in time. Franz Kossuth and his friends, perceiving the tactical blunder they had made and conscious of the disapproval of their partisans in the country, sought for a pretext to lay down their arms. But Baron Banffy offered them none. They asked him to

repeat the assurances which he had already given to Count Apponyi. He declined. At last, when it was still barely possible to hurry the Bill through both Houses, they allowed it to be understood that if he would merely nod his head when asked the question, they would cease to obstruct. But the Premier remained obstinate, time flew, and the Bill was not passed. Instead, however, of issuing the unconstitutional decree prolonging the Compromise with Austria, the Hungarian Government merely announced to the Austrian authorities that things would go on as before on the basis of reciprocity, and early in January brought in a Bill indemnifying the Government for any unusual measures which circumstances might render advisable in the national interests. At the same time they went on with the Provisional Bill, and finally carried it by a large majority. Thus the biters were bitten. Some influential members at once withdrew from the Kossuth party, which is now no longer a power in the country. The Hungarians alone, therefore, profited by the troubles in Austria; and although they do not seriously intend, as many suppose, to enter upon a customs war with the other half of the Empire, they will certainly ease the bonds that connect them with Austria still further, and gain their point in the matter of the quota and other pending questions. They are a practical people and thoroughly understand the advantages which union with Austria assures them, financially, politically, and commercially, and will not barter them for barren political victories.

But the Bohemian or Czech difficulty remains, and although it may possibly be settled for a twelvemonth, it can neither be satisfactorily solved nor wholly suppressed. The Czechs demand a kingdom. Were they to ask for less, their own constituents, whom they have educated by their press, would disown and dismiss them. They can hardly regard the goal as unattainable, inasmuch as once they were actually in sight of it; the Prime Minister (Count Hohenwart) in 1871 drafted a Bill conceding their demands with the Emperor's sanction, and a Parliamentary majority was impatient to make it law. Now, for the second time, Count Badeni encouraged their hopes and gave them the first instalment of their demands. Under these circumstances they can scarcely be content with less than the restoration of the kingdom of St. Wenceslaus. And if the Germans and they were united, Federalism would be promulgated this year, and Franz Josef crowned King of Bohemia at Prague. But the Germans will not and cannot support the demands of the Czechs, by whom they would be immediately denationalised.

And the opposition of the German element cannot, and dare not, be disregarded. The day on which Austria sacrifices her German subjects in Bohemia, and hands them over to the tender mercies of the Czechs, will prove a *dies nefas* in Austrian history, for it will necessarily provoke the annexation of Bohemia by Germany.

This is really the nerve of the matter, and the Czechs have bared

and probed it. The Germans of Bohemia are the neighbours and friends of the Saxons and Bavarians and the kith and kin of all the subjects of Kaiser Wilhelm, and the sympathy between them is stronger than any statute law, more durable than any alliance. It is practically certain that any attempt to denationalise the Germans of Bohemia would raise such a storm of indignation, such a powerful impulse to help and rescue among all Germans of the Fatherland, that the Imperial Government could not, if it would, resist the current. This statement is borne out by the significant symptoms which the excesses in Prague called forth in Berlin, Munich, Leipzig, and other cities, where the students, the professors, and representatives of all classes of the nation sent letters of sympathy or promises of assistance to the Germans of Bohemia. In the year 1871 Austria and her Emperor were Federalists. They agreed to the Bill conceding full autonomy to the Czechs, and their intention was thwarted only by the Hungarians, whose own independence was but four years old at the time. Had it not been for Hungary's opposition, Franz Josef would have been crowned King of Bohemia, and no foreign Power would have ventured to interfere. To-day Hungary is less interested in the change so long as it affects only Austria proper than twenty-eight years ago. But since then Federalism has ceased to be merely a matter of Austria's domestic concern; it is become a question of foreign policy, and despite the cordial friendship which subsists between the two Kaisers, it would render the annexation of Bohemia to the Fatherland a matter of absolute necessity.

This truth is now slowly dawning upon the minds of the far-seeing Czechs. Some of them are gradually coming to understand that even the sanction of a Parliamentary majority coupled with that of the Emperor may not avail to obtain for them their soul's desire; but the discovery irritates and embitters them, instead of rendering them more moderate and yielding. A few days ago, during one of the sittings of the Bohemian Diet,\* a Czech Deputy named Brzeznowsky called the German Deputies "Prussian spies." The reply was dignified: Herr Prade said that the Czechs themselves did not believe that the Bohemian Germans were working in the cause of annexation. "But," he added, "we will always sing with pride the 'Watch on the Rhine.'" This little *intermezzo* cleared the air and revealed the issues. The Germans of Bohemia, with the exception of one political party, are contented to live as Austrians. They are the only subjects of the House of Habsburg who always and everywhere speak of themselves as Austrians. Their loyalty has been tried and not found wanting. But, in spite of all this, if they were called upon to-morrow to choose between denationalisation and incorporation by Germany, every mother's son of them would enthusiastically declare for the latter alternative, and risk his life to realise it. This is where the Czechs will find themselves checkmated.

\* January 14.





voices heard in Parliament. This done, the future of the Empire is assured for as long a time and on as firm a basis as mortals can assure it. The measure is undoubtedly difficult of realisation and drastic in its effects; but the disease is desperate and the opportunity transient. Every party in the State will cry out against it and leave nothing undone to hinder it from becoming law; but the interests of the State are above those of the political parties which compose it. It will perhaps be urged that if this measure were adopted and successfully carried out, the result would be to fill the Imperial Parliament with Socialists who seek to subvert all law and order. To this the reply is obvious. In the first place the hypothesis is false. Austria is by no means Socialist. It is much less so than Germany. This has been proved by the results of the late elections, which left such disinterested and noble-minded men as Dr. Victor Adler and Herr Pernerstorfer without seats in Parliament.

Moreover, the Socialists in Austria, whatever they may be elsewhere, are the most peaceable, law-abiding, fair-minded party in the State, whose influence for good can hardly be over-estimated. I who am certainly not a Socialist have arrived at this conviction after several years' study of the activity of that party in Austria. Moreover, my personal conviction is that the Clericals would really be the gainers by the change, and upon them the Austrian Government apparently believes it can confidently rely. What is absolutely certain, however, is this: from the day on which Austrian Members of Parliament ceased to represent the few and came as spokesmen of the masses, the conflict of rival nationalities and the struggle between Centralists and Federalists would vanish as by the waving of a magician's wand. Thenceforth economic questions would alone interest the Parliament, and everything possible, at this late hour of the day, would have been done to weld the warring peoples into a compact nation. If democratic Switzerland can exist and prosper despite its heterogeneous elements, a democratic Austria would have equal chances of success.

This is the only conceivable issue out of the dangers and difficulties with which the path of the dual Monarchy is actually beset. And the only man who possesses the authority necessary to carry out this measure without serious opposition is the Emperor Franz Josef. If his old friend and adviser, Count Taaffe, were now alive the Bill would already be in process of realisation. True, Count Taaffe's conviction was that a new electoral law on a broad democratic basis would reinforce the Clerical party, in whom the Government sees its best friends. But whatever party might be expected to profit by it, the State would stand to win, and the war of nationalities, tongues, and peoples would soon become a thing of the past.

N. E. PROROK.

## THE BRITISH SHIP OF WAR.

FROM THE NAVAL POINT OF VIEW.

ADMIRALTY-BAITING is one of the safest and simplest of sports, and this fact being recognised, it is but natural, perhaps, that we should find it common. "To criticise is easy," as the proverb has it, and nothing is easier than to carp at details of ship construction, which on the face of them appear indefensible. Legion are the letters and articles from gentlemen with views on what our Navy should be, and on nothing do they write so plausibly as on the armament question. It is open to any one who possesses a "Brassey" or a "Naval Pocket-Book" to prove conclusively that our cruisers carry far less armament per ton than foreign vessels, that they are relatively deficient in protection, and possibly in speed as well; nor is it in any way possible to controvert these figures, as figures. And with the smattering of naval knowledge now prevailing, arguments so plausible as these have a widespread influence upon the public, gain undue credit, and effect mischief that is like enough some day to recoil upon the nation as a whole. In a democratic age no public service is safe from public interference if only the agitation be loud enough and long enough, nor is the example of the United States navy—a collection of warships designed almost solely to tickle the popular imagination—likely to in any way impede the *descensus Averni*.

There are not wanting signs that, immovable as the Admiralty may appear, they are really affected by the tide, and this affection is likely to increase rather than diminish. A case in point is the "end-on fire" craze concerning which so much has been written during the last few years. The net result of this agitation is to be found in the eight cruisers of the *Astroea* class, which were altered during or after completion to the extent of sponsoning four of their broadside guns, so that three pieces might fire right ahead or astern, instead of one

only, as formerly. This change is one that strikes the lay eye as entirely advantageous, but it is a very open question whether the apparent improvement is not an actual deterioration. Projecting sponsons increase a ship's tendency to roll, and to that extent destroy stability of gun platform; they are liable to affect disadvantageously a ship's speed through the extra resistance that they offer in a seaway; while the bow ones make some addition to the weight forward, and create an impediment in that way. Very many ships have been adversely reported upon by their captains as being too heavily weighted forward, and at the time when the *Astræas* were being altered, the dockyards were actually engaged upon removing sponsons for small guns from the bows of the *Mersey* and *Arctusa* classes of cruisers. It may be taken that the Admiralty added these sponsons to the *Astræas* more or less against their own opinions, and purely in deference to the popular clamour.

The chief argument of the nautical Kleons was that a strong "end-on fire" would be essential in a chase or flight. It never seems to have occurred to any of them that all the probabilities are against a ship in chase being directly astern of the runaway, both by reason of the difficulty for the chase to get into such a position, and the fact that the overwhelming disaster of even a single raking shell would force him to avoid it. Almost any vessel can, more or less, select its own position, and the reason is past finding out why a captain should be assumed anxious to choose that in which, at the best, he could only bring the most limited number of his guns to bear, while the damage for every hit received would be quadrupled, and the safety from the smaller target offered actually less.\* Even in the case of a ship (B) coming straight out of a port and meeting an enemy (A) right ahead, there is no reason why in B's run home again the chase should assume a directly end-on position. A could not be ascertained to be an enemy of superior strength at a greater distance than five miles at the most, and this, presuming both vessels to be steaming fast, means a time distance between them of much less than ten minutes. To turn, B must either make a wide circle, losing about 15 per cent. speed, or, if turning sharply and in a small circle, the use of the engines for this turn reduces his speed 30 or 40 per cent. In either case, A has time to come up and get all or most of his broadside to bear with a very slight alteration of course.

It is possible that some other port of safety may exist, in making for which, instead of the first port, B has A directly astern, but the time lost will be such that A, being well in range, can afford to yaw

\* A shot is more likely to miss through error of elevation than direction. A ship broadside-on exposes not more than 70 feet beam upon which a shot can fall; if end-on, she exposes from 300 to 500 feet, according to her length. A shot that, had she been broadside-on, would have passed harmlessly over her, would, if she were end-on, fall on the deck aft or amidships.

and deliver a broadside that B must receive in the most disadvantageous position possible. There is, therefore, every reason to assume that B's captain, being a man of ordinary sanity, would run to the nearest harbour, shaping his course, so far as possible, so that he could exchange broadsides as he did so, every gun that he brought to bear increasing the probability of a "lucky shot" stopping the chase.

The crux of the whole matter lies in the vast and, to a great extent, intangible difference that there is between the theory and practice of naval warfare, and it is precisely this difference that the mass of "naval experts" fail to grasp. Nor are the mistakes made in the past by others of their kind any check upon those of to-day. The *Captain* was heavily masted in deference to "naval experts" of the period, despite the objection raised by her designer, and these masts brought her to her doom; the *Victoria* embodied features that the "naval expert" called for, and these at least contributed to her loss.

However, we may derive some consolation from the fact that even two hundred and fifty years ago the public critic of warship construction apparently existed; for Sir Walter Raleigh's "Observations on the Navy and Sea Service" would look to be in some sort an answer to him. And, though some of Sir Walter's deductions have now lost their value, the most of them hold good to the present day, and in the spirit are still adhered to by the British Admiralty. Sir Walter Raleigh was a man who saw only the practical side of his profession, caring nothing at all for theoretical fancies; and the six axioms for a good ship that he laid down are these:

- "(1) First, that she be strong built.
- "(2) Secondly, that she be swift.
- "(3) Thirdly, that she be stout-sided.
- "(4) Fourthly, that she carry out her guns all weather.
- "(5) Fifthly, that she hull and try well, which we call a good sea ship.
- "(6) Sixthly, that she stay well when bourding and turning on a wind is required."

Axioms four and five are not things that show on paper, but these are the requisites beyond all others for a modern battleship. Yet they are also qualities which few warships other than British ones possess. This may seem a bold statement, but no one who saw the British Channel fleet steaming steadily at fourteen knots against wind and tide on the occasion of the Czar's trip across Channel, and then saw the pick of the French navy, which, turning back with the Imperial yacht, could only continue the journey at an eight-knot speed, pitching and rolling wildly even as they did so, could doubt for an instant which was the fleet that ruled the waves. Had that meeting, instead of a peaceful *fête*, been the ordeal

of battle, it was clear beyond all doubt that in a very few minutes the English ships, with their steady gun platforms, would have sunk every French vessel, and done it, too, with little or no loss to themselves. No question of courage, skill, or endurance would have entered into the matter; "old White's ships" would have conquered solely by virtue of having been built for practical use. Yet the rolling, wallowing Frenchman is the type of ship for which our amateur critics ceaselessly cry; for the embodiment of such features as they demand could only produce vessels as bad or worse.

It may be urged that the sea is not always so rough as on the occasion of the historical meeting in the Channel; that a fleet is not bound to go to sea in dirty weather; nor, indeed, is it if it be content to play a minor part. But they who would shape the world's destiny can never be mere fair-weather sailors in fair-weather ships.

Professor Laughton has traced much of our success in the Great War to the superior hardihood of our crews against sea sickness. It would seem that in the naval warfare of to-morrow ships as well as their people will be tried by the sea; and there is no inuring of the vessel as there may be of the man.

The shout of the amateur critic resolves itself mostly into two cries: one, the—ridiculous nonsense from a naval point of view—about "end-on fire," the other the question of armament. Concerning the former enough has, perhaps, already been said. The latter requires a more lengthy consideration; the side issues involved are more numerous, the charge against our ships more acutely demonstrable by statistics, and even naval opinions widely divergent.

The usual and common answer to the charge is that foreign ships carry less ammunition and less coal. We are here entirely on ground that statistics cover. By way of reply to this, one of the critical gentry recently tabulated the U.S.S. *Brooklyn* against a typical English vessel, one of the *Blake* class, I think. By figures perfectly accurate and fair he demonstrated that the sole advantage of the English ship is in ammunition supply; in everything else she has a marked inferiority. He credited the *Brooklyn* with fifty rounds per gun, remarking that it would take far fewer rounds than that to finish off the Britisher; in which case, of what use was the extra ammunition? And a remarkably sound argument it looked.

But the question is, *Would* these fifty rounds per gun suffice? The action of the future is not likely to be fought at ranges where misses are improbable; rather it will be fought at distances at which hits are unlikely. No range-finder will give the speed of the enemy, and at 3000 yards even, the getting home of a truly aimed shot may depend entirely upon whether the hostile speed has been correctly guessed and allowed for; at 3000 yards a ship is a very small thing to aim at. But supposing she is hit at all, what then?

We employ in our navy ~~guns~~ more sensitive than any other nation does, yet the *Edgar*, firing at a derelict merchantman recently, had to use something like forty rounds per gun to sink her. There was no real shooting such as the excitement of action might produce; nearly every shot was a hit, but the shell went clean through and burnt beyond, all their damage being the small hole made by penetration. Again, it took the *Nanika* one hour to sink the *Kowshing* in 1891. From these two instances it does not look as though sinking a ship is a particularly easy thing. And if so much difficulty attends the sinking of an unprotected ship, what will be the difficulties in sinking a vessel amply supplied with every flotation device that can be thought of, and the hostile gunners under fire themselves?

All this, however, gives only negative value to the *Blake*, except in so far as she would be able to continue firing after the other ship had emptied her magazines; but, then, there is no sane reason why she and the *Brooklyn* should be compared. The fact is that all these comparisons between English and foreign warships are beside the point, because they are made on displacements. No English ship of 9000 tons was ever intended, or, let us hope, ever will be intended, to meet a foreigner of that weight. Our 9000-ton ship belongs to a class that other nations consider 6000 tons enough for, and we arm our 9000 tonners just as they arm their smaller ship. We allow the extra weight for certain qualities that the foreigners do not consider necessary—extra coal-carrying capacity, extra magazine room, extra stability, and so forth. A very cursory examination of the tonnage and armaments of British and foreign ships should make this fact patent. For instance, the armament of our 15,000-ton *Majestic* is about equal to that of the 12,000-ton French *Massena*, the 11,000-ton Russian *Peter*, or the United States battleship *Iowa*, also of about 11,000 tons displacement. The British ship has a slight superiority in defence, and her guns are less crowded; but the advantage under this head is not very marked. If we consider the new German ironclad, Admiral *Blumenth*, which also is of 11,000 tons displacement only, we find that she carries four 9·4 in., eighteen 6 in., and twelve 3·4 in. against the *Majestic's* four 12 in., twelve 6 in., and sixteen 3 in., and her protection appears (on paper at any rate) quite equal to that of the British.

On the other hand, the new Japanese battleship, *Sakuma*, is slightly larger than our *Blake*, while her armament is very little heavier. This means that, what other nations can do on a 11,000-ton displacement we and the Japanese attempt only on half as much weight again. Admitting for the moment that the matter is

\* It is not true that the *Blake* has a greater range than the *Brooklyn*. The odds are in favour of the latter, and the *Blake* is not getting through even 3 in. Harveyised steel plates, and the *Brooklyn* is getting through even 3 in. Harveyised steel plates.

problematical—though it is not anything of the sort—we have at least the consolation of being on the safe side.

There is, however, another view of the question, one that has hitherto been completely ignored by those who clamour for more guns to our ships. It might startle some of these gentlemen to know that, huge as the *Majestic* is, neither she nor any of her sisters have yet fired all their guns in one simultaneous broadside; to put the matter bluntly, it has not been considered quite wise to do so. The energy thus developed is sufficient to move the 15,000-ton ironclad six feet sideways through the water.

Now, if the 15,000-ton *Majestic* is thus almost over-gunned, it needs no very vivid imagination to speculate as to what a broadside would mean to some of the 11,000-ton foreign wonders; it is not very strange that the theory should gain ground that it would incontinently capsizes them. It is, of course, extremely probable that no such rash thing as a broadside would be attempted; then, and in that case, we come to the question—of what use are all their guns? If six can only be fired at the same rate as three in a larger ship, what earthly purpose is served by crowding those six into the vessel? They reduce her seaworthiness, they expose men to unnecessary destruction, they give the certain danger that if in the excitement of battle too many of them chance to be fired simultaneously irreparable damage will be done to the ship that carries them. In two minutes the *Majestic* could put, say, sixty shot into one antagonist from six of her 6-inch guns,\* the *Kaiser Friedrich der Dritte* from her broadside of nine could certainly not put more—very possibly she could not fire so many; it is very clear that if she tried to exceed the amount she would not long remain in fighting condition. If it were demanded that our soldiers should carry each two rifles, there would be no more absurdity in the cry than there is in this agitation about the guns of our warships. The excess of guns can, indeed, be defended on the grounds that half can be considered a reserve, but seeing what a superiority in fire means, it is to the last degree improbable that any captain would so utilise them.

What applies to the battleship applies with still greater force to the more fragile cruiser. Yet it is about the armament of cruisers that our Admiralty have been most bitterly and continuously assailed, an agitation to which must be attributed the fact that the original armament of the new *Hyacinth* class has been changed from five 6-inch, six 4·7-inch to eleven 6-inch. Whether this is advantageous or otherwise remains to be seen; the extra weight of guns, gun mountings and ammunition will have to be paid for somehow.

One of the most favourite cries is concerning the armament of our

\* Calculated at five shots per minute per gun. This, of course, is not the greatest possible rapidity, but it is as fast as could well be fired in battle.



*Powerful* and *Terrible*, cruisers of over 14,000 tons displacement, carrying two 9·2-inch and twelve 6-inch guns, against the four 8-inch, sixteen 6-inch, and six 4·7-inch of the *Rossia*, which has two thousand tons less displacement, and a stout armour belt amidships where we have only a protective deck. The fact that the *Rossia's* battery is absolutely unprotected against the smallest gun, while the *Powerful's*, thanks to the 6-inch Harveyised casemates in which the 6-inch quick-fire guns are carried, is impervious to anything from the *Rossia* except an 8-inch projectile—and not necessarily penetrable by that—is conveniently ignored. In this connection the views of the *Rossia's* officers are of interest. In their opinion the ship is good for just *five minutes'* fighting; if in that brief space of time she fails to destroy the enemy, then—there is no need to complete the picture.

The terrible *Rossia* is, as a matter of fact, far more dangerous on paper than anywhere else; like many another foreign vessel, she has more guns than she could in action find a use for. The disposition of guns is, moreover, apparently none of the best; quite recently at target practice she split all her decks up from the strain of firing! She is not the first Russian warship that has come to grief this way—the loss of the *Gangoot* appears to have been solely due to a like cause, for there were no rocks anywhere near where she so mysteriously foundered after target practice. The *Tchesme*, in the Black Sea fleet, has not fired her guns at all for some while, for fear of a like result.\* It would be interesting to know how many other warships are in a like predicament—far more probably than one hears about.

If, however, the criticism of the Admiralty designs were mere talk, no one would be the worse for it, and the matter would hardly be worth contraverting. But, unfortunately, as I have indicated in the course of this article, the matter is not mere talk. In these days of general interest in the Navy every one considers himself qualified to act the critic directly he can command a few statistics, and the number of those who can do this is steadily on the increase. Some years ago the monster gun so tickled the popular fancy that our Admiralty were driven to equip three ships with these white elephants; to-day "the amount of metal per ton of displacement that can be thrown in ten minutes" is becoming the Gospel. If the men who will have to fight the ships raise their voices they soon go under before the cry that our naval officers are badly educated and know little concerning the theory of their profession: the statistician is omnipotent. Already he has forced the Admiralty to alter the armament of the *Hyacinth* class. Next we may look to see 4·7-inch guns substituted for the 12-pounders of the *Diadems*, or the laying down of

\* This over-gunning is not, however, a fault of all Russian battleships. The *Dreadnaht Apostoloff*, of 8000 tons, four 12-in. and four 6-in. guns, has an armament, more or less, such as we should give. But the weight of armour carried is far in excess of what we should have attempted.

a servile copy of the absurd *Rossia*. The *Canopus* class have been designed to satisfy a popular fad on the matter of speed ; to satisfy another fad the foremost and aftermost guns on their main decks have been sponsoned—a thing that will not go to improve their seaworthiness. They carry two or more 6-inch guns in excess on what on our usual scale of armament to displacement they should carry. Yet the conditions of sea warfare are practically identical now with what they were at the end of 1893, when the *Majestic* was designed. The resisting power of armour may be a little greater ; but nothing else has changed ; the end-on fighting position is just as equivocal now as then. In the consideration of the designs for the *Majestic* everything now embodied in the *Canopus* must have been considered, and the *Majestic* is a fighting-machine with which her officers are supremely content, nor do I think any of them would be anxious to turn over to the *Canopus*.

There is, then, food for reflection in the changes that have been effected in our battleship designs. In this particular instance the difference may not be very great ; but the vital question is—where will this sort of thing end ; and what sort of Navy shall we have if the movement gathers momentum ? The Admiralty appear to have had the inch forced out of them : how long now before the ell will be demanded ? And what then ?

FRED. T. JANE.

## ALPHONSE DAUDET.

THE friend of Flaubert and Tourgenieff, of the de Goncourts and de Maupassant, Alphonse Daudet survived all his contemporaries in literature save only Zola. He was but fifty-seven at his death, yet even in his lifetime he had come to be numbered with a past generation of writers. Literary ideals in Paris are swift in their growth, still swifter in their decay. Daudet knew nothing of symbolism or of mysticism; he never wrote a single psychological page. Thus he belongs unmistakably to the middle, and not to the close, of our century. By his natural gifts he might have identified himself either with realism or with romanticism, for he combined to an unusual extent a keen imaginative sense with a remarkable power of observation. And as a matter of fact he has frequently been claimed as an adherent by the exponents of both these rival schools of thought. In reality Daudet belonged to no definite school of fiction. Nor has he left any disciples. He was a subtle blend of the Provençal and the Parisian, and the main characteristics of his writing could neither be taught nor acquired. Of himself Daudet used to speak as an improvisator, a troubadour. He was endowed as a birthright with the Provençal gift of song, and although the author of "Les Prunes" and "Les Amoureuses" wrote few verses after his twentieth year, it is his lyrical gift that permeates his prose with much of its undeniable grace. In his youth a dreamer and a poet, and a passionate lover of all that is beautiful in life, he became in later years more and more absorbed in the study of human existence amid the hideous accessories and the demoralising influences of a great city. The naturalist movement laid its spell upon him as upon most of his contemporaries, and for a time he deliberately drilled his vagrant fancies to the tedious reproduction of aspects of life with which his essential nature was entirely

out of harmony. Yet in spite of this lamentable misconception of his art, he remained to the end of his life a true Meridional, with all the vivacity, the *bonhomie*, the irrepressible optimism of the sunny southern temperament.

In a nature so volatile as that of Daudet, it is not easy to analyse clearly the component parts, nor of writing so various as of that of the "Lettres de mon Moulin" and—let us say—"Les Rois en Exil," to indicate the permanent characteristics. Contrasts lie generally more on the surface than points of contact. But taking Daudet's work as a whole, I am inclined to say that his greatest gift was his gift of pleasing, of all literary qualities at once the most impalpable and the most real. At his best he was so charming a writer that he almost became a great one. The most sordid subjects are invested by him with a certain grace; the most unworthy character depicted by his pen retains an irresistible claim upon our affections. With the uncritical world Daudet enjoyed a popularity to which neither a Flaubert nor a Balzac has ever attained. His novels ran quickly through dozens of editions; wealth came as the final seal to his triumph. And yet it would not be fair to say that he did not wholly deserve the European success that he enjoyed. Although the result may have been unequal, Daudet was at all times a diligent and conscientious writer, giving of his best, and not—consciously at least—playing to the gallery. In his early garret days in Paris, with starvation held barely at arm's length, he persistently refused to earn an easy competence by prostituting his pen to boulevard journalism, nor would he ever risk deterioration in the literary form of the "Contes" that de Villemessant gladly accepted for the *Figaro* by recklessly multiplying their production. The charm reflected in his works lay in the man himself, and earned for him a host of friends and an unclouded domestic life—it lay in his open, sunny, inconsequent, southern nature, with his quick sympathies, his irony at once forcible and delicate, his ready tears. It lay in the spontaneousness of his talent, in his Provençal gift of improvisation. One seems to feel, at least in his earlier work, that he wrote from the very necessities of his nature, as the lark sings, unencumbered by theories concerning his art or by doctrinaire views on methods of composition. And it lay, too, in what was an essential characteristic of his nature, his rapid alternation of mood. Take even the slightest of his "Contes," "La Chèvre de M. Seguin" or "Les Vieux" in the "Lettres de mon Moulin," or any of his sketches of the Franco-Prussian War. Within a few pages he is in turn sad, gay, sentimental, ironical, pathetic, and one mood glides into the next without jar or friction. And so he seldom wearies his readers, their attention is always kept on the alert; one reads with a constant pleasing sense of the unexpected in thought or phrase. Daudet all through his life was an attractive personality, and the

popularity of his books was inextricably bound up with himself. His very appearance accorded with the popular ideal of a Bohemian genius. His well-cut features, his large liquid eyes, his black hair falling in loose locks over his forehead, locks which not even the official request of the Duc de Morny could induce him to cut, rendered him a conspicuously interesting figure. His life-size portrait by Carrière, the refined, melancholy face gazing out of a brown mist, was one of the sensations of the Champ de Mars Exhibition some five years ago. Daudet was always the spoilt child of fortune. The miseries of his childhood passed lightly over his genial nature, and his early struggles in Paris, if acute, were at least of short duration, for the young poet was only in his twenty-first year when de Morny, acting at the request of the Empress, offered him a post in one of the Ministerial offices. From that time his livelihood was assured, and his verses, his good looks, and an Empress's patronage quickly laid the foundation of his thirty years' successful career as a novelist.

Judged simply as a charming and successful writer of "Contes," Daudet deserves all the praise that has been bestowed upon him; probably no writer of our day has given more pleasure to a greater number of people; but if he is to be compared with the great creative novelists of the century—with Tolstoi, or even with Tourgenieff, with Balzac, or with Flaubert—it becomes at once apparent that he stands on an infinitely lower plane. The mere suggestion of such comparison would be ludicrous were it not that the novelist himself in later life came to regard his vocation as a delineation of "mœurs Parisiennes" with so much solemnity, and that the outside world is apt to judge of a man's merit purely by the measure of his success. To many estimable persons the fact that "Tartarin de Tarascon" has sold by the hundred thousand, whereas the "Education Sentimentale" has never attained to popular recognition at all, appears as an irrefragable proof that the former is the greater book of the two. Daudet's limitations were the inevitable outcome of his qualities. All his work is on the surface. He sees all the colour, none of the mystery of life. He never once penetrates to its hidden meanings. Take his pathos, perhaps with the ordinary public the most popular of all his attributes. It is the pathos of a facile, emotional temperament quickly stirred to sorrow by those obvious calamities in life which appeal to even the least imaginative of on-lookers. To Daudet his pathos was true and real, and it was invariably expressed with a charming ingenuousness; but it would be idle to pretend what he ever penetrated to—indeed, that he was conscious of—the intimate tragedy of life. A facile brilliancy of style is hardly compatible with a divining sense of "le dessous des choses." If the eye is attracted and retained by external features, it stands to reason that it cannot also pierce beneath the surface.

Daudet excelled in conveying impressions with extraordinary vividness. He belonged to the "plein air" school of impressionists. He loved garish colours and startling contrasts and hard sunshine. He was content to paint what he saw, without troubling himself as to its possible hidden significance. Readers of "Numa Roumestan" will remember the opening chapter describing the great public fête in the amphitheatre at Aps, Numa himself the central figure on the platform. Daudet was in his element in such a scene. The dust, the glare, the crowd, the noisy enthusiasm of his beloved Provençaux are reproduced with an almost passionate enthusiasm. He is carried away by what he himself termed "l'effluve méridionale," of which he was not ashamed to own that he had his share.

Daudet lives entirely in the present. His subjects are all chosen from contemporary French life. There is no trace in his writing of classic culture, or even of a general acquaintance with the literature of his own or of any other country. He relies for his material entirely upon his eyes. He notes what he sees and he constructs his novels from the stores he has accumulated. The result is to give a curiously scattered, detached impression of life seen entirely from the outside. All his characters are constructed on the same principle. Their outer characteristics, their appearance, their attitudes, their gestures are painted with vivid realism; every personage has his distinguishing trait; we are shown their actions at certain moments in their lives; we are familiar with their talk, their colloquialisms, their *patois*; but of their hidden life, of the motives which impel their conduct, of their spiritual consciousness we know literally nothing. The marvellous growth of the human soul swayed this way and that by intangible ever-contending influences is as a closed book to Daudet. Having conceived his characters under a certain aspect, he presents them under the same aspect to the end of the chapter. M. Jules Lemaitre somewhere describes them as *de véridiques et vivantes marionnettes*, and the phrase has always remained in my mind as a peculiarly happy one. They are animated dolls of which M. Daudet himself pulls the strings. Yet, strange to say, it is by his characters that our author has become most famous. Bompard, Delobelle, Tartarin have been for years household names in France, and form part of the literary stock-in-trade of every journalist. The fact is a testimony to Daudet's gift for seizing the predominant external trait in a man's character, and placing it in so vivid a light that the most obtuse reader cannot fail to carry away the desired impression. In other words, Daudet was a caricaturist, not a character-painter, and Tartarin de Tarascon, the most notorious of his creations, was the most obvious caricature of them all. To have introduced the infinite gradations of light and shade that go to make up a real human portrait, would, in his case, have been merely to blur his outline, and deprive his work of what

has proved to be its most effective claim on popular admiration. But it is surely needless to point out how woefully his novels suffer as works of art from this very elementary method of procedure. As Daudet has never conceived his characters as a harmonious whole, with their external visible actions as the inevitable outcome of hidden spiritual influences, so he has found it impossible to maintain a due harmony in their conduct at such times as he presents them before the reader. We ask ourselves why *Le Nabab* should allow himself to be so easily befooled by the financiers of the *Caisse Territoriale* when he had made an immense fortune mainly by his own courage and cunning, or why little patient *Desirée Delobelle* after years of self-sacrificing toil should make a foolish attempt to drown herself. We should like to understand why the stolid hard-headed *Astier Réhu*, after facing with fortitude his public exposure before the Academy, should have felt impelled to commit suicide owing to the venomous attack made upon him in private by his wife, with whom for years he had lived in virtual estrangement, or why *Queen Frédérique*, so dignified in her downfall, should suddenly have so forgotten herself as to strike her husband's valet in the face. I do not suggest that these evident inconsistencies are contrary to all human possibility—our daily life is made up of inconsistencies—but surely in a novel the hidden causes contributing to the unexpected should at least be indicated. Daudet leaves it to the reader to supply the missing links at his discretion.

Alphonse Daudet's writings divide themselves naturally into two categories: in the first we have the Provençal and autobiographical series, consisting of the majority of his short stories, "*Jack*," "*Le Petit Chose*," and the "*Tartarin*" volumes; and in the second the "*mœurs Parisiennes*," starting with "*Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné*" (1874), and passing through "*Le Nabab*," "*Les Rois en Exil*," "*Numa Roumestan*," and "*Sapho*" up to "*L'Immortel*" (1889). I should like to prophesy that if Daudet be read at all in the future, it will be for the sake of the earlier Provençal stories, and not for the novels on Parisian life by which mainly he made his fortune. In Provence he was at home; his natural gifts had full play; the very *mistral* had an invigorating effect upon him. To the end of his life he turned lovingly to "*notre beau Midi où l'on chante, où l'on danse, le Midi du vent, du soleil, du mirage, de tout ce qui poétise et élargit la vie.*" And as a young man, as often as it was possible, he would tear himself away from Paris, and revel for a few weeks in the society of *Mistral*, and the little band of Provençal poets who surrounded him. At such times he was like a Highlander treading once again his native heather, and everything he wrote in the mental exhilaration produced by a sense of his native air still fresh upon him seems to me to possess an infectious gaiety not to be found in his

other works. It is only in his "Contes," first published in the *Figaro*, and subsequently collected under the titles of "Lettres de mon Moulin," "Femmes d'Artistes," "Contes du Lundi," &c., that the real unspoilt Daudet is to be found. One asks oneself in despair how the author of "La Mule du Pape" or "Le Roman du Chaperon Rouge" could ever have forced himself to write with infinite drudgery "Les Rois en Exil" or "Le Nabab." Daudet, as much as any of his contemporaries, set the fashion for the short story, and within their slender limits, these early fruits of his boyish fancy are perfect in form. Full of an exquisite sensibility, a quaintness of conception, their greatest charm is still their absolute spontaneousness. They are the facile creation of a gay and sympathetic imagination, constructed from the slightest materials. Sometimes there is no pretence at a story or incident, the author simply paints a picture which stands out in luminous colours, as in "Les Vieux," a glimpse of an old married couple waited on by two little orphans in blue, or in "Les Deux Auberges," the one silent and deserted, the other crowded and noisy. Occasionally he may be trivial, but he is never banal, never commonplace, and the little stories seem to retain a perennial freshness of sentiment.

In the later "Contes" the imagination is less vagrant, and the author has drawn more freely upon his personal experiences. Many of his stories deal with Algiers, where Daudet spent a winter for the sake of his health, and where his passion for Southern colouring received a strong impetus, and many are suggested by the events of the Franco-German War. Even here the quaintly humorous note is not altogether wanting, as in the frivolous little tale of "Les Petits Pâtés"; but the stories, written as they were for a daily paper, come to reflect more and more the melancholy feelings of the time. Daudet had already learnt the value of pathos in fiction. "Le Petit Chose" triumphed by its tears, and even to-day, in spite of its somewhat morbid sentimentality and the obvious amateurishness in the treatment—it was the first long book on which Daudet had embarked—it is still possible to read with pleasure all the early chapters, the naïve recital of the woes that befell the poor little poet as *pion* in a French college. There is a growing tendency to dwell on the sad and ignoble side of human life, yet, happily, he can never see life wholly *en noir*. Take the little sketch of "Arthur," the drunken husband who squanders his money and beats his wife on Saturday nights. Zola and his imitators would have seen nothing beyond the brutal fact, and would have depicted wife and children permanently *abrutis* by hunger and ill-treatment. Daudet, on the contrary, realised that to even the most squalid home there come moments of peace and relaxation, and so he adds a half-comic, half-pathetic scene of the drunkard on Sunday afternoon sing-



ing sentimental songs on the balcony for the entertainment of admiring neighbours and his relenting wife. It seems to me a characteristic example of his attitude towards his art.

Daudet's friendship with Zola and his temporary adherence to the principles inculcated by the Médan school exercised the most fatal results on his artistic career. Endowed by nature with a charming talent for improvising graceful fancies, the novelist came to persuade himself that his vocation in art lay in the laborious reproduction of life in its most material features. And so he launched into his long series of "mœurs Parisiennes," in each of which a certain phase of Parisian life, the one more repulsive than the other, is elaborately and scrupulously portrayed. In his later life there was nothing he was more proud of than his endless note-books—the bricks and mortar with which his literary palaces were to be built. It became a mania with him to accumulate descriptions, thoughts, anecdotes, names, with a view to future production. It was his boast that his characters were all taken from life and were studied "sur le vif," and were in no sense the creation of his own imagination. It is difficult to conceive of a more lamentable misconception. Daudet deliberately did his utmost to smother his natural optimistic temperament beneath the dead weight of realistic pessimism. He crowded his pages with rogues and vagabonds, with fortune-hunters and *intrigantes*. The hideous corruption lying close behind a brilliant civilisation, the secret vices of the great, the unblushing rapacity of the poor, the effrontery of all in the ruthless struggle for wealth and power, became to him absorbing subjects of study. It is in "Le Nabab," and its immediate successor "Les Rois en Exil," that the evil effects of this unfortunate development are to be seen in their most destructive form. Even at the time the success of these volumes was mainly a *succès de scandale*, and to-day it is difficult to conceive of any one reading them for pleasure. Properly speaking, neither is a novel at all; neither has any unity of interest or of action. They are chapters, *bien documentés*, of Parisian social history of the day. Each consists of a series of descriptive passages, of pictures crowded with characters and *overladen* with detail, of incidents strung together by the very slightest connecting thread.

In Tourgenieff's recently translated correspondence there is a remark referring to the publication of "Le Nabab." "I think," the Russian novelist writes to a friend, "I shall make up my mind to write him a *truthful* letter." And then, on second thoughts, remembering how sensitive his brother-novelist was to adverse criticism, he adds: "Perhaps, after all, I shall do nothing of the kind." It is not difficult to imagine the line of criticism that the creator of "Lisa" would have adopted towards his friend, whom he so clearly saw to be launched on a disastrous track. I am fully aware that there are

pages of description in these volumes which have called forth the enthusiastic admiration of distinguished French critics by their conscientious exactitude, their convincing truth. Daudet has been at great pains to hunt up curious and little-known developments of Paris life—such as the Agence Tom Lévis; the house in which Elysée Méraut had lived for eighteen years; the church of the Franciscan fathers, and has painted them with elaborate and even startling *vraisemblance*. But these lengthy descriptions have, as a rule, the very slenderest connection with the main story, and by their number and prolixity they become intolerably wearisome.

Their very vividness and accuracy are productive of a sense of disproportion; as much emphasis is given to the most insignificant detail as to the central figure. Everything is placed in the forefront of the picture, in the full glare of the light. There is no appreciation of values, no fading away into the distance, no gradation of tone. In the end the rapid succession of one impression after another fatigues the eye as it is fatigued by a revolving kaleidoscope. And when all is said, the fundamental question arises whether the subject has been the least worthy of treatment. The private vices of dethroned monarchs, the mass of avarice and corruption that seethes round the successful parvenu—why need we pry into one or the other? They have no real bearing on the problems of human life. They do not touch any of the fundamental chords of the human heart. At best they are but the accidental and abnormal product of an artificial society. Even "Sapho," with all its faults, can claim a far stronger justification for its existence. In it Daudet describes a certain phase in the relations between man and woman which must have had its counterpart in every age. But for the two volumes we have been examining it is difficult to find any justification. The characters are almost uniformly sordid and despicable; it is only here and there—in the affection of Le Nabab for his aged mother, or in the relations of Queen Frédérique to her afflicted little son—that we can gain a glimpse of the Daudet who wrote "Lettres de mon Moulin." Over all the rest the curse of so-called realism lies heavily.

It is pleasant to remember that this was only a phase in the novelist's career. A great deal of the evil influence had been flung off a couple of years later when Daudet published "Numa Roumestan." Here he is back again in his natural element, for the book though nominally belonging to the "mœurs Parisiennes" series, deals almost exclusively with his beloved Midi. And of all Daudet's more ambitious efforts it is in my opinion the only novel that can still be read with real enjoyment. In a sense "Numa" is the complement to "Tartarin"; the one is the caricature, the other the reality. Of Tartarin what can be said that has not been said a hundred times? It was written in the exuberance of the novelist's youth, but it appeals

to men of every age. It has been the source of genuine merriment to hundreds of thousands of readers. For myself I must confess that literary caricature has as a rule no attraction, and "Tartarin sur les Alpes" I have never yet been able to accomplish. But the "Aventures Prodigieuses," in spite of a strong previous prejudice against it, vanquished me by its irresistible verve, and by the delightful air of conviction which invests the absurd story with all the importance of a historical narrative. The broad farce is relieved by many touches of delicate irony, and by charming first impressions of the semi-tropical Algerian scenery which made so vivid an impression on the young traveller. Like a true Provençal, Daudet is himself carried away by the irresistible tendency of his brain towards exaggeration. As the story advances he trades more and more recklessly on the gullibility of his readers, piling up marvel upon marvel until at length the culminating point is reached, when the irrepressible camel pursues the train that conveys the hero from Marseilles home to Tarascon, and shares in the welcome at the station. "*Une noble bête,*" says Tartarin calmly. "*Elle m'a vu tuer tous mes lions.*"

Having thus delivered his soul over "Tartarin," Daudet was able to paint a real sober picture of the Meridional in "Numa Roumestan." "L'Homme du Midi," he remarks in the "Aventures Prodigieuses," "ne ment pas, il se trompe. Il ne dit pas toujours la vérité mais il croit la dire. Son mensonge à lui ce n'est pas du mensonge, c'est une espèce de mirage." "Numa Roumestan" seems to have been written in illustration of the aphorism, and certainly Daudet has never come so close to real character-drawing as in his description of the "grand Méridional," his talents and his weaknesses, his easy good-nature, his colossal egotism, his utter untrustworthiness. He has a thorough grip of his subject, and he enters into it with all the verve and zest of his earlier manner. For many years Numa was accepted as a kindly caricature of Gambetta. In reality Daudet was deliberately painting an unkind portrait of himself with his little weaknesses enlarged into vices, and his own marriage, which was so conspicuous a success, turned to failure. For there can be no doubt that Rosalie with her serious well-balanced northern temperament and her admirable virtues is none other than Mme. Daudet, who kept a restraining hand on her husband's prodigalities, and changed the gay casual Bohemian into the hard-working *père de famille*. It is no doubt because the story of Numa came home to him so closely that he has been able to invest it with a human interest far above that of his other books. The problem of the fusion of North and South, which lies at the root of so many of the apparent inconsistencies in the French character, was strongly exemplified in his own household, and to the novelist it naturally suggested much interesting speculation. Mme. Daudet was a woman of unusual culture, and herself a com-

petent critic to whose judgment her husband constantly referred. That his marriage was a singularly happy one is the testimony of all their friends. But it seems to me a question whether the life of a prosperous *bourgeois* which, thanks in a great measure to his wife's admirable supervision, the novelist was enabled to lead, served the higher interests of his art—whether it might not have prospered better in a garret of the Quartier Latin, or better still, in some Provençal village, and whether all the circumstances of his marriage did not interpose a barrier between him and that Provençal life from which he drew all his best inspiration. The tendency of the whole *milieu* in which his later life was spent was to place the novelist's work on too high a plane and to urge him into methods of composition quite foreign to his natural bent, with the inevitable result of a great loss in spontaneity and grace, his two most valuable qualities. And in this tendency I cannot but feel that Mme. Daudet had her share of responsibility. Something of all this may have lain at the back of the novelist's mind when after twenty years of married life he wrote his "Numa Roumestan," holding the balance as between man and wife with a scrupulous care throughout the story. Yet it is clear that at heart the sympathies of the author are all with his florid hero, and his ill-doings, if unsparingly chronicled, are treated with a lightness of touch which is in thorough keeping with the theme.

During the last ten or twelve years of his life Daudet wrote little. The chronic pain of an incurable disease which rendered all exertion irksome fully explains this decline in literary activity. But his name was kept prominently before the public by the great controversy concerning his attitude towards the Academy, a controversy the echoes of which lingered around his death-bed. To Englishmen the whole quarrel savours somewhat of a storm in a tea-cup, but for the average Frenchman before whose eyes the Academy looms in majestic proportions, the publication of "L'Immortel" became an event of almost national importance. Whether Daudet's attitude was the result of mere petulant caprice or of definite conviction, he certainly allowed his natural *bonhomie* to forsake him when he held up to grotesque ridicule the petty weaknesses of forty estimable citizens. "L'Immortel" is written throughout in a very "méchant" mood, and apart from the special circumstances of its production, it has already become very tedious reading. The prejudice is too obvious, the sarcasm too unmeasured, and the whole assumption on which the main attack is based—*i. e.*, the possibility of a scholar in Astier Réhu's position being the dupe of a whole series of historical forgeries—is in the highest degree improbable. From the literary standpoint "L'Immortel" is a failure, as novels with too obvious a purpose are apt to be. But in the end it is probable that Daudet's reputation was enhanced by his revolt against national conventionality, for the Academy could

have given him nothing that he did not already enjoy, and his refusal to seat himself among the Immortals adorned him, in the eyes at least of foreigners, with a certain halo of disinterestedness, not, I fear altogether merited.

A year or two before his death Daudet broke silence with "La Petite Paroisse." It was almost like listening to the voice of some previous generation, and the book was received with a certain reverent curiosity. It cannot be said to have added to the author's reputation. The story is long, rather confused, deficient in clearness of outline. Yet it is interesting as indicating a definite rupture with the naturalist school, accompanied by a widened appreciation of human life, a more charitable interpretation of human motive. Lydie Féniçan, the heroine, is an attempt at a psychological study—not very successful in its results, for it is equally difficult to understand why she eloped with the little prince, and why she came back to her husband. That the attempt should have been made seems to show that *malgré lui* Daudet had become infected with some of the new literary ideals that had grown up around him. And the book indicates further an acquiescence, if nothing more, in that revival of religious belief which, in one form or another, has been one of the distinctive notes of French literature during the last few years. The instinctive optimism of his youth has crystallised into a benevolent philosophy of life, and a merely superficial agnosticism has faded away before a dawning sense of the mystery of life.

To-day Alphonse Daudet is dead, and on all sides an attempt is being made to analyse his life's work, to sift the wheat from the chaff, and to measure out praise and blame with historic impartiality. I find it difficult to explain why I cannot take leave of him without a sense of sadness and failure. Daudet was brilliantly successful; he was one of the most popular novelists of his day; he made a large fortune; he could afford at the last to despise the Academy. For the majority of men such a career means everything that the world can give; for others it is perfectly compatible with failure—failure in all that makes for permanent fame. And it is just here that Daudet has failed. I cannot rid myself of the impression that he ought to have written far better books than he did, something at least, apart from "Tartarin de Tarascon," which might have survived into the coming century. But he never penetrated beyond the trivialities of life. Yet it is more than probable that the higher estimate of his natural powers is based on a misconception, and the sense of disappointment may merely be due to the fact that the judgment of maturer years cannot endorse the uncritical admiration of youth. It is always baffling to be brought face to face with the objects of an early veneration.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

## THE PROBLEM IN THE FAR EAST.

**T**HE action of Germany at Kiaochao has at least the one advantage that it has compelled the British Government and the British public to concentrate their attention on the problem in the Far East. When we owe thanks to him least of all men, some recognition for providing that timely and salutary impulse is due to the Emperor William, our arch-opponent on the Continent, where he is credited, perhaps not figuratively, with concluding all his political correspondence in the words of Cato: "Hunc addio, Carthaginem esse delendam."

The occupation of some portion of Chinese territory by Germany should not have surprised any one. Its occurrence was clearly foreseen, and in diplomatic circles the only marvel was that the stroke should be so long deferred. Russia repaid herself for wresting Liaoutung from Japan in 1895 with the Manchurian railway and the Secret Treaty. France was rewarded in the southern provinces. Germany alone had received nothing for her share in the work of that Triple Alliance. Was it conceivable that the Germans would remain empty-handed? No; the delay was due to the practical consideration as to what it would be best to seize, and not to any noble desire to import generosity into the Imperial policy. The choice was not easy, and the firmness of England on one point rendered it more difficult. Germany wanted the island of Chusan; but England holds the reversion to that island, and our rights there, despite Imperial blandishments, remain intact. Germany had consequently to look elsewhere, and, strange as it may appear, the choice of possible naval stations on the extensive coast of China is limited. The best inlets are already Treaty ports, and, as the sequel shows, Germany did not want a Treaty port. The search resulted in the selection of Kiaochao, a natural harbour of con-

siderable capacity, the merits of which had been attested by Russian naval authorities. But Kiaochao had been reserved to Russia by the Moscow Secret Treaty, the existence of which is now openly admitted in Peking, although the formal text is said to be in some points different from the draft published in China. What could Germany offer Russia in return for the waiving of her rights over Kiaochao, while she extracted its cession from the cowed and incapable Peking Government? The answer could not be easier—a renewal of that alliance which in 1895 deprived Japan of much of the fruit of the Treaty of Shimonoseki, while France, lost to her sense of dignity and independence, could always be relied on to follow the beck of the Czar.

But for what purpose and against whom, it may be asked, has it been deemed necessary or desirable to revive that Triple Alliance which saved Liaoutung in 1895? Undoubtedly for the further curbing of Japan, whose naval and military growth at the eastern extremity of the empire figures like a nightmare in the ambitious dreams of Russian statesmen. Germany has no special cause of enmity with Japan, but she wants a port on the Chinese coast as a means of tapping some part of that wealth, commercial and mineral, with which the Chinese Empire is alleged to teem. She desires that avenue of trade for its own value, but still more as a compensation for the failure of Eastern Africa, and as an incentive to national support for the navy. Germany secures in Kiaochao what she has been seeking, and, in return for her moral support against Japan, Russia stands aside and permits her to acquire a place that she had coveted herself, and theoretically acquired. Why, it may be said, should they have done this? Russian statesmen are practical. They realised that, when they came down to Port Arthur, there was a risk of England's seizing Kiaochao, a probably superior naval station to Port Arthur, and they have provided against that risk by allowing it to pass into the friendly hands of Germany, well knowing that Russo-German relations must be arranged on the Niemen, and not on the Peiho. But these statements represent only the negative side of the question. There is no room to doubt that Russia saw that the moment had arrived for striking a further effective blow against Japan before her fleet should receive the various important additions from English and other shipyards on order, and that it was this perception which made her so ready to stand aside and promote the personal views of the German Emperor. Russia does not want, and is not ready for, war in the Far East; but she feels the need of a great pacific triumph over Japan similar to that attained in 1895. For this the co-operation of Germany and France was necessary. The former has now been assured; the latter was always certain.

The immediate causes of Russian unrest in this quarter are the

continued presence of Japanese troops and ships at Wei-Hai-Wei, and the discovery that Port Arthur is not from a physical point of view the most perfect naval station at the entrance of the Gulf of Pechili. The fear lest Kiaochao should fall into a rival's hands was one reason for permitting Germany to acquire it, but the most powerful argument of all was that in this way alone could Germany's co-operation be secured in the meditated humiliation of Japan by a summary notice on the part of the three Powers to quit Wei-Hai-Wei. Russia, whatever she would like, knows she cannot have everything; she has therefore resigned Kiaochao, while taking Port Arthur herself and insuring, as she hopes and believes she has done, the speedy evacuation of Wei-Hai-Wei by Japan. The strengthening of the German fleet by a good ship like the *Kaiserin Augusta* and the two vessels under Prince Henry's orders, a similar increase of the French fleet, the addition of the fine Russian cruiser *Rossia* to the exceptionally numerous Russian squadron at Port Arthur, provided, as was thought, the means of enforcing on Japan the will of the three Powers before whom she had to retreat three years ago. The triumph was to be achieved without hostilities. Japan, in face of an overwhelmingly superior naval force, would have had no choice save to submit.

Such were the calculations made at St. Petersburg and Berlin, and no one can say yet that they will not be proved correct. In them it is true that the possibility of decisive action by Great Britain was somewhat summarily brushed aside. This country had remained indifferent to so much, she had shown such a complete inability to grasp the opportunities that remained to her while Russia was marking out the destiny of China, and the ties of family connections with the ruling houses of Russia and Germany have so fettered the freedom of this country's political action, that there was valid ground for the two Emperors deeming it safe to assume that England would do nothing when Japan was called upon to conclude her stay at Wei-Hai-Wei. But while they assumed it they have also taken steps to provide against the contrary. In the skilful and gradual manner described they have reinforced their fleets without throwing down an absolute defiance to us, so that they will possess a superiority over the joint British and Japanese squadrons. This ultimatum, when delivered, can only be met by us at the hazard, not only of war, but of a momentary naval defeat. Germany does not desire the matter to reach that supremely critical phase. It is wished and believed at Berlin that when Great Britain sees the pieces on the board against her in the Yellow Sea she will knuckle under and advise Japan to accept the inevitable and evacuate Wei-Hai-Wei. Over and above this it is possible that the Emperor wished to provide Europe with an object-lesson that England on the sea was not equal to three



Powers combined, and that what was true to-day in the China seas might at some future date be true in the Channel. The discomfiture of Japan and the further humiliation of England are the direct objects to be attained by the revival of the former Triple Alliance in the Far East. But the game is to be won by finesse and moral force rather than by recourse to violence.

The German Emperor is credited with having made during the last year many attempts to establish better relations with this country; but in this, as in other matters, his erratic procedure has tended to defeat his own object. From this country, which after all opened China to the world, and never seized an advantage that she did not show herself willing to share with every other nation, he could have relied on moral support and sympathy in exacting from the Chinese full reparation for the outrages on German missionaries. If Germany also claimed her right to found a place of trade there could be no possible objection on our part, provided that the concession of the Chinese Government was to be enjoyed equally by all the Treaty Powers. Kiaochao, or for that matter Port Arthur, as the same rule applies to it, might be made a northern Hong Kong with the German or the Russian flag waving over it; but as an integral part of Chinese territory, for at neither place has China surrendered her sovereign rights, the treaties in force at all the ports should be in force there. The German Emperor has adopted a course with which we have no sympathy, and in which we will have no part. His idea of Kiaochao is a naval port and arsenal—a base for offensive operations in trade and in war. He must be judged by the acts he sanctions, and not by those soothing expressions with which he would lull us into a sense of security or apathy. They may pass current in family circles, but they can be allowed no weight in the councils of State. The personal assurance that the closing years of a long reign shall not be disturbed by an Anglo-German conflict may prove dearly procured if that period is used to secure for Germany the positions, alliances, and naval superiority that will give her nine points of the game. The violence of the speech at Kiel, when Germany was told to strike with her mailed fist that decrepit China which was under the ægis of his dear brother of Russia, had to be toned down by Prince Henry's visit to Osborne, and by his frantic attempt during that mysterious journey to London to deliver a personal message to the Prince of Wales, which the latter's tact appears to have baffled. While, on the one hand, the German Emperor in these august circles is posing as the best friend of this country, his public acts are those of hostility, every day becoming more clear and more confident. In the Far East he has placed himself at the service of Russia, in the belief that his influence here can divert attention from the real schemes of the pair until they have passed into the region of facts, and that with the co-operation of the

Czar he may succeed in arraying against us for the purposes of the moment a superior naval force to our own.

There is a marked difference between the causes of Russia's policy and that of Germany in the Far East. In the one case we recognise the legitimate development of a policy as old as our own, in the other we see the result of an intolerable interference in a situation that Germany does not understand, that owing to her want of comprehension she must aggravate, and from which she will never derive the advantage that she has promised herself. For German professors to tell us, who have borne the heat of the struggle for seventy years, who for the better part of three centuries have had our stations at Canton, Amoy, and Chusan—holding the door of Chinese exclusiveness ajar for the benefit of Europe and civilisation—that they know a better way of settling this question, is an intolerable presumption and impertinence; for German merchants to seek the benefit of what we have achieved, and not merely to seek it, but to convert it into a monopoly, is not merely an impertinence, but something that the British people will never allow. The German ruler and the German Press talk to England at one moment in the language of threats, at another with what they consider the cold reasoning of Germany's indispensability to England.

The sooner they are disillusioned the better. We want none of their subtle schemes. If they are our friends in the Far East let them follow our lead there, and not make themselves the tools of Russia. If they are the willing tools of Russia, let them abide the result, and not sit on the fence to see how the British lion is going to turn. In Russia we recognise and respect a powerful antagonist. The game will be finally played out between her and us. We wish for no vacillating or tricky friends to secure for us a momentary advantage, and when the crisis comes to leave us in the lurch.

The German Emperor wishes to pose as the arbiter of Europe's destiny; he thinks he can array Europe against England more effectually than Napoleon ever did. With a man holding such views, illumined by the wisdom of God's anointed, as he conceives, there could be no durable understanding—to think of a Hohenzollern with a royal pedigree of less than two centuries advancing such pretensions would have shocked the least modest of the present Emperor's ancestors—and, such being the case, it is safer to base all our calculations on his hostility. In this matter the Prince of Wales has faithfully reflected English sentiment. He is entitled to the credit of having seen through the German ruler's sentiments from a very early period of his reign, and to have firmly refused to be any party to the condonation of the Emperor William's offences, not merely against good breeding, but against the dignity and majesty of his own country. When the Prince of Wales is pursued even to his private box in a theatre, so that he may have to listen to the Imperial explana-

tion that braggadocio at Kiel does not signify a Belshazzar's warning for England, it is high time for the German ruler to take a lesson in manners as well as in the arcana of Far Eastern politics.

Germany has acquired Kiaochao, and whether the objects of the Russo-German understanding are attained or not, she will stay there. This moral demonstration for Japan's expulsion from Wei-Hai-Wei may prove a damp squib, but Germany retains her price. The ultimate issue of both matters rests in the hands of the British Government. If it stands firm and proves superior to the crippling tendency of Court influences, all will be well. Japan will not be humbled; equal rights will be obtained for all at Kiaochao and Port Arthur, and the influence of the British Government at Peking will be restored. Already the principle put forward by this country as the common right of every European and American in China has disconcerted the aggressive Powers. They imagined that England would follow their lead, and commit the grave error of appropriating some part of Chinese territory as a material set-off to the places they had either seized or contemplated seizing. Had we done so, we should have played their game and lent our sanction and assistance to the work of cutting up China. Instead of participating in the operation of grab which Russia and Germany have commenced, and which France is free to follow, we have laid down thoroughly correct and just principles, and it only remains for us to adhere to them with firmness and good temper to secure such a diplomatic triumph as will effectually rehabilitate our name in the Far East. There is, however, one thing of pressing necessity in order to invest our moral action with the apparent force required to give it effect under any circumstances, and that is the increase of our fleet in Chinese waters by the despatch of either a flying squadron or of fast steaming and heavily armed cruisers. Those of the *Diadem* class, if any are ready for sea, would be specially useful, as many naval authorities have doubts as to whether the *Powerful*, on which so much of our confidence in Chinese waters has now to depend, is quite the tower of strength assumed, through her armament having been made subsidiary to her coal capacity. But, apart from that question, there is obvious need for a naval reinforcement to our flag in the Far East. It is gratifying to see England and Japan co-operating on these seas, but the maintenance of our rights and of the unassailable position we have taken up for the preservation of the common right of nations requires that the British squadron should not be dependent on Japan for its ability to cope with any antagonists.

At the same time that the admission is made that the British Government has been very wise not to fall into the trap set for it of making an annexation on its own account by way of reply to what has occurred at Kiaochao and Port Arthur, it is impossible to overlook the fact that, by a prompt measure of that nature twelve months ago,

it might have averted the very troubles which have arisen. The Lobanow-Yamagata convention at Moscow—the twin-brother of the secret treaty signed by Li Hung Chang—was a clear infraction of the spirit of the promise given by Russia when we were foolishly induced to evacuate Port Hamilton in 1887. The moment we became officially acquainted with the existence of that instrument we should have reoccupied Port Hamilton. It is desirable to remember that that little group is part of Corea, and not of China, and that, consequently, this reoccupation of a place we held for two years, and only evacuated under a promise that has evaporated like so many other similar promises, could not have been termed driving another nail into China's coffin. The advantage of this simple and justifiable step, had it been taken, would have been that it would have served as a deterrent and a warning. It would have shown Russia and other Powers that Great Britain was resolved to uphold her rights and her position in the Yellow Sea, and thus compelled them to take us very seriously into their calculations.

As we did not use Port Hamilton as a deterrent, we cannot be surprised at Russia concluding that she might go some steps further in her inroads into China and Corea without much risk of bringing us into the field. Hence the dismissal of Mr. McLeavy Brown, and the plot to expel Japan from Wei-Hai-Wei, of which the first moves are the advance of Germany to Kiaochao and of Russia to Port Arthur. In face of that situation, the reoccupation of Port Hamilton would have been an obviously inadequate measure. Port Hamilton has its uses and advantages, but for the immediate present Wei-Hai-Wei in the possession of the Japanese is the most commanding strategic position along the coast, and in the event of hostilities it would be available for us. Nothing, also, could be more striking and effective than the action taken by the English admiral at Port Arthur, which up to this moment seems to have passed without comment. So far as is known of the details, it appears that he first sent the sloop *Daphne* into the inner harbour at Port Arthur to search for torpedoes, that the Russians thereupon threatened to fire upon her, and that when she had, notwithstanding this threat, completed her examination the cruisers *Immortalité* and *Iphigenia*, with two torpedo-boats, followed on the course she indicated, and took up their position in the inner harbour in the midst of the far superior Russian squadron. There they remain, the practical embodiment of that principle of equal rights for all which we have asserted at Peking, and which we must equally maintain at St. Petersburg and Berlin.

The maintenance of the sanctity of treaties, and of the indefeasible right all the Treaty Powers possess in the unrestricted application of the most-favoured-nation clause is a safe diplomatic card, but it alone will not prevent the execution of the plot for the expulsion of the

Japanese from Wei-Hai-Wei. If we permit Russia and Germany, with France in their train, to work their will on Japan in this matter, the correctness of our diplomacy and the soundness of our principles will never avail to save our reputation or to procure for us the cordial alliance of Japan. The great risk of the hour is that we may not possess on the spot the adequate naval force to meet all eventualities. A predominant British naval force in Chinese waters will signify a peaceful solution of the difficulty, but delay in acquiring it will embolden the aggressive Powers to proceed to extreme lengths, and when we have acquired it the advantage may be secured too late.

While these questions press for an answer we may profitably take a glance at China, which some would have us regard as the subject already placed on the dissecting-table. No one who examines the question, however cursorily, can entertain any doubt that this view is, to say the least, very precipitate. Even the loss of Manchuria would not reduce China to such a hopeless and helpless position, and it may also be suggested to those who declare that the possessions of the Sick Man of the Far East can be parcelled out in indifference to his interests and supplications, that the cutting-up of a dead elephant is not so easy as carving a hare. It is unfortunate for China, no doubt, that her capital, the seat of the ruling dynasty and of the Government, should be situated in the least important and the most vulnerable part of the State. As General Gordon pointed out in 1880, this is the crucial defect in the body politic of China, and everything that has since happened has made the defect worse and more fatal in its consequences. If the Chinese Government at present existing were capable of a great effort, the dynasty itself might be saved by a prompt removal of the seat of Government to Nanking or Hankow. But it is Utopian to expect a vigorous decision from an invertebrate organism such as is alone to be found in the Forbidden City at Peking, and therefore the best hope for China seems to lie in the direction of regarding the existing *régime* as doomed and moribund.

Still, it might be worth while for the British Government, in contrast with Germany's mailed fist and Russia's doses of soporifics, to impress upon intelligent Chinese Ministers like Chang-Yin-Huan—whose predilections, contrary to what has been stated, are not Russian—the prudence of seizing the first lull in the situation to transfer the seat of authority to a safer place than Peking. But if it is beyond the bounds of reason or of hope to expect any resolute decision from the Chinese now in power, there is at least one department of the Government on the removal of which we are fully entitled to insist without further delay. I refer to the Imperial Maritime Customs, the department so long and so ably presided over by Sir Robert Hart. To that department British trade contributes considerably more than three-fourths of the revenue, for, in addition to the external commerce, it levies the likin or inland tax on Indian opium. There are the

strongest reasons for crediting the assertion that Russia has cast her eye on the control of this department, and that she wishes a Russian official to be Sir Robert Hart's successor. Were she allowed to execute such a purpose in even a veiled form, a far graver injury would have been inflicted on our position in China than by even the unfettered retention of Port Arthur. To that step we might in the last resort find an effective answer in the Sir James Hall group and the Saddle Islands, as well as at Port Hamilton; but for the passing of China's cash and only certain revenue under the control of Russia there would be no remedy. The peril can only be finally averted by the early removal of this particular department of the Chinese Government to Shanghai, where, as a matter of fact, it was domiciled during the first ten years of its existence. There is the more justification for this step because the Maritime Customs are now, practically speaking, hypothecated in their totality to the foreign bondholders, who would rejoice at the arrangement that placed their security above the risks of what seems only too likely to occur in China.

Without assuming the approaching collapse of the Manchu dynasty to be inevitable, we should thus have provided against one of its gravest consequences, and not for our own exclusive benefit. But at the same time there is no harm in pointing out that China is not dead yet. The conspicuous want of patriotism, among the many admirable qualities of her people, the rotten condition of her administration, the complete inability of her rulers to grasp the fact that not a day should have been lost after the Yalu in instituting reforms, whereas three years have been wasted, these preclude a sanguine view being held of China's future as an independent State. But, on the other hand, the real China, the China of the Yangtse Valley, of the strip of thickly peopled provinces from Shanghai to Hankow, and from Hankow to Szchuan, has not been touched. There lies the wealth and the true source of strength in China. This region constitutes the kernel of China, and the barren plains of Shantung and Pechili are in comparison but the husk. If China is to be galvanised into fresh life, the impulse will be discovered in this region among the three hundred millions that furnish the bulk of China's population, and perhaps even now there may be passing through these teeming millions the sentiment that the hour has arrived to supersede an administration that cannot fulfil the simplest duties of a Government. Only must it be hoped that, before the situation is complicated by internal rebellion on the part of either great Viceroys or the secret societies, we shall have done what we can to make the Customs Department secure, and to prevent the coercion of Japan. If the Manchu dynasty cannot save itself there is no need for us to undertake the task, and the fall of the dynasty might indeed prove the means of China's being able to work out her own salvation.

## THE ATTACK ON THE COUNCIL

IT must be evident to any fairly observant Londoner that the County Council Election to be held on the 3rd of next March must have far-reaching effects upon the municipal government of the metropolis. How profoundly it is intended to affect the future position of the London County Council has been stated, with his usual vigour and pungency, by the Prime Minister himself. It is true that the candour of his attack alarmed the timid electioneers of the Moderate party, and his speech was promptly followed by a disclaimer by the secretary of one of the Moderate electioneering organisations, mis-called the "Municipal" Society. But, I am inclined to think, no one can disclaim a Prime Minister who enjoys the confidence of his party but the Prime Minister himself, and the reassurance of the energetic secretary appears inadequate. It is true that other leading Ministers spoke subsequently in more guarded terms, but they still confirmed what many previous events had indicated, that there is a deliberate intention to effect a revolution in the Municipal Government of the metropolis. To those who have closely followed the course of Moderate policy Lord Salisbury's speech was no surprise. It was merely the first lightning-flash of a storm that had been long gathering; the mere expression of the hatred felt for a reforming Council by the more reactionary of his followers. Any time these last seven years language of equal comminatory vigour was to be heard from the lips of the extremer Tory members of the House of Commons, from those who represent or support the widely influential interest of the water monopoly, from the directors of tramway companies, from those who seek to preserve the City Corporation in its present unreformed and anomalous condition, and from a predominant section of the Moderate party on the Council itself. It was because there are Moderate

Councillors who sought election three years ago, not for the purpose of strengthening the body of which they are members or furthering its work, but with the undisguised object of reducing its influence; it was because at every crisis this section has dominated the policy of the Moderate party, and overborne the wiser counsels of those who, from municipal experience, are inclined to more reasonable views, that the Prime Minister was encouraged to appeal to the Moderate party to send a majority to the Council, which should induce it to perform a sort of "happy despatch."

Lord Salisbury laid down the following main propositions :

1. That London is a victim of "megalomania," being ten or twelve times too big to be "one municipality," and that it should be "an aggregate of municipalities."

2. That what it has is a "little Parliament," which "is not what you (*i.e.*, the Moderate audience) want." (Prolonged applause greeted this remark.) With a characteristic sneer at "the inestimable blessings of representative institutions" the Prime Minister declared that one Parliament is enough.

3. That the Councillors are "to a great extent men who give themselves wholly up to this matter," and are "running the danger of becoming professional politicians." That in the smaller municipalities you would get more suitable men—men who are still conducting their own business, and who "cannot give you the whole of their time." That there is a tendency to prolonged discussions of abstract questions which ought to be left to politicians.

4. That "a large portion of the duties now performed by the County Council" are to be given to smaller "municipalities." Lord Salisbury called upon the Moderate party ("even at some inconvenience") to provide a majority upon the Council in order to render possible this policy of division, "though it may seem a suicidal course to recommend to it." He concluded by stating that the action of the Government would depend upon the vote of the vast population of London.

Could there be a clearer or more authoritative declaration that the future of London government depends upon the coming election? Return a Moderate majority: they will treat London as "an aggregate of municipalities" and get rid of the "little Parliament." Return a Progressive majority: there will be no danger of the Council adopting a "suicidal" course, and Lord Salisbury, judging from his concluding remarks, will accept the verdict of the "vast population."

It is interesting to note that the *Times*, in discussing Lord Salisbury's scheme, stated frankly that its hope was that the creation of separate municipalities would end in the abolition of the directly-elected



Council and the substitution of a central Board selected by the municipalities, which, of course, means a revived Metropolitan Board of Works.

Soon after Lord Salisbury's speech there was a great meeting of the Municipal Society. Lord George Hamilton was the principal speaker. Lord Onslow, the leader of the Moderate party on the Council, and one of the chief advocates of the ill-considered and abortive scheme for the incorporation of the City of Westminster, was also present, and spoke after Lord George Hamilton without suggesting any modification of the following statement :

"Of course if the views of the Prime Minister were carried out, the functions of the County Council must be to a certain extent curtailed. It might, therefore, seem to some gentlemen that it was *hardly worth their while* to become candidates for that body ; but, after all, the place of honour was wherever the fight was thickest ; and the fight as regards this particular policy will unquestionably take place in the County Council. If they returned, as they ought, a large majority in favour of Moderate views, the Government would have the great advantage of launching a scheme, not against the scheme of the County Council, but in co-operation with it, and it would place their scheme in a perfectly sound and impregnable position."

This is a repetition of Lord Salisbury's view, that a Moderate majority would co-operate with the Government for the undoing of the Council. If these words are to mean anything at all they must mean that such a reduction of the powers of the County Council is to be brought about by the co-operation of the Moderate members that it will be "hardly worth while" (after the reduction) to join the Council ; in other words, the central authority is to be a body of very small account, not worth serving.

Lord George Hamilton objected to my statement that this policy would divide London into "cities of the rich and parishes of the poor," but he made no attempt to explain how under the new scheme this result was to be avoided. It is one of the natural consequences and one of the objects of the policy. It is a feature of a municipality that it is a self-contained unit as regards rating for municipal purposes. There is no doubt that it is the desire of those West-end parishes which have sought incorporation to enclose themselves within a ring fence. The main argument used to obtain the support from the ratepayers of these parishes has been that it will relieve them from contribution to the common burden. The tendency of recent legislation has been to pay more and more for municipal work out of the common purse. This means a gradual approximation to the more just equality of rating which exists in all other towns, and is one of the consequences of municipal unity. In the first place, this is absolutely necessary if the work is to be decently done in the poorer districts ; in the second place, it is to the benefit of the whole of

London, including its richest districts, because, directly or indirectly, a great part of municipal work has as its object to safeguard the public health, and disease has no respect for the boundaries of parishes. In pursuance of a policy equally selfish and short-sighted, it is deliberately intended to put a stop to this just and beneficent process. To place the matter in another light, if important functions are transferred, as is proposed, from the Council to the new "municipalities," the cost of administration will involve a greater burden on the rates of the poorer districts. At the same time, the richer districts will not reap an equivalent benefit, because the multiplication of establishments will, as a rule, involve additional expenditure, and the total cost to London will be greatly increased.

How few and comparatively unimportant are the functions of the Council which can be transferred without disadvantage appears from the resolutions of the recent conference of local authorities, which spent a great deal of time in considering the question. There were numerous transfers proposed, but it was found by the conference in most of the cases that it was better to leave matters as they were in the hands of the central authority; either because division would mean considerable increase of cost, or because it was desirable to preserve uniformity of administration, or because it was felt that the central authority was more independent of local influences and individual interests. Of these considerations that which most frequently decided the local authorities was that of cost. There is no doubt that the scheme of separate "municipalities" would result in an increase of the burden falling upon the ratepayers, and that the increase would fall with such weight upon the poorer districts as to cripple and hamper their municipal development.

In an interview which appeared in the *Sun* (January 21, 1897), Mr. Wheeler, Q.C., Chairman of the Kensington Vestry, who took a leading part in advocating the incorporation of that parish, is reported to have said:

"What is the meaning of this agitation in favour of incorporation? Well, I think I can explain that to you in a very few words. It is the natural outcome of a very wide feeling that the fourth largest borough in England should be vested with the power to control its own affairs. . . . Let me explain a little. In Kensington we raise annually, speaking in round figures, some £590,000 in rates. Of that sum we, locally, have the control of about £150,000. In other words, of every six shillings in the pound of our rates, very nearly five shillings is expended without our having any say in the matter. Now we in Kensington have an idea that we are perfectly well able to look after our own interests."

Precisely. Kensington wanted to be a self-contained unit and to spend its own rates without contributing to the general service, except in regard to such matters as Fire Brigade, Main Drainage, Bridges, &c., which, Mr. Wheeler went on to say must be left to the

County Council. It would not pay even Kensington to look after these things for itself. It must be evident that this is a policy fatal to the development of London as a whole, and incalculably prejudicial to the poorer districts which contain the great mass of the population.

The principal object of the scheme is to silence what Lord Salisbury calls the "little Parliament." Of course the London County Council is not a Parliament in the sense that it can carry legislation, but it has shown that it can voice the demand of London for reforms so powerfully that they ultimately become difficult to resist, and that within the limits of its power—though those limits are narrower than those of municipal authorities elsewhere—it can do yeoman's service in the protection of the interests of the people. The aim of Lord Salisbury is to close the mouth of the great spokesman of London. When a vast and complicated problem affects and interests the whole town, like the water question for example, London is no longer to speak like any other town, with one voice, capable of influencing Parliament.

Lord Salisbury's point is to make these ten or twelve new "municipal corporations" (if one may so abuse the term) the municipal spokesmen of London. The Moderates and the water company directors know that this means that London will speak with diverse voices—and in vain. In the past it proved impossible to unite the vestries in any common policy, and the new corporations will be equally disunited and equally incapable of efficient action for the common good of London.

This is no mere question of transferring from the Council to the local authorities such powers as can be transferred without general disadvantage. It is not even a question of dignifying and strengthening the local authorities. For years past the Progressives have advocated a reform which should place the government of London upon a firm basis—with one strong directly elected central authority and strong councils in each district. Their plan was not to destroy (as any scheme of "tenification" would destroy), but to preserve, as far as possible, the local feeling and "historic continuity" of the existing areas. But they are opposed to special treatment of privileged districts, such as the Moderates proposed in the case of Westminster and Kensington.

That this is the proposal of the Government was made very clear by Mr. Chamberlain, who said :

"There is no necessity why these municipal privileges should be forced upon any one of those towns, but for the life of me I cannot see why Westminster or Islington or Kensington, all of them places as large or nearly as large as Birmingham, should not, if they wish, have the right to apply for, and the right to receive, the same municipal privileges which we enjoy."

This is mere begging the question. None of these parishes are "towns" in the sense in which Birmingham is a town. But the point I wish to lay stress upon is that what is proposed is not a complete reform of local administration throughout London. The diversity and confusion of authorities is already so great that few Londoners have any clear notion as to which authority is responsible for each of the various duties of administration. It is a common thing to hear otherwise well-informed persons inveighing against the Council because of the condition of the streets and the non-removal of house refuse, or on account of some grievance connected with house-drains. It is a common notion, of which unscrupulous party capital has been made, that the Council, which receives less than one-fifth of the rates, is responsible for every increase. I believe this complexity of administration is one of the causes of the ignorance and apathy of Londoners in regard to local business. It is essential to true reform that it shall be uniformly and impartially applied to every district in the metropolis, and that the new Council shall be constituted upon one well-considered model that has been publicly and adequately discussed in Parliament. This is emphatically not a question to be left to the discretion of the Executive Government, as Mr. Ritchie proposes.

So incapable is Lord Salisbury of seeing any good in the Council that he even complains of the devotion of many members to the work. Their time and labour are bestowed "fruitlessly" upon the public, a curious phrase to apply to work that includes the protection of London from fire and pestilence, the clearing away of slums, the care of main drainage and bridges and noble parks, the administration of building laws, the carrying out of large improvements, and the creation, support, and superintendence of a great system of technical education. He is displeased because, he says, the Councillors are "to a great extent men who give themselves up to this matter." If he means that the members have for the most part no other avocation, he has been misinformed as to the facts; but if he means that many of them devote the greater part of their time to the work of London, doubtless a plea of guilty must be entered. It must further be admitted that the Moderate party are, with some exceptions, comparatively free from blame. A comparison of the committee attendances during the present Council shows that the attendances of the Progressive party are 70 per cent. more than those of the Moderate party, although their strength is practically equal. But, on the other hand, I really do not think that the Progressive party contains so many "professional politicians"; at least, if I understand rightly against whom this reproach should properly be levied. It appears to me that the term should be applied not to the men who, having been elected for that purpose, have seriously devoted their time to the solid administrative work of the committee-rooms, which brings no advertisement,

but rather to those peers and gentlemen who are conspicuous by their infrequent participation in such labours, and who merely honour the Council by a fragmentary visit on an occasional Tuesday when a division is to be taken that shall make it inconvenient for the working man to record his vote, when a big attack upon the Works Department has been organised, when election pledges to grant a valuable lease to a tramway company have to be redeemed, or when the water companies stand in special need of protection.

Neither is Lord Salisbury pleased with our debates, which, I believe I am right in saying, he has never honoured by his presence. "You see that in their *daily* Council there is almost as much waste of time as in the House of Commons." I had thought it was generally known that our debates take place only weekly, and that it was generally admitted that the Council gets through more business in four hours than the House of Commons in as many weeks. So far from our debates being commonly "adjourned from time to time," the whole agenda paper is frequently cleared before the hour fixed for rising. But Lord Salisbury's most serious complaint is against the character of our discussions.

"The debates are, I fear to an increasing extent, devoted rather to abstract questions which concern advancing politicians than to those more prosaic and simple matters on which the happiness and health of 5,000,000 of people depend."

What have been the questions outside the ordinary course of administration which have occupied the time of the present Council?

#### WATER.

First in importance, both from the financial and the sanitary point of view, is the water question. Parliament has invariably recognised that this subject is one with which it is the duty of the municipality to deal. In 1892, on the recommendation of Sir M. White Ridley's Committee, Parliament placed upon the Council the duty of taking in hand the great problem of the London supply. This, at least, is not an "abstract question," but one which very practically affects the health and the pockets of 6,000,000 of people.

The present position is one of the clearest examples of the incalculable loss the metropolis has suffered through the long absence of a central government. For fifty years an intermittent and unequal struggle has proceeded between the ratepayers and the water companies. It is an interesting fact that so long ago as 1852 (subsequently to the cholera epidemic) the *Times* expressed the general feeling of London by declaring that, as it was argued on behalf of the Government that the water supply could not be acquired in the absence of a

central municipal authority, a central authority should be created for that very purpose. The numerous local authorities which then existed were neither sufficiently united nor sufficiently powerful to defend the public interest.

The consumers were left unrepresented before the tribunal of Parliament; and we can readily understand how glad the friends of this monopoly would be to see the government of London reduced to its ancient condition of division and impotence. During this period the principal towns of England, one after the other, obtained control of their water supply. They had the advantage of acting through a corporation representative of the whole town, and their right was uniformly admitted by Parliament. In London, on the contrary, the companies have steadily strengthened their hands. They obtained extravagant powers of charge, while in regard to supply they acquired a position superior to ordinary commercial obligations. To this day the consumer finds it impracticable to obtain the slightest compensation for failure of supply, however serious or continuous.\* In 1852 the gross income of the eight companies was £473,000; in 1896-7 it was £2,103,000; in 1852 their net profits available for dividend were £253,000; in 1896-7 they were £982,000. Had the proposal to purchase been carried in 1852, the water rates in London would have been the lowest in the kingdom. The present loss to the ratepayer, making allowance for the cost of raising fresh capital, cannot be reckoned at less than half a million per annum.

There was, indeed, one safeguard upon which Parliament relied in granting them their unfortunate rights of charge: the keen competition which at first existed, and which it was argued was sufficient to keep the cost to the consumer within reasonable limits. But this check was, after a time, evaded. The companies consolidated their power by private agreements with one another, the effect of which has been to create practical monopolies of enormous value and political influence. It is, however, most important to remember that these monopolies have not been created by authority of Parliament, whose policy, on the contrary, was to grant competitive powers to new companies.

It is surely time that either purchase or competition should put a limit to the power of the companies to levy a constantly increasing tax, based not upon services rendered, but upon the phenomenal and continuing growth of the rateable value of the town.

From the sanitary point of view the question assumes a still graver aspect. The health of London literally depends upon the care with

\* The Government has admitted the unfair position in which the consumer is placed by passing what the *Times* justly called a "modest" measure, to enable public authorities to come to his assistance, should a water company fail to fulfil its statutory obligations; but the Act is deprived of real value by the fact that it leaves the legal rights of the companies and the consumers exactly where they were.

which the sewage-polluted waters of the Thames and Lea are purified by eight commercial companies. The dangers of even a temporary and partial failure of adequate purification are so appalling that it is no sufficient answer to point to the immunity of recent years. Where the very life of the community is concerned, a case is made out for public control—not less in London than in Birmingham. The cogent argument in favour of municipal control which Mr. Chamberlain founded upon the sanitary aspect of this question are as applicable to the one town as the other.

There is another problem which calls for solution by an authority responsible to the public. The Royal Commission of 1893 calculated that, in little more than a generation, five millions of new consumers would require an additional supply nearly equal to that at present existing, and it is important to remember that so vast an undertaking will consume at least half of that period. Immediate urgency is proved by the water famines of recent years. It is admitted by the companies themselves. Surely no question can be of more paramount importance to the public. From what source can the purest water be derived? What provision will be the most economical? To whom are the water rates of these millions of new consumers to be paid? These are questions to be considered from one point of view alone—that of the public interest.

Eminent experts have advised the Council that a supply by gravitation from Wales would give absolutely pure and uncontaminated water, and that, considering the expense of pumping, storing, and purifying the polluted water of the Thames and Lea, this unimpeachable supply would, in the long run, be less costly. But the Council has not been in a position to give this matter the careful consideration which it deserves. The companies are taking no steps to deal adequately with the question, but are contenting themselves with increasing their drafts upon the Thames. The river is already too much depleted by the companies at certain seasons, and the effect of further depletion can hardly fail to be injurious to the health of London.

The problem is not a new one, though never before has so vast a population been interested in its solution. Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Glasgow (to mention only the most conspicuous examples) have all had to face exactly the same problem. They have all settled it in one way—by buying out the companies, and then (free from the complications of private interests) considering how best to provide the necessary additional supplies. The onus is upon the opponents of the Progressive policy to show why what has proved to the advantage of these great towns should prove to the disadvantage of London.

The Committee of the House of Commons, which considered the

applications of the water companies for new powers in the session of 1896, pointed out:—

- (1) That thirteen or fourteen years would be required for the provision of a new supply.
- (2) That the storage of some of the companies "is already inadequate."
- (3) That no regulations yet exist, as recommended by the Royal Commission, as to the processes deemed necessary before water is in a fit condition to be supplied to the consumer.
- (4) That the legal powers of the water examiner are deficient.

They conclude by expressing the following opinion:—

(5) "The present position of the London water supply is not in accordance with the public interest. In the meantime, each session, applications to Parliament are being made, which are opposed by local authorities and private persons. These proceedings are annually costing a large sum of money, and Committees of Parliament have the *almost impossible task* assigned to them of deciding what powers should be granted to water companies, in order to provide for the wants of an ever-increasing population; and what powers withheld, to avoid the water companies acquiring an increased value, in the event of a purchase by a public authority. From this acknowledged anomalous position it would be greatly to the public interest that both the water companies and the inhabitants of London should be speedily freed."

The Progressives had brought the question within sight of a settlement in 1895, when the general lines of their policy were approved by the second reading of the Council's Bills and the findings of a Select Committee of the House of Commons. They were prepared to purchase the undertakings of all the eight companies at prices to be fixed by agreement; or, failing agreement, by arbitration, such prices to be based upon "the fair and reasonable value," "having regard to all the circumstances of the case."

Had the Moderates accepted the invitation of the Progressives to join them in facing an opposition so powerful that it could only be successfully combated by an united Council, had they stood with equal loyalty for the ratepayers whom they represented, the water supply would now have been under public control. But they threw their Parliamentary influence into the scales in favour of the companies. They declared that they would never consent to the control of the water supply by the directly elected representatives of London. It was entirely due to their action that the Purchase Bills were defeated in 1896 and 1897. Their policy can only be described as a total surrender of the rights and a cynical neglect of the interests of London.



## THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

One of the gravest problems with which the Council has to deal is the congestion of population in this overcrowded city. The Council and its predecessors have spent about two and a quarter millions on the clearance of insanitary areas and the provision of workmen's dwellings.\* The larger and more expensive schemes could not be carried out by local authorities. The clearance of the Boundary Street area in Bethnal Green involved a total cost equivalent to 12*s.* 4*d.* in the pound on the rateable value of the parish, and the probable cost of the clearance of Clare Market will be equivalent to 6*s.* 10*d.* in the pound on the rateable value of the Strand. Yet it is to the benefit of the whole metropolis that such plague-spots should be swept away, and the cost spread over the whole of London is easily borne. Despite what has been accomplished, the work is only well begun. As Mr. Booth's valuable investigations show, overcrowding still exists to an extent that is a danger alike to public health and to public morals. It is often extremely costly to replace the people in the neighbourhood of their old dwellings; sometimes it is physically impossible. One effective method of dealing with the difficulties of this question is to be found in the improvement of the means of communication, so that the lower rent of healthier dwellings at a distance, with the cost of travelling added, may not exceed the rent formerly paid in insanitary streets. With this object the Council is constantly engaged in efforts to increase the number of cheap and convenient workmen's trains by the somewhat indirect method of putting pressure upon the railway companies when they bring proposals before Parliament. The acquisition of the tramway undertakings placed an invaluable instrument in its own hands. Had it been retained, the development of communication throughout the town, and with its suburbs, would have been purely a question of wise administration. We shall see under what circumstances the Council has lost this great opportunity.

## TRAMWAYS.

In regard to the tramways, the two parties have followed very much the same lines of policy as in regard to water. In the first place, the Moderate party offered the most strenuous opposition to the acquisition of the lines by the Council. The issue was simple. Parliament had in 1870 laid down the principle that, after a term of

\* I regret that I am unable here to discuss the excellent work that has been done by the Council in building workmen's dwellings, which are a municipal asset of great value, because the questions involved would require a special article for their adequate discussion, and would take me somewhat outside the lines of my present argument. An interesting pamphlet on this subject has been published by the London Reform Union.

twenty-one years, the representative authority should have the right of purchasing the lines. To talk of "confiscation" was ridiculous. For everything upon which the companies had expended their capital the Council pays full value; only it does not pay for a goodwill in the traffic of the streets, which had been conceded to the companies for a limited period, and which had ceased to belong to them. The companies had no ground even for complaining of hardship: they had enjoyed a profitable monopoly for twenty-one years, and had known from the first the limit of their term.

The Progressives contended that it was the plain and absolute duty of the Council, as responsible trustees for the public, to exercise the power expressly conferred upon it by Parliament. That the acquisition was of great value was undisputed. It is worth in round figures a quarter of a million a year, and by wise extensions and the use of electric traction could be made very much more valuable. Yet the Moderate party frankly supported the tramway companies' interest as against the interest of the public. They resorted to tactics of pure obstruction. By the stratagem of retreating from the chamber they succeeded for a time in preventing the Council from passing a valid vote for purchase, which required the presence of two-thirds of the members. It was entirely due to the fact that the Progressives on the second Council possessed a large and sufficient majority that this valuable property was secured to the public.

The second controversy arose after the Council was committed to the policy of purchase. The Progressive policy was to retain the lines under the control of the Council, so that they might deal with the tramway system of London as a whole, with a free hand to provide the necessary extensions and developments and to apply the best form of electric traction. Conservative Liverpool has bought up the eighteen years' lease of its tramways, at a cost of half a million, for the purpose of improving the service by the application of electric traction. This is only one example of what is being done all over the country. The Progressives believed that advantages of great value could thus be secured to the travelling public in increased comfort, cheapness, and celerity of transit, and that it was of the highest importance to keep in their own hands this really effective means of combating the evils of overcrowding. The Moderates, however, continued to represent the interests of the tramway companies. Their strength was now equal to that of the Progressives, and they succeeded, after a long struggle, in granting to the North Metropolitan Company—without competition—a lease for fourteen years of all the lines north of the Thames, on terms very favourable to the company, and which were far from representing the full value of their property to the ratepayers.

A striking feature of this controversy was the strong opposition

between the labour policies of the two parties. The hours and conditions of the work of the tramway employés are notoriously unsatisfactory: they are denied anything approaching a reasonable amount of rest or leisure; but all the Progressive proposals for ameliorating these conditions were defeated. The Moderates opposed resolutions to provide for a ten hours' day without reduction of wages and a minimum wage of 6*d.* an hour for the worst paid of the employés, and even the proposal to make arrangements that the men should be entitled to twelve consecutive hours of release from labour.

#### RELIEF OF THE RATEPAYER.

What have the two parties done, and what do they propose, for the reduction of the burden upon the ratepayers, which is admittedly too heavy? Take first the Progressives. They carried the resolution to acquire the tramways in face of the fiercest Moderate opposition. Even the present inadequate lease of part of the lines brings in £60,000 a year. When the whole system is acquired, which will take place in a very few years, unless the Progressive policy is reversed, the ratepayers will be in possession of a property worth a quarter of a million per annum, which may be greatly increased in value by the application of electric traction. They have tried to put an end to the growing taxation of the water companies. After years of contest, the Progressive principle of "Betterment" was declared to be equitable by the House of Lords Committee, and its application will reduce the cost of many improvements. By the Equalisation of Rates Act they have lightened the burden in the majority of the parishes of London. But the most important financial reform which they advocate is the taxation of ground values. What have the Moderates done, or attempted to do, to relieve the ratepayer? On which side do they stand in relation to the last-named reform? The question is answered by their vote of 7th December last against the resolution

"That it is advisable that a new source of revenue should be obtained by means of some direct charge upon owners of site values."

At the last election they put forward a proposal the gravity of which was hardly recognised.

In the "Statement of policy adopted by the Moderate party on January 24, 1895," they demanded a readjustment of imperial and local taxation in the interest of owners of land in the metropolis, on the ground that that unfortunate class had been called upon to bear a large proportion of the new Estate Duty. This would mean that, instead of the ratepayer being relieved out of the prodigious income arising from the land, his taxes would be increased for the benefit of the landowner. The process would be veiled by its indirectness, but as to the result there is no room for doubt. The ratepayer has a clear issue before him, and should have little difficulty in deciding

whether he prefers the Progressive proposal of taxation of ground values or the Moderate proposal to relieve the ground landlord out of imperial taxation.

#### WORKS DEPARTMENT.

The Moderate party have announced their determination to fight the election, not mainly upon the fundamental question of London government which has been raised by the Prime Minister, certainly not upon the water question in which tens of millions of money and the interest of the public health are involved—upon which issues I can well understand that they are not anxious to take the verdict of London—but mainly upon the question of the losses alleged to have been made by the Works Department. These so-called “losses” amount to a sum of about £14,000, or a little over  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on an overturn of about £740,000 spread over five years. If this was a real loss it would amount to about one-tenth of a farthing per annum on the rates. The Moderate party must be uncommonly hard up for an attack upon the Progressives when they rely upon a matter of such trivial financial importance. But it is necessary to inquire what these so-called “losses” actually are. They are not “losses” in the ordinary sense of the word, or in any proper sense of the word. This was clearly stated by the experts at the inquiry. They are balances of excess of cost over the estimates of the Council’s officers. Now everyone who has experience of building work knows that it is a familiar experience—more the rule than the exception—to find the cost of building greatly to exceed the estimates of the best of architects. Recently, the Council had case after case in which the work was offered, not to the Works Department, but to contractors, and in which the contractors would not do the work for anything near the figure of the estimate.

In the case of the Hampstead Fire Station the estimate was £4,170. The lowest tender was £4,955, but that did not comply with the Council’s conditions, and the lowest available tender was £5,128—an excess of 25 per cent.

The anxiety of the Moderates to hide the disadvantages that arise from depending entirely upon the contractor was recently illustrated in a somewhat striking way. Tenders had been invited for the erection of a Fire Brigade Station at Lewisham; only one was received, and that exceeded the estimate by 20 per cent., as was stated without contradiction in the Council. The Moderate chairman declined to report the figures, a refusal of information that may justly be described as unprecedented. He was supported in the division lobby by the whole strength of his party.

To take an example outside the Council:—

The Visiting Committee of the City of London Lunatic Asylum recently submitted to the Corporation plans for proposed improvements to the asylum buildings at Stone, at a cost of £46,770. Tenders were invited from eighteen firms. The lowest was £59,000, the highest £80,000. These tenders were

for the erection of the fabric only, and did not include any machinery, internal fittings, or furnishing, for which it was calculated that an extra £10,000 would be required. Therefore, the Visiting Justices applied to the Corporation for an increase of the grant to £70,000 from £46,770—an advance of 50 per cent.!

It is obvious to any man of business that, while the comparison may be worth making as a very rough check taking total results broadly, it cannot support the kind of criticism which the Moderates found upon it.

In the second place, the Moderate party have done their best to destroy the department, and certainly succeeded in greatly damaging it. They have done nothing to help it, everything to hamper it. The Moderate half of the Works Committee contained its bitterest opponents. How was it possible for any business thus placed under divided management to show its true possibilities? The Moderate party were responsible for the disorganisation of the department during several months, and for the refusal to send it an adequate share of work; and it was during this period of disorganisation that the works show the results of which the Moderates now seek to make party capital. There is no doubt that these results compare unfavourably with those which were obtained while the department was under purely Progressive management.

The last return of the Finance Committee, dated January 19, 1898, strongly confirms the views above stated. The management being no longer in the hands of those hostile to the department, excellent results have been obtained, taking the basis of comparison upon which the Moderates rely. The estimated and jobbing works show a cost of £5823 below the estimates and schedule values, which together amount to £39,655, a difference of 14½ per cent.

Why this subject should be treated otherwise than as a matter of business, and why party heat and acrimony should invariably be imparted into every discussion, must be somewhat surprising to the ratepayers. The reason is simply that this is not a matter of business to the Moderates. They condemned the department before its creation, and they have ever since refused to give it a fair trial. They made the gravest charges against it and demanded an investigation. They chose the tribunal. They have refused to abide by the verdict. There was literally no evidence whatever in favour of the abolition of the department. The Moderate witnesses admitted that it served a useful purpose. The verdict of their own nominees was that the department should be continued with certain limitations. All the same, the Moderate party with its whole strength (including the four representative members who on hearing the evidence had come to an opposite conclusion), voted against the continuance of any organisation for the direct employment of labour,

and supported a wrecking resolution that the department should be abolished, its buildings disposed of, and its stock and plant sold at a heavy loss.

Had they succeeded—and they failed only by a single vote—in what position would the Council have been placed? It would have been deprived of the only effective means of acting independently of the contractors. At present it gives some work to the contractors and some to the department, deciding each case on its merits.\* H.M. Government and many other public bodies have found it necessary to maintain the same check upon contractors. The system of open tendering and the acceptance of the lowest tender is admitted by both parties to be frequently unsatisfactory. It has been proved, as in the well-known cases which led to the institution of the Works Department, that the lowest tenders received sometimes far exceeded fair prices. As to what is in the view of the Progressives the most important point of all, quality and durability of work—in regard to which the Works Department is unchallenged by its bitterest enemies—it must again be admitted that the lowest tender system failed to secure uniform excellence. The notorious cases of the recent experience of Manchester and Liverpool, in regard to their sewers, and of the London School Board, a few years ago, in regard to buildings and sanitary work, are sufficient examples. As a remedy, the Moderate members of the Committee of Investigation proposed that the Council should draw up a selected list of contractors, and employ no others. This would be a dangerous remedy indeed. Private persons may select as they choose; but for the Council to create a privileged class of contractors, would expose it to grave suspicions of favouritism, and open the door wide to jobbery. To limit competition would increase the danger of combination, and inevitably lead to serious increase of cost.

As to the well-known and much criticised Labour policy of the Council, it is only necessary here to correct one current misrepresentation. As a direct employer of labour the Council does not “create a privileged class of workmen.” It does indeed refuse to employ sweated or underpaid labour, both in the interest of the workmen and of the other ratepayers whom it represents, to whom it is of importance that their work shall be thoroughly well done by skilled labour. Its policy is to pay the rates of wages “in practice obtained” by agreement between the trade unions and the employers. In other words, it pays the same rate of wages and observes the same conditions as are paid and observed by the best private employers. Nor

\* The Corporation of Liverpool constructed its great waterworks, the aqueduct and the dam at Vyrnwy, at a cost of £2,000,000, “without the intervention of a contractor.” That alone is three times as much as the share of its work which the Council has executed by direct employment during five years. They placed the interest of the town in securing thorough and permanent, and therefore economical, work before the interests of the contractors.

does it make any distinction between unionist and non-unionist workmen.

It is by the record of the last three years that the two parties may be fairly judged. Upon an equally divided Council the Progressives have demonstrated their superior devotion to the work of administration, upon which depend, in Lord Salisbury's language, "the happiness and health of 5,000,000 of people." They have striven to place the water supply under the direct control of the consumers. They have laboured to deal with the vast problem of housing the people, and of improving the means of communication. They have pressed upon Parliament a policy of reform in the incidence of taxation which would bring relief to the ratepayers. They stand for just and equal treatment of every district of the metropolis, and for improving local administration without destroying the usefulness of the central authority. The Moderates, on the other hand, in disregard of all municipal precedent, have successfully opposed the acquisition of the water supply. Having failed to prevent the purchase of the tramways, they have contrived to minimise its advantages to the public, in serving the interest of a private company. Although, for want of a single vote, they failed to abolish the Works Department, their tactics have hampered and disorganised it. They have done nothing, and proposed nothing, for the relief of the ratepayers, but have resisted every proposal for lightening their burdens. Finally, they are the supporters of a scheme for granting special privileges to favoured districts, and for reducing to impotence the only authority which can represent the metropolis as a whole.

Destitute of a municipal policy, the Moderates rely upon political support. In no other town has the attempt been made to band together a great political party for the destruction of municipal life and unity. Underlying these subjects of controversy which we have discussed, and transcending them all, the great question before the electors is whether they will maintain a municipal government which places the public interest before private interests, and makes the welfare of London, as a whole, the prime object of its policy. The Progressive party are fighting a municipal and not a political battle. They have always, as a municipal party, included in their ranks men of diverse views as to imperial politics; and they appeal for support, upon the great issue that has been raised, to every public-spirited citizen who sees in London not merely a vast heterogeneous population, but the possibilities of a great city, bound together by common duties as well as common interests, whose development must depend upon the maintenance of those rights of self-government which she has so recently gained, and of which already powerful interests seek to deprive her.

T. MCKINNON WOOD.

## ST. JOHN AND PHILO JUDÆUS.

IN a previous paper (CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, August 1891) I endeavoured to show that some part of Christian doctrine owes its form to the familiarity of St. Paul and those to whom his Epistles were addressed with the principles of Roman jurisprudence. I desire now to trace the origin of some other conceptions of the Christian creed by way of further illustrating the truth that the Apostles delivered their message to the world in terms which were adapted from current forms of thought.

Milman, and after him Maine, have commented upon the marked distinction in the class of controversies which engaged the attention of the Church in the Greek-speaking and in the Latin-speaking provinces of the Roman Empire. In passing from the former to the latter, "theological speculation passed," says Maine, "from a climate of Greek metaphysics to a climate of Roman law." But this twofold source of theological expression is apparent before the controversies of the Church commenced—in the pages of the New Testament itself. Roman thought had, as I have maintained, a part in the formation of doctrine, as well as in its ultimate development. And the same is true of Greek thought or, at least, of Greek thought filtered through the schools of Alexandria and popularised amongst Jew and Gentile in the time of our Lord, or immediately thereafter, by the genius of one original and eccentric thinker. To some extent this truth has been recognised. It is admitted by orthodox writers, though with some vagueness and with perplexing limitations, that both St. John and St. Paul display traces in their writings of the influence of "Alexandrianism." But the nature and extent of this influence are often imperfectly appreciated and sometimes altogether misunderstood. Modern Divinity, here as in other departments of research, has shown



unnecessary hesitation in accepting the reasonable inferences from established facts; and the subject has been avoided as abstruse and uninteresting by the general reader.

But the genesis of an idea is to some minds a fascinating study, and this is especially the case when the idea in question is one which relates to the Supreme Deity, and therefore embodies the highest efforts of human thought. It is rational and not irreverent to believe that, as in secular philosophy so also in theology, "the human mind has never grappled with any subject of thought unless it has been provided beforehand with a proper store of language, and with an apparatus of appropriate logical methods;" that, in short, revelation has availed itself of existing language, and of the ideas wrapped up in that language, and of the modes of thought by which these ideas were evolved. "Christianity," says a learned apologist, recently deceased, "did not invent new words; and it could not, therefore, avoid fixing a different sense to many of the words and phrases which it adopted."

But words and phrases enshrine ideas. When, therefore, Christianity fixed a different sense to words and phrases which it adopted, it did so by developing the ideas which underlay them. The symbols received a new value, not arbitrarily, but by a definite process of evolution which may properly be called natural, however supernaturally designed.

Such a symbol is the Logos of St. John. This expression is introduced into the pages of Holy Scripture with startling suddenness by the Evangelist in the exordium of his Gospel. There is nothing in the Old Testament or in the synoptic gospels to prepare the way for it or to explain it. The Word is named to become instantly the subject of exposition, to be consecrated to the service of theology, and to give the key-note to that noblest of the biographies of Christ which dwells least upon the mere incidents of His career and most upon His relations to His Father and His relations to His flock.

But St. John did not coin the expression; he only appropriated and developed the ideas which already attached to it. No one can read the opening chapter of St. John without perceiving that both he and those to whom he addressed himself must have been already familiar with the meaning of the word as applied to a manifestation of the Supreme Being. What the Evangelist did was to lay hold upon a current theosophical theory, and to use it to express his conceptions of the nature of Christ. And he succeeded so well that the Logos idea became the basis of Christian metaphysics. The Greek Fathers rejoiced to refine upon John's great word, whether as expressing the *ratio* or the *oratio* of God, and it became the centre around which religious controversy raged for centuries.

The theory of the Logos was unquestionably derived from an Alexandrian source, but not in the manner which is often loosely implied

in theological works. No lecturer ever propounded this theory in the Alexandrian schools. It was not contained in or directly derived from any of the philosophical systems which mingled in the eclecticism which prevailed at Alexandria during the early part of the first century. The Alexandrian schools provided, so to speak, the intellectual furnace in which the Logos idea was forged rather than the material of which it was wrought. The theory took its shape in the mind of a Hebrew thinker who passed his life in Alexandria and saturated himself with its learning.

That thinker was Philo Judæus, the reverent and scholarly recluse who was elaborating his curious Scripture allegories and interweaving them with the loftiest and most daring speculations in theology at the very time when Jesus Christ, whom he never knew and apparently never heard of, was preaching and teaching in Galilee.

In the voluminous works of Philo there are abundant traces of indebtedness to the Greek philosophers, and particularly, as the well-known aphorism indicates, to Plato. But if Philo "platonises," if his doctrine of the Logos is associated with, is even blended and confused with purely platonic theories, it is not a necessary development of those theories. Treating philosophically of the divine mysteries, Philo inevitably uses the philosophical language and ideas with which he is familiar. But in his sublime conception of the Word he rises very far beyond the misty theism of the Academy, and reaches theological altitudes of which assuredly Plato never dreamed.

For in the treatises of Philo the Word is no mere abstraction of the schools. He is "the image and first-born of God," "the shadow of the Supreme Being," "the second deity," "the agent of God in the creation of the world," "the celestial Adam," "the archangel and high priest of the world," "the mediator—standing between the Creator and the created—interceding with the immortal God on behalf of the mortal race—the ambassador sent by the ruler of all to subject man," "the interpreter of God's will." And with reference to this Word we are told that in approaching the Father of the world it was "necessary to use as advocate (paraclete) the Son most perfect in virtue both for the forgiveness of sins and for the supply of richest blessings."\*

It may well be asked, "Whence had this man this wisdom? It was not from the Old Testament Scriptures. Where in the Messianic prophecies or in the higher inspiration of the Songs of Israel is the coming Deliverer portrayed with such lineaments as these? Where in the works of Plato is to be found the ground-work for this structure of metaphysical divinity?" Plato indeed had taught that conceptions of the mind had a substantive existence, and that the world itself was

\* See, amongst many other passages: De Confus. Ling. 28; De Mund. Opif. 8; De Agric. 12; Leg. Alleg. iii. 31, 73; Frag. ii. 625; De Mund. Opif. 4, 6, 7; De Somn. i. 37; Quis rev. div. hær. 42; De Vit. Mos. iii. 14.

framed upon the model of pre-existing types which had a being in the mind of God. And from some passages in Philo's writings it has been thought that he identifies the creating Word with Plato's Divine Idea, which took form in the making of the material world. But this, though true, is not all the truth. Philo does indeed, in a manner, adopt the language of Plato's theory of the creation; for he describes the Word as "the primordial archetype." But the Word was this because he was much more. In Plato's scheme, inferior beings were employed in the work of creation, and they required models of the divine idea to work by. But according to Philo the work of creation was accomplished by a second deity, who was the Word of the Supreme, his Image and Firstborn, and who required no models of the divine idea, inasmuch as he was himself the fullest expression of the divine idea. He was the Primordial Archetype, because by virtue of his own omniscience he was the "source of all special types and particular ideas."

Many writers have sought to derive the Word of Philo from the Wisdom of the Sapiential books. But it is very difficult to maintain this view. Wisdom is personified even in the canonical writings. In Proverbs she is described as "uncreated and eternal." In the apocryphal Ecclesiasticus she is described as "coming from the Lord" and as being "with Him for ever." In the Book of Wisdom this personification is carried much further; but it is still personification—that is to say, it is still the poetical representation of an abstract idea as a person. It may be, as some theologians contend, that the author of the Book of Wisdom prepares the way for the doctrine of the personality of the Holy Ghost; for Wisdom is said to be "the holy spirit of discipline" and the "spirit of the Lord which filleth the earth"; but these passages fall far short of the distinct personality which is attributed by Philo to the Word. Take the passage which has been most strongly relied upon in support of the opinion that the Divine Word is only another name for the Divine Wisdom. In the Book of Wisdom (ch. iii. 26), Wisdom is described as "the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted image of His goodness." Even here the comparison is between two abstractions. Wisdom is the "image," not of God, as in the phrase of Philo, but of His goodness. It is very likely that this passage was in the mind of the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews when he wrote of Jesus\* that He was "the brightness of God's glory and the express image of His person." The use of the unusual and expressive word, ἀπαύγασμα, in both cases to signify "brightness" favours the idea that this was the case. But whilst the phraseology is very similar, the underlying idea is altogether changed. The apocryphal author pronounces God's wisdom to be the reflection of His goodness, whilst the Apostle declares that Christ was fashioned in the similitude

\* Heb. i. 3.

of the person (or rather *substance*) of His Father. It was not in the Book of Wisdom, but in the works of Philo, that a precedent existed for the assertion that the Son was the image, not merely of God's goodness, but of God. But whether the author of the Book of Wisdom is to be regarded as attributing a real personality to wisdom or not, it is clear that he did not identify wisdom and the Word. He refers occasionally to the Word of God in terms which admit, at any rate, of being interpreted in a Philonic sense. For example, referring to the Israelites who were bitten by the fiery serpents, he says: "It was neither herb nor mollifying plaisters that restored them, but Thy Word, O Lord, which healeth all things. It is thy Word which preserveth them that put their trust in Thee."\* But, so far from blending the two conceptions, the writer seems rather to distinguish them, as in the passage: "O God of my fathers, who hast made all things with thy Word, and ordained man through thy wisdom."† In these and some other passages in the Book of Wisdom, it may be thought that the Word is intended to signify not merely a divine message but also a divine person. But if this be the case, it is more probable that the author was indebted to Philo for this conception than Philo to the author. It is agreed by critics that the Book of Wisdom was written very shortly prior to the New Testament scriptures. Its author was no doubt a contemporary of Philo's, but he was most probably a younger man. Professor Plumptre has maintained, with great ingenuity, the thesis that he was none other than Apollos, and that he wrote the Book of Wisdom before and the Epistle to the Hebrews after his conversion.‡ Be that as it may, it is considered most likely that he was an Alexandrian Jew, and there is no difficulty in supposing him to have been familiar with the works of his distinguished fellow citizen and co-religionist. But, on the other hand, if it could be demonstrated that the Book of Wisdom was written before the time of Philo, and that Philo had studied it, it is clear that his indebtedness could extend but little beyond the bare personification of the Word.

Much the same may be said in answer to those who have conjectured that Philo derived the Logos idea from the Targumists. The Targums, as is well known, are commentaries, or rather paraphrases, of the Scriptures in the Chaldee or Aramaic language. They were written for the instruction of the Jews of Palestine, very many of whom were unable to read or to understand Hebrew. The earliest and most celebrated of the Targumists, Onkelos and Jonathan, may have been contemporaries of Philo, though a somewhat later date is generally assigned to them. Onkelos may be taken, by his name, to have been a Hellenist, and was, perhaps, by birth an Alexandrian Jew. The Targums of both Onkelos and Jonathan show signs of Alexandrian

\* Wisd. xvi. 12-26. † *Ibid.* ix. 1, 2. ‡ See *Expositor*, vol. i. pp. 329-409.

influence in more ways than one. In both the "Memra" is referred to as a divine person. Memra is a Chaldee word which is apparently intended as the exact equivalent of the Logos of Philo. It signifies the medium by which the mind and intentions of one person are communicated to another. It includes, therefore, spoken and written language. Both Onkelos and Jonathan ascribe actions and qualities to the Memra of Jah, and Onkelos speaks of the Memra as the Son and image of God, and the mediator between God and humanity.

The most probable inference from these passages would seem to be that the Rabbinical commentators had studied Philo and had adopted his opinions. That they knew Greek is plain from the use which they make of the Septuagint; whilst, on the other hand, it is nearly certain that Philo was ignorant of Aramaic. It is natural that the Targumists should have accepted Philonism with other notions which had their origin in Alexandria, whilst, on the other hand, it is hardly likely that the Alexandrian philosopher should have borrowed his ideas from the Judean Targumists.

But the internal evidence is practically conclusive in this matter. In the works of Philo the theory of the Word is discussed and elaborated. The writer has the air of one who is propounding, not accepted doctrine, but new views of truth. Indeed he claims to have been vouchsafed a measure of divine revelation. "But I have heard," says he, "even a more solemn voice from my soul, *accustomed often to be possessed of God and to discourse of things which it knew not*, which, if I can, I will recall." The voice in this instance told him that the primary attributes of God were goodness and power, and that these two were united in the Word. Some may believe that Philo did come at least within the penumbra of inspiration; others may regard the assumption as solemn trifling. But whether his claim was justified or not, the fact that he made it supports the view that his theories were original, and is incompatible with the opinion that they were derived from sources so notorious as the Book of Wisdom or the Targums.

Neither the author of the Book of Wisdom nor the Targumists reason concerning the Word, or purport to bring forward a theological novelty. Their allusions require the key of Philo or of the New Testament writers to be clearly comprehended. They write of the Word or the Memra as of a conception which is familiar to their readers and requires no comment or exposition. And if this was the case, it is clear that Philo's ideas must have become very rapidly popular, not merely amongst the Greek-speaking Jews, but also amongst the Aramaic-speaking masses of Palestine. From any point of view it is interesting to find Rabbinical doctrine advancing, either in the lifetime of our Lord or at a very early period after His death, so far beyond the Messianic teaching of the Old Testament.

A still further advance was to be made apart from, or as it may be said, in spite of the influence of Christianity. In the Talmudic Zohar, which was written towards the close of the second century, the mediatorship of the Messiah is more prominently enunciated than in the Targums.

Again, it has been conjectured by learned writers that Philo and the Targumists alike derived the theory of the Divine Word from the ancient Persian creed, in which the creation of the material universe is ascribed to "Honover," the utterance or word of Ormuzd, the Supreme Being. It is quite possible that the mythology of Persia was familiar to the omnivorous learning of Alexandria. It is known by indelible traces that the secret subterranean cult of Mithras travelled from Persia to Alexandria and found its way even to Rome at a period which was probably anterior to the age of Philo, and which cannot certainly have been much later. The channels by which this mysterious ritual was communicated may well have served for the initiation of Alexandrian scholars in that purer faith of ancient Persia, which underlay the gross and fantastic forms of her later worship. Nor, if ancient creeds are scrutinised, is Honover the only deity which may seem to have a direct analogy with the Logos idea. In the Hindu mythology the goddess *Vāk* plays a principal part in the poetic legend of Soma, which embodies the spiritualised nature-worship of one phase of Brahminism. But *Vāk* means "speech" (*cf.* Latin *voco*); and in the Vedas this goddess appears as an emanation from Brahma, the supreme deity, and the agent through whom he exercises his power over the external world.

But it is perhaps unnecessary to go so far afield as Persia or India to find the clue to the Logos idea as Philo shaped it. It may be surmised that he derived the germ of his conception from his meditations on the Mosaic account of the creation. This explanation is so simple as to have been overlooked; but if it be the true explanation, it may afford also some hint of the origin of Honover and *Vāk*, and testify to the inevitableness of certain metaphysical conclusions when a certain stage of theological inquiry has been reached.

In the language of modern evolutionists, religions are represented as uniformly generated in fetishism, and gradually developed into a more spiritual form with the advance of human intelligence. This view is singularly at variance with the history of those Oriental religions whose records can be traced into remote antiquity. Investigation invariably proves that their multiplied divinities, elaborate ceremonial, and degrading superstitions are morbid growths and excrescences upon an elder faith in a single supreme being. So far from constantly advancing towards a higher spirituality, the tendency of religions would appear to be to retrograde towards anthropomorphism. This tendency may, no doubt, be kept in check. The purer faith may be

preserved in a secret esoteric doctrine; or it may be from time to time revived by the enthusiasm of some great reformer. But the history of religions is the history of the action and reaction of anthropomorphism and spirituality; and this conflict is not infrequently stimulated by external scepticism.

An eclectic philosophy is a sceptical philosophy; and the Alexandrians of Philo's day were sceptics. The only religious element common to the various systems which they studied was a barren theism. To them the Supreme Being was little more than a passionless abstraction. In their revolt against the anthropomorphism of a decadent heathendom, the idea of attributing form or substance, or even feeling or action, to the Deity repelled and disgusted them. Even the Hebrew Scriptures appeared to their critical fastidiousness to invest Jehovah with too much of the semblance of humanity. Now Philo was emphatically an apologist. Like Josephus, he wrote, no doubt, primarily for "the Greeks." He desired so to restate the truths of the Hebrew religion as to conciliate the Gentile world. But he also desired to reconcile to the records of their own faith that portion of the Jewish world which, like himself, had become impregnated with the Hellenistic spirit. The need for this conciliation and this reconciliation had been perceived long before his time. Indignantly as modern Jewish authors deny it, it is certain that the editors of the Septuagint deliberately set themselves to soften down those passages in the earlier books of the Bible which were conceived to be most open to the charge of anthropomorphism. A single example will suffice. In Exodus xxiv. 9-11 it is related that Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy elders ascended Mount Sinai "and saw the God of Israel." The Hebrew text is clear beyond dispute; but in the Septuagint the passage reads, "and saw the place where the God of Israel stood."

The allegorising tendencies of Philo are to be referred to his desire to overcome anthropomorphic difficulties of this kind, and to spiritualise a narrative which might seem, even to those who were not altogether worldly-minded, to be sometimes trivial and sometimes even repulsive in its character. It was not that he either discredited or disparaged the Scriptures. His views undoubtedly accorded with those which, as we learn from him, were held by the Therapeutæ, an ascetic community resembling the Essenes. The Therapeutæ maintained that, whilst all the narratives of Scripture were to be received as absolutely true, there was, nevertheless, a deeper truth, of which the mere letter of Scripture was the allegory. In other words, the sacred writings were a parable, the spiritual meaning of which could be perceived only by those whose eyes were opened by secret communion with the Author of all truth.

Philo set himself to discover this hidden interpretation. Beginning

naturally with the Mosaic cosmogony, he found at once matter for profound meditation. The Book of Genesis leaves the *modus operandi* of Creation in obscurity. The account given of the matter is, "God said, Let there be light," "God said, Let there be a firmament," and the fiat is repeated until "the heavens and the earth were finished." Thus the *spoken word* of God is represented as the efficient cause of Creation. But to attribute speech to the Most High was manifestly a concession to the frailty of the human intellect. Now, the spoken word of man is the expression of his thought, the manifestation of his purpose, the revelation of himself, his means of communication with others. By the spoken word of God, in like manner, must be meant that which was the expression of the divine thought, the manifestation of the divine purpose, the revelation of the divine nature, the means of communication between the Divine Being, enthroned in absolute repose in the unfathomable depths of the infinite, and the material universe. Here it may be supposed that we have the origin of Philo's conception of the Logos; and, granting (what, in the face of modern discoveries, can scarcely be denied) that a tradition of the Creation corresponding to the Mosaic narrative was widespread in remote antiquity amongst the nations of the East, we may here also find a clue to the process by which Honover and Vâk became divinities.

And moreover, although Philo knew nothing of the modern theory of an Elohistic narrative interwoven with a Jehovistic narrative, it cannot have escaped his attention that in the account of the Creation the Deity is referred to sometimes by the word Elohim, which is obviously a plural form, and sometimes by the word Jah, or Jehovah, which is a singular form; nor did he fail to note the suggestion conveyed in the phrase, "Let us make man."\* And hence it was not difficult for him to conceive that the Word emanating from the Supreme Being, the agent and efficient cause of the Creation, must be not merely a person, but also a divine person comprehended in the incommunicable name, a sharer, in a measure if not in all its fulness, of the splendour of Jehovah.

Seeing in the Divine Word the means of communication or the "link" between the Supreme Being and the material universe, little further effort was required to see in the same Divine Word the "link" between the Supreme Being and humanity. The "one living and true God," Philo conceived to be, as our own Articles declare, "without body, parts, or passions." But the Scriptures asserted that men had seen him and conversed with him. The explanation was that, just as the work of Creation had been accomplished not immediately by God, but by a divine person emanating from God, so also the invisible had appeared to mortal eyes, not directly, but as manifested by the same divine person. Thus, according to Philo, it was

\* See De Mund. Opif. 24.



the Word who appeared to Moses in the burning bush, who promised posterity to Abraham, and who spoke in a vision of the night to Jacob.

It might not, perhaps, be impossible to trace the trains of thought by which Philo came to recognise the sonship as well as the divinity of the Word, and to see in Him the Mediator, the High Priest, and the Paraclete. But it must be confessed that the dreamy and half-poetic style of his meditations is not calculated to assist the reader in discovering the processes by which he arrived at his results.

The treatment accorded to Philo by Christian writers is a curious subject of study. The early Fathers are frequent in their quotations from his pages, and fervent in their admiration of his genius; but they betray no consciousness of the problems which are suggested by the substance of his writings taken in connection with their date. A later age, perceiving the anachronism, so to speak, of his teachings, the discrepancy between the Christian lustre of his learning and the entire absence of Christian illumination from his life, gave credence to the idle legend reported by Eusebius, that, when advanced in years, Philo met with St. Peter and became a convert to the Christian faith. At a still later but equally uncritical period, the difficulty was solved by the assumption that the entire works of Philo were forgeries concocted by the pious fraud of some early Christian convert. Early in the present century a treatise, which had some reputation in its day, was written by a learned clergyman to prove that Philo was himself a member of the sect of Therapeutæ, and that the Therapeutæ, although resembling the Essenes in some particulars, were, in fact, a community, not of Hebrew, but of Christian ascetics.

Modern orthodox critics seem concerned rather to minimise than either to deny or explain the anticipatory character of Philo's "Doctrine of the Word." They lay stress upon the fact that his language although generally is not uniformly applicable to a divine personality. They insist that his conception even in its sublimest forms never rose to the height of identifying the Word with the Messiah, that he gave no hint of an Incarnation or of the dual nature of the Incarnate One; that he never ventured to ascribe to the Son existence from eternity or equality with the Father.

It is true indeed that Philo's language, clear and unmistakable in some passages, is in others vague and vacillating. But if it be granted as it cannot fail to be, that in *some* passages he does plainly describe the Word as a divine Person, as the Son of God, the Mediator, the Paraclete, then whatever may have been his verbal inconsistencies or mental fluctuations, it nevertheless remains the fact that he provided a theological vocabulary for the expression of Johannine and Pauline doctrine.

It is also true that Philo never identifies the Word with the

Messiah. Strangely enough the Messianic prophecies seem to have interested him but little. He does indeed assert that a time will come when the Jewish race, purified and regenerated, shall be gathered together from all quarters of the earth and restored to their own country under the guidance and leadership of a more than human being who will be invisible to all eyes except their own. But he does not say, or in any way indicate, that this "more than human being" is the Word; and this is the only reference to a personal Messiah in the whole of his writings. And although Philo asserts the divine character of the Word, he knows nothing of His human character; he never dreamed that the Mediatorship of which he speaks lay in the assumption by the Word of our nature and our frame. So far from recognising the existence of the Word from eternity he expressly says: "He is not like God without beginning." And the whole scope of his theory seems to involve not merely the subordination but the inferiority of the Son to the Father.

But these defects of Philonic teaching so far from disproving the connection between the Word of Philo and the Word of John tend rather to confirm it. For an examination of the Apostle's language seems to indicate that it was his express purpose to correct, or rather to complete the doctrine of the philosopher.

In appropriating the conception of the Word to the service of Christian theology, the points which it was necessary to emphasise were precisely those which Philo had missed—the Incarnation and the Messiahship.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God; and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God: All things were made by Him—In Him was life—*And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us*; and we beheld His glory the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth—The law was given by Moses; but *grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.*"

The creating Word, the source of life is thus ushered into New Testament terminology with the great addendum that He was made man, and that He was the Anointed One.

Nor was Philo's saying that the Word "was not without beginning," left uncorrected by St. John. In his gospel he says no more than "In the beginning was the Word—The same was in the beginning with God," expressions which have indeed been held by some to imply the eternal pre-existence of the Son. But in his first epistle the Apostle is more definite and, as though to remove any misconception or ambiguity, asserts that the Word was "that eternal life which was with the Father," and in that sentence we have the high-water mark of doctrine concerning this matter until Origen presented theology with the paraphrase "the Eternal Son."

Philo, as we have seen, had described the Word as the "first-begotten of God." St. Paul and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews adopt this phrase. In Col. i. 15 Christ is called "the first-born of every creature," and in Heb. i. 6 "the first-begotten." Nowhere else in Scripture is He so referred to. But again the doctrine is developed by St. John. To him it was reserved to use the bolder word, which is his alone, and which occurs four times in his Gospel and once in his first Epistle, the name which has become so familiar in our creeds and formularies, "the *only-begotten* of the Father"—The *only-begotten* Son which is in the bosom of the Father He hath declared (manifested) Him."

The last passage shows that St. John had grasped Philo's conception of the Word as not only the revelation of the silent God, but also as the reflection of the invisible God. It was this aspect of the Word which St. Paul and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews rapturously appropriated to their Lord. They never use the name of Logos; but, as Philo had written of the Logos that he was the "image of God," so Paul \* speaks of "Christ who is the image of God," and again † says of Him that He is "the image of the invisible God," adding the words above quoted, "the first-born of every creature," and proceeding as though to emphasise the reference to the Word, "for by Him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth." And the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in a passage which has been already referred to, says of the Son that He is "the express image" of the person of God. And here again the allusion to the Word is rendered unmistakable by the phrase, "by whom He made the world," which immediately precedes, and the phrase, "the first-begotten," which immediately follows. Except in these three passages, Christ is never in the Scriptures described as the image of God.

It is also St. Paul and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews who take hold of the idea of the mediatorship of the Word and apply it to Jesus Christ. They alone amongst New Testament writers use the name of the Mediator (Μεσίτης—the word used by Philo); so strangely alike in this, as in many other things, are these two writers, if indeed they are not one and the same. In Gal. iii. 19, 20 the law is said to have been "ordained by angels in the hand of a mediator," and it is added, "Now a mediator is not a mediator of one; but God is one." In the Epistle to the Hebrews Christ is thrice entitled the mediator of a "new," or "better" covenant. And in a still more celebrated saying St. Paul pronounces, ‡ "There is one God, and one mediator between God and man, the *man Christ Jesus*," insisting apparently upon the truth, of which Philo was wholly unaware, that it was the human nature of our Lord which constituted Him the

\* II. Cor. iv. 4.

† Col. i. 15.

‡ I. Tim. ii. 5.

"link," the medium of communication between God and man, and the Intercessor for man with God.

As Intercessor the Word is represented by Philo in the character of "High Priest of the World," and in the character of Paraclete, or Advocate with the Father. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews alone of New Testament writers describes our Lord as "Priest" or "High Priest." "It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining unto God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people;" and he harps in several successive chapters upon the saying of the Psalmist, "Thou art a high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec." On the other hand, St. John is the only writer who applies to Christ the name of Paraclete, a title which is elsewhere applied solely to the Holy Ghost: "If any man sin we have an advocate (paraclete) with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous."

It may be readily perceived what it was which led these New Testament writers so unhesitatingly to apply what Philo had said concerning the Word to Jesus Christ. The connecting link is to be found in the expression "Son of God." Christ, it is true, never so described Himself; but others so described Him in His presence; and He tacitly acquiesced in the title and all that it involved. But the Word is again and again asserted by Philo to be the "Son of God." And when this assertion came under the notice of the apostles and disciples it was an irresistible inference that the Word was no other than the Lord they knew.

We have seen how, in appropriating the doctrine of Philo, they expanded and developed it. But in one point his doctrine remained without explicit correction until a later age than that of the Apostles. It is true that the New Testament writers nowhere endorsed the phrase, "the second deity," as applied to the Word, or gave any warrant for the Arian heresy that the Son, although divine, was not of the divine essence. But, on the other hand, they refrained from any direct assertion of the equality of the persons of the Godhead. It was not until after long and wearisome metaphysical wranglings that the Church agreed to say, in the words of the Creed called Athanasian, "And in this Trinity none is afore or after other; none is greater or less than another. . . . Jesus Christ the Son of God is . . . equal to the Father as touching His Godhead, and inferior to the Father as touching His manhood."

Modern advanced criticism on the Fourth Gospel seems to take too little account of the influence of Alexandria, not merely as the intellectual centre of the world, but also as a great—perhaps the greatest—centre of the Jewish race during the first century. Rome was, indeed, the political capital of the Roman Empire; it was also the home of literature and jurisprudence; but Alexandria was at once the

greatest commercial city of the age and the greatest seat of learning. It was not like a modern university, a mere training-school for youth. In Alexandria the distinction between "town" and "gown" was non-existent. Its lecture-halls were open to the public, and were thronged every day by such miscellaneous crowds as one might expect to see in the theatre or the exchange. Not less thronged was the vast library which the Alexandrians prized as their most precious possession, and which, when it was destroyed by fire, Anthony, anxious to conciliate their favour, replaced by one which he pillaged from Pergamos. It may be questioned whether the world has ever known a more intellectual population than that which existed during several centuries in this illustrious city.

Alexandrian philosophy may be said to have commenced and ended its career with mathematics. The first "school" was made illustrious by the names of Euclid and Archimedes; the second by those of Ptolemy the astronomer and Diophantus the arithmetician. But in the long interval between these two great periods of mathematical activity Alexandrian learning was so varied and so impartial that it can only be described by the word eclectic. It was as though for a time the human mind had exhausted its capacity for original speculation and experiment and was compelled to devote its energies to collecting and comparing past philosophies. Such periods are not unknown in the history of human thought. To take an example from the arts, a similar stage may be said to have been reached at the present day in the history of architecture. Modern architecture has no originating genius, but it is learned beyond all preceding eras. Its practitioners can compare and combine, but they cannot invent. An eclectic philosophy is necessarily critical, and it is usually coincident with widespread education. These were the characteristics of Alexandrian philosophy in the time of Philo.

But Alexandria was largely a Jewish city. Of its total population of seven hundred thousand in the reign of Augustus no fewer than two hundred thousand were Jews, and the total Jewish population of Egypt was computed at one million. The Alexandrian Jews were, to a great extent, self-governed, under the charter of successive emperors, by a Council of Elders, presided over by an "Ethnarch" of their own choosing. It is worthy of remark that the most famous public teacher of the time, Potamon, the founder of the eclectic philosophy, and the master of Philo in secular learning, was a Jew.

It seems probable that intercourse between Judæa and Alexandria was intimate and continuous. The land-route by which the parents of the child Jesus fled with Him into Egypt, doubtless to take refuge amongst Egyptian, perhaps Alexandrian Jews, may have been too tedious and too much exposed to danger for frequent traffic. But ships must have been constantly passing and repassing between the

great port of the Levant and the various harbours of Palestine; and the Jews were already the busiest and most successful traders in the Roman world. It seems certain, moreover, that notwithstanding the erection by the Egyptian Jews of a temple of their own at Onion, near Memphis, no inconsiderable number of them must have swelled the enormous multitude of pilgrims, amounting it is said to nearly two million souls, who went up annually to Jerusalem to the feast of the Passover. It was, perhaps, because of the concourse of Greek speaking pilgrims at Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion, that the inscription on the cross was written in Greek, as well as in the official Latin and the scarcely less official Hebrew. But there must have been many residents in the Jewish capital who were familiar with Greek through their intercourse with the Jews of Egypt and Asia Minor. There are many indications in the New Testament that the Jews of our Lord's time were not an illiterate people; and this impression is corroborated from other sources. When Augustus Cæsar issued the edict which guaranteed the privileges of Judæa, he expressly granted protection to the *public schools* as well as to the *synagogues*. Josephus tells us that the younger sons of Herod, anticipating that they would succeed to the kingdom in preference to their elder brothers, insolently announced that they "would make Herod's sons, by his former wives, *country schoolmasters; for that the present education which was given them and their diligence in learning fitted them for such employment.*" When it is remembered the princes referred to had been educated principally at Rome, the inference would seem to be that, even in the country schools of Herod's kingdom, instruction was not confined to Hebrew studies. That Greek was very commonly understood in Palestine at a period shortly after the crucifixion appears probable. The institution of the diaconate was due to the complaints of the "Grecian Jews" in the early Church of Jerusalem, that "their widows were neglected." The accusers of Stephen were "certain of the Synagogue, which is called the Synagogue of the Libertines and Cyrenians, and Alexandrians, and of them of Cilicia and of Asia;" and in his long defence before the Jewish Council, the protomartyr employed the phraseology of the Septuagint, if not its actual words. Josephus himself learnt Greek in order to translate his "Wars of the Jews," into that tongue; but he informs us that he sold copies of the translation "to many of our men who understood the Greek philosophy."

It seems not unnatural or improbable that the works of Philo should become known to the Christian Church through the Hellenists of Jerusalem, if through no other channel of communication; and thus St. John may well have become aware of the doctrine of the Logos as early as the date of Stephen's martyrdom. At any rate the references to the doctrine of the Logos in the Fourth Gospel afford

no ground for assigning to that Gospel so late a date as 170 A.D. with Baur, or even so late a date as the beginning of the second century with Matthew Arnold. Baur indeed seems to have entertained the notion that the conception of the Word could only have been imparted to the Christian Church through the medium of the Gnostics; and according to his theory the author of the Fourth Gospel was a "Gnostically-disposed Christian, a consummate literary artist, seeking to develop his Logos idea, to cry up Greek Christianity and decry Jewish." Apart from other objections to this theory, it involves a strange misconception of the tenets of the Gnostics. Much as the Gnostic sects differed amongst themselves, they were united in their denial that our Lord's body was truly human; it was, according to them, a semblance only, a "docetic" or "fantastic" body. No Gnostic or Gnostically-disposed Christian can be conceived to have written, "The Word became flesh." Matthew Arnold allows that St. John himself provided the materials for the Gospel which bears his name, but considers that these materials were edited by "a Greek Christian, a man of literary talent, a theologian." It is difficult to see the necessity for even this modification of the received tradition of the Church. There is nothing in the Alexandrianism of the Fourth Gospel which St. John might not readily have learned whilst still in early manhood. It is true that in youth he was a fisherman, and even after three years' companionship with his Great Master, he may have been, as he seemed to be, on the morrow of Pentecost, to the rulers and elders and scribes, an "ignorant and unlearned" man. But it was impossible for him to engage during many years in zealous propagandism of the new faith, involving perpetual controversy with learned rabbis and subtle witted Greeks without a quickening of the intellect and a stimulus to study. It would have been surprising if such a man had failed to become acquainted with the religious works of Philo which were well known to a soldier and politician like Josephus, and which were evidently familiar to Onkelos and Jonathan the Targumists. And if the Apostle ultimately became "a man of literary talent and a theologian," it is not more surprising in his case than in the case of many an ecclesiastic of later times whose birth was no less humble and whose early education was no less deficient than his own.

W. E. BALL.

## OUR TRADE WITH WESTERN CHINA.\*

**W**ITHIN a fortnight after the signing of the Anglo-Chinese treaty at Peking last summer, by which Western China was opened to British merchants, I crossed the Chinese frontier at Nam-pong, above Bhamo, in Upper Burma, and followed the trade route across the Yunnan province, by way of Tali, Yunnan-sen, and through Suifu to Chung-king-fu, the first of the treaty ports on the Yang-tzi River.

Bhamo, on one side, and Chung-king-fu, on the other, are the principal doors by which foreign goods enter Western China and Chinese goods leave for the outer world. But Yunnan at present has little to give the outer world, and traders rather fix their eyes on S'ch-uen province, which is rich in gold and silver and silk. Under the treaty Britain acquires a right to project railways into Yunnan, and, studying the matter from a map, nothing seems easier than that we should now begin to drain into British Burma the unknown wealth of these little explored regions. Three or four ingenious railway schemes have already been placed on paper, but not one of them has been propounded by any man who has been over the great Chinese trade route leading from Chung-king-fu into Burma. And it is simply because I have traversed this route, studying the country and its products in the light of the new treaty, that I write this note.

China is a land of immense possibilities in the way of trade. Yet among Great Britain's customers it takes seventeenth place. The Empire has a population of over 400,000,000, and our exports to China amount only to some £60,000,000, not one-sixth of those to the

\* The writer of these notes is one of the three cyclists who, in the course of their journey round the world, have crossed China from Burma to Shanghai.



United States. The import duties are a nominal 5 per cent. Yet, compared with Australia and our colonies, where the tariffs are hostile, and range from 30 to 60 per cent., our trade with China is just one-tenth. To open up further this gigantic country is the dream of all men engaged in Eastern commerce, and to reach the minerals of the western provinces is the heart's desire of financial speculators. France, down in Tonquin, has for long years been looking enviously northwards towards the province of S'ch-nen. It was with the object of checking a British movement in that direction that she gradually crawled round the upper end of Siam, and brought a number of the Shan States under her influence. Within the last eighteen months she has added to her Tonquin colony a stretch of land equal in area to England itself. Thirteen years ago she was hard at work in Mandalay, preparing for the speedy annexation of Upper Burma, intending thus to crush British Burma down into a corner, and to raise a barrier against the easterly extension of the Indian Empire. It was the accidental discovery of this scheme that prompted the Indian Government to force a quarrel on King Theebaw, to rush British soldiers up the Irrawaddy, and to annex Upper Burma, whilst the outwitted French diplomatists were fretting from chagrin.

From that day to this the actions of England and France around the borders of Burma, Siam, and China have provided an interesting game of checkmate. At the time the boundary-line between British and Chinese territory was drawn, several Shan States, which had been part of Theebaw's kingdom, were conceded to the Chinese, on the understanding that they were not to pass into the possession of any European power—meaning France. Yet, within a few years, France wheedled these states from the Chinese, and it was because of this breach of faith that a fresh tract of Chinese territory was, as a *sine quâ non*, tacked on to British Burma, and a number of concessions, in favour of British traders, were wrung from the authorities at Peking. Among these was the settlement of a British Consul at Teng-yueh, or Momien, as it is called by its Shan name on some maps. It was at Teng-yueh that my two companions and myself had to obtain our passports from the Chinese officials. But news travels slowly in the Flowery Land. The officials knew nothing about any new treaty, or the granting of passports, and they were thrown into a state of feverish consternation by the news that a British official was to live in their town. In a few days the city was in a ferment of excitement, and everybody believed that Britain had annexed Yunnan, and that we three were but the forerunners of an army of occupation. The Chinese official mind is conservative, and, although we brought all necessary documents from the authorities of the Government of Burma, there was a hesitancy in giving us passports. Indeed, they were not conceded until we threatened a telegram to Peking. Further, the officials were hopelessly

ignorant of what was required of them. Sitting in a dirty, foul Chinese hotel, with a crowd of noisy, gesticulating Chinamen around, I had myself to draw up the terms of our three passports. It was probably the first case on record of a man writing his own passport.

It was the middle of the rainy season when I crossed Yunnan, a time when the road is closed even to pack-mules, and the whole region is fever-breeding and wretched. Many days we were up to our waists in water, and night after night we lay down to sleep in sodden clothes. And to call the way a road is a misnomer. It is nothing but a mountain track. I have in my time done some rough climbing, but never have I crawled up and down such a series of wild, steep precipices as lie between the frontier and Tali. There are great ranges of mountains running north and south, and our way lay east, over a road see-sawing continuously between altitudes of 5000 and 8000 feet. Between Teng-yueh and Tali was the worst. Glancing at my notes taken during the journey, I find one day an ascent of 2000 feet in a distance of three miles, and then a sudden descent of 2000 feet in two and a quarter miles. The next day the altitude rose to 7400 feet, and the following day it was 8000 feet. Then it dropped to 5000 feet, and in the course of a morning's walk rose to 7000 feet. Another day the altitude was 3300 feet in the morning; it was 8150 feet at noon; and in the evening we had descended to 2300 feet. The whole region is a mass of heaving, ragged mountains, with only one-seventeenth part of plain, and a population extremely sparse. Under the treaty, a railway can be constructed to Tali, and people in England, glancing at a map, conceive it to be an easy thing to run a railway from Bhamo. What engineers cannot do it would be dangerous to guess, but a railway over or through these hills would be the most herculean task ever attempted.

Captain Davies, who has been over the ground on behalf of our Government, has reported strongly against attempting a railway in these parts. Mr. Archibald Colquhoun has urged a line from Moulmein, in Lower Burma, and through Siam. But French influence is too strong in Siam to permit of that being done. The Government of Burma are determined, however, to get a railway right up to the Chinese boundary. The line from Mandalay to the Kunlong Ferry, on the Salweyn River, is being rapidly pushed on. Already 224 miles from Mandalay to Hsop-kyet has been built, at a cost of Rs.8000 per mile, whilst the remaining forty-two miles, not yet constructed, over a bad piece of ground, is not to cost more than a lac of rupees a mile. Builders of commercial castles in the air contemplate a possible extension of this line into China, to Yin-cho and Shu-ning-fu, with possibly a branch up to Tali. Another idea is to run a line between the ranges of mountains from Kunlong up to Yung-chang-fu, a picturesquely situated town between Teng-yueh and

Tali, which is distinguished for nothing, save that Marco Polo records a fight of unicorns on the Yung-chang plain. The latter line is feasible; but the way from Kunlong to Tali is barred by tremendous mountains, to traverse or to tunnel which would cost millions of pounds. When, some months ago, a deputation from various chambers of commerce waited upon Lord Salisbury to urge that the Government should support a railway right into Yunnan, the Prime Minister replied that the Government would push on a railway to the frontier, but that any line beyond would be better arranged by commercial than by diplomatic treaty. Now I propose to show that not only would it be reckless folly for commercial men to embark on the building of railways in Yunnan, but that the present line from Mandalay to Kunlong is, so far as trade is concerned, nothing less than a waste of money.

Let me glance briefly at the present trafficking relations between Yunnan and Burma. The exports from Yunnan into Burma are at present wretchedly insignificant. They comprise hides, horns, hams, paper, fur coats, straw hats, some musk, orpiment, and fibres. On the other hand, the exports from Burma into China in 1896 represented Rs.1,364,800, but of this sum Burmese raw cotton accounts for Rs.1,127,168, and woollen cloth for Rs.45,646. The authorities in England are probably ignorant that 50,000 bales of Burmese cotton go into China every year, for the published returns refer only to exports from Rangoon, and no official notice is taken of the exports at the other end of Burma. I am not ignoring the fact that a small quantity of silk finds its way out of China into Burma, and that a large amount of gold, used in covering the Buddhist pagodas, also crosses the border. But Yunnan is not a silk-producing province, and a railway line is not necessary to convey gold.

But supposing a railway did penetrate Yunnan, the district from which any trade might be drawn lies, roughly speaking, between the twenty-second and twenty-seventh parallels of latitude, while in an easterly direction the range might possibly extend to P'u-erh and Ssu-mao. Much of this country is quite unexplored, and there would be the rivers Taeping, Shweli, Salweyn, Mekong, and Yong-pi to cross before the Burmese frontier was reached. P'u-erh produces what the Chinese themselves regard as the finest tea in the Empire, but neither Burma, India, nor England is likely to adopt Chinese tea. There is no product of the soil that Yunnan can export, unless it produces wheat that can be sold in Burma as cheaply as the Indian wheat. Still, I think there is a chance of a larger export of ponies, mules, goats, sheep, pigs, poultry, and possibly cattle and buffaloes.

I recognise the enormous cost and difficulty of the present means of transport on mules. It takes twelve animals to carry a ton, and the freight from Tali to Bhamo—a journey of twenty days—is £8.

The cost of transport from Bhamo to London is, roughly, £4 a ton. Therefore Yunnan, owing to the heavy cost of transit, can supply nothing to the London market. Of course, a railway would considerably reduce the price, but, as the trade is at present, the whole of the goods for Burma which travel the Tali-Bhamo route could easily be conveyed in one train-load. Some trade from the capital of the province, Yunnan-sen, may be attracted to the line at Kunlong. No direct road, however, has been explored, and when I was in Mandalay Captain Davies told me that it would probably be at least twenty-five marches over a hilly and difficult country. Even assuming the new railway advanced into Yin-cho, there would still remain twenty stages to be done by road. It is, therefore, quite clear that the building of a railway into the heart of Yunnan is next to impossible, and that, if there were one built, the trade between Burma and the province would be insignificant. Further, there is little wood lying between Kunlong and Tali, and the coal is very poor. I disagree with the generally accepted statement that trade always follows the railway line. Trade would, of course, be augmented by the building of a line, but Yunnan is probably the poorest of all the eighteen provinces, and the population is thin and scattered and wretched.

Traders should once and for all abandon the hope that Yunnan is a rich mine, only waiting to be tapped. The present construction of a railway can mean nothing to them. The Government of Burma fosters the idea that the line will benefit trade. As a matter of fact, the main object of the line is military. No doubt it would be an admirable plan if English financiers would play the rôle of cat's-paw to push a line into China, and so give our Government, on the outbreak of tribal disturbances, a pretext for annexing the country, and once more checkmating the French. Though, commercially, there is nothing worth having in Western Yunnan, there are, east of the capital, on the range of mountains dividing Kweichau, rich mines of copper and iron, and magnificent coalfields. But they are beyond our reach from Burma. The stages between Yunnan-sen and British territory, by the present route *via* Tali, are thirty-three days. Between Yunnan-sen and French territory it is only eight days. When I was in Yunnan-sen, I met a French engineer who was prospecting the country. A few months previously a French Commissioner passed south to Hanoi, coming down from S'ch-uen, and the Blackburn Commission came down from the same province, but branched off to Canton. Around Chao-tung-fu, which lies on the road into S'ch-uen, are rich silver and copper mines. The French are maturing railway schemes to advance a railway north through Yunnan, not so much with the object of securing the minerals of the province as to get some sort of barrier between British Burma and the amazingly rich province of S'ch-uen. Commercially, we have

nothing to apprehend from these tactics; territorially, they are full of significance. At present I am not dealing with Empire extension, except in so far as it affects trade. The day when S'ch-uen will be either French or British territory is far in the distance. And for all time the natural outlet and inlet for S'ch-uen will not be a railway southwards over wild mountains to Tonquin, or westwards to Burma, but down the great Yang-tzi River. Commercial men might well turn their eyes to this province. Chung-king-fu is an open port, yet no foreign vessel has so far ventured up the river beyond Ichang. There is a British Consul at Chung-king, and recently there has arrived a French Consul, whose chief duty is to keep watch on his British *confrère*. Flotillas might easily come up the Yang-tzi from Ichang in a week. At present, the great lumbering junks that have to be hauled by coolies—often 200 of them at a time—take from three to four months to accomplish the journey. S'ch-uen is unfavourable for growing cotton, and there is an immense trade to be done in this article alone. The S'ch-uenese have a keen appreciation for all European wares. They will readily give a sovereign for a three-and-sixpenny alarm clock, and, in my travels, when I have thrown a beer-bottle or an old condensed milk-can away, there have been fights for possession. These are but little things, which act as chaff, showing the way the wind blows. Sewing-machines, though the cost of transit is so immense, are eagerly bought. For the traders who first start steamers to Chung-king there waits a fortune. For more ambitious people, there are the S'ch-uen mines to be worked. Concessions could be obtained. At Chung-king I made very careful inquiries into this subject. Unless our countrymen, who are ever crying out for fresh fields for trade, speedily wake up, a fleet of Japanese steamers will be feeding S'ch-uen with foreign goods. At the present moment the French are bargaining with the Viceroy for mining facilities. And to be first in the field in such matters is everything.

Having travelled over the ground and studied the country on the spot, I therefore say to merchants anxious to open up a Western China trade, "Do not waste your energies in sucking the dry orange of Yunnan, but go by the great highway of Central China, the Yang-tzi River, to S'ch-uen, where the fruit is ripe and ready for plucking."

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

## "A TYPICAL ALIEN IMMIGRANT."

MR. JOHN A. DYCHE, a Russian immigrant, has written an article of great ability in the last number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. Two years ago this essay would have "palpitated with actuality." To-day, as I shall try to prove, the restriction of alien immigration is scarcely a question of practical politics. Furthermore, Mr. Dyche forces an open door in demonstrating the superiority of well-paid and well-organised Jewish workmen to dissipated and thriftless English working men, whose "rough, coarse, and tasteless" temperament is condemned by our Russian guest. Still, Mr. Dyche deals with large economic and racial questions of permanent interest, and if he writes somewhat with the air of a conqueror indifferent to the feelings of the vanquished, the strong attack he makes on me requires an answer. If only his facts and citations were as authentic as his views are well expressed, I might well shrink from a descent into the cockpit of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW with an adversary so redoubtable as Mr. Dyche.

In a controversy between an alien workman and an Englishman the former may be sure of sympathy from the public and of fair play from his opponent. Still, facts are facts, especially when the foreigner places himself in the wrong by such manipulation of quotations as I shall set forth later on.

### THE DESTITUTE ALIEN.

I join issue with Mr. Dyche in the three postulates of his opening sentence. He says :

"Every one, I think, will agree that at present, when alien immigration has become a question of practical politics, and the Government is pledged

to the introduction of a Bill for 'checking the importation of destitute aliens,' whatever that may mean, it would be interesting to hear what the chief offender has to say in his own defence."

With such knowledge of the political situation in England as I possess it seems impossible to contend that—(1) legislation to check alien immigration is to-day a question of practical politics, that (2) the Government are to-day pledged to bring in a Bill on the subject in any other sense than that in which they are committed to the evacuation of Egypt, and that (3) so far from Mr. John A. Dyche being the "chief offender," his claim to be "a typical alien immigrant" cannot be sustained.

The latest authoritative declaration of the Prime Minister on the subject was written on March 25, 1896. In a letter to me of that date Lord Salisbury said :

"I am very anxious to pass an Alien Immigration Bill, and I believe that it would be valuable and much demanded by the working classes in many districts. But I am assured that the position of business is so unpromising in the House of Commons that it is of very little use to bring it forward at present. I think we shall have to wait till more pressing matter is cleared away."

From that day to this, practical politicians regard the restrictive legislation proposed by Lord Salisbury when in Opposition as dead as Julius Cæsar. With a Cabinet divided on the subject, and the irresistible weight of Jewish influence inflexibly set against any measure of the kind, the "more pressing matter" to which Lord Salisbury refers is not likely to be "cleared away" in the lifetime of this Government; and I for one do not expect to see the subject seriously revived until public opinion brings it to the front in a new and ominous form. Lord Salisbury is probably aware that he would destroy his Government if he quarrelled with the Jews. They will yet enjoy free entry here. It is true that with friends I have worked for many years to promote the passage of a Destitute Aliens Prevention Bill. For the present the prospects of such a measure are not only hopeless, but even if it were passed it would be inadequate in view of the magnitude of the Jewish question.

Mr. Dyche, who does me the honour to "quote," after his own fashion, my writings on the subject, will permit me to remind him that I have publicly declared my conviction since last visiting Russia that "no mere national or particularist remedy will suffice to cure the evil"—*i.e.*, the immigration of destitute aliens. Europe must deal with her Jews as a whole.

So much for the restriction of alien immigration being a question of practical politics. As to the Government being definitely pledged I greatly doubt, and many people would be glad to learn where and by whom the Cabinet were committed to specific action on the subject. Casual mention of a measure in the Queen's Speech is meaningless.

With regard to the third point, Mr. Dyche refutes himself in claiming to be "a typical alien immigrant." He writes excellent vernacular English, as good, or better, than nine-tenths of our educated classes; and apparently he has acquired the art in seven years, if his article was written two years ago, as stated by the *Jewish Chronicle*. He belongs to the aristocracy of labour; tells us that he and those like him draw higher wages than the average English tailor; that the alien standard of comfort is higher; and yet he wishes his readers to believe that he is not merely a champion, but a sample, of the mass of immigrant aliens. When Mr. Dyche landed with threepence in his pocket he brought with him capacity, and therefore potential value as a British citizen. I can only speak for myself, but when standing for Parliament, and when writing in the Press, I have been in the habit of defining the term "destitute alien" to include only those who from physical, mental, or moral reasons are undesirable additions to the population of England or the United States of America. It is hard to see why human elements rejected by the States are good enough for England. The typical foreign immigrant we wish to exclude is an incapable; he belongs to no trade union; he is the person who makes the lives of the Jewish Board of Guardians a burden; he speaks no English, learns no skilled trade, and is destitute of qualities that enrich civilised communities. I produced a hundred of these typical aliens before the Commons' Committee, and many more gave evidence at length before the Lords' Sweating inquiry. If Mr. Dyche claims identity with these wastrels and serfs of capital he is unjust to himself; if he does not he deludes the public in styling himself "a typical alien immigrant."

Mr. Dyche cites a passage from "The Destitute Alien" edited by me for Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein's "Social Science Series." After repeated search, I am unable to discover the quotation. Assuming, however, for the purpose of the argument, that it is correctly quoted, Mr. Dyche seeks to score a point against the writer for a disrespectful reference to the slop clothing trade. At the time the book was written most of us had still something to learn. There was too much generalisation. No one would now dream of denying that the organised Jewish tailors at the top of the industrial tree are well off. If, however, the unnamed writer cited by Mr. Dyche went wrong, he erred in good company. The Chief Rabbi, Dr. Herman Adler, wrote as follows on March 10, 1887:

"It is an admitted fact that in former years one rarely, if ever, heard of an unchaste Hebrew maiden in this country. I grieve to be obliged to say that this happy state of things no longer exists. The extension of the social evil to my community may be directly traced to the over-stocked labour market, and to the Russian persecutions, continuing to this day, which cause thousands of Jewish girls to arrive at these shores without any means of subsistence."



Dr. Adler afterwards withdrew this statement, but it is difficult to understand that it could have been made without a strong foundation of fact, at least as regards the destitution of immigrants, many of whom were employed in the clothing trade. Mr. Dyche himself declares "the Jewish woman" to be "idle, wasteful, and extravagant"—an element that many sober persons may regard as an addition of questionable value to our thriftless population.

As to the accuracy of the Board of Trade figures, I have so often given reasons for discrediting them, I will not, for want of space, recapitulate arguments to be found elsewhere (see the *Times*, Christmas Day 1894).

Having recently given the real reasons for the Jewish persecutions in Russia (CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, November 1897), it is needless to follow Mr. Dyche into this subject. If Mr. Dyche's contention that Russian Anti-Semitism is due to allegations against the Jews of mere laziness and unwillingness to work, I never heard of the fact. The public must judge between us. It does not appear, however, that Mr. Dyche claims to speak from first-hand knowledge. The diatribes of the *Novoe Vremya* are not the declarations of Government, and I prefer the statements of MM. Pobiedonostzeff and Goremykine to newspaper vapourings. It is indisputable, from whatever cause, that the Jews are disliked and feared in Russia.

#### STANDARD OF COMFORT.

When Mr. Dyche asserts that the standard of comfort in "the life of the foreign Jews of this country" is higher than that of Englishmen, the weight of evidence is against him. Comparison between dissolute and improvident British labourers and thrifty, well-paid foreign Jewish artisans would no doubt confirm his contention. For more than controversial purposes, however, such comparison would be useless. The only proper comparison is to be made between people of the same class. Nobody denies that some British workmen drink, and that the homes of drunkards are debased. Still, the average "greener," who does not contribute to the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, compared with the average British labourer and artisan, leads the life of a dog. The average Jewish greener is not a highly paid artisan. He is only too often the servile victim of small capitalists in the boot and shoe, furniture, and other trades.

An accurate description of the mode in which these miserable folk live in London was given by Mr. Lakeman, one of our factory inspectors, in his evidence before the Sweating Commission :

"The habits of these people are very, very dirty; they seem almost to revel in dirt, rather than in cleanliness. Going into some workshops, you find a filthy bed, on which garments which are made are laid; children per-

fectly naked lying about the floor and on the beds: frying-pans and all sorts of dirty utensils, with food of various descriptions, on the bed, under the bed, over the bed—everywhere; clothes hanging on a line, with a large gas stove to dry them, the ashes all falling about, and the atmosphere so dense that you get ill after a night's work there. The temperature, as tested by me, was found to be 90°."

Mr. Lakeman's description holds good to-day.

Mr. Dyche says that "the desire of the Jew to shine before his neighbours creates in him an increasing desire for a higher standard of comfort." One would naturally expect to meet with this passion for a higher standard in Leeds, where Mr. Dyche's experience chiefly lies. The following is the report of a thoroughly competent investigator commissioned by me to report facts, without reference to whether they told for or against Mr. Dyche's assertions as to the relative standard of comfort:

"LEEDS, January 5, 1898.

"It is really quite impossible to describe in polite language the unutterable filth and dirt of these places (*i.e.*, the Jewish quarters). Personally and in their surroundings they are filthy, and no Gentiles will have anything to do with them if they can help it."

So much for the standard of comfort.

#### WAGES.

The prices cited by Mr. Dyche as paid in Leeds are inaccurate. For example, he says: "The log price of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors (English) in Leeds is 5*d.* per hour. Now, the wages of a competent Jewish tailor in Leeds is from 6*d.* to 8*d.* per hour."

Mr. Dyche knows perfectly well that English tailors at Leeds do not work by the hour, but by piece, reckoned, it is true, at a minimum of 5*d.* per hour. If the log price of a garment, for instance, is five hours at 5*d.* per hour, it rarely takes the competent English tailor more than three hours, which brings his net wage to more than 8*d.* per hour, not 5*d.*, as Mr. Dyche declares the wage to be.

But the Englishman works in the wholesale trade 52½ hours per week instead of 61, and earns on the average 3*s.* to £2 per week. In the Amalgamated Society of Tailors the hours are 61, with a minimum wage of 30*s.* In the slipper trade at Leeds, as in London, the Jews have ousted the English, if not in the organised branch of the slop clothing, where excellent organisation and minute subdivision of labour convert men into machines. A strong feeling against Jewish practices is arising in Leeds. The contrast between the clean airy factories of the English with the squalid disgraceful workshops of the Jew is not more marked than the contrast between the respectable-looking girls and men coming out of them and the dirty squalid Hebrew workers in the alien workshops. The Leeds Ghetto is expanding.

The following is the brief report on the Leeds aliens of the investigator referred to, whose competence for the task is beyond question, and for which I make myself responsible:

"The general impression received after comparing the Jewish and English tailoring trades in Leeds is that here it is not that the standard of wages is so different, as that the conditions are totally different, the Jewish being incomparably the worse.

"The English factories are large, airy, sanitary buildings, and the Englishmen respectable, decent citizens.

"The Jew works in an almost indescribable state of filth and unsanitation.

"In the Jewish district dilapidated factories or old houses in back courts are turned into their workshops, reached by broken steps or unlighted staircases, and kept in a condition altogether horrible.

"In the shops, each presided over by a Jew master, men and women are crowded, in a state of disgusting dirt and utter disregard of decency.

"The standard of cleanliness appears to be that of a Russian city of the Pale, and though some English girls work in these shops, the conditions make it unbearable for most of them.

"Almost all alien workers look abjectly poor and miserable."

It is difficult to compare the wages. The English work by the piece, the Jew by the day mostly, or hour. The minimum wage of the Associated Society of Tailors is 30s. for 61 hours; in the wholesale trade it is about 30s. for 32½.

The Jews in Leeds do not pay badly compared to the English, if the skilled tailors who earn £2 and more are not considered. Girls who can button-hole can earn more in a Jewish shop.

The hours are nominally 61 a week, but the men work very long hours. The report continues:

"But while this is true, and some of the men can earn good wages, these abjectly haggard and miserable men cannot be well paid, even though they declare they are.

"When they come over first it is generally understood that they have 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. a week. The secretary of the Wholesale told me he knew this for a fact, and yet it cannot be said to be proved; you can only find out from a Jew who has entirely left a Jewish workshop, and they are few. Still, in spite of that, the trade is not paid as it is in London.

"The wholesale trade do not regard the Jews as competing with them, the trade is so different.

"The English oppose the idea of the subdivision of labour, because if it were introduced into the English factories it would entirely ruin their skilled trade. An English tailor makes a whole coat; a Jew can only do one part of it. That is why there are so few in the English factories; they are not in any sense trained tailors. It is very possible a 'competent' Jew might earn 8d., but they are very few.

"The Jews are encroaching rapidly on the 'bespoke trade.' Employers who used to have 100 or 50 men working for them now employ half or a quarter of that number, and send out the work to the Jews.

"That the subdivision of labour largely accounts for the cheapness of Jewish work all agree, but it cannot account for it entirely. It is partly

the result of the competition between the Jew masters. They have cut down prices to such a point that many of them barely make any profit.

"The English employer who sub-contracts to them pays less and less, and really sweats the 'humane gentlemen.'

"In the slipper trade the Jew has completely ousted the Englishmen. A few years ago between two and three hundred were employed in the trade, now none are left.

"The Jewish slipper-maker is abjectly paid about 2*d.* or 3*d.* an hour, working from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and the Englishman could not compete with him.

"The rest of the Jews are hawkers, or keep little shops.

"Certainly, if they have taken the place of the Englishmen, their own lives are wretched beyond words."

I am certain that the figure of "500 skilled tailoresses" is not correct. I am told most are miserably paid.

Three thousand five hundred is a very low estimate for the number of Jews in Leeds.

#### SWEATING.

The final report of the Sweating Committee states that the earnings of the lowest class of workers—*i.e.*, the aliens employed in those trades—"are barely sufficient to sustain existence. The hours of labour are such as to make the lives of the workers periods of almost ceaseless toil, hard and often unhealthy." The difference between Mr. Dyche and myself on the relative standard of comfort is not that I deny the existence of thoroughly skilled alien workers who can always command high wages and good conditions of life, but that the bulk of the aliens are unskilled or only partially skilled persons, condemned by ignorance of our language and unsavoury antecedents to compulsory service under sub-contractors, and therefore to a style of living far below that which the average British workman and his family can and do command. Something more than a mere *ipse dixit* is required from Mr. Dyche before the Report of the Sweating Commission, Mr. Sherard's well-known investigations at Leeds, published in *Pearson's Magazine* for September 1896, and the report cited in this article, are upset. I know a typical alien immigrant Polish slipper-maker in Whitechapel. He, his wife, and seven children live in one room, for which they pay 3*s.* 6*d.* a week. The room reeks with crowded humanity. Cinders, dirt, and babies occupy the carpetless floor. Anxiety, squalor, and toil are unrelieved. This Pole earns 3*d.* per pair for making slippers; he finishes six pairs in the day; and he has no other source of income. I personally know, or have known, hundreds like him, and therefore look on him, not on Mr. Dyche, as the type; and on his standard of comfort, not on that of my brilliant contributor opponent, as the standard for comparison with the "yokel," as Mr. Dyche and his compatriots politely term the Englishman.

Although Mr. Dyche, for obvious reasons, ignores all trades other than the clothing trade in which alien immigrants engage, the majority of Jewish workmen are not highly paid tailors. If he will examine for himself the state of the ready-made boot, cheap furniture, and cigar makers, furriers, and other industries where aliens work in London, he will discover a state of affairs that will effectually prevent his ever again presenting himself in public otherwise than as the *crème de la crème* of the Jewish workmen. Indeed, it is difficult to credit the fact that he has ever read *in extenso* the evidence placed before the Sweating Committee. He says:

"Several bad cases came before the Sweating Commission. The British public was horrorstruck with some cases that were set forth by the sensational journalist as examples of the rest."

As I was responsible for the production of most of the alien witnesses in the sweating trades before the Lords' Committee, it is possible that Mr. John A. Dyche alludes to me as "the sensational journalist." I do not wish to put on a cap that does not belong to me, but since this charge of sensational journalism has often been made before, and now appears in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, the time has come to answer it.

When the Lords' Committee were preparing for the inquiry, difficulty was experienced as to how to obtain the evidence of sweated workers, who were more afraid of their employers than confident of the Peers' power to protect them. Lord Aberdeen, a prominent member of the Committee, knowing that I had taken much interest in the subject, came to me, asked me to provide evidence; and I agreed to do my best. It was a difficult task. Months of anxious labour and a good deal of money were spent. So far from taking evidence haphazard and picking out sensational cases, two firms of solicitors were employed by me in testing the proofs of the proposed witnesses. The law charges connected with the preparation of evidence alone amounted to £526 12s. 11d. I never wrote an article on the Sweating Commission for which I was paid. No acknowledgment or reimbursement was ever made to me by the Government or the Commission. Implacable enmity in wealthy and powerful quarters was my reward. Mistakes in detail may have been made. I regret them. Every precaution was taken. But all the main contentions as to sweating were completely established, as Mr. Dyche may see from the final Report and Lord Dunraven's minority Report. So much for the charge of "sensational journalism." There was no journalism, and there was no sensationalism.

QUOTATIONS.

Mr. Dyche is not a controversialist of the type usually met with in English magazines. He attributes to me not only what I never wrote, but quotes me as writing what he wishes I had written. He asks: "Are we an inferior race? Mr. Arnold White says decidedly, 'Yes.'"

When have I ever said that the Jewish race is inferior to the English or any other race? Perhaps Mr. Dyche will kindly produce his reference. The Jewish *race* may be the most capable in the world, although I have often protested against the surplusage of Russian and Polish slums being allowed entrance here, even though they were Jews. Even Russian Jews are sometimes found of bad character, although no one who knows their fine qualities has spoken up for them more earnestly than myself. Perhaps as we get older we grow more sympathetic with the larger claims of humanity; and if I object to Jewish immigration, it is not because I have ever said that the Jews are an inferior race, which would be foolish, even if it were true, but because circumstances have caused large masses of the Jews to deteriorate in mind and morals. These are not wanted here. If any one is curious to see the class of persons meant, a morning spent at Judge Bacon's court, when foreign cases are being tried, will enlighten him.

My last remarks in reply to Mr. Dyche are to protest against his pretence of quoting me when he actually manipulates a sentence (1) by substituting a word of his own for one of mine, so as to turn the whole sense of the passage; (2) by beginning the middle of a sentence with a capital letter, so as to exclude words limiting all that comes after. Mr. Dyche says:

"But it would be interesting to learn how Mr. White reconciles his description of the Russian Jew with his eulogy of them in the *Nineteenth Century* for May 1892, in which he writes as follows: 'Aristocratic quality of mind common to the whole *race*. Their sense of honour would have satisfied Burke. They are gentle to women and tender to children. There is that indefinable air of distinction about the lowest and commonest of those Jews which impresses the conviction on one's mind that their unpopularity is due, perhaps, if one may be frank, to their native superiority over the settled nations of the earth. Trouble and pain have refined the Jews in Russia.'"

When I read this passage I rubbed my eyes. It seemed familiar, but I knew I had never used that language of the Jewish *race*. The *Nineteenth Century* for May 1892 contains no article of mine. In another magazine, however, in describing a visit to the Agricultural Jewish Colonies of Kherson, and the contrast between them and the main body of Eastern Jews, I used the following words:

*"The principal note in the gamut of impressions left on my mind by contact with the agricultural Jews was the aristocratic quality of mind common to the whole people."*

By omitting the words in italics, giving a capital A to the "aristocratic," and substituting "race" for "people," Mr. Dyche scores an excellent point against me. The only drawback to his triumph is that the language he cites is not mine, but a passage garbled to suit himself. I was expressly speaking, as he knew, of a few agricultural Jews moralised by sun and sweat into a splendid set of men and women. I was not speaking of the Jewish race. In order to heighten the impression he thus seeks to produce, Mr. Dyche omits five lines without indicating that he has done so.

If thus to garble an opponent's language is questionable, to foist pure invention upon the readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW is indefensible. Mr. Dyche says :

"Mr. A. White, in one of his books, shows what the British nation gained from the Jewish immigrants some 200 years ago. The Jewish immigrant of to-day is not a jot inferior to his predecessor."

By substituting "Jewish" for "Huguenot" Mr. Dyche scores one more point against me. Still, I never wrote a line about the Jewish immigration of 200 years ago for the simple reason that I never heard of it. On the Cromwellian returns of the Jews I never wrote. Of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in October 1685, and the typical alien immigrants who, fortunately for England, left France to mingle with our people, to enrich not only commerce and arts, but to strengthen and enlighten British character, and by intermarriage to improve the British stock, I have often written. But it never occurred to me to confuse the Huguenots with the Jewish immigrants; on the contrary, every word I have written about the Huguenots was to point a contrast, not to draw a parallel.

Mr. Dyche writes of the heart of the average British workman, the generous and patient host of 53,000 Jewish aliens in London alone :

"I doubt whether it beats at all, except, perhaps, when he is engaged in rabbit-coursing, dog-fighting, or other such noble and instructive amusement. Poor innocent creature."

No Huguenot refugee could have written that passage. Perhaps the sinister tone of Mr. John A. Dyche's article does something to explain the unpopularity with which trade unionists concerned begin to regard recent immigrants of avowedly alien origin. His attack on British workmen will not endear him or his race to the country of his adoption. The statement will be heard of again.

ARNOLD WHITE.

## “THE SUNKEN BELL.”\*

NO apology is needful for offering to the readers of this REVIEW a somewhat full account of this last play of Gerhart Hauptmann. The author is little known in England; though his play, “Hannele,” was done into English by Mr. Archer, and published in 1894 by Mr. Heinemann. But in Germany the “Sunken Bell” has had a phenomenal success. To it, jointly with another play by the historical dramatist, Wildenbruch, the Schiller prize was last year awarded by the judges; but the Emperor, disapproving of the “Sunken Bell,” overruled the decision and gave the prize to Wildenbruch, who, however, returned half the money. In Germany, as here, there is usually a very limited demand for modern plays in book form; but this drama has run through twenty-eight editions in eight months. It is performed in some thirty theatres in Germany and Austria. It has also been translated into French and represented in Paris; and the same is, or soon will be, true of Denmark. The play has also given rise to a considerable critical literature in its native country, and is a subject of hot controversy as to its meaning and tendency. No attempt at criticism or interpretation is made here. It is thought better to give the argument, with full extracts, sufficient to show the scope, and indicate, however imperfectly, something of the power and beauty of the piece. One thing, however, is clear: it is, in symbol, the life tragedy of an artist, placed between the duties of ordinary and conventional life on the one hand, and on the other the enthrallments of a fairy muse, inspiring him to impossible ideals of perfect art, and ecstatic dreams of what art may do for mankind.

\* This article is published with the kind consent of P. R. Devis, Esq., of Folkestone, who is the owner of all rights of publication and representation of the play in the English language, and who proposes shortly to publish the authorised metrical English version.



## THE SUNKEN BELL.

## CHARACTERS.

HEINRICH, a bell-founder.

MAGDA, his wife.

Their two Children.

Parson, Schoolmaster, Barber.

WITTICHEN, an old witch.

RAUTENDELEIN, an elf.

NICKELMANN, a water-sprite.

A FAUN.

Elves, little woodmen and women, &amp;c.

The Scene is the mountain, and a village at its foot.

## ACT I.

*[A mountain meadow surrounded by rustling pines. To the left, in the background, a little hut, half hidden under the overhanging rock. In the foreground, on the right, near the edge of the wood, an old draw-well; on its raised rim sits RAUTENDELEIN, an elf, half-child, half-woman. She is combing her thick, red-gold hair, and fencing off a bee which persists in teasing her.]*

*Raut.* Little golden humming-bee, where do you come from? Sipper of sugar and maker of wax, little sun-bird, trouble me not. Away, leave me. I must be quick to comb out my hair with my aunt's golden comb; if she comes home, she will scold me. Fly away, I say; leave me; what do you want here? Am I a flower? Is my mouth a blossom? Fly away over the ridge of the wood, little bee, over the brook; there you will find crocuses and violets and primroses; there creep in and drink yourself giddy. . . . Come, be off. *[The bee flies away.]* At last!

*[She combs her hair in peace for a few moments, and then bends over the well and calls down.]*

Hallo! Nickelmann! He does not hear. I will sing my song to myself. *[Sings.]* I know not whence I am come. I know not whither I go, whether I am a little forest bird, or a fairy. The flowers which bloom in the wood and fill it with perfume, has any one ever made out whence they come? But at times I feel a longing: fain I would know father and mother. But if it cannot be, I must let be. Anyway, I am a beautiful daughter of the woods, with golden hair. *[Again calling down the well.]* Hallo! old Nickelmann, do come

up; Bush-grannie is fetching pine tops. It is very dull; tell me something. He is coming! How he croaks and grunts! The silver bubbles are rising. If he comes now he will break up my round black mirror, wherein I am nodding to myself from below so finely. [*Playing with her image in the water.*] Here he is! [*NICKELMANN rises from the well.*] Ha! ha! You are no beauty! Whoever calls you, gets the shivers, and worse every time he sees you!

[*Enter NICKELMANN, an old water sprite, with weeds in his hair, dripping with wet, and snorting like a seal. He blinks till his eyes have got used to the light.*]

N. Brekekekex.

Raut. [*Mimicking him*] Brekekekex, indeed! There is a scent of spring in the air, and you are astonished! Why, the very latest salamander in his hole knows that; and the woodlouse and the mole, the trout and the quail; the buzzard in the air, and the hare in the clover. How is it that you can't feel it?

N. [*Blowing himself out.*] Brekekekex.

R. Have you been asleep? Can't you hear and see?

N. Brekekekex! Don't be so pert, you little monkey!

The Faun. [*Not yet in sight.*] Holdrio!ho!

R. Come, little faun, dance with me.

Faun. [*A creature with goat's beard, legs, and horns jumps into the meadow with quaint leaps.*] If I can't dance, I can do a few jumps. The nimblest of steinboks can't beat me. If you don't like that, I can do another spring.

R. What legs—like a goat's, all hairy! Dance with your own little dryad! I am neat and slim.

Faun. Yesterday I got my first dandelion salad. To-day I went, an hour away, among the bats in the thick forest. They were digging earth and breaking stone there—a horrid invasion! There is nothing I hate so much as when they build chapels and churches,—and that cursed hum of the bells!

N. And when they mix carraways with the bread.

Faun. But what's the use of grumbling? one must bear it. Down there by the precipice this new thing is rising, with its pointed windows, tower and ball, and the cross on the top. If I had not been quick, that monster of a bell would have been hanging safe enough and tormenting us with its howls! But now it lies drowned in the lake. By the cock, it was an infernal jest! I was standing in the high mountain grass, leaning against a pine-stump, looking at the church and chewing a bit of sorrel, thinking of nothing, when I saw

before me, sitting on a stone, a blood-red butterfly; it fluttered and twisted about as if it was sucking a blue moss-flower. I called it, and it flew on to my hand. I knew the little elf directly, and talked with her, how the frogs were already laying their eggs in the pond, and that sort of tattle; however, she wept bitterly, and I was trying to comfort her, when lo! they began to drag something up from the valley, with cracking of whips and who-ho's—an iron butter-vat, wrong way up, or something like that, dreadful to look at; all the moss-men and moss-women were struck with fright. They were going to hang the thing—one could hardly believe it—high up in the tower of the chapel, and beat it every day with an iron clapper, and worry all the poor earth-spirits to death!

“Ho!” thought I; “I must bide my time”; so I went to hide behind the hedges and stones. Eight horses, straining in hempen ropes, could hardly drag the monster along. With heaving flanks and trembling knees they rested, in order to get a new start. I noticed that the waggon could hardly bear the weight of the bell. So, like a wood-sprite, just when the cart came close to the precipice, I saved them the trouble. I seized the wheel, broke a spoke; the bell tottered and then slipped; another pull, and one more shove, and down went the bell headlong into the depths. Heigh! how it jumped! how it rang at each spring from rock to rock, like an iron ball, with clang and ring and echo. Deep down below, the water took it in with a splash. May it stay there: there it rests in peace.

[While the FAUN is speaking, it has begun to get dark. Several times during the latter part of his story faint calls for help have been heard from below. HEINRICH appears, dragging himself painfully towards the hut. At once the FAUN disappears into the wood, and NICKELMANN into the well. HEINRICH is a man of thirty, a bell-founder, with a pale, sorrowful face.]

H. Good people, listen! Open the door! I have lost my way. Help me! I have had a fall. Help, help! I can—no—more.

[He sinks near the door, fainting on the grass. A streak of purple cloud over the mountains. The sun has set. A cool night-wind blows.]

The old Witch, with a basket on her back, comes shuffling out of the wood. Her head is bare and her hair snow-white; her visage more like a man's than a woman's, and bearded. She calls for RAUTENDELEIN to come and help her, stumbles against HEINRICH, and sends RAUTENDELEIN to fetch hay for him to lie on. RAUTENDELEIN brings a bundle of hay, and HEINRICH opens his eyes.

*H.* Where am I ; kind maiden, tell me ?

*R.* Where are you ? Why, in the mountains.

*H.* Yes, in the mountains. But how did I get here ?

*R.* That, dear stranger, I cannot tell you ; but never mind how it came about. Here is hay and moss, lean your head on it ; you must need rest.

*H.* Truly I need rest, you are right. But rest is far away, my child. [*Restlessly.*] And I must know what has happened to me.

*R.* If I only knew myself.

*H.* It seems to me—I think—I think—it is all like a dream ;—surely I am dreaming still.

*R.* Take some milk ; you are very weak ; drink some.

*H.* [*Hurriedly.*] Yes, I will drink ; give me what you have.

HEINRICH is charmed to ecstasy with RAUTENDELEIN. She wishes to fetch him fresh water ; he begs her to stay, and tells her how he slipped down the precipice, how he caught hold of a cherry-tree, which broke away with him and he fell into an abyss—and died. He tells her he has seen her before, that he tried to put her voice into the bronze of the bell, that when he failed he wept. He faints away ; she calls WITTICHEN, who says HEINRICH will die. The FAUN comes and tells WITTICHEN to look out for guests ; she wants RAUTENDELEIN to go into the hut with her, they would then put out the light and pretend to sleep ; but the girl says, No ! they are coming to fetch HEINRICH. RAUTENDELEIN makes a magic circle round HEINRICH. The Parson, the Schoolmaster, and the Barber come in, searching for HEINRICH ; they see him, but cannot touch him. They call the Witch, and she tells them to take the young man away ; she bandies words with the Parson. They carry HEINRICH off. Elves come in, dance and sing, and RAUTENDELEIN joins them. The FAUN interrupts them. NICKELMANN appears from the well, and RAUTENDELEIN tells him she is sad, and wants to know what the hot little drop in her eye means. He says he will take it and put it into a shell—it is a diamond, called a tear ; he tells her her tears will fall, and warns her not to go among men ; but she laughs at him, and tells him she is off to the land of men. NICKELMANN, shaking his head—"Brekekekex."

## ACT II.

The Second Act opens at daybreak in HEINRICH'S cottage. MAGDA, his wife, is preparing to go up to the opening of the church with her two boys, five and nine years old, there to hear the new bell. A neighbour comes, and by degrees discloses to her that something has gone wrong with the bell. She starts hastily to go up the mountain to see whether her husband is safe, and meets outside the bearers bringing him down. He is brought in and laid on his bed. The Parson bids her still hope and trust in God. All retire and leave her with HEINRICH, who feebly asks for water. He exhorts her to be patient, as he is going to die ; and to live for the children. He begs her forgiveness for all the wrong he has done to her. She answers that it was he who rescued her from a gloomy life and gave her all she has. He says it is better for both that he should die.

*H.* See, I was old and worn—a failure. I do not lament that the great bell-founder, who made me not better than I am, suddenly cast me aside; and when he threw me down so mightily after my own bad handiwork into the abyss, it was welcome. Yes, my work was bad; the bell that fell down was not fit for the heights, not made to wake the echoes of the peaks.

*Magda.* I do not understand your words; a work so highly praised, flawless, no bubble in the metal, so clear in its ring—"The master's bell sings like the angel choir," they said with one mind, when it was hung up out there between two trees, and lifted its solemn voice.

*H.* [*Faintly.*] In the valley it rings; not in the mountains.

She tries to encourage and console him; but he insists that for him all is over; life would be but full of failure and regret.

*H.* The service of the vales draws me no more; their peace no longer soothes, as once it did, my pulsing blood. Since I was up there in the mountain, I have felt that in me which must soar upwards, move in the clear light above the sea of cloud, and work its work in the strength of the heights. And because, sick as I am, I cannot do this—because if I painfully forced myself to rise I should only fall again—I would rather die. If I am to live, I must turn young, must feel sound strength in my heart, marrow in my bones, iron in my sinews, and the proud conquering eagerness for new and unknown tasks.

*Magda.* O Heinrich, Heinrich! if I but knew where to find what thou longest for, the well whose action brings youth, how gladly would I run my feet sore for it; yes, even if I found it in the spring of Death; if it only brought back youth to thy lips.

*H.* [*In pain, delirious.*] Dearest love! No, I will not. Keep the draught: in the spring there is blood, only blood. I will not: let me—go—and—let—me die.

HEINRICH faints away. The Parson comes in and says he knows a pious woman who has a recipe by which she can work wonders. RAUTENDELEIN enters, dressed as a maid, and carrying berries. The Parson mistakes her for a dumb girl of the neighbourhood, and MAGDA leaves her in charge of the sick man for a while, while she runs out to get some one to fetch the wise woman. The Parson goes away, and RAUTENDELEIN is left alone with HEINRICH; throwing aside her shy and humble demeanour, she becomes active, and busies herself with kindling the fire, over which a copper soup-kettle is hanging. Meanwhile she sings to herself a little song about the fire and the kettle. HEINRICH at last opens his eyes and looks fixedly at her.

*R.* Now I shred the turnips and then I fetch water. Now that I am a little servant I have a great deal to do. Stay, little flame, for my work.

*H.* [*In profound astonishment.*] Who—say—who are you?

*R.* [Quick, alert, and unconstrained.] I? Why, Rautendelein.

*H.* Rautendelein? I never heard the name. But I have seen you somewhere, some time. Where was it?

*R.* High up in the mountains.

*H.* Right. Yes, when I lay in a fever. Then I dreamed of you—and now—now I am dreaming again. We often dream strange things, don't we? This is my house; there burns the fire on my own hearth. I am lying in my bed, sick unto death. I perceive the window; outside the swallows are flying; in the garden the nightingales are singing; a scent steals in of lilac and jessamine. All this I feel and see down to the smallest things. I can see every thread in the web of the coverlet over me, and even the little knots in it—and yet I am dreaming.

*R.* Dreaming? Why?

*H.* [Enraptured.] Well—because I am dreaming.

*R.* Are you so sure?

*H.* Yes—and no; yes—and no. What am I saying? Not awake! Am I so sure—is that what you ask? Well, be it as it may, a dream or life; it is here. I feel it; I see it. You are; you live! Be it within me or beyond me, sweet spirit, born of my own soul, for my own sake; none the less, I love you! Only stay, stay!

*R.* As long as you will.

*H.* And yet I am dreaming.

*R.* Look here. I lift my little foot. Do you see its ruddy heel? Yes? Well, here is a hazel-nut; see, I take it so, between my thumb and forefinger; now I put it under my heel. Crack! it is in two. Is that a dream?

*H.* God only knows.

*R.* Now, attend; now I am coming to you to sit on your bed. I am there already; and munch the kernel. It is very nice. Is it too close for you?

*H.* No. But tell me, now, where do you spring from, and who sends you? What do you want with me—me, a broken man, a bundle of pains, who measure my span of life by moments?

*R.* I like you! From what stock I came, I know not how to tell; nor whither I go. Bush-grannie picked me up out of the moss and lichen, and a doe suckled me. I live in the wood, the moor, the mountain. In the wind, when it whistles and blows and howls and mews like a wild cat, I turn and twirl about in the air, laugh and shout, till it echoes again, and sprite and pixie, moss and water-spirit split with laughter. I am naughty, and scratch and bite when I am in a rage; and whoever vexes me, let him look out! If they leave me in peace it is not much better, for after my mood I am bad and good, now this, now that, as the fit takes me. But I like you. You I will not scratch. If you wish, I will stay here; but it is

better that you should come with me up into my mountains. There you shall see how bravely I will serve you. I will show you diamonds and carbuncles, as they sleep in their ancient secret veins; the topaz and the emerald and the amethyst; and whatever you bid me I will do. Though I am unruly, contrary, idle, disobedient, spiteful—what you will—I will always have my eye on yours, and before you can wish I will nod “Yes,” truly. Bush-grannie thinks——

*H.* Dear child, who is the Bush-grannie? tell me!

*R.* Bush-grannie?

*H.* Yes.

*R.* Do you not know her?

*H.* I am a man, and blind.

*R.* You will soon see. I have the gift that, when I kiss any one's eyes, I open them to all the spaces of heaven.

*H.* Do it to mine.

*R.* Will you keep still?

*H.* Only try!

*R.* [*Kisses him on the eyes.*] Eyes, open!

*H.* Sweet child, sent down to me in my last hours: a spray of blossom, by God's father-hand broken off for me from some far-away spring-time. Free-born creature! Oh, were I as I once long since arose, in my early day, how joyfully would I press you to my heart. I was blind, but now am filled with light, and with the sense of promise. I begin to see your world. Yes, more and more, as I drink in your being, mysterious one, I feel that I can see!

*R.* Ah! look at me, then, as much as you will.

*H.* How lovely is your golden hair; what splendour! with you, loveliest of all my dreams, old Charon's boat becomes a royal barge, with purple sails, taking its solemn way to the East, to the morning sun. Do you feel the western breeze—its first noiseless breath—how it skims the white foam from the azure billows of the southern sea, and blows it over our heads with its diamond freshness. Do you feel it? And we, resting on gold and silks, we measure in blissful anticipation the space which still divides us—you know from what; for you know the green island shore, the deep hanging birches that bend to bathe in the blue floods of light; you can hear the carol of all the songsters of spring which await us.

*R.* Yes. I hear it.

*H.* [*Sinking.*] It is well, then. I am ready. When I awake, one will say to me, “Come with me.” Then the light fades. Here within it is turning cool. The seer dies as does the blind. But I saw you—and——

*R.* [*Wearing a spell.*] Master, fall asleep. [*He faints away.*] When thou wakest, thou art mine. . . . [*With gestures towards HEINRICH.*] One, two, three! now thou art new, and in the new life thou art free!

H. What has come over me? From what sleep do I awake? What morning sunshine streams through the open window, gilding my hand? O morning air! Heaven, is it Thy will, this power which works and stirs within me; this fresh and glowing impulse in my heart? Is this a mark, a sign of Thy will? Would I, if ever I arose, once more turn my steps towards life; once more desire, and strive, and hope, and dare, and work—and work!

[MAGDA comes in.]

H. Magda, is it you?

M. Is he awake?

H. Magda, are you there?

M. [*Full of joyous hope.*] How do you feel?

H. [*Overcome.*] Well; yes, well. I shall live. I feel it. I shall live. Yes: I feel it.

M. [*In transport.*] He lives! he lives! Oh, dearest Heinrich, Heinrich!

[RAUTENDELEIN stands aside with shining eyes.]

### ACT III.

[*A forsaken glass-blower's hut in the mountains, near the snow. On the right, water from a natural wall of rock runs through a pipe into a stone trough. Behind is a forge. On the left, through the open door, is seen the mountain landscape—peaks, moors, pine-woods—and close by a deep precipice. The smoke escapes through the roof. On the right, a break in the wall of rock. The FAUN comes in and complains to NICKELMANN of the intrusion of this man HEINRICH into their world.*]

Faun. A cursed creature! He forces his way into our mountains and roots about and builds; digs up the metals, and heats and smelts and melts them down; harnesses the earth and water spirits, willy nilly, to his cart; he must have the prettiest of the elves for his sweetheart, and we have to look on afar off. She carries off my flowers and red brown ore, gold and precious stones, and amber gum. She serves him with all her might, day and night; she kisses him and flouts us. Nothing resists him; the oldest trees fall and the earth is shaken. The rocks ring day and night with the stroke of his hammer. The red glow of his forge strikes the farthest depths of my caverns. The devil only knows what he is at.

N. Brekekekex! If you had only struck him before! He would be lying to rot down in the lake, bell-maker and his beast of a bell



together. If the bell were my dice-box, his bones would make fine dice.

[RAUTENDELEIN enters, singing, mocks at the two sprites, and sends them away. The Parson appears, out of breath with his climb, and upbraids RAUTENDELEIN for keeping HEINRICH up in the mountain by her heathen spells, away from his wife and children and his duty. HEINRICH comes, and the Parson is amazed to see him so lithe, strong, and active. HEINRICH dismisses RAUTENDELEIN and sends her for wine, and they sit down and talk.]

*H.* I am healed, renewed; I feel it all over; in my breast, which draws breath with so strong and joyful a stroke, as if the fire of spring penetrated to my very heart. I feel it in the iron muscles of my arm, in my hand, which, like a falcon's claw, clutches at the air and shuts again, full of impatience and the lust of creative work. Do you see the sanctuary in my garden?

*P.* What do you mean?

*H.* There, that other miracle! Look!

*P.* I see nothing.

*H.* I mean yonder tree, which is like a glowing evening cloud, because the god Freyr has descended upon it. From its boughs a deep murmur falls deliciously, if you stand by its trunk; and innumerable bees riot, humming, in the luscious splendour of its blossoms. I feel like that tree. Freyr, the divine, has come down into my soul as into the tree, and at one stroke it has burst into flower. The thirsty bees may come——

*P.* Go on, go on. I like to listen. You and the tree may well boast. But whether your fruit will ripen—that is with God.

*H.* Good, friend; is not everything with Him? 'Twas He who flung me twenty fathoms deep. He raised me up, so that now I stand in bloom. From Him is flower and fruit and all—yes, all. Yet pray that He may bless this summer-time. What grows in me is worthy to prosper, worthy to ripen. Truly, I say it to you. It is such work as I had never thought of yet: a peal of bells of noblest metal, which shall move and ring of itself. When I put my hand, like a sea-shell, to my ear and hearken, I can catch its tone; if I close my eyes, curve upon curve rises in pure shape, clear to my thought. What I used to search for with indescribable pangs—all the while you praised me for a "Master"—that now comes to me as a gracious gift. No Master was I, nor was I happy; now I am both happy and a Master too.

*P.* I like to hear them call you Master; but I wonder that you so call yourself. For what church are you doing this work?

*H.* For none.

*P.* Who, then, gave you the commission?

*H.* He who commanded yonder pine to stand upright on the steep of yon precipice! The little church which you founded down there is partly fallen and partly burnt. Therefore will I lay a new foundation high above it; a new foundation for a new temple!

*P.* O Master, Master—but I will not dispute. First of all, I think we do not understand each other. For, what I think, in plain words, is that as your work is so very precious——

*H.* Yes, it is precious.

*P.* Such a ring of bells——

*H.* Call it what you like.

*P.* I think you called it so.

*H.* I did; and so it must name itself; as it will and shall—as it only can.

*P.* Tell me, I pray you, who is paying for the work?

*H.* Who pays for it? O Parson, Parson, would you bless blessing and reward reward? Call my work a ring of bells, if so I called it. But it is such a peal as yet no minster's belfry ever held; its mighty voice is as the elemental roll of the spring thunder, that, fiercely roaring, trembles over the fields; so with its stormy trumpet-clang will it strike dumb the bells of all the churches, and with even higher strokes of triumph, proclaim the new birth of light into the world!

O mother Sun! Thy children and mine, brought up on the milk of thy breast—and all this, that is drawn from the brown mould by the eternal stream of the warm, nourishing rain; they all shall one day raise their pæans of joy to heaven towards thy dear path. Me too—like the grey-stretching earth which now unfolds itself, green and tender, before thee—me hast thou now kindled to the joy of offering. I sacrifice to thee, with all I am. O day of light, when first shall thunder from the marble halls of my flower-temple the call of morning; when from the threatening cloud which all the winter has hung heavily over us shall fall the jewel shower;—then shall the million stiffened hands, as if glowing by the magic power of the precious stones, seize all these riches, and bring them to their homes. Then will the pilgrims of the Sun grasp the silken banner, for which they have pined—oh! how long!—and march to the festival.

Oh, Parson, Parson—that festival! And now rings out my magic peal of bells, in sweet, passion-sweet, charm of sound, till every breast heaves with sobs of joy. It rings a song, long lost and forgotten—a song of home, a lovely children's song, drawn from the depths of fairy wells and known to all, though never fulfilled. And as it rises, homelike, yearning, now sad as the nightingale, now mirthful as the dove, sudden the ice breaks in every heart of man, and hate and grudge and rage and sorrow and pain, all melt away in burning tears.

[HEINRICH, with rising enthusiasm, has spoken in an ecstasy. RAUTENDELEIN, in a tumult of rapture and love, kneels to him and kisses his hands. The Parson has followed the speech with signs of growing horror. At its close he restrains himself, and, after a pause, begins with forced calm which, however, soon gives way to violent anger.]

The Parson bids HEINRICH wake up from his mad dreams ; tells him he no longer knows right from wrong, good from evil ; recalls to him his wife's tears, his children, and his church. HEINRICH says he cannot dry those tears, " For I am all love, renewed in love ; I cannot from the riches of my kingdom fill the empty cup ; my wine would be vinegar to her, bitter gall and poison. Shall he who has the falcon's-claw for finger stroke the moist cheek of the sick child ? May God help them." The PARSON denounces him and his Baal-temple, exhorts him to remain a Christian, and drive away the elf ; threatens him that the people will rise in anger and destroy his work, and rage without pity. HEINRICH scorns him and his threats. The Parson finally warns him that there is such a word as " remorse " ; and one day, in the midst of his dreams, an arrow will strike him right under the heart ; then will he neither live nor die, but curse the world and God, himself, his work, and all.

*Heinrich.* I am proof against your arrow ; as little will it even graze my skin as will that bell—you know, the old one in the abyss, which fell and lies down in the lake—ever ring again.

*Parson.* It will ring again, Master. Remember me.

#### ACT IV.

[*The forge as before.* HEINRICH, with the tongs, holds a piece of glowing iron on the anvil : with him are six little Dwarfs—mountain folk. The first holds the tongs, with HEINRICH ; the second swings the great hammer, and lets it fall on the hot iron ; the third is at the bellows : the fourth watches the work with keen attention ; the fifth stands aside waiting ; he holds a club, and seems ready to strike ; the sixth sits on a high seat with a shining crown on his head. Pieces of ironwork lie about, some cast and some wrought, both architectural and figure shapes.]

*Heinrich.* Strike on, strike on till your arm falls lame. Your whining moves me not, thief of the daylight. If you don't finish your task I'll singe your beard at the forge-fire.

[2nd Dwarf throws down the hammer.]

*H.* I thought so; only wait; dear boy, wait a bit. When I threaten I don't do it in jest.

[*The little Dwarf struggles and cries while HEINRICH holds him over the fire. The dwarf at the bellows works harder.*]

*1st Dwarf.* I can't hold on any more, Master. My hand is stiff.

*H.* I am coming. [*To the 2nd Dwarf.*] Are you all right again now?

[*The 2nd Dwarf nods cheerfully, seizes the hammer again, and hammers as hard as he can.*]

*H.* By cock and swan! One has to keep you well in hand. . . . Strike on. It is hot iron that bends, not cold. What are you doing there?

*1st Dw.* [*In his zeal tries to bend the iron with his hand.*] I am shaping it with my hand.

*H.* Rash fellow! Do you want to burn your hand to a cinder? What shall I do when you serve me no longer? How, without your strength, can I succeed in making the lofty towering mass of my great building stand firm and stay itself, lifting its pinnacles into the high and lonely ether near the sun?

*1st Dw.* Successful is the form, and whole my hand; a little weary and dead, that is all.

*H.* Quick to the water-trough; Nickelmann shall cool your finger.

[*HEINRICH takes the new forged iron and sits down to consider it.*]

Splendid, truly; some favouring power has crowned the work of this hour. I am content, and well I may be, since form has been torn out of shapelessness, and out of confusion the very jewel has been released which at this moment we needed—right above and right below; to fit into the yet imperfect whole. What are you whispering? [*The 4th Dwarf has mounted on a seat and whispered in HEINRICH'S ear.*] Leave me in peace, fool! or I will tie your hands and feet together, and stop your mouth with a gag. [*The Dwarf makes off.*] What can there be in this piece that does not fit the whole? What offends you? Answer when you are asked. Never was I so fortunate as just now; never were heart and hand so much at one. What do you find fault with? Am not I the master? Will you, the journeyman, presume to be more? Come and say plainly what you mean. [*The Dwarf comes back and whispers. HEINRICH turns pale, sighs, gets up in a fury and puts the iron back on the anvil.*] Then let Satan

finish this work! For me, I will plant potatoes, raise turnips, eat, drink, sleep, and then die! [*The 5th Dwarf moves towards the anvil.*] Touch it if you dare! What care I if your visage is purple, your hair stiffens, and your eye flashes destruction! He who submits to you and does not hold you down with a firm grasp, murderer, to him but one thing remains—to bend his head, and await his last stroke from your club. [*The 5th Dwarf, in a fury, strikes into pieces the moulded iron on the anvil. HEINRICH grinds his teeth.*] There is an end of it! What matters? It is resting time. Put away all the tasks. Go, dwarfs, go. If the morn should bring me new strength—I hope it may—then I will call you. Go! It does not profit to toil unasked. You at the bellows, there, you can hardly heat another iron to-day—be off. [*The Dwarfs, except the one with a crown, disappear through the door in the rock.*] And you with the crown, who speak but once, why do you stay and wait? Go you likewise. You will not speak your word to-day—nor to-morrow. Heaven only knows if you will speak it ever! Complete! When is it complete? Weary I am, weary. I love you not, evening hour, which is wedged between day and night, belonging to neither. You wrest the hammer from my hand, yet give me not sleep, the only sense of rest. The heart, full of impatience, knows it must wait, and wait powerless and in pain, for the new day. The sun, wrapping round him all that is glorious, descends into the depths—and leaves us here alone—us who, used to the light, now shudder in helplessness, and in our poverty must submit to the night; kings in the morn, we beggars are at eve; rags are our covering when we lie asleep.

[*He has stretched himself on the bed and is dreaming, with his eyes open. A white mist rolls in at the door. When it is past, NICKELMANN is descried over the edge of the water-trough.*]

N. Quorax! Brekekekex! Now he sleeps in his rush-cabin, this monster worm of earth, and sees and hears nothing. Hunchback spirits, grey and cloudy, are creeping up the mountain; now silently threatening with their fists, now mournfully wringing their hands. He perceives nothing. He does not hear the sighing of the fir-tree, or the light, impish whistling at which the needles of the oldest pine are trembling as she beats herself with her own branches in terror, as a hen does with her wings. Already he shivers, already feels the winter horror in his limbs; yet restlessly he works on at his task, even in sleep. Stop! In vain thou strivest—strivest against God! God called thee to Him to wrestle with Him, and now He throws thee, for thou art weak. [*HEINRICH turns over, groaning.*] Vain are thy offerings. Guilt is still guilt. Thou hast not wrung from God the

blessing that should turn guilt into merit, penalty into reward. Thou art full of stains. The giants of the mist are building in the clear air spaces dark cloud fortresses, with threatening towers and monstrous walls, which slowly draw on against thy mountains to crush thee and thy work and all thou hast.

*H.* Some nightmare torments me. Help, Rautendelein!

*N.* She hears thee; she comes, but cannot help thee. Were she as Freya, wert thou Balder himself, had'st thou thy quiver full of arrows of the sun, and could each one which thou sped'st find its mark, still must thou yield. Hark to me! There sleeps a bell in the deep lake, under the stones and ruck. It longs to reach the height where the lights of Heaven shine. The fishes are swimming out and in, but my youngest daughter, with hair all green, enrings it so fearfully, far in the vault; and often she weeps for sorrow and grief. For the ancient bell so strangely rings, stammers as one with his mouth full of blood; tosses and shakes and rises from the ground. Woe to thee if thou hear'st it again! Bim, bom, God help thee to awake from thy dream!

[NICKELMANN *vanishes into the well.*]

*H.* Help me! help! The nightmare oppresses me. [*Wakes up.*] Where am I? Am I then——? [*Rubs his eyes and looks round.*] Is any one here?

*R.* [*Appearing at the door.*] I. Did you call?

*H.* Yes; come, come here to me. Lay your hand on my brow, so. I must feel your hair, your heart, yourself. Come close. You bring the freshness of the woods, the scent of rosemary. Kiss me.

*R.* What is wrong with you, love?

*H.* Nothing; I know not. I lay here, and was cold. Give me a coverlet. Weak and empty of strength, weary at the heart; then the dark powers pressed upon me; I was their victim and they tortured me, strangled me. Now it is all right again. It is well, child: now again I stand firm. Let them come!

*R.* Whom?

*H.* The foemen!

*R.* What foemen?

*H.* The nameless foemen, all together. Yet I stand firm as ever on my feet, and fear not their terror, though it stole upon me, cowardly, while I slept.

*R.* You are feverish, Heinrich!

*H.* It is somewhat cold; but that matters not. Tell me one thing, child. Do you believe in me?

*R.* Balder! Hero of the sun! Pale one, I kiss your pallid brow, which arches o'er the clear blue of your eyes. [*Pause.*]

*H.* Yes? Am I so? Am I as Balder? Make me believe it;

make me know it, child; give to my soul that sublime impulse which it needs for the work. For, as the hand with tongs and hammer must toil painfully, cleave the marble and guide the chisel, and industry must penetrate into the smallest crevice, impulse and confidence are often lost, the heart constrained and the quick eyesight dulled; the clear image in the soul vanishes in all this day-labourer's petty toil, and it is hard to keep the heavenly gift which, impalpable as sunlight, no vice can hold;—and if it flee, faith, too, is gone. Then art thou as one betrayed, art tempted to shake off the pangs of perfection, those pangs which the bright divine day of triumphant conception had hid from thine eyes. Enough of this! Still the smoke of my offering rises straight to heaven: if the Hand from above is minded to beat it down, it can do it. Then the priest's vestment would fall from my shoulders—not I should cast it off—and I who stood in loftier place than any, struck dumb, must come down from my Horeb.

He calls for lights and wine, to meet his misfortune boldly. RAUTENDELEIN explains that she has taken a pledge from all the plants not to injure him, so that an enemy could find no arrow. She reassures him, promises him magic protection and proposes a feast. HEINRICH, however, is for going out to his building. The FAUN comes and mocks him, saying his great Baal-temple is to be burnt down, and there is an altercation, in the midst of which RAUTENDELEIN hears men's voices, and a stone is flung in. HEINRICH says this uprising of the crowd is the highest proof of the worth of his work, and goes off to attack them. RAUTENDELEIN, left alone, calls for NICKELMANN, who appears, and she begs him to disperse the crowd with water floods, promising him any reward he asks. He says he wants herself, but she scorns him. HEINRICH returns, excited with his battle, and tells in triumph how he has slain and dispersed them with firebrands and blocks of granite. RAUTENDELEIN calls for her little people to bring music and make a feast. Music sounds.

*H.* Be still:—I hear——

*R.* What?

*H.* Do you hear nothing?

*R.* What is there to hear?

*H.* It is nothing.

*R.* What is the matter, love?

*H.* I know not. Under all the noise of your music I catch a tone—  
—a note——

*R.* What kind of note?

*H.* A note of lament—a tone long buried. Let it be; doubtless it is nothing. Come near to me, reach me the purple cup of your lips. [*They pass out at the door, and stand, charmed by the sight of the mighty mountain world.*] See how deep and vast and cool spreads the space down to the depth where dwell mankind. I, too, am a Man. Can you grasp that, child? A stranger, and yet at home, down there; a stranger, yet at home, up here. Can you take it in?

*R.* [*With faint voice.*] Yes.

*H.* You look so strangely, child, as you say it.

*R.* I am frightened.

*H.* Of what?

*R.* Of what? I know not.

*H.* It is nothing. Let us rest. [*As he leads her back to the door, suddenly he stops and turns back.*] If only the moon which hangs above us, with its chalk-white face, would not pour the still light of its fixed eye on everything; would not spread clearness over the lower depth from which I climbed. For I may not see what the grey mist is covering. Hark! Nothing. Child, do you hear nothing?

*R.* No, nothing—and I do not understand what you say.

*H.* Do you still hear nothing?

*R.* What should I hear? I hear the autumn wind rustle through the heath. I hear the falcon cry "Cayak!" And I hear you speak strange words in a strange, far-off voice.

*H.* There, there below, the blood-red moonshine! Do you see it, reflected in the water?

*R.* I see nothing—nothing.

*H.* With your falcon's eye! and see nothing? are you so blind? What is it that drags its slow and painful way hither?

*R.* Illusion—nothing but illusion!

*H.* No illusion! Be still, quite still. It is no deceit, as I hope for God's forgiveness! Now it climbs over the rock, the broad rock that lies over the footpath——

*R.* Look not down. I will shut the door, and deliver you by force!

*H.* Let me alone, I say; I must and will see it.

*R.* See how the blossom of the white cloud whirls in the rock-cauldron as in a whirlpool. Weak as you are, venture not within its circle.

*H.* I am not weak. It is nothing. Now it is gone.

*R.* That is good. Be again our Lord and Master. Let your power destroy the miserable ghost. Seize your hammer and strike hard.

*H.* Do you not see how it climbs higher and higher?

*R.* Where?

*H.* There, on the narrow steep of rock—in white shirts——

*R.* Who?

*H.* Boys, with bare feet. They are dragging a pitcher, and it is heavy. First one bare knee and then the other has to push it on——

*R.* Oh, dear mother, protect this poor man!

*H.* Around their heads there streams a halo of light.



*R.* Some will-o'-the-wisp mocks you !

*H.* No. Fold your hands : now do you see—do you see ? they are there.

[*He kneels, while two Children, in their shirts, spirit-like, dragging a pitcher, make their way up.*]

*First Child.* [*With faint voice.*] Father !

*H.* Yes, child.

*1st Child.* Dear mother sends you greeting.

*H.* Thanks, my dear child ; is she well ?

*1st Child.* [*In a slow and mournful way, marking each word.*] She is well.

[*The tone of a bell, scarcely audible, from the depths.*]

*H.* What is it you are dragging with you ?

*2nd Child.* A pitcher.

*H.* Is it for me ?

*2nd Child.* Yes, dear father.

*H.* What have you in the pitcher, dear children ?

*2nd Child.* Something salt.

*1st Child.* Something bitter.

*2nd Child.* Mother's tears.

*H.* God in Heaven !

*R.* What are you gazing at ?

*H.* At them—at them.

*R.* At whom ?

*H.* Have you no eyes ? At them ! Where is your mother—speak ?

*1st Child.* Mother ?

*H.* Yes—where ?

*2nd Child.* Among the water-lilies.

[*Loud clang of a bell from the depth.*]

*H.* The bell ! The bell !

*R.* What bell ?

*H.* The old one ; the buried bell. It rings ! Who has done this to me ? I will not ! I will not listen ! Help me ! Help me !

*R.* Come to yourself, Heinrich. Heinrich !

*H.* It rings ! God help me ! Who has done me this deed ? Hark, how it drones, how the long-buried sound, the thundering clang, swells upward, now ebbing awhile, then flowing with double power. [*Turning to RAUTENDELEIN.*] I hate thee ! I spit at thee ! Back ! I strike thee, elfish baggage ! Away ! Cursed spirit ! A curse on thee and

me, my work and everything! Here! Here I am—here! I come, I come! God have mercy on me!

[*He starts up, breaks down again; starts up again and drags himself away.*]

R. Come to yourself, Heinrich! Stay! It is over—all over.

ACT V.

[*Scene as in the first Act, the Alp with WITTICHEN'S hut. It is past midnight. Three elves are sitting round the well. They see the fire flaring up in the mountain, and tell of a mournful report that BALDER is dead. A mist passes over; when it is clear again, the elves are gone. RAUTENDELEIN comes down from the mountain, faint and worn with grief. Sitting down wearily and rising again, she draws near to the well. In a thin and breathless voice she sings a lament over her sad marriage to the water-sprite. Then she steps into the well, and disappears.*]

The FAUN enters, and calls down to NICKELMANN, telling him that HEINRICH has deserted RAUTENDELEIN, and he has searched for her everywhere. He has been up to the deserted forge, where the work was still in flames, timbers burning and cracking, and smoke rising into the night, and all over for ever with man's dominion.

N. I know, I know all that. Do you fetch me up from the bottom of the well to tell me that? I know more; how the bell rang and its dead clapper swang. If you had only seen what I saw down there—a thing that never was before; how the stiffened hand of a dead woman sought and found the bell; how the bell, scarcely stirred, began a noise like thunder, and, roaring like a lioness, cried for her master through the mountain regions.

The FAUN tells him he can go after the elf now, if he is quick. NICKELMANN pretends not to care for her. The Witch comes out of her hut and takes down the shutters. The cock crows. HEINRICH'S voice is heard calling RAUTENDELEIN. Presently he appears on the rocks above the hut, poising a large piece of rock in his hand.

H. Only dare to try! Be it parson or barber, schoolmaster or sexton, or grocer, the first who ventures one step up above there shall roll down again like a sack of sand. You threw my wife down, not I. Mob! Empty nuts! Beggars! Ragamuffins! who will whine

— not a least farthing, while they are not  
 — to cheat God's everlasting love by  
 — piled up like a wall of solid stones, to  
 — near sunken hollow the sea of God, the  
 — tossed waves. When will the sapper  
 — see? I am not he—no, truly, it is

*and starts to go up the mountain.*

— farther. Stop! slowly!  
 — what is burning above there?  
 — ? There was a man who built it—half  
 — now he has deserted it, it is burning down.

*Heinrich, in despair, tries to make his way up.*

— way is a steep wall of rock. He who would  
 — and thy wings, man, are broken.  
 — must get up there. That thing in flames up  
 — Do you understand? It is I who built it,  
 — that I attained I threw into it.

— him to stay and rest. He says he cannot, but goes  
 — of water. A faint, sweet voice sings mournfully from

— dear, thou art sitting upon my well; rise up  
 — ; farewell! farewell!  
 — what was that? Answer! speak! What called  
 — by my name? It sounded like "Heinrich";—it  
 — depths. And then it faintly said, Farewell! farewell!  
 — we you; and where am I? I seem to be awaken-  
 — the hut, yourself; all is so familiar to me, and yet  
 — then, all that I have lived through nothing but the  
 — a sound, which is and is no more, and scarcely has  
 — woman, who are you?  
 — art thou?

— that? Yes, who am I, old woman? How often  
 — question of Heaven—who I was? But the answer  
 — this only is clear: be I who I may, demigod or beast,  
 — sacred child of the sun, who seeks his home; and stark  
 — of woes, I cry after my mother, who, yearning,  
 — her golden arm, but cannot reach me. What are  
 — you do?  
 — see.

*H.* [*Rising.*] Now then, with the red light of your lamp, point me the way which leads to the height. Once I am there, where once I stood in mastery, I will henceforth dwell alone, a hermit, who neither rules nor serves.

*W.* That I do not believe. What thou seekest there is something else.

*H.* How do you know?

*W.* I know a thing or two. They were in thy heels. Well, when it is a matter of leading a happy life, men are wolves. When it comes to encountering death they are a flock of sheep; and thou art like the rest.

*H.* Old woman, hear! I know not how it came that I thrust from me the joy of life, and, master as I was, ran from my work like any 'prentice, and gave in to my own bell, to the very voice I myself had given it. True, it rang with power out of its bronze throat up to the hills, and so woke up the echoes of the peaks, that from all sides the threatening din arose and drove upon me. Yet I was still the master! And, with the very hand which cast it, I had to strike my bell to atoms, rather than break before it.

*W.* What is past is past; what is done is done. Thou wilt never reach thy height. Thou wast a proper youth: strong, but not strong enough; called, but not chosen. Come and sit down.

*H.* Farewell!

*W.* Come and seat thyself. What thou goest to seek is not yonder heap of ashes. Who lives, seeks life; and I say to thee, up there thou wilt find it no more.

*H.* Then let me die here in this place.

*W.* That also shalt thou do. When one has soared, like thee, into the light, and falls, he must break in pieces.

*H.* I feel it; I am at the end of my course. Let it be done with!

*W.* Thou art come to the end!

*H.* Now, then, tell me—you who speak to me with so strange a wisdom—that which I seek with bleeding feet, is it allowed me yet to look upon before I die? Do you not answer? Must I pass over, out of deep night into the deepest night, without one parting glance at the lost light? Her shall I never—

*W.* Whom, then, wouldst thou see?

*H.* Her! Her! Do you not know? Whom else but her?

*W.* Thou canst have one wish: take it; it is thy last.

*H.* [*Instantly.*] It is done!

*W.* Thou shalt see her again.

*H.* Ah! mother, can you do it? Are you then so potent? Why I call you mother, I know not. Once before, as now, I was ready for the end; at every breath longing almost with impatience that it might be the last. Then she came, and, like the breeze of spring, breathed healing into my stricken limbs; I was restored. And now

—I feel so light all at once that I could almost mount again to the heights. . . .

*W.* That is all over! The burdens are too heavy which weigh thee down, thy tasks too mighty for thee; thou canst never overcome them. Come! Three cups I place: into the first I pour white wine; into the second, red; yellow into the last. Drink thou the first, and thy old strength will return to thee; drink the second, and thou wilt find, for the last time, that bright Spirit whom thou hast lost. But he who has drunk the two cups, must then take the last. [*As she is about to go into the hut, she stands, and says with deep meaning.*] He must! I have said it! Understand me aright!

[*During this speech, HEINRICH had leaped up ecstatically. At the Witch's words "That is all over!" he had turned pale, now he rouses himself again, and sits upon the bench.*]

*Heinrich.* That is past. "All over," she said. O heart, that now knowest all, as ne'er before; why dost thou ask? Prophetess! with thy word, which falls like the stroke of fate, severing the thread of life, it is over! It blows cold from the gorge. Yonder dawn, whose first gleams strike pale through the dark streaks of cloud, is no more mine. Many days I have lived; this is the first that is not for me! [*He takes the first cup.*] Come then, cup, before my dread comes. A dark drop glows at the bottom—the last drop;—old witch, had you no more? It is done. [*Drinks.*] And now for thee, the second; come! [*Takes the second cup.*] For thy sake I took the first, and wert thou not there, a priceless draught, with thy scent and flavour, the wine feast, to which God has summoned us in this world, would be all too wretched, and methinks—thou awful Host—scarcely worthy Thee! But now I thank Thee. [*Drinks. The sound of an Æolian harp breathes through the air.*] This draught is good!

[*RAUTENDELEIN, weary and grave, comes out of the well, sits on the edge, and combs her long golden hair. Moonlight. She is pale and sings to herself.*]

*R.* In the deep night, and all alone, I comb my golden hair, the beautiful Rautendelein! The birds flit, the mists go, the heather-fires glow deserted.

*Nickelmann* [*out of sight in the well*]. Rautendelein!

*R.* I am coming!

*N.* Come quick!

*R.* I am grown so sad, poor, fate-stricken water-maid.

*N.* Rautendelein!

*P.* I am coming!

*N.* Come quick.

*R.* In the clear moonlight I comb out my hair, and I think of him who once was my love. And the harebells ring. Ring they bliss? Ring they pain? Both at a time, methinks they must mean. Away, away, the time is gone. To the well and the pool. Too long have I stayed. Down, down! [*About to step in.*] Who calls so softly?

*H.* I.

*R.* Who are you?

*H.* 'Tis I. Come near, and you will know me.

*R.* I cannot, and I know you not. Go! go! I kill those who speak to me.

*H.* You torture me! Come, feel my hand. Then will you know me.

*R.* I have never known you.

*H.* You know me not?

*R.* No.

*H.* Have never seen me?

*R.* I know not.

*H.* Then, may God let me perish. Have I never kissed your lips sore?

*R.* Never.

*H.* Did you never offer me your mouth?

*N.* [*Out of sight in the well.*] Rautendelein!

*R.* I am coming.

*N.* Come down!

*H.* Who called you?

*R.* My husband, down in the stones of the well.

*H.* You see me in pain, in a struggle fearful, as never was the battle of life. Oh, torture not a poor lost man! Deliver me!

*R.* But how shall I begin?

*H.* Come hither to me.

*R.* That can I not.

*H.* Cannot?

*R.* No.

*H.* For why?

*R.* Down below we dance the fairy rings. A jolly dance; and if my foot is in pain, soon, when I dance, it ceases to burn. Farewell! Farewell!

*H.* Where are you? Go not away.

*R.* [*She has gone behind the wall of the well.*] In eternal distance.

*H.* The cup—the cup there! Magda, the cup; thou—Oh, how pale thou art—give thou me the cup. Whoever gives it me, I will bless.

*R.* [*Quite close to him.*] I will!

*H.* You would do it?

*H.* I will do it. And let the dead rest!

*H.* I feel your heavenly presence!

*R.* [*Receding.*] Farewell, farewell! I am not your love. Once was I your dear one; in the May, in the May! But now it is ended.

*H.* Ended?

*R.* Ended. Who sang you to sleep in the evening? Who waked you again with enchanted melodies?

*H.* Who but you?

*R.* Farewell!

*H.* Lead me down gently. Now comes the night, which all things would fain escape!

*R.* [*Running back to him and embracing his knees with a cry of joy.*] The sun is coming!

*H.* The sun!

*R.* [*Between sobbing and shouting.*] Heinrich!

*H.* I thank you!

*R.* [*Embraces him, and presses his lips to her own—then laying the dying man softly down.*] Heinrich!

*H.* Hark from above! The sound of the sun-bells ringing. The sun! The sun is coming! The night is long!

[*The flush of dawn is seen in the sky.*]

THE EDITOR.

## THE STATE OF THE ARMY.

SO much has lately been written in the Press dealing with the condition of the Army, and so many speeches have appeared, that it is not surprising if considerable confusion exists in the minds of those interested in this important and much debated subject. To the general public there appear to be two schools in the field, one ably led by Mr. Arnold Forster, M.P., attacking our present military system, and another equally ably led by Sir Arthur Halliburton defending it. Both these champions have expressed their views with considerable forensic skill in the columns of the *Times*, and it is here proposed to place their chief statements, on the more important points, side by side, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

### THE LINKED-BATTALION SYSTEM.

In a letter which appeared in the *Times* of November 16 last Mr. Arnold Forster boldly opens the attack by saying

“our present Army system was invented and is maintained to give the country an Army. The system, as a matter of fact, has not produced, and cannot produce, an Army. In theory, and according to the system, our Army in peace time is supposed to be equally distributed between home and foreign stations. As a matter of fact the Army is not so distributed. Of the Artillery 20,423 men out of a total of 36,646 are shown in the last return as being abroad. Of the Infantry of the line 76½ battalions were abroad and 64½ battalions at home. As the batteries and battalions abroad are supposed to be supplied from the corresponding units at home, which act as their depôts, it is obvious that a difficulty has arisen owing to the number of units which, to use a nautical phrase, have no ‘opposite numbers’ to draw upon. So serious, indeed, has the situation become that the War Office now finds itself compelled to take heroic measures, and to ask for more men, more money, and greater inducements for the soldier.”

Lord Lansdowne, speaking on December 9 last at the annual meeting of delegates of the Scottish branch of the Primrose League,



referred to these points raised by Mr. Arnold Forster, and stated clearly enough that the military machine had undoubtedly been put out of gear by extraordinary demands for troops consequent on our increasing empire. He says :

“ You have been told there is a breakdown. What has been the extent of it? Our system is based upon the maintenance of a proper proportion between the Army abroad and the Army at home, upon which the Army abroad depends. For some years past you have been adding steadily to that portion of the Army which has to serve abroad, with the result of diminishing not less steadily that portion of it which is left at home, and we have constantly worked with an account the home side of which has been more or less overdrawn, and the overdraft has lately become heavier than ever. What has been the consequence? The home Army has been drawn upon to a dangerous extent. It has been much weakened in strength, and has at the same time been called upon to support an abnormally large force abroad. We have been obliged to fill up battalions which ought to be at home with young soldiers, and send them to the Mediterranean, thus filling our garrisons there with troops unfit to take the field, while, as a consequence, we have had battalions serving in India and elsewhere without the proper machinery for supporting them with their annual drafts. It will be our business to take stock carefully of the total force which we require for permanent employment in India and the colonies, and, having determined what that force should be, to see that we have it, and also that our home Army is numerous enough to maintain it in a proper condition of efficiency, and sufficient in strength to safeguard our shores.”

On this vital question the rival views, if they may really be called so, are in accord. Mr. Arnold Forster, by ventilating the subject in his lucid and incisive style, has materially helped to enlighten and educate the public as to the real necessity for something being done to re-adjust the military equilibrium, upset by increased calls for troops from Egypt, South Africa, and elsewhere.

#### THE INFANTRY.

Mr. Arnold Forster next turns to the Infantry, as being the largest and most important arm of the service, and in discussing the causes that are at work undermining the efficiency of Infantry battalions, points out that the present linked-battalion system has resulted in the home battalions being condemned to perform the functions of a *depôt*, and not those of a regiment, with the result that these battalions may be compared to squeezed lemons and are absolutely useless for fighting purposes. He selects five battalions at random, and, amongst other things, shows by his figures that each of these battalions would require on an average 700 men from the Reserve to complete it for war. He concludes by saying :

“ In the time of trial we shall find that we are without an Army, in the modern sense of the word, and shall be confronted by a state of confusion and unpreparedness which may end in disaster.”

In reply to this serious indictment, Sir Arthur Halliburton regrets

that Mr. Arnold Forster did not specify the battalions he selected by name, as it is extremely difficult to criticise his figures in consequence; he goes on, however, to explain that it was never contemplated that our home battalions should be maintained at fighting efficiency any more than those of any other nation in Europe. In case of war, the men now serving in France and Germany only amount to one-third of those that would actually take the field; the remainder coming from the Reserve. The same system obtains in England, except that our soldiers are trained for seven years with the colours, and while serving have a fair chance of seeing active service, whereas those of France and Germany are only trained for three and two years respectively and seldom see any real fighting.

Sir Arthur draws up an interesting comparison of the British, French, and German battalions mobilised for war, excluding all men under twenty from the British battalions, so as to bring the minimum age into harmony with that in foreign battalions:

Service with the Colours.	British.	French.	German.
Men over 1 year and under 2 years' service . . .	112	140	268
„ over 2 „ „ 3 „ „ . . .	96	140	} 67
„ over 3 „ „ 21 „ „ . . .	268	23	
Available on Mobilisation . . . . .	476	303	335
Required from the Reserve—			
Men of 7 to 8 years with the Colours . . . . .	591	...	...
„ 3 years with the Colours . . . . .	...	698	...
„ 2 „ „ „ . . . . .	...	...	696
Strength of Battalion (exclusive of officers) mobilised for war . . . . .	1067	1001	1031

N.B.—The minimum standard of height for Infantry in the French and German Armies is under 5ft. 1in., in the British 5ft. 3½in., while the average height of our Infantry in 1896 was just under 5ft. 7in.

From this table it will be seen that the British home battalions (peace) are stronger in older soldiers than either the French or German battalions by 173 and 141 respectively, while the mobilised battalions, in their composition, are superior to those in either the French or German Armies.

#### THE ARTILLERY.

In criticising the Artillery, Mr. Arnold Forster does not meet with such formidable opposition, and comparing his statements with those of Lord Lansdowne it will be seen that their views do not materially

offer regarding the real necessity for an addition to this arm. Mr. Arnold Forster is of opinion that we have not an adequate number of batteries in proportion to Infantry in the British Army being never less than it is in any foreign army. There is a smaller number of guns per thousand men, and in addition, for the very large force of Infantry outside the regular Army composed of Militia and Volunteers 200,000 men altogether, we possess exactly one field battery.

Lord Lansdowne in the speech previously referred to, when mentioning the Artillery says:

We are determined that in respect of this arm our small Army shall not be deficient. We may have to place in the field large bodies of auxiliary troops whose efficiency would not be so great as that of the Regulars, and in our opinion it is incumbent that these troops should be supported by an ample force of Artillery. We are determined that this important arm shall, both in organisation and strength, be maintained in a high state of preparedness.

#### LONG SERVICE VERSUS SHORT SERVICE.

Mr. Arnold Forster, after having done yeoman service for the Artillery, next turns his attention to the present short-service system, and here he gets somewhat out of his depth, and is hopelessly beaten by his adversary. He opens his attack by stating that under the present short-service system, the required recruits are not forthcoming, those who are obtained are not of the right stamp or quality, and the Reserve, to acquire which the whole scheme was formulated is of doubtful value and is decreasing in number. He further states that the majority of officers in high command outside the War Office do not hesitate to condemn it, and therefore, the onus of proof lies with the friends of the system.

Sir Arthur Halliburton takes up the cudgels in defence of the short-service system with equal vigour, producing an array of figures which are at once the admiration and despair of his critics. He shows conclusively that the long-service system proved a failure, not only in England, but on the Continent; and was consequently finally abandoned by us in 1870.

Regarding the supply of recruits, the numbers annually obtained prior to 1870 averaged about 15,000, while from 1870 to 1889 it averaged 25,000, and since then 33,725 annually. In the years between 1861 and 1870, though the Army was reduced by 40,000 men, its strength in spite of a demoralising system of bounties was on an average 3312 below establishment, and taking the period of 1854 to 1870 the average annual deficiency amounted to 7488. Under the short-service system the peace establishments, with temporary exceptions, have always been fully maintained.

In regard to the recruits themselves, Sir Arthur points out that, in spite of the fact that we now enlist more than twice as many recruits

as we did under the long-service system, we still get them about the same age, and many doubt whether any amount of pay that the Government is likely to offer would procure any appreciable number of older recruits. In 1870 we were at our wits' end to maintain an Infantry force of 108,266, without any Reserve, to-day we maintain 137,612, and have an Infantry Reserve of 51,948 men.

## FOREIGN BATTALIONS.

Turning first to our foreign Army and comparing the result of the two systems, it will be interesting to consult the following table, showing the average strength and composition of battalions in our foreign garrisons in 1870 and in 1897 :

Age.	1870.	1897.
Under 20 years of age . . . . .	82	38
From 20 to 25 years . . . . .	246	658
" 25 to 30 " . . . . .	218	282
" 30 to 35 " . . . . .	153	39
" 35 to 40 " . . . . .	56	12
Over 40 . . . . .	7	2
Average strength . . . . .	762	1031

Foreign battalions prior to 1870, besides being considerably weaker than they are now, were on an average 50 below their establishments, while now they are kept up to their full establishment. Further, they had only 464 men between the ages of twenty and thirty (the best fighting age), against 940 such men now, while they could only be expanded to war strength by diluting battalions with raw recruits, or by reinforcing them from other regiments. The balance is undoubtedly in favour of the present system as far as our foreign Army is concerned.

## HOME BATTALIONS.

The average composition of a battalion at home under the two systems is set forth in the table below, and it will be seen at a glance that, deducting all men under twenty years of age as being unsuited for war, who would be relegated to depôts on the outbreak of hostilities, the fighting force available is almost identical in both cases.

Age.	1870.	1897.
Under 20 years of age . . . . .	114	266
From 20 to 25 years of age . . . . .	134	344
" 25 to 30 " . . . . .	142	85
" 30 to 35 " . . . . .	141	32
" 35 to 40 " . . . . .	50	12
Over 40 years of age . . . . .	7	3
	588	742
Deduct men under 20 years of age . . . . .	114	266
Force available . . . . .	474	476

Under the long-service system no means existed for raising battalions

from 474 to 1067 (their war strength), except by pouring into their ranks newly raised recruits, or by denuding the militia. Had the latter expedient been resorted to, battalions would not only have had to take the field 264 below their full establishment, but the militia would have been paralysed by the loss of one-third, just at the time it would itself have been embodied for service.

The gloomy state of affairs in 1870, after long service had had a lengthy trial, was undoubtedly the cause of the old system being finally superseded by the present short service. If the following table, showing a short-service battalion mobilised for war, be studied, it will surely be conceded that, whatever may be the condition of a home battalion without its reservists, the same battalion mobilised for war is a really formidable fighting machine.

Men under 20 years	...	Relegated to depôt.
" from 20 to 25 years	...	344
" " 25 to 30 "	...	516
" " 30 to 35 "	...	192
" " 35 to 40 "	...	12
" " over 40 "	...	3
Total mobilised battalion		<u>1067</u>

#### THE RESERVE.

Under the existing system, in addition to the Reservists who would join their battalions on mobilisation, there would still remain a reserve of 52,006 men ready to make good casualties in the field, obtained from the following sources :

From the Army Reserve, over and above battalion requirements	.	8,492
Soldiers under twenty, relegated from battalions to their depôts	.	18,886
The Militia Reserve	.	24,628
		<u>52,006</u>

Under the long-service system, the only reserve left in the country consisted of about 9363 men, mostly under twenty years of age.

#### THE WAR OFFICE.

In regard to the War Office Mr. Arnold Forster is remarkably outspoken, and says :

" It can hardly be doubted that a re-organisation of the War Office itself is desirable. The civilian officials, who have done so much mischief in the past, should be compelled to come into the open and take the proper responsibility of their acts. The military officials should refuse any longer to submit, as they have submitted over and over again, to the pigeon-holing of their remonstrances, and if they do not they should cease to expect that the country will hold them harmless. Parliament and the public are not the least bound to follow the advice of our best soldiers upon military matters ; but both Parliament and the public would like to know ~~what~~ that advice is. When solemn pronouncements are made expressing ~~the~~ opinions of the War Office, it would be helpful to know how much of

the pronouncement expresses the real belief of the men who have got to do the fighting, and how much is the gloss put upon it by a collection of blameless and well-intentioned politicians, actuaries, and tailors."

Mr. Arnold Forster here attacks a body of men who, by their own regulations, are debarred from replying to his strictures in the public press. Parliament and the public receive information regarding the Army through the channel the electorate appoints; that is, through the Secretary of State for War, who is a member of the Cabinet, assisted by a Parliamentary Under Secretary of State, and by an Assistant Under Secretary of State, both of whom are members of the House of Commons.

The Secretary of State for War has the whole machinery of the War Office, both civilian and military, at his disposal, and can consequently command the advice of what are presumably our best soldiers on any subject he may require.

#### SMALL WARS.

Although the short-service system has undoubtedly provided us for a big war with a better Army than we have ever had, yet for small wars, such as England frequently engages in, it has not proved so satisfactory. The military authorities, without the consent of Parliament, are unable to stiffen their home battalions (which are admittedly unfitted for fighting purposes) with a single man from the Reserve; the result is they have the greatest difficulty in raising 5000 men to go anywhere without splitting up battalions. They are much abused in consequence, and the system itself is brought into disrepute.

Ten thousand men, trained for seven years in the ranks, who in many instances have seen actual fighting, are passed to the Reserve annually. Were the military authorities authorised by Parliament to call up these men, during the first year of their service with the Reserve, the whole difficulty in regard to our small wars would vanish. We should be able to send abroad battalions of which any nation could be proud, and that at short notice, and without causing any real hardship to the Reservists concerned.

Whenever there is any real fighting to be done there is no lack of volunteers. The Reserve, under such circumstances, would unquestionably "roll up" to a man, and that willingly, and nothing would probably be heard regarding the much abused short-service system but unqualified praise.

A MEMBER OF THE HEADQUARTERS STAFF.

## BECHUANALAND.

I WISH again to bring before the public the subject of Bechuanaland, concerning which so much has already been written. I would speak of the country as a native territory under its chiefs; also as under the British Government as a Crown colony and Protectorate; and during the last months as annexed to the Cape Colony. I have long been impressed with the great importance of this country to Britain, not so much as a possession, but as a commanding position from which, as the central or supreme Power, Great Britain could secure the peaceful progress of South Africa. It is more than twenty years since I first directed the attention of the British Government to this country and its peculiar claims, and I have been unremitting since in keeping before our rulers a matter of so great importance. I must say that often there has been reason for discouragement. In the case of statesmen whose dispositions were good and views enlightened, the very geography of the question was sometimes at fault. I am thankful to think that we can complain of this ignorance no longer.

Early travellers in the interior of South Africa did not tell us about Bechuanaland or the Bechuanas. They wrote about the Batlaping, or the Batlaros, or the Bangwaketsi, as did Moffat; or the Bakwena, the Bakhatla, or the Bamangwato, as did Livingstone. These were clan-names; but the people had not then in use any name to include them all. Speaking the same language from the Vaal River to the Zambesi, and practising the same customs at every "Khotla" or chief's council-yard, the people were so much divided politically that no general name seemed to be necessary. But when the broad waggon-road was opened up from one end of the country to the other; when the preacher and the trader visited them all, and built

houses or huts in all their towns, the name Bechuanas crept in as a common name. It was probably in 1883 that the word came into use in England, at the same time that a map of South Africa began to be reckoned unsatisfactory if it did not reach the Zambesi.

The missionary occupation of Bechuanaland commenced early in the present century, and witnessed the various fluctuations of British policy on South African questions. For instance, in 1846 there was the step forward, when a British Resident was appointed to Bloemfontein, the capital of what was first called the Orange River Sovereignty; and there was the step backward, some ten years afterwards, when the people of the Sovereignty, and those of the Transvaal as well, received their independence. Living in native territories, the missionaries busied themselves with their own spiritual work, teaching the arts of civilised life as well as the divine precepts of religion; and before long the Bechuanas had learned not only the first principles of Christianity, but also how to irrigate their own lands, to plough and to reap as did their white instructors. I remember that on entering Bechuanaland, some forty years ago, I was very much impressed and gratified with the indications which met the traveller that the habits of the people were gradually changing, and that their type of Christianity was to be a practical every-day type. We passed lands and orchards in the neighbourhood of Kuruman belonging to natives, who had sown the crops and had also planted the fruit-trees.

Some twenty years after that—in 1878—the country was disturbed, and a party of British volunteers from Kimberley appeared to preserve order and to assist in the apprehension of evil-doers from the colony. It was likely that the government of the country would pass into our hands, as that of the native chieftains had become effete. “What about those native farms and orchards?” I was asked by the commanding officer of the field force; “my officers have taken a great fancy to them, and would like to claim them.” I remember that my reply was to the effect that he could have no practical difficulty as a British officer who waged war against chiefs and governments, but not against farmers and peasants. “If there is one thing,” I remember adding, “which the average Englishman will cheerfully respect, it is what he terms ‘another man’s sweat.’ Your officers will never be insensible to that argument: the lands and gardens of the Bechuanas will remain in their own possession under the Queen.” And so they did.

In 1885 a new feature was introduced into the Land Settlement of Bechuanaland. Besides “private lands” in the possession of Europeans, and “Government lands” which were at the disposal of the Crown, the High Commissioner recognised what were called “tribal lands,” as being the inalienable possession of a tribe or part of a



said: "The Bechuanaland Land Court afterwards fully ratified the legal position of these 'tribal lands'."

#### THE FUTURE OF THE NATIVE LAND IN SOUTH AFRICA?

It has never been clear how far we would wish to deny the right of native peoples to hold any lands in their own country. This point is not so far removed from a Christian point of view as is generally supposed, and it is as indisputable as it is unchangeable. "The right of a white man's country" says the man, he is not the man in a trial. "The right of a white man's country" says another, he is not the man in the water supply of a country and the health of the people for Europeans. We do not mean to deny anything to our country, and the chiefs of Bechuanaland in 1890, returned to the land we are occupying. To the man, what was the land to the Queen, as an early descendant of her time possessed and the British titles to the lands which we are taking and using. It does not become us to require of the man as that which we are taking, and the consequence is the only way of dealing with the native tribes among such tribes as the Bechuanas. In the Bechuanaland will recommend the distribution of the land and people and is known and the Bechuanas, and the British Government would agree to it. In my intercourse with the Bechuanas I have always heard it acknowledged, with a sense of the heartiness that the native population must have some lands to call their own *between heaven and earth*. The only hope of a peaceful future in South Africa is so to deal with natives that they shall lose their character and not colour, without losing all human rights before the law. Then the native and mixed population can find some agreement among themselves, and the Europeans can continue as distinct and separate as at present, and yet cheerfully acknowledge the equal rights of all who are qualified before the law. This is not a Negrophilist twaddle; it is good statesmanship, which would be acknowledged as such to-day by every Christian Government of Europe. The cant and the twaddle are on the other side, and find themselves always on an appeal to the lowest feelings of the race, whether that race is Dutch or English-speaking. Our people find themselves that we are in Africa, and that Almighty God placed with millions of human beings before our day. We may govern them, and lead them, and live with them in their marvellously wide country; but we may not rob them and disinherit them, and still remain blameless before our God.

This policy is not only the only right one, but it is also the only advisable and the only safe one. When rebels and treason-mongers can be met by the quiet reply from a native, "I live in my

own house on my own land, which I cultivate for myself, under the protection of the British Government," then the employment of all such evil people must come to an end, and the country enjoy peace. And these are the terms on which all enlightened nations will now take part in "opening up" Africa to European civilisation and to the Christian religion, whose dictates are always above our own selfishness.

#### BECHUANALAND DISTURBANCE OF 1897.

The Bechuanaland disturbance of last year had a very mysterious commencement. How it came to pass that the ordinary laws of hospitality, which obtain among heathen natives as well as Christians, were ignored at Pokwannie, and that the "strangers" of the chief, the white traders in his town living under his protection, were murdered in cold blood in broad daylight, is a question which it is impossible at present to answer. Those who know native ways at once put the question to themselves and to one another: Something led up to this; what was it? Force is added to this inquiry when we remember that a minister of religion—a clergyman and missionary of the Church of England in South Africa—lived unmolested through all the horrors in Pokwannie. That favour was shown even in that dreadful hour is seen in the sending off of one of two European brothers out of danger, and in the sparing and protecting of the wives and children of the murdered men.

What actually happened? Cruel and treacherous murders took place at Galishwe's town, Pokwannie, in which it was known from the first that the head-men of the town were implicated. Besides the police, there does not seem to have been any one whatever in Bechuanaland whose duties had special reference to a population only recently emerged from tribal rule. There were only the magistrate of the division (or county) and the usual officers of colonial police. There was no civilian there who from the first could have "sifted" the people by his influence on the one hand, and given reliable advice to the Colonial Government on the other. By aid of such an officer, the real evil-doers would have been known, and unoffending people would have been reassured and protected. But, taking the matter as one of police, and for punishment, do we find ourselves in a more satisfactory position? On the contrary, the police affair at Pokwannie would appear to have been a mere fiasco. The object, one would take for granted, was to arrest the murderers, and, if they resisted, to fire on them, after due warning. This would naturally lead, in the first place, to the bringing together of a force sufficient to surround the murderers and their town. Terms would then be offered to all non-belligerents, who would at once give themselves up and retire. Only those hopeless of pardon would

fight. Of them all who survived would get a fair trial. Had this been done, it is absolutely certain that the Pokwannie disturbance would have ended at once—ended at Pokwannie. What looked like an insane attempt to act the part of independent chiefs would have been at once crushed by the police. But a half-moon is widely different from a circle. If you want to catch, and to arrest, you form a circle and close in. If you want to drive out and “punish” the people, you form a half-moon, drive them out and set fire to the town. And, further, if you wish to make it from the first most difficult to make arrests, you leave the open part of your crescent towards the border of another State (in this case the border of the Transvaal, which is not far from Pokwannie), and set fire to the town behind the fugitives. They will hasten to cross the border, and you will not be able to follow them. The women and children you will have rendered homeless, and the men you will have raised to the dignity of a war party; and you say your object all the while was to arrest murderers. Surely it was not too much to expect that things would have been managed differently at Pokwannie. The colonial police were not sent to “punish” or drive out people and burn a town, as they did. They were sent to arrest murderers, and that they did not accomplish, nor did they take reasonable steps towards doing it.

On the native side nothing whatever can justify the cruel murders, or even palliate them. If we go into tribal history, we find that the Pokwannie people were the highest in the land, as to birth; but they had been passed over by both the British and the Transvaal Governments in all negotiations, because they had first been passed over by the suffrages of their own people. Molala, son of Mankoroane, had the bulk of the people round him, although he was inferior in rank to Luka Jantje, and all were inferior to the Pokwannie branch of the tribe.

Power and privilege had long left the Pokwannie people—the chief branch of the Batlaping. In recent years there was always a certain wild recklessness about their actions, which may partly be traced to their bitter thought that, although first by birth, they were poor, had no people, and had nothing to lose. Thus in the general rising of 1878 they rose with the colonial insurgents, attacked a trader on his farm and store in the country, and killed him. For this the leaders were arrested and subjected to a long term of imprisonment in the Cape Colony. After their release they returned to Pokwannie. It does not appear that they were placed under any special supervision, although all who knew their character and history would regard them as a distinct element of danger. Molala and his head-men at Taung have the merit of keeping themselves clear from the disturbances, though the Pokwannie chiefs were their near relatives. No one will

assert that Luka Jantje would have risen had the Pokwannie criminals been arrested. And the rising of any one living at Langberg in sympathy with the people of Pokwannie is outrageously absurd. The rising of these latter people, in the estimation of fair-minded men, lies at the door of the Cape Government as much as—perhaps more than—at their own door.

It is asserted, and probably with truth, that Molala knew where Galishwe was for several days, and that he kept his secret. Now there was no love lost between the Taung people and those of Pokwannie; indeed, they were bitter enemies. Still it would have been disgraceful in Molala, as a tribesman, if he had revealed the hiding-place of his relative to Government. This tribal feeling would no doubt have been overcome, and Molala and his people might have helped Government in their operations if the colonial officers had known how to get such people to commit themselves to a right course. It was, indeed, through the help of such people that the evil-doers ought to have been arrested before they got to Langberg. In 1879, people more dangerous, and equally if not more numerous, having fled from the Langberg, were arrested and brought out of the Kalahari Desert by the skill and influence of Europeans and natives combined, and without loss of life.

#### THE LANGBERG.

There is one place of defence in the southern part of Bechuanaland—that of the Langberg. Pokwannie lies at the extreme east of Bechuanaland, Langberg lies at the west; the plains of Bechuanaland lie between. The whole country has been in our hands since 1885; it is part of a British colony; our colonial police constantly traverse it. How, then, could this plain be crossed by the Pokwannie men and the Langberg reached without observation from our colonial guardians of the peace? This movement, however, was successfully accomplished, and not without other outrages at farms and at traders' stores, so that the line of march must have been well known. Yet with little or no difficulty Galishwe and his Pokwannie ruffians reached the Langberg.

It is said that Galishwe and his people were well received in the Transvaal by a farmer there, who is also the field-cornet or local representative of the Republican Government, and that he sold ammunition to them. It is a mere waste of time to inquire too deeply into what was a very likely occurrence under the unwonted circumstances. It was certainly an unfriendly and unneighbourly action on the part of an obscure person—for all of whose actions, of course, his Government may be held responsible. But what is far more worthy of inquiry is—How comes it that natives living under the Queen are found as fugitives in the Transvaal, negotiating about

ammunition with which to shoot the colonial police? The incident is *not* our disgrace.

It must be remembered that there was a considerable population residing at the Langberg—on the whole a quiet and well-conducted people. Among them was Toto, the Batlaro chief. The Batlaro tribe had little or no tribal sympathy with the Batlaping, by whom they were allowed to live peaceably in Batlaping country. It is not so long ago that the Bahurutai tribe separated—one part to remain in what is now the western part of the Transvaal, and the other part to journey southward and seek a new country. They became known as Bagamotlware, or Batlaros—those of the Wild-Olive—and were said to be so named after a wild olive-tree which grew where their chief's courtyard was for many years. Like the Bahurutai farther north, these Batlaros have been known as an energetic and industrious people, still separate, but with a tendency to mingle with the Batlaping. They were regarded by the Batlaping as friends living on sufferance, and they themselves accepted that position. They made no pretensions to the ownership of any part of the country, except with the consent of the Batlaping. The Batlaping themselves—*i.e.*, those of the Fish—have never been regarded as excelling in any of those matters in which native tribes emulated one another in the olden time. The northern tribes at Kanye, at Molepolole, and at Palapye, not to mention the Barolong at Mafeking, would feel insulted if their status or ability were likened to that of the Batlaping, even including the people of Taung. None of the above-named tribes would have spent a week in putting down the people of Pokwannie and all their sympathisers.

Now that, so to speak, the small-pox of disaffection and rebellion had been allowed to spread from east to west in Bechuanaland, the military question became one of greater importance, and people now began to speak of "the siege of Langberg." I am not aware, even at this stage, of any serious effort on our part to isolate the Pokwannie people, and to assure the ordinary inhabitants of the Langberg that our object was merely to arrest murderers and evil-doers, and that all others were our friends. There seemed to be no confidence whatever in any native man. What started as a movement to arrest murderers had now become more or less, from our side, a race war—the white man keeping aloof from all natives of whatever tribe. This attitude was deeply to be regretted, and the apparent doctrine that all natives were like those of Pokwannie was not worthy of British officers, who are accustomed to rule and to lead men of all shades of colour, and who believe that character and faithfulness go deeper than one's skin. But the race-lines on which we were now apparently acting could only have one result. Tribes that had no connection with Pokwannie and little friendship with its people found themselves

all distrusted by the police and reckoned as having things in common with one another. It seems to be quite certain that no western chief desired to fight, and that had these men been countenanced and offered adequate protection by our people the disturbance would never have assumed the importance which it did, because men like their leaders would not only not have been on the wrong side but would have been of great service on the right side. We are told, for instance, that on more than one occasion Luka Jantje took great trouble to put himself right with our people. It was stated that he in effect made offer of himself and his allegiance and service, and that practically these were distrusted and rejected. This was done either through sheer incompetence, or from a feeling entirely unworthy of the British officer—"Let him go to the devil! what is the use of bothering about a nigger?"

## LANGBERG IN 1878.

A far more powerful enemy was dislodged from the Langberg by volunteers under British officers in 1878. One thought that surely the experience thus gained would be utilised by the force investing the Langberg in 1897. Nothing of the sort would seem to have been in the mind of the officer and men, who on reaching Langberg marched recklessly up to the "poort" or defile, where some of them were shot down by enemies who were not seen. Thus these lives were thrown away, probably through sheer ignorance. Months passed after this reverse, and reinforcements were brought up from various parts of the colony after great delay. It was tried, but found impossible, to starve the people into submission, as the cordon round their fortresses was incomplete.

The taking of the Langberg in 1878 was accomplished in a matter of days. It was then in the hands of a daring set of men who were bold enough to attack Griqua Town from Langberg as a base. Among them were well-known crack shots from among the Griquas and half-castes. It took many months in 1897 to accomplish the same piece of work when the defenders were merely the men of Pokwannie and of Luka Jantje, with the Batlaros of Toto, who were fighting only because the disturbance had come to their home in the Langberg and they saw no adequate protection and no way of escape.

At last, after many months of delay, the order was given to storm the mountain, and in a few hours the Langberg was in our hands. It needed only that the defenders should see that the volunteers were in earnest for them to retire almost without fighting, and next day to give themselves up unreservedly, Galishwe having now left the mountain and taken to the Kalahari desert.

Knowing Luka Jantje as I did, his good and his bad qualities, I cannot but regret the circumstances connected with his end. He

evidently despaired of receiving quarter, and died fighting in his stronghold. Some of his assailants—brave men themselves—as they approached him scaling the hill, tried to save a brave man's life ; but it was not to be : Luka himself had despaired of it, and made no gesture to plead for quarter. A faithful attendant remained with him to the last, and was shot with him in his Langberg fastness. Almost at once the old chief was propped up, and his photo was taken for an enterprising newspaper !

There is a sickening story about Luka Jantje's head which reminds one of a West African story of the bust of a murdered youth, severed and preserved in spirits, and sent to London by a husband to his wife who resided there ! I decline to write the details of the Langberg story. Thank God, there cannot be many people who would or could do such things, except as a duty. This haughty disregard of the ordinary decencies towards poor humanity belongs not to healthy-minded or strong people, but points rather to a self-indulgent, new-sensation-seeking, and therefore decadent race.

It is a relief to have to chronicle how many actions of kindness were shown by our volunteers in Bechuanaland towards the sick and the weak among the natives when they had opportunity. The work however, at the outset, required not so much young volunteers as a sufficient number of experienced men, such as the Cape Mounted Rifles, for immediate action. The " boy-volunteers " were not at fault as to bravery or discipline, only the whole life was new to them. Another class of volunteers, who went by the name of " Burghers," and were highly paid, refused to storm a mountain fastness : they said they were horsemen, not footmen ; so they were allowed to return to their homes ; and this, it seems, was one reason for the long delay. From cases which have already come before the colonial courts, it would appear that there was an impression abroad among some of the " Burgher " leaders that no prisoners were to be taken. Fellows who gave themselves up were to be allowed to go away a certain number of yards and then shot. This was established in court to have been done, but the perpetrators of it were regarded by a jury as not guilty, not even of culpable homicide, as the judge remarked in surprise and regret. Then half a dozen " friendlies " were shot down by the same stamp of " Burgher " volunteers—a woman and child being among the killed. A native who had long served in the Border Police, of which he was still a member, and who was there with the knowledge of his superior officer, was also shot down on the same occasion by men who were near to him, and to whom he kept shouting, " Don't shoot me ; I'm in Government service." These cases of horrible, needless shooting down have also been tried, but not punished. I believe these volunteer Burghers who could thus shoot relentlessly on the plain were the people who declined to storm the hill.

It has to be noted, then, that the Cape Colony spent many months and very much money in arresting a party of reckless murderers, and in putting down a trifling disturbance, so far as numbers or influence are concerned. The Cape Colony has thus not taken up a distinguished position in the eyes of other South African Powers, of whatever colour.

Indeed, it is almost impossible to give the first officers of police the credit of sincerity in their movements against Pokwannie, always supposing that Government was willing to give them the necessary men. These men are in this unpleasant dilemma: if they were sincere they were miserably thoughtless, if not incompetent. If all along they could have done better, then did they, for reasons known to themselves, allow the disturbance to drag along. In either case they were poor representatives of Britain or of our leading colony in South Africa.

#### CONFISCATION OF LANDS.

At an early date in the history of this Pokwannie affair it was publicly stated in the colony by Sir Gordon Sprigg that the lands of the Pokwannie people would be confiscated.\* From other public speeches which have been made in the Cape Colony one would suppose that the Act had had a general reference to the whole colony and to all its people. It was triumphantly demanded whether "rebels" ought not to have their lands confiscated? That question is not yet solved; the Act in question has reference only to Bechuanaland and to Bechuanas. We do not object to the confiscation of the lands of rebels. But we consider that with reference to the natives in Bechuanaland other than Pokwannie people it will probably be very difficult for any calm-minded person to find the people guilty of rebellion. Should these people complain that they looked in vain for protection from the colonial forces, what can the reply be?

The most degrading part of all this business is that it seems to be accepted on all hands in the colony that this wholesale confiscation of land will be specially gratifying to the Dutch-speaking colonists. The Ministry is taxed with confiscating so much land as a sop to this

\* An Act of Parliament was necessary for this purpose, and this was passed in June last. This Act declares that it shall be lawful for the "Governor, by proclamation, to declare any portion of the land forming the Native Reserves mentioned in the schedule of this Act, defined by the said schedule, to be Crown land, and thereupon the land so declared to be Crown land may be dealt with in manner provided by the laws relating to the leasing and disposal of Crown lands: Provided that such Proclamation shall include only Reserves which the Governor shall be satisfied have recently, before the passing of this Act, been occupied by rebellious Natives. Upon the issue of any such Proclamation in respect of such land all the existing grants to such land, or any portion of it, shall be deemed to be cancelled." On turning to the schedule we find that besides Pokwannie, we have the Native Reserves of Garaphoane, Dillaraping, Budin, Doxan, Keloekeloe, Diben, Kathu, and that portion of the Langberg Native Reserve occupied by Tolo and Luka Jantje and their followers, and by other natives in open rebellion.



portion of the colonial community; and the contention of those who say so is so far borne out by a resolution of the Afrikaner Bund Congress held recently at Malmesbury, in which the Premier was thanked for this confiscating policy. It is, however, my own view that the healthy opinion of colonists, Dutch or English-speaking, would be for the confiscation of the land of actual rebels, such as the people of Pokwannie, but not for the loss of lands to men who have already lost so much, not because they were rebels, but because Government were unable or unwilling to protect them at their homes.

When the Bechuanas gave themselves up at the Langberg, it was at once seen that they were within measurable distance of starvation. Their cattle had been captured by the police, and had died of rinderpest. Many of the people had been living on the wild berries and roots and other produce of the Veldt, and were more like skeletons than anything else. It was evident we should have to make some provision for them—what was that to be? We had allowed the Pokwannie people to take refuge in the Langberg fastnesses; and the pacific people of the Langberg, themselves unprotected, and against whom there was no complaint, had become mixed up with murderers and rebels. We have already said that there was no apparent effort to sift out the good from among the bad, the loyal from the disloyal; and of course, when the war was over, all the people were in equal poverty and want. Between war and rinderpest, a fairly well-off community at Langberg were now not only mixed up with murderers, but without cattle and without grain—completely ruined by what had come to them from the outside.

It was now incumbent on the colonial authorities to make provision for the starving Bechuanas. They resolved to make a remarkable provision for their wants: they would "give them out" among the farmers of the Western Province, especially in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. "Rough and ready," one replies: "there in Bechuanaland are the starving people; here, round Cape Town, are farmers and others desiring above everything cheap labour. After a season or two of colonial work the people will be in a position to return to their own country. What has been done is not in accordance with the law, but it seems an effectual provision for a pressing want." So might one say, on first thoughts. But what is this we hear about an engagement or indenture for *five years*? Any such engagement invalidates the whole transaction. What might have appeared as a rough-and-ready method of helping the hungry becomes now a quasi-legal method of depopulating Bechuanaland: the people are to be five years away from their country, which is one of the best in South Africa for stock-rearing, and in some places for agriculture as well. Before the five years are over, the Act of the Colonial Parliament will be enforced, and the houses and lands of the

Bechuanas will have passed into the hands of white men ; an extensive act of confiscation will have taken place in Bechuanaland, while the Bechuanas themselves are bound to their Western Province masters. When these wretched people are at liberty to return to Bechuanaland it will be to find that the place which knew them shall know them no more for ever. All will be quite legal, however ; the name of their place of residence will have been mentioned in the Act of Parliament, and yet in most cases it is confiscated because the people of Pokwannie came and sat down on their place, and the Government was either unable or unwilling to drive these ruffians out and to protect them in their own holdings.

Who is to judge as to the liability of the Bechuanaland people, one and all, to be termed rebels ? I do not refer to those who have been tried at Kimberley for those offences—it might seem disrespectful to a legal tribunal. Besides, we should occupy the awkward position of questioning what had already been admitted by Toto and others in court, acting under advice. Nevertheless, and with all respect to a legal tribunal, we wish to press the question whether or not the colonial Government is not equally to blame with all chiefs and people, excluding those of Pokwannie ? Is it fair to punish the poor hungry rank and file, who had no rebellious thought whatever, but whose misfortune it was that Government failed in its duty to avert and punish evil-doers ?

I notice that the Act declares that it is the Governor of the Cape Colony who shall say to whom this Act is to apply. Even the energy of Sir Alfred Milner would probably fail to enable him personally to go into the necessary detail on this question—so important to a whole population. It is no doubt meant by the Act that the Governor shall appoint a Commission, by whose report he may be guided in this very trying and very important matter.

No more serious charge could be brought against a Government than that they were incapable of protecting their own well-doing people, or of arresting and punishing evil-doers. But this charge fairly and undoubtedly lies against the Colonial Government in Bechuanaland. A single wrong is one thing ; the incapacity of many months—which tolerated the spread of disaffection by parties who ought at once to have been arrested—is another and more serious thing. Have those native subjects of the Queen living peacefully in Bechuanaland no right to her protection ? I have noticed that her Majesty's Cape Colony Ministers have proudly claimed to be Ministers of the Queen, and rightly. We all gladly acknowledge their claim. But the more unreservedly we grant this claim, the more we deplore the incompetence revealed in the recent action of the Government through its officers in Bechuanaland. What was promised to these natives in 1884 was protection. And that protection was given as long

as the country was in the hands of the British, or central, Government; but has not been given during the past year. If it is said that the colonial forces in Bechuanaland were few, then why was not the assistance of her Majesty's troops requested?

I do not press this matter further, and inquire who personally was to blame in this matter. Incompetence, or worse, is written on the whole transaction: at whose special door this charge lies I care not to inquire. My strictures are not written from the point of view of a political opponent to the present Colonial Government. I hope, however, I express a general colonial feeling when I assert that our experiences during the past year in Bechuanaland have been such as that, if the Imperial Government is willing to resume charge of British Bechuanaland, the Cape Colony will willingly agree to the retrocession of the country, and henceforth confine its efforts, as a Government over natives, to the large and restless native population on our eastern borders.

#### CESSION OF BECHUANALAND.

It was to myself, as Deputy-Commissioner, that the various South Bechuanaland chiefs ceded their country in 1884. This cession was afterwards ratified, and it is thus that we own South Bechuanaland. But a more important cession of native territory was that offered by the native chiefs to her Majesty's Special Commissioner, Sir Charles Warren, in 1885. They reserved for themselves a certain portion of their land, and for the possession of this they were to have a British title; and the rest of their immense territories they consented simply to hand over to the Queen and her people, as a consideration for the peace and protection which they expected to obtain at the hands of her Majesty's Government. The greatest mistake which our Government has made in recent years in South Africa was to let this intelligent and friendly offer fall to the ground.

Is it possible to retrace our steps, so far as Bechuanaland and Khama's country and North-West Bechuanaland are concerned, and to return to something like the arrangement of 1885? Would the native chiefs agree to it, after the experience of the intervening years? Would the Cape Government agree to it, after the events of the past year—so unsatisfactory, and even pernicious, from every point of view? Would the intelligent and open-minded Cape colonist advocate the giving up again of Bechuanaland to the central, or Imperial, Government, that it may at a future time become an integral part of the future South African Confederation?

It is evident that there is no insurmountable difficulty before those who would advocate this truly South African policy. The claims of the colony to South Bechuanaland can easily be given up. The claims of the Chartered Company to the northern and north-western

portions of the Bechuana country can be given up without difficulty or complication; indeed, it can be asserted that the country in question has never been ceded, and was never possessed by the Company. That which would appear to be something like self-denial on the part of the Cape Colony would in reality be for its highest good from every point of view. Even on the lowest grounds, it would be far more profitable for the Cape Colonist to have on his northern border a vigorous and prosperous Crown colony than that the country should be a distant and difficult and ill-governed part of the colony itself.

With reference to Bechuanaland and the Transvaal, I am not afraid of being misunderstood when I say that it would be for the interests of peace and good government that the Crown colony of Bechuanaland should be there re-established. "It's an ill bird that fouls its ain nest," and this is the bird that British people have so frequently to complain of in South Africa. It has been a few of our own countrymen, and not Dutch-speaking people, who have said the most depreciatory things of the British Government. These people hide themselves behind phrases and generalities; and that has sufficed in the past. The well-disposed Dutch-speaking Cape Colonist has said: "If Englishmen can thus warn us against the English Government, and threaten the English Government with our displeasure, what can we, as colonists, say in its defence?" Now, however, the dullest can see that the colony was never meant to be freed from outside interference, nor the native chiefs from outside assistance in the management of their countries; only the outside interference and assistance were to be solely those of the Chartered Company. Now all that has been exploded. The British Government—the central Government of South Africa—will do its own work for itself and for the general good. There shall be no "interference" with local rights, and there shall be no lowering of our national standards.

#### ANNEXATION OF BECHUANALAND.

I have to submit that the annexation of Bechuanaland to the Cape Colony was a profound mistake. It is well known how earnestly this annexation was proposed by one or two eager men, and with what determination it was opposed, for many years. It is probable that all South African politicians will now see the object which was in view. The then Premier of the Cape, during the annexation discussion, advised Parliament to make haste and annex; there was a large party opposed to it, and delay might be dangerous! The Cape Parliament was then habitually quite obedient, and annexed Bechuanaland as recommended. Just as the Transvaal reformers were not to be allowed to accomplish any good thing "off their own bat," so the

Imperial Government was to be bowed out of Bechuanaland and out of South Africa. What was to remain? The power which was behind Dr. Jameson, the power which then dictated to an obedient colony. It was plainly meant that this peculiar amalgamating power was to be supreme in the whole of South Africa. The colony and, indeed, South Africa, can thankfully see what they escaped from through the failure of Dr. Jameson. We are persuaded that the South Africa aimed at by the promoters of the Raid was a very different one from that confederation which has been looked forward to by good and true men in all the colonies and States.

Now that the scales have fallen from many eyes, it is possible to get an intelligent answer to the question, What is the South Africa of the future for which you are aiming? I believe the answer from many an intelligent and sincere South African will be: We aim at, and work for, a locally free and Confederated South Africa. We rise above names and remember facts. We remember the points on which we are in deep harmony; our essential oneness is unquestioned, and ensures a happy South Africa in the future. We are agreed that that confederation cannot be forced; it must be a growth.

Almost every one will concede that the northern territories might be advantageously divided into two:

First, Rhodesia, consisting of Matabeleland and Mashonaland.

Second, Bechuanaland, including the late Crown Colony on the south, the Protectorate up to the Zambesi on the north, and also North-west Bechuanaland.

It is now quite certain that it will be impossible for the central or Imperial Government again to leave Rhodesia till self-government is there established. In the same way, the same central (or Imperial) Government should be requested to assume charge of all Bechuanaland, the recent colony as well as the Protectorate, and to retain the same, in the interests of the future South Africa, till such time as the local inhabitants of the country are fitted for self-government. The "amalgamation" policy has had a sufficiently long innings, and with no good result. As to railway-making, the Company merits unstinted praise from every one. The scenes of its operations are, or rather were, distant from the civilised world. It was a vital question to the Company that that distance should be practically removed; but that does not minimise the good to the general public which will follow from the Bulawayo Railway. Leaving the region of politics and administration, and confining their attention to the region of commerce, the Chartered Company will meet with many good wishes as to the future. I have never doubted the value of Mashonaland and Matabeleland as countries of the future; but I have strongly condemned the policy which would assume the management on the part

of the Company of everything and everybody from the Cape to the Zambesi and beyond it.

Without ostentation or interference there is much that Britain, as the supreme or central Power, is expected to do in the immediate future in South Africa. The advantages of having a sympathetic and intelligent central Power among us in South Africa are now—after the Jameson Raid—so evident and undeniable that we need not dilate upon them. Nor must the caviller bring up the acknowledged errors of the British Government in the past. Those errors, founded even in gross mistakes as to geography, are henceforth quite impossible; and it can be said with truth that there is no power on earth so qualified or so willing to act impartially and helpfully to young and growing European communities in the midst of an old-world native population as the Government of our gracious Queen. Let our fellow subjects, then, outside South Africa, and especially let the British House of Commons, accustom itself to the thought that one day there will be an Austral Africa as there is now an Austral Asia. What that House of Commons might and ought to do, without a shadow or suspicion of going beyond its proper functions, is in the meantime to sustain liberally the central office of the High Commissioner of South Africa. At present this official is also Governor of one of our colonies, and that colony pays most of his salary, not merely as Governor, *but also as representative of the Queen in South Africa*. This is not generally known, and it is difficult to obtain from any quarter a satisfactory explanation. It is, no doubt, a practical part of the unfortunate policy to which we have already referred that would strive to make Cape Colony and South Africa synonymous terms. This latter idea is at length exploded, and probably this fact will mean a readjustment as to the office of High Commissioner. The position is simple enough. Great Britain itself aspires to be supreme in Confederated South Africa. Even to-day this is also the meaning of a large number of the people of South Africa, not only the desire of our fellow subjects there, but also of many of those living outside British territories. For the general good of South Africa, therefore, Europeans and natives, Great Britain ought to be specially represented in South Africa as the central Government for general affairs.

JOHN MACKENZIE.

## THE NATIONAL LIBERAL FEDERATION.

THE Liberal party, according to its enemies, and to some of its friends, is in a parlous state. Destitute alike of a leader and a policy, it is wallowing in the slough of despond, feebly grasping at any drifting spar of a wrecked programme, with no coherent scheme for the future and no solid hope of any return of prosperity. The visions it is indulging in prove their unsubstantiality by their very wildness. Its fall was admittedly caused by seeking too much, alienating too many classes at once, and losing force by covering too large a field. Yet it has learned nothing, and instead of concentrating its meagre energies on definite and sensible objects, it is speculating wildly on immense changes in the electorate, and even coquetting with the ridiculous notion of giving the suffrage to women—and to all women. No one knows whether it still really aims at Home Rule, or at Local Veto, or not; on these vaunted plans it is hopelessly divided. So far as its authorities may be trusted, not only these schemes but the whole of the “Newcastle Programme”—a twenty years’ business, under the most fortunate circumstances—are all in the field together; and no human being can tell which, if any, of the multifarious hotch-potch of proposals is to be taken seriously, or to be brought before the voters when the next Parliament comes to be elected.

Strangely enough, the party which is in this deplorable state of decline is extremely cheerful. There are diseases under which the hopefulness of the patient rises with the decay of his frame; and possibly the buoyancy of the Liberals may be a sign of a galloping consumption. But certain it is that their spirits are rising every day, and the actual symptoms are hardly consistent with a rapid dissolution. Appetite is improving, air and exercise are more and more sought; election contests, eagerly courted and won, are showing plenty of

muscular strength, and there is a general revival of tone. And this, though there is no denying that speculation is rife as to the future leadership and the earliest items of the future policy.

The reason is that the Liberal party sustained so severe a defeat at the last election that it has at present no responsibility for anything but the proper opposition to the reactionary measures of a triumphant Tory party. In face of a majority of 150, the duty of an Opposition is reduced to criticism; a general election is a long way off; it is idle to frame actual measures of reform, and premature even to discuss them, except in so far as all reform is always a matter for discussion. It is the task of the Liberals to warn the country against impending attempts to put back the clock fifty years and to intrench abuses behind fresh legislative bulwarks; to stimulate whatever roots of principle may remain in those Conservatives who once were Liberals; to arrest the advances of Parliamentary decay; and to await the certain recovery of the forces of healthy progress.

For, whatever accidental causes may be assigned for the great defeat—internal divisions, the loss of a great chieftain, mismanagement—there is a deeper cause than all in the condition of the nation, which, to careful observers, has shown signs of an exhaustion of moral energy, a depression of public spirit, a readiness to put up with any injustice, any loss of honour, rather than rouse itself from an easy life and the pursuit of pleasure and money.

Into the causes of this condition it would take us too far to inquire; the condition itself is not to be disputed. It is not a party symptom. So far as party goes Toryism is more nerveless than Liberalism. But the country at large seems equally unready for reaction and progress. "A little more folding of the hands to sleep" is the feeling;—or has until very lately been the feeling. There is strength to screw out a few pounds to try to keep denominational schools longer on their legs. There is force enough to extract from a House of Commons which is absolutely reckless as to public expenditure a sop to the landlords. There may be vigour enough to throw an Irish Roman Catholic University—who cares what happens in Ireland?—on to the public purse. There is energy enough to spend money like water—the pleasantest and easiest form of exertion. But there is neither power to do nor to undo anything; and the strongest Tory Government of modern times results in nothing but flabbiness, because it proceeds from nothing but flabbiness, and has no *morale* behind it.

There are then both cause and reason why the Liberal party should take a quiet and steady course, fighting for the *status quo* against reaction, showing the virtues of its principles by displaying the vices of their opposites, preparing the temper of the nation first, and waiting to accumulate force before attempting to direct it. Liberal proposals spring from Liberal principles; and the wish to reform lies



deeper than the method of reform. Liberalism is not merely the patching up this or that hole, the removal of this or that abuse; these are its details, its incidents, its regular tasks: Liberalism is the steady and gradual cultivation of higher ideals of political and social life, the growing intolerance of wrongs which before were not perceived; the eagerness for new and more widespread advantages which were not seen or were deemed impossible; the resolution "to do good and to distribute." And while, at proper seasons, it is the task of the Liberal party to formulate its definite proposals, to marshal its forces and direct the attack, its highest work is to foster the spirit of reform, to point to nobler and more generous ideals, to lay bare the meanness of Tory conceptions of life. "Liberalism," as Lord Rosebery has well said, "is not a formula; it is not a set creed; it is not a series of fixed propositions: it is a living spirit, the spirit in which great questions are approached and in which they are treated; broad, unprejudiced, and sympathetic, as opposed to a spirit which is narrow and selfish and timid."

But if the Liberal party is not called upon to be formulating a policy, or designating its leaders of the future while it has adequate leaders in the present, it is asked, Why, then, is it discussing actual proposals for drastic change? What is its great organisation doing to be spinning programmes, and calling meetings from all the country over to tabulate legislative work for Parliament?

The answer is that it is doing nothing of the kind. Liberals are always, in and out of season, discussing reforms. To do so is their constant occupation. The reform of mankind is their business in life. The world would be intolerable to them but for the hope of progress. To sit still and amuse themselves is in a moving world a folly, and in a naughty and selfish world a crime. But to discuss reforms, to prepare the way for future movement, is not to be formulating a programme—at least not if a programme means a list of the measures to be pressed on the electors at the next great struggle and passed in the next Parliament.

What is it that the National Liberal Federation has been doing? It is abused on either side, for doing nothing and for doing too much. It is foolishly making impossible programmes on the one hand, and on the other it is by its machinery, by its very existence, keeping down all Liberal movement and damping enthusiasm. What is the Federation, and what is it about?

In the first place it is a Federation, and not a Convention. It is an alliance of the Liberal organisations in the different constituencies. It has the qualities of a federal system, and especially this one, that it protects local rights. It represents conviction, and not mere voting. It safeguards minorities. It aims at collecting and unifying the opinion of all the Liberal associations, and declines to act on the

opinion of a majority of a majority—still more of a majority of a minority. It is alive to this weakness of representative arrangements, that they are apt to represent only the more ardent spirits and to give power to a pushing clique who, by power of will, or combination, or money, overbear the views of the great mass. It will have as wide an expression of opinion as possible, and insists on adequate time for consideration. Then, when every one who will speak has had his opportunity to think and to speak, then the result—the real opinion of the party—is formulated and declared, and becomes, if you like, an item in the general programme.

Subject to this general principle, the National Liberal Federation is an open field. If any views or any groups are not fairly represented, it is because they have not taken any pains to be there. The Liberal associations are usually constituted in public meeting: any one calling himself a Liberal, whether Whig, Radical, Socialist, or what not, may attend and vote. It is not possible to represent those who do not care to be represented; and people who will take no trouble about political matters until the time comes to vote at a general election can only have so much influence as belongs to a choice between two or three candidates who are selected behind their backs. That is an inevitable necessity. There are many who deprecate political associations; objecting that any one should exercise a foresight which they are too careless to practise. But they cannot have their wish, and if they could get rid of the political association, it would only be to fall into the hands of a narrower caucus. It is true that the public meeting is often a very thin one, that the number who will act in the intervals of elections is often small. But in the end those who act practically represent the mass, without whose confirming vote all their labour would be fruitless.

The resolutions of the National Liberal Federation are passed at meetings of delegates from their local associations, delegates who are appointed specially for each meeting. Now, both the associations and their members are generally poor, and the expense of going to a central meeting, say at Nottingham, or Cardiff, or Norwich, is considerable. Delegates, no doubt, usually pay their own expenses, which gives a certain advantage to those who are better off. But this weakness is counterbalanced to a very large extent by the principle, that delegates are supposed to represent—and as a rule do represent—not their own private views, but, as far as possible, the opinions of their local associations, and that resolutions, before becoming definitive, are submitted to the local associations themselves.

There are three stages in bringing to Parliament a Liberal measure—discussion, resolution, and action. Discussion is, of course, mainly carried on in the public press; but it is focused in the meetings of the General Committee of the Federation, to which each association

may send three delegates. Notice is given to all the associations of all the resolutions to be brought forward, and any association may bring forward any matter whatever. A few days' notice is given even of amendments—a matter not of much importance, because local associations seldom meet oftener than once a month, and so have not the opportunity of considering amendments. Further, amendments which arise in the course of discussion are allowed without notice. This Committee is therefore a fair field for discussion, and its resolutions serve to show, perhaps the trend, but not always the balance, of opinion.

Some seem to think that the Federation ought to be a Convention, at which all the active and resolute spirits of the party might attend and make speeches and pass resolutions which would express the views and impulses of the more advanced Radicals, and so give a forward lead to the whole party. But this is just what is accomplished in the General Committee. Nothing is easier than for a Radical to get delegated to this Committee, and when he—or she—arrives, the field is open.

This is what happened at the recent meetings at Derby, to which so much attention has been given. The main purpose of the meeting, for which it was summoned by the Executive Committee, was to try to come to definite conclusions as to the details of Registration Reform. In the last Parliament the Liberals lost their opportunity of passing a much needed Registration Bill, because they were not agreed as to certain points; and it is very desirable that they should settle once for all precisely what to ask for when next an opportunity shall come. But the occasion was taken by active Liberals to table proposals for manhood suffrage and for women's suffrage, both of which were carried at the second meeting.

Proposals passed at such a meeting as this do not thereby pass out of the stage of discussion or acquire authority. True, they have been carried at a Committee meeting. But it does not follow that they command the general support of the party. As has been explained, the National Liberal Federation does not act by a mere majority. Associations do not lose their influence by not sending delegates to a Committee meeting—they may be too poor to do so. In this case the resolution on manhood suffrage was one of which no effective notice—no notice which gave to all the associations the opportunity of discussing the motion for themselves—had been given. Even if it had, the result would not have been binding on the Federation, would not have been added to the programme.

The second stage of a Liberal measure is that of Resolution. At the annual meeting of the Federation there is no discussion. The meeting is far too large for debate, and for that reason no amendments are in order. The resolutions are such as are found to

represent the general sense of the party. The local associations are invited to send up proposals for the Agenda, and the Executive Committee would fail in their duty if in preparing the final draft they omitted any subject which the associations generally wished to treat. As a matter of fact, the associations generally leave it to the Executive to sum up the sense of the party, but they are in no way bound to do so. Only the accepted principle is that the resolutions of this meeting must be not mere majority resolutions, but such as command the support of practically the whole party—such as can be brought forward by the leaders in Parliament with the confidence that they have the fighting strength of the party at their back; such as not only can be carried at a Liberal meeting, but can be carried by the Liberal party at a general election.

It will be seen that the Executive Committee discharges very important functions. In order that it may represent the views and possess the confidence of the Liberals all over the country it consists mainly of leading and representative members of powerful local associations. It consists of twenty members, who are all annually chosen by ballot, after open nomination, by the General Committee, which itself is, in fact, the most evenly representative meeting of the Federation. The Executive Committee contains no members of Parliament, stands clear of the Whips, and includes, not the twenty Liberals best known to the London Press and public, but twenty who represent the Liberalism of the different districts of the country.

The result of the resolutions of the annual meetings is a body of Liberal doctrine which is practically settled, and awaits the period of power to be passed into law; though in the interval it may, of course, be modified by change of view in the party itself. With this body of doctrine the work of the National Liberal Federation in this direction ends. It never attempts to dictate the programme of a general election or the course of business in a Liberal Parliament. All that is for the Liberal leaders, who are responsible for the third stage of measures—their formulation in Bills and carriage through Parliament. The General Committee may meet at a critical moment to support the Parliamentary party; but the selection of a Liberal programme at any particular time, except so far as it is contained in the resolutions of the Federation, is a matter for the Cabinet. Resolutions have sometimes asserted that a particular measure ought to have precedence. But these are, after all, only pious opinions, to be carefully considered by Liberal Ministers, but not, in the nature of things, to bind them.

How, then, was it that the resolutions of the Newcastle meeting of 1891 became the accepted programme of the Liberal party? The matter is a curious one, and, though explained before, is hardly understood. Mr. Gladstone came to Newcastle on the occasion of

the annual Federation meetings of that year, and closed the proceedings with a great speech. He had not been present at the earlier meetings, but on his arrival asked what had been done, and was shown a copy of the resolutions. In his speech he referred to them, went through them one by one, and deliberately adopted them. It was this acceptance by the Liberal leader—not their acceptance by the National Liberal Federation—which made those resolutions the programme of the party, and the Newcastle Programme was ever after, during Mr. Gladstone's leadership, the recognised authority on Liberal policy, though only a small part of it could be actually brought forward in Parliament.

Those Newcastle resolutions still remain resolutions of the Federation, recorded opinions of the Liberal party. No body of doctrine is free from the changes of time, and these resolutions are, of course, capable of modification; but the change will, no doubt, be in matters of detail, and not of principle. In principle, if not in detail, they are pretty certain to find their way in course of time on to the Statute-Book. They have the authority of decisions long accepted, in palmy days, as an authoritative statement. But they do not in any way fetter the Liberal leaders or members in the next Parliament as to the order or the opportunity of their presentment, still less as to their precise form or details. The business of the Liberal party is to forward Liberal measures, and whether this or that item of a once formulated policy is the more pressing at the moment or the more likely to survive the hazards of Parliamentary struggle, is a question which it must always be left for the responsible fighting chiefs of a living and responsive party to determine. It is by principle rather than programme, by vital force rather than dogma, that the Liberal party lives and moves.

A MODERATE RADICAL.

## THE DEMORALISATION OF FRANCE.

OF all the civilised peoples of modern times, the French are without doubt the most interesting; of all political histories, that of the greatest European Republic is by far the most instructive. England's lively neighbours live in a glass house, through the transparent walls of which their every action, nay, almost their very thoughts, impulses, and velleities, are distinctly and painfully visible to the least attentive spectator. Every Frenchman of note is a celebrity throughout our entire planet, and in the Republic itself distinction is the inevitable outcome alike of a creditable reputation and of criminal notoriety. Every step forwards or backwards taken by the Republic as a whole, or by the meanest of her self-advertising citizens, in the sphere of politics, science, art, or religion, is chronicled and criticised by the Press of the world with a wealth of detail and ingenuity of commentary, with a lavish expenditure of labour and money, such as the doings of the first Napoleon, were he to return to the earth, would certainly fail to command. Cultured people in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America regard Paris with the reverence, enthusiasm, or curiosity with which the name of Mecca inspires the devout Moslem, and no man's, or woman's, education is deemed to be quite finished until he, or she, has made the prescribed pilgrimage to the City of Light and Life. In a word, France has succeeded in hypnotising the world to such a degree that the impassable gulf between that which she claims to be and that which she is yawns hidden from the view of almost every pilgrim, whose loving glances, open-mouthed admiration, and lyric praises are singularly suggestive of the maudlin manifestations of momentary affection felt by Titania, the Fairy Queen, for Bottom the weaver, when he had assumed the head of the least lovely quadruped known to mankind.

No doubt the factitious importance thus attributed to everything French has its drawbacks even from our neighbours' point of view. If their good qualities are strongly emphasised in consequence, their defects are grotesquely magnified, and petty peccadilloes and national idiosyncrasies are liable to assume the dimensions of heinous crimes or iniquitous vices in the process. The historian, therefore, whose mind is free from bias, and who would fain have his conclusions exempt from error, must needs view the people and their institutions in correct perspective. This is all the more difficult at the present moment, when the Dreyfus agitation has divided the entire civilised world into two camps, in one of which the French are not merely accused of inhuman injustice, but are condemned for refusing to try their suspects according to foreign methods of legal procedure, while in the other one hears the fateful words: It is expedient that one man should die rather than the honour of the army should be tarnished. These are most pernicious extremes of which an impartial mind will sedulously seek to keep clear. For the deplorable scenes to which this painful case has given rise are but transient symptoms of a chronic condition which Frenchmen themselves aver has its roots much further down in the character of the French people, as modified by historical processes, especially by those which have been at work since the Great Revolution.

The French have been aptly described as the yeast which leavens the racial dough of Europe. Their sense for the pretty, as distinguished from the beautiful, their readiness of judgment which contents itself with a hasty glance at the surface of things, their undying love of gaiety and novelty, and, above all, their worship of mere form, are among the main characteristics which pierce through the events of which their entire history is composed. Their intellectual mechanism is remarkably simple, and wonderfully adapted to guide the will in the pursuit of those aims and objects the attainment of which is commonly supposed to make life worth living in the materialists' estimate. Their character, which can readily adapt itself to a variety of conditions, has more of the blaze of the brilliant furze-fire than of the equable force of the latent vital heat which imparts warmth and life without losing a single spark. They lack the apparent listlessness and laziness in small matters which, in truth, are the outcome of the constancy characteristic of all phlegmatic peoples who put substance before shadow and feel a profound faith in the triumph of noble ideas. Like children, they are remarkably free from the disgusting vice of hypocrisy and its less repulsive relative, modesty, despite the fact that they possess in a high degree the last of the three symptoms of that moral disease, as enumerated by a shrewd Oriental, who said of the hypocrite: "When he speaks, he lies; when he promises, he deceives; and when he trusts, he suspects."

The vanity of which they have so often been accused is the result alike of their feminine qualities of mind and of the estimate put upon these by their complimentary neighbours. When Frenchmen sleep, enthusiastic foreigners, like well-bred courtiers, are able to quote witty extracts from their snoring, so that no matter how fulsome the lavished praise, it contains nothing new to those upon whom it is bestowed. Few men consider that their advocates, however eloquent, are quite as good as the cause which they plead.

The awe-inspiring spectacle of the French Revolution may, perhaps, be quoted as a proof that underneath the gaiety, vanity, and changefulness of the French there are other and nobler latent qualities, which, on occasion, can manifest themselves in earth-shaking convulsions, inaugurate new eras, and laugh to scorn the most plausible explanations of the wisest philosophers. These, however, are but as the sudden outburst of a bonfire, not as the even heat that glows in the depths, and at best they can hardly be said to do more than justify the description given by Voltaire of his countrymen when he called them "tigres-singes." The struggle for bread was at the same time a war against injustice and lies, and mad resistance to the worst forms of oppression merged into short-lived enthusiasm for the phrase, "freedom, equality, and brotherhood," which speedily again subsided into such abject submission as is paralleled only by that of the flock.

The worship of form, the love of the pretty, the study of the surface, and the pursuit of the materially useful, contain the clue to most of the psychological mysteries of the French character. They afford a satisfactory explanation of the facts that for a whole century the French people have been fitfully struggling to obtain the republican form of government, without caring a jot whether it is as good as an enlightened monarchy; that they are satisfied with less than its shadow; that in the France of to-day education is either aggressive atheism or gross superstition; that ethics are selfishness gilt with fine phrases; religion a mixture of outward ritual and reactionary politics; marriage, a cold contract construed *à la* Malthus; the drama, adultery combined with sparkling dialogues and interesting situations; literature, to a great extent, obscenity leavened by wit; and journalism, elegant and polished fiction.

Such is the estimate formed by foreigners of a serious, contemplative, and unbiased turn of mind after years of study and observation. They make, however, a distinction between the individual and the masses, as is usual in these days of psychological analysis. The individual is credited with nimbleness of intellect, graceful elegance, drawing-room politeness, ready wit, the desire and ability to please, and that perfect clearness of expression which is never obscured by depth of thought or a multitude of details. His taste, like his manners, is refined; he varnishes and perfumes every-



thing he touches, and almost disinfects sensuality with the salt of wit. He is cheerful, sociable, and obliging in little things, moderate even in his pleasures, but at bottom egotistic, and devoid alike of great passions and high ideals.

The masses, on the other hand, are said to justify, by their character and conduct, the Voltairean epithet of "tigres-singes." Suspicion, cruelty, servility are their leading traits. They are capable of overrunning their weak Sovereign's palace, of compelling him to don the revolutionary cap amid shouts of jubilee that shake his throne to its foundations, and then of beheading him; but they creep to their garrets like lashed hounds before the man of iron will who calls them *canaille* and treats them as sheep. Their belief in themselves is unbounded, and deep as the faith that removes mountains, while their efforts to justify it are marred by lack of trust in their leaders and of fidelity to their principles. They are docile and pliable only when the hand that rules them is guided by a will of adamant and armed with a rod of iron. They utterly lack that sense of humour which is the saving trait of most European nations: they contradict themselves, belie their own principles, thwart their own plans, and blast their own hopes by conduct which seems to lack any conceivable motive. Take, for instance, the period, if ever there was one, when the French race was in dead earnest. During the Revolution the people was led hither and thither by its changing chiefs, maddened by hollow phrases as a bull is by a red rag, and befooled not only by every audacious adventurer who united a powerful voice with the gift of re-echoing commonplaces or paradoxes, but still more by its own vain folly. Is there any other civilised country in which a general would, at a most critical moment, report to his Government, as the French general wrote to the Convention: "A cannon-ball fell yesterday within two paces of where I stood; the slave felt respect for the free man"? And what are we to say of that other enthusiastic Frenchman who seriously sketched out the line of conduct which he was prepared to adopt should another tyrant succeed Louis Capet: "Yes, I will seize my hair and lop off my head without a sigh, and, approaching the despot, will offer it to him, and exclaim: 'Behold, tyrant, the action of a free man!'"

Whether the above severe judgment, which has been repeatedly passed upon the French nation, is correct or erroneous is a question the discussion of which might well call for a volume. I state it merely as an opinion which, as such, deserves to be recorded along with the views of enthusiastic Gallophiles. The reader may compare with the two those salient characteristics which have been brought to light by the events that compose the history of the French people during the Third Republic, which even the general reader has at his fingers' ends.

Whatever opinion one may reasonably hold as to the basis of French character, it is fairly certain that even the most highly gifted people cannot sustain such spiritual life as is presupposed by a civilising mission and the *role* of a pioneer of culture on pabulum like materialism, egotism, and the cult of the external. Some mixture of heavenly ichor is needed to impart fire to the blood and force to the sinews of the race which aspires to play the part of Moses to the peoples of the earth and lead them to the Land of Promise. Yet, so far as one can ascertain by a careful study of the intellectual, political, and religious movements of the last hundred years, there is not the faintest trace of any ennobling principle, of any sublime ideal, or even of any glorious aspirations which can be pointed out as French by origin, or even by adoption. Ever since the days of the Revolution, one might even say since the death of Malebranche, the faith of the French nation, in so far as it has been a working belief fertile in motives to spur on the will to activity, has been limited to those aspects of good and evil which are distinctly visible and tangible, immediately pleasant or hurtful. The greedy public policy of colonising whole continents abroad, the egotistic private practice of limiting families at home to two or three children, the prevalent politico-ritual theology, the apotheosis of the army and the infallibility of its chiefs, the defilement of literature, the prostitution of the drama and of pictorial art to the passions of the human beast, the total negation of science, the universal conviction that the nation is invincible by land and by sea, and the concomitant prodito-mania,\* combined with the cheerful certitude that France is still the light and the life of the world, are inevitable consequences of the four conditions enumerated above and unerring symptoms of the dire disease which has eaten into the vitals of the citizens of the Third Republic. It may be urged that higher aspirations, holier strivings, nobler ideals, frequently play a part in French politics and literature, that they have materially contributed to further the cause of culture among the people. The plea may be allowed to stand, for undeniable facts invest it with an air of welcome plausibility, which it would take much time and space to dispel; but it is difficult to withstand the growing conviction that most of these evidences of a true spiritual interest are devoid of substance. Idealism seems little more than a valuable collection of telling phrases which impart spice and flavour to public speeches or literary work, the massive gold having been beaten to the thinnest leaf for the purposes of gilding. Writers and speakers frequently give sententious or eloquent expression to opinions on the spiritual order of things, and reap a harvest of popular applause in consequence; but the opinions are too often independent of the reasons by which they could be rendered probable, and the ensuing acts are, for the most part, irrecon-

\* A morbid belief in the ubiquity and omnipotence of traitors.

cilable with the opinions. Public personages possess the knack of defending such elevating views with eloquence and fire, and often obtain place and renown as their reward; but some of the most sincere or cynical among them frankly admit that they take very good care never to allow such opinions to degenerate into convictions. Characteristic in this respect is the story of the French preacher who, having begun his sermon before royalty with the ominous words: "Nous mourrons tous," and observed the sudden frown on the face of his nervous monarch, quickly added, "ou presque tous."

The Republican form of government affords a typical instance of the ruinous readiness of the French people to believe in the miracle of transubstantiation in political life, by means of which a catchy phrase or a witty conceit is supposed to crystallise and transfer the highest ideals to the most pitiful realities. For over a century the word "République" has been the lode-star of the people. Most of them regarded it as the "Open Sesame" of the wished-for millennium, and many of them lost their lives in mad efforts to realise the ideal—of liberty, equality, fraternity. They finally attained the veriest shadow of the thing yearned for, and when it was being established, their zeal went so far as to suggest that church steeples, towering aloft above citizens' dwelling-houses, constituted an infraction of equality, and should therefore be levelled down. They now possess a Republic which has been aptly termed a military oligarchy tempered by scandals, and in which there is considerably less of genuine freedom, equality, austere morality, and rugged honesty than in Germany, Austria, or even in the dominions of the Tsar. Party struggles wildly with party for power or pelf, each one employing means which degrade politics, discredit the nation, and disgrace civilisation; and all of them crying Hosanna to the Great Republic, One and Indivisible.

They began by abolishing rank and titles, and renouncing all the works and pomp of odious royalty, and they ended in a debasing system of buying and selling ribbons to stick in their coats, so as to be able to tower aloft above their meaner brethren, like the steeples above the citizens' chimneys. This method of purchasing arbitrary distinction seemed to many good Frenchman to offer little that was objectionable from an ethical point of view, but to foreigners it appeared to be a pathetically wrong-headed way of realising the sacred principle of equality. It may, of course, be urged that the number of persons who took part in this ribbon-mongering was but a fraction of the population, to which the reply is very obvious that not every citizen possessed the money necessary to buy the coveted honour, nor could the Legion find room for 40,000,000 citizens of great merit, but only for the very cream of the most highly distinguished, which appears to be a very numerous class indeed. A couple of years

ago a Radical Cabinet was in power under M. Bourgeois, and during its short tenure of office did more to advance the true interests of the Republic than any of its predecessors. Its Democratic members seemed to be in grim earnest, if ever Ministers were, and the Chamber enthusiastically supported them against the open censure and underhand opposition of the Senate. M. Doumer, the Finance Minister, drew up an Income Tax Bill, hated by all, the object of which was to compel the rich to contribute to the revenue of the State proportionately as much as the poor. Suddenly, however, the Cabinet resigned, ostensibly in consequence of the refusal of the Senate to vote the credit for Madagascar, although the Chamber was ready to repeat its votes of implicit confidence. The Ministry that succeeded was strongly Conservative and friendly towards the clericals; yet the Chamber which had supported the "Red Radical" Bourgeois Cabinet quietly veered round and became just as devoted to its antagonists. It may be an ungenerous insinuation which is implied in the remark that the alternative of that sudden conversion would have been a new general election and its concomitant risks; but the assertion will not be gainsaid that even Continental parliamentary annals offer no parallel to this extraordinary spectacle.

Nor was this all. One of the greatest lights of the Radical party was M. Paul Doumer, whose courageous attitude as Finance Minister more than warranted the belief that he was the rising man of the age, the democratic Moses who would lead his fellow countrymen to the Promised Land of liberty, equality, and brotherhood. Towards him all eyes were turned with hope or fear, until, a few months later, he eagerly accepted from his uncompromising antagonists the very lucrative post of Governor-General of Indo-China and the mellifluous title of Excellency which must be music to the ears of French patriots. His Excellency has since been labouring to spread the blessings of republican civilisation in the Far East, with the assistance of Christian prelates and patriotic missionaries.

Now, his Excellency the Governor-General is a type, not an isolated exception. His countrymen were no wise shocked at his sudden transformation, nor were his colleagues much surprised; they all regarded it as one of the commonplace incidents of political life, *hodie mihi cras tibi*. Foreigners who fail to understand these sudden changes have occasionally resorted to the hypothesis that the psychological substratum of the French character is a combination of dramatic and forsenic talent with hysteria, so that the true embodiment of the type would be a gifted neurasthenic actress turned special pleader. Energy displays itself by fits and starts, but there is no sustaining form, no stamina. This would seem to have been the idea entertained by the Englishman who, when he was shown the picture of the sun which Louis XIV. at one time intended to adopt as his emblem, wrote

under it "Phaeton." From the days of the Emperor Julian it has ever been the same: opportunism, eclecticism, trimming, have always possessed attractions in France with which those of consistency, principle, and conviction have been powerless to compete. Thiers was an uncompromising opponent of Louis Napoleon's pretensions to the Presidency of the Republic, yet when he went to the Mairie to record his vote, he unhesitatingly gave it to the Pretender, and less than a year later he became his bitter antagonist again. Gambetta's first bid for public notice was the publication of a poem in praise of the Pope St. Leo and all the sovereign pontiffs of that name, after which he coined the celebrated phrase "*Le clericalisme, voilà l'ennemi!*" Henri Rochefort made his *débüt* with an ode to the Virgin Mary. In 1870 no fewer than 150,000 soldiers voted at the plébiscite for Napoleon and the Empire, and a few months later were ready to *conspuer* any citizen so far behind the times as not to have become a republican. As ladies are carried away by fashion, no matter how repugnant to their personal tastes, so are the French irresistibly moved by catching phrases, irrespective of the nature of the realities they cover; and whenever that vivacious people become momentarily masculine, they resemble George Eliot's Mrs. Poyntz and are masculine "in a womanly way."

The Empire was a system by which the entire nation was exploited for the behoof of one family for the support of which numerous acts of injustice were cheerfully and methodically committed. But it had at least a policy, it feared ridicule, and it seriously strove to accomplish something for the people and the country. The Third Republic, on the contrary, born of the unnatural union of clerical demagoguery and infallible militarism, has let loose not one hungry family, but a whole legion of place-hunters, to satisfy whose ravenous appetite the resources of the country, the credit and prestige of the nation, the doctrines of republicanism and principles of a far more sacred character have been ruthlessly sacrificed, *nem. con.* A few years ago those ideal Republicans were at the beck and call of General Boulanger, who, had he possessed but a tithe of the spirit and grit with which we are asked to credit every French officer of to-day, would have been long since crowned Emperor before the high altar of Notre Dame. Yet the followers of this the most popular man in France since Napoleon I. shouted *Vive la République*, as well as hosanna to the *brav' général*.

The corruption in high places revealed by the Panama disclosures which followed the destruction of the "Boulangisme" seemed so unique in political history that no existing word was found capable of expressing all that the phenomenon signified, and the name Panama itself had to be retained for the purpose. But the revelations carried with them only one practical lesson, that the guilty people were foreign

traitors. Yet bribers and bribed, the dupers and the duped, were equally enthusiastic patriots who shouted "Vive la patrie," and could vie with one of Charcot's nervous female patients in shedding tears or breathing sighs. They had grown too great

"For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade  
Before their unmeasured thirst for goods"

that belonged to others. The inquiry into the origin of the scandal let in a flood of light on the subject and made it clear to all France that the ringleaders of the conspiracy were foreigners; French, of course, they could not be. The chosen people of to-day, like the chosen people of olden times, have doubtless their own sins and backslidings, but heinous crimes and irreparable calamities invariably came from the "nations." The *grande nation*, which in war is *sans peur* and in peace *sans reproche*, was deceived and betrayed by heartless Jews and foreigners. The army, which is infallible in peace, is invincible in war: it may be betrayed, but cannot be beaten. Europe would have become French instead of Cossack had it not been for the numerous traitors with whom France has had to contend. After the Panama came the scandals of the *Chemins de fer du Sud*, which exposed another gallery of Republican types moving in the higher planes of political existence, and actuated with the pious hope that the charity which covereth a multitude of sins is identical with the charity which beginneth at home.

The worship of Russia and the apotheosis of autocracy should, one would think, have been sufficient to open the eyes of "austere Republicans" in France to the plight of the political temple in which *liberté, égalité, fraternité* had taken up their earthly abode. But the French people are merely witty; humour has been inexorably denied them. Since the partition of Poland, they had welcomed, protected—encouraged the Poles, thousands of whom lived in Paris and dreamed of their renovated kingdom. But friendship with the Tsar put an end to this maudlin sentimentality, and the cap of liberty was speedily pulled off while the Muscovite national anthem was reverently played, and the Poles were told to make peace with the godlike Tsar and to remain inarticulate in the free Republic. There is probably not one rational human being from Moscow to Peru, from Tokio to Rome, who could acquiesce in the relations between France and Russia, and putting his hand on his heart say, "And yet I am a Republican." But all France has wrought this miracle, and lustily shouted, "Vive le Tsar! vive la République."

And now comes the Dreyfus and anti-Semitic movement, which, to quote the words of an eminent Continental politician, "produces an impression as if the crater of a volcano of filth had suddenly become active, belching forth the deep-lying deposit of a whole epoch

of corruption, overflowing therewith the length and breadth of the land, and smothering and burying everything with which the glorious traditions of the 'grande nation' were even loosely associated."

It is needless here to recapitulate the arguments for and against the ex-Captain. His guilt or innocence is still an open question, concerning which very few persons have the right to express a conviction. One decisive fact is certain: none of his courageous defenders has hitherto brought forward a single proof that he is innocent. I am now speaking from a purely legal point of view. Many interesting statements have been made which render his guilt a matter of doubt, and most unbiased people are morally persuaded that it is not proven. But a trained judicial mind cannot be influenced by mere statements, and they are as yet nothing more. No State could allow a judgment once solemnly pronounced by a legally constituted court to be quashed and a new trial granted because of mere doubts entertained by the prisoner's friends. New proofs are indispensable. It is quite possible that in one or other of the series of lawsuits to which the Dreyfus case has lately given rise, had the sacred authority of the *chose jugée* been less religiously upheld, such proofs would have been evolved. But as a matter of fact they were not.

Further, it is clear that if Dreyfus was condemned for betraying his country's secrets to Germany, he was wrongly condemned; for the clear and emphatic denial of the German Government, in the person of Herr von Bülow, admits of no doubt or weakening commentary. The French Government certainly allowed it to be understood that that was his crime, and for years encouraged the belief that the treason was committed on behalf of Germany. Ethically, this was—not to put too fine a point upon it—wrong on the part of the French Government if the allegation was untrue, but so far from being surprising, it was exactly what should have been expected. Still it by no means follows that Dreyfus was really condemned on a charge of having revealed French military plans to Germany. Nobody except the initiated few knows on what charge he was condemned. The trial was secret. It could not have been public in France or in any other State. This being so, it cannot be *proved* that Dreyfus was condemned on a charge of betraying secrets to Germany, although it seems very probable. Consequently the alleged fact is no legal ground for quashing his condemnation and proceeding with a new trial.

But the secrecy of the trial was not quite impenetrable. Corners of the veil were raised by the initiated for the edification of their friends, while the rest of the world was still left in ignorance. This is not ideal equality, but it is prosaic fact. The friends, however, revealed a little too much in the heat of their dispute with Dreyfus's defenders, and it is these disclosures which afford the one unanswerable argument against the condemnation of the "traitor." In this way leaked out

the truth about the *bordercau*, the divergency of opinions among the experts in handwriting, the hesitation of the judges, the sudden production of a secret document which the latter were allowed to read, but not the prisoner nor his counsel, and then the unanimous verdict, on the basis of this secret proof. If this story of the secret document be true, and it now seems indubitable, then there can no longer be question of an error of justice, but of such a fiendish crime against every form of human justice and equity as the majority of British convicts would refuse to perpetrate. Maître Démange, who defended Dreyfus, exclaimed, on first hearing of this document: "The act would constitute such a brutal infraction of the elementary prescriptions of justice, that I cannot believe it."

Yet the story stands unchallenged. It was first announced by the organs of the French Government, and was used as an argument against the demand for a new trial. Its effect, of course, was very different, but this is a mere detail. The statement has never since been denied. Deputy Jaurès, in his speech of January 21 in the Chamber, called on the Prime Minister to say, yes or no, was such a document used against the prisoner. M. Méline replied: "I will not answer this question, for that would mean the revision of the trial." Now, if he could have replied "No," this would surely not have made a new trial necessary. And every citizen has a right to receive an answer to this question, which turns not upon State secrets, but upon the elements of justice. Secrecy at the trial was necessary; but the condition *sine qua non* was that the trial itself should be conducted on the lines of simple justice, and the prisoner should know what were the proofs used against him. Yet the Government refused to say that this condition had been observed! The presumption, therefore, is that it could not. In like manner, during M. Zola's trial, not one of the military witnesses denied the existence of that secret document, and in one case—the examination of General Mercier—a misunderstanding rendered an explanation necessary, and the explanation formed a very strong presumption in favour of the statement that Dreyfus was condemned on the strength of a document shown to his hesitating judges and withheld from himself and his counsel. This is the really strong point in the case for a new trial, for the first court-martial, assuming that it condemned the prisoner on evidence which was kept from him and may not have been evidence at all, was guilty of an act which cannot be adequately qualified in print.

The conduct of the trial of M. Zola is another instance of the manner in which liberty, equality, and brotherhood are understood by the austere Republicans on the other side of the Channel. Everything which a witness cared to say against the wretched ex-Captain was expressed with deliberation, emphasis, and dramatic gestures, but the moment a word or hint was about to be dropped which might possibly



tell in his favour, the Court cut it short with the remark that under no circumstances could the question of Dreyfus's guilt be gone into. The authority of the *chose jugée* was above all doubt. And yet, when one comes to think of it, the *chose jugée* is not precisely a dogma of faith. Frenchmen have been sentenced and even put to death as criminals whose innocence was later on clearly established and officially recognised. To say nothing of the case of Calas and Lally-Tollendal, with whose tardy rehabilitation Voltaire's name is gloriously associated, there is the instance of a schoolmaster named Pierre Vaux, who, in the beginning of the fifties, was sentenced to lifelong transportation by a military court. The evidence against him was French, frothy, and false. Shortly after his removal to Cayenne the fact of his innocence was fully established, but the Government, acting in the public interest, felt reluctant to call in question the authority of the *chose jugée*, as this might throw discredit on the military men who had tried Vaux and found him guilty. Therefore he was allowed to live in despair and die by inches in Cayenne. But perhaps he was really guilty? No; because a few months ago the Cour de Cassation in Paris quashed the sentence and formally recognised his innocence. It was a political enemy who had perjured himself to ruin the man, and the proofs of his innocence which the highest court of appeal lately admitted were offered during Vaux's lifetime, but refused in the interests of the State, and the *chose jugée* was duly respected. Again, in the year 1852 a law-abiding citizen named Cirasse was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed for having shot a landowner named Bonneau. He protested that he was innocent, and he was. It was a court-martial, however, that tried him, and he was duly put to death. Later on—after the ten years had elapsed which, according to the Statute of Limitations, relieve a criminal from the penalty attaching to his crime—the real murderer turned up and confessed that he had first killed Bonneau, and then allowed Cirasse to be executed. Was the mistake admitted? Certainly not. The authority of the *chose jugée* was manfully upheld, and Cirasse's memory was not rehabilitated; on the contrary, his three daughters, despite their petitions and prayers, were compelled to go on living as the children of a vile murderer. In 1882 strenuous efforts were made to have the trial quashed; but the *chose jugée* remained *chose jugée*. In the year of grace 1898 the question is being raised again, this time with some hopes that at least Cirasse's grandchildren may have the stain washed off. And yet a mere novelist presumes to demand that the authority of the *chose jugée* in the case of Dreyfus should be undermined by a new trial held during the lifetime of the prisoner! No wonder the French people should regard M. Zola as a madman. And, from the French point of view, he undoubtedly is a hopeless, dangerous maniac, and neither a patriot, a Republican, nor a Frenchman.

To foreigners the Dreyfus case, as such, has no intrinsic importance. The man may be guilty, even though he had been condemned without a hearing, as the victims of Lynch justice often are, and the circumstance that there was a traitor in the French army would leave the rest of Europe calmly indifferent. But the case is highly interesting in another way: it has brought out into clear relief certain of the essential characteristics of the French nation, the knowledge of which may prove serviceable to the world. It has revealed to us the repulsive spectacle of an entire people, with its army, press, politicians, and clergy, rising up against a defenceless and wretched man, and threatening to demolish the fabric of the State if simple justice were done to him; a Government which invokes the interests of the national defence to screen indefensible breaches of equity, and whose press organs publish the names and addresses of the jury before they have given a verdict; an army whose select representatives threaten the jury with their resignation if the verdict be different from what they expect, and a legislative assembly whose enlightened members refuse to raise their voices on behalf of the victim of injustice, lest at the coming elections they should lose their seats. M. Jaurès affirmed on oath that when he spoke in the Chamber on behalf of Dreyfus he was supported by about twenty colleagues. All the others were dead against him. "But later on," he continued, "in the lobbies, where parliamentarians recover their elasticity and freedom, numberless deputies of all groups and parties said to me: 'You are right; but what a pity it is that this question should have cropped up now, just a few months before the elections'!" And yet a few days ago an eminent parliamentary orator—in a debate on foreign policy—exclaimed: "In France public opinion is always active on behalf of justice and in favour of the weak"! The three phenomena which have grouped themselves around the Dreyfus agitation are a firm belief in the infallibility of the army; the union of clericalism, militarism, and anti-Semitism; and the utter demoralisation of the "healthy kernel" of the nation.

The French army is the embodiment of the noble longing for *revanche* at home, as the Franco-Russian Alliance is its expression abroad. From the day on which the Treaty of Frankfort was signed every Frenchman felt that the reorganised army was bound to become the one infallible and omnipotent power in the State. Hence the Clericals, who, it must be admitted, had to content themselves at first with the crumbs that fell from the table of the Republic, advised their aristocratic friends to send their sons into the army. And the advice was extensively followed with signal success. A French official who is at home in the Ministry of War states that at present the entire War Ministry, the General Staff, two-thirds of the cavalry officers and about one-half of all the other officers are pupils of the Jesuit fathers and devout children of the Church. Senator Ranc affirms

that France has now ninety-six Ultramontane soldier clubs, at which the soldiers attend religious services, play billiards, receive tobacco and cigars and obtain letter paper and stamps free. Most of the officers' wives are patronesses of the club, and no soldier who is not on good terms with the presiding abbé has a chance of getting on well. All the rich officers manage to be sent to Paris, the poorer brethren remaining in the Alps or on the Eastern frontier. The Pope protects the Republic, and the French workmen who made a pilgrimage to the holy city last year received a commemorative medal, on one side of which was the image of his Holiness, and on the other the figure of La République, a sword in one hand and a cross in the other. In a word, the sword and the cross are allies, just as the French and the Russians are, and the cross is determined to play Russian to the sword. This, at least, is what the Catholics themselves maintain, and they are the best judges. Last November, at the National Catholic Congress in Paris, one of the most warmly applauded motions was for the adoption of a new French Standard: instead of the Tricolore the nation is to take the banner of the sacred heart of Jesus! The electoral programme put forward recently by the *Revue du Clergé Français* is very frank and intelligible: "The Church," says this authoritative organ, "possesses the right to govern not only individuals and families, but also peoples. In other words, the State is not independent of the Church; the State is obliged to accept the Catholic religion, to profess and to defend it. . . . By divine right the Pope, as supreme head of the Church, has power to enact mandates with obligatory force for princes." This means, among other things, the reinstatement of the civil punishment of heretics and unbelievers; and this is as it should be, if it be a fact in France as in Germany that only true and devout followers of Jesus Christ can butcher their neighbours with worldly success and heavenly approbation.

This union of clericalism and militarism explains the religious aspect which the Dreyfus affair has assumed. The Jews and the Protestants are to be driven away, annihilated, as were the aristocrats and clericals during the Great Revolution in the name of liberty, equality, and brotherhood. For the last few years the agitation against these two sects has been increasing by leaps and bounds. One of the most influential members of the late "Boulangé," M. Thiebaud, wrote lately in the *Éclair*:

"The Dreyfus agitation is but a pretext for the establishment of the permanent rule of the Anglo-German Jewish and Protestant group in France. The Protestants play a far too influential part in the Republic. . . . The Protestants are uneasy that the Government should have abandoned the war against the Catholics, and should support the latter at the elections. It also goes against their grain that the alliance with Russia should have

taken the place of a Franco-English and Franco-German *modus vivendi*, towards which they felt attracted by the common bonds of extraction and religion."

To this charge clear-sighted Frenchmen reply that if the army were a military organisation only, and not a clerical agency as well, the question of race and religion would never have been mixed up in an issue which has to do solely with the administration of justice. As for the reproach made against the Jewish capitalists, it is equally applicable to all exploiters, whatever their religious creed. This particular moment, too, when Christian and Aryan Europe is clamorously urging upon its Governments the desirability of appropriating by brute force the remaining riches of the Mongolian races, is not very happily chosen for the purpose of accusing the Jews of being the only possessors of easily gotten gold.

The worship of the army and the doctrine of the infallibility of its leaders are therefore clever moves made by Clericalism for the purpose of seizing la République. If Frenchmen approve Clericalism, there is no reason why they should not gratify their taste: the Clericals could not possibly bring any disgrace on the Third Republic, and they might introduce many serious reforms. But the comic element of the spectacle lies in the circumstance that priest-eaters like M. Rochefort are unconsciously doing the work of their bitterest enemies with energy and joy. That the Clericals should proclaim their friends and pupils, the generals, above the law of the land is quite natural, the moment that the doctrine has a reasonable chance of being accepted. But that a "Red Radical" should undertake to carry out their will is part of the farce which is never absent from the most earnest movements of the French people.

The defective ideas of judicial procedure entertained by Dreyfus's military judges led to the Dreyfus *gâchis* which we now behold in France, and the desire to justify the results of the court-martial, rather than compromise the judgment of the officers, was the opportunity longed for and utilised by the clerico-military party to set themselves above the State. There may have been personal motives of an innocent but irrelevant kind as well, as there are in every movement originated by men. General Mercier, who was the War Minister at the time, had lost much of his prestige in consequence of the Madagascar campaign, and would have welcomed as a godsend any opportunity which might enable him to become his country's saviour. This opportunity came in the form of the secret document. General Mercier and the Chief of the Staff, General Boisdeffre, made the most of it, and caused Dreyfus to be buried alive on its evidence. They could not know at that time that the document—in so far as it represented that the treason was committed in favour of Germany—must be a forgery. And to make such a confession after Herr von

Bilow's declaration would, in the judgment of most Frenchmen, have been to damage the prestige of the officers! The document was said to have been stolen from the waste-paper basket of the German ambassador, a statement which was *a priori* wildly improbable and, since the declaration of the German Government, utterly untenable. "Who," asks M. Clémenceau in his *Aurore*, "who is the agent who for a large reward handed over to the War Ministry the papers attributed to Dreyfus? He evidently made himself guilty of a terrible deception." The opinion which now seems most probable is that the documents were forged, not stolen. But on all these matters the authorities are silent, lest by making public even a particle of truth they should hopelessly destroy the prestige of the army, whose leaders have the whip-hand of the civil authority. The evidence adduced at the Zola trial has enabled the main issues of the Dreyfus case to be put in a very small compass. Either the ex-Captain was condemned on the evidence of the *bordereau* or on that of some document. Now the *bordereau* would not, according to the experts themselves, be enough to convict any man. And if there was another document, it was not shown to the prisoner nor to his counsel, and therefore there was no trial whatever, but a disguised *lettre de cachet* which outdoes the most arbitrary proceedings of the Holy Inquisition. These are the two alternatives; there is no third issue.

On December 4 the Prime Minister, M. Méline, said in the Chamber, "At present there is no Dreyfus question." From this formula it was clear that the Minister allowed it to be understood that such a question might be yet evolved. But an hour later the War Minister, General Billot, rose up and declared that there was absolutely no Dreyfus question at all, and that he pledged his honour and his conscience that Dreyfus was guilty. In other words, the civil government implied—and doubtless not without grounds—that circumstances might make a revision of the trial necessary, whereas the representative of the army maintained that the *chose jugée* was closed and done with and the military judges infallible. M. Zola's honest but sweeping accusations caused M. Méline to rise once more, and to explain that only one of the novelist's many accusations—that against the court-martial—would be traversed in a court of justice, the reason being that the other parties insulted were high above all attacks, and that the Government could not think of submitting the honour of generals to the verdict of a civil court. This is regarded as M. Méline's act of submission to the clerico-military party. The *Figaro*, which represents this party in the Press, soon afterwards called upon the Government to enact special laws to protect the army and its leaders from being insulted. And a Bill may yet be brought in by the Clerical leader and parliamentary chief of the military party, Comte de Mun, after which it will be a penal offence even to hint

anything against such modern French Bayards as the clever Colonel du Paty de Clam and the honourable and gallant Major Esterhazy.

Yet the French army, however glorious its traditions, is not above criticism, whether we consider the leaders or the rank and file. General Mercier himself, who organised the Madagascar expedition, made grave mistakes and serious miscalculations which caused the hearts of France's enemies to beat with delight. The generals of Metz and Sedan fame were, perhaps, infallible and above criticism; but simple erring men, such as the Germans had, would have served their country better. Boulanger was another of the generals who, according to M. Méline's theory, dwell above the law; and if he and his doings had not been criticised in time, where would the Republic be to-day? The great army of the First Republic was led by many generals who, having sworn allegiance to the King and his heirs, fought like tigers against the King and his heirs for the Republic One and Indivisible. All through the present century the same spectacle has been witnessed: Orleanist, Bourbon, Imperial, and Republican officers fighting for the deadly enemies of the monarch or the Republic to which they had sworn allegiance. Yet nobody ever dreamed of calling them apostates, renegades, perjurers, or anything but "men of spotless honour." But infallible they certainly were not—even in their own estimation. The curious and farcical side of this apotheosis of the military party lies in the public statements made by Deputies and military men, that the Bayards of the French army are subjected to a system of espionage, their letters intercepted, read, and copied, and their secrets, when they have any, registered and classified. Colonel Picquart had no difficulty in getting possession of Major Esterhazy's private letters, and even a patriot like Lockroy had to employ a ruse to prevent his private correspondence from falling into the hands of the curious authorities. Picquart himself was shadowed and spied by his own military colleagues and subordinates. The *Temps*, which is one of the few serious newspapers in France, regrets that the general demoralisation has made such rapid progress that the people are quite unconscious of the disease, which is now almost incurable. A more severe judgment than this the worst enemies of the French people have never dared to pronounce.

And this is the France which, protected by God and the Pope and periodically visited by the Virgin Mary, is eager to spread the boons of civilisation and culture among the unsophisticated nations of the earth, to the exclusion of Teutonic peoples!

It must not be supposed that we have to do here with a few individuals, or even a powerful party which is divorced from the sound common sense of the people. The people are as blind, clamorous, and rabid as their leaders. They glory in "spitting" upon the few men who would heal their wounds and illumine their intelligence, and

who are possessed of civic courage and backbone. The very youth of France, the "young idea" at universities and public schools, which in all other countries throws in its lot with Quixotic chivalry and heroic self-sacrifice, forms the vanguard of the army of reactionary and fanatical obscurantism. The flower of France's youth waxes enthusiastic at the mention of the magic name of the chivalrous Esterhazy, and would, if it had its way, crucify Zola, Jaurès and Clémenceau.

Nor is there anything very surprising in this. The leaders of French thought are, with few exceptions, mere stylists and word-mongers, who deal in gush-coloured phrases and courageously condemn science and light. Intellectual France is split up into two camps, the clerical and the secular, between whom in essentials there is but a distinction devoid of difference. The Clericals have succeeded in materialising the ideals of Christianity, and have for years past been living on the intellectual pabulum supplied by impostors like Leo Taxil. This clever gentleman fabricated stories which a German schoolgirl would reject as lying monstrosities and which all clerical France received as gospel truth. He described the frequent and periodic visits of the devil *in propria persona* to the lodges of Freemasons, and he announced the birth of Antichrist's grandmother—a Jewish maiden—in an hotel in Egypt. A lady named Diana Vaughan, who never had any existence, was described as a witness to the palavers of the devil with the Freemasons, and as a sincere convert to the true Church. And not only was this invisible lady believed in and encouraged by the French prelates, but she was formally blessed by Pope Leo XIII. And when some eighteen months ago Leo Taxil publicly proclaimed that he had for years been befooling all Catholic France, and that no Diana Vaughan existed, Catholic France declined to accept his word and still to a large extent firmly believes in the devil's visits to the Freemasons, and in the birth of Antichrist's mother in an Egyptian hotel. Such are the spiritual leaders of intellectual France.

The non-clerical moulders of French thought are mostly men of a similar cast of mind. They are admirably represented by M. Ferdinand Brunetière, the present editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who is said to have at his finger's ends every little anecdote that was ever narrated or invented about Molière, Racine, Corneille and Alexandre Dumas. This accomplished gentleman is an unbeliever, from a clerical point of view; but he is also a *persona gratissima* at the Vatican, and his *Revue* is patronised by the aristocracy and the army. This is one of the many mysteries which puzzle the unsophisticated foreigner in France, until he has obtained the clue; then everything is clear. M. Brunetière, it appears, has made a remarkable discovery with which all the influential circles of French society are positively enchanted, and which, if true, will do more harm in Germany than the most

successful war of *revanche*. He has discovered that science is bankrupt and hopelessly insolvent, and France feels that he, as a rhetorician, must know, and has, therefore, accepted his word for it. He wanted science to tell him, in *deux mots*, what the root of all things was, and science ignored the question and the questioner. Her silence, when thus intelligently interrogated, clearly proves that her pretensions are ridiculous. The Clericals, so to say, clapped the distinguished discoverer on the back, delighted to be told that if they knew nothing it was because there was nothing to know; female fashionable France, charmed to learn that its ignorance had suddenly become the acme of knowledge, smiled on the intellectual Titan who had gained this remarkable victory, and the young generation flocked to hear the new prophet who has now numerous disciples and promising adepts. Prominent among these are MM. Léon Daudet and Brioux. The former, applying in his "Morticoles" the new doctrine to facts of everyday life, depicts the most eminent French doctors as stupid quacks or brigands, while the latter, in his drama "L'Évasion," which was represented at the Théâtre Française, proves that science is not merely impotent but positively baneful, inasmuch as it demoralises and ruins young lives that might have been happy and useful had it never existed. And it is question in all these things, not of an abuse or a false show of knowledge, but of real genuine science at its best. It will take the stolid, stubborn Germans whole generations before they can fathom, adopt and assimilate this marvellous discovery, and meanwhile the French will have had ample time to garner in all the fruits.

It has been asserted, and not without a certain show of reason, that the real France is inarticulate, and that her characteristics differ considerably from those of her noisy spokesmen. It may be so; but those who know the country best affirm that she is not only inarticulate like Actæon, but also, like him, wholly transmuted, so that her own friends no longer recognise her. The population of the provinces, especially of the rural districts, is said to be sound at heart. And it is so, to the extent to which soundness is synonymous with thrift, industry, and an overpowering thirst for gold. They toil and spin and keep the finances of the Republic on a basis which seems fairly sound; but material prosperity is their aim, their mission, their ideal, and to it, as to a modern Moloch, they sacrifice the future of that *patrie* whose name is so often on their lips. In the year 1841 Germany and France had the same population. To-day the Germans outnumber the French by 14,000,000 souls, and yet in 1891 above 67,000 foreigners had become French by naturalisation. During the past seven years the number of births in Germany has been double that of France. But then the French family of two or three children is better off than the German household of five or six, can enjoy more



comforts, and more easily cultivate the charity that begins at home. The pursuit of material well-being, although it undoubtedly possesses its own peculiar advantages, would seem to suffer by being carried too far. Yet this is the main characteristic trait of the French population which is described as inarticulate.

As for higher ideals, it is difficult to name one in which France can be said to believe, as it would be impossible to conceive of any political or ethical monstrosity incapable of exciting her wildest enthusiasm. Take, for instance, the French *vives* and *à bas* for the last hundred years, which contain the concentrated history of the country and the people. The lesson they embody is instructive and self-evident. In 1788 the people cried, "Long live the King! Long live the nobility! Long live the clergy!" In 1789, "Down with the nobility! Down with the Bastille! Long live Necker and Mirabeau! Long live Orleans and the clergy!" In 1791, "Down with the nobles! Down with the priests! No God any more! Down with Necker! Long live Bailly and Lafayette! Down with Bailly!" In 1793, during the first half of the year, "Down with Louis Capet! Down with the Monarchy and the Constitution of '92! Long live the République! Long live freedom, equality, fraternity! Long live the Girondists!" During the second half of the same year: "Down with the nobles, the rich and the priests! Long live the Jacobins! Long live Robespierre! Long live Marat, the people's friend! Long live the Terror!" In 1794: "Down with the Girondists! Long live the guillotine!" In 1794-95: "Down with the Terror and the executioners! Down with Robespierre!" In 1795-1799: "Long live the Directory! Long live Bonaparte! Down with the Directory! Long live the First Consul!" In 1799-1808: "Down with the Consul! Down with the République! Long live the Emperor Napoleon! Hurrah for the War and the Légion d'Honneur! Long live the Court! Long live the Empress Josephine!" In 1809-1813: "Down with the Pope! Down with Josephine! Long live Marie Louise! Down with Napoleon, the Oppressor, the Tyrant! Down with the Eagles! Long live the legitimate King! Long live the Allies!" In 1815 (March 1): "Down with the Allies! Down with the Bourbons and the Legitimists! Long live Napoleon!" In the same year on June 1: "Down with the Corsican adventurer! Down with the Army! Down with the traitors Ney and Lavalette! Long live King Louis the desired!" In 1816-1830; "Long live Charles X. the much beloved! Down with Charles X. and the Bourbons! Long live Louis Philippe, the Citizen King!" In 1848: "Down with Louis Philippe! Long live Lamartine!" In 1849: "Down with Lamartine! Long live the President! Down with liberty of the Press and the Clubs!" 1850: "Long live Napoleon!" In 1851: "Down with the Assemblée! Long live the Emperor!" In 1852; "Down with the République! Long live the Empire!" In 1855: "Down with Russia!" In 1859:

“Down with Austria! Viva l'Italia! Viva Garibaldi!” In 1869: “Down with the authoritative Empire! Long live the Parliamentary Empire! Long live Ollivier!” In 1870, in May: “Long live the Constitution! Long live the Imperial Dynasty!” In July: “To Berlin, to Berlin!” In September: “Down with the Empire! Long live the République! Long live Trochu!” In October: “Down with Trochu! Long live the Commune! Long live Gambetta!” In 1871: “Long live Thiers! Down with Gambetta!” In March: “Long live the Commune! Down with Thiers!” In May: “Long live Thiers! Long live MacMahon! Down with the Commune!” In 1872: “Long live Thiers! Vive la République!” In 1873: “Vive MacMahon!” In 1874: “Vive l'Amnestie! Down with MacMahon!” In 1879: “Vive Grévy! Down with Gambetta!” In 1881: “Vive Gambetta! Down with Grévy! Vive Lesseps!” In 1887: “Vive Carnot! Vive Boulanger!” In 1889: “Down with the Panamists! Down with Boulanger!” In 1895: “Long live the Tsar!” In 1898: “Vive Liberty, Equality, and Brotherhood! Down with the Jews! Vive l'Armée! Conspuez Zola!” \*

This changeful people, which has thus substituted ritual for religion, and a belief in the visits of devils, angels, and Antichrist's grandmother for the simple and sublime teachings of Jesus; which has made the names of liberty, equality, and brotherhood synonymous with a system of oppression, corrupt favouritism, racial hatred, and ignoble espionage to which Turkey alone offers a suitable parallel; which solemnly raises the negation of all science to an article of salutary belief; which delights to drag in the mire to-day the idols to which it offered debasing fetish worship yesterday; which systematically contributes to end the French race and ruin the *chère patrie*, lest it should forfeit some of the petty comforts of life—it is this same people which proudly claims to have been entrusted by heaven with the mission of spreading light among the nations of the earth, and of colonising territories ten times more extensive than the France which it cannot populate! Is it to be wondered at that Gambetta's friends in the *Radical* should take a gloomy view of things and say: “At present there is nothing more to lose, not even honour! . . . There is no Republic any more, neither are there Republicans. There are neither men nor women, but only Jesuits!” Voltaire knew his countrymen well, although it was not given him to see the astonishing things which this generation has seen. And this is how he expresses himself in a letter written to D'Alembert in 1766, and which has just been published for the first time by the *Fronde*: “I shall soon die. I despise this land of monkeys and tigers in which my mother committed the folly of bringing me into the world.”

\* Cf. *Frankfurter Zeitung*, February 12, 1898.

## THE IMMORALITY AND COWARDICE OF MODERN LOAN-MONGERING.

GREECE is to be put under foreign tutelage for the benefit of foreign creditors. This is the net product of her inconsiderate attempt to wrestle with and prevail over the Turk, whose one governing attribute is an immeasurable capacity to slay. A majority of people will probably say that the decision of the Powers serves Greece right, and even the friends of Hellenic emancipation may be ready to admit that this solution of the present acute phase of the eternal Eastern Question is better than another war—a war in which all Europe might have been involved. It is not my object to argue these points. Something of greater importance to the progress of mankind than even the staving off of wars appears to me to be suggested by this patch up of the Greek crisis, which is one more example of the control which the silent, all-pervading army of the international usurers has come to exercise over the destinies of the world. Had there been no Greek bonds on the Bourses of Europe, it seems probable that Greece would have been left to her fate. Perhaps it is a good thing that she was not allowed to fight out her destiny, or to die in the hands of her conquerors. I am not studious to inquire. What is of far more consequence to civilisation at large is the fact itself that here, once again, the Great Powers of Europe are about to constitute themselves the bailiffs in charge of an insolvent State for behoof of its creditors. Whence arises this creditor influence? What is it going to lead to? Is it, in sum, making for good or for evil in the destinies of men?

I am not able fully to answer these questions; no man can, at least not yet. The conditions are too new, the data too indefinite and scanty; and, moreover, good so often comes out of evil, or what appears evil to us, that dogmatism on such questions is inadmissible.

All that can be done with safety is to indicate a few of the salient features of modern international finance, with the object of revealing its drift, and, if possible, of discovering some of the probable consequences of its power in shaping the developments of modern civilisation. It must be plain to the meanest comprehension that a new basis of international comity is rapidly being established in every country. Nations are not only getting divided into debtor and creditor nations, but each one of them which lays claim to be in any manner civilised has within it a subdivision of classes, becoming more and more marked, whose interests are principally those of debtor and creditor. It may not always be that the rich are growing more rich and the poor more poor, but such must be the general tendency. Taxation itself determines the fortunes of the multitude of the people now in every country, and the heavier taxation becomes the sharper tends to become the dividing-line between the "Haves" and the "Have-nots."

Debt, too, is a great determining factor everywhere in the imposition of taxation. Of late years the passion for warlike display has entered into competition with it, but this passion could not, in most cases, be gratified, were it not for the facilities given for creating fresh debts. This is true of every European nation, even, in a modified extent, of Great Britain itself. The more, therefore, the passion for enlarged and always enlarging military expenditure becomes dominant in the sentiment of a people, the greater tends to become the power of the usurer over its fortunes. Looking abroad, we see France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, Spain, ay, Switzerland the Happy itself, plunging deeper and deeper into the Serbonian Bog of debt. Across the Atlantic the same spectacle meets the eye. Debts are, no doubt, created for other purposes. Civilisation demands so much, and the masses of men are so poor, or so mean, that every description of work calculated to improve the conditions of life for the people is accomplished by the help of the usurer. And in the United States debt is often the mere corollary of administrative turpitude. Supreme over all, however, is the debt born of wars and of the love of warlike display. The more this folly is indulged in, the deeper is the hold the great masters of usury secure over the springs of a nation's life. Not only do the obligations they create for future generations to bear draw more and more of the substance of the people into the pockets of money-lenders, but they frequently necessitate, by their intolerable pressure, a leaning on the help of great finance-houses to a degree which places the political institutions of a country more and more under their thumb.

It does not seem good, or bodeful of good, that mankind should be thus enslaved. I have never been able to differentiate the fate of the individual from that of men in the mass in estimating the consequences, intellectual and moral, arising from living under a condition

of permanent mortgage. The effects are merely longer in revealing themselves in the nation than in the individual. Debt tends to enslavement always and under all circumstances. I do not mean such debt as a merchant has continually to contract in the course of his business. The fluctuating obligations of such to his banker are but as the waggons that convey merchandise from one place to another. It is of permanent and immovable debts I speak. These, in proportion to their burdensomeness—and a time comes when all permanent debts are burdensome—tend to degrade the debtor. The individual in debt becomes, sooner or later, the slave of the creditor; the community, equally a slave it may be, knowing not what ails it, turns in upon itself, and evolves out of its griefs and discontent the elements which one day combine to burst social order asunder.

The great "Golden International"—composed not of Jews exclusively, as is popularly supposed, but of all men, of whatsoever nationality, who invest their money in the public debts of civilised communities—at the head of which the powerful banks and bankers of the leading capitals of Europe mostly stand, seems to me to give no sort of attention to the dangers lying ahead for its system of binding all nations together in the meshes of their public debts net, a system now so perfect and invulnerable-looking. It probably thinks itself much safer with only blind democracies to handle and beguile than the money-lenders of the Middle Ages felt when in contact with needy and unscrupulous monarchs. A Philip le Bel of France could destroy the Knights Templars, as the easiest way to square his heavy debt to the Order; a Charles the Dissolute of England could shut up the Exchequer and suffer the goldsmiths who had trusted him to go bankrupt, and none dared to cry "Pay up, thou monster." But the roots of modern money-lending on a national or corporate scale strike far down into the depths of national interests and bind by invisible cords. Every parsimonious *rentier* in France who has scraped together enough to purchase an income of five or ten francs a year in the Great Book of the National Debt is an ally of the potentates of finance, who can say to the political puppets to whom power is given by the "votes" of the enfranchised, "This tax shall you impose," "This bribe must you distribute." Only when the sum of human misery, begotten of the waste which always attends the free creation of debt, rises to a height which submerges the said *rentier*, or when the burdens laid upon the backs of the people as a whole reach a height that threatens to cause the entire fabric of State credit to founder in bankruptcy, is there a coalescence of the two halves of the nation to be feared by the men who hold them as pawns in the international game of "high" finance. A combined revolt against the masters in usury is a possibility of the future these leaders and pawnees of republics, kingdoms, and empires should not wholly leave

out of view. It might destroy them, and with them much of what is most valuable and precious in the moral and intellectual progress of mankind.

This brings me to what is, after all, the true subject of this paper. I put the statement crudely in a sentence. The ways of "high finance" are not exactly immoral, but completely non-moral. The great loan dealers never ask whether it would be good for an applicant for money to have it. They merely look to see if they can make the operation of lending pay themselves. In ordinary affairs this might seem check sufficient against over-borrowing, but it is in actual fact nothing of the sort when nations are played with. A process of borrowing has once been started, by countries like Spain, say, or Portugal, or this unhappy Greece. Gradually more and more money is required by the borrowing Governments to pay for further extravagances, and to meet the charges on loans already emitted. The finance house is applied to, and it merely increases the severity of its terms in proportion to the risk. Usually, if not invariably, the borrower who has become enmeshed in the net is nourished with a series of temporary advances at sufficiently onerous rates to insure humility; and these go on until the total has become too large for convenient handling, or until the moment seems opportune to throw the risk on to the "investing classes." Then a "new loan" is launched, and the old process begins anew. Never by any chance is the needy borrower allowed to get out of hand.

At the present moment the "credit" of such countries as Argentina, Brazil, Portugal, Spain, Italy, France, Germany, Russia, and, indeed, of every civilised community more or less, is being sustained by this means. The lords of "high" finance have, indeed, brought things to such a pass in many countries that they themselves are the slaves of the debtor. It is no longer a question with them whether a profit is to be made by lending. They must lend because the one essential element necessary to success in selling fresh loans to the public is that the borrowing country should "always be able to meet its engagements." Appearances must, therefore, be kept up at all risks. Once default occurs, the emission of fresh loans becomes, for a time at least, impossible. And then a most wearisome process of "nursing credit" to life again may have to be gone through. Reliance, in such nursing, is placed on the fact that men's memories are short. A nation's "credit" may have been damaged by a default upon its engagements, but, if not altogether destroyed, merely places it more than ever at the mercy of the wholesale usurer. He does not abandon it, because that would mean loss of money to him; he only lends in smaller amounts and on more onerous terms, coaxing and coddling the delicate plant of public confidence the while, until the past has been sufficiently forgotten to enable him once more to throw his risks on the

shoulders of the crowd of small lenders who follow him. The "floating debt" is then once more "consolidated," the unhappy victim takes still another, and a deeper, plunge into misery, and all goes on as before, with only the prospect darker for the debt-consumed victim.

Judiciously conducted speculations on the Bourses frequently aid in the sale of a new loan, whose *raison d'être* is the desire of financiers to get back their own with usury. If the nominal borrower's affairs, the debtor State's finances, are made to look hopeless enough, and if ostentatious sales of its old securities are effected from "influential quarters," a rush of gamblers generally takes place. They sell and sell what they do not possess, and have not the power to deliver. All the time the houses charged with the borrower's affairs, and intent on "making money" out of them, may be gathering in whatever bonds come to market so as to aggravate the scarcity and create, as it were, a vacuum into which the bonds of a new loan may to some extent be flung. When the markets have been thus prepared, the price of the old debt may be run up by a little "bidding against the bears," and a new slice of debt thrown out to release the strain of an "over-sold" market, and enable the men who have nourished the insolvent State, with secret advances, to draw in its money advanced, plus 10, it may be, to 20 or 30 per cent. usury and profit. This is the manner in which the debt of Spain has been handled for a long time past with the view to the sale of a new "funding" loan, a feat Cuba has, so far, rendered unmanageable. In order to keep the Bourses short of Spanish bonds the help of the Bank of Spain itself has been enlisted in the play, and its advances have been increased against deposits of bonds taken off the market until its position—what between these and direct advances to the Government—has become one of great weakness.

But what does the great financier care? So long as he sees a chance of "getting out"—*i. e.*, of drawing back from the moneyed multitude what he has advanced to the needy State—at a profit he never gives a moment's thought to the effects his policy may have on a nation's future, to the miseries and discontents the exactions caused by his demands may generate. Moral or humanitarian considerations are wholly outside the range of his vision. Should any good come of the lavish expenditure he either encourages, or does nothing to stop, it comes incidentally and not of his good intent. He is like the *Erd Geist* in "Faust," "working and weaving in endless motion," to gather and keep the whole world in bondage to himself. The smaller moneyed people who follow him and stake their means in the adventures he places before them become his accomplices in the business, the speculators who essay to contend against him are bent to be his tools, and he plays to win always.

Beheld without glamour, such is the essentially unmoral, unhuman

character of "high finance." In its broadest aspect it is nothing better than a ceaseless, flesh-and-bloodless effort to "make a profit" out of the follies, the ambitions, the diseased or legitimate aspirations, and, it may be, the misfortunes of nations. All motives are alike for borrowing to the world banker. Perhaps it is as well that this should be so, for in the ultimate result this system seems bound to collapse of its own unwieldiness and ruthless greed. Expedients like that to be tried in Greece, like the one in operation now in Egypt, cannot always be available. Neither Spain nor lesser Portugal, to take handy instances, can be put in the possession of foreign bailiffs, and if all countries could be so as they fell into bankruptcy the day must still arrive when their "credit" would be unmarketable. The snowball of public debts cannot be rolled up for ever and ever. Its weight must in time break the back of the strongest nations, and the longer the effective check of total bankruptcy is in coming the faster grows the speed at which Nemesis advances.

Look at ourselves. Happy England, men are wont to think, lies outside the scope of such operations. But does it quite? Are not our local debts increasing faster than those of any other country, much faster than our National Debt is being redeemed? Is not extravagant expenditure the fashion now in national finance as well as in private? I will not enlarge on these questions, the time has not yet come to drive home the lessons the answers to them may convey. But the day does not seem very far off when the magnates of finance may be dictating to us, if not directly then through one or other of our dependencies, the terms on which they are willing to lift us out of the quagmire into which we have deliberately plunged. In India now the loan-dealer is our master, in all our Colonial dependencies, without exception, he is more or less so. The one thing to save our West Indian possessions, the Royal Commission, which has just investigated their affairs, tells us, is money out of the Imperial resources, given or lent. How long may it be before we have to go to the lenders in humble mein and beseech their aid?

Students of moral tendencies might well investigate yet another aspect of the symptoms underlying this modern fashion of putting nations in pawn. Often the pledging is done without the people's consent, nay, it may be said always without a proper statement of the case being laid before them. A Government does as the usurers do, draws upon the future and then asks for a Bill of indemnity, on the ground that the necessity for spending this money arose unforeseen, that it had to be done without licence, and with the Bill gets power to add another withe to the bonds already shackling a nation's freedom, it may be to the very stifling of its independence. At the very best, must not this system of throwing the load of the present on to future generations tend to sap the moral fibre of all classes within it?



There is cowardice in the proceeding, and meanness as well. Of the danger to the stability of a nation's institutions that lurks in it, it is, perhaps, premature to speak. It may not be long before the modern world gives us better examples to moralise upon than any we have now.

But one thing appears to be plain enough. If what has been said about the absence of all moral element from the devices and combinations of the loan-dealing fraternity is true, it can in no sense be for the good of any community to be at the mercy of these men. The more they cause nations and settlements to feel their power, the deeper must go the roots of social misery, the stronger within them grow the forces of disintegration. Other elements of danger may combine to hasten the explosion of these forces, such as militarism, especially the militarism of the Continent, or the criminal pensions frauds of the United States, but the exactions of the loan-dealer, who plays with a nation's fate and fortunes as he might at a faro-table, are by far the most potent agents in bringing the world face to face with a new revolt of the masses. Expedients for staving off the evil day will not always serve, nor can the developments of modern science and mechanical ingenuity always keep pace, in providing mankind with new resources, with the mounting demands of the ever increasing pressure of national promises to pay, promises lightly or corruptly entered upon and never really intended to be met, so far at least as the principal of the debt is concerned.

Another aspect of this many-sided question deserves a word. The whole blame must not be laid on the usurer. In countries like Egypt, despotically governed, it is the truth that the inhabitants have incurred no moral responsibility for the debts laid upon their shoulders by their rulers. In England the responsibility is almost wholly that of the nation at large. Between these two extremes, at the one end of which stand Great Britain (without Ireland), the United States, France, Belgium, Holland, and, perhaps, Germany and Austria, and at the other, besides Egypt, India, Russia, Turkey, and China, are marshalled many degrees of moral obligation, from the hazy one of Central and some South American Republics to the more or less defined one of Greece, Spain, Portugal, and Italy. Consequently, before we can condemn any country for "cheating" its public creditors by default upon its so-called National Debt, it is advisable to weigh the moral responsibility of its inhabitants for incurring the burden they seek to throw off. Take Greece again as an illustration. I have never been able to join with any zeal in the condemnations hurled against the Greeks for their treatment of the holders of their bonds, because debt was thrust upon Greece from without. Its rulers were coaxed and cajoled into borrowing, at first under pretence of delivering the country and enabling it to make progress, and then in

order to allow the holders of its obligations, funded and floating, to transfer their risks from the Bourses to the "fool public." In becoming, therefore, the men in possession for the holders of Greek bonds, the Great Powers of Europe are merely associating themselves with the more pronouncedly blood-sucker element in international finance. Were the public debts of this small and incompletely developed State to be cut rigidly down to the net value of the benefits and public works its people at large now possess, as the fruits of the various loans, the total would be light indeed.

Where debts are manufactured merely because preceding debts demand feeding with moneys a nation's actual income cannot supply, as is the position with at least three-fourths of modern borrowing countries; and where representative institutions exist but in name, it will be difficult to affix much of a moral stigma upon debt defaults in the future. And even in cases like those of our own Australian possessions, the moral responsibility will have to be divided between the people who inhabit them, and have votes, and the money-lenders in London by whom they are beguiled. The truth is that the entire modern custom in relation to the contracting of public debts requires revision in the interests of public morals. Future generations are, for the most part, left completely out of the reckoning in these affairs, and very rarely is the effect upon the present generation given much greater thought. A light-heartedness prevails comparable only to that of the Irishman who, when he had accepted a bill, thanked God that his "trouble" was over. It is almost comic to read the language habitually used in the most enlightened quarters about the "funding" of "floating debts," for example. These debts are converted into bonds and sold upon the public market with the observation that "all the obligations of the company," or, "of the State, have been provided for." A future generation is in this fashion coolly drawn upon, and never a thought given as to whether it can pay, or whether it may be disposed to pay if it could. Surely this mental attitude is both cowardly and immoral. It is certainly the most foolish which could be adopted, since it lures States and municipalities and corporate industrial undertakings into positions which must one day prove fertile of loss and disappointment to most of them. Always in the long run, the burden of obligatory interest tends to become intolerable. The productive life of capital expended, upon which "life" alone interest can be genuinely secured, is never eternal, is of fluctuating energy always, and uncertain at the best. Yet the modern habit is to treat it as the one thing sure to be perennial and unchanging. If democracies learned to adopt a higher view of these financial operations which now look so easy and satisfactory, the "progress" of civilisation might in some respects be slower, but unquestionably it could not fail to be more enduring. Civilisation, built up on debt, is

being undermined by the agent which reared it, and because it is so it has a future far from assured.

These are only a few detached reflections. They might be filled in at many points, and some readers may care to follow out the suggestions these pages may give them. To myself the subject is so old and worn, and I am so weary at times of reiterating commonplaces, or what should be commonplaces, that I am haunted by a dread of boring the reader if I pursue it into all its crannies. Great is the development of man's power over the forces of nature, great his progress in the arts and sciences, mightier and mightier become the agents he wields to conquer and subdue; and as fast as a new element of strength is acquired it is put in pawn. So comes it that the products of human labour and ingenuity have been utilised to multiply the fetters in which men work. In some countries the weight of these fetters is even now so great that a rage to throw them off has entered the hearts of the people, a rage from whence come anarchists, social revolutionists, class jealousies, and all those fermenting discontents whose energies have only to unite, and the civilisation they now sullenly sustain, plotting against, would disappear like a midsummer night's dream.

A. J. WILSON.

## THE MILITARY AMATEURS.

THERE is a point to which I am anxious to direct the attention of young statesmen looking out for promotion. It is this: We in the House have no great liking for being dictated to by a clique of professional members of any persuasion. We don't care too much for having the law laid down for us, beyond, at all events, certain well-defined limits, by gentlemen of the long robe. We have banished, perhaps not altogether fairly, the clergy from our benches. We may have to admit them if we ever disestablish the Church; but, if they come, we certainly shall not allow ourselves to be dictated to on ecclesiastical subjects by them. The doctors scarcely trouble us, having more profitable employment elsewhere.

Nevertheless, apparently our young Under Secretary of State, Mr. Brodrick, who, when he was well coached, made up his case capitally last year, is trembling in his shoes before a set of soldiers in the House whom he takes to represent its voting power on military questions. If I know anything of this House, he is making a huge mistake, and he will find it out before the Session is over. The lawyers, at least, represent in point of ability and experience the very cream of the Bar, the men who are destined to be the heads of the profession. If we listen to them with some impatience, why should we be likely to accept the authority of these soldiers without inquiring a little into their antecedents? We all know that there is a long-established fashion for the future heirs of princely positions to spend a few years in the Army, so as to sow their wild oats and grow enough hairs on their chins to shave, before they can be put up for docile constituencies. Frankly, we know enough of the Army to be aware that these are not the men who, even during the short time they are making a pastime of the service, devote themselves with great energy to the study of their profession. I give them full credit for

being manly English gentlemen, who, if a campaign comes in their way whilst they happen to be doing their regimental duty, are delighted to get their chance, and serve with great pluck, and very likely for their rank with some distinction—the distinction of manly courage and endurance. But it is a little too much to ask us to take them as great authorities on Army organisation. For the most part they are capital fellows at a cover-side, in the cricket-field, or in a hunt. Of capacity for study of any subject such as is necessary for the examination of the very complicated questions involved in the defence of our Empire, or of the accumulated evidence about it, they are for the most part altogether innocent. Then again, one is familiar in clerical circles with those excellent laymen who are more sacerdotal than the greatest priest of them all. We have a similar type figuring in a military garb closely associated with our soldiers, impregnated with all their ideas, and posing as great military authorities. We quite lately had a fair specimen of them in Mr. Arnold Forster's letters to the *Times*. I fancy that any one in the least interested in the matter, who has followed out that controversy, will have come to the same conclusion that I have done about it. The *Times*, having at first committed itself to sympathy with Mr. Arnold Forster, has done its best to help its lame dog over the stile, but nothing can disguise the utter feebleness of his final letter. He began the discussion by expressions of the uttermost contempt for the capacity of the civil servants in the War Office, and he chose as his representative fool Sir Arthur Haliburton. Whether Sir Arthur Haliburton be right or wrong in all his views may be a matter of opinion. There can be no doubt among fair-minded men as to the masterly ability and knowledge shown in his treatment of a subject as to which all prejudice was against him. Mr. Forster has put himself into a hopelessly false position by the extent to which he staked his case on proving the incapacity of the man with whom he engaged in controversy. We can all judge of that.

In the one matter in which we are able certainly to estimate the extent to which Mr. Forster can be trusted on his mere *ipse dixi* he has proved entirely wrong; and now, confronted with proof after proof, with argument after argument as to the incorrectness of much that he has said, he is obliged to fall back upon the statement that *he* is quite sure that he is right, and that he never would have entered on the controversy if he had not been quite sure. Heavens above us! Of all the litigation that takes place in our law courts, how much would there be if each side was not "quite sure" that they were right? Was ever such a feeble ending to a battle marshalled with such a sound of trumpets? I spare Mr. Forster the detailed exposure of the innumerable points in which he has been palpably worsted, of his numerous mere flippancies and unfair retorts, because this last letter is, in fact, a surrender at discretion!

The point that makes the defeat serious is that this gentleman is the spokesman, the practically chosen spokesman of the military experts of the House. He represented them last year in an interview with the Secretary of State, and it must be admitted that Lord Lansdowne, in that instance, not having his case well prepared, had a good deal the worst of the discussion, and was obliged to withdraw the Bill, one for a partial calling out of the reserves, against which Mr. Arnold Forster, Sir Charles Dilke, and the service members protested. This, no doubt, gave him a certain amount of prestige, and apparently frightened Mr. Brodrick, who, as the spokesman of the War Office in the House of Commons, has necessarily much influence with his chief. That success of Mr. Arnold Forster's is, none the less, hardly in itself a sufficient reason why we should hand over the government of the Army permanently to a committee of the military members of the House. It looks painfully like such being the operation which Mr. Brodrick at present contemplates.

Undoubtedly, during debates on the Army Estimates, we are in the habit of leaving the discussion pretty much to these officers. That is because we have a complete confidence in their impotence to do any serious mischief. We assume that Ministers, having taken the advice of the ablest men in the Army, will only make such minor concessions as will do no harm, and they know that, if they have occasion to call for our support, we shall obey the bell and outvote these gentlemen; both sides of the House rather enjoying the operation, despite the nuisance of being called in. These "professionals" cannot seriously take up a position of independence. They will not venture, if they are Unionists, to endanger the Government. The one point of real importance to Ministers is to secure the confidence of the House that they are dealing earnestly with a question in which we are all now interested.

There is a suspicion abroad among us that Mr. Brodrick is not treating us fairly; that, instead of caring at all about this great question of national security, he is counting up votes, making a fuss about trifles in order to show what a great person he is, and generally cadging round for support wherever he can get it. He raised himself very much in the estimation of the House by the capacity for making a speech which he showed when he laid before us the case for the increase of the Guards and for the despatch of a battalion or more of them to Gibraltar. It was, however, a severe shock to learn that he had been running round privately to the newspaper offices to get support for the measure by talking in each office what he thought would specially go down in each. It was scarcely dignified for a Tory Under Secretary with a huge majority behind him to be suggesting to Radical newspaper editors that the opposition to the Guards move was a Court and Society intrigue. It may have been so, but

that was not the way to meet it. Frankly, we did not like it, and if Mr. Brodrick thought that he could do it *sub rosa*, without being caught, he was mightily mistaken.

I am anxious, therefore, to examine this bogey which so frightens him, and as it is not difficult nowadays to trace the career of officers in the Army, I have made out a list of the gentlemen whose signatures were appended to the recent letter about "the linked battalion system"; I have added thereto certain notes showing the nature of the experience they have had in the practical working of line battalions. It must be remembered that the Guards have never, up to this time, had any experience whatever of the system, and that even now the condition of their detachment at Gibraltar is so wholly different from that of any line regiment as to afford no analogy. I propose to make certain further comments on the list when I have laid it before the readers of the CONTEMPORARY, but to a large extent it will speak for itself.

LIST OF THE "SERVICE MEMBERS COMMITTEE"

Who signed the letter of Jan. 20, 1898, to the Secretary of State for War on the "Linked Battalion System."

The names of those who have had regimental experience of line battalions are marked with an \*.

Name.	Service in Regular Army.	Rank on Retirement.	Nature of Service before they left the Army.
Rt. Hon. Sir J. Ferguson, Bt., K.C.M.G., G.C.S.I.	1851-55	Captain.	Gren. Gds. Served in Crimea, wounded at Inkerman, has been Under-Secretary F.O., Governor of Bombay, Postmaster - General, &c. &c.
* J. F. Bagot . . . .	1873-80	Lieutenant.	96th Ft. & Gren. Gds., now Capt. and Hony. Major Westmorland & Cumberland Yeomry.
J. G. A. Baird . . . .	1876-82	Lieutenant.	16th Lancers, now Maj. Ayrshire Yeomanry.
A. Griffith Boscawen . . . .	—	—	Capt. Militia Battalion West Kent Regt.
A. Brassey . . . . .	1867-71	Lieutenant.	14th Hussars, subsequently Col. Oxd. Ymy.
Capt. Sir C. J. Colomb . . . .	1854-69	Captain.	Royal Marine Artilly.
E. F. D. Cotton Jodrell . . . .	1868-81	Captain.	Rl. Artillery, now Lt.-Colonel 2nd Cheshire Engineer Volunteers.
* P. H. Dalbiac . . . . .	1875-90	Captain. from June 4, 1885, Adj. Aux. Forces.	Derby Regt., now Lt.-Col. commanding 18th Middlx. R. V. C. (Hon. Col.).

LIST OF THE "SERVICE MEMBERS COMMITTEE"—*continued.*

Name.	Service in Regular Army.	Rank on Retirement.	Nature of Service before they left the Army.
Earl of Dalkeith . . . .	—	—	Late R. Navy. Served 1877-86. Retired as Lieutenant.
J. M. Denny . . . .	—	—	Lt.-Col. commanding 1st Dumbarton R. V.C.
Rt. Hon. Sir C. Dilke, Bart. . . .	—	—	—
Sir J. Bevan-Edwards, K.C.M.G., C.B. . . .	1852-93	Lieut.-General.	Royal Engineers.
* Sir Henry Fletcher, Bart. . . .	1853-59	Lieutenant.	69th Fr. & Gren. Gds., was afterwards in Ymry. & Voltrs., now comdg. Sussex Vol. Inf. Brigde.
H. O. Arnold Forster . . . .	—	—	—
R. Gunter . . . .	1851-62	Captain.	4th Dgn. Gds. Served through Crimean War, now Hon. Col. Militia Batt. Yorkshire Regt.
T. L. Hare . . . .	1879-85	Lieutenant.	Scots Gds. Served in Zulu War; also Egypt 1882 and Suakin 1884. Now Captain Norfolk Artillery Militia.
Sir A. F. Acland-Hood, Bart. . . .	1875-92	Captain.	Gren. Gds. Served in Egypt 1882.
H. M. Jessel . . . .	1886-96	Captain.	17th Lancers, now Capt. Berks Yeomanry.
* J. W. Laurie . . . .	1853-87	Major-General with hon. rank of Lieut.-General.	Served in Crimea, Ind. Mutiny, Transvaal and Canadian N.W.P. rbln. Was for many years in Canada, from 1861.
A. R. M. Lockwood . . . .	1866-83	Lieut.-Colonel.	Coldstream Guards.
C. W. Long . . . .	1860-86	Major with hon. rank of Lieut.-Colonel.	Royal Artillery.
* Lord E. Manners. . . .	1885-95	Capt. April '91, retd. May 16, '94.	Rifle Brigade. Is now Major Militia Battaln. Leicester Regiment.
H. McCalmont, C.B., Major-General . . . .	1865 —	Still serving.	9th Lncrs. 7th Hussars, and 4th Drgn. Grds.
J. M. McCalmont . . . .	1866-74	Captain.	8th Hussars. Was afterwards in Ymry., and is now Hon. Col. of the Antrim Artily. Militia.
Hon. E. S. Douglas Pennant . . . .	1835-91	Lieutenant.	1st Life Guards.



LIST OF THE "SERVICE MEMBERS COMMITTEE"—*continued.*

Name.	Service in Regular Army.	Rank on Retirement.	Nature of Service before they left the Army.
W. H. Wyndham-Quin . . .	1878-94	Major.	16th Lncrs. Served in Boer War 1881. Now Capt. & Honry. Major Gloucester Yeomanry.
F. C. Rasch . . . . .	1867-76	Lieutenant.	5th Dgn.Gds. and late Capt. & Honry. Major Volunteer Battalion Essex Regt.
Sir A. K. Rollit . . . .	—	—	Lt.-Col. (hny.) Humber Sub. Miners, R.E.
C. M. Royds . . . . .	—	—	Hon. Colonel Duke of Lancaster's Own Ymy. & 2nd V.B. Lanc. Fslrs.
F. S. Russell, C.M.G., Major-General . . . . .	1863 —	Still serving.	14th Hrs. & 1st Dgns.
* T. M. Sandys . . . . .	1857-75	Captain.	Served in H. E. I. C. S. through Indian Mtny., exchngd to 7th Foot late Lt.-Col. Militia Batt. N. Lanc. Regt.
W. S. Kenyon-Slaney . .	1867-92	Colonel.	Gren. Gds. Served in Egypt 1882.
Lord Edmund Talbot . .	1875 —	Still serving.	11th Hussars. Private Sec. to Mr. Brodrick.
Viscount Valentia . . .	1864-72	Lieutenant.	10th Hrs., now Lt.-Col. Oxford Yeomry., (Hon. Col.).
C. E. Warde . . . . .	1869-91	Major.	4th Hussars.
A. C. E. Welby . . . . .	1867-96	Lieut.-Colonel.	Scots Greys.
* W. H. Wilson-Todd . .	1846-55	Captain.	39th Foot. Served in Crimea.
G. Wyndham . . . . .	1883-87	Lieutenant.	Cold. Gds. Served at Suakin 1885. Now Capt. Cheshire Ymy.
A. M. Brookfield . . . .	1873-80	Lieutenant.	13th Hrs., now Lt.-Col. 1st Cinque Ports Volntrs. (Hon. Col.).

Of these thirty-nine unanimous gentlemen there are, therefore, seven only who have had any experience whatever in the infantry of the line. Of these seven, Captain Bagot, after serving in the 96th for a very short time, was transferred to the Grenadier Guards, and after seven years' service in all left the Army as a lieutenant, receiving

the honorary rank of captain seventeen years ago. Sir Henry Fletcher pursued an identical career, except that his service was one year shorter, and that he left the Army as a lieutenant thirty-eight years ago, before the linked battalion system came into existence. Captain Dalbiac left the Army as a captain seven years ago, having spent his last five years with the auxiliary forces. Lord E. Manners was ten years in the Rifle Brigade, leaving a month after he became captain in 1895. None of these gentlemen ever saw a shot fired in anger. Captain Wilson Todd left the Army forty-two years ago as a captain, after serving in part of the Crimean campaign. Captain Sandys left the Army twenty-three years ago.

Of course, a general officer, if he is employed in command of a mixed body of men, acquires experience of all arms of the service in a measure, and is in some respects better able to judge of the general working of a system than those involved in its details. I propose, therefore, to consider how far any of the Major-Generals and Lieutenant-Generals whose names are appended to this letter represent experience of that kind on which we are able to rely. Major-General McCalmont has seen more war service than the whole of the rest of the thirty-nine put together, if Major-General Laurie and Lieutenant-General Sir J. Bevan-Edwards be excluded; but there are sundry objections to be taken to the value of his signature. It is rumoured that it was appended by some mistake; but let that pass. I am free to admit that, from what I have seen of Major-General McCalmont in the House, I have my doubts whether he ever very clearly knows his own mind. I fancy that under one set of influences he is very firmly persuaded one way, and under other influences quite changes his opinion. In any case, he never had anything whatever to do with the infantry, never studied it, and I am afraid that, if he had ten times over signed this letter, he would not incline me to vote with him. He has never exercised any higher command than that of a cavalry regiment. His dash and activity as a man in the hunting-field, the zeal with which he has spent his ample means in rushing out to see any fighting that was going on anywhere, have given him exceptional opportunities of advancement, but as an authority on Army organisation I am afraid that it does not much matter whether he signed the letter or did not.

Next we have Major-General Francis Russell. If Major-General McCalmont represents more war service than nearly all the rest put together, I am certainly inclined to think that, apart from those signatories, whose capacity has shown itself in other directions than soldiering, Major-General Russell carries more brains in his head than pretty nearly all the rest put together. Unfortunately, whether because he was at an early stage corrupted by the fascinating influence of duchesses, or because he has never taken life very seriously,

he has never brought his powers fully to bear on the mastery of his profession. He was, to judge from a speech he made shortly before setting out, a not very zealous volunteer for the Ashantee campaign. In any case, his experience of infantry battalions, whether linked or unlinked, has been nil. He never commanded anything but a cavalry regiment. He won't command my vote.

Lieutenant-General Sir J. Bevan-Edwards, who saw service in the Crimea and during the Indian Mutiny, and served as Commanding Royal Engineer at Suakim in 1885, had a purely professional engineer's career until 1890, when, as a Major-General, he was for one year in command of the garrison at Hong Kong. He had there one infantry battalion under his orders. He represents none of that regimental experience of which we have lately heard so much, but among the blind the one-eyed is king, and I fancy that he has had better means of testing the value of the present system in his one year at Hong Kong than any of the rest. It is not much to go upon, and it would be interesting to know how far his signature was given, because of any defects he found in the quality of the drafts supplied to his infantry at Hong Kong, or because of the general impression of loose gossip brought to bear on him from outside. Unfortunately, the method of decision by newspaper correspondence deprives us of the means of thus distinguishing between useful and useless evidence.

I have left to the last of the Generals my seventh infantryman. The authority of Lieutenant-General Laurie, raised in the infantry, and having seen service in the Crimea, India, the Transvaal, and the North-west of Canada, looks considerable. Unfortunately, he was separated from all connection with the infantry in 1861, nine years before the linked battalion system was introduced, and ever since then he has been serving with the Canadian Militia and Volunteers. That represents the whole experience of the present system which exists among all the members who sign this document—a little, very little, subaltern service years ago of one or two—one year of a General's command over one battalion at Hong Kong—and that is all. The rest consist of two civilians pure and simple, seven guardsmen, thirteen cavalymen, one marine artilleryman of very short service, two royal artillerymen, one royal navy man, and four officers of the auxiliaries.

Beloved Under Secretary, I fear me that bogies have much tendency to scare you. For, consider. We have heard a great deal lately about the fact that, among the real military authorities behind you, if you will honestly consult them and take their advice, there is no one who has commanded an infantry battalion. It does not happen to be true, for the Adjutant-General did, as a matter of fact, command the 90th Regiment both in peace and war. I shall refer to that subject presently. But it is true that, just as Napoleon could not have

gained his vast experience of war and his skill in organisation for war if he had gone with methodic slowness through all the steps of the military hierarchy, so in our Army it is scarcely possible for men to attain great experience of war, and the higher and more valuable experience which comes from large command in war, if they spend many years in regimental positions. That has been the fate of nearly all the great organisers of the armies of the world—of Alexander, of Caesar, of Frederick, of Charles XII., of Gustavus Adolphus, of Cromwell. Exceptionally it is true that Wellington was by aristocratic interest pushed on at so early an age to the command of a battalion that he was able to acquire some experience in that rank. Under our system it can hardly ever happen again that a man shall plod up to the rank of a Lieutenant-Colonel at an age sufficiently young to enable him to have many years in command of a regiment and yet acquire the all-necessary experience of war in command of armies.

The fallacy that underlies this specious language is that Mr. Brodrick, or Mr. Arnold Forster, or Sir Charles Dilke, is more competent than those who have repeatedly commanded armies in the field to estimate at its proper value the evidence of regimental officers. No army that ever was since this world began was ever yet effectively organised on such a principle. The great and successful armies of the past have been organised by war-tried commanders, or by those who gradually, after many mistakes, gained their experience by war—by Henry V., by Edward III., by Cromwell, by Monk, by Edward IV., by Marlborough, by Wellington. Never yet was it heard that a congress of ex-subalterns, because they were elected for other purposes by a popular vote, which on such a subject was quite ignorant, should be able to dictate terms to an equally ignorant Under Secretary, and evolve anything but chaos out of such a confusion. That men like Lieutenant-General Laurie, Sir J. Bevan-Edwards, and Major-Generals Russell and McCalmont should lend their hands to such a result is, in the judgment of thoughtful members of Parliament and of students of history, sufficient to disqualify them from posing as serious soldiers at all.

We have had in ample profusion the evidence of regimental officers fully taken and gravely weighed by one Commission after another. All of them, though composed of men entirely unconnected with the officers at present at the War Office, have reported in favour of the linked battalion system. We have amongst us a great soldier against whom, under his pretended attacks upon the civil side of the War Office, Mr. Arnold Forster has really all the time been directing his guns. At last, flattered to the top of his bent by those soldiers who were only too anxious at any cost to get the real necessities of the Army examined, and by not a few of those who, employed in the daily routine of duty, feel keenly enough the evils which undoubtedly exist

but have no means of judging of their cause, Mr. Forster has had the courage, before an after-dinner audience, to measure swords with the Commander-in-Chief, knowing well that it was a safe game against a man who could not publicly defend himself. He has chosen a dangerous ground for attack. His friend, Sir Charles Dilke, will hardly thank him for complaining that the Commander-in-Chief is guilty of such long and distinguished war service from so early an age that he shares not only with the great and successful commanders and organisers of the past, but with Lord Roberts, the characteristic that from the time that he was a major he was employed almost continuously in more important positions than his regimental rank would have conferred on him, had it not been for those splendid war services. Lord Roberts, beginning his first campaign, that of the Indian Mutiny, on June 28, 1857, when he had been six years in the service, was from that date continuously employed on the staff till he became a major-general. Before that time Lord Wolseley had been for two campaigns—those of Burma and the Crimea—engaged as a regimental officer, and though he was selected during the Crimean War to work in the trenches as an assistant-engineer, he returned to regimental duty for the Mutiny, and commanded his company as a captain and brevet-major in the attack on Lucknow at a time when Lord Roberts was already on the staff. There is no one of the thirty-nine members who saw so much regimental service in war as Lord Wolseley. The principle, which Mr. Arnold Forster, utterly ignoring all military experience, would establish, would deprive us of the authority of all those who have been successful organisers and administrators of armies in war. Mr. Arnold Forster's defence of himself against General Bulwer is extraordinarily unsatisfactory. He certainly left on all who heard him the impression that he meant to assert that no officers who had commanded regiments were within the walls against which his assault is directed. So casual is modern reporting that he was made to say in most newspapers, "I have shown that none of them has done a day's regimental duty." Yet he never wrote to correct this mistaken report, leaving it to produce its effect on a thoroughly uninformed auditory. One wonders how the reporters and editors supposed that the officers now at the head of our Army had attained their positions at all. It seems to me unpleasantly near to *mala fides* on Mr. Arnold Forster's part that, when unable to select within the military side of the War Office more than five suitable names to cite, he should have chosen for attack, among the generals outside the War Office, Sir William Butler and not Lord Roberts. He manifestly made the selection because he dared not show the fatuity of his contention. Mr. Forster's notion that the twelve officers named by General Bulwer as now in the War Office and having commanded battalions, would be better left to govern the

Army by themselves, without the war experience of Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Redvers Buller, or as follows Lord Roberts, is so ridiculous that no one would repudiate it more eagerly than themselves, and that it would be laughed to scorn by the very men whom Mr. Forster trusts.

For Mr. Forster or Mr. Brodrick to claim that they, and they only, are the people who can weigh the evidence of regimental officers is a simple impertinence. What we want to know is whether or no the proposals that are to be laid before us are based on the ablest advice the Government can get, or whether they have been hunting round for the support of the feeble Aulic Council of thirty-nine whose qualifications for such authority I have here examined. Just now it is a serious matter, and will determine more votes both in this question and others to come than perhaps her Majesty's Government quite realise. We want the Empire made safe, and we do not trust Mr. Arnold Forster and his party to make it so. I know from actual conversation that several members on both sides of the House think as I do, though I have set up no cabal, and therefore can only judge of their numbers by knowing that those to whom I have spoken are very representative men. Whilst this paper has been passing through the press, Sir William Harcourt's speech on the subject may have given Mr. Brodrick a hint of the feeling on one side of the House. He will find that it is not confined to that side alone. As Sir J. Ferguson has been chosen as the leader of this little party, it may be well to point out that he looks back across a long Parliamentary career, including various offices, such as the Postmaster-Generalship and the Governorship of Bombay, to his service in the Guards forty-three years ago, fifteen years before the introduction of the linked battalion system, at which the motion which he is to father is aimed.

TEAREM, M.P.

## AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

### L.

**K**INGDOMS rise and fall; statesmen come and go; parties wax and wane; but the one familiar figure who is ever with us is the distressed British agriculturist. From the days of old Æsop, it is the farmer who rends the heavens with his cries to some higher power to rescue him when the wheel of his cart sticks in the rut. And the epitaph of each disastrous agricultural nostrum that has been tried re-writes the same epitaph—"In the rut thou art, and unto the rut shalt thou return."

The Final Report of the last Royal Commission on Agriculture is quite as formidable-looking and inconclusive a blue-book as any that has been presented to Parliament in recent years. It is the quarry from which various authorities are digging out material to build up their various theories.

The Land Law Reform Society has just issued two pamphlets dealing with some of the conclusions said to be derived from the Report and Evidence. These conclusions will not meet with universal acceptance; they can be at best but generalisations, and one generalisation can always be met by another. It is seldom difficult to bring forward definite instances on both sides.

The conclusion most strongly urged is that one of the chief causes of agricultural depression is over-renting; that for one reason or another landlords are able to get, and often do get, rents which are destructive of good and sound farming. It is quite worth while to inquire whether this really is so.

In every part of England, even where agriculture is most depressed, isolated instances may be found of farmers who are holding their own or even prospering and making money. This fact alone

seems a conclusive reply to the assertion that over-renting is a chief cause of depression. If here and there farmers are to be found paying as much rent as their neighbours, and at the same time thriving, the general depression must surely be due to some cause other than rent.

Again, there are considerable districts, notably in Essex, where no rent at all is being paid. Major Rasch, M.P., lately quoted an arrangement made between landlord and tenant, in which the landlord was practically paying his tenant 5s. an acre to cultivate the soil. If in those parts of the country where the depression is most severe no rent at all is being paid, but we even hear of a salary being paid to a tenant to cultivate his land, it is obvious that some other cause besides over-renting *must* be at work. The recent sale of the Blundeston Lodge Estate in Suffolk, for £12,500, to Sir Savile Crossley, after keen competition among the neighbouring landowners, looks as if there were still some who believe there is a future for British agriculture. The co-operative farmers in Essex have for eight years maintained year by year a steady increase in the price of their milk, by supplying the milk-retailers direct. There may be parts of England where agricultural depression is due to over-renting, but it is quite conceivable that over-renting may not be a cause of depression at all anywhere, and that this conclusion is wholly unfounded.

It is further conceivable that in some districts agricultural depression may be due to under-renting. There have been great landowners, there are now, who regard their tenants as part of their own private political machinery; it is not so very long ago that a landowner candidate would ride into the county town on the polling-day at the head of a great body of his tenantry, decorated with his party colours. Many of these men had for generations occupied under one lord; they always voted straight; but the price of their votes was that they must never be disturbed in their holdings or have their rents raised. They had, therefore, no special interest in improved methods of production; they were under-rented; they knew it, and it served their day; but it killed agricultural zeal and enterprise, and when foreigners began to compete with them in their own markets they could only cry out for Protection. This being impossible, their poor, stagnant industry naturally became "depressed." Nor can it be said that the instances in which this cause may have operated are so few that they cannot seriously have affected agriculture; on the contrary, these were the instances which would most readily strike the imagination, and whose example would be the most pernicious. The tenants of humbler owners would take their tone from the under-rented tenants of the great man; if these decried science, the smaller tenants naturally underrated its value, for the courage to stand alone is a virtue singu-



larly absent from all grades of rural society. The munificence of wealthy manufacturers has established technical colleges, art galleries, and libraries in our towns, but in no single instance has a great landowner shown his appreciation of science by establishing an agricultural college in a rural district, like the Lyngby College, near Copenhagen; he may have given large sums to his party to buy a title or a step in the peerage, but to promote agricultural education not a penny piece has been forthcoming. The great strides in every business have been due to the stress of severe competition; it was when the ruin of the shipping interest was seen to be imminent that the engineer invented compound engines: agricultural science can best hope for appreciation from the over-rented farmer. It may be, therefore, that under-renting has been one of the causes of agricultural depression.

The remedy advocated for over-renting is some sort of outside interference. There are those who call for the establishment of a Land Court as in Ireland. Others desire to see state valuers act as arbitrators between landlord and tenant, but in one form or another the dominant idea is that some one from outside shall influence the question of rent.

This experiment has only been tried once of late years—viz., in Ireland, and with the utterly disastrous consequences that many people foretold. By general consent Ireland has been handed over as the happy playground wherein politicians may try their little social experiments, just as the unclaimed bodies of dead paupers, and in some cases of live paupers, are placed at the disposal of the doctors for purposes of research.

How intelligent men with the experience of Ireland before their eyes can be found who think that what has so signally failed there will succeed in England or Wales is passing strange. What is succeeding in Ireland to-day before our eyes, and succeeding brilliantly, is the effort of one man, the Right Hon. Horace Plunkett, who, in spite of unsound legislation, is steadily restoring the industries of his country by promoting combination and improved methods of production. By these alone Irish farmers have already realised considerably greater pecuniary advantages than any they have derived from the Land Courts.

The argument generally is this—that the State interferes, and rightly interferes, in some industries, on behalf of the weak, as in Factory Acts, and Mining Regulation Acts; and it is urged that one of the industries in which the State ought, as a matter of public policy, to interfere is the agricultural industry—that the tenant and landlord cannot be trusted to make their own bargain. The landlord is too strong, and the tenant is too weak. In other industries the weak combine, and are thus able to deal on an equality with the strong.

Farmers do not combine. They call upon the State to come and save them.

In those instances in which the State has interfered in the regulation of private industries, interference has always taken the shape of protecting the humblest and the weakest. The State protects miners, and forbids the employment of females and children underground, but it does not interfere with the owner of the soil to prevent his exacting too large a royalty from the company that works the mine. The State lays down conditions for the protection of seamen, but not as to their wages, nor to regulate the relations between the merchant and shipowner. The State interferes to protect women and children from over-work in factories, but it does not protect the owner of the factory from being made to pay too high a rent for the land on which the factory stands. In no case does it meddle with questions of wages or rent.

If it be maintained that the farmer is, for any reason, unable to protect himself against the grasping landlord, and that agriculture is an industry in which, therefore, the State is bound to interfere, let the State at least protect the weakest and the humblest. The farmer asks from the State fixity of tenure in his farm; then surely the labourer ought also to have fixity of tenure in his cottage. In the two adjoining Bucks parishes of Charndon and Poundon, the property of a single owner, the labourers, through their parish councils, have recently demanded an improved water supply. Now, in modern farming an adequate supply of pure water is essential to success. The response of the landowner has been to give notice to quit to every single labourer in both parishes; and who can gainsay him? If the farmer in his farm is to have fixity of tenure, surely the labourer in his cottage ought to have fixity of tenure. The labourers have been ruled out of the Employers' Liability Act; must they also be excluded from the expected blessings of land legislation?

The farmer complains that the landlord exacts too high a rent, but what wages does the farmer pay his labourer? It is only reasonable to ask that the court which fixes the farmer's rent shall also fix the labourer's wage. Those of us who have done business with farmers will generally agree that farmers, as a class, are shrewd enough. They do not appeal to us as do helpless women and children employed in mines and factories, or, indeed, as labourers and labourers' children on starvation wages do appeal to us to-day; if the farmer wishes the State to legislate in grandmotherly fashion for his industry, he must be prepared to allow every class to share. If the farmer needs protection from the greedy landlord, surely the labourer needs protection from the grinding farmer.

## THE FUTURE OF THE FUTURE

... it is ... the impression ... conducted on ... of the latest ... what I ... words of the ... to the ...

... the nineteenth ... the ... progress in the ... and ... this ... be utilised ... had been ...

... in ... among farmers. ... The naval officer is ... of ... so that he ... require : ... of the forces exerted ... he must have some ... knowledge of ... astronomy ... also a ... of some special scientific attainments : ... whether he be in the ...

... this kind of ... in any ... Take a walk with a farmer ... Gather a blade in the ... a biennial, or a perennial : ... its flower and its seed : or ... and ask what he can tell you of its geology, its properties, and its requirements. Go with him to his dairy, and inquire what is his knowledge of bacteria as affecting milk. Accompany him to his cow-house, and learn his views on the breeding of stock and the treatment of the various diseases common in a home-land, does he breed for milk or for beef, and what steps does he take to breed the best of either kind? Does he cross-breed his

sheep to compete with the wool imported from abroad? It is rare to find a farmer with a competent knowledge upon such points, who takes any interest in them, or cares either to learn them himself or to teach any one else. Mr. J. L. Green, the editor of the *Rural World*, who ought to know something about it, estimates that one farmer in fifteen or sixteen will be found enthusiastic for technical education, while ten will be apathetic, and four or five actively hostile.

The Final Report of the Royal Commission on Agriculture dwells on the deficient education of young farmers (591). The quality of much of our middle-class education, especially in the rural districts, is admittedly inferior. The young farmer possesses no grasp of the elementary principles of the sciences bearing on agriculture, and no comprehension of the terms employed therein; hence he is debarred from availing himself of the store of other men's experience accumulated in books, periodicals, and reports, and cannot adapt himself to the new and increasingly difficult conditions of his business. From his ignorance of chemical terms (says Professor Wright), when useful experiments are published, he is quite unable to appreciate the value of them. Much of the middle-class education, especially in rural districts, is confessedly incomplete or inappropriate, and its standard urgently requires raising.

The average British farmer is content to farm as his forbears farmed, and is surprised when he finds that other nations, farther advanced in scientific agricultural training, undersell him in his own markets. Yet at the half-yearly meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society (when distressed agriculturists foregather from the east and from the west, and applaud the exploded theories of the ancients) the Duke of Richmond gravely congratulates the late President of the Royal Agricultural Society that "Nothing during her Majesty's reign has made such rapid progress as the science of agriculture"; and the naval chairman, bland and bored, with infinite self-command, does not suggest that his Grace should carry that tale to the marines.

Few farmers, if they keep any books at all, do so in a business-like form; in any other industry, accurate book-keeping would be deemed essential. Inquire in a country town, and you will find that a large proportion of the farmers are in the tradesmen's debt; some have accounts one or two years old. Attend the market ordinaries, and you will see the same farmers week by week giving up one day, in many cases two, and in some instances even three days in the week, to the distractions of a market day. What other business could be expected to succeed where the head of the business absented himself at least one day in every week, and whose accounts were not punctually either paid or collected?

Enter farmhouses, and you may look around in vain for a modern work or periodical on any branch of agriculture. No such thing as

a public agricultural library is to be found in a single agricultural district in England. No provision is anywhere made for keeping the farmer up to date in the latest advances of his profession. In very few farms will you find a barometer, or any comprehension of its importance. Farming is seldom conducted on sound business principles, either with landlord or with tradesmen. Comparatively few farmers are specialists in any department of agricultural science. Ignorance and suspicion invariably go together, and so farmers, as a class, are suspicious of each other and can rarely be got to combine for any purpose whatever. In no county in England is there a public analyst whose fees are mainly paid by the rates to enable the farmer to have his seeds, his manures, his feeding stuffs, or his produce analysed at a nominal charge, as is the case in many places on the Continent. It is rare to meet a farmer who can read in any foreign tongue the story of the agricultural progress other nations are making. Farming is not regarded as a serious business in the same sense as mining, commerce, or manufacture. It is not considered to demand business capacity, unfailing industry, early training, and scientific skill.

These statements cannot be seriously controverted, and it is extraordinary that this deplorable ignorance should be omitted from any summary of the causes which have brought about agricultural depression.

It is not on the Continent alone that the aid of scientific agricultural education is being invoked to undersell our uneducated farmers. Canada is on the point of invading our markets and winning her way, not by protective legislation, but solely by education.

“ Her Government has for some time past been working on a well-defined plan of campaign. In each section of the Dominion there are agricultural colleges, experimental farms, dairy schools, farmers' institutes, fruit and dairy associations, all making especially for one end—the gradual education of the agriculturist up to a successful catering for the needs of the British consumer. . . . A thorough cold-storage system on rail and steamer, practically from the farmer's door to the British market, for food products, such as poultry, eggs, creamery butter, meats, and fruit, is being provided. Seventeen steamers are already engaged in this enterprise.”—*Daily Chronicle*, November 25, 1897.

### III.

But if the education of the farmers is so lamentably deficient, that of the labourer is almost (not quite) as bad. In most rural districts the education of the labourer is largely in the hands of the farmer, who is convinced that it cannot be good for the labourer to know what he does not know himself, and does not wish to know; yet the farmer is largely dependent on the skill and intelligence of the labourer. In

some of our country districts it is becoming impossible to find young men qualified for cutting and laying hedges, to execute good thatching, or to plough such a furrow as would have been considered creditable fifty years ago. The young labourers cannot do these things, and the farmers cannot teach them. The farmer must greatly depend on the labourer for attention to young stock, for careful watching of the lambs in the lambing season, for noticing the first signs of disease in cattle, and that they drink pure water; but such things are not taught in the elementary schools. Often a young labourer cannot distinguish between weeds and produce. Fences are damaged, gates are destroyed, ditches are stopped up, and drains are lost sight of, when a timely word from an intelligent labourer might have saved them. Hardly a village in England can show an agricultural example plot in connection with the school; in France there are some 4000 of them.

There is some difference of opinion as to whether the labourer of to-day is as efficient as formerly; but, on the whole, it seems there is a serious falling off. The most efficient find no openings in the country for themselves, and no educational advantages available for their children, so they go off to the towns. Those who remain are, in many cases, either incapable, or lacking in the highest honesty; so there are complaints of pilfering, of shirking work; that men set to weed will cut off the heads of the weeds and leave the roots in the ground; that they are careless in the preservation of fences and gates; that milkers cannot be trusted to strip the cows; and that, unless the farmer is always on the spot, suitable and ample food is not given to the stock. The fact is that in many cases the uninstructed labourer takes no interest in the work he has to do, and neglects it rather from unintelligence than from intentional dishonesty.

A low standard of intelligence means low wages; low wages mean inadequate food, such as stewed tea, cold bacon, and bread; while unsuitable food means half-hearted work in the adult, and in the child it means diminished brain-power, and so completes the vicious circle.

## IV.

There seem to be three reasons why there is a competition for farms which some hold to be undue. First, because many farmers bring up their sons at home on their own farms to the life they have themselves been accustomed to. These young men are fitted for nothing but to become in their turn old-time farmers. Their fathers have not sent them out to agricultural colleges, or encouraged them in any way to keep abreast of the times. They are too proud to work, too unenterprising to seek other fields of labour, and too ignorant to succeed anywhere; so there is nothing before them but to join the ranks of

those competing for farms, with or without sufficient capital, either of head or of pocket, to make farming a success. If there be one more ambitious or more intelligent, he probably seeks a colony, but, at any rate, he does not remain in the rural districts.

Secondly, competition is promoted by the desire of those who have made a competency in trade to embark upon country life for the sake of its amenities. One such man recently paid his rent, with the remark that none of it had come out of his land. Asked why he did not then give up the farm, and let some one else take it who could make it pay, he replied that he must live somewhere, that it would cost him as much to find a roomy residence in a town for his family, that he preferred country life, the interest of farming operations, and the social advantages of being a member of the local council and of the board of guardians. Whether his farm could, under a more enlightened system, be made to pay or not, did not greatly concern him.

The third element in competition is due to those who are appropriately called "land suckers"—men who merely take good land for a short time to exhaust it, and to throw it back seriously impoverished on the hands of the landlord.

## v.

The salvation of British agriculture will not be found in protective legislation, but in that scientific agricultural education which we are not in the least likely to get at present. Rural England abhors education of all kinds, but land legislation involves no dipping into the public purse; it affords better sport to legislators. You have not before your eyes the fear of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who keeps most people in order (except the Foreign Secretary). The party in power will at the next election point triumphantly to their loving care for the farmers, while their opponents will, with equal glee, point out how much has been left undone; candidates on both sides will quarry their election speeches from the mountainous reports of the Parliamentary debates. But no class and no party seriously wishes for advanced education. The labourer loudly protests (with Mr. Clare Sewell Read) if his boy is kept at school a single day when he might be earning wages. The farmer dreads the educated labourer, who is already treading too closely on his heels. The squire and the parson hold in holy horror the growing independence of the more educated labourer, who is beginning to make himself felt on the school board, the parish council, and even on the district council. So when education is mentioned they all, with one accord, begin to make excuse, and say, "Come and let us tiddle with the Agricultural Holdings Act."

The facts adduced in this paper seem to show—

1. That over-renting can account for but a small part, if any, of the present agricultural depression.
2. That farmers, like other employers, would further their interests more effectually by intelligent combination and improved methods of conducting their business than by invoking outside interference between themselves and their landlords or labourers.
3. That if agricultural education, in its widest sense, be brought within the reach of farmers and labourers alike, we may expect to reap the same remunerative results that our Continental competitors are now deriving from the application of science to agriculture.

EDMUND VERNEY.



## THE SECRET OF BALDNESS.

**T**O a man the moment that he first realises that his head is beginning to get a trifle bald on the top is a moment of sadness ; to a woman it is a moment of positive dismay. Perhaps this is because this discovery is also a discovery that the years are passing and one is not so young as one has been ; perhaps, also, it is because there is an inevitable, but quite incomprehensible, tendency to jeer at bald heads even from the days of Elijah and the wicked boys to the present year of grace, and ridicule is the very last thing a man can stand, particularly ridicule at his personal appearance ; or perhaps it is chiefly because the loss of hair is an irretrievable loss to one's looks, and no man or woman, however good-looking or however plain he or she may be, lacks that spice of vanity which prevents them viewing with equanimity a degenerating tendency in the appearance.

However this may be, approaching baldness is always hailed with sadness. But underlying the sadness is a deep-seated conviction that baldness is one of the inevitable ills that flesh is heir to, and in the course of nature as much as age and death are. And so, although recourse may be had to pomades and "restorers" of every description and the destroyer staved off for a time, yet there is always the uncomfortable belief, particularly in the case of a man, that the relief is but temporary, and that, slowly but surely, the area of thinness will go on extending in larger and larger circles, the thinness becoming intensified from the centre outwards, until at length actual, permanent, and hopeless baldness is attained to.

But though baldness has been for so many centuries looked upon as a seasonable bodily change and an ordinary incident in the course of nature, we now learn that in this case, as in so many others, the course that we have so glibly ascribed to nature is, after all, not the

course she herself has laid down, and that our assumption of it was founded in pure ignorance. For the secret of baldness has been laid bare, and behold it is the almighty microbe that is at the bottom of it all!

In these latter days of the nineteenth century we seem to be running all phenomena back to one chief cause: all the ills that plague the flesh, all the remedies that cure those ills, all the spoiling of our food, all its savouring, all putrefication, all purification—all alike apparently owe their existence to the ubiquitous microbe.

It is to a Frenchman—a M. Sebouraud, an ex-pupil of M. Pasteur's school, and well known for his researches on the nature and cause of ringworm—to whom we are indebted for this new light on the familiar fact of baldness. Common baldness, he asserts, is a perfectly definite malady of microbial origin, "one of the most purely microbial I have ever seen." This discovery was not made in a moment, nor lighted upon by accident, but was the result of several years' arduous and incessant study of various skin diseases. When M. Sebouraud began his researches he did not, by any means, anticipate whither he would be led, but step by step as he progressed one disease after another fell into line and showed a common origin—diseases which had not hitherto been suspected to have the least connection with one another. But each as it was studied proved to be the work of a destroying bacterium, and a comparison of the bacteria showed the surprising fact that they were all identical in kind, and the divergence in the effect resulted as the bacterial influence was weak, or strong, or modified by external conditions. And finally, at the end of the chain, when the evil influence is slight and insinuating rather than fiercely attacking, comes common baldness, no less a result of this microbe's work than the other skin diseases which are daily under the treatment of physicians. This discovery, so unexpected and unthought of, caused naturally the greatest surprise to M. Sebouraud and those to whom he mentioned it, and in fact it is still received with incredulity in certain quarters, but M. Sebouraud is confident of his conclusions, and only appeals to time and further experiment to prove his statements.

He describes this particular microbe as a minute colourless body, pointed at both ends, and increasing in numbers by constant division into two, and since the divisions do not always immediately break off long chains frequently form, each link in the chain being a distinct microbe. It congregates, in colonies of enormous numbers, in the upper part of the hair follicle below the epidermis, and just where the sweat-gland joins the follicle. At this point there is somewhat of an enlargement, and in this little cavity it finds a convenient habitat. But further, each colony is wrapped up into a kind of cocoon by fatty matter from the sebaceous gland; the cocoons vary in size, and are easy to obtain by squeezing the skin at the mouth of a gland. For

instance, the coil of fatty matter which is ejected when a "blackhead" is forced out of the skin by pressure is simply an enormous cocoon holding within it myriads of this bacterium; indeed, it is simply appalling to think of the bacteriological flora for which our skins are the happy hunting-ground. Sometimes the cocoons have an opening—a kind of road—to their interior, at other times they are completely closed, but always do they contain a vast collection of this particular microbe. Acne is, according to M. Sebouraud, a disease induced by these same cocoons becoming very large and degenerating. This microbe of baldness has been isolated and grown as a culture on a suitable medium, when it appears as a colourless form changing later into one of brick-red hue.

The question which now remains to be answered is why the presence of this microbe should bring about such disastrous results, and in what manner it causes the falling off of the hair, seeing that it does not dwell at the root of the hair, but at some distance in the follicle above it. A hair cut off or destroyed above the root is at once replaced by growth from below, just as a plant pushes up new stems to take the place of any that may be lost, so it follows that it can only be by acting on the root that absolute and permanent baldness can be produced. It is now shown that its method of attack is as follows: The development and growth of the microbe causes certain changes in its environment—the breaking-up, for instance, of substances around from which it obtains necessary food and energy—and the cycle of results thus brought about gives the production of a substance poisonous to the root of a hair. This toxin passes down to the root and acts as a slow poison, not killing all at once, but inducing certain characteristic symptoms; the hair becomes lighter in colour until its pigment has practically disappeared, its diameter gradually lessens, it becomes brittle and dried-up, and eventually dies and falls out. The root, though weakened by the poison, sends up another hair to replace the fallen one, but the new outgrowth begins life feebler and poorer than its predecessor, so it too, only with greater speed, becomes a victim. So it goes on; each successive outgrowth starts more weakly its fight against the insinuating poison and more quickly succumbs, until a point is reached when the root can no longer make a fresh effort, for it has also fallen completely under the noxious influence and is killed. This course of events occurring, as it does, simultaneously in hundreds of adjacent hair follicles, naturally results in complete baldness.

The development of these microbes also causes other noticeable changes nearer the surface. The sebaceous glands enlarge, even becoming, it may be, ten times their natural size, and the flow of fatty matter increases proportionately. This phase of baldness—the phase when the skin is oily owing to the constant and excessive fatty

exudation—is well known to all who have been unfortunate enough to go through the process of becoming bald. The hard and polished surface of the head of a thoroughly bald old man shows this increase in the size of the fatty glands in a wonderful manner, for beneath the shining transparent epidermis the glands lie like hundreds of small yellowish red grains, having become large enough to be visible to the naked eye.

The manner of the spread of baldness becomes curious and interesting in the new light that is shed upon it. Just as a stone thrown into a pond gives rise to an ever-widening series of rippling circles as the influence of its impact extends through the water, a series which is ultimately only checked when the limits of the pond are reached, so the infection of the microbe extends in ever-enlarging rings, beginning at the vertex and slowly increasing the area of infection until the whole of the head has become involved, and only a fringe of hair remains of the once luxurious growth. Why it should first attack the vertex is not quite clear, for baldness caused by an acute attack of disease may be localised in any spot, but the fact remains that in all cases of gradual chronic baldness it invariably begins at the vertex (usually slightly, also, over the temples), though the vertex is the chief centre of infection. In the early days of an attack microscopic examination shows that the small patch affected has the microbes spread pretty equally all over it; but gradually they accumulate chiefly at the outer margin of the patch, and thus always pushing outwards they extend the area indefinitely in circular fashion. In any attempt at the alleviation of baldness, then, it would appear that it might be advantageous to make at once a clearing round the infected spot, as is done round the scene of a prairie fire, and thus, by shaving off a wide margin of the hair where the microbes are shown to be located, hope to arrest the further enlargement of its area. Whether or no the attacking microbe ring would find it possible to pass over the clearing is a matter of further experiment; probably, however, it would be greatly arrested.

For some time after M. Sebouraud was fully confirmed in his own mind that he had discovered and isolated the cause of baldness, he yet found himself unable to actually prove the fact. It was true that he could demonstrate that this particular microbe was present in every case of baldness, but that was no proof—as every logician knows, the invariable concomitant by no means implies a causal relation; the microbe, as well as the baldness, might be the effect of some remoter cause. To constitute proof he must reverse his work, and, beginning with the microbe, produce, at will, baldness by introducing it into a head of hair. Now this seems simple enough in theory, but in practice it is not so easy. A human subject will not readily lend himself to the experiment, and can hardly be blamed for excusing

himself, and with animals, the usual subjects of investigation, an unexpected difficulty presents itself. The examination of the hairy skin of an animal, such as, for instance, a rabbit or a guinea-pig, shows that the bacteria indigenous to it are altogether different in species to those indigenous to the skin of a human being, and that those which thrive on the one will not, however carefully transplanted, thrive on the other. Hence it was not possible to carry the microbe suspected as the cause of baldness from a man to an animal and produce the characteristic bald patches therefrom. Quite lately, however, since the first publication of his researches, he has been able to practically prove his point, though the above difficulty necessarily remains insurmountable. He isolated the microbes, and cultivated them in a suitable nutritive liquid; after they had well developed he filtered the liquid through porcelain, and believing that, if his theories were true, the filtered liquid would contain the substance they produced poisonous to hair, he took a rabbit and inoculated it deeply under the skin with the fluid. As he hoped and anticipated, the rabbit speedily began to lose its fur, and in between five and six weeks it was completely denuded—in fact, it had become entirely bald. The same experiment has also been performed on a sheep and a guinea-pig, in each case entirely successfully, the patches of baldness promptly appearing. The experiment is further interesting as showing something beyond the mere causal relation between this microbe and loss of hair, for it demonstrates clearly that the poison is so acute and individual that, even when inoculated into the general system of an animal, it flies at once to the hairs, and acts solely upon them.

But, though the secret of baldness has been thus laid bare, and its cause actually brought out, isolated, and examined in the searching light of day, yet M. Sebouraud does not hold out golden hopes of its prevention and cure in the future. And thus the discovery will bring scant comfort to those who are painfully conscious of the rapid approach of their enemy. It is difficult, indeed, to find much joy in the accurate scientific knowledge of the cause of an evil afflicting us when that knowledge brings no alleviation to our distress. Even for the prevention of a threatened attack M. Sebouraud can suggest nothing better than the old pharmaceutical remedies already employed by the medical profession, and later on, when the trouble has become permanent, he is still more of a Job's comforter, for then he holds out not the slightest hope of improvement. And for this reason. During the time of the gradual suppression of the hair the skin round the follicles becomes hardened; the adjacent follicles extend and meet, and the margins of their orifices fuse into a sort of vestibule or funnel. This has the effect of adding to their height—or, rather, since it is the surface which is raised, of making them seem more deeply sunk in the skin. The microbial cocoons, still resting in their old quarters

—the dilatation at the junction of the sebaceous gland and the follicle—necessarily appear to be also more deeply embedded. By degrees the upper surface becomes so greatly encrusted and hardened that it is not possible for any external treatment to force a way through and reach the microbe colonies. Hence, he believes, all idea of further medical treatment must be at an end. Even a scraping of the surface, which, in the stage of incipient baldness, always reveals abundant evidence of their presence, now brings to light nothing. Indeed, when once the skin has begun to harden, increasing harshness in the scraping is needed to obtain them, even though they may be present in myriads.

Therefore, if the mischief-making microbes are so far beyond reach that submission to their evil influence is the only course to take, the man with the maturely bald head may well feel little interest in the new revelation ; but for those in the early stage of the malady, before it has become ingrained, hope must surely spring up in their hearts. The recognition of a cause is certainly a step on the way to the knowledge of the prevention of that cause, and the discovery of the cause of one of the minor worries of life, as baldness undoubtedly is, must be a help to its cure. And if it has been possible for M. Sebouraud to learn so unexpectedly the reason of baldness, may not a new investigation reveal an anti-toxin—an ideal hair restorer for the million? Anyway, we still may hope.

G. CLARKE NUTTALL.

## AHIKAR THE WISE.

AN ANCIENT HEBREW FOLK STORY.

**F**EW branches of research are so intrinsically fascinating as those which deal with the long-forgotten past of our globe, or the toiling and moiling, the living and working of its earliest inhabitants. To raise even a corner of the heavy curtain which shuts out prehistoric times from our gaze, to light it up even for a brief moment with electric-like flash, to breathe life and soul into the dried bones and mouldy dust of dead peoples and races, is an achievement which is accompanied by a pleasure almost as keen as that of the creative act itself. This is especially true of those studies which deal with the ups and downs of mankind, with the story of man's living and loving when the human race was young. It is interesting to unearth from the chaotic ruins of old-world cities and the wrecks of once mighty empires evidences of those modes of thought and feeling, tokens of those tender touches of nature, which make the whole world kin. Hence the pleasure we feel in conning the pages of the Egyptian "Romance of the Two Brothers," composed 3400 years ago, in glancing through the recipes for cosmetics in vogue among Court ladies when Rameses the Great was king, or in reading the original Sanskrit form of one of our nursery tales. Individual psychological experience is a brief epitome of all the essential factors of universal history, as the latter is but a vast expansion of the former. The products of human activity, Protean in form, are one in essence; cloud-like, they are ever the same and always different. It is the consciousness of these truths, the recognition of our own soul's reflection in the thinking, striving, and achieving of all men of all times and places, that invests their story with such thrilling interest.

One of the youngest of the many modern branches of historic research deals with what may be aptly termed the story of stories,

tracing the origin and wanderings of the earliest forms of popular fiction, and the varying shapes they assumed at different times and in different countries, until, supplanted by the modern novel, they were banished to the nursery. To discover the actual versions in which the artless tales which delighted our childhood were familiar to Slavs and Germans in the Middle Ages, were narrated to the contemporaries of Plato and Aristotle, and were implicitly credited by the subjects of King Chandragupta, is like meeting a familiar and friendly face in a far-off foreign land.

Of all the numerous specimens of primitive folklore unearthed by modern scholars, the story of the Wise Ahikar had probably the most chequered fate. It may aptly be termed the Wandering Jew among international folk tales. It is found with its quaint, old-world, Oriental physiognomy among the narratives of the Slavs, Roumanians, and Georgians; it worked its way into the "Arabian Nights"; long before this the marvellous feats accomplished by Ahikar the Jew had been attributed to Æsop the Greek; traces of the romance are found in ancient Sanskrit literature, and the Hebrews of the second century B.C. read it as a history, such as they considered the books of Esther and Tobit. Indeed, seeing that it is taken so seriously in the latter book, the wonder is that it escaped being incorporated in the Canon. Some scholars, acquainted with recent and imperfect versions, fancied that it was originally a Greek tale; others held that it was composed by a Christian monk in Syriac; others, again, conjectured that it was composed in the second century B.C. by a Jew who wrote in Aramaic. My own view, based mainly, but not exclusively, on philological grounds, is that it was a Jewish tale, composed in Hebrew in the third century B.C., and shortly afterwards done into Aramaic. It exists in most ancient languages of the world, but the typical versions are in Syriac, Greek, Arabic, and Slavonic. None of the Oriental texts has as yet been published, except one of the Arabic manuscripts, which is relatively recent and obviously corrupt. In the following pages I present the first translation of the ancient Syriac version, which may shortly be followed by the publication of the text itself. It may prove useful to give in the first place a brief sketch of the story which, over and above the action of the chief characters, contains a splendid *Vade Mecum* of Jewish practical wisdom in the generation preceding that of Tobit—a sort of "hand oracle of world wisdom," a compendium of rules of conduct such as was published in Spain by the Jesuit Balthazar Gracian nearly three hundred years ago.

Sanherib, king of Assyria, had an uncommonly clever minister in the person of Ahikar\* the Wise, who was intellectually a giant among

\* Such is the Vizier's name in the most ancient Syriac version extant and in the book of Tobit. Arabic versions call him Hikar or Haikar; the Slavonic translation Akyrios.



pigmies. Healthy, wealthy and wise, there was nothing left for him to desire except a son and heir. But a son was denied him by Heaven. This calamity—to a Hebrew it was nothing less—had been foretold him from his youth. Since then he had left nothing undone to belie the prophecy. Thus, he had married sixty wives and had offered up fervent prayers to the deity, but the curse of childlessness still clung to him. In answer to one of his orisons, he heard a voice telling him to adopt his nephew Nadan, and seeing no better way out of the difficulty, he followed the advice. When the child became a youth, Ahikar taught him as well as he knew how, and a series of maxims in vogue in those days embodying his views of *savoir faire* give us a fair idea of the training of Oriental courtiers.

Having completed the education of his nephew, Ahikar handed over to him his vast possessions and apparently some of his imperial offices. But the hopes he had rested on Nadan were blasted in the bud. This youth belonged to the class of men whose character Schopenhauer has labelled "malignant." He neither felt nor feigned gratitude to his benefactor, whose substance he began to squander, and he took a positive delight in wantonly inflicting pain on others. Thus, he beat his uncle's slaves most mercilessly, and, to crown all, he sought to ruin Ahikar himself. The wise minister, despairing of his nephew, complained of his conduct to the king, who, sympathising with his trusty counsellor, empowered him to dispossess Nadan of the estates and to adopt his younger brother. These measures drew upon the old man the concentrated hate of his vindictive nephew, who at once devised a plan for his benefactor's ruin.

Nadan forged two letters from Ahikar to the kings of Egypt and Persia, inviting them to meet him in the Eagles' Valley, where he would betray his master's kingdom into their hands. These letters he duly played into Sanherib's hands. Nadan next forged a third letter in his royal master's name, and addressed it to Ahikar, ordering the latter to repair on a certain day to the Eagles' Valley with the troops under his command and to make a feint of attacking the king. The reason alleged for this strange order was to show certain Egyptian ambassadors, who were come to spy the Assyrian army, that it was composed of very formidable troops. On the day fixed, Ahikar appeared in the Valley of the Eagles, and drew up his army as if he meditated an attack on the king himself. The latter, having upbraided him with his treason, condemned him to be beheaded without delay, but at Ahikar's earnest request allowed him to be executed within the precincts of the minister's private house, and to have his body interred by his family.

On the arrival of the executioners at Ahikar's dwelling, his wife

Eshpagni, having previously received instructions from her husband, went out to meet the unwelcome guests, entertained them most hospitably, and plied them with liquor till they fell asleep. Then Ahikar, taking aside the chief executioner—a sort of minister of justice, and an old friend of his—protested that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge, a statement which found all the more credence that the chief executioner himself had formerly been in a very similar position, from which he was saved by Ahikar, who disobeyed the express orders of the king, and afterwards received the monarch's thanks for so doing. Ahikar reminded his friend of this act of heroic kindness, and demanded to be treated in like manner. To remove the only difficulty in the way, he suggests that a certain prisoner, who is really worthy of death, shall be beheaded in his stead. To this the chief executioner agrees; thereupon the other prisoner, dressed in Ahikar's robes, is duly put to death by the intoxicated headsmen, who fail to notice the substitution, and the body is forthwith buried. Ahikar, meanwhile, is immured in a hole dug within his own house, where he supports life on bread and water.

The news of the wise minister's death, quickly bruited abroad, emboldens foreign nations to carry out their secret plans against Assyria, from the execution of which a wholesome fear of Ahikar had hitherto held them back. Thus King Pharaoh of Egypt sends an embassy to Sanherib with a letter which is a virtual declaration of war. In this missive the Egyptian monarch calls upon his royal cousin to choose a wise man capable of solving any riddles, conundrums, and other problems which may be put to him, and among other things able to build him a palace in mid-air; in case of success, Pharaoh undertakes to pay the equivalent of three years' revenue of Egypt to Sanherib, and should any of the problems be left unsolved, demands that Sanherib deliver over to him the income of Assyria for three years.

The monarch at once summons his wise men and reads them the letter. But none of them offers to go to Egypt, while all agree that the only person capable of successfully undertaking the task would have been Ahikar. They add, however, that his nephew, whom he had carefully trained to succeed him, is now the fittest person to take Ahikar's place. But Nadan backs out, and declares that the gods themselves could not accomplish the task imposed. Thereupon the king repents him of having slain his trusty servant, for whose return to life, were it possible, he would begrudge no honours or money. Having heard this, the chief executioner falls upon his knees, confesses his disobedience to the king, and craves pardon. The monarch, delighted beyond measure, requests his servant to repeat the glad tidings once more, and promises him a princely recompense. But the

crafty official asks only for a free pardon, and receives it then and there. Ahikar, in a piteous plight, is brought before the king, who, touched at the sight of the wreck of his venerable old counsellor, orders him to go home and recruit for forty days.

The minister, on his recovery, is informed of the contents of Pharaoh's letter, and delights his royal master by undertaking to set out for Egypt and bring back the three years' revenues of that empire. In due time he starts for Egypt with a large military escort, conceals his name from Pharaoh, and addresses himself to the task of answering riddles. His replies are so clever that the Egyptian monarch, conscious that he is dealing with some uncommonly wise man, calls upon him to reveal his true name, which he does. Then he is asked to build a palace in mid-air, and to perform other equally impossible feats, and the ingenious manner in which he eludes rather than accomplishes each task commands and obtains the approval of the king, who entertains him at a banquet, gives him the three years' revenues of Egypt, and sends him home in triumph.

On his return Ahikar was received with open arms by his gratified sovereign, who offered him anything he might wish to ask for. The grateful dignitary, however, requested the king to give the presents destined for him to his saviour, the chief executioner, and added that all he wished was to have his ungrateful nephew handed over to him. This request being granted, Nadan's trials began. He was fettered, flogged, chained up in a very unpleasant part of the house, and fed on bread and water. There he received abundant spiritual nourishment of a very irritating nature, Ahikar positively torturing him with proverbs and similes of the most galling character. But Nadan, who vainly besought his uncle to pardon him, did not live very long. His body swelled, he died suddenly, and poetic justice was thus promptly done.

The circumstance that the story is not merely alluded to in the Book of Tobit, but is mentioned there as something well known, is one of the reasons which lead me to regard it as one of the numerous Hebrew writings which, having no direct bearing upon religion, were passed over when the Canon was formed, and nearly all of which were thus lost for ever. The style too, is that of the Old Testament, and the sayings have often much in common and are sometimes identical with those of the book of Proverbs, Koheleth, Sirach, or of the Jewish Talmud. Even in the translations into other Semitic languages some of the grammatical forms are explicable only on the supposition that the original text was written in Hebrew. The passages of the Book of Tobit in which it is question of the Wise Ahikar are the following:

Chap. i. v. 21, 22 [where Tobit speaks in the first person]. 21.

And he [*i.e.*, King Asarhaddon, Sennacherib's son] set Ahikar the son of Anael, my brother's son, over all the treasury of his kingdom. And he had supreme jurisdiction over the entire administration. 22. Then Ahikar interceded for me, and I came to Ninive, for Ahikar was the head cupbearer, and was over the signet ring, and was chief governor and treasurer under Sennacherib, the king of the Assyrians. And Saherdon appointed him to be the second. Now he was my nephew and of my kin.\*

The second passage occurs in chap. ii. v. 10 [after Tobit had lost his eyesight]. 10.† “. . . and all my brethren were grieved for me and Ahikar nourished me for two years, until he‡ set out for Elymais” [better: “until he went to a hiding place”].

The third mention of Ahikar is found in chap. xi. v. 17. [On the return of young Tobias and his wife Sarah to Ninive the Jews rejoiced.] 17. “And his nephew § Ahikar, and Nasbas, came to Tobit rejoicing.”

This is the only allusion to Ahikar which Jerome left standing in the Vulgate.

The last and most important passage of all forms part of the dying Tobit's discourse to his son Tobias, and occurs in chap. xiv. v. 10, 11. V. 10. “Behold, child, all that Nadab did to Ahikar, who had brought him up. Was he not buried alive in the earth? But God made good his dishonour in His sight, and Ahikar returned to the light, but Nadab entered into darkness everlasting. Ahikar, whom he sought to slay, escaped by giving alms from the death-snare which Nadab had laid for him. But Nadab fell into the snare of death and destroyed himself. V. 11. And now, children, behold what alms accomplish and what injustice doeth—it killeth.” ||

In the Greek version of the story, which is to be found in the second part of Maximus Planudes' “Life of Æsop,” the rôle played by Ahikar is ascribed to the wise Greek who, during his stay in Babylon and Egypt, seems to have lost his own personality and assumed that of an Eastern magician. This circumstance, even if taken by itself, is an argument against the Greek origin of the tale.

\* “Codex Sinaiticus.”

† This is not the beginning of the verse.

‡ *πρὸ τοῦ αὐτὸν βαδίσαι εἰς τὴν Ἐλυμαῖδα.* The word *Ἐλυμαῖδα* is probably the outcome of a misunderstanding. The original Hebrew word meant “hiding place,” and was a form of the root *'alam*. If Ahikar had gone to Elymais this was no reason why his hospitality should be withdrawn from Tobit. But if he had to conceal himself in a hiding place, of course the explanation is sufficient. The ordinary Septuagint text has erroneously, instead of the passage given according to the “Codex Sinaiticus,” the following: “Now Ahikharos nourished me until I went to Elymais.”

§ So the authorised Greek text and the ancient Latin and Syriac versions. “Codex Sinaiticus” has: “and his nephews Ahikar and Nabad.” Nasbas (for which the Itala offers “Nabal,” the Syriac “Laban,” and Jerome “Nabath”) is not, of course, Nadan, but the younger and better of Ahikar's nephews, whom he adopted after he had dispossessed Nadan. It is probably a corruption of Nabuzaradan. The Syriac version rightly renders the word *ἐξδεδεμένος* by “the son of his sister.”

|| “Codex Sinaiticus.”

Moreover, the statement which we find there, as well as in Josephus,\* that it was a custom among the kings to propose conundrums and riddles, and to pay large sums of money or even whole provinces in case the answers were correctly guessed, cannot be taken seriously. In all probability this was no more than a justification invented *après coup* to explain the act of the Egyptian monarch and the laurels won by Ahikar, and similar adventures of the *dramatis personæ* of older stories. It is clear from the contents that, in this case, at all events, the demand alleged to have been made by the Pharaoh was but a disguised attempt to assert his suzerainty over his Assyrian rival, whose force lay in the wise counsels of the minister who was believed to have been executed.†

Æsop resided at the court of Lykeros, king of Babylon, to whose revenue he added large sums which he won by solving the riddles proposed by foreign monarchs. He then adopted his kinsman Ennos, whose conduct is in most respects identical with that of Ahikar's nephew Nadan. Æsop is condemned to die, but is saved by the executioner Hermippos, who, however, has no such strong motive for this act of dangerous disobedience as Ahikar's friend possessed. Then comes the letter of the Egyptian monarch containing the proposal that an architect should be sent to his country to build him a palace in mid-air, and to solve a number of riddles, the recompense of success to be three years' tribute. Lykeros, finding none of his courtiers equal to the task, deploras the death of Æsop, whereupon Hermippos confesses that the Greek is still living, and so the story runs on, following in the main the lines of the Syriac version.

The tale, as it appears in Greek garb, is obviously Oriental, and it is difficult to compare the Syriac and the Greek versions without feeling that it originally was composed by a Semitic author writing for his own countrymen. If, as I believe, it was first written in Hebrew, it is highly probable that it was speedily translated into Syriac and Greek, and was adopted by the editor of the Æsop romance. The Book of Tobit speaks of Ahikar and his nephew as if their adventures were widely known to the Jews of their day. A very ancient Arabic poet [in the *Hamasa*] mentions Haikar, who was put in fetters at the head of his troops. The Talmud, too, contains reminiscences of it. Thus, it is related in the latter work that Rabbi Josua ben Chanania, who lived in the reign of Hadrian and had an intellectual contest with representatives of Greek culture, was asked by them to build a house in mid-air. He at once pronounced the sacred name, ascended in the air, and then called out, as in the story

\* "Antiqq.," viii. 2, 5. Solomon and Hiram are the kings mentioned by Josephus. Abdeomonos is the name of Hiram's riddle-solver. Cf. Josephus, *contra Apionem* i. 17.

† Meissner. Cf. "Zeitschr. deutschen Morg. Gesell.," Bd. xlviii. p. 182 foll. *Quellenuntersuchungen zur Haikargeschichte*. Of course, nobody would dream of seeking in the story of Haikar even a kernel of truth.

of Ahikar, "Bring me bricks and mortar."\* Stories of the making of sand-ropes, the sewing of the broken mill-stone, and the promissory note are also found there in a somewhat modified form.†

The oldest extant form of the Ahikar romance is found in the unpublished Syriac manuscripts to which Professor Bickell, of Vienna, drew attention some eight years ago, and the true significance of which he was the first to discern. The following translation is based upon these, and a comparison between them and the Arabic and Neo-Syriac versions.‡ The oldest text of all is found in the British Museum. [Addititius 7200 fol. 114.] Unfortunately the manuscript is but a fragment. The next best is that of the University of Cambridge.§ Other Codices, Arabic and Neo-Syriac, have also been consulted, but the numerous philological notes containing the various readings could not find a place here.

THE STORY OF THE WISE AHIKAR. ||

CHAPTER I.

AHIKAR ADOPTS HIS NEPHEW.

IN the days of Sanherib, king of Assyria, I, Ahikar, was the king's scribe. And while I was yet young it was announced unto me: "A son thou shalt not receive." And I possessed great riches. I took unto myself sixty wives, and built me sixty castles, but from none of those (my wives) did I receive a son. Then I raised a great altar of incense, and, making a vow, said: "O Lord God! bestow a son upon me, that when I come to die he may scatter dust upon my eyes." Thereupon I heard this voice: "O Ahikar! be not worried overmuch. A son thou shalt not receive. But see, adopt Nadan, thy sister's son; him thou canst instruct in everything during the course of his training." And having heard this, I adopted my nephew Nadan, and he became a son unto me.

And as he was yet young I gave him over to eight nurses. And I fed my son with honey and let him lie upon lambs' wool, and clothed him in fine linen and purple. And my son waxed greater and grew up like a cedar.

And when my son grew up, I instructed him in letters and in wisdom. And the king, on his return from whence he had gone, bade me to his presence, and spake to me: "O Ahikar, my wise scribe and adviser, when thou art grown old and diest, who, after thee, will serve like unto thee?" Thereupon I answered and said unto him: "Mayest thou live for ever, my

\* Cf. Meissner, *ibidem*, p. 194.

† Meissner, however, holds that these stories were taken from the Æsop romance, modified and inserted in the Talmud.

‡ The only Syriac codex not consulted is that of the University of Berlin.

§ "Codex Cantabrigiensis Syriacus," N. 32.

|| This is the ancient form of the name. In the Arabic and the Neo-Syriac texts it is Hikar or Haikar.

Lord King. I have a son who is wise even as I am wise, and in science he is skilled and learned like unto me." And the king said to me: "Bring him here that I may see him; if indeed he can stand before me, then will I let thee withdraw in peace, and thou shalt spend thy old age in honour until thou hast accomplished the fulness of thy days." On this I fetched my son Nadan and brought him into the king's presence. And as soon as the king, my master, had cast eyes upon him, he cried: "Blessed be this day in the sight of God! According to Ahikar's services to my father Sahardom\* and to me, even so hath he received his recompense, and he will depart from life having first set his son in my gate."

Thereupon I, Ahikar, fell at the king's feet and spake: "Mayest thou live for ever, my Lord King; for that I served thy father and thee until now, have thou, my Lord, patience with the youth of this my son, that so thy favour towards me may be found double." Having heard which the king stretched forth his hand to me, and I, Ahikar, cast myself down before him.

And I ceased not from teaching my son until I had satiated him with learning, as with bread and water. Thus I spake to him.

## CHAPTER II.

### AHIKAR'S SAYINGS.

HEARKEN, my son Nadan, to my doctrine, and come to my teaching and be mindful of my words as of the words of gods.

My son Nadan, when thou hast heard a word, let it die in thy heart; reveal it to no man, lest it become a glowing coal in thy mouth and burn thee, and a stain cleave to thy soul and thou be hated of men, and thou murmur against God.

My son, utter not all that thou hearest, neither make known everything that thou seest.

My son, a sealed packet open not and an open packet seal not.

My son, make thy tongue sweet and the opening of thy mouth agreeable, for the tail of the dog wins him bread, but his mouth gets him stripes.

My son, a man's eye is a well, and it will never be satiated with riches until it is filled with dust.†

My son, lift not up thine eyes to look upon an elegant and painted woman; lust not after her in thy heart, for though thou shouldst give her all that thou hast in hand, yet couldst thou gain no advantage from her, and wouldst be guilty of a transgression against God over and above.

My son, abide not in the house of those that quarrel, for a word engenders wrangling, wrangling begets strife, strife causes suffering, and suffering provokes murder.

\* Of this strange historical error no trace is found in the oldest Syriac manuscript.

† Heretofore this was regarded as one of the wise sayings of Mohammed. As a matter of fact it was current in the East at least eight hundred years before he was born. In like manner, many of the sayings of Jesus were taken from the common store of Oriental proverbs with which everyday conversation was plentifully embroidered.

My son, be not hasty like the almond-tree, which blossometh soonest, but whose fruit is eaten latest; but be staid and wise-hearted like the mulberry-tree, which blossometh latest and whose fruit is eaten soonest.

My son [sink thy head and look from beneath thine eyes, make thy voice soft and be good-mannered, and be not so foolish as to raise thy voice in arrogance; for] \* if a house could be built by means of a loud voice, the ass would build two houses every day. And if the plough could be worked by dint of sheer force, the ploughshare would not be worn away under the shoulder cavities of the camel.

My son, it is better to roll stones with a wise man than to quaff wine with a fool.

My son, with a wise man act not foolishly, and with a fool play not the wise man.

My son, pour out thy wine on the graves of the upright, and drink it not with evildoers. †

My son, frequent the company of a wise man, in order that thou mayest be wise even as he is; frequent not the company of a foolish man, lest thou be taken for his like.

My son, as long as thou hast shoes on thy feet, tread down the thorns and make a road for thy sons and thy grandsons.

My son, if a rich man eat a serpent, people say that he partook of it as a medicine, but if he be poor who eateth it, they say that he devoured it from hunger.

My son, eat thy portion and stretch not forth thy hand for that of thy neighbour.

My son, with a shameless man do not eat even bread.

My son, when thou seest that thine enemy is fallen, mock him not, lest he arise again and pay thee back.

My son, envy not the happiness of thine enemy and make not merry at his misfortune.

My son, draw not near a tattling and impudent woman, or one who raises her voice aloud. My son, do not run after the beauty of a woman, neither lust after her in thy heart. For the beauty of a woman is her fine feeling, and her ornament is the word of her mouth.

My son, when thy enemy meets thee with evil intent, do thou meet him with good.

My son, when thou seest a man who is older than thou, stand up in his presence. ‡

My son, commit not adultery with thy neighbour's wife, lest others should do likewise with thine.

My son, the evil doer falleth and riseth no more, but the upright is not shattered, because God is with him.

\* Wanting in the oldest Syriac manuscript.

† Cf. Tobit, iv. 17. As the Book of Tobit presupposes the Romance of Ahikar, the saying must have been taken from the latter book or from a source common to both.

‡ Here, unfortunately, ends the old Syriac text of the manuscript of the British Museum (Addititius 7200, fol. 114) which undoubtedly contained the most ancient form of the Syriac version of the story. In the following pages I translate from the Cambridge manuscript, except where some other codex offers a better reading, in which case the source I draw from will be found mentioned in the notes.



My son, withhold not stripes from thy son ; for stripes are to the boy what dung is to the garden and the bridle and stirrup to the ass.

My son, tame thy son while he is still young, lest he get the upper hand of thee and rebel against thee, and all his misdeeds put thee to shame.

My son, get thee an ox that is brawny and an ass that is stronghoofed ; but buy not a runaway slave nor a thievish maidservant, lest they carry off all that which thou hast amassed.

My son, the words of liars are as fat sparrows, and he that lacketh understanding eateth them.

My son, bring not down upon thee the curses of thy father and thy mother, lest perchance thou shouldst have to bewail the misfortunes of thy children.

My son, venture not without weapons on the road, for thou knowest not when thine enemy will encounter thee.

My son, as the tree is stately with its boughs and its fruit and a hill that is forest clad, even so is a man stately with his wife and his children ;\* but the man who has no brethren, nor wife, nor children is scorned and made light of in the sight of his enemies, and is like unto a tree by the roadside from which every passer-by plucks, and whose leafage every beast of the field tears away.

My son, say not, " My master is foolish and I am wise " ; but take him with all his failings ; so shalt thou win affection.

My son, deem not that thou art wise if others account thee unwise. Lie not in thy speech to thy master lest thou be spurned, and he say to thee, " Begone from before my eyes ! "

My son, let thy words be true, that thy master may say to thee : " Draw near to me, " and that thou mayest live.

My son, in the day of thy misfortune upbraid not God, lest when He hear thee He wax wroth with thee.

My son, treat not one of thy slaves better than the other, for thou wottest not which of them thou shalt stand in need of in the end.

My son, a dog that forsakes his master and follows thee, him smite with stones.

My son, a flock whose paths are many will fall a prey to the wolves.

My son, judge with righteous judgment in thy youth that thou mayest be had in honour in thine old age.

My son, whosoever judges unrighteously kindles the wrath of God.

My son, suffer not thy neighbour to step upon thy foot, lest perchance he tread upon thy neck.

My son, smite the (wise) man with a word of wisdom which will be in his ear like a fever in summer, for if thou beat a fool with many blows he giveth no heed thereto.

My son, if thou despatch a wise man on thy business, thou needest not give him charge concerning the matter ; but if thou art minded to send a fool, go rather thyself, and send him not.

\* The Talmud says, " He who is not married is no man. " The Roman censors refused in the old days to allow those words to be inserted, inasmuch as they seemed to reflect upon the monks, whose theories were diametrically opposed to this view of man's duty. A compromise was therefore arranged and the passage changed into " The Jew who is not married is no Jew. "

My son, try thy son with bread and water, and then put thy possessions and treasures into his hand.

My son, be thou the first to depart from the feast, and tarry not for the sweet smelling ointments lest they become wounds on thy head.\*

My son, the open-handed man is called wise and honoured, and the close-fisted is called foolish and contemptible.

My son, I have carried salt and rolled lead, but I have found nothing so heavy as a debt which a man must pay even though he have not borrowed (the money).

My son, I have carried iron and rolled stones, but they were not so burdensome to me as a man who lives in the house of his wife's parents.†

My son, teach thy son to hunger and to thirst, that so he may order his house according to his insight.

(My son, teach not the word of wisdom and knowledge to fools, for to them the word of wisdom is as if a man were to rub his body with potter's clay in order to become fat.)

My son, better is a man blind of his eyes than one blind of understanding; for he that is blind of his sight soon learns the way and walks therein, but the blind in heart forsakes the straight road and goes a-wandering.

My son, better is a friend that is near than a brother far off,‡ and better is a good name than great beauty; for a good name abideth for ever, but beauty fadeth and vanisheth.

My son, better is death than life for the man bereft of quiet, and better is the voice of wailing in the ears of the fool than singing or joy.

My son, better is a bone in thy hand than fat in the pot of other people, and better is a sheep that is near than a cow far off, and better is a sparrow in thy hand than a thousand on the wing, and better is poverty that gathereth in than riches that scatter abroad, and better are the woollen garments that thou art wearing than the fine linen and silk attire which others have on.

My son, keep back the word in thine heart, so will it be well with thee; for if thou hast uttered thy word thou hast lost thy friend.§

My son, see that no word issue forth from thy lips before thou hast taken counsel in thy heart; for it is better for a man that he should stumble in his heart than that he should stumble with his tongue.

My son, when thou hearest an evil word bury it seven ells in the earth.

My son, remain far from thy father's friend, lest thy own friend stand aloof from thee.

My son, go not into the garden of the great, neither draw near to the daughters of the lofty ones.

\* "Lest the guests quarrel and thou be struck in the course of the strife."

† The Talmud quotes this as a saying of Jesus Sirach. (*Cf.* Talmud, Baba bathra, fol. 98).

‡ This saying occurs in Prov. xxvii. 10, where, however, metrical considerations warrant us in striking it out. It was taken from the Hebrew of Ahikar or his source and inserted.

§ *I.e.*, If thou reveal his secret. This saying is not found in the Syriac manuscripts, I have taken it from the Arabic codices.

My son, help thy friend before the powerful, that thou mayest save him from the lion.

My son, be not glad in heart when thy enemy dies (but remember that in a day thou shalt be his neighbour in the grave).\*

My son, when the water can endure without earth, and the sparrows can fly without wings, and the raven waxes white like snow, and gall tastes sweet as honey, then will the fool grow wise.

My son, if thou wilt be a priest of God be mindful of Him and walk in cleanness before Him and wander not away from Him.

My son, to whomsoever God hath shown favour him have thou also in honour.

My son, quarrel not with a man in his day (of prosperity) and stem not the river water in the time of its overflowing.

My son, if thou wouldst be wise, withhold thy mouth from lying and thy hand from stealing; then shalt thou be wise.

My son, busy not thyself in bringing about the marriage of a woman, for if it fare ill with her she will curse thee, and if it fall out well she will not remember thee.

My son, whosoever is comely in his garments is likewise comely in his speech, but he who is careless in his garments is also careless in his speech.

My son, if thou discover a find before an idol allow the idol its share.

My son, take as comrade him who having been filled began to hunger, and not him who having been hungry became satiated.

My son, cast not thine eyes upon a beautiful woman, nor gaze upon a beauty that belongs not to thee; for many have come to naught because of the beauty of a woman, and love of her is as a consuming fire.

My son, let the wise man strike thee many blows with a stick, but suffer not that the fool anoint thee with sweet-smelling unguents.†

My son, let not thy foot hasten to thy friend, lest he grow weary of thee and hate thee.‡

My son, when thou makest a friend (first) test him, and then acquire (his friendship). But praise not a man whom thou hast not tried.

My son, part not from thy first friend, lest thy later friend prove inconstant to thee.

My son, put not a gold ring on thy hand if thou possess nothing, lest fools scoff at thee.

My son, there are four things together with which no king can stand: the lack of a counsellor, a bad government, evil intention, and the oppression of his subjects.

My son, there are four who cannot remain hidden: the wise man, the fool, the rich man, and the poor man.

That is the doctrine which Ahikar taught to his sister's son.

\* The latter half of this saying beginning "but remember" is not found in Syriac. I have supplied it from the Arabic.

† This is virtually identical with Psalms cxli. 5.

‡ Verbally taken from Proverbs xxv. 17.

## CHAPTER III.

## NADAN'S INGRATITUDE.

AND I, Ahikar, imagined that Nadan was taking to heart all that I taught him, and that he would stand in my stead in the king's gate. I knew not that my son Nadan was giving no heed to my words, but had cast them to the wind.

And he turned to say of me: "My father Ahikar is growing old and standeth at the portals of the grave, and his wits are deranged and his intellect is become weak." And my son Nadan began to beat my servants, and to slaughter (my cattle), and to dissipate my substance. And he spared not my man servants, nor my maids, who were industrious, beloved, and excellent; and he killed my horses and cut the foot sinews of my good mules in sunder.

And when I was aware that my son Nadan was behaving badly, I said to him: "Nadan, my son, thou shalt not touch my substance. My son, it is said in the Proverbs, 'What the hand hath not earned, the eye spares not.'"

And I made known all these things to my master, Sanherib. And thereupon my master spake to me: "So long as Ahikar liveth, no man shall receive power over his possessions." When after that my son Nadan saw that his brother Nabusaradan abode in my house he waxed very wroth, and spake: "My father Ahikar is become an old man; his wisdom has waned, and his 'wise' sayings are become contemptible. Peradventure he will make over his treasures to my brother Nabusaradan, and will turn me out of his house."

Having heard these words, I, Ahikar, spake: "Alas for thee, my wisdom! for my son Nadan hath found thee insipid, and my wise sayings he hath despised."

And when Nadan my son heard this he was angry, and went to the gate of the king, and devised evil in his heart, and sat him down to write two letters [in my name] to two kings who were enemies of my master Sanherib. One (was) to Akhee, son of Khamselim, the king of Persia and Elam. [And he wrote thus therein:] "From Ahikar, the scribe and seal-bearer of Sanherib, king of Assyria and Ninive, greeting. When this letter reaches thee, rise up and go forth to meet me in Assyria, and I will let thee into Assyria, and thou shalt have dominion over it without doing battle." And he wrote another letter: "To Pharaoh, king of Egypt: From Ahikar, the scribe and seal-bearer of the king of Assyria and Ninive, greeting. When this letter comes to thee, rise up and go forth to meet me in the Plain of Neshrin, which is situated in the south, on the 25th of the month Ab, and I will bring thee to Ninive, and thou shalt prevail therein without battle." And he shaped his letters like unto my writing, and he sealed them in the king's palace, and went his way. And he wrote then another letter, to me, as if from my lord King Sanherib. And he wrote it thus: "From Sanherib the king to my scribe and seal-bearer Ahikar, greeting. When this letter comes to thee, gather together the whole

army by the mountain called Sis, and go forth from thence on the 25th day of the month Ab and meet me in the Plain of Neshrin, which lies southwards. And when thou seest that I am drawing near to thee, array the army against me as if thou wouldst give me battle, for the Ambassadors of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, are come to me to spy what manner of army I possess." And Nadan my son sent me this letter by two of the king's soldiers.

Then Nadan my son lifted up those other two letters written by himself, as if he had found them, and he read them before the king. When my lord the king heard them, he wailed and cried: "O God! wherein have I sinned against Ahikar that he should do this thing against me?" Then my son Nadan said: "My lord, be not wroth nor chafed in mind. Rise up and let us set out for the Plain of Neshrin on the day appointed in the letter. And if it be true, then let all that be done which thou ordainest." And Nadan my son led my lord the king, and they came to me in the Plain of Neshrin, and found me, and with me a vast army which I had gathered together there. When I beheld the king I set the army against him in battle array, as was commanded in the letter. And when the king saw this he was sore afraid. Nadan my son, speaking, said to him: "Fear not, my lord king. Turn back; go in peace to thy apartment, and I will bring Ahikar to thee." Thereupon my lord the king turned and departed to his house.

Then my son Nadan came up to me and said to me: "All that thou hast done thou hast done well; the king hath praised thee exceedingly and hath charged thee: 'Dismiss the troops that they may return each one to his own country and his birthplace, and come thou to me alone.'" On this I went before the king, and when he beheld me he said to me: "Art thou come, Ahikar, my scribe and co-ruler of Assyria and Ninive, thou whom I raised to honours, and who hast turned against me and made common cause with my enemies?" Thereupon he glanced at me [and his look was that of a lion.] And he gave me the letters which were written in my name and were sealed with my signet-ring. And when I had read them my tongue became confused, and my members grew languid, and I sought in vain for even one of my wise sayings. Thereupon Nadan my son spake to me: "Get thee gone from the king's sight, thou silly old man, and deliver up thy hands to chains and thy feet to iron gyves." On this King Sanherib turned his face away from me, and, speaking to Naboo Semakh Meskin Kenath, said to him: "Bestir thyself; go forth and slay Ahikar, and sunder his head a hundred ells from his carcase."\* Then I fell upon my face to the earth, casting myself down before the king, and said: "My Lord King, mayest thou live for ever! Seeing that thou, my lord, art minded to slay me, thy will be done. Yet I know that I have not sinned against thee. But ordain, my Lord King, that they kill me within the gate of my house, and that they yield up my body to be buried." And the king said to Naboo Semakh Meskin Kenath: "Go, slay Ahikar within the gate of his house and deliver up his body to be buried."

On this I, Ahikar, sent word to Eshpagni my wife, that from among

\* The chief executioner in the East was a most important personage—a sort of minister of justice.

the daughters of my tribe she should choose a thousand maidens, who should put on mourning apparel and make mourning and lamentation for me, and come out to meet me, and prepare a mourning feast for me before I die. And make ready a dinner and a banquet of wine for Naboo Semakh Meskin Kenath and the executioner's\* helpers. Meet them, welcome them, and bring them to my house. I, too, shall come into my house as a strange guest."

And my wife Eshpagni, being exceedingly wise, understood all that I had communicated to her, and she did that which I charged her to do, going forth to meet them and bringing them into my house. And they had dinner, and she waited on them herself, until, by reason of drunkenness, they fell asleep in their places. Then I, Ahikar, came in and spake to Naboo Semakh: "Look up to God and remember the love we had to each other, O brother! and suffer not my death. Call to mind that in the days of yore, Sarhadom, Sanherib's father, delivered thee, too, over to me that I should slay thee. Yet I slew thee not, because I knew that thou wert guiltless, and I allowed thee to live until the king longed for thee again. And when I brought thee before him he bestowed precious gifts upon me, and I received many presents from him. Even so do thou let me live now, and requite me that kindness. And lest the news be bruited abroad that I have not been put to death, and lest the king should punish thee, behold I have in my prison-house a slave, named Manzifar, who is worthy of death. Put my garments on the slave and cause the executioners to fall on him and put him to death; but as for me, I shall not die, because I have not transgressed."

When I had spoken thus, Naboo Semakh Meskin Kenath was sore grieved for me. He took my garments and put them on that slave who lay in prison, and to him he sent the executioner's men. They rose up in their drunkenness and slew him, and sundered his head from his corpse, separating them a distance of a hundred ells; and they gave up his body for burial. Then the tidings spread in Assyria and Ninive: "Ahikar, the scribe, has been put to death." And Naboo Semakh Meskin Kenath and my wife Eshpagni prepared for me a hiding-place in the earth, which was three ells wide and five ells high, under the threshold of my house door; and they placed bread and water for me therein.

And they went to King Sanherib to make known to him that "Ahikar, the scribe, is dead." When the men heard this they wept, and the women cut their faces, crying: "Alas for thee, Ahikar, wise scribe, who hast repaired the clefts of our land.† For a man like unto thee we shall not have again for ever." Then King Sanherib sent for my son Nadan, and said unto him: "Go and prepare funeral rites for thy father Ahikar, and then come back to me."

But when my son Nadan came, he ordained no funeral rites for me; neither did he even remember me. But he gathered together good-for-nothing and vile people, and seated them at my table to make merry with

\* The Syriac word means Parthians [Pablevani]=robust men.

† *I.e.*, "the injuries suffered by our country."

singing and great joy. But my beloved men-servants and maids he stripped and scourged without mercy. Nor was he ashamed even in presence of my wife Eshpagni, but sought to accomplish on her the work of a man with a woman. But I, Ahikar, was cast into darkness in the underground vault, and I heard the voices of my bakers, my butchers, and my cup-bearers, who were weeping and wailing in my house. And, after some days, Naboo Semakh Meskin Kenath came and opened it before my face, and comforted me. And he brought me bread and water.

And I said to him: "When thou goest forth from me, remember me before God, and say: 'O just and righteous God, who showest mercy upon earth, hearken to the voice of thy servant Ahikar, and call to mind that he offered up to thee in sacrifice fattened oxen as if they were sucking lambs. But now he has been thrown into a dark vault, where he sees no light. And wilt thou not save him, seeing that he calls aloud to thee? Hearken, my Lord, to the voice of thy servant.'"

And when Pharaoh, king of Egypt, heard that I, Ahikar, had been put to death he rejoiced thereat exceedingly, and wrote this letter to Sanherib: "Pharaoh, king of Egypt, to Sanherib, king of Assyria and Ninive, greeting. I would build a castle between heaven and earth. Seek out therefore and send to me from thy kingdom a cunning builder who can (do this and) answer me whatsoever (riddles) I shall ask him. And if thou sendest me such a man, I will set apart and deliver over to thee the revenues of Egypt for three years. But if thou fail to send me a man who can answer me whatsoever I may ask him, then do thou set apart the revenues of Assyria and Ninive for three years and send them with the ambassadors who are calling on thee. [Otherwise be on thy guard against me, for I will then wage war with thee with a formidable army and numerous troops, and I will fight a great fight with thee.]"

When this letter was read to the king, he convoked all the great and noble men of his realm and spake to them: "Which man will set out for Egypt to make answer to the king concerning that he shall ask, and who will build him the castle on which he has set his heart and bring back hither the three years' tribute of Egypt?"

When the nobles had heard this they answered and said to the king: "Thou knowest, my Lord King, that not alone in thy years, but in like manner in the years of thy father Sarhadom, the scribe Ahikar was wont to declare such riddles. And even now behold yonder his son Nadan, who hath learnt from him his science and wisdom." When Nadan my son heard this he cried aloud before the king and said: "The gods cannot accomplish such things, how much less then a man!" On hearing this the king was very sad, and descended from his throne, sat down upon the ground, and spake thus: "Woe is me for thee, wise Ahikar, that I have cut thee off because of the words of a boy! Oh, if any one but gave thee back to me now, I would bestow upon him thy weight in gold!"

Having heard this, Naboo Semakh Meskin Kenath fell down before the king and said to him: "My Lord King, whoso forsaketh the commands of his master is worthy of death. Now I have forsaken the precept of thy kingship, my lord. Give order that I be crucified; for that Ahikar whom

thou badest me to slay is still alive." When the king had heard this he answered and said: "Speak on! speak on, Naboo Semakh, speak, thou excellent and good man, who knowest not guilt. If indeed it be as thou sayest, and thou showest me Ahikar alive, then will I bestow upon thee gifts; silver weighing an hundred talents and purple weighing fifty talents." Yaboo Semakh said to him: "Swear unto me, my Lord King, that if I have not other sins in thy sight this will not be reckoned unto me." And the king gave him his right hand on it.

And at the same hour the king, seating himself in a carriage, came swiftly to me. And he opened (the door) unto me and I came forth. And I went forward and cast myself down before the king, whilst the hair of my head fell down upon my shoulders, and my beard was rooted to my breast, and my body was begrimed with dust, and my nails were long, like the claws of an eagle. And when the king beheld me he wept and was ashamed to talk to me, and in great sorrow he said to me: "O Ahikar, it is not I who have sinned against thee, but thy son whom thou hast bred hath sinned against thee." Then I made answer and said to him: "My Lord, now that I have looked upon thy countenance I feel as if no evil had befallen me." And the king said to me: "Go to thy house, Ahikar, shave thy hair, and wash thy body, and let thy soul enter into thee forty days alone. And after that come to me."

On this I departed to my house and remained therein about thirty days. And when my soul was strengthened within me I went before the king. And the king spake to me, saying, "Hast thou seen, Ahikar, what Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, has written to me?" and I answered and said to him, "My Lord King, take no thought for this thing. I will go to Egypt and build a castle for the king, and declare to him all things whatsoever he shall put forth to me, and I will bring with me hither the three years' tribute of Egypt."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### AHIKAR'S ADVENTURES IN EGYPT.

AND having heard this, the king rejoiced with great joy, and he held a festival, and offered up many sacrifices, and gave me presents, and seated Naboo Semakh Meskin Kenath above all. And I then wrote a letter to my wife Eshpagni. "When this letter cometh to thee bid my hunters catch two young eagles for me; and charge the linen-weavers to make me strings of linen one thousand ells long, and as thick as a little finger; and charge the carpenters to make me cages for the young eagles. And thou thyself shalt deliver unto Ubael and Tebeshlam two boys who cannot yet speak, and they shall teach them to speak thus: 'Fetch hither clay, mortar, bricks and tiles for the master-labourers who are idle.'" And my wife Eshpagni did everything that I had told her. Then I said to the king: "Command, my lord, and let me set out for Egypt." And when he had ordered me to go, I took a company of troops with me and departed. And when we arrived at the first night quarters, I took out the young eagles and tied the



strings to their feet, and sat those boys to ride upon them, and (the eagles) carried them, and they soared aloft in the upper heights, and the boys shouted as they had been taught: "Fetch hither clay, mortar, and tiles for the master-labourers who are idle." Then I put them back again into their cages. And when we arrived in Egypt, I went to the gate of the king. And his nobles announced to the king, "A man is come whom the king of Assyria has sent hither." And the king charged them that they should give me a lodging place.

And on the next day I came into his presence, and cast myself down before him and inquired after his well-being. And the king answered and said to me: "What is thy name?" And I said, "My name is Abikam, one of the despised ants of the realm." And he made answer and said to me: "Am I then so scorned of thy master that he has sent me a contemptible ant of his kingdom? Thou Abikam, go to thy inn and rise up to-morrow and come to me again." Thereupon the king commanded his nobles, "To-morrow array yourselves in red." And the king himself put on fine linen and seated himself on his throne and commanded that I should appear before him. And he said to me: "Whom am I like unto, O Abikam, and whom do my nobles resemble?" And I made answer and said: "My Lord the King is like unto Bel, and thy nobles unto his priests." Again he spake to me, "Depart to thy inn and come to me again to-morrow."

And the king charged his nobles saying: "To-morrow clothe yourselves in garments of white linen." The king himself likewise arrayed himself in white and sat upon his throne, and gave order that I should come into his presence. And he spake to me: "Whom am I like unto, O Abikam, and whom do my nobles resemble?" And I said to him, "Thou, my Lord King, art like unto the sun and thy nobles unto his rays." Again he spake to me: "Go to thy inn and come to me to-morrow." Once more the king commanded his nobles (saying), "To-morrow attire yourselves in black." And the king put on crimson, and bade me come before him. And he spake to me, "To whom am I like, O Abikam, and to whom my nobles?" And I said to him: "Thou, my Lord King, resemblest the moon, and thy nobles the stars." Again he said to me: "Depart to thy lodging-place, and come to me to-morrow." And the king gave order to his nobles (saying): "To-morrow clothe yourselves in dyed and mottled garments and let the doors of the palace be covered with red curtains." And the king arrayed himself in lambswool,\* and having commanded me to appear in his presence, he asked me: "Whom am I like, O Abikam, and whom do my nobles resemble?" And I said to him: "Thou, my Lord King, art like unto Nisan (spring) and thy grandees resemble its blossoms."

Thereupon the king said to me: "Once thou comparedst me with Bel, and my nobles with his priests. The second time thou likenedst me to the sun and my nobles to his rays. The third time thou comparedst me to the moon and my nobles to the stars. The fourth time thou hast likened me to Nisan (spring) and my nobles to his blossoms. Now tell me, O Abikam, unto whom is thine own master like?" But I made answer and said, "Far be it from thee, my Lord King, that mention be made of my

\* Doubtful. The meaning of the Syriac word would seem to be tapest

master, Sanherib, whilst thou remainest sitting. . . . [But rise up on thy feet, and I will tell thee whom my master resembles. And King Pharaoh arose, and I said to him:] "My master, Sanherib, resembles the God of heaven, and his nobles are like the cloud-born lightnings; for when he listeth he fashioneth therefrom rain and dew and hail; and, when he thunders, he hinders the sun from rising and its rays from being seen. (Thus) he hinders Bel from coming in and going out, and the priests of Bel from appearing; and he prevents the moon from rising and the stars from being seen."

On hearing this the king waxed exceeding angry, and spake to me: "I conjure thee, by the name of thy master, tell me what is thy name?" And I made answer, and said to him: "I am Ahikar, the scribe and seal-bearer of Sanherib, king of Assyria and Ninive." And the king said to me: "Have I not heard that thy master had slain thee?" And I said to him: "I am still alive, my Lord King, and God hath saved me from (the punishment for) that which my hands have not done." And the king said to me: "Go to thy inn, Ahikar, and come to me to-morrow and declare a thing that neither myself nor my nobles have heard before, and which has likewise never yet been heard in my royal city."

On this I sat down and mused in my heart, and wrote a letter thus: "From Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, to Sanherib, the king of Assyria and Ninive, greeting. Kings have need of kings and brothers of brothers, and at present my gifts (revenues) are lessened, and money is lacking in my treasury. Give thou, therefore, order that from thy treasury nine hundred talents of silver be sent to me, and in a short time I will pay them back."\* And I folded up this letter, and held it in my hands.

And the king gave order that I should stand before him, and I said to him: "In this letter there is, perchance, a thing which thou hast not yet heard." When I had read it to him and to his nobles, they cried out and spake as the king had commanded them beforehand: "We all heard that, and it is even so." Thereupon I said to them: "Then Egypt owes Assyria nine hundred talents." And the king, having heard this, was astounded.

Then he said to me: "I am minded to build a castle between heaven and earth, and its height from the earth shall be one thousand ells." [And I said to him: "I hearken and obey. I will build it, but the materials must be supplied by thee." And Pharaoh spake: "So shall it be."] Thereupon I took out the young eagles, tied the strings to their feet, and caused the boys to ride on them. And they cried: "Fetch hither clay, mortar, bricks, and tiles for the master-builders who are idle. O architect, mix them." And, seeing this, the king was dismayed. Thereupon I, Ahikar, seized a stick and smote the king's nobles until they all fled. Then the king waxed wroth with me, and spake to me: "Thou art mad, Ahikar; whoever can carry up anything to them?" And I said to him: "For the sake of my master, Sanherib, say nothing; for, if he were present, he would build two castles

\* This was meant as a promissory note from Pharaoh to Sanherib, and not merely as a request for a loan. The point of the trick, however, seems to have been lost in time, and in some manuscripts it is actually turned against Ahikar and his master, the letter being addressed by Sanherib to Pharaoh.

in one day." And the king said to me: "Let the castle alone now, Ahikar, and go to thy inn, and come to me in the morning."

And when it was morning I came before him, and he spake to me: "Declare unto me, O Ahikar, how this is: one of thy master's stallions neighed in Assyria, and our mares here heard his voice and miscarried." Thereupon I left the king's presence, and commanded my servant to catch me a cat, and to scourge it in the streets of the city. And, seeing this, the Egyptians spake to the king: "Ahikar plays tricks upon our people and derides us; for he has laid hands on a cat, and is scourging it along the streets of the city." Then the king sent for me, and they called me, and I appeared before him, and he said to me: "For what cause dost thou deride us?" And I made answer and said to him: "My Lord King, mayest thou live for ever! This cat has offended me exceedingly; for a cock was presented to me by my master, and its voice was very beautiful. [And it crowed at whatever time I willed.]\* And when it crowed I knew that my master wanted me, and I went thereupon to my master's gate. Now, last night this cat set out for Assyria, bit off that cock's head, and came back." And the king made answer and said to me: "I see, Ahikar, that since thou art grown old thou art become mad; for from here to Assyria it is 360 parasangs; how then canst thou affirm that this cat went thither, bit off the head of thy cock, and returned all in one night?" Whereupon I spake to him: "And how, if it be 360 parasangs from Egypt to Assyria, could thy mares here hear the voice of my master's stallion and miscarry?"

And hearing this the king grew exceedingly angry, and spake to me: "Expound me this likeness, O Ahikar! There is a pillar, on the summit of which are twelve cedars, and on each cedar are thirty wheels; and on each wheel are two strings the one white, the other black." And I made answer and said to him: "My Lord King, the very cowherds of our land know the riddle that thou hast set forth. The pillar of which thou hast spoken to me is the year. The cedars are the twelve months of the year. The thirty wheels are the thirty days of the month. The two strings, the one white and the other black, are day and night."

Again the king spake to me: "Ahikar, twist me five ropes from river sand." And I said to him: "Give order, my lord, that a sand rope be brought me from thy treasury-house to the end that I may make others after its pattern." Then he spake to me: "Unless thou accomplish this, I will not give thee the revenues of Egypt." Thereupon I sat down and devised devices in my head how I should compass it. And I went out from the palace of the king, and bored five holes in the eastern wall of the palace. And when the sun shone into the five holes I filled them up with sand. And then began to be seen the sun's course (woven) shimmering into the holes [and it was exactly like a rope]. Thereupon I said to the king: "My lord, give order that they draw these out and I will twist for you others instead of them." And seeing this, the king and his nobles marvelled.

Again the king commanded that they should fetch me a broken upper millstone, and he said to me: "Sew together for us this broken millstone,

\* This is found only in the Syriac MS. of the British Museum [Or. 2313], which adds: "and at the time I willed, I found myself at my master's gate." It is wanting in the Cambridge Codex.

O Ahikar." On this I went and brought a millstone-string and cast it before the king and said: "My Lord King, inasmuch as I am a stranger here, and have not my worktools with me, do thou charge the shoemakers that they should cut out for me straps from this string, which belongs to the lower millstone, and then I will mend it." And, having heard this, the king laughed and said, "Blessed in the sight of Egypt's god be the day on which Ahikar was born, and because I have beheld thee alive, will I make ready for thee to-day a great banquet."

CHAPTER V.

AHIKAR'S RETURN TO ASSYRIA.

THEN he gave me the revenues of Egypt for three years and I at once returned to my lord King Sanherib. And he came forth to meet me and bade me welcome, and ordained a festival and set me at the top above his house comrades. And he spake to me: "Ahikar, ask of me what thou listest." And I cast myself down before the king and said: "My Lord King, all that thou art minded to give me bestow on Naboo Semakh Meskin Kenath, for he hath given me my life. But command, my Lord King, that unto me my son Nadan be delivered up, to the end that I may instruct him in another doctrine because that first doctrine he hath forgotten." And the king commanded that they should give up to me my son Nadan. And the king said to me: "Go, Ahikar, and do whatsoever thou wilt unto thy son Nadan, and no man shall save him out of thy hands."

Thereupon I brought my son Nadan into my house and bound him with iron chains weighing twenty talents; and I fastened them in the ring. And I put bonds on his neck and I beat him on the shoulders with a thousand stripes, and on his haunches with a thousand and one. And I lodged him in the portico before the door of my house, and supplied him with bread according to measure. And I delivered him over to Nabuel, my man-servant, that he should keep watch and ward over him. And I said to my man-servant: "Write in a book everything whatsoever I shall say to my son Nadan, on my going out and coming in."

*Ahikar's Comparisons.*

And I began and said to my son Nadan: "He who will not hear with his ears is made to hear from behind his neck." My son Nadan made answer and said: "Wherefore art thou so wroth with thy son?" I answered and said to him: "My son, I set thee on the throne of honour, but from my throne thou hast dragged me down; yet my righteousness saved me. Thou art become unto me, my son, like a scorpion stinging a rock, to whom (the rock) said: 'Thou hast stung a listless heart,' whereupon he stung a needle, and they said to him: 'Thou hast stung a sting which is sharper than thine own.'

"My son, thou art become unto me like a she-goat that, standing beside a vinegar tree, ate thereof, and the vinegar-tree spake to her: 'Wherefore

eatest thou me, seeing that people dress thy skin with my root?' The she-goat said to it: 'I eat thee during my life; and when I am dead, they will pluck thee up from the root [and dye my skin with thee.]'

"My son, thou art become unto me like to one who casts a stone against heaven, whereby he reacheth not heaven, but renders himself guilty of a sin in the sight of God.

"Thou art become unto me, my son, like him who seeing his neighbour shivering with cold seized a water-jug and cast it over him.

"But if thou hadst slain me, my son, wouldst thou at least have been able to take my place? Know, then, my son, that even if the pig's tail were seven ells long, still it could not stand in the horse's stead; and even though its hair were soft and curly, it would never come next the body of nobles. My son, I had said that thou shouldst be my heir and shouldst inherit and possess my house and my riches. But this was not pleasing to God, and he hearkened not to thy voice.

"My son, thou art become unto me like a lion that in the morning came upon an ass and said to him: 'I greet thee, my lord Kyrios.' But the ass spake to him: 'May even such a greeting as thou givest me fall to the lot of him who bound me yesternight and did not fasten my chain well enough, so that I behold thy face.'

"My son, a snare was laid on a dunghill, and a sparrow came, espied it, and said to it: 'What art thou doing here?' The snare said: 'I am praying to God.' The sparrow said to it: 'And what is that thou hast in thy mouth?' The snare said: 'Bread for the guests.' Then the sparrow drew near in order to take it. And (the snare) caught it by the neck. The sparrow being in straits, spake: 'If this be the bread for guests, may God to whom thou prayest not hearken to thy voice.'

"My son, thou art become unto me like a bull which was bound together with a lion. And the lion turned and tore it to pieces. And thou art become unto me like the corn-gnawing insect, which lays waste the granaries of kings, and yet is, itself, utterly worthless.

"Thou art become unto me, my son, like a pot for which handles were wrought of gold, while its inside was not cleansed from blackness.

"My son, thou art become unto me as a farmer who sowed a field with twenty measures of barley, and when he gathered in the harvest it yielded him twenty measures, whereupon he said to it: 'What I scattered hast thou gathered up, but be ashamed of thy name, thou miscreant, for in return for a bushel thou hast brought in (but) a bushel. How am I to find a living thus?' Thou remindest me, my son, of a decoy-bird in the morning, which itself escapeth not from death, yet by its voice lures its fellow birds to destruction. Thou remindest me, my son, of a he-goat that leads his fellows to the slaughter-house, yet doth not save his own life.

"Thou remindest me, my son, of a dog that drew near a potter's oven to warm itself; and having finished warming itself, turned round upon the people and barked at them.

"Thou remindest me, my son, of the pig that was going to the bath, when espying a slough, it descended in order to bathe therein, and called its comrades thither, saying: 'Come and bathe yourselves.' My son, my finger is

on thy mouth and thy finger is on my eyes. How can I train thee, thou jackal, whose eyes look upon pears? \*

"My son, a dog who eats of the quarry will fall a prey to the wolves, and a hand that is not industrious will be lopped off from its shoulder, and the eye with which I see not the raven will pick out.

"My son, what favour hast thou shown me, that I should remember thee, and that my soul should take delight in thee? My son, if the gods take to stealing, by whom shall we then adjure them? And if a lion were to steal the earth, how could he sit down and devour it? As for me, my son, I showed thee the countenance of the king, and I brought thee to great honour, but thou hast sought to hurl me into perdition.

"Thou remindest me, my son, of a tree which spake to them that were hewing it, saying: 'If I had not furnished you with the means, in your hands would not have been able to overcome me.' †

"Thou remindest me, my son, of the young of the swallows which fell out of their nest, whereupon a weasel raised them up and spake to them: 'Were it not for me a great misfortune would have befallen you.' They made answer and said: 'Is it for this reason that thou hast taken us in thy mouth?'

"Thou remindest me, my son, of the cat to whom they said: 'Give up thy thieving, and go in and out of the king's house as thy heart desireth.' But she answered and said: 'Even were I to receive eyes of silver and ears of silver, yet would I not give up my stealing.' Thou remindest me, my son, of a snake which riding upon a bramble-bush was hurled into a river. Seeing it, a wolf said: 'There rides one miscreant upon another, and a thing that is worse than both drives them away.' To him spake the serpent: 'If thou hadst come hither, thou wouldst have had to render an account of the goats and kids (which thou hast devoured).'

"I, my son, have seen a she-goat which they brought into the slaughter-house; and because her purchaser failed to come she returned to her place, and beheld children and children's children. My son, I have seen foals that slew their mother.

"I, my son, have set before thee everything good to eat, but thou, my son, hast given me bread with dust to eat, with which I was not sated. I, my son, anointed thee with sweet-smelling unguents, but thou hast disfigured my body with dust. I, my son, have made thy stature high like unto a cedar, but thou hast bent me down in my life and hast soaked me with thy villainies. My son, I have exalted thee as a tower, thinking: 'When my enemy comes forth against me I shall ascend and inhabit it'; but thou, on seeing my enemy, hast bent low before him.

"Thou remindest me, my son, of a mole that ascended from the interior of the earth, to the end that he might receive the sun, because he had no eyes. Then an eagle spied him, pounced upon him, and carried him off."

My son Nadan made answer and said to me: "Far be such conduct from thee, my father Ahikar. Deal with me according to thy mercy; for even

\* *I.e.*, whose thoughts are of sensual pleasures only.

† *I.e.*, with the handle. This is still an Oriental proverb and is frequently heard in Armenia.

God forgives men who sin against him. Even so forgive me this sin, and I will become the servant of thy horses and the caretaker of thy swine which are in thy house. And I am called a miscreant; but do thou not impute this evildoing to me."

I made answer and said to him: "Thou remindest me, my son, of a date-palm which stood by a river and cast all its fruit into the water. And when its master came to hew it down, it spake to him: 'Let me alone for this one year and I will give thee carob-beans.' And its master said to it: 'In thine own domain thou hast produced nothing, how, then, canst thou accomplish aught in that which is not thy business?'

"My son, people spake to the wolf: 'Why dost thou follow in the wake of the flock of sheep (in their pernicious dust)?' He answered: 'Their dust is beneficial to my eyes.' \*

"Another time they took him to a school, [that he should learn.] His teacher said to him: '(Say) Alef, Beth;' but the wolf said: 'Kid, sheep.†

"My son, I taught thee that there is a God, yet thou didst fall upon good servants and scourge them without a cause. And as God hath kept me alive because of my righteousness, even so will he cause thee to perish because of thy deeds. My son, they set the head of an ass on a dish on the table, but it fell off and down into the dust. People said: 'He is wroth against himself, because honour is not meet for him.'

"My son, thou hast confirmed the proverb which says: 'What thou hast engendered, call that thy son; but what thou hast purchased, call it thy slave.' My son, it is a true saying which says: 'Take the son of thy sister under thy armpit, and hurl him against a stone.' But God, who hath kept me alive, will judge between us."

And at the same hour Nadan swelled up like a bottle and died. And whose worketh good will be recompensed with good, but whose worketh evil will be requited with evil. And whose diggeth a pit for his neighbour, filleth it up with his own growth.

And glory be to God and mercy upon us all. Amen. Ended are the sayings of the wise Ahikar, the scribe of Sanherib, the King of Assyria and Ninive.

\* The Syriac text has "force," I have adopted the reading of the Arabic versions.

† The wolf pronounced the words beginning with the first two letters of the alphabet which best expressed the thoughts of his mind.

## THE PROBLEM IN THE FAR EAST.

### ANOTHER VIEW.

ALTHOUGH more or less in accord with the views on China expressed by the anonymous writer of the article on the Far East in the February CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, I find myself diametrically opposed to him on the subject of Germany's aims and actions, on the question of the relative naval positions in the Far East, and especially upon the aims and policy of Russia. Briefly to summarise the position there is, I think, ample evidence that :

I. Germany's occupation of Kiao Chao has nothing to do with the general problem, with us, with Russia, or any other Power.

II. That no combination of the naval forces of Russia, France and Germany could affect our naval position, and that they must be fully aware of the fact.

III. That Russia's policy is entirely independent of any German or French influence, and that it is not hostile to us in any way whatever.

So much for a general statement; there is now the onus of proof.

#### GERMANY AND KIAO CHAO.

That Germany is to a large extent our rival and consequent enemy cannot be very well denied; but this hostility is, in the nature of things, a commercial and democratic one, rather than diplomatic. I do not believe in the Kaiser's great enmity to England; as a good sovereign to his people he should not love us, and in his alleged alternating love and hate I see no more than Wilhelm the man, and that other Wilhelm, the Friend of the Deity specially appointed to control the destinies of the Vaterland. The dual position is natural



enough. To enter into it a little more: the sight of baited Germans in the East End of London was to be beheld long before that famous telegram to Krüger, and the animosity of our people to the German clerk, and the German Jew to whose commercial enterprise much of the sweating system is due, roused a natural enough popular resentment in Germany. The telegram was nothing but a "gag" to the gallery on the part of its Imperial sender; it meant little or nothing against us as a nation. Nor did we consider it a national insult till at least twelve hours after we knew all about it; not, in fine, till the journalistic genius of the editor of one of the evening papers, seizing upon the splendid "copy," flung the fat into the fire. That, and the coincidence of the so-called "Flying Squadron," set everything ablaze.

I say "coincidence of the Flying Squadron" advisedly; for it is well-known in Service circles that all the details of the Particular Service Squadron had been arranged long before any Kaiser's telegram was thought of, that it was purely a mobilising experiment devoid of any political significance whatever, and its highest ulterior object, if it had any at all, merely to reinforce the Mediterranean fleet in a way least likely to touch French susceptibilities. That Germany took it as an answer to the telegram is, I believe, true enough; indignation at the anti-German feeling roused in us, may have made the Imperial sender sore against us as the cause of all his troubles, but the Squadron was also taken as put into commission for the special benefit of the nation across the herring pond, and the Kaiser knows as much.

The thing that Wilhelm der Zweite wants before anything else is a navy. He loves ships and all connected with them, suffers in fine from "navy mania," a disease not unknown in our own country. Only, Wilhelm is able to gratify his longings by having real ships all his very own; and to get more of these every incident of present day history is turned to account. The seizure of Kiao Chao is strategically ridiculous; in the event of war with us, or with Russia, or France, or Japan, it is bound to be lost. But, for that very reason, Kiao Chao is an everlasting argument in favour of a strong German navy, the only thing that can afford it protection. By hook or by crook, no matter how heavily subsidised, German emigrants will be sent to Kiao Chao, and by-and-by every German newspaper that is properly to heel will be howling for ships to protect these companions of the "mailed fist." And Kiao Chao will procure the wished-for ships, which is more than any argument as to the need for protection to German commerce could have done. The ordinary German citizen is not interested in things naval; the ordinary German trader finds and knows that the sheltering ægis of the English flag is all the protection that he needs, and the economy of the thing appeals to him irresistibly. Practically

all Germany's successful trading is done under cover of the Union Jack and the White Ensign, and there is really no call for the German State to act the cat while we are still so busy pulling out the chestnuts from the fire.

Russia certainly, other Governments probably, are quite aware of the real reason why Germany has gone to Kiao Chao. Few of those "in the know" expect her to remain permanently at Kiao Chao, though they may hope that she will. For the waste of Germany's defensive strength necessary to retain this isolated outpost would be about as powerful an aid to them in the event of war as could well be conceived, and the more she expends upon fortifying and improving the place, so much the better for the Power that eventually captures Kiao Chao.

However, we are dealing now with the present, not with the future, and at present Germany is in possession of Kiao Chao, and making every demonstration of an intention to stay. "My only brother," with the now historical "mailed fist," is well on his way to assume command and give a greater air of seriousness to the business. The *Deutschland* that he has gone in would be no use for war purposes in the North Sea or the Baltic, so she can well be spared to fight the battle of home politics in a distant ocean, and the same for another reason is true of the *Gefion*, *Kaiser Augusta*, *Princess Wilhelm* and *Irene*, which practically constitute Germany's entire cruiser force.

The Teutonic Admiralty, if its building programme is any criterion, has little or no faith in protected cruisers—they have sent to China what they do not want, or think they do not want, at home. In case of necessity, or to carry out the plans of the astute Von Heyking,\* the ships will do to terrorise John Chinaman with—that is the most that will be required of them, objectively. But, in the course of the next six months, it is likely enough that the Germans at home will have it pointed out to them that, owing to the miserable numerical strength of their navy, the ships in China dared not assert Germany's just rights as a nation. Of that a deal may be heard.

I do not care to leave the subject of Germany in China without some reference to the *canard* so much dwelt upon in the article under debate, that tale of Prince Henry forcing himself on the Prince of Wales in his private box at a theatre. The story is, I have every reason to believe and assert, absolutely baseless; there were no explanations of any sort to give.

\* Baron von Heyking, Germany's most brilliant diplomatist, is, by the way, no German, but by birth a Russian subject. His connection with the Fatherland is, however, of long standing. When quite a young man he was Bismarck's private secretary, and may be assumed to have been thoroughly trained in the methods of the man of blood and iron. But being a Russ, if past historical experiences go for anything, he should be either Russia's most pliant tool or else her most bitter enemy; his nationality is an argument against the existence of any middle course, and consequently general understanding.

## RELATIVE NAVAL STRENGTHS IN THE FAR EAST.

Misled by the statisticians to whom ships are merely so many units with so many tons of displacement, and the power to throw so many tons of metal in so many minutes, the author of the article fell into the common error that our fleet on the China station is or was inferior to the combined fleets there of Russia, France, and Germany. Unfortunately for paper arguments of this sort, a war is worked by strategical questions, and strategy requires something besides dormant units. Saving Japan, of which country there is more to be said later, we alone of all the Powers flying flags in the Yellow Sea have any base of operations or any supplies of coal in anything like a handy position, and I believe it to be a fact that all available coal has been bought up by our Admiralty, so that we control the situation that way; apart from this, however, there are other things to be said.

That our base would be perfect I would not argue; but Hong Kong is infinitely better than Vladivostock, and though the Russian fleet may lie at Port Arthur, that is a very different thing to having it as a base. In the event of war with the three Powers we should have little to do except lie quiet and look for commerce-attacking cruisers. Every reinforcement for the enemy would have to run the gauntlet of our fleets nearer home, almost every coaling point on the way would be closed to them, so that did they escape our watch-dogs they would be laid up idle this side of the Indian Ocean. In Chinese waters the commerce destroyers acting from Vladivostock in the far north, or Tonkin in the far south, would have a very restricted radius; the coal supply of most of them will not admit of many days at sea.\* To sum the matter up in a single sentence, France, Germany and Russia are all practically without bases, without supplies, without hope of reinforcements, without, in fine, a single thing necessary for war. To impute to them the idea that by any numerical show they could force us to agree with their designs is to assign to them a childishness in strategical lore that even the Chinese Admiralty would blush to own to.

Why, then, it may be asked, have they continually increased their fleets? In answer, I would say that Russia had done so because war between her and Japan is something more than a possibility. Japan hates Russia, not indeed without reason; Russia is her nearest and most immediate enemy; her people, since the war with China, believe their arms to be invincible, and a successful war with a European Power would make the Land of the Rising Sun, what is not

\* On an average the British ship has a coal supply from 50 to 70 per cent. better than that of the foreign vessel: and our ships alone carry sufficient ammunition for more than one engagement.

yet permitted it, the equal of other Powers. An instance of this is the fashion in which European Courts ignore the Mikado's, and never go into mourning for deaths in the Japanese royal family, although Japan has for a long time scrupulously adopted mourning for all bereavements in European Courts. The great dream of the Mikado and his advisers is to form a matrimonial alliance with some first-class reigning family; but so far this has been studiously ignored. A successful war against any European nation would gain Japan this longed-for privilege.

To return: it is not a question of Russia attacking Japan, so much as Japan attacking Russia. I do not believe in the greatness of Japan, for, despite individual excellences as a nation, as a race they are of the "infant prodigy" order, preternaturally sharp in many things, but their genius inclines to that which we develop in Whitechapel. A Russian army once landed in Japan would reach Tokio without difficulty; but they have to reach the island first. With her many bases, her ever-growing and most efficient fleet,\* her powerful torpedo flotilla, Japan has a naval superiority of no mean order, so much so that Russia has and will hesitate very much to fight her.

France sends ships, in part because she is Russia's very obedient friend, in part because it is the custom to send ships when a "question" rises anywhere; Germany's reasons have already been considered.

#### THE REAL OBJECTIVE.

I do not believe that Russia is our enemy in the Far East any more than that Germany is; more, her every interest is to have us as a friend. I see no ground to believe the story that when our *Daphne* came into Port Arthur she was ordered to retire under pain of being fired at. From what I know of the relations between English and Russian officers, the signal from the Russian flagship is far more likely to have been "Pray consider yourselves honorary members of our mess," or "We request the pleasure of your company at dinner." Between the naval officers of England and Russia there is a very cordial *camaraderie*, unknown apparently to the general public, but evidenced in a thousand ways afloat, and hardly likely to be upset by journalistic thunderbolts in Europe. The one thing an outward or homeward bound Russian man-of-war passing our coasts always does is to endeavour to call and stay at some English port; and if she does not get an ovation there on such flowery lines as may be given her at Toulon, the friendliness is of a deeper and sincerer order. Whatever our future relations with Russia may be, we shall never be

\* All that is best in Japan is in her navy: the old "fighting men" all serve there. The officers are quite equal to Russian officers, and that is saying a great deal.

embroiled with her through her naval officers assuming an offensive and insulting rôle in peace time.

Apart from this, however, there is the obvious fact that our aid or beneficent neutrality is of far more need to Russia just now than anything else. What Russia *would* like to see, what her diplomatists may well be endeavouring to bring about, is war between us and Japan, at present our very good friend, since that best suits the Mikado's policy. A war with Japan would be a hard nut for us to crack; we should be powerless till several first-class battleships had been brought up. The aid of the Russian fleet already in the Far East—and this fleet will soon number two first and one second-class battleships, five armoured cruisers, some ironclad gunboats, and numerous other vessels—the aid of the menace Russian troops now massed near Vladivostock, would make our triumph immediate instead of eventual. By way of reward, Russia would get Port Arthur and what she covets in Corea; Japan, that thorn in Russia's future, would be obliterated; and after that the "eternal Eastern Question" might reach finality. Indeed, the ultimate picture of what an Anglo-Russian alliance would produce is a canvas too daring to be yet painted. Germany, France, Austria, Italy would all gradually disappear from their present position in the world's politics, and the most of English and Russian aims being so different and non-antagonistic, it is not impossible that something very like the long-dreamed-of millennium would be ushered in.

Such, I take it, is the real dream of Russian statesmanship, and whatever may be said about it, it is a great dream. It will not be realised; our ingrained distrust of Russia is too great, the patriotism of the music-hall is against it, and finally there is our sentiment in Japan's favour. Possibly the position of Russia secretly seeking to sow dissension between us and Japan may not have a highly moral and ethical aspect; but political morality is foreign to diplomacy, and none but a fool can expect to see two such opposite poles meet. That the fairly obvious probability of all this scheming has not been publicly noted and commented on, can only be put down to the distracting influence of Germany's separate action at Kiao Chao. Our cardinal axiom that all foreign nations are ever combined to do us injury, led us to leap to the conclusion that Germany and Russia were at one in the Far East.

The real Far Eastern problem is, then, whether we will listen to the whispered suggestions of Russia, or walk along that road which she is labouring to make for us. Its first end would be the annihilation as an empire of a nation with whom at present we have no quarrel; but with whom, unless her greatness proves but a flash in the pan, we must come into collision in the course of the next hundred years. Political expediency shows clearly that to annihilate Japan and make

friends with Russia would be our most diplomatic course: every idea of morality and sentiment is against such an action.

Whatever views may prevail in public circles, in the inner ring of things the cards are more or less on the table; Germany's action at Kiao Chao, and the talked-of partition of China are merely froth; the real problem is the future of Japan. China sleeps, and sleeps in peace: not for her, nor for designs on her, has a single warship left European harbours.

FRED. T. JANE.

## THE REGISTRATION OF MIDWIVES.

**A**S the subject may be new to many of my readers, it may be well at the outset to state briefly what is meant by the registration of midwives, and why we are anxious to bring it about. Having endeavoured to make these points clear, I purpose noticing some of the more important objections that have from time to time been urged against it.

First of all, then, what is the registration of midwives?

It is supposed by many people that most of the confinements in this country are attended by doctors. Until I became interested in this question and inquired into the matter, I certainly shared this impression. I knew, of course, that a certain number of poor women, both in town and country, were attended by midwives; but if I had been asked some years ago what proportion of confinements was attended by women, I should have said a comparatively very small one. Not very long ago returns were obtained from a number of trained midwives in various parts of the country, and from over eight hundred mothers of the pauper class, or the class immediately above. The mothers were simply asked how many confinements they had had, and whether they were attended by doctor, doctor's assistant, neighbour, or midwife. It transpired that out of 4000 confinements, 2500, or 62 per cent., were attended by midwives. These figures came from all parts of the country, from agricultural and mining centres, from factory towns, and from the various districts of London. They may therefore be considered as fairly representative. That they furnished an approximation to the truth is shown by comparing them with the results of a totally independent inquiry instituted a few years previously, at the suggestion of the Registrar-General, by the Obstetrical Society of London. It was ascertained on that occasion

that, though in the small towns the percentage of poor women attended by midwives was not more than from 5 to 10 per cent., in the large provincial towns and in the villages from 30 to 90 per cent. of the confinements were in the hands of women. Thus, for example, in East London 30 to 50 per cent. of the women had no doctor, and in Coventry 90 per cent.

On the whole, it may safely be assumed that from one half to three quarters of the confinements in England and Wales are attended by midwives and not by doctors. With regard to the number of midwives in the country, it was stated some years ago, on the authority of Mr. Stansfeld, that there were then about 10,000. It is estimated that the number is now much larger. The vast majority of these are untrained, ignorant, and utterly incompetent. The natural result is that a serious amount of injury is inflicted, and a large number of deaths occur that might, under a different system, be absolutely prevented.

The object we have in view in endeavouring to promote legislation is to secure that every woman calling herself a midwife, and thereby proclaiming herself competent to give aid in straightforward cases of childbirth, shall have had at least some instruction and practical training, and shall have given proof, by the passing of an examination, that she possesses at least such an elementary knowledge of the subject as shall enable her to deal competently with simple cases, to recognise before it is too late difficulties and complications in which medical assistance is required, and to know how to prevent blood-poisoning, which is the great scourge of childbirth and the principal source of its fearful mortality. Thanks to the voluntary efforts of the Obstetrical Society of London and other similar institutions, there is already a considerable number of midwives in this country who have undergone such a training and passed such an examination as I have just indicated. But the vast majority of practising midwives still belong to the untrained class, and the poor have at present no sufficient means of distinguishing the competent from the incompetent. The object of the Midwives Registration Bill is to enable them to make this distinction. It provides that no woman shall be allowed to call herself a midwife without being registered, and in order to be registered, she must have produced evidence of having received a proper training and passed a suitable examination. It is not to be supposed that the passing of such a measure would sweep away the evils complained of all at once. No British Parliament would give its sanction to a clause making it penal for an unregistered woman to aid a neighbour in her extremity, and it would still, therefore, be open to the poor to employ the old-fashioned and untrained midwife if they preferred to do so. And many, no doubt, from force of habit, would do so. But, at any rate, such a Bill as we propose would prevent



them from being imposed upon. They would know what they were doing when they engaged a woman to attend them, and if they chose to employ an unregistered midwife they would do so with their eyes open. And, slowly perhaps but surely, the demand, under such circumstances, for the trained and competent women on the register would increase, and the race of ignorant and unskilful women, in whose hands the practice now so largely rests, would gradually disappear.

There is another thing that would be accomplished by such a Bill as we propose. At present there is no sort of supervision or control exercised or capable of being exercised over midwives. Unless they do something so outrageous as to bring themselves within reach of the criminal law they cannot be meddled with. They may be grossly incompetent, they may spread puerperal fever broadcast, they may be drunken, they may take upon themselves to give medicines, perform operations and undertake duties which can only be safely undertaken by a fully and properly trained doctor, and for none of these things can they be punished, or suspended, or in any way interfered with. Only within the last month or two a case occurred at Hammersmith, illustrating very forcibly the powerlessness of the law as it stands at present. A woman, attended by a midwife, was confined prematurely. The following day the child died. The coroner held an inquest, at which evidence was given to the effect that if medical assistance had been obtained the child's life might possibly have been saved. No doctor was summoned until after the child's death. The midwife admitted that she had no special knowledge beyond what she possessed from the fact of being herself a married woman. She did not think the child would live long, but she did not expect it to die when it did, or she would have summoned a doctor. The coroner stated that the same midwife had been censured by a jury during the previous year for not calling in a doctor. She was once more censured, and again left the court to resume her practice.

This same midwife, a woman of about seventy, had been censured four years previously by the same coroner for spreading puerperal fever. Of what avail is all this censure? Absolutely none. The coroner and the jury expressed a strong opinion that the practice of unqualified midwives should be prohibited by law. And there the matter rests until some fresh victim of her ignorance comes to an untimely end, and she is brought again before the court, when the solemn farce will doubtless be repeated. If the Midwives Registration Bill became law, the practice and conduct of midwives would, for the first time, be placed under efficient supervision and control. Means would be found for dealing, not only with gross offences, but with cases of misconduct and incompetency which now go unnoticed and unpunished. These are some of the more obvious advantages that

legislation would secure to us. But there is another and incidental advantage, perhaps less obvious but certainly to my mind not less important. I mean the moral and social improvement of the midwives themselves. By enrolling them upon a register and recognising them as a specially trained and skilled body of women, we should be giving them a new sense of responsibility which we believe would have the effect of raising their moral tone. It has been said that if we really desire to benefit the poorer classes of the community in this matter, we ought to agitate, not for the very partial amount of training and instruction that this Bill contemplates, but for the entire abolition of the practice of midwifery by midwives. To this we reply, in the first place, that it is not an easy matter to change our customs all at once, or suddenly to bring to an end the active employment of a class numbering certainly upwards of ten thousand. Besides which, no such proposal would be listened to in the Houses of Parliament for one moment. Every member, and indeed all reasonable people, would recognise and respect the right of every poor woman to employ a midwife if she likes. Again, the question is purely one of supply and demand. There is, and will continue to be, a demand for the services of midwives, for this, if for no other reason, that they can be obtained more cheaply. There is an enormous number of poor women who cannot afford even the very lowest confinement fee that a doctor charges. The choice of these poor creatures lies between employing a midwife and accepting gratuitous assistance. To many the latter is hateful. They prefer to adopt the more independent course and engage a midwife. Are we to quarrel with them for it? On the contrary, are we not bound to acknowledge that the choice is greatly to their credit? Besides, it must be remembered that the midwife undertakes certain duties with regard to both mother and child that no doctor can undertake. If a poor woman engages a midwife, the performance of these duties is included in the contract. If she is attended by a doctor, usually some woman has to be hired to come and do them. So that the extra cost of employing a doctor is often not the mere difference between the midwife's fee and the doctor's but between the single fee of the midwife on the one hand and the two fees of the doctor and the neighbour on the other.

Some of our friends have said—Why not leave this matter in the hands of the voluntary examining bodies? The answer is that the powers of any voluntary body are necessarily far too limited to meet the necessities of the case. It cannot take any steps to prevent untrained and uncertificated women from calling themselves midwives, nor can it, for want of legal powers, exercise any effectual supervision and control even over those who possess its own certificates much less over the general body of midwives. The Obstetrical Society of London, the most important of the voluntary examining bodies,

only undertook the work after having repeatedly and urgently besought the Government to take the matter up. The Society has all along been of opinion, and is still of opinion, that the question is one that the State alone can adequately deal with. It was only after years of fruitless endeavour that the Society itself, acting under a strong sense of public duty, attempted to mitigate the existing evils by instituting a system of voluntary examination. From the first it has regarded its examination as a mere temporary expedient to be adopted only until such time as the State awakens to a sense of its responsibilities. It is ready, at any moment, to hand over to a properly constituted board, acting with full legal powers, and under State control, work that it has always regarded as being outside its own proper functions as a scientific society.

For many years its examiners performed their duties without receiving a farthing of remuneration. When the number of candidates had become very large, and the work of the examiners had become proportionately heavier, the Society thought it unfair that they should continue to work for nothing, and they now receive an honorarium for their labours. I mention this because the opponents of legislation have accused the Society of being actuated by motives of greed, of "selling bogus diplomas." The charge is utterly without foundation. There is not one of the examiners who would not tomorrow willingly relinquish his functions and forgo his modest honorarium if only the ardent wish of the Society could be realised, and the State would step in to do the work that properly belongs to it.

It has frequently been asked, How is it that the movement is so strongly opposed by a certain section of the medical profession? I believe it is because they have not fully grasped the situation, and because they have been somewhat too ready to listen to a band of agitators who are continually assuring the profession that its interests are threatened. There is no proof that the interests of the medical profession would be in any way endangered by such legislation as we propose. I have already shown that the object of the Bill is not to create a new order of midwifery practitioners, but to ensure that the enormous body of midwives already existing shall have, at least, some elementary knowledge of their work, and shall be placed under an organised system of supervision and control, that they shall, in other words, become a source of well-being to the community, instead of being, as is now too commonly the case, a source of danger.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed in 1893, after hearing evidence as to the probable extent to which the interests of the medical profession would be affected by the proposed legislation, expressed the opinion that "the suggested injury is not likely to prove serious," and that, on the contrary, medical men would be relieved

from much irksome and often ill-requited work. If the midwives are trained to know when to send for a doctor, they will prove, not a hindrance to him, but a continual and efficient help. At present the majority of them, partly through ignorance, partly through fear, and partly from a false pride, only send for help when it is too late. It has been said that the trained and educated midwife would be less likely to call in the doctor in cases of difficulty and danger than the present race of untrained and ignorant women who practice midwifery. This is surely an extraordinary assumption. It takes for granted that women with a little knowledge would necessarily be more foolish than women who have none. It is, moreover, contrary to experience. It is found that trained and certificated midwives not only recognise difficulties earlier, but are more ready to send for timely help. Of course there are exceptions, as there always will be, but, speaking generally, the better trained a midwife is, the more eager she is to summon medical assistance whenever any untoward complication presents itself or is even suspected.

It has been asserted that there are quite a sufficient number of doctors to attend all the confinements in the country, and that the State ought to see that every woman is provided in her confinement with the services of a properly qualified medical practitioner. In the first place, every woman has a right to please herself whether she is attended by a midwife or a doctor. Then, again, there are no public funds available for paying medical men for attendance on all the women who cannot afford a reasonable fee. Besides which, there are parts of the country where doctors are few and far between, and where it is physically impossible for them to attend all the confinements in the surrounding hamlets and villages. This is notably the case in certain of the hilly districts of Wales.

The Medical Officer of Health for Glamorganshire, Dr. Williams, recently published a paper, illustrated by maps, showing the relative death-rate from puerperal fever in the various districts and counties of England and Wales. Puerperal fever is, I need not say, a form of blood poisoning that has been shown to be, with proper management, almost wholly preventible. Between the years 1848 and 1894, the heaviest death-rate from this cause occurred in Lancashire, North and South Wales, Northumberland and Cheshire. Taking the shorter and more recent period embraced between the years 1885 and 1894, Lancashire, Cheshire, and North and South Wales still maintain their unenviable pre-eminence in the black list, Northumberland disappears from it, and Derbyshire and the West Riding of Yorkshire take its place. With regard to Wales, Dr. Williams, knowing the district, is able to give us some particularly valuable information. He states that puerperal fever chiefly prevails, not in the towns where doctors and *trained* midwives are abundant, but in the hilly districts and mining

valleys where the confinements are for the most part attended by unskilled and ignorant women, who indeed call themselves midwives and systematically act as such, but who have had absolutely no training and whose only qualification usually is that they are themselves mothers.

The same conditions under which puerperal fever is excessive in Wales prevail in, at least, some parts of Lancashire. In one coal-mining district, scarcely one-fifth of the confinements are attended, at any stage, by a doctor. "The work is done," according to evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, "by women who practise as midwives, but who are with few exceptions untrained and in very many cases grossly ignorant and incompetent."

We wish by this Bill to introduce a system that will gradually effect an improvement in this matter. We desire to see the untrained and ignorant midwife superseded by one who will at least know something of the conditions under which this terrible malady is produced, who will know and adopt the precautionary measures necessary to prevent it, and who, when it *is* present, will know how to arrest its spread.

A strong argument in favour of legislation is derived from a consideration of the number of cases of blindness due to neglect of the infant immediately after birth. In the year 1884 it was ascertained by a committee of the Ophthalmological Society of Great Britain that in the institutions for the blind in London, York, Belfast and Hull 30 to 40 per cent. of the inmates owed their blindness to infantile ophthalmia. It has been conclusively proved that this disease can be prevented by the adoption of measures so simple that they are quite within the capacity of the ordinary trained midwife. It is part of her training that she shall know how to prevent it and how to recognise and deal with it when it has actually commenced. It is the want of this knowledge on the part of the majority of women who now act as midwives that leads to so many of these cases ending in hopeless blindness. If we could but prevent the ophthalmia of the newly born, or secure its prompt and early treatment, we should diminish the amount of blindness at present existing in this country by one-third.

So long ago as 1616, Dr. Peter Chamberlen entreated James I. "that some order may be settled by the State for the instruction and civil government of midwives." His son, who was physician to three kings and queens of England, moved the Crown to organise midwives into a company. The opposition he encountered drew from him a reply which he entitled "A voice in Ramah: or, the crie of women and children." Alluding to the arguments of his opponents, he says, "The objection infers thus much, Because there was never

any order for instructing and governing of midwives, therefore there never must be. Because multitudes have perished, therefore they still must perish. Because our Fore-fathers have provided no remedie, nor knew any, therefore we must provide none though we know it. If all our Fore-fathers had subscribed to this Argument, there had never been beginning of those many Conveniences we now enjoy, and we had been left to the World's first ignorance and nakednesse." And he winds up his reply by the following impassioned utterance. "I now have unfolded my Talent from the Napkin. I have washed my hands; I have delivered my soul. *The mighty God of Compassions blesse this Publick Information to his Glory. Amen.*"

From that day to this, proposals have continued to be made from time to time for the instruction and government of midwives. In 1813 the Society of Apothecaries made an appeal to Parliament on the subject. In 1889 the General Medical Council passed the following resolution: "That this Council regards the absence of public provision for the education and supervision of midwives as productive of a large amount of grave suffering and fatal disease among the poorer classes, and urges upon the Government the importance of passing into law some measure for the education and registration of midwives."

In 1891 a committee, appointed by the Royal College of Physicians to report upon the Midwives Bill then before Parliament, expressed its conviction that legislative action was desirable, and only last year that College reaffirmed, by formal resolution, its sympathy with the movement for securing the due education, examination and registration of midwives.

It cannot, therefore, be said that the promoters of legislation on this subject are without strong medical support. That there is also strong medical opposition is, alas! too true. That opposition is, it seems to me, based on an utterly erroneous idea as to the position of the doctor in the social edifice. Even if it be granted, which I do not for one moment believe, that the interests of the medical profession would be injuriously affected by the passing of this measure, it must be remembered that no class interests ought to be permitted to stand in the way of what can be shown to be for the good of the community. As doctors we have no right to be considered, no right to exist, except so long as we serve the interests of the public. "The essential thing," as Sir William Priestley has well said, "is to approach the subject in the interest of the poor. The public good and the interests of the medical profession may seem at times to be antagonistic, but in the long run they will be found to be in unison, and if," continues Sir William, "medical men are to maintain the character for unselfishness which is now by common consent accorded to them, it is well to put in the background any fear that their rights will be

infringed." "My own belief," he says in another place, "is that the fear of registered midwives, properly regulated, taking practice out of the hands of medical men is exaggerated. Such fears always are exaggerated. I have studied the question in all the countries of Europe, and I find that in none of them are midwives regarded with jealousy by medical practitioners, and that Great Britain is the only country in Europe where midwives are not educated and registered by the State."

It is high time for all who are jealous for the good name of their country, and who are interested in its welfare, to unite in a sturdy endeavour to remove this disgrace and to resolve to give our legislators no peace until, with that object, they have placed an efficient measure on the Statute Book.

CHAS. J. CULLINGWORTH.

## THE DRAGON AND THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

**T**HOUGH much has been written about China and Japan, it is doubtful whether, even since the recent war, any clear distinction between the inhabitants of the two countries yet presents itself to the minds of the majority of those who have not visited the far East.

At theatres and on sign hoardings the Japanese are presented in Chinese clothes or pigtails and *vice versa*. Letters are still occasionally addressed "Hong Kong, Japan," or "Kobe, China," and a more or less general impression prevails that any difference which may exist is, at any rate, no greater than that which distinguishes a Norwegian from a Swede.

Those, on the other hand, who have once seen the two people in their own countries will thenceforth no more confound a Chinese with a Japanese than they would a Ghoorka with a Malay. In dress, speech, manners, and appearance they are entirely different, and at the present day it is difficult to realise the fact that Japan in earlier years sat at the feet of China, both in literature and art.

The Chinese, though not, as a rule, tall, are powerfully built, singularly unprepossessing in appearance, with a shifty-looking, frequently very animal expression, which when in repose is either blank or melancholy. They are supple and capable of great exertion. I have frequently met them on a blazing day, when being carried down the 1000 feet from my house to my office, staggering up the steep hill road carrying several dozen bricks in either of two slings on a bamboo on their shoulder, women and children doing the same in proportion to their strength.

In fact, it is frequently asserted that, if sufficient payment were forthcoming, Government House itself could be conveyed to the top



of the Hong Kong Peak. It is a somewhat painful sight to see them straining to the uttermost, their lips parted in a ghastly grin, their shoulders bearing the impress of years of bamboo pole, their thin yellow skins streaming with perspiration, their chests heaving, as they pant and groan under their impossible-looking loads. Yet so literally true is it of the Chinese, that in the sweat of their brow they shall eat their bread, that they would be much surprised at any expression of pity on such an account.

The Japanese, on the other hand, though small, and, from our point of view, ugly, is the reverse of repulsive. His bright expression, delightful manners, and ready abandonment to the pleasure of the hour win our hearts before we have time to make a serious examination of his qualities.

The rhapsodies which have been indulged in regarding his women-kind are, of course, nonsensical. They are delightful children, but, with the exception of the higher class, no more. Pierri Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème," though dealing almost exclusively with one class, portrays with great fidelity their character and limits.

The Japanese irresistibly reminds one of a game little bantam. His alertness, courage, and evident pleasure in life have often led me to wonder whether he rather than we has not discovered the art of living. With Browning he seems to say, "My life did and does smack sweet." While the Chinaman is ever babbling of dollars, cents, and cash, has a padlock on every box and every door, and rarely, if ever, entirely dissociates himself from his business, your Japanese will throw care to the winds and laugh, sing, and enjoy himself whenever opportunity offers; while a more striking contrast to the mutual distrust exhibited among the Chinese I have never seen than when, travelling in Japan in winter, I saw pedlars' wares left unguarded on the ground while they had gone off to buy their food, and shops deserted by their owners, who were warming themselves over their hibachis in inner rooms; this, too, with never a policeman in sight!

In their art, too, compare the graceful abandon of the Japanese with the stiff unnatural drawing and colouring of the Chinaman. The former, who loves to wander about his beautiful country to enjoy its scenery, and who absolutely idolises its flowers, throws on a screen or a jar a perfect reproduction of the beauties of nature, and this with so true a sense of the artistic, that a raven on a withered branch is made to give as much pleasure to the eye as the massed beauties of a woodland glade.

The Chinaman, on the other hand, is stiff and formal in his drawing, has no notion of perspective or of chiaro-oscuro, and, though frequently gorgeous, is seldom artistic in his production. His thoughts when in the country are hovering over his counting-house. His conversation has taken on no softer or more pleasing variation from

the beauties which surround him. His object is to finish his business and return to his village or town as speedily as possible.

Turn to their literature. That of the Japanese may be narrow and illogical, but it is, at any rate, more human and more modern than that sole literary possession of the Chinese, the monotonous sententious utterances of the sages of the past, in which the occasional grains of wheat have to be carefully abstracted from the masses of chaff which surround them.

And now as to the character of these two Eastern people. The Chinese, wandering eastwards from the Caspian, settled at last in the north of China. There they found themselves surrounded by tribes more warlike than themselves, but far inferior in civilisation, and there they remained, untouched by outside influences for centuries. What wonder that in the pride of their intellectual superiority they gradually crystallised, that *arma cedant togæ* became such a fetish with them that officers and men alike ceased to care for glory or even for honour, that literature and art grew dull and lifeless, and that the entire nation devoted itself to gazing with rapture on its past achievements, regarding any proposals as to further progress with disdain!

Hampered with innumerable dialects, and with a written language so difficult that the fact of being able to read and write entitles the possessor of those accomplishments to the reverent regard of the masses, spread over a vast country in which the only respectable means of travel are the waterways supplied by nature, relying on themselves alone for the evolution of any improvement on the customs of their ancestors, what wonder that they became at one and the same time ignorant and conceited, *laudatores temporis acti*, and suspicious of and averse to the improvements which gradually filtered through to them from the outer world.

Trusting to chicanery rather than to courage in their numerous early wars with the "barbarians" on their borders, they had surrounded themselves with no halo of romance or patriotism, while their intensely materialistic natures had opposed an insurmountable obstacle to the "sweetness and light" which might have come to them through the Buddhist and Taoist religions as originally presented.

Clinging to the river sides, where alone they could obtain transport for their wares, marrying early and producing large families, they naturally found life a hard struggle, where it was "every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost"; and it is here, I believe, that may be found the *fons et origo* of the cold, callous, unsympathetic nature which makes the Chinese so distasteful to the more generously gifted people of the West.

The Chinaman is not wantonly cruel, but he is marvellously indifferent to the sufferings of others. The cook will cover a rat

with kerosene and set it alight, not to enjoy its sufferings, but because he believes its screams will scare its fellows away. A magistrate will fan himself gently on the execution-ground on which a yelling malefactor is being gradually cut to pieces, not because he enjoys the spectacle, but because it is all part of his day's work. A crowd of spectators will watch a child drown because it is no one's special business to save it, and because to interfere in what does not concern you may give rise to trouble.

From what has been already said as to the keen interest taken by the Chinese in money matters, it may be surmised that they should be, *par excellence*, a "nation of shopkeepers." And so they are. To their credit be it said that they have thoroughly realised that bargains are binding. The tea merchant may endeavour in every way to get the better of his European *confrère*, but, once the mystic words "puttee book"—*i.e.*, enter it in writing—have been uttered, the latter may rely on the transaction being faithfully carried through. This comparatively high standard of commercial morality naturally results in an elaborate system of credit, greatly to the advantage of both contracting parties, and, though the "squeeze," or perquisite, enters into every arrangement, it is not sufficient to stop the wheels of commerce, though undoubtedly it frequently clogs them.

To go back on your word in a business transaction, or to fail to meet your liabilities, causes a Chinaman to "lose face," and this is to him unbearable. The sacrifices which he will make on the approach of his new year to enable him to avoid being posted as insolvent are as extraordinary as they are admirable. Nor would it be right to omit all reference to the fact that to their justice they frequently add generosity. I well remember a case in which an American, who had failed after years of labour, was supported during the remainder of his life by his "compradore," as the native employed by European firms in their dealings with Chinese is termed.

Socially, the Chinese are unattractive. They are secretive, suspicious, and lacking in that consideration for others from which alone true politeness can spring.

True, they respect courtesy in the abstract, pay great attention to forms and ceremonies, and, even to the lowest coolie, resent the application to them of the term "discourteous" as an insult. But this is only part and parcel of their invariable pretension to be the most, in fact the only enlightened and civilised nation on earth, to whom European and other barbarians should look for, instead of presuming to offer, light and leading. It is hardly necessary to interpolate the remark that a criticism on a nation, as a whole, will frequently in no way apply to a large portion of its components. I should be sorry indeed to convey the idea that among the Chinese I have mixed with I have not found educated, upright, courteous men,

whose presence would be an advantage to any community, while as regards the lower orders it is amusing to hear on all sides from Europeans the naïve remark, "Oh, they are a horrid lot, *but I have got a capital set of servants.*"

To answer the inquiry so frequently addressed to those resident in the far East, "What do you think of the Chinese?" is indeed difficult. They are temperate and hard-working. They are, on the whole, easily governed, so long as firmness does not degenerate into tyranny nor sympathy into weakness; so long, in fact, as they realise that the velvet glove conceals the iron hand. Their secret societies, professedly political—really, at the present day, criminal—contain the scum alone of the population, and can be kept well in hand by any strong and upright Government. Their adoration of justice, to which they are comparative strangers, ranges them at once on the side of any Government which makes it one of its leading principles, while their terror of being left at the mercy of the human wolves that prowl around them causes those who have anything to lose to support the representatives of law and order so long as they can possibly be borne with. Their ideas of honesty, while not so strict as ours, are by no means despicable, and, among the wealthier class, public spirit and charity are by no means rare. On the other hand, they are, from the moment they enter the world, practically forced by their environment to trust to themselves and not to others, to conceal rather than expose, to suspect rather than to trust. This it is which acts as a cold douche on any warm feelings of regard for them which may rise in the European heart, and which gives rise to frequently quite unreasonable feelings of bitterness when, after years of intercourse, one finds that one's Chinese acquaintance or servant has only a surface regard for one, and will regard separation with perfect equanimity. Why, indeed, should it be otherwise with the Chinese, or indeed with any Eastern nation? Many of their ways are abhorrent to us, many of ours are so to them. We regard ourselves as their superiors in almost every particular. They entirely and absolutely decline to share that opinion, giving us credit for mechanical ingenuity, for business shrewdness, for a desire for justice, but for little else.

Of the very early history of the Japanese, little or nothing is known. Who they are, and where they come from, is still a matter of speculation. Whether they sailed from Old Mexico or from the Southern Seas is a mystery. Our earliest knowledge of them is in the fifth century A.D., when we find the Mikados—descendants of the Sun-Goddess—ruling over them, and light and learning filtering through to them from China. Later, we find the temporal powers of the Mikados being usurped by the great chiefs—though at no stage of Japanese history were the former ever treated otherwise than with

the deepest surface reverence—until, at the end of the twelfth century, absolutism gives way to feudalism, and Yoritomo comes into view as *de facto* ruler of the country under the title of "Shogun," i.e., Emperor. In the sixteenth century we find the notorious Taico Sama meditating the invasion of China after his conquest of Corea, but having his plans cut short by death, upon which his chief general, Ieyasu, assumes supreme power, and founds a dynasty of Shoguns who rule Japan in profound peace till 1868, when the Mikado is restored to absolute power, and Japan takes her place as, if I may be excused the phrase, an "up-to-date" nation. How marked a contrast to the course of Chinese history! The latter people enter their country having learned everything, the former with everything to learn. The Chinese, split up into warring States, again amalgamate, are conquered by Manchus and Mongols. The Japanese, though occasionally engaging in internecine warfare, are invariably ranged under one Mikado, and, though comparatively few in number, are prepared to attack their huge neighbour, centuries before they have, by the intelligent adoption of European methods, assured themselves of success. Finally, we see them convinced that, if they are to be an important nation, old ways must be abandoned and new ones adopted, and thenceforth almost too eagerly assimilating all that is modern and European, instead of, as with China, turning eyes, dazed with the glory of their ancient history, to glance disdainfully at the methods of the West.

To be a soldier in old Japan was to be a gentleman, and *vice versa*; to be one in China was a proof that you were unable to successfully compete for a civil appointment. The Japanese "samurai" was ready to die at a moment's notice for his chief (the tale of the forty-seven "ronins" is a magnificent specimen of their chivalry). The Chinese "brave" was ill-clothed, ill-paid, uncared-for, and, consequently, useless. Patriotism has ever been of the life-blood of the Japanese; while, in China, the Cantonese, though venerating his Emperor, would, if properly led and paid, make war upon his northern brethren with the utmost cheerfulness. In other particulars, however, the contrast is not so favourable to the Japanese. It has been said that "Japan, the paradise of the globe-trotter, is the grave of the merchant's hopes"—a pithy summing up of the beauty of the country, the charming manners of its people on the one side, their indifference to punctuality, truth, or commercial morality on the other. Business habits do not appear to be ingrained in the Japanese as they are in the Chinese. They feel no shame in going back on a losing bargain, and, consequently, transactions between them and their European co-traders are much more on a ready-money basis than in China. It is, of course, quite possible that, now that the army has ceased to monopolise the chivalry of Japan, the moral aspect of commerce may

improve; in fact, signs of such improvement are already evincing themselves; but a bad impression has been given, the effects of which it will take long to efface. Their sentiments towards Europeans are, at bottom, similar to those of the Chinese. They do not, of course, believe, with the former, that Europeans steal babies to make medicine out of their eyes, livers, &c., that they have the power of seeing precious stones under the surface of the earth, &c., but, though they are too polite to say so, they, in many cases, regard their presence as an unfortunate necessity, rendered tolerable only by the material advantages arising from it. Their great ambition is to obtain a place in the hierarchy of great nations. As an Eastern diplomat remarked to me, one of their objects in entering on the Chinese war was to show the world that they were not merely "the little men who made the gold lacquer." It is this alone which has made them welcome Western customs and servilely imitate Western fashions. That they are determined to have as little European interference in the future as possible is shown by their eagerness to dismiss their Western instructors at the earliest possible moment, and undertake their work themselves. While admiring their patriotism and pride, we cannot avoid entertaining the gravest of doubts as to whether a more patient examination of the flaws as well as of the advantages of Western polity and civilisation, and a more cautious advance along the new route adopted by them, would not lead to more enduring and beneficial results. It seems impossible that a nation can pass in a single bound from one to another form of civilisation without severe damage to its internal structure; and from a too great eagerness to adopt what has hitherto been unknown, one is apt to suspect a fickleness which does not argue well for permanent stability. Were Japan to sustain a severe reverse, or were her Government to cease bolstering up her merchants' and manufacturers' enterprises by means of subsidies, &c., it is not improbable that her present meteorlike effulgence would for long be shrouded in comparative gloom.

Reverting to China, I would point out that the most melancholy of her numerous failings is her Government. Were she in the grasp of a tyrannical invader, who filled every post with his own creatures, this would be excusable; but the contrary is the case. Practically, every post is open to every Chinaman. It therefore follows that, if the Government is rotten, decay must be present in the people also. The principles of right government are indeed present, but their application is, as a rule, absent.

The Japanese, far from shrinking from their officials and endeavouring to conceal their every action from their eyes, trembling to engage in any large undertaking lest their profits should be swept from their grasp under some more or less speciously framed impost, turn to them for assistance in everything; so much so, in fact, as to

earn a certain amount of contempt from the hardier merchants of the West, who prefer an open field and no favour. Far from fearing their ministers, a certain section—intoxicated with its new-born freedom—does not hesitate on occasions to criticise them in language repugnant alike to moderation and good taste. As Mr. Curzon has remarked, “A time of internal fermentation lies before Japan in her attempts to graft a purely democratic product on a feudal stem, and to reconcile constitutional liberty with a theocratic régime.” The Japanese political arena is at present a not too agreeable spectacle, but that she should pass through much troubled water in her effort to reach a new haven is inevitable.

A refreshing contrast is presented when we look at her advance in the arts both of peace and war. The degrading spectacle presented by China of cowardly leaders, ill-armed and underfed soldiers, a commissariat and medical corps conspicuous by its absence, shows up in the brightest of colours the smart, well-cared-for Japanese private—the successor to the chivalrous “samurai”—the idol of the people, cheerfully taking his orders from officers who, he well knows, will ever be in the vanguard whether victory or defeat await him, and whose care for him in sickness and in health increases his natural *amour propre*, and makes him proud of his position. And, if the army is popular, what is to be said of the navy, the enthusiasm regarding which is as great as ours in England over our first line of defence? We certainly seem to turn from darkness to light when we pass from the corrupt, effete, wilfully blinded mandarin to the honest, energetic Japanese official, ever anxious to press on in the new road opened to him, and to help his country to fresh successes. The kindness to prisoners, the absence of beggars, the joy in living which we see in Japan, all show us that a nation has arisen which possesses many of the virtues which we considered peculiar to the West. Has she come to stay? That is a question which is puzzling many minds both here and in the East. All we can at present say is that, if her moral fibre prove equal to her intellectual elasticity, if her next quarter of a century be free from dangerous internal broils and external reverses, she should by then be fairly launched on the sea of nations, and be able, should she so wish, to replace her national emblem by that of Scotland, with its motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*.

As regards the commercial future of the two countries, though much still remains in doubt, we may, without much hesitation, commit ourselves to certain beliefs.

To begin with China. It appears inevitable that one result of the recent war must be to give a vigorous impetus to her traffic with outside countries. Her prestige has been lowered, her pride has taken alarm. She has been vanquished with ridiculous ease by a nation a tenth of her size which she had always affected to despise. She has

had wrung from her a large war indemnity, and has been forced to make trade concessions which it may be taken for certain she will be compelled to carry out in good faith. Machinery is being freely imported, and foreign-owned mills are springing up on her territory, with the result that already Shanghai yarns are being freely taken at prices equal to those commanded by the best Indian spinnings. The result may prove to be to the advantage of the vanquished rather than of the victor. China possesses enormous quantities of cotton, while Japan has to import hers. There can be little doubt that ere long the former will be supplying herself with all sorts of piece-goods, to the great benefit of her swarming population. As a producer of silk, tea, sugar, and tobacco, she has advantages far beyond those granted to her neighbour, while her mineral wealth, including coal, is believed to be very great. While her workpeople are equal to those of Japan, her merchants are distinctly superior. The *Japan Mail* very truly remarks: "The Chinaman seems to possess in a marked degree many of the qualities essential to commercial success. He is quick in forming decisions. He is not prone to sacrifice the substance of large present gain to the shadow of still larger future profits. He has the courage to avert disaster by accepting definite and enduring loss. Above all, he knows the value of integrity and credit. None of these qualities appear to have been vouchsafed to the Japanese in an equal measure." Where free from official rapacity, the progress of China's mercantile class is indeed astonishing. The trade of Hong Kong is passing more and more into their hands, while in the Straits Settlements they are wealthier and own more land than any other section of the community. In their own country, their money is laid out in restaurants, theatres, pawnshops, and other petty establishments likely to escape the ravening eye of their mandarins, but, if once they feel secure in the possession of their capital, it will be brought out in abundance to promote every form of local enterprise. Let but the opposition at present offered by the proud and ignorant mandarins to the employment of skilled Western labour be removed and the internal fiscal arrangements of the country placed on a proper footing, and the craving of the Chinese for wealth will, ere long, overcome their antipathy to foreigners, scientific methods of agriculture, mining, and manufacturing will be introduced, and China will enter on a brighter phase of existence than she has yet known. So far, her one steamship company and her one coal-mining venture are in the hands of mandarins, her roads are practically non-existent, her waterways are, where possible, closed to steam traffic, and lined with custom-houses, entailing ruinous expense and delay, yet the Inspector-General of Customs is already able to remark that "cheap labour and raw material are abundant, and, with the continuance of the advantage which the East enjoys by the fall in the



gold price of silver, there is every prospect of China becoming a most important manufacturing country, which will lead to a keen and formidable competition in textiles between the East and the West."

If China may at present be compared to a sluggish, almost stagnant, stream, the water of which is fouled by masses of decaying vegetation, Japan presents the appearance at this moment of a foaming mountain torrent, bright, sparkling, impetuous. We watch its course with a great deal of admiration, a little amusement, and a keen desire to know whether it will find its future as a majestic gliding river or as a number of hurrying streams—beneficial in their way, no doubt, but lacking the utility of the broad expanse of water on the bosom of which the keels of the world may float.

Who could have believed that some forty years only after Commodore Perry's barely justifiable expedition "to insist on the cessation of Japan's policy of isolation," she would present the spectacle of a nation possessing an army of some 200,000 men, equipped literally "to the last gaiter-button," with the latest implements of war, and attended by a commissariat and medical corps from which it has been said that even Germany might take a lesson; while her navy, exclusive of some 15 gunboats and 60 torpedo-boats, numbers over 30 ships (including 3 battleships) of 100,000 tons displacement, 150,000 indicated horsepower, and mounting 586 guns, and the value of her foreign trade amounts to some 230 millions of dollars! To some, indeed, Japan's leap into the forefront of the world's commercial battle appears pregnant with coming disaster for the older-established combatants. They look gloomily forward to a not distant period when the mercantile flag of England shall no longer flaunt supreme in the waters of the East, when Japan (with China perhaps in her wake) shall supply that quarter of the globe with its every want, and the Western trader shall be cast out to seek new fields for his enterprise. Such a prognostication does not appear to be justified by either logic or history. If it be the case that the natives of the East are capable of supplying themselves with everything they desire at a less cost than they can obtain it from the West; if, which is virtually the same thing, their labour is in every respect, more efficient than that of their European rivals, then the East may rise to glory on the ashes of the West; but to assume that this is the case because certain articles formerly supplied by the latter are now being manufactured by the former, seems to be entirely irrational. Unless we drive our trade from us by perpetual strikes on the part of our labourers, or ill-judged interference with free contract on that of our Governments, the superiority of both our intelligence and physique is bound to assert itself, and, though the channels of our trade with the East may change, its volume will steadily increase. Why should we stand aghast at the sight of Eastern States increasing in wealth? Are not rich customers as advantageous to a nation as they are to its

shopkeepers, and does the fact that a particular class of merchandise is no longer acceptable necessitate the putting-up of shutters and retiring from business?

The tendency of Japan towards "Europeanisation"—to make use of an unsightly but almost necessary word—must almost inevitably lead to fresh openings for our commerce. That she endeavours to imitate our products is true, but it is more than probable that, in many instances, her energy is wasted, and will ere long be directed into more useful channels. In Mr. Satow's report we find that "the list of imitations of European articles now made in Japan, though not yet of sufficient importance to admit of their appearance among the list of exports, is nevertheless a long one, and is steadily increasing. Among those shown at the Domestic Industrial Exhibition were blankets, carriage-rugs, shawls, shirts, cotton and silk socks, cotton towels, felt and straw hats, boots, saddles, harness, portmanteaus, clocks, thermometers, harmoniums, optical, musical, surveying, and surgical instruments, photographic cameras, woollens, flannels, and cloth, lead and slate pencils, and a host of others. In fact, it may be safely said that there is nothing of common use produced in Europe which cannot now be imitated, with more or less success, in Japan; and, seeing the extent which the export of such articles as glassware, matches, and umbrellas have already attained, the Japanese may consider themselves justified in looking forward to an equally profitable export in course of time of many of the above articles. All of them are wonderfully cheap, most of them are excellent in appearance, and some of them are also good to use. The surgical instruments are, it is said, often equal to the best produced in England; straw hats, rugs, and fancy blankets, and flannel are of fair quality, excellent for the prices, but, in the majority of cases, cheapness and appearance are the sole recommendations, and any comparison between them and their English-made prototypes would be absurd. Japanese manufactures of miscellaneous Western articles may, and probably for a time will, spread all over the markets of the far East, but a radical change must take place in them if they are ever to gain the foothold in Europe or America that some ardent but ill-informed advocates of bimetallism now not unseldom hold up as a solemn warning to the British makers."

While, however, we cannot refrain from a smile at seeing how this "child of the world's old age" endeavours to do everything at once, and though we may to some extent endorse the criticism that, in the exuberance of his youth, the Japanese is vain, remarkably susceptible to flattery, unsteady, and always seeking some new thing, we can have nothing but praise to bestow upon the nation where her energy is being judiciously applied. Her brilliant industrial achievements are the more striking when we consider the natural disadvantages with which she has to contend in the shape of a long-extended country, split up

into many islands, having mountains as its dominating character, and rivers ill-adapted for navigation and liable to constant overflow.

It seems probable that the future prosperity of Japan will depend on her industrial rather than on her commercial achievements. She has not, so far, succeeded in obtaining possession of any considerable part of the foreign trade; and, indeed, it seems doubtful whether Japan, as represented by her merchants, will, in other than exceptional cases, ever rise above the level of the petty trader. She will certainly not do so by indulging in futile jealousy of the European middleman, and viewing with disfavour, as she is inclined to do, any closer drawing of the bonds which now unite her with foreigners and with commerce.

N. G. MITCHELL-INNES

*(Late Colonial Treasurer of Hong Kong).*

## THE DECLINE OF TRACTARIANISM.

IT has not unfrequently happened that when a nation has reached the zenith of its power, and even sometimes when that power appears to be still on the advance, acute observers have discerned beneath all this appearance of prosperity the signs of incipient decay. The prospects of political and religious parties are subject to the same law. It may be very reasonably questioned whether that law is not applicable to the condition and prospects of Tractarianism. At the present moment, it is true, what may be described as the Tractarian school holds a most commanding position. By far the greater number of the bishops are in sympathy with it, it contains a considerable majority of the beneficed and unbeneficed clergy, and the theological colleges—those nurseries of the clergy to come—are very largely in the hands of its adherents. It possesses also the most influential organs in the Church Press. If it is less powerful among the laity, it has laid hold of a considerable section of them, and the spirit of jealousy and dislike once entertained towards it by a majority among them has died out, save among a class of persons neither numerous nor intellectually strong. The secular Press is no longer openly hostile to Tractarianism. It does not even regard that party in the Church with a spirit of secret repugnance. It does justice to the earnest work of men of the dominant school, and is even disposed to render the homage which success in all ages, and especially in our own, is in a position to extort. Nevertheless, there are not wanting signs that the reign of Tractarianism is over, that the current which has flowed so long and so steadily in its direction has begun to ebb, and that before very long English religious thought will be found flowing in a very different direction. Superficial observers may think otherwise. The apparent ascendancy obtained by High Church views in the Church

at the present moment may seem to reduce the assertion just made to an absurdity, but the trend of modern thought can only be fully comprehended by those who look below the surface.

In order to establish the position which has been laid down, it will be necessary to cast a brief glance at the Tractarian Movement, its origin, its objects, and its progress, to note how far it has succeeded in the mission it proposed to itself, and where it must be regarded as having failed. There can be no doubt that in 1833, the year in which Tractarianism originated, great and serious dangers threatened the Church of England. In the first place, the relations of Church and State had been completely revolutionised by the legislation of 1829, which introduced Dissenters and Roman Catholics into the Imperial Parliament. Up to that epoch the Legislature was for all practical purposes the expression of the voice of the English Church laity. From 1829 onwards, for good or ill, the Houses of Parliament had become purely secular assemblies. The Reform Bill of 1832, again, threw the balance of political power into the hands of the classes most opposed to the Church. The Liberal leader of the day, incensed by the opposition offered to popular progress by Tory bishops, found himself strong enough to address to the Episcopal Bench the well-known warning to put their houses in order. The Evangelical party, which had done such excellent work in inspiring the members of the Church of England with a religious spirit, was becoming enervated by success, and no longer wielded the same spiritual influence as formerly. The old High Church party, with some notable exceptions both among clergy and laity, such as the Rev. H. Handley Norris and Mr. Joshua Watson, were secular in their lives and Erastian in their principles, steeped in pluralities and non-residence. Thus the Church was not only unpopular with the classes which had just begun to control the action of Parliament, but among its own members faith in its divine authority and commission had become very rare.

Ever since 1688 it had been the policy of the Whigs to keep down the Church on account of the Tory leanings of her clergy; and with a Whig Government in power, and likely to be in power for many years, the Church, as a national institution, was, in the period between 1830 and 1840, clearly in imminent danger. Ten bishoprics were suppressed in Ireland, and the Press teemed with attacks by Nonconformists and Indifferentists, as well as with pamphlets emanating from the Latitudinarian party within the Church, endeavouring to bargain for her continuance as an establishment at the price of the sacrifice of all her distinctive principles.

No wonder that at such a crisis the minds of the more earnest among the High Church clergy were seriously agitated. The Government, the country, and the Latitudinarian party among the

clergy, seemed to have combined to destroy the theological and religious character of the Church of England, and to convert it into a sort of religious department of the civil Government. It was felt that steps must be taken to avert a danger which had become imminent. Meetings were held throughout the country. An address to the Archbishop of Canterbury was signed by 7000 clergy, assuring him of the attachment of the signatories to "the Apostolical doctrine and polity of the Church over which he presided, and of which they were ministers," complaining of the "restless desire of change which would rashly innovate in spiritual matters," and assuring the Archbishop of their desire to co-operate in "any measures that might tend to revive the discipline of ancient times, to strengthen the connection between the bishops, clergy and people, and to promote the purity, the efficiency and the unity of the Church."

This declaration was the result of communications which passed between Sir W. Palmer, Messrs. Hugh James Rose, Keble, Newman, and Froude. The laity speedily signed a declaration in similar terms. Arrangements were made for a series of Tracts which should impress the principles of the memorialists upon the people at large. And, as Newman has told us in his "Apologia," the movement was fairly launched by Keble's famous sermon at Oxford in 1833, entitled "National Apostasy."

It will be seen that the movement thus initiated was by no means of a revolutionary character. On the contrary, it was strictly conservative in its objects. It aimed only at revival of the distinctive principles, doctrinal and practical, of the Church of England as settled at the Reformation, the removal of abuses, and the promotion of efficiency in her work. With two exceptions, all the promoters of the addresses were sound and sober Conservative Anglicans of the old-fashioned type, and their object was to revive the theology of Hooker, Andrewes, Bramhall, Laud, and Jeremy Taylor, and to carry out the practical system inaugurated by the great Archbishop who had sacrificed his life for his principles. Unfortunately the wise and sober-minded men who had planned soon ceased to direct the movement. The leadership was captured by a brilliant but erratic genius, whose passionate and sympathetic temperament magnetised the young, while the glamour of his subtle logic effectually disguised the ultimate tendencies of his utterances, from himself as well as from other people. Newman, though adopting High Church principles for the moment, had never in reality been a High Church Anglican. Brought up originally in what were then known as "evangelical" principles, he had passed into the Liberal camp, but had found in its cold and dry rationalism little to satisfy his impulsive and devotional temperament. He flung himself into the work of rehabilitating High Anglican principles with

characteristic ardour, without ever having clearly grasped the doctrines he had set himself to propagate. He contrived in a short time to secure the support of one who, if less brilliant, was a wiser and sounder divine than himself, and well was it for the Church of England that Dr. Pusey—*ὁ μέγας*, as Newman himself called him—consented to join the workers. For some years the influence of Pusey steadied his more meteoric comrade. But even his influence could not prevent—indeed, it must be admitted that Dr. Pusey did not desire to prevent—the movement from assuming a different character to that impressed upon it at the outset. In the place of a simple effort to revive the Anglican system, and to carry it out with a higher efficiency, there had gradually emerged a tendency to question the perfection of the Reformation settlement, and to recur to other principles of Catholicity than those which it enshrined. From a reforming, Tractarianism gradually became a constructive movement; instead of a national, it sought to inspire a cosmopolitan character upon English religious thought. It insisted on the original independence of the Church of the State. It began to look on that union between Church and State, which it was originated to preserve, as rather an evil than a good, at least under present circumstances; and in the place of the Tudor principle of the subordination of the Church to the State, heartily embraced at the epoch of which we are speaking by all Whigs and many Tories, it began to teach that, on the contrary, the State ought to be subordinate to the Church. Side by side with this assertion of the character of the Church as a spiritual society, and her title to spiritual ascendancy, came the endeavour, in opposition to the bewildering variety of opinions among Protestants, to lay down a secure basis of authority in matters of religion. That authority was found in Scripture as interpreted by the Universal Church. And if it were asked where the voice of the Church was to be found, it was replied, in the decrees of her undisputed Ecumenical Councils.

But it soon oozed out that all the Tract writers were no longer contented even with this basis. Vague and disquieting hints were dropped of the need of a living authority to decide present controversies, and more and more frequently the writings of members of the party began to display wistful longings after the majestic autocracy of Rome. The expression of these longings was subtly introduced in the most brilliant coruscations of bewildering rhetoric. Opponents, Archdeacon Hare among others, began to say that the doctrine of the new school led directly to Rome. Isaac Williams's "Tract" on reserve in the communication of religious truth led people to suspect a Jesuitical tendency among the leaders. "Tract 90" converted this suspicion into certainty. The bishops began to take fright. Some of the originators of the movement—Sir William Palmer, for instance—began to remonstrate; others—Isaac Williams himself among them—

were seriously alarmed at the later developments.\* Newman's pride was touched, as a letter he wrote to Sir W. Palmer clearly shows.† The explosion which had taken place about "Tract 90" had already driven him into sullen isolation and alienation. The Tracts had been stopped; Newman had retired to Littlemore, and abandoned all his work at Oxford. A neo-Tractarian party, moreover, of paradoxical sentimentalists had for some time been coming to the front, the business of whose members it appeared to be to shock public opinion as much as possible by their open avowal of sympathy with Rome. Newman refused to check them, and soon it appeared that his own attachment to the Church of England was seriously shaken. At last, in 1845, his secession was announced; the sentimentalists above mentioned went with him, and the first phase of the Tractarian movement came to an end.

Its second phase presents features of immense interest. The old organisation was utterly broken up. Of those which remained, Pusey was the leader, and Keble and Isaac Williams alone gave him sympathy and assistance. A fresh batch of secessions, with Manning at its head, took place after 1850, in consequence of the Gorham decision. From that time Sir W. Palmer ceased to act with those of the Tractarian leaders who remained. Dr. Hook, another warm supporter of the Tract writers in their earlier aims, deliberately cast them off. Yet Pusey and Keble, in spite of their bitter disappointment and discouragement, remained firm to the wider scope which Newman had been the first to impart to the teaching of the school. They positively refused to demand the declaration of hostility to Rome on which Sir William Palmer and George Anthony Denison insisted. With astonishing courage, in spite of abuse, desertion, and the reproaches flung at them by those who had predicted the result of their efforts, they continued to aim at undoing, to a certain extent, the work of the Reformation, and at a nearer approximation than our present Church formularies contain to the doctrinal system and practical working of the Church of Rome. They still maintained that the Church was not a mere department of the State, but a spiritual society. They persisted in their resistance to Latitudinarianism and Protestantism, and, above all, they did not cease to affirm that the only true basis of belief is to be found in Scripture, as interpreted by the Universal Church. But for some years subsequent to 1850 their position was difficult, and even critical. The current Romeward had altogether abated. The old High Anglican spirit began to revive. Theologians, such as Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln,

\* It should be remarked that, in spite of the alarm excited by the title rather than the contents of his tract on reserve in the communication of religious truth, the loyalty of Isaac Williams to the Church of England was always beyond suspicion.

† Introduction to "Narrative of Events," p. 77. See also Isaac Williams's "Autobiography," p. 80.



and Professor J. J. Blunt, of Cambridge, contended with much ability and learning that the Church of England, in her Prayer Book, her Articles, and in the works of her learned divines since the Reformation, came nearer to the ideal of the primitive Church than any other Church at present existing. The splendid eloquence, the vast energy, the wonderful knowledge of mankind possessed by the late Bishop Wilberforce were directed towards the same end. Writers, such as Gresley and Paget, endeavoured to popularise the High Anglican rather than the Tractarian view in their tales, and the same may be said of the general tendency of works like those of Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge, by which children and young people were largely influenced.\* Some unfortunate steps taken by Dr. Pusey at this period of his life, steps which infinitely disgusted men of the old unsentimental and manly Anglican type, and which even called forth remonstrances from so devoted a member of the Tractarian party as Mr. (now Canon) Carter, of Clewer, also tended for a time to diminish his influence. The tendency to a morbid self-introspection and self-reproach, which had long been part of Pusey's character, and which domestic and public sorrows had tended to intensify, prompted him to translate and adapt some extremely mawkish productions of French pietism of which, happily, at the present moment little is heard. All this increased the suspicion that his efforts were tending—*consciously* tending, as many declared—in the same direction as those of Newman and Manning.

Of Pusey's untiring efforts throughout the rest of his life on behalf of the principles connected with his name little need be said here. He was the life and soul of the "Essays and Reviews" controversy, and of the Colenso controversy. In both these controversies he contended warmly and perseveringly on behalf of the authority of God's Word, and, as co-ordinate with it, the authority of Christ's Church. The spiritual character of that Church, too, it was his most earnest endeavour to maintain; but it is hardly too much to say that his efforts to enlarge the borders of our Church in a Romeward direction might have been without fruit but for a movement with which he had very little to do. Even his coadjutors, Keble and Isaac Williams, lent him little aid on this last point during the later years of their lives. They openly confessed that, since the glamour of Newman's influence was removed, they had been more and more inclined to fall back into the old-fashioned Anglicanism which had been the creed of their earlier lives.† The movement which secured the triumph of Pusey's work, in giving a broader basis to Anglican theology in a Romeward

\* The well-known monthly magazine, the *Monthly Packet*, conducted by Miss Yonge, on which more than one generation of youthful Churchmen and Churchwomen was nourished, was studiously moderate and Anglican in its character throughout, and was occasionally not altogether untouched by the wider spirit of modern Liberalism.

† Isaac Williams's "Autobiography," p. 118. Written in 1859.

direction, was the Ritual Movement.\* The earlier Tractarians had no taste for ritual. In few churches had much been done beyond intoning the service and improving the music till after 1850. The services at that typical Tractarian place of worship, Margaret Chapel, in Oakeley's time, would excite a smile among the ardent Ritualists of the present day. But the rank and file of the Tractarian clergy flung themselves with tremendous energy into the ritual cause. The clergy, as a body, are not profound theologians. But

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

If it were not possible for the average clergyman to get a very profound conception of the "proportion of the faith," at least it was possible for him to grasp the idea of the desirableness of a good many changes in the order of public worship. And, indeed, there was plenty of need for them. The ritual of the Church of England in the earlier part of the century could hardly be described as imposing, or even edifying. There was scarcely any conceivable change in the conduct of Church services at that time which might not have been regarded as an improvement. And so the ritual *propaganda* went on apace. It was conducted by men who were not only shocked at the irreverences and absurdities of their day, but who had come to the sweeping conclusion that they were all to be attributed to the disastrous history of the last three centuries. So the existing type of services was christened "Protestant," and everything of post-Reformation origin was promptly proscribed. Anglican chants, as the product of the English Church since the Reformation, as well as high pews, "three-deckers," metrical Psalms, the black gown in the pulpit, and a host of other customs, often "more honoured in the breach than the observance," were denounced *en bloc* as abominations. In the conduct of Church services, in the colour and cut of the vestments, in the habits of the brotherhoods and sisterhoods, the new school were bent on imitating the Roman Church. Not only did a flourishing literature spring up of "Ritual Reasons Why," and the like, but after one or two ineffectual attempts, an organ in the public press was provided. The reason for the present predominance of Tractarian principles in the Church of England is more closely connected with the existence of a penny weekly paper which exists to popularise them than people in general seem to have any idea. And it may be safely added that the *English Church Union* would never have been established, or having been established, would never have been maintained, to protect the interests of the "Catholic party" in the Church of England, had it not been for the lively interest taken in ritual by a considerable

\* Dr. Pusey's hope of better relations with Rome found expression in his "Eirenicon," published in 1865. But Manning immediately contrived to shut the door in his face by the decrees of the Vatican Council in 1870.

body of British "Philistines," and the insane policy which insisted on making martyrs of insubordinate priests by putting them in prison. And so, as the first and more useful period of the Tractarian movement since Newman's secession is connected with the name of Pusey, its second and more popular period must be connected with the name of Mackonochie. The leading characteristics of this second period are a strong affection for ceremonial, a deep love for Roman mediævalism, and a fanatical hatred of Protestantism in every shape. No custom has proved too puerile, too absurd, it might even be added, too degrading, to be eagerly adopted by a certain party among the clergy, provided it is borrowed from the Church of Rome. No words are too strong to be used in condemnation of any doctrine, any practice connected with Protestantism, notwithstanding the fact that, whatever its demerits regarded as a theological system, this same Protestantism has at least been the means of securing to us that freedom which its most bigoted adversaries are accustomed to use—some people might say to abuse—to an extent practically unlimited. But for Protestantism, men who act in the principles of these its doughty antagonists would probably be in Bocardo, with the choice between recantation and the stake. And so "faddist" English aristocrats, half educated and uninquiring English men and women are nourished, some people would say stupefied, on superstitions half warmed up from the Vatican kitchen, and are then led to the brink of the Roman precipice, and told to take care not to fall over. For years past non-communicating attendance, fasting communion, compulsory confession, have been perseveringly and energetically taught. Wafer bread at the Communion, Litanies to Jesus, Mary and Joseph, flowers on the "Altar of the Blessed Virgin," have been spectacles at which English men and women have gazed with a perplexity with which not a little despair has been intermingled. For nearly fifty years have the Lessons been read in some churches as though they were in the unknown tongue, and the prayers gabbled as though they had been some charm to avert the evil eye. The President of the English Church Union has advocated, with much applause, the desirability of permitting the Communion to be celebrated according to the provisions of the First Book of Edward IV., as an alternative use to that actually in vogue. The press, the public, and even the bishops, have remonstrated in vain. No power exists to interfere with the power of clergy and congregations to innovate upon the plain directions of the Prayer Book in any way they please. And as if this were not sufficient, we are now, it would seem, threatened with another crop of innovations of a more distinctively Roman character still. Purgatory is openly taught; Invocation of Saints as openly defended. The service known as "Benediction" is taken over bodily from the Roman Catholic Church. The use of the Rosary is inculcated; the "Litany of Loretto" is

used; the doctrine of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary is preached; and, to crown all, communion in one kind—of all Roman Catholic practices the most indefensible and the most absurd—is being introduced, apparently because it is a Roman custom, and for no other reason whatsoever. The "Ritualistic" party is honeycombed with "guilds" for the open or secret propagation of these and other absurdities. In fact, a number of infinitely smaller men, upon an infinitely less enlightened stage, are imitating the vagaries which, before 1845, were enacted by Faber, Oakeley, and Ward. No wonder the more honest and far-seeing among the leaders of the "Catholic school" in this country are getting a little alarmed at this renewed appetite for Roman novelties, and are beginning to consider how the evident drift toward Rome among their adherents may best be stopped. Canon Newbolt, at a meeting of the English Church Union on January 26 of the present year, has expressed a not unnatural concern lest the interests of spiritual religion should suffer if the present *régime* of lawlessness and externalism be not in some degree restrained. The Ritualist organs, however, are perfectly satisfied with things as they are. All is going well in the best of all possible Churches, where, if not the Ritualist, at least the High Church party directs the policy, and all but monopolises the highest preferments. There is no anxiety for the "good east wind" which Dr. Pusey himself, years ago, at a meeting of the English Church Union, declared to be a very wholesome thing for religious movements when they were becoming too popular.

Yet, in truth, the predominance of Tractarianism in the Church of England is, as has already been implied, a very superficial one. That the Tractarian movement has been fatal to Erastianism, and has spread throughout all parties in the Church of England the conviction that the Church of Christ in every country is a spiritual and not a mere civil organisation, is unquestionable. That it has revived the idea of worship, and promoted the employment of taste and beauty and every sort of external attractiveness in the services of the Church, is also an incontrovertible fact. It has also restored the Incarnation of Christ to its true position in the scheme of salvation, and has enabled us to conceive of that scheme, no longer as an arrangement by which God is enabled to forgive sinners without forfeiting His character as a moral governor of the world, but as the first step in the moral and spiritual regeneration of mankind.\* It has placed the Sacraments, as means and instruments in that work of exalting and purifying humanity, on an altogether different basis in

\* This is the doctrine of R. I. Wilberforce's book on the Incarnation. But it was practically a new doctrine to Englishmen at large when that book was written. And it was the fundamental difference between the Tractarian theology and that popularly accepted by the English people which drove him and others into the Roman camp. But his view is also that of Lightfoot and Westcott, and their followers.

the minds of modern theologians from that which they occupied in the minds of English divines in general seventy years ago. This is a great work, and it has been successfully accomplished. These principles, once the special characteristics of the Tractarian party, are almost universally accepted at the present moment among men of every school in the Church of England, and even by many outside its borders. But it is altogether different with the special points which distinguish what, for want of a better name, we must call the "advanced," or "Ritualistic," school at the present moment. That school, however, differs in so many points from the older Tractarianism that the name "Tractarian" cannot properly be applied to it. Its distinctive characteristics are its over-scrupulous regard for externals in divine worship; its tendency to look Romewards for direction in the details of those externals; its disposition to exalt the privileges of the Christian ministry, and to insist very strongly on the importance of the formal transmission of that ministry; its inclination towards materialism, or, at the least, an exaggerated mediævalism, in its conception of the sacraments and other rites of the Church; and its doctrine of the *criteria* of authority in matters of belief. On the last and most important point, however, it has been utterly riven apart by modern developments. An apparent and factitious unity is still preserved for the present on the surface, because men grasp superficial ideas much more readily than deep fundamental principles. Members of the advanced school are still at one on such subordinate points as the advisability of a friendly understanding with the Roman Church, and, as a necessary prelude thereto, of the desirability of bringing the Pope to recognise the validity of our Orders. They are at one about high sacramental doctrine and ritual, about the importance of fasting communion, about the power of the priest in absolution. They advocate "high celebrations for worship," they approve of calling Holy Communion "Mass," they favour non-communicating attendance, and they make no protest against the encouragement given to the unbaptized and excommunicate to remain throughout the celebration of the holy mysteries. On these secondary points all members of the school are agreed. But on the fundamental question of the basis of authority in the Church they are "rent asunder," like the veil of the Temple, "from the top to the bottom." There is no need to adduce proofs of the fact that the basis of authority, in the eyes of the original Tractarians, was Scripture, as interpreted by the undivided Church. All their writings assume that the authority of Scripture is paramount. Any attempt to derogate from that infallible authority they resisted with the utmost vehemence. We have only to recall the part already alluded to as having been taken by Dr. Pusey in the controversies occasioned by the publication of "Essays and Reviews" and of Bishop Colenso's volumes on the Pentateuch, or to peruse his work on the

prophet Daniel, to make it clear that the inerrancy of Scripture as a whole, the supernatural character of Old Testament prophecy, were among the first planks in the Tractarian platform. That the official utterances of the Church in her Œcumenical Councils were also regarded as practically infallible also needs no demonstration. When the Church spoke in her authoritative assemblies—so the Tractarian leaders taught with one consent—the faithful must submit. And, what is of more consequence still, the Tractarian doctrine of the source of authority was the basis of all its other teaching. Moreover, as has been said, the Tractarian leaders cared little for ritual. They also deprecated the importance attached to fasting communion, and deplored the tendency to substitute “hearing Mass” for devout reception of the Lord’s Body and Blood.\* And as to their views on the ministry and the sacraments, they were insisted on, not so much on the ground of their intrinsic fitness, as because they were believed to be in accordance with the voice of the universal Church. Thus the original Tractarians were at issue with their followers, the “Ritualists,” on many points. But what the Tract writers would have said about the later developments of Tractarianism which have recently emanated from the Pusey House may be gathered from the grief and despair with which Canon Liddon, Dr. Pusey’s most loved and trusted disciple, is known to have received them. The view of the fallibility of Scripture enunciated by Canon Gore in “Lux Mundi” is, no doubt, confined to the Old Testament. But in the eyes of the original Tractarians the Old Testament was as infallible as the New, except, of course, so far as Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Word, had Himself superseded it by His divine authority. The notion that, instead of Moses having given the Law, he was, in fact, only the author of a “certain germ” of it, the teaching which represents Chronicles as idealising and exaggerating the facts which it records,† would seem little short of blasphemous in the eyes of the school of 1833. Nor did the daring innovations of the new school stop there. When the authority of our Lord was invoked against them, their authors met the argument by the avowal of principles which seemed to challenge the decrees of Ephesus and Chalcedon. To teach not only that our Lord’s human knowledge was limited, but that it was fallible, to speak of our Lord while “manifest” here “in the flesh” as having “ceased” for a while “to exercise certain natural prerogatives of the divine existence,” have seemed to many orthodox theologians to come perilously near to contradicting the decisions of the universal Church.‡ The explanation of the Kenosis as an emptying Himself of some

\* See a letter written by Dr. Pusey to the *Daily Express*, a Tractarian daily newspaper, which had but a brief existence. Keble’s correspondence contains similar expressions of opinion.

† “Lux Mundi,” p. 259. Twelfth edition.

‡ Gore, “Bampton Lectures,” p. 158.

distinctive features of his Godhead by the Eternal Word at the moment of His Incarnation, is an explanation which would hardly have satisfied Cyril of Alexandria, or, for the matter of that, Theodoret, or even Theodore of Mopsuestia, who was, nevertheless, condemned as a heretic by more than one Œcumenical Council. Whether, again, a Catholic theologian of the old school would allow that the sphere of the Godhead and the sphere of the manhood in Christ could be regarded as essentially distinct in the one person of Christ is once more a question.\* So, too, may it be doubted whether the older Tractarians would have described the Divine Word as having "begun to live from a new centre when He assumed manhood."† Another Bampton lecturer has spoken of the divine attributes in the Incarnate God as being "modified or coloured" by His union with the Godhead,‡ and of St. Paul as teaching that the Son of God "continued in some sense to be what He was before."§ And a Professor at the sister university, whose reputation as a "Catholic" stands very high, has been reported as saying that Christ is two persons, indissolubly and eternally united together. If this be a correct report, he has fallen into downright Nestorianism.

These opinions may be true or false. It is not the purpose of this paper to pronounce upon them. But it is quite certain, first, that they are flatly contrary to the teaching of the older Tractarians; and next, that they mark a rupture between the school of authority and the school of criticism in the Tractarian camp. Some "Ritualists" hold strongly to the old Tractarian principles of the co-ordinate authority of Holy Scripture and the universal Church; others hold as strongly to the new ideas lately broached. That there has been no serious attempt at refuting them on Tractarian principles is due to the fact that, since the death of Canon Liddon, the older Tractarian school, or, if the term be preferred, the more orthodox Ritualistic school, has not a single theologian of repute who is competent for the task. Mild protests—*very* mild protests, as compared with the attitude of the older Tractarians towards heresy or novelty—have been made by certain of the Ritualistic clergy. But serious resistance has hardly even been attempted from that quarter. And from the very gingerly way in which these fundamental questions have been treated by the modern representatives of Tractarianism we may gather some idea of its very critical position just now as a school of thought. In spite of its imposing appearance, its walls are cracking in all directions. Thus it possesses a Society, the English Church Union, for the dissemination and support of its principles. The president of that Society, contrary to the judgment of some of its members, lately made overtures to the Pope on the question of Anglican Orders. Only a

\* Gore, "Dissertations," pp. 97, 206.

† Ottley, "Bampton Lectures," ii. p. 273.

† *Ibid.*, p. 215.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 104.

few half-hearted protests were uttered by those who dissented from his action. A volume, issued from the Pusey House itself, contradicts the Tractarian doctrine of the inspiration of Holy Scripture; the English Church Union, after full debate, refuses to enter upon the question. The new theories on the Old Testament necessitate the reopening of the questions supposed to be settled at Ephesus and Chalcedon; an ominous silence reigns on all sides. Not only is no whisper heard within the walls of the English Church Union, but even the organs of the party, save a few feeble murmurs in one or two quarters, are conspicuously mute. Some of the camp-followers of the party, assisted by guilds and societies, are pushing on flat Popery among their unthinking disciples. The leaders admit it. But they know not what to do. What change has come over the spirit of the "Catholic party"? It was not wont to sit thus with bated breath while the enemy was thundering at the gates of the Catholic citadel. Even yet it has strong language at command for men supposed to be tainted with "Protestantism" or anti-sacerdotalism. But for these internal disturbers of its peace it cannot find a word to say. Nevertheless it has become sadly suspicious that there is something amiss. Its leaders are in correspondence with the ancient Latitudinarian enemy, and it has no one to take their place. There is no one among its members who is strong enough to vindicate satisfactorily the authority of Scripture or the decrees of the Œcumenical Councils. It does not seem able even to decide with authority the controversy between the pro-Roman and the anti-Roman school which exists within it. Thus, though it present an imposing front at present to the passers-by, it knows that its house is so full of fissures that no one dare walk across the floor.

The real truth is that we are on the eve of a new departure. The Tractarian school has done its work, and is doomed to disappear before very long.

"Our little systems have their day,  
They have their day and cease to be."

And when that day comes, other forms of thought will take their place. In what direction this new departure will endeavour to lead us it were premature to predict. It may be, as some signs seem to predict, toward the restoration to the laity of their place in the Church of God; it may be in the direction of limiting that "one man power" in the Church which has been shown to lead to such disaster in other human societies. Let us at least hope that it will be in the direction of a larger tolerance, upon a wider and more genuinely Catholic basis. Definite truth there must be, or religion is another name for chaos. But whether all the doctrinal and ecclesiastical minutiae upon which the present descendants of the Tractarians so strongly insist are parts of our Catholic heritage, is a point which, it must be confessed, admits



of discussion. The neo-Tractarians of Canon Gore's school have practically cast aside ecclesiastical authority, and have become advocates of an understanding with modern thought. They have thus detached, or are detaching themselves, from the school of tradition, and have joined, or are joining, the ranks of the advocates of free inquiry and the supremacy of conscience. It is to be hoped that we may in time have a rehabilitation of the Reformers, who, for the last half-century or so, have been so handsomely abused. Perhaps people may come to see that, whatever their faults—and no reasonable man will deny that they *had* faults—they were the pioneers of the progress and liberty, civil and religious, which we now enjoy. We may become dimly sensible of the fact that they were hardly, perhaps, the “unredeemed villains” it has been the fashion for years to describe them as being, in the language of a well-known “Ritualistic” leader, who lived to regret the violence of his words. But, whatever the future has in store for us, we who are now awaiting the opening of the twentieth century have unquestionably brighter prospects before us than the Christian religion has ever known since the first century of its existence. There are signs—very recent signs—of the approach of a better understanding between men of various schools within the Church of England itself. The Nonconformists are on all sides abandoning those extreme hard-and-fast notions of the divine decrees which placed them in such irreconcilable opposition to the formularies of the English Church. The Russian Church is displaying signs of a warm interest in the history and position of the Anglican body. There are everywhere evidences of stir and upheaval in the Roman Communion favourable to an abatement of that great obstacle to a general reunion, the claims of the Roman See. And though the tortuous policy of Rome in the past cannot fail to inspire suspicion of her good faith in the present, the recent reply to the letter of the two Archbishops is at least couched in courteous phrase. Of immediate reunion there is, of course, not the slightest chance. But we may trust that Christian thought is entering on a phase which brings ultimate reunion in sight. The first duty before us is to get rid of old antipathies and prejudices; the next to distinguish between fundamental doctrines and pious opinions; the next, to join the number of those who would induce the Church to retrace the many steps she has taken on the barren path which has led to the multiplication of dogmas.

“Qui divino studio operam datis,” exclaims Bishop Pearson in one of his “Conciones ad Clerum,” “qui chartis potissimum sacris impallescitis; qui venerandum sacerdotis officium aut occupatis, aut ambitis; qui tremendam animarum curam suscepturi estis; excutite praesentis saeculi prurimum, fugite affectatam novitatem, quod fuit ab initio quaerite, fontes consulite, ad antiquitatem confugite, ad sacros Patres redite, ad Ecclesiam primitivam respicite, hoc est, ut cum propheta nostro loquar, *Interrogate de semitis antiquis.*”

These words are more needed now than ever, for they indicate the narrow channel between the Scylla of rigid ecclesiastical decrees and the Charybdis of modern speculation. May God guide us into a right practical application of that noble maxim, so often quoted, and almost as often misapplied: *in necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas!*

A COUNTRY PARSON.

## THE ROMANCE OF SCHOOL.

**T**HERE is still an unnamed Muse. A province due to the sisterhood, who are, as we now recognise, more than nine, has no one of them for Sovereign. Yet is not the school fit to be the kingdom of a Muse?

It may be true that poetry, like religion and philosophy, "deems all things human akin to her." But this is to say the too much which is to say nothing. Shopkeeping and the labour of the laundry are human too, but the Muse, if she has ever been surprised beside the till or the mangle, has never lingered: not even a Wordsworth can domesticate her there. The magic light that turns cobweb to golden gossamer, and strikes a sparkle of jewels out of an ash heap, will away again, leaving no time for study and disillusion. Whether a subject can be called poetic is therefore a question of degree; how long and how much is the converse with it of the Muse? There are certainly themes in which poetry is at home, not a mere visitant: there is war and the chase, shepherding and husbandry, even politics, when they spell revolution, even commerce, while she is not on 'Change, but is on the seas between her markets. Can poetry be made at home in the school?

The answer from history would be discouraging. Not to go back to the benches where the learning of the Egyptians was acquired, boys' schools have been described as early as the days of Pericles, but only the Muse of comedy went there, and that to teach Aristophanes the now trite reflection on the decay of manners among young people: no Muse guided thither even "our Euripides, the human." And later, while Virgil could sing not only of the camp but of the farm, his lyrist friend presents the "old school" and its headmaster with no more touch of poetry than the grown Scotaman recalls the dominie

and the tawse. If a Muse of school there be, she was till of late a *Musa in partibus*, and has but yesterday "set up her stool" in a titular realm.

Yesterday, however, she did it, history's yesterday of fifty years ago. For two generations or near, it has been possible for a man to choose to be a schoolmaster for the sake of his bread and of a task, but also because that way lies romance.

The English Midlands are not the chosen land of poetry, though Shakspeare's Avon creeps there still. But there in two all but neighbour shires, under their headstones sleep the two men who made a new tuneful sister descend from heaven. We cannot give her a name (it needs a Greek to name a Muse), but only a title. She is the Muse of School.

Of school, be it understood, not of education; these two are not the same. Certain educationists have said so before now, meaning a sarcasm. It is true also without the sarcasm. There may be, still kept back by heaven, a Muse of education too, and to her may be some day given for her kingdom, when she is ready to inherit it, all that can be time-tabled, standardised, and certificated; all codes, registers, and methods shall be hers. Why not? For these matters are great, though not yet beautiful; Minerva, an immortal, has them in care. But the Muse chooses and is not chosen; and the school is her choice already, but the board and the syndicate are not.

Nor even so has she chosen the school everywhere. The Frenchman and the German must tell us whether lycée and gymnasium know her. She had scarcely settled on the Thames and Itchen and Avon, when she crossed the sea to Ireland; there, however, she is, if a divinity, only a Saxon one. And she crossed the Tweed too; but there, since she came down to earth on the wrong bank of that river, her title is still defective, for what are fifty years of sojourn to a Scot?

To drop the parable, is there not a new thing under the sun in the imaginative affection which our time bestows upon the school? A school has become to its members the inspirer everywhere of a sentiment, here and there of even a passion. There is a magic for them in its name, like that in the name of country or in the watchword of a race: it touches the springs of ambition and shame, often of action: there are a few in whom the quickest pulse that beats is that which this name stirs. Was it ever so before in history between a boy and his school?

If it ever was, literature shows no trace of it. Books knew of school only as a piece of business, like apprenticeship or the excise; and imagination touched its details only for the humorous opportunity found in whipping-blocks and benches, ink blots and thumbed grammars, and the stolen waters of the truant. Or men wrote of

schoolboy affairs as one would write of the nursery or a visit to the dentist, as of things it might be necessary to discuss, but hardly in company, unless with an apologetic lightness of touch. Nowadays there are fictions in which only schoolboys are the heroes and villains, but grown men and women read them. Nay, the schoolboy's life already yields the songs which please within the circle, and may any day yield the poem which will please beyond it.

There are those who will deride this new interest in the child, and say it is only fashion's last amusement, rather longer lived than the æsthetic craze, rather less foolish than the athletic; that presently the maxim, by which our own little selves were repulsed in the desire of self-expression, will be called back into use, and the boy and his affairs will be told that they may have in society a place but not a voice.

This is not what will happen, however. The new child-worship is not all idolatry, any more than was the old woman-worship. As a sex, so an age may need to be rescued from a world-old neglect, and, once rescued, its claim to man's consideration may be harmonised but never denied. The woman, since chivalry discovered her amiableness, has never again become the thrall; and the child, whose charm has been so lately discovered, will not be driven back to the sordid shades where he was found two generations ago. No more will the poetry of childhood wither again, unless that of womanhood has withered, because we now can see that half the talk of chivalry was an insincere and foolish mode. Doubtless new knowledge of mankind, like new knowledge of Nature, begins in magic; but the philosopher outstays the magician; and with the estate of child, as of woman, the world, having once discovered it, will keep the romance when it has long parted with the phantasy.

However, our present concern is not the romance of the child, but of the boy. And as yet only of the boy born in the fortunate home. That is the necessary order in the romantic; it moves downwards, as they say temperance and good manners do, and as did the reverence for woman. At present I have only to ask myself why there is a poetry in the life of those schools for the sons of the gentle and the fortunate which the last half of this century has nursed so zealously? If any one charges me with the fallacy of "many questions," and would have me first prove the poetry to be there before I begin to account for it, I answer, as he who retorted to a critic of his mansion's architecture, that, for himself, he lived on the inside of it. For I say that I was a boy in a school and am a man in one; for me it is enough that it is all glorious within.

So I ask, of what stuff is this poetry of school made?

And, first, I see that it is yielded by the most elemental of all the

facts of the case, which is that school is for boys, and boys are men beginning. The poetry of school is the poetry of beginnings.

Why are beginnings poetic? That is a question to which somewhere or other lies an answer, but it lies in the laps of philosophers. We will not go and ask them. We will rather recall how on some summer morning of travel we came from bed into golden sunlight, with the scent of dew upon it, and the crisp note of a bird above the spring in the hostel garden, and the low of cattle coming off the meadows. How the blood danced to the piping of Pan! How the score of minutes over the hasty meal were grudged out of the twelve coming hours of gold in the sliding magic landscape of the traveller's day! Heigh ho! and then the weary nodding hours, the jaded senses of mid-afternoon in the *banquette* of the coach, till at the touch of a cold mountain shadow the soul shook herself awake again, and poised for the descent on the white walls of the evening landing-place. For him who journeys in company of youth it is always early morning; some one is always beginning the day, some one is measuring, with eyes full of sunlight, his vague landscape of achievement, and seeing every league of it fresh with the dew of the morning. We know he is wrong, and we could tell him of the dusty mid-day hedge-rows and the sleepy eyes carried past them. But we do not. Would we rob him of the bread in the strength of which he will go? Besides, we also know that he is right; his is the illusion which is vision; for it is not the landscape that grows dull, but the eyes that grow dim. His, perhaps, will not tire as ours do. Perhaps.

That Perhaps, of how much of life's beauty is it the name? Take it away; replace it with certainty; imagine life's country to be scanned not in the vagueness and illusion of its present perspective, but as in a map, or as fields under a bird's-eye view, and would not romance be gone? That was not so wise a prayer: "Give me to know mine end."

Now, of a boy no one knows the end. When the generous lad has become the solid banker in the late fifties, we know the end too well, and the dew of poetry dries off him. And, to confirm our view of the charm of uncertainty, let this banker's solid state be shaken by a doubt, let it become thinkable that insolvency may knock at his door, even his, to-morrow, and a kind of poetry reclothes him. Nay, for that, let it only cross our mind that he is a man all the while as well as a banker, and that one day this man will leave the banker lying, and will go out from his money-bags "naked" into the gulf, no one able to pronounce whither—and how he is at once a figure of romance! Surely "the doubtful doom of human kind" is not worn only as a badge of our low condition. It is a grace as well; it chains, but it crowns us too. And this crown of mortality is at its brightest while it is worn by the boy, and all things are possible.

Not quite so. Make what one may of the Perhaps, still it is a word of narrow limits for ninety-nine of the master's hundred. It is but the one who will be distinguished; the rest will be no better than their fathers, and what these are you know.

Do I? To me it seems that whatever lives is distinguished; it is a new thing emerged from the featureless deep, a thing which never has been, and never will be again. Distinction is life, written in more letters. He is no fit master of youth who ceases to believe that distinction is the goal of everything that becomes a living soul.

There we have anticipated a second element in the romance of school—the charm bred of the touch of human personality. Where is this touch of personality so constant and so immediate? That is the fact which finds out the master whom Nature did not send to the school, and makes his unhappiness: his woe is that the contact with human lives is too incessant and too close. The same fact makes the drama which delights another. Admit that the natures we touch are immature; still it is the immaturity of that which will be man. And all of the man which is in the boy meets and touches you; the nature fronts you whole. The grown man presents to you one side of him; meets you as the man of business, but will not speak of hearth and home, or makes company for you as guest but will not open on his profession. He moves on his course, a planet which keeps always the same face towards you, and will not abide your question as to the further hemisphere. The boy must abide your question, if you put it. It may be unwise to put it: that, however, is an inquiry for the ethic, not the æsthetic, of our subject. But, indeed, without any questioning, the mere daily movement of school life, its round of work, play, discipline, intercourse, makes revolve under the eye, not perhaps all of a nature's aspects, but very many of them: what is reserved you can see into, if time and right occasion serve. To no one but you, unless it be here a priest and there a doctor, are lives so laid bare. Immature lives, yes, but how close you see them and how full! All the passions that move humanity look at you out of the windows. All the kinds which Nature fashions are there. The soldier's frank mischief, the staid plainness of the clerk, the scholar grave-faced or "looking elvish;" Jacob with eyes of calculation; oftener and welcomer, Esau, with eyes full of the sun, and the smell of the field upon his raiment; here a countenance with the shadow on it where you may read a prophecy of sorrow, and there the full, merry lips of the faun, with neither prophecy nor remembrance; faces with the seal of the tyrant, or the seal of the villain; furtive eyes, that provoke to discovery; rebel eyes, to conquest; loyal eyes, shy, but with a flash at you under the lids; eyes of aspiration with a spark in them, of repentance, with a tear; beauty,

with an illusion, it may be, as elsewhere, for a partial heart; vulgarity too, but even so with rough, homely flavours as of potherb or garlic; and rusticity with the smell of the good red earth of which Adam was moulded: last, now and again it is History which fronts you, in features of mass and force, or with the fine graving of race; then once in life, could you but see it, the genius; and once, could you fathom it, the saint.

There are, however, other founts of poetry than that of personality. Man may be the roof and crown of things, but he is not also the floor and basement. A second claim on the Muse is advanced by Nature. One remembers, indeed, how a generation sated with Pope and convinced by Wordsworth believed the noblest study of mankind was no longer man but Nature, and that the poet was there chiefly to make us descriptions of the landscape: from which error blossomed many paintings by novelist or verse-writers of skies and fields on a fatiguing breadth of canvas; *ingentia rura*, which the reader, like Virgil's wise husbandman, will praise and pass by. We are now again able to perceive that Nature pleases us chiefly as the background of man and his passions. This is why there is for each man just one piece of the physical world which unfailingly holds poetry for him: it is the plot which he calls home. Home has poetry even for the children of prose. It is, we are told, the laws of association which account for this: it is the partiality of memory which strews the glamour on the field and stone and timber of the birthplace. But Association, that handmaid of all work in modern psychology, can be overtaken. I will suggest that our sense of beauty in the home is rather a part of the birth-instinct, the same which discovers to us the beauty in the mother's face. Earth, the first of goddesses, is the mother of us all; but each of us in special knows the mighty mother only by that lap of earth which nursed his beginnings, by the stones piled from her quarries, the timbers that grew from her sod. This is for him his mother's face, and it is beautiful because it is hers and he is her child. Now this romance of home, of whatever stuff it is woven and on whatever loom, has of late been singularly transferred to home's one-time antithesis, the school. Do the critics complain that the natural parent is being robbed of his boy by the professional parent, his master? Let us have the whole of their complaint then. Is not the home robbed as well? Has not the boy's love of the birthplace gone a straying, and settled on the threshold of his Alma Mater? Perhaps in truth neither parent nor birthplace is robbed at all: love "spreads undivided," or can be learnt abroad to be used at home. Anyhow it is not our part to stop and do justice here, but only to note the fact. A strange thing has come about, and the imaginative affections of place cluster now where no one would have looked for them half a century ago, and invest with



their poetry what to a schoolboy of that time was a bleak land of exile. The schoolboy, do I say? But it is not the boy's affections which are here our concern, except when the boy is father to the man, the man who becomes pastor and master in the walls where a few summers earlier he was scholar, or in walls which presently wear for him the same beauty as his own. Ah! friend or stranger, but you know it—this poetry of the affections of place. You know it, for you have rested oars on the broad stream's bosom to see the storied towers stand up from the meadows, a magic air upon their battlements; or from a distant hill you have viewed the spire of your chapel prick up between the elms; or the broad roof of your stately hall has taken the sunshine on it like a shield; or the rich window rises on the steep over the strong, clear mountain river, and you have cried "If I forget thee——!" What need to persuade such as you that school has the poetry of home?

One source of the romance of school is left, and it is worth all the rest.

"Valiant warrior, thou who surpassest in beauty the children of men, gird thyself with thy sword upon thy thigh," cried the Bishop after the threefold accolade in the young knight's ordination. "Thou who surpassest in beauty." Perhaps there was too often need for the prayer, "God make thee good as thou art beautiful." But to the mode of life which we call chivalry, whatever was its virtue, beauty at any rate cannot be denied. In the school of our days chivalry has flowered again: and that is why the life of school is beautiful.

Recount the tale, in language modern but correct, of a knight's boyhood, and ask yourself if you are not telling the story of your own boy. He is taken at seven years of age from the care of the women, who yet have already taught him that he must be a gentleman, and he goes with a band of boys of like condition to the house of a noble, or it may be to a hospital founded by a princely patron, and ruled by some approved knight as a school of the gentle life. In either case he changes his natural parent for a parent by profession, for it is prescribed that if his father be a knight, he must be trained "in the service of some other knight." There he gains perhaps some tincture of the arts, the liberal not the industrial, and spends much of his time in training lungs and muscle, to run, vault, leap, climb, and throw. Above all he is made to "fag," and that assiduously, for his elders, and he counts it no dishonour. At times perhaps he experiences the rod, and, unlike his village brothers or his peers abroad, thinks no shame of it, knowing that his dignity is safe. There also he is taught to speak the truth, to study fair manners and eat among ladies in hall, to reverence the knightly brotherhood, not to flinch at pain, not to brag, not to take foul advantage of an enemy nor grudge a fair defeat, to stand by leader or comrade to the end, to play up and

play the game, though the game be a lost one; and, amid all this, to worship in deed and thought one sovereign lady; though, now I bethink me, your son's ideal queen is no dame of flesh nor a maiden at all, but the Boon Mother of his school brotherhood, and yet not the less a divinity whose name, if tales are true, is able to steel a heart and string an arm in a day of battle.

Yes, it is the knightly life once more, with its virtues and its perversions, with the gallantry, the honour for truth and for hardihood, the brotherliness and the loyalties; and also with the narrownesses, the pride of caste, the soldier scorn of books and of industry which is not of the open air, as war, the chase, the game; with the cavalier's disproportionate fancy, his postponement of the religious conviction to the class sentiment in which the gentleman is more than the Christian; and with the moral perils which beset a brotherhood which yet is not a family. But, with its glory and its faults, chivalry it is again, and that is the reason why the life of school has romance.

Some of us old enough to have been boys when the enthusiasm of the public school was new, can witness that King Arthur's men of the Round Table, rallying about a hero leader, sworn to a venture under him, proud with the consciousness of a cause to be held against the world, were very plain to our understandings, and seemed no fable, or else a fable told of us.

But chivalry, it will be said, is an affair of a class: it is a possible mode of life only for aristocrats; and the public schools, even the greatest, are now democratised. They count their thousands where once their fifties, and these levies are in overwhelming odds from the burghess homes, not the knightly. Yes, but the uses and sentiments of a people are always those of the earlier settlers in the land, and we may be glad that the chivalrous class was in the territory of the school betimes, and able to teach the host of newcomers who have brought their raw vigour and humanity, and alas! also their wealth, into it, that older ideal of the gentle warrior, with a tradition of manners which flower only in homes of leisure, and a standard of rank more delicate than the money-bag. Has it, indeed, been enough noted how those secular foes, militarism and industrialism, which are the modern and preciser names for the codes of the knight and the burgher, are meeting and allying and interchanging gifts in the school of our day? It is a fair alliance when industry and war have kissed each other, when strength has flourished out of the earth of a vigorous nature, and courtesy has looked down from the high places of an old ideal. The severer judges of the public school, who are echoing, if they knew it, the ancient cry of the town against the land, should here acknowledge in the system a fruit they are glad to harvest.

“Valiant warrior, thou who surpasses in beauty the children of men.” But where, when all is said, was the beauty of the warrior? Not in knighthood’s trappings and circumstance, the wind in a plume, the spark on a helmet, the sheen and motion of a horse. No; the life chivalrous was beautiful because it was the flowering of a spiritual seed, of a moral idea, the subjection of Self, with her passions and her fears, to a higher order—an order that, for the men of that day, was imaged in the claims of brotherhood, fealty, the gentle life, and truth in love. It is from this unearthliness, this inward glory, which was the vision of the few, but the discipline of the many, that there breathed on chivalry its air of beauty, the “light which never was” on stately panoply, or proud young face of the soldier. Here is the romance of chivalry; and no likeness of habit, social complexion, temper, predilection, between the modern school of letters and the mediæval school of arms, can retain for the one that romance of the other, unless behind the new form burns the old spirit. Does it burn there? The question is momentous. Is our chivalry of the school a true phase of the world-old conflict of “soul at war with sense”? Is the public school a fortress held for the ideal against the earthliness of money, fashion, luxury, selfish competition, sloth, cowardice, dread of pain, and all other the forces of materialism? Are we rearing there a knight-errantry fit to keep the marches of an empire, and to purge the land nearer home of wrong, violence, lust? To the gallant old chivalrous watchwords what echoes come back within its walls? By the answer stands or falls the romance of school.

JOHN HUNTLEY SKRINE.

## THE RELATION OF CHOICE TO FREEDOM.

**I**N a former essay an attempt was made to approach the difficult subject of freedom from the standpoint of biology. It was shown that an ideally free life is a life of unrestrained self-realisation, and that in a finite being such self-realisation can only take place in a defined course. Consequently ideal free will, the active expression of the ideal free life of a self-conscious being, lies in the intelligent direction of all the personal energies into this course, the resultant activity being the spontaneous and adequate expression of the whole nature. In such a case we saw that choice would be excluded; freedom would have swallowed up choice. Until this stage is reached, however, what place does choice hold? What is its relation to that freedom which will end by annihilating it? And is its existence a sign that we are under necessity, or that we are free?

If we put aside all metaphysical predilections, and allow ourselves to be guided only by the teaching of experience, we shall certainly say that it is a sign we are both—under necessity because we are compelled to choose, free because the outcome of choice is a spontaneous activity.

It is strange how our persistent desire for logical finish is continually driving us to one-sided, and therefore untrue, conclusions. In the age-long controversy over free-will it is so much easier to be either necessarians or libertarians than to be guilty of the paradox of declaring ourselves on both sides at once, or rather steering an apparently impossible course between the two. Nevertheless, in this as in other matters, the difficult and much-abused *via media* is, after all, the surest, and if not always logically defensible, is nevertheless in a higher sense absolutely reasonable.

In the present instance, however, the logic of the position is not so

hopeless as might be supposed. A little reflection will convince us that the power of choice cannot, as so many persons seem to think, be synonymous with freedom, because choice itself is not a matter of choice, but necessity. We do not choose whether we shall choose, we *must* choose. Of two courses open to a man, he may take one or the other or neither. But supposing him to remain passive, he has none the less exercised his power of choice; he has chosen not to act. If he cannot escape from choosing, however earnestly he may desire to do so, he is certainly under compulsion in some sense.

But there is another aspect of the question which leads irresistibly to the same conclusion. Suppose a man with two courses open to him, and suppose, instead of selecting one *or* the other, he wants to pursue both, how is the fact that this power of choice can only be exercised in such a way as to preclude the possibility of his doing what he really desires, reconcilable with its being another name for freedom? Nor is such a case at all recondite or unpractical. Many a man would like to live a life of ease and grow famous at the same time; but he cannot. *Either* the life of ease and mediocrity *or* the life of toil and fame, not both. Again, many a man would be delighted to gratify himself by yielding to intemperate pleasures, and yet not miss the honour and consideration due to virtue. But again it is impossible. Either self-indulgence and its wages or self-restraint and its reward, not both. Here again, therefore, the very exercise of choice implies a measure of compulsion—*i.e.*, of necessity.

At the same time it quite as evidently implies a very different element. Whether I shall act in one way or another way or not act at all, together with all the consequences which depend on my decision, is undetermined till I determine it. In other words, I bring to pass a condition of things which without my intervention would have had no existence. How does this fact bear upon freedom?

In asking this question we enter upon an inquiry larger in its scope than that of human activity, for if it is true that we have the power to make actual what was before only possible, we assert that the universe is one within whose limits possibilities exist. This, as has been forcibly pointed out by Professor James, is the true point at issue between determinism and indeterminism. The latter acknowledges that

*"somewhere* possibilities exist and form a part of truth. Determinism, on the contrary, says that they exist *nowhere*, and that necessity on the one hand and impossibility on the other are the sole categories of the real. Possibilities that fail to get realised are for determinism pure illusions: they never were possibilities at all. There is nothing inchoate, it says, in this universe of ours, all that was, or is, or shall be in it having been from eternity virtually there."\*

\* "The Will to Believe," p. 151. The Dilemma of Determinism.

Professor James further very appositely points out that

"what divides us into possibility or anti-possibility men is different faiths or postulates—*postulates of rationality*. To this man the world seems more rational with possibilities in it, to that man more rational with possibilities excluded; and talk as we will about having to yield to evidence, what makes us monists or pluralists, determinists or indeterminists, is at bottom always some sentiment like this."\*

To the present writer the world certainly appears more rational—not more logical, merely, though this is included, but, more satisfactory to the whole reason—with than without possibilities. Consequently, in this essay they are postulated. The question before us is not whether they exist, but whether we can at all define the region in which they have their root.

Casting our eyes on the world about us, we search in vain for any indications of their existence save in connection with organic life. Rigid necessity appears to obtain within the inorganic universe *per se*. Nothing *there*, it seems, could happen otherwise than as it does happen. If we let a stone fall freely from a height, we can predict the exact spot where, in conformity with the law of gravitation, it will reach the ground. But let loose a bird from the hand, it may alight anywhere on the ground, on any tree, on any part of the housetop. There is an indefinite number of possibilities as to where it may come to rest. No less than the fall of a stone, the flight of the bird is in accordance with the law of gravitation, but the rigid necessity which appeared to characterise that law has disappeared. Though never ceasing to act, and to act in the same way, it leaves room for plenty of possibilities. It is not the rigidity of the law of gravitation, but want of spontaneity in the stone which renders its motion so different from that of the bird. What is true of gravity is true of every other of the great physical laws. Directly they come in contact with life they are revealed in a new light. The way is opened to possibilities, "things that may, but need not be."

It is also, in the case of self-conscious beings, opened to choice; for such a being perceives that within his own sphere of activity there are various things that "may be," and that the realisation of some will preclude that of others. He acts so as to give reality to those possibilities which most appeal to him, and he does this knowingly. In other words, he *chooses*.† Choice is thus seen to be a necessary consequence of an order, including alike self-conscious intelligence and possibilities. The existence of the *order* limits the range of the possibilities, equally whether the latter are or are not

\* "The Will to Believe," p. 153. The Dilemma of Determinism.

† This, at any rate, is an adequate definition of choice when it has reference to ends to be attained. The choice of means by which the ends may be compassed wears a somewhat different aspect discussed farther on.

capable of actualisation by human beings. In all cases they must be such as *could* become actual in the universe to which they belong. This fact has a most important bearing on the human aspect of the question. Man wants to make actual all that he desires to be so. Perfect freedom would be the full power of accomplishing this desire (only another name, therefore, for complete self-realisation). The very first essential for attaining such freedom is that man's desires should be in harmony with the order of the universe, because the possibilities it affords, and those only, can be actualised.

Professor James, in the essay from which quotation has already been made, appears to think that we never do endeavour to actualise impossibilities. He asks

"What are the alternatives which, in point of fact, offer themselves to human volition? What are these futures that now seem matters of chance? Are they not all of them *kinds* of things already here, and based in the existing frame of Nature? Is any one ever tempted to produce an *absolute* accident, something utterly irrelevant to the rest of the world?"\*

These questions can only be answered in the negative with serious reservations. Possibly it could be shown (though in the region of ethics even this is doubtful) that we never try to compass *ends* not based in the existing frame of Nature; but in all regions of experience the endeavour to attain our ends by entirely irrelevant *means*, is frequent. The search for the "philosopher's stone" and savage "rain-making" are illustrations of this in the physical sphere; and all such attempts aim at neither more nor less than the production, not indeed of things, but of *connections* which are not based in the existing frame of Nature, "absolute accidents" therefore. Of course ignorance is the prime motor in all such endeavours, and the whole progress of science consists in a continual learning that accidental connections are non-existent, are not in fact among the possibilities of the universe.

The increasing power which man is able to wield as he gradually masters this lesson, the marvellous control which even now it enables him to exercise over the physical agencies of Nature, sufficiently demonstrate that his freedom in the physical sphere depends on his knowing how to make possibilities actualities by learning the law of their becoming so. It is during the process of ascertaining the law that the question of means—*i.e.*, choice between alternative courses of action by which the end may be compassed—presents itself. It cannot be said to do so either before or after this stage. While the accidental connection is believed in, any course of action may commend itself as the right one to pursue. When the true connection is discovered, doubt is non-existent and deliberation unnecessary. But between a man's abandonment of the illusory connection and his per-

\* "The Will to Believe," p. 157 The Dilemma of Determinism.

ception of the true one, there lies often a whole world of experience, in which the chief feature is the continual recurrence of the necessity to choose between alternative courses of action. Is this one or that one the more promising, the more likely to lead to the desired goal? If he selects the wrong one, he has to turn back and begin again, for he is sure sooner or later to come to an *impasse*, a point where he is compelled to realise that he cannot carry out his will, is definitely prevented from attaining the desired result. In the earlier stages of this tentative process he is troubled by a sense of confusion and bewilderment. His attempts are more or less haphazard, he does not realise that he is in search of law, and trusts rather to stumbling accidentally on the right method. The confusion appears to be in the world without, but is in reality in the world within the man's mind, and only abates as by one failure and another he learns at any rate in what direction power to carry out his desire does *not* lie.

Thus in the physical region we see that, though the exercise of choice is not itself freedom, because it does not give the power to actualise possibilities, it is a necessary step on the road to freedom, inasmuch as it implies a perception that any means will not avail to attain the desired end, but only that whose connection with the end is part of the "existing frame of Nature." And here is distinctly foreshadowed that reconciliation between determinism and indeterminism which is supposed to be so hopeless, and which Professor James, though he holds the clue in his hand, declares to be impossible. If there be such a thing at all as a *universe*, an "existing frame of Nature," then into that frame only certain kinds of possibilities will fit. So far, therefore, there is determination. But of these certain kinds there may be an indefinite number, any of which could be, none of which need be, some (unknown) of which will be, actualised. So far, therefore, there is indetermination. The "kind" of universe determines the "kind" of possibilities, but it does not detract in the least from their being no more than possibilities, things which may or may not be realised.

We must now apply these considerations in the region of ethics. Man has the power within his own sphere to actualise one of two possibilities, good or evil; and it is generally supposed that his freedom consists in being able to choose which of the two it shall be. But this view of the matter is incompatible with the definition we have given of freedom—viz., absolute self-realisation, the power to be, to do, and to know all that human nature is capable of being, doing, and knowing. According to that, the condition of man's freedom must lie in his actualising that one of the two possibilities, good or evil, which is in accordance with the constitution of the universe, because only by this means can his own nature ever so develop as to achieve complete self-realisation. Moreover, an attempt



to realise a possibility not done in harmony with the constitution of the universe and by means of it to achieve freedom, is an attempt to establish a possibility not based in the existing frame of Nature, and therefore inadmissible as an adequate accident. Evil, it will be noted, stands in this relation to the universe and to man.

At this point we are compelled to notice that however we may define evil, it exists, and the question consequently arises, how, if evil is not in harmony with the constitution of the universe, it can have become actual, *because* as we have already seen, the kind of order determines the kind of possibilities. It lies at hand. We look upon the universe, and science presses the fact upon us with ever increasing emphasis as an order, but wherever there is order there is an implied possibility of disorder, and this being destructive of the order, is, with regard to it evil. What is not possible, however, is that disorder should bring about the same result as order. Thus, though we see clearly that evil regarded as disorder is a possibility which the very existence of a universe, a cosmos, implies, we see with equal clearness that the realisation of capacities which demand order cannot be achieved through disorder.

The significance of this fact will be better brought home to us by attempting some further investigation into the nature of good and evil as they affect the question of man's liberty—his unrestrained power to be, to do, and to know. If we can discover what chiefly conduces to and what chiefly hinders this full self-realisation, we shall obtain some very clear insight into the kind of order to which we belong, and the kind of disorder which its existence renders possible; nor will the quest prove either long or difficult. Wherever in the world of human beings we find self-centred life, there we find life which is cramped, narrow, dwindling;—on the opposite course, therefore, to more complete development of its capacities and powers. There may be social as well as individual self-centredness. The family which thinks solely of the advancement of its own members, the "class" which regards solely its own well-being, the nation which looks only to its own interests, alike find themselves, sooner or later, decreasing in the power and influence which are the result of a healthy vitality, and the *sine qua non* of a free activity. All the so-called "social problems" of the day have their root in that fatal propensity to self-centredness which is for ever opposing man's efforts towards fuller development. On the other hand, the life which embraces within the sphere of its own activity the activity and interests of other lives, finds itself enriched, enlarged, complemented; and this is equally true of individuals, classes, and nations. The larger, more comprehensive, in a word, more outgoing the life, the stronger, more vigorous, more complete it is. This fuller self-realisation is only attained, however, by a self-renouncement which often appears

like self-mutilation, and even self-slaughter. And yet the verdict of mankind is not doubtful that in such renouncement the highest satisfaction consists.

"Measured by self-sacrifice, by heroism," says a well-known and most suggestive writer, "every other good sinks not only into a lower place, but becomes evidently of a lower kind. Nothing else in the same full and perfect sense deserves or receives the name of good. The homage of all hearts unequivocally affirms this title. Even when there is not manhood enough to imitate, when the baser nature within us prefers the meaner course, the verdict of the soul is never doubtful. The pains of martyrs, or the losses of self-sacrificing devotion, are never classed among the evil things of the world. They are its bright places rather, the culminating points at which humanity has displayed its true glory and reached its perfect level. An irrepressible pride and gladness are the feelings they elicit: a pride which no regret can drown, a gladness no indignation overpower."\*

This irrepressible pride and gladness bursting forth spontaneously at "the pains of martyrs or the losses of self-sacrificing devotion," what are they but the pulsing of that fuller life to which mankind unceasingly aspires, an unmistakable token that the true road to self-realisation lies through self-renunciation? It cannot be otherwise, for only by the sacrifice of the self-centred life can a life be attained which reaches beyond the poor and narrow circle of individual capacities, or of family, or class, or national capacities, or (for here, indeed, lies the crucial point) the capacities of one puny race of beings inhabiting one corner of the mighty universe. What human self-realisation demands for its accomplishment is the embracing and being embraced within the widest possible circle of life, that which includes within itself and whose centre is the source of all being whatsoever. Only thus can man find an environment ample enough to respond to all his capacities, to develop to the full the powers which he feels latent within him and struggling to the birth. But that life whose centre is the source of all being, whose infinite comprehensiveness leaves nothing outside itself, is the divine life. What man's self-realisation demands, therefore, is that his life shall be centred in God. This alone is freedom, whatever conduces to it is *good*. Self-centredness, which is the exact opposite to this, which, instead of admitting man to the widest circle of life, confines him within the narrowest, is bondage, and whatever conduces to it is *evil*.

Having arrived at this point, we can see clearly what function we must assign to choice. It is that unavoidable exercise of the will which either trains and disciplines it for freedom or seals it for bondage. To choose the self-centred life—*i.e.*, to be so appealed to by it as to endeavour to make it actual—is to choose "evil," to choose to be a slave. To choose the God-centred life—*i.e.*, to give up our being to be moulded on that vast scale—is to choose "good," liberty;

\* Hinton, "Mystery of Pain," p. 12.

and continually, unceasingly from day to day, from hour to hour, it might almost be said from minute to minute, the momentous decision is being made. We are either consenting to and furthering, or refusing and preventing, that full self-realisation which is freedom.

"'Will you or won't you have it so?' is the most probing question we are ever asked; we are asked it every hour of the day about the largest as well as the smallest, the most theoretical as well as the most practical things. We answer by consents or non-consents, and not by words;"\*

but that to which we are giving or from which we are withholding consent is our own liberty, the liberty of the sons of God to take their rightful place in their Father's house. It is, indeed, then "no wonder that these dumb responses should seem our deepest organs of communication with the nature of things and the effort demanded by them, the measure of our worth as men," for upon these responses and that effort hang the eternal issues of our being.

We are, of course, but rarely conscious of this. We feel only that we have to choose between good and evil, the good often appearing the more difficult, the more unalluring, the more doubtful of conferring ultimate benefit, and yet laying upon us a constraining appeal to realise it which is wholly unlike any other appeal of which we are conscious. It is the appeal of our own nature to be allowed scope to live—nay, rather of the divine nature—on which, if the universe be the outcome of the divine activity and self-conscious beings its culminating product, our own is moulded, to live in us. And here lies the fundamental *raison d'être* of the categorical imperative, the *ought* felt so long before any account of it can be given by reason, felt still when allegiance to it is refused, when to the logical faculty it is unable to justify itself. That sense of obligation, misunderstood and perverted as it so often is, is nevertheless the pledge and token of the freedom to be attained, the indication of the direction in which it lies. But before it is attained, what was called in a former essay † the tentative stage has to be passed through, the stage in which the developing reason is uncertain what course will truly tend to the fulness and perfection of life which it dimly apprehends. This is the stage of *choice*, the stage at which good and evil both present themselves as possible means of self-realisation. While it lasts the function of the moral sense is to supplement the inadequacy of reason by enabling man to feel even when he cannot understand what course to follow; and the function of choice is to prevent his following it blindly, to give him the means of himself working out his own freedom, the only way in which it can be attained by a self-conscious being.

This fact does not, however, itself constitute freedom. The prisoner

\* James, "Principles of Psychology," vol. ii.

† "The Law of Liberty," CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April 1897.

is not free because he longs for liberty, nor yet because a way of compassing it dawns upon him. He is free only when his chains are actually loosed and the doors of his cell unbarred, and he steps forth under the open heaven. In like manner, man is not free because he is more or less conscious of boundless capacities of being which he could utterly appreciate and delight in, nor yet is he free when he begins to perceive by what means he may ultimately attain this perfect self-realisation. He is free only when it *is* attained. In the meanwhile, that dominant value which the greatest teachers of all ages and of all countries have set upon *character*, and which is justified alike in the great events of history, and in the ordinary occurrences of everyday life, indicates clearly enough our recognition that *to be* is the test of worth, not to do or to know, and that because being must eternally condition all knowledge and all activity. What we actually are, therefore, determines the measure of freedom to which we here and now attain. What we ideally are—what as human beings we have it in us to become—determines the kind of freedom which belongs to man in his perfection. The nature of this ideal liberty we dimly feel (rather than, in any true sense of the word, understand) in all regions of our experience. For this reason the great universal instincts of mankind are, on the whole, to be trusted. We may, and do, blunder sadly as to the means we take to satisfy them, but we are not mistaken in our conviction that they “ought” to be satisfied. Such instincts are the thirst for knowledge, for righteousness, for happiness, for larger experience physical, mental and moral, for immortality, for God.

The conclusion at which we have arrived, then, may be summed up in the statement that man's freedom is not now actual but possible, and that he must himself render it actual by bringing his life into conscious harmony with the ideal order of Nature—the order as it exists in the divine conception, and gradually dawns upon the mind and heart of man, partly through extension of knowledge and experience, but chiefly through obedience to those inward monitions of the moral consciousness from which no human being is exempt. And the fact that man's self-realisation can only be accomplished by a self-renouncing obedience, which brings him into union with nature and with the God of Nature, precludes it from being selfish. The supreme realisation of all those aspirations of human beings which are so deep in their significance and so wide in their scope—the Absolute Truth, Beauty, and Holiness—exist in the Divine Being alone. Their realisation in man is the realisation of the divine in him, so that freedom, when it is attained, is not the freedom of an isolated individual life, but the participation of each such life in the freedom of the all-pervading, Infinite Life itself.

What has been above said to some extent answers a criticism

received by the writer upon her former essay\*—viz., that a sufficiently clear line of demarcation had not been kept between that freedom of choice which renders us capable of evil, and the freedom of a perfected nature to which the necessity of exercising choice no longer exists. From the standpoint of these essays we cannot thus regard freedom of choice apart from the nature which chooses. Moral choice is the symptom in self-conscious beings of a certain condition in the universe owing to which evil is possible. That condition has already been described as consisting in the fact that the universe, because it is an order, includes among its possibilities that of disorder, or evil. In the case of self-conscious beings, in whom a certain independence is attained, the actualisation of this possibility must, if avoided, be consciously avoided. It must, therefore, present itself to them as a thing that might be. The reason why they do not recognise that its actualisation must prove a deathblow to freedom of development has already been several times stated, it may again be repeated that it lies in the inadequacy of the as yet partially developed reason to understand the true bearings of life. Therefore, the moral sense has at first to be obeyed blindly, and successful rebellion against its authoritative mandates presents itself in the light of freedom. On the other hand, to an uncorrupted nature the instinct of obedience is felt to be healthy and trustworthy, that which "ought" to be followed even at the apparent cost of renunciation of liberty. The necessity of choice therefore arises. It is not something independent of freedom of nature, but a consequence of that freedom being only in course of becoming, not having actually become, an accomplished fact. When it has so become, however, its maintenance will depend on a continuance of that clear vision which precludes a mistaken conception of liberty. In that case evil would not appeal to us any more than a path evidently leading away from a goal which we had with effort attained would appeal to us. Choice would be non-existent, not because there was no path, but because the notion of taking it would not enter into consideration. In the same way, when once we have attained freedom, and are absolutely convinced in what it consists, evil, which precludes it, meets with no response. The possibility of evil in a sense still exists, but it is one that we are not tempted to actualise. It has become a moral impossibility.

In any consideration bearing on human freedom, the fact that evil is not *now* a mere possibility—that it is actual and confronts us at every step—needs far closer investigation than it has here received, or than in a few concluding remarks can be given it. To say more with regard to its origin than has already been said in pointing out how such a possibility *could* become actual, would be a venture of the wildest temerity. We know, alas!—unless we are most wilfully

\* "The Law of Liberty."

blind—that our race is tainted, that in some way man has failed in that self-abnegation which, though apparently a renouncement of, is in reality the way to full liberty, and we know also something of the fatal manner in which taints of nature are perpetuated by heredity. The result of this self-incurred and self-propagated bondage is twofold. Man finds that the actualisation of evil is fatally easy, and when there do exist barriers to its accomplishment, he feels them as a restraint upon liberty, because his tainted nature leans towards that which is its bane and blight, and strives to find therein what it never can—fuller self-realisation. And when this error is perceived, then man finds the actualisation of good hard and precarious, and there is wrung from him the cry whose bitter significance has come home to so many of us: “The good which I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?” The answer, given in the context, to this quotation announces a remedy declared by many to be not only worthless but spurious, the delusion of a sick fancy. Perhaps this suggestion would be less ready if we had a deeper and clearer apprehension of what the remedy itself is, and in what its efficacy consists. And, as in the writer’s conviction there is no other means of attaining that freedom to which man aspires, she hopes shortly to follow up the present essay by an attempt to consider the meaning and bearings of the Christian hope of liberty in a somewhat different manner from that usually adopted.

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

## THE STRIKE OF THE GERMAN STUDENTS IN AUSTRIA.

“THE Government of Lord Salisbury having declined to bring in a Bill for granting the Parliamentary franchise to women,

“It is hereby resolved: That the yearly boat-race on the Thames (commonly called the 'Varsity Boat-race) between Putney and Mortlake shall not be rowed this year. By order of the Cam and Isis B.C.

“For the following reasons. Every undergraduate at Oxford as well as at Cambridge having 'of necessity' a mother, besides having probably sisters and possibly a 'sweetheart,' this despotic and tyrannical behaviour of Lord Salisbury constitutes a direct insult to all undergraduates at Oxford as well as at Cambridge. Furthermore, undergraduates being called *Musensöhne* (sons of the Muses) in Germany, the Prime Minister's refusal is also an undoubted insult to the Muses, our common mothers and ancestresses, and we therefore decline to further devote our time and energy to rowing (the only serious work of an English undergraduate) while such a despotic Government remains at the helm of affairs in Great Britain and Ireland.”

Except on April 1 such a decree could never appear in print in England. But the German students at the Austrian universities and other high schools in Vienna, Prague, Brünn, Gratz and Innsbruck decreed a general strike, and decided not to attend the lectures nor to allow the professors to “read” (the technical expression for a professor's lecture), because after the riots in Prague the Government had forbidden the German university students in Prague to sport in the public streets their “couleurs”—*i.e.*, to appear in public with their coloured caps, sashes, and other emblems of German students' societies.

Such a "strike decree" on the part of the students must appear to Englishmen very strange; but perhaps still more surprising remains the fact that the students carried the day, that the Government had to close prematurely all the above-mentioned universities in the midst of the "Semester" in order to prevent riots and perhaps still more serious disturbances of the peace in several provinces of the monarchy. To understand such a state of affairs we have to bear in mind that in Austria a "student" considers himself a kind of traditional, providential protector of freedom and liberty, because in 1848 the first struggle for liberty in Vienna had commenced at the Aula of the University, because the first victim for freedom and liberty on March 13 was a student, whose name even to-day, fifty years after the event, lives in popular ballads, and because the "Studenten Legion" of that period, the armed student corps for the defence of the freedom of the people, expressed in an ideal form the active opposition against the absolutistic form of Government until then known in Austria. And so it happens that even to-day the Austrian, notwithstanding his "constitutional Government," notwithstanding his Reichsrat (Parliament) and his seventeen local Diets, and with all his laws concerning responsibility of Cabinet Ministers to Parliament and other Constitutional laws, all "in black and white," looks up to the "Studenten" when freedom and liberty are really threatened. To us in England all this may appear very strange and incomprehensible, but the fact cannot be denied. There is in the Austrian Reichsrat a member who enjoys a very high reputation as a clever speaker and as a very sound lawyer; but his real claim to his great popularity is based upon the fact that he is one of the few surviving "Legionnaires" of the Studenten Legion of 1848. His participation in the glorious revolution "as a student" counts much more in his favour than all his triumphs in the courts of justice or in Parliament. Besides, the idea of a strike generally is that the strikers will, or at least ought, to benefit by the strike, and that their oppressors should be made to suffer by means of the strike. But by the strike of the German students at the Austrian universities only the students themselves could suffer, as they might have "lost" the "Semester" in their academical index. The professor whom the students would not allow to lecture can suffer no harm through the students' strike. Such unselfish, though Quixotic behaviour always appeals to the minds of the masses, who are not used to see such unselfishness on the part of those who govern them. The students are therefore sure of the sympathy of the "people," and the mandarins in office do not care to fan the popular flame. They pretended at first to "look fierce," but after a few days of palavering they gave in by closing the universities for this "Semester," without the usual dire consequences in the students' academical curriculum.



After having tried to explain to English readers the general aspects of the case of the German students in Austria, I will now proceed to give the actual details of the strife.

The German students at the universities and other high schools (Hochschule University) in Vienna, Prague, Gratz and Innsbruck decided neither to attend the lectures of their professors nor to allow the professors to lecture unless the decree concerning the wearing of "couleurs" in public should be withdrawn within a given date, which was fixed by the students. Riotous meetings and general "hubbub" at the lecturing theatres themselves were the means of carrying these decisions of the students into effect. The Liberal and Progressist newspapers of course applauded this action of the students, but even the reactionary *Reichswehr* considered the excitement of the students quite intelligible in presence of the fact that an ancient privilege, the legality of which the Statthalter of Bohemia had emphasised in the Diet, should within a few days after this authoritative statement have been suspended by the police. This newspaper, which recalled the fact that the Radical National movement had found some of its most effective promoters among the students, warned the authorities against the adoption of strong repressive measures. The *Fremdenblatt* (the organ of the Government), while not concealing its disapproval of the prohibition, seriously advised the students not to allow themselves to be made use of to promote the aims of the extreme German Nationalists, whose ultimate object was frankly disclosed in the address delivered by the pan-Germanic champion, Herr Wolf, at the Leitmeritz academic conference.

A Ministerial Council was held in Vienna, at which it was understood that the question of the students' strike was considered. The conference of the rectors of the various universities met and decided to recommend the Government to suspend the lectures for a time without closing the universities.

When the day for withdrawing of the obnoxious decree which had been fixed by the students had passed, all other Austrian universities entered into a cartel with the German university students in Prague.

The German students, who had collected *en masse* in the hall of the Vienna University at an early hour, succeeded by noisy demonstrations in rendering it impossible for the professors to perform their duties. A couple of hours later a free fight occurred between Germans and Slavs. A number of Slavs were ultimately obliged to withdraw from the hall, while others appealed to the rector for protection. The university officials having failed to restore order, the rector himself addressed the German students. He informed them that all demonstrations were forbidden, and begged them to leave the premises quietly, which they accordingly did. A strong

force of police was stationed in the neighbourhood of the university. The lectures at the Anatomical Institute, where a student was seriously wounded in a fight with sticks, and at the chemical laboratory were brought to a close in consequence of similar manifestations. Less violent proceedings at Brünn were successful in achieving the same object. At Gratz the students simply invited the professors not to hold any lectures, a request to which the latter acceded.

The rectors of the various universities were empowered to suspend the lectures for a period not exceeding a fortnight at their own discretion. The authorities of the Vienna University had taken advantage of this permission by interrupting the courses in certain faculties for a week. The Technical High School had also been closed until further notice. It was expected that the example of these institutions would be followed at Prague. This measure, which was intended to have a punitive character, would seem to have led to the end which the students themselves had in view—namely, a temporary suspension of work at the German academic institutions. The Vienna University also threatened to proceed against the offenders with the utmost rigour of the regulations.

The German students at Prague, who formed the centre of the movement, received telegraphic messages of sympathy and encouragement not only from the Kaiserstadt and other Austrian towns, such as Brünn, Gratz, Innsbruck and Leoben, but also from Germany. On the other hand, the protesting Slav students in Vienna likewise received expressions of approval from Czech colleagues at Prague and Brünn and from Slovene students at Gratz. One result of the strike has been to bring about the union of all the clubs and societies into which the German students of Prague are divided, including the rival Liberal and German National groups. The members of these various organisations now assemble at the same houses of call, and even sit there at the same tables, a thing which has not occurred for years. A similar fraternisation of the Liberals and German Nationalists at the Vienna University has been welcomed with the liveliest satisfaction amongst the students in Vienna.

The Socialist students of Prague have not joined the strike. A similar course has been observed by the Socialists at the Vienna University, who justified their refusal on the ground that the movement was of a predominantly national character. The rector of the Technical High School at Prague is reported to have said that a number of the Czech students of that institution had declared their intention to support their German colleagues in the decision not to attend the lectures. They had for years past lived in harmony with their German fellow students, and did not now propose to leave them in the lurch in a question of such importance.

The official *communiqué* as to the interview which took place between the Austrian Premier and the university rectors, after the conference held by the latter, contains neither explanation nor defence of the course pursued by the authorities in Prague, who first emphasised the legality of the privilege to wear club colours and immediately afterwards suspended it in circumstances that gave their act the appearance of a surrender to the mob. Baron Gautsch declared that the temporary prohibition could by no means be regarded as an expression of hostility towards the German centres of higher education. He added that the Government was determined to afford those institutions in Prague the full protection of the State and to defend them against all attack. The Ministry, however, would on no account permit a renewal of the turbulent scenes which had already taken place.

The strife, which originally had been only a students' struggle, led to very serious troubles in the streets of Prague and other towns in Bohemia. Besides, the conflict was no longer confined to the original prohibition, but had expanded into a question of the joint education of the various nationalities at the existing universities and high schools. The demand for separate educational facilities had now been revived by the Slavs in a more positive and urgent form, and the whole affair threatened to assume the proportions of a political question of considerable importance, in which Teutons and Slavs are again ranged on opposite sides. The rapidity of this development of affairs was of bad omen for the success of the Government's efforts to bring about a compromise between the conflicting nationalities. The seriousness of the situation was not diminished by certain features of the present strike, such as the boycott of Czech beer by the Germans, and the refusal of the Slav students in their deliberations to make use of German, the language in which they are pursuing their studies, and the only Austrian tongue with which they are all acquainted. This has naturally resulted in a babel on a small scale, and the necessity of addressing the university authorities in Latin. Indeed, some observers are disposed to regard the importance acquired by this strike as a symptom of that dangerous popular ferment which, in favouring circumstances, has been known to develop into the revolutionary temper.

Although these fears may prove groundless, it is impossible to deny that the events of the last fortnight have greatly widened the breach between Teutons and Slavs, and contributed to destroy all hope of a compromise in the immediate future between the nationalities in Bohemia. The opinion expressed in German circles that a withdrawal of the Prague prohibition, together with the promised revision of the more oppressive stipulations of the language ordinances, would induce the parties composing the Parliamentary Opposition to abandon their

obstructive tactics seems hardly justified. A similar effect was expected from the fall of the Badeni Cabinet. The incidents of the past few weeks have unquestionably intensified the longing of both races to be rid of each other, the desire for a severance as complete as possible of all connection and a cessation of all intercourse with the hostile nationality. It will be remembered that the cry of "Away from Prague!" raised a short time ago among the Germans of Bohemia was of popular origin. The proposal was to transfer the German University and high schools from the Bohemian capital to one of the German centres, which would thus be converted into the capital of German Bohemia. This suggestion originated less in any consideration of the usefulness and practicability of the scheme than in an uncontrollable outburst of the chronic impatience created by a condition of affairs that had been aggravated beyond endurance by the recent disturbances in Prague. The references which have been made to the students' strike in some of the provincial Diets show that this desire is also strongly felt by the Slavs, and has acquired fresh vigour and more definite form through the present agitation.

The centre of this new movement is the Diet of Carniola, a province which has no university of its own. There a motion has been introduced by the Slovene majority calling for the establishment of a Slovene university at Laibach. "Away from Gratz!" "Away from Vienna!" are the watchwords of the majority in the Laibach Landtag, who, it is said, purpose appealing to the members of all the Slav Diets to combine with the object of bringing pressure to bear upon the Ministry in this direction. A similar desire for educational institutions has been expressed by the Czechs of Moravia, who have hitherto lived on much better terms with their German fellow-subjects than have their compatriots in Bohemia. On the other hand, the representatives of all the German parties in the Styrian Diet at Gratz have called upon the Government to restore the normal activity of the German universities by giving ample satisfaction for the violation of the legally recognised privileges of the students. The Italians are neutral. On the other hand, two German clerical student clubs have thrown in their lot with the German Nationalist majority. Obviously the position of the Government is one of great delicacy. The Prime Minister has threatened rigorous enforcement of the academic regulations, including the infliction of pains and penalties upon offenders. The Slavs will certainly endeavour to keep him strictly to his word. The Germans, for their part, press for the withdrawal of the prohibition, and at the same time have given the Premier clearly to understand that the whole nationality is on the side of the students. Indeed, they warn him that in this instance a continuance of the prohibition and a resort to severe measures against the students might have the

same fatal results for the present Ministry as had the maintenance of the language ordinances for the Badeni Cabinet.

As usual in Austria, the Emperor had to be brought in as the *deus ex machina* to save the situation. It is stated that, on the advice of the venerable and popular monarch, the Cabinet decided to close the present "Semester" at the universities under certain conditions, which are somewhat severe against recalcitrant students in future, but which do not punish the students with the loss of the "Semester." Thus, after all, victory remains with the students.

S. SCHIDROWITZ.

## THE FAILURE OF OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

IN olden times an obscure god named Ajus Locutius once unexpectedly delivered an oracle which proved absolutely true and exceedingly beneficial, whereupon a temple was erected in his honour by a grateful people, who flocked thither in crowds to do him reverence and be guided by his wisdom. But from that day forth he was struck dumb and helpless. In our days a similar story can be told of our firm, patriotic, and far-seeing Government, from which marvellous exploits were confidently expected in the sphere of foreign politics. The Cabinet might—it was felt—prove a trifle weak or disappointing on this or that question of domestic legislation, but whenever or wherever the interests of the Empire were at stake, absolute reliance could be placed upon its foresight in anticipating, and its firmness in coping with, any and every difficulty that might arise. Such was the popular belief. The facts, however, cannot be said to have justified it. And very fateful facts they are. Never before in this century, at least, has the British Empire been in such serious danger as to-day, despite the frequent boast that our means of defence are most efficient and the absolute certainty that our Government not only disposes of an overwhelming majority in Parliament, but has a united people outside at its beck and call, ready and even anxious to lend it every conceivable assistance. Great Britain, the very essence of whose existence is foreign commerce, is being gradually ousted out of the neutral markets of the world; her political prestige has so completely disappeared that, whenever her Government “puts its foot down,” foreigners laugh and tell us truly that the attitude is assumed the better to spring backwards; territory purchased with the life blood of her best men is being frittered away in “graceful concessions” leading to further losses, and now even the very conditions essential to

commercial expansion are being deliberately and systematically destroyed by our pushing rivals, while the Sovereign, the Heir Apparent and the Prime Minister are enjoying the hospitality of our aggressors. And to call for an explanation of this deplorable state of things is to offend and embarrass the Cabinet: snappish answers are returned to pertinent questions and the Minister, who pompously spoke yesterday of the Government's intention of safeguarding the interests of the Empire at the cost of war, airily explains away to-day the obvious meaning of his utterances, and may point to-morrow with pride at the temporary maintenance of some one of our threatened rights as a great and glorious victory of British diplomacy. The public, too, despite its sudden outbursts of indignation and impulses of patriotism, is at times too apt to accept the Government's cracular silence as proof of deep laid plans, and to clutch at claptrap phrases as trustworthy pledges of, or excellent substitutes for, a sound and safe system of policy. The Cabinet treats the Press which has sounded the note of alarm much as Frederick the Great dealt with his critics when he said: "My people are free to speak and write as they wish, provided always that I remain free to act as I please." And in a constitutional State nobody seems responsible for blunders which are more disastrous than crimes.

The fact can now no longer be dissembled that for a number of years the Empire has been living upon its political capital while the people has been lustily applauding with British optimism the successive Governments, Liberal and Conservative, whose ingenuity led them to hit upon such a practical method of solving formidable problems. In Asia, Africa, America and Madagascar, France has ridden rough-shod over British rights, most of which, until they were actually encroached upon, were solemnly declared by the Government and implicitly believed by the people to be inalienable. And as they successively disappeared in the form of graceful concessions, we were authoritatively assured that we had reason to feel grateful that things were no worse and might console ourselves by taking stock of the population and territory that still remained to us. At times the process was slightly diversified by a resolute Ministerial speech or even a warlike phrase, but concessions went on for ever, and the introductory menaces merely exposed us to ridicule. It was thus that loud-sounding threats with which it was confidently hoped that Turkey would feel terrified, were succeeded by pious, prayerful and bootless appeals to a distant Providence, and were accompanied by the scorn of foreign peoples who discovered in our bluster an unerring symptom of the real weakness of our diplomacy, which they shrewdly resolved to put to profit. And now despite our powerful navy and strong Government majority, we find ourselves confronted not with any ordinary political difficulty, not with the necessity of sacrificing this disputed right or conceding that superfluous privilege, but with a chronic crisis which affects the future

of the Empire and the nation, and may inflict incalculable disaster upon both.

It would be amusing, were the issues less serious, to piece together the conflicting statements by means of which every new act of foreign aggression was represented as having been foreseen, neutralised, or even desired by our Foreign Office, and to endeavour to conjure up before the mind's eye the monstrous plans which this special pleading presupposes. Thus, one day we learn that Germany has claimed and obtained a lease of Kiao Chao on grounds which can hardly be described as decent pretexts, and that our Foreign Office, whose aim it is to maintain the integrity of the Chinese Empire, has been caught napping. Thereupon the Press expresses the hope that an emphatic protest and substantial compensation may atone for official lack of foresight. Next day we are calmed by the announcement that, although Germany had undoubtedly done a clever and lucrative stroke of business, it was accomplished with the previous knowledge and consent of our Foreign Secretary, whose policy *in petto* will astonish and delight the country—in a day or two. Then the public was disappointed to discover that the series of statesmanlike acts which were to have been revealed by the political artist resolved themselves into Buddhistic resignation to the inevitable and Christian gratitude that matters were no worse. Later on we learned that Providence had, indeed, proved favourable, for Kiao Chao and the concessions that accompanied it, like the British territories which were abandoned to France in Africa, are utterly worthless, nay, worse than worthless; and that Germany has bought a white elephant, while our clever statesmen are laughing in their sleeves at her suicidal simplicity. The people in this case remind one of the ill-starred Gil Blas under the care of Dr. Sangrado, who held that blood is not essential to life, and that pure hot water is an excellent substitute. And then comes the incredible intelligence that France, having treated our territory in West Africa as her own, our treaties as waste paper, and our threats as pointless jokes, coolly informs our Government that she cannot think of receding, or even seriously discussing the question, until the elections have been manipulated and a new Chamber convoked; whereupon the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Prime Minister accept the hospitality of our aggressors—by way of showing that this country cannot be injured and insulted with impunity.

The next scene in this imperial tragi-comedy reveals the real Simon Pure, Russia, advancing and expanding in China, sublimely ignoring our recognised interests, established rights, and our vigorous resolutions to defend them. Lord Salisbury, suddenly awaking to the consciousness of a danger that had been foreseen for years by every journalist, but unable now to hinder it, asked the Tsung li Yamen to proclaim Ta-Lien-Wan a treaty port. China, who can concede whole



provinces to the strong, but cannot even open a port to the weak and vacillating, blandly refuses; whereupon scrupulous respect for her independence moved our experienced statesmen not only to withdraw the demand, but to embody an apology in the diplomatic assurance that no such claim had ever been seriously preferred. Forthwith Russia, whose professed respect for China's independence is unsurpassed by our own, rightly refusing to allow bashfulness to stand in the way of statesmanship, claimed Ta-Lien-Wan, and explained, with a frankness which we might profitably imitate, that she would brook no refusal. Politicians and journalists thereupon fancied that the net result of our unfortunate advance and retreat might be criticised as a blunder and lamented as a defeat. But their pessimism was soon shown to be imaginary: Lord Salisbury, it was explained, possessed an esoteric as well as a public policy, and he had secretly metamorphosed an apparent reverse into a manifest triumph, and this without the bluff and bluster which compose the cheap halo of second-rate politicians; he had induced or compelled Russia to modify her plan and to give "a written assurance" that, if she should lease or appropriate Ta-Lien-Wan, it would only be on the express condition of its remaining a free port; and as this is the precise form of port which is best suited to British interests, the result attained by our diplomacy deserved to be hailed with joy and gratitude. So complete, indeed, was this arrangement, and so satisfactory this written guarantee, that Lord Salisbury could say that Ta-Lien-Wan and the subsequent proceedings there interested him no more. The mild remonstrances with which, a day or two later, the nation received the authoritative and astounding statement that Russia had given no assurance whatever, written or verbal, that she would allow Ta-Lien-Wan to remain a free port, bears stronger testimony to the phlegmatic forbearance of Britons than to the qualifications of the experienced statesmen to whom they have entrusted the conduct of their Empire.

The alarm caused by this and by a series of still more baneful blunders was immeasurably less than the issues involved would warrant. Unfortunately the threads of foreign politics are so many and complicated, and their consequences so seldom immediate and tangible, that the public cannot be blamed for exhibiting that lack of foresight and acumen which characterises without disqualifying our paid professional statesmen. It is deplorable, doubtless, but inevitable, that the bulk of the nation should be easily calmed by the soothing powder of "soft sawder," with which Ministerial orators are so abundantly provided. But it is surely permissible to ask and imperative to learn why, if the interests of the Empire require that Ta-Lien-Wan should be maintained as a free port, the Minister whose duty it was to accomplish this object, should have publicly and prematurely announced that its fate had ceased to interest him. Either Lord Salisbury possessed a written assurance from Russia on

the subject, or he did not. Undoubted facts have shown that he did not; and his deliberate affirmation makes it equally certain that he believed he did. It is fair to inquire what explanation can be suggested of the genesis of this dangerous delusion, which shall not prove at the same time a complete condemnation of the machinery by which the interests of the Empire are at present supposed to be furthered.

But even if the "assurance" had been written, as Lord Salisbury fondly fancied, can the Minister or the Foreign Office honestly ask the people of Great Britain to accept such a paper guarantee as a fair and valuable substitute for a treaty port kept open by an independent China? There is not an intelligent individual in this country, or out of it, who seriously believes that any such promise would be found reconcilable with the development of Russia's plans in China; nor is there any experienced politician who would venture to blame her for carrying out her plans irrespective of the promise. The engagements given about Central Asia, the story of Batoum, and the history of the Treaty of Paris are political effects of causes which still continue operative. Yet a responsible Government seriously asks the Empire to invest its future prospects in a paper which in a couple of years is certain to be utterly worthless, and as a matter of fact does not even exist!

But Russia's action in China neither began nor ended here. The Tsar's advisers, who have carefully thought out a policy, take the bee line to reach the goal. They first obtained the right of constructing a railway across Manchuria, of defending it by Cossacks and of excluding Britons from all direct participation in the exploitation of the newly opened up territory. This extensive province rich in minerals and other natural resources will henceforth be politically as completely under the suzerainty of Russia as the Khanate of Bokhara, and commercially as effectually closed to British trade as Kazan or Samarcand. The circumstance that all these changes were planned and carried out by Russian diplomacy without being foreseen and counteracted, or at least beneficially modified, by British statesmanship would suggest painful doubts as to the wisdom of further supporting the present Government, were it not that other contingencies much more dangerous and improbable have since then become accomplished facts, which transform doubt to certitude and intensify fear to alarm. The Foreign Office publicly pleaded ignorance of the nature of the subsequent negotiations going on between Russia and China on matters which are known to affect profoundly and permanently the future of the British Empire, and despite the scepticism engendered by the "written assurance," the plea is as worthy of credence as of condemnation. Our Government's naïve request to the Russian Foreign Minister for information might be aptly likened to the attempt of a general in war time to obtain from the enemy's staff intelligence of their plan of

campaign. The reply which the question provoked from Count Muravieff embodied a severe but sound lesson in the rudiments of diplomacy, and reduced the Government of the British Empire to the position of a minor who waits in the cold courtyard while his property is being divided, and his prospects arranged by hostile and rapacious guardians in the cosy study upstairs.

Surely no more cogent argument than that which underlies these incredible but well established facts has ever yet been advanced for the admission of women to the highest posts of Government since the female emancipation movement was first started. How, in the face of these rebuffs, which involve consequences far more disastrous than any mere diplomatic defeat, people can still affect to believe that the foreign policy of our Government is, like Mrs. Leo Hunter's "Ode to an Expiring Frog," a genial performance, surpasses human understanding. A sadder and sorrier attempt to steer a ship of State through waters of which every sandbank was distinctly marked on the charts, and every rocky headland clearly denoted by a lighthouse, it would be hard to find even in the histories of the States which have already declined and fallen. And yet there is practically no remedy. The Empire must suffer that the parish may prosper. Orthodoxy in matters respecting voluntary schools and county councils seems to cover the most grievous political sins of omission and commission which endanger the welfare of Great Britain. This is one of the drawbacks of the system of party government, and it will probably have to be endured with patience, if not with impunity. And yet it would prove an incomparable boon if, on unanimity of the Press in characterising the foreign policy of a Cabinet as a disastrous failure, the resignation of Ministers might be expected to follow as a matter of course.

It is folly to fancy that a course of mismanagement which would ruin a private estate can be applied with impunity to a vast empire surrounded by aggressors whose avowed aim is to compass its overthrow, and whose lines of action run counter to the comity of nations. If the people of Great Britain could be brought not merely to see, but to realise that it is not political prestige, nor even national honour, which is at stake, but the development of their commerce—therefore the very existence of their Empire—they would at the same time grasp the truth that exceptional diseases call for exceptional remedies, and would take efficacious means of announcing the admitted fact that the present Government no longer represents the nation. What our pushing rivals are now seeking to accomplish is this: figuratively they are constructing a cage or palisade around the British Empire, within which we have freedom of motion for a time, but whose dimensions, even if they were not destined to grow gradually less, as in Africa, we shall have outgrown in a certain number of years. What policy has our Foreign Office to oppose to this? A categorical denial of

the statement, a courteous reliance upon the friendship of France and Russia, and a conviction that an amicable arrangement can be arrived at. Now, it is impossible not to see that the motives which for years have governed Russia's policy are as incompatible with this hopeful view as the facts into which that policy has been translated. Moreover, the Government is not infallible; it may err; and the issues are so fateful that a single error may prove irreparable. Supposing, now, that this officially hopeful hypothesis should prove as erroneous as most of those which have emanated from the Foreign Office of late years, who will then be responsible for the irreparable loss to the nation and the Empire?

There are two kinds of data which allow us to judge of the probable correctness of the Government's calculations; one is drawn from its previous forecasts, and the other from the intrinsic likelihood of the supposition itself. Here is a sample of the former. The Parliamentary spokesman of the Foreign Office publicly laid it down that the interests of the Empire call for the maintenance of the independence of China, and there was not a dissentient voice in the country. The proposition is so self-evident that it is almost superfluous expressly to assert it. Still, no Government endowed with average common sense would publicly promulgate it as the essence of its policy in the Far East, unless it possessed strong grounds for believing that it could be successfully carried out. Certainly no Minister in his senses would proclaim it on the eve of an event calculated to prove the belief a delusion and the policy a chimæra. Well, the present Government officially accepted a resolution of the House of Commons declaring that the interests of Great Britain required the maintenance of China's independence. And when, twenty-four hours later, intelligence was received to the effect that Russia had peremptorily demanded and shown a determination to obtain the virtual annexation of a rich province in Northern China, that same Government explained that, although the Parliamentary resolution had undoubtedly in view the China that we all have in mind, it did not apply to the whole of China, and certainly not to any part that Russia might be found to have appropriated, and that, in any case, it would be wrong to take "independence" to mean political independence, seeing that it could only signify "commercial independence." Now what, it may be reasonably asked, is "commercial" as distinguished and divorced from political independence? Let us have any one concrete instance of it. Would Madagascar suit the case? Is word-juggling of the kind that proves the identity of a horse-chestnut with a chestnut horse to be substituted for a safe and serious policy? What would be thought and said of a journalist who should stake his reputation on a similar quibble? It reminds one of the comical cat described in "Alice in Wonderland," of which every limb and feature disappeared, legs, head and body, but whose curious smile remained.

And the Government, whose calculations on matters of the gravest import prove thus disastrously erroneous, asks the country to stake its future welfare on the anticipated correctness of a similar calculation which is even less probable.

Take another instance, less calamitous but equally instructive. Mr. George Curzon recently described, in that breezy off-hand manner which is so characteristic of professional Empire-builders, the tenor of the treaty concluded with Menelek of Abyssinia, whereby he incidentally mentioned that a slight rectification of the Negus's frontiers had been agreed to by the British Government. Suddenly a watchful member of Parliament arises and inquires whether this trifling rectification does not include a matter of some 15,000 miles ceded by this country to "the black man," to which he replies, with truly imperial *insouciance*, that he does not know exactly, but fancies that it is not quite so extensive as that. How foreigners must feel awed by the lavish largesse of this imperial *aumônier*, and Englishmen feel pleased with his thoroughness! And what is to be said of the painful incident of the "written assurance" from Russia with which Lord Salisbury calmed the nation's excitement and proclaimed its interests safeguarded? In the face of these unparalleled blunders and lamentable miscalculations, is it reasonable to demand, and would it not be suicidal to profess, confidence in the policy of the Cabinet responsible for them?

And now let us examine the second order of data drawn from the inherent probability of the supposition that we may rely upon the friendship of France and Russia, put perfect trust in their promises, and come to an amicable arrangement. If there be anything hopeful in a line of policy which has these objects for its goal, it should and would have been attained long ago. If there be any one statement which has been dinned into our ears ever since the death of Lord Beaconsfield it is this, that Lord Salisbury was bent upon acquiring the cordial friendship of France and Russia, and was determined to leave nothing undone to accomplish his object. His intention was approved by the Press and applauded by the people; the more than liberal concessions which he signed away to France and the invitation which his colleague gave to Russia to seize an ice-free port were condoned by the nation which interpreted them as the price paid for the amity and goodwill of powerful States whose jealousy had thus been changed into friendship. And there can be no reasonable doubt that the Government itself hugged the delusion which it dangled before the eyes of the nation; and confident that we could rely upon the friendship of our rivals, it neither reckoned with nor provided for the amazing change of scene which has now revolutionised the political world. Otherwise, who will undertake to explain how it has come to pass that we have not acquired the goodwill of France and Russia, nor the alliance of any other Powers, nor yet that degree of strength in isolation which would

have enabled the Government to vindicate our rights against any combination? Instead of an intelligible policy on any one of these lines, we had talk of friendship with France and Russia, talk of resisting systematic encroachments on our rights, talk of written guarantees and verbal assurances, talk of commercial development and prospective prosperity until a deliberate and it may be a successful scheme to undermine the Empire was suddenly unravelled before the astonished eyes of England and the world; and then we heard talk only of the vexatiousness of Parliamentary questions.

On what grounds is it to be supposed that France and Russia—for the two go together—will voluntarily abandon their schemes of aggrandisement at the very moment when they are within measurable distance of success? Certainly not for the *beau jeu* of any of our statesmen, nor yet as a response to the Syren's song of our diplomatists. There is, and can be, but one ground, a *quid pro quo*: Great Britain must make certain concessions to either or both of those States sufficiently important to outweigh any advantages which they might hope to secure in spite of us. A consideration of this kind, and only of this kind, is capable of serving as a safe basis for any such transaction. Now, what is this *quid pro quo* which we are in a position to offer? Acquiescence in the seizure by Russia of an ice-free port? But the Tsar has already secured that, and much more than that, without asking our assent, or even notifying his intention. The partition of China? To agree to any such proposition would be at once disastrous and fruitless. Disastrous, because the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire are really, and have formally been proclaimed, necessary to our interests; and fruitless because the two allies can and will carve up China to suit their respective needs whether we give or withhold our assent. Can any one point out any other inducement which we can offer, or any concession essential to the welfare or material to the plans of France and Russia, which those States are powerless to acquire without our help or assent? Until and unless that be pointed out, any and every policy which makes imperial interests dependent upon the friendship of our rivals is devoid of actuality and fraught with danger. So long as China was independent and intact, it was still possible to possess ourselves of this condition indispensable to an amicable arrangement; but, instead of setting itself to the task, the Government believed and proclaimed that the friendly understanding was already an accomplished fact, and not only neglected to provide for, but refused even to consider, the other contingency. And the result of this statesmanship is the present imperial crisis. Even now, however, the Government is believed to entertain hopes of coming to an amicable understanding with Russia! And yet we are supposed to be a very practical, businesslike people.

A one-sided agreement is an impossibility, and the means of making

it reciprocal are now wanting. To do this it was indispensable to begin much earlier in the day, and to begin with a plan, the aim of which should have been to enable ourselves to supply something which Russia must needs demand, and when the psychological moment arrived, to supply it for value received. This might have entailed an alliance with other Powers, in order to hinder Russia from obtaining from them at a smaller price what we desired to sell for the price of her friendship; it might have meant a considerable increase of our navy, in order to neutralise the sea-power of her allies on the Far Eastern Question; but, at all events, the object was well worth striving for, and the means of securing it lay within the reach of our Foreign Office. Only one thing was lacking—statesmanship. Suppose for a moment that as soon as Russia demanded a railway concession across Manchuria, so worded as to exclude Great Britain from all direct benefit in the opening up of this province, Lord Salisbury had recorded his veto, and followed it up with a declaration that he would regard this transaction as tantamount to a declaration of war. Russia would then have found it worth her while to come to an understanding with Great Britain. But in order to be in a position to employ such a threat, we should have first taken care either to deprive Russia of Germany's support, or to oppose to the three European allies another combination of Powers, including Japan and Italy, for instance. Besides this, it should be made very clear that the menace was no mere outburst of British bluff. On those lines an amicable arrangement might have been concluded with Russia. But to hope to accomplish that object at present, without possessing anything which Russia needs as an inducement, reveals a degree of sentimentality which, dangerous in a schoolgirl, is absolutely disastrous in a statesman. Russia has been at the trouble and expense of concluding alliances and rewarding allies for the express purpose of dispensing with Great Britain's help, and carrying out her schemes in the teeth of Great Britain's opposition. And that arrangement has more than justified Russia's wildest hopes of success. She has triumphed all along the line; further and greater victories await her in a short time; without the loss of a Cossack or a marine she is changing the map of the world, and filling Great Britain with the gravest anxiety. At this juncture British statesmen hope that by "offering" Russia a fraction of what she has it in her power to take as soon as she can digest it, they can induce her to abandon a plan which is not merely ambitious and feasible, but likewise eminently patriotic. And this is boasted British statesmanship! There is not a business man in London, or any other part of England, who would carry on, or expect any one else to conduct, his trade on lines like these; and if there be such, they will be taught a different lesson before passing their examination as bankrupts. But Foreign Office people are statesmen, not business men; therefore they cannot be expected to go to work

on business principles. The result is in evidence; true we do not call it bankruptcy in politics. But what's in a name?

From whatever point of view, therefore, we consider the foreign policy of the present Government, we find that it is unreal in its suppositions, ruinous in its results, and absolutely unworthy of the confidence of those who put the interests of the nation and the Empire above the considerations of party, and the shibboleths of Parliament. What we sorely need at the present grave crisis is not the prestige of this great marquis or that great earl, this rising Liberal or that enlightened Conservative, but a real statesman who understands foreign politics, foreign peoples, and foreign languages, who can adjust means to ends, and successfully solve a difficult problem in Imperial policy. Such a man, be he a Tory, a Radical, or an Independent, can rely upon the support of the entire British people, and will not be troubled with idle questions in Parliament. A leader of this calibre is indispensable to the Empire, and unless his services can be speedily obtained, the state of things, now critical, will go from bad to worse, and whatever hopes may be entertained of the future of the Anglo-Saxon race, there are none for that of the British Empire. The arguments which I have adduced against our present listless lack of policy are unanswerable; and they are so fully borne out by the facts with which we are confronted that he who reads may run and sigh at the fate of the mightiest State of the world.

If the policy of "friendly understandings," without any serious inducements, were worth a moment's consideration, why, it may well be asked, has it not heretofore succeeded? Was Lord Salisbury in any way hampered in his action? Was he bound down to any one line of policy? Was he hindered by the Parliament or the people from making ample provision for the difficulties with which we are now confronted? Surely not. Had this been the case, the interests of the country and the promptings of self-respect would have moved him to resign a position in which he was condemned to inactivity. He was at perfect liberty to do anything and everything necessary to safeguard the commercial and political development of the Empire. An understanding with Russia, or with France and Russia, or with Italy and Japan, would have been received with universal applause. Did he fear the unpopularity of the needful concessions? As a matter of fact, he made concessions enough during those few years to have purchased the lasting friendship of half a dozen Powers; but their sole effect was to sharpen the appetites of our rivals for more. And these concessions, be it remembered, took the form not merely of the waiving of our claims to disputed or unexercised rights, but to territories which were ours by universal recognition and actual possession. Lord Salisbury himself considered that the "amicable understanding" with France and Russia was an accomplished fact, and the nation accepted his view; this belief was so strongly rooted



that he took no effective measures to provide for the difficulties that might arise were the conviction to prove mistaken, and now we find ourselves face to face with a crisis for which we are utterly unprepared. And by what means does the Government now propose to remedy this critical state of things? By means of a policy of "amicable understanding" with France and Russia! And no word of protest or exclamation of surprise is heard from Conservative, Liberal, or Independent. "The Government is in, let it have its innings, and when it has proved its inability to cope with the crisis, a Liberal Cabinet will take its place." Such are the tactics of one of the great parties of the State! Party strategy first and imperial duties afterwards: such is the English constitutional method of governing an empire.

Russian interests are served in a different way. A Foreign Secretary in that Empire has generally lived a long time in foreign countries, is familiar with the people with whom he has to deal, knows the trend of their policy, and the weak points not only of that policy but also of the persons who represent it. He has no interests to serve beyond those of the Empire as involved in its external relations; he has no letters to write on County Councils, no speeches to make to Primrose Leagues, no ill-timed criticisms to make of American elections; he is not Prime Minister and party leader as well as Foreign Secretary; he confines himself to one occupation and that has been the main pursuit of his whole life. And he discharges the duties of his office successfully. Yet Russia's points of contact with foreign States are very few and her interests very simple, as compared with ours. But a British Foreign Secretary may fill another arduous post simultaneously with this and take a lively interest and an active part in elections and current political questions as well, with lamentable results. And when at last he retires, any one, it is admitted, who chances to be a member of the Cabinet—for that is the one great proof of ability and the chief qualification for the post—may take his place, and as the newspapers put it "the foreign policy of the country will be dealt with on precisely the same system as heretofore." Exactly. That is one of the greatest misfortunes from which any State could possibly suffer. We have only to compare the calm, resolute and highly artistic manner in which Prince Lobanoff, in an incredibly short space of time, changed the face of Europe and the world with the stumbling and floundering and blundering of our own Foreign Office for years, in order to appreciate the difference between a party politician and an imperial statesman. English politicians were perfectly right in remarking, on Lord Salisbury's retirement, that Mr. Arthur Balfour, Sir M. Hicks-Beach, or, in fact, any member of the Cabinet—except perhaps Mr. Chamberlain, against whom France would exercise her veto—would make a worthy successor to Lord Salisbury. It is impossible to deny the truth of this statement and difficult not

to wish it were utterly false. All statesmen may be divided into three classes: those who themselves discern the line of policy required by the interests of their country; those who, unable themselves to think it out, are capable of recognising it when it is proposed by others; and the third, the most numerous class, who can do neither. Is it too much to ask that the British Empire, at this critical period of its history, should retain the services of a statesman of one of the two first classes?

Neither a trained statesman nor a good chessplayer will complain of the methods of his adversary; the rules of both games are established and known, and each player is free to take the fullest advantage of them. Yet we find that our statesmen and our journalists continually stigmatise as selfish, ungenerous, and even unfair, the methods of France and Russia, who keep all their colonial trade to themselves, while they depict the efforts of our Government as incidents in a noble battle fought on the side of commerce, enlightenment, and humanity. Now self-praise of this kind is all the more odious that it is untrue, and foreigners loathe the sight of the slimy scale of the serpent of hypocrisy. The plain facts are these: whenever we annex a new territory we treat it in the manner most conducive to our own interests, and we brook no interference not only from our rivals, but even from our own colonies. For the moment, this happens to mean that we apply to it the principle of free trade, and incidentally therefore annexation by Great Britain means opening up the new dependency to all nations. But only incidentally; for if our advantage lay in the direction of protection, we should levy high tariffs on foreign produce and manufactures as other nations do, and with just as little squeamishness.

The position of France and Russia is on all fours with our own; they are guided in the treatment of their dependencies by their national interests and they raise the standard of protection in consequence. Now if Great Britain is so eager to look after her own advantage that she refuses to modify her policy of free trade even for the sake of drawing her colonies closer, what earthly right has she to feel and express dissatisfaction with France and Russia for declining to abandon their standpoint for the sake of assisting a dangerous competitor? And if our free trade principle is based on national egotism, why seek for gratitude, as if it were the outcome of altruism? Foreign nations will not adopt free trade, because, although it may suit us, it does not suit them, and all oratorical fireworks about political morality merely provoke their laughter and justify their contempt. There is and can be no morality in politics, and for a most excellent reason; morality is based upon altruism; diplomacy on egotism. The two things are incompatible. An egotistic individual or a patriotic nation may be courteous, obliging, and even incidentally helpful to others, but cannot be moral so long as egotism or patriotism remains the motive power of action. If we foster free trade and

shrink from war, however beneficial may be the effects, it was not the contemplation of these that moved us to adopt that policy, but knowledge that free trade is lucrative, and a war is injurious to trade. Why, then, talk as if our motive were humanity? France and Russia are our rivals; they are determined to enrich themselves at our expense; and they are on the high road to success. Any other European State would have stopped them long ago. Our Government merely talks about "amicable understandings" with them, makes vague threats of war to which it is resolved not to have recourse, and finally takes its stand on the platform of political morality which foreigners speedily convert into an international pillory.

But, judged by the merely diplomatic standard which we apply to the management by other States of their external relations, our policy of the "open door" in China is open to most damaging criticism. Our interests in China, says the Government, are commercial; therefore they are not intersected by those of our competitors which are political. Hence China's commercial independence will satisfy us. China must, of course, respect our treaty-given rights of exporting goods at a fixed rate of duty, and, that guaranteed, we can afford to smile philosophically at the fuss and bustle of our neighbours. This is one of the many conflicting statements of our policy in the Far East, for which our Government is responsible; accomplished facts enable it still to hold the field. Therefore it is worth examining.

What interests have France and Russia in carving up China and incurring the vast expense which that step involves? Obviously the same interest that we pursue in demanding the "open door," namely, the benefits of commerce. Why, then, do they not adopt the cheaper method which we employ, and insist on a number of fresh treaty ports? Because they cannot, like Germany and the United States, successfully compete with us in the new markets on equal terms. Therefore they seek to modify these terms by obtaining political influence and shutting out our trade. Everything is said to be fair in war; and what war was ever so cruel as the struggle for existence in its highly organised forms among rival nations? Great Britain adopts free trade mainly because it benefits the workman, and inflicts no loss on the manufacturer who is capable of underselling his foreign rivals. The instinct of self-preservation, therefore, moves the foreign rivals to protect themselves by some other effectual means. Hence they resort to political action—for the legitimate purpose of destroying our commerce and furthering their own. In view of this, is it permissible to go on talking about the "open door" in the Far East being compatible with Russia's political supremacy there? Yet this is one of the trump cards of our policy in those countries; and our eminent and experienced statesmen know of nothing better. Russia and France are so thoroughly in earnest in carrying out their notions of political and commercial enterprise that they cheerfully run the

risk of war. They apply the *Carthago est delenda* principle, and we reply by talking of "amicable understandings" and eulogising our eminent statesmen. A hasty glance at our present position abroad leaves no doubt that a combination of European Powers is endeavouring, on the one hand, to hinder the formation of anything like an Africo-British Empire, by interposing foreign possessions between ours; and on the other, to draw an iron ring round our actual dependencies, so that there shall be no further expansion political *or commercial*, but as much whittling away as possible.

The action of the French is a case in point. They advance by means of open invasion, and so long as our eminent statesmen are timid enough to treat undisguised hostilities as legitimate diplomacy, France is justified by success. Whatever she once acquires, that she keeps; and from that which we have, on her own admission, fairly gained, she cuts off provinces and kingdoms, while our Government explains that it is paying for that "amicable understanding" which we are all so anxious to see effected. And not only does the Republic tenaciously clutch her own, but as soon as she has appropriated our territory, the first step she takes is to exclude our trade. Thus a vast stretch of territory extending from Cape Palmas to Lagos, which is known as "the Bristol Coast," because of the Bristol merchant fleet which first realised its trading potentialities, is now to a great extent under French rule, and lost for ever to the commerce of the nation which made it what it is. And it is lost, because France has levied prohibitive duties on the goods, which in many cases amount to 100 and even 150 per cent., in consequence of which the natives are compelled to refuse to trade with England. And now the French lay claim to further territories in the up country which are ours by established, written and recognised rights, and when we talk of vindicating those rights they laugh in our faces, revile Mr. Chamberlain and prayerfully hope that Lord Salisbury may be allowed to take the matter into his own hands, in the rooted and just conviction that in this way their game will as usual prove successful, even without the risk of war. There is not a third-rate Power in Europe which would tamely submit to the insults, provocations and territorial and commercial losses which the *Grande Nation* has inflicted upon Great Britain, nor is there any other people who would endure the existence of the Government responsible for them. It is hardly too much to say that since the days of King Charles II. foreign States have never treated the rights and interests of Great Britain with less consideration or more studied disrespect.

And now for Russia. In characterising the advance of that Power, it is bootless to expend one's energies in exclamations of horror at her cunning or treachery. Her rulers have a political problem to solve, and they are solving it to the best of their ability in the interests of their people and with unprecedented success. If treaties stand in the

way of a solution, they tear them up; if promises hamper them, they explain them away; if war threatens them, they spend millions of roubles in preparations and calmly accept the risk. Our statesmen and journalists keep on repeating: "It would be discourteous to distrust Russia in the future by reason of what she has done in the past and is still doing in the present. In ultimate analysis she is engaged in promoting her interests, just as we are." Exactly, and if it was right in the past and present to break a series of verbal promises and written treaties because such was her interest, it will be equally right to repeat the process in the future, *unless we render such conduct prejudicial to her interests.*

Nor do Russian statesmen make any bones about their fixed determination to cripple our commerce and break up our Empire. It is not merely that they do everything to hamper our people when they can reasonably hope that they will benefit their own thereby: no, they are desirous of provoking and humiliating us just to induce others to come and do likewise. It was for this reason that three years ago the Russian Minister at Peking received instructions from his Government to egg on China to commit a flagrant breach of the Burmese Convention, by which certain rights had been conceded to Great Britain. And Count Cassini, the Russian diplomatic representative, assisted by the French Ambassador, succeeded for the time. Here it was question of a written, signed, and sealed treaty—a treaty of the kind which our Government affects to treat as an all-sufficient guarantee of our rights in China. And this was a matter in which Russia had no interest clashing with ours, no direct advantage whatever, no motive but wanton insult, no hope but satiated hate. And this was done at a time when her influence at Peking was null, as compared with what it is to day. What form of respect, may it be asked, will the Tsar's advisers display towards treaties which do seem to hem Russia's commercial expansion, and at a time when she, and she alone, will have become protectress of the Celestial Empire? The painful fact of the matter is that the days of treaties and promises are gone by; a convention with China is worth nothing unless we are able and resolved to say, "Any attempt to violate the clauses of this treaty will be regarded as a *casus belli*," and are determined to do as we have spoken. Our Foreign Office, however, is of a different opinion, and explains that so long as China is "commercially" independent we can treat with her and feel certain that our rights will be religiously respected, especially when that amicable little understanding comes about. As long as the smile of that mysterious cat remains, we may go to sleep convinced that there is nothing to be feared from mice.

In like manner France and Russia conspired to render futile our efforts to open the West River to the commerce of all nations, on the very intelligible ground that Great Britain, being able successfully to compete with them if no favour were shown, she alone would benefit

by the concession, and they could not allow Great Britain to prosper commercially, if political action could hinder it. The principle is intelligible, its formula definite and its application vigorous. Shall we still go on basing our policy on its non-existence? Our Foreign Office replies that we shall, and its journalistic friends chant the pleasant refrain about that amicable little understanding, "There's a gude time coming."

One of the first acts of Russia as soon as she had gained a certain amount of influence in Corea, was to insist on the summary dismissal of Mr. McLeavy Brown from the Corean service. Was he not efficient? Was not his management beneficial? These questions were answered in the affirmative, "but he has the misfortune to be a Briton, and must therefore suffer for it." Mr. Brown had, it is true, that glorious palladium to which our statesmen attribute magic virtue, a written stipulation with the Corean Government, but Russia cares nothing for written contracts and insisted on her claim, which was with great difficulty withstood for the moment, but will be generously allowed later on. This is another instance of the force of written contracts and treaties.

In China, however, our Foreign Office is convinced, treaties will still inspire a magic respect, even when China has lost her political independence, and Russia is her protectress. And on this conviction it stakes the most important interests of the Empire. Still, strange to say, it was in China that the Russians recently demanded the summary dismissal of Mr. Kinder, the chief engineer of the Kirin-Tientsin railway line. He too had his written contract, was admittedly competent and industrious; but he is an Englishman, and English officials have to be dismissed, English interests trodden under foot, English commerce annihilated before Russia's interests can properly thrive. Now, if the Tsar's Government displays such marked animus against Great Britain, and such a frank disregard for treaties and conventions before it has completely reduced the Chinese Emperor to a state of pupilage, and before it has massed a large army in Manchuria, what will it do when the realisation of these conditions has made the Tsar almighty there? Russia will scrupulously observe all written engagements, replies the Foreign Office, or else—or else we shall be very much surprised.

Russian statesmen possess the faculty of seeing things in correct perspective, and attaching to each detail its proper importance. Thus, when really important issues were at stake in China, Russia's opposition was not merely formidable and persevering, but eminently successful, and her subjects have ample reason to feel grateful therefor. When Japan was about to obtain a permanent footing on the mainland as one of the fruits of her brilliant victory and one of the rights conceded to her by a valid treaty, Russia had that treaty

forthwith abrogated, because, [forsooth, she respected the "political independence" of China. When the Anglo-Chinese loan was being negotiated after the war she intrigued against it, hindered it, and arranged a loan under her own guarantee. For British influence must be eradicated at all costs. This year she has employed the same tactics, and thwarted our negotiations with China for the issue of a fresh loan, and our eminent and experienced statesmen bowed to the inevitable, hoping for better things when that "amicable understanding" has come to pass. A private Anglo-German loan was finally and with difficulty negotiated; but Russia was none the less dissatisfied, and now claims "compensation" for this transaction, which is utterly devoid of political significance. The form taken by this "compensation" will, if rumour prove true, reduce China to the condition of a vassal State. Indeed, that consummation is being rapidly reached by very short cuts: Russian troops are stationed in various parts of Manchuria, which is treated as a Russian province, and the Chinese flag there already bears the Russian colours "in the upper right hand corner." It only remains for us to welcome the new mistress of China, and pray to Providence for that "amicable understanding."

And, with the full knowledge of Russia's schemes and her determination to realise them, in its possession, our Government is willing, nay eager, to raise a treaty paper barrier to keep her from encroaching, not, indeed, upon our commerce with China, but upon such a minimum of our rights there as Russia, unable for the moment to assimilate, may see fit to concede. And if, in the fulness of time, that written document should meet with the fate of the others which have gone before it, then, we are credibly assured, Great Britain will "put her foot down." Not now, because the Great Siberian Railway, without which Russia would feel at a disadvantage, is not yet ready; because the Tsar's ninety million roubles are not yet spent on the navy; and because Russia has not yet acquired complete command of the Gulf of Pe-tshi-li, and is not therefore the absolute mistress of China. When she has completed her railway, annexed northern Manchuria, "reserved" the Peninsula of Liao-Tung, has strengthened her navy, has joined hands with France advancing from the south, and is in a position to pour hundreds of thousands of troops into northern China, and drive us out of the Yangtse Valley and even Hong Kong; then our Foreign Office will not hesitate to put down its foot. Meanwhile it will content itself with warding off war—a most humane achievement, if we only consider it aright, although at the cost of a more terrible war later on, which may complete the ruin of the Empire.

Possibly this view may seem exaggerated and pessimistic? Who knows whether we may not yet obtain the rich Yangtse Valley as a set-off for the exclusive "usufruct" of Manchuria and of the Peninsula

of Liao-Tung by Russia and for the annexation or reservation of the three provinces of Kwang-tung, Kwangsi, and Yunnan by France? This concession if obtained and formally recognised by the Great Powers, may yet be pointed to by the Government and welcomed by the people, as a splendid diplomatic success. As a matter of fact, it would prove considerably worse than a defeat. In the first place our claim to the opening up—not the cession—of the valley of the Yangtse Kiang was asserted long before Russia, France, or Germany had tampered with the integrity of China. Indeed, China is already bound by an agreement with this country not to cede to any other Power that valley which is to be opened up to the trade of the world one day. Now the recognition of this claim, which is an accomplished fact, cannot be seriously regarded as a set-off against the present proposed partition of China by France and Russia. In the second place France's supremacy in the province of Kwang-tung is intended to hinder England from carrying out the constant suggestion of our naval experts to annex a strip of the mainland opposite Hong Kong. This precautionary measure which Lord Salisbury refused to adopt when it was feasible and easy, is absolutely necessary for two reasons; to permit of the natural expansion of this dependency, and also to allow of its being defended against a foreign attack. Hong Kong is an island which it is impossible to hold against an enemy who has command of the heights near Kowloon; and the cession of Kwang-tung to France would place Hong Kong itself at the mercy of the Republic. Nor is this all. The obvious aim and the inevitable effect of these concessions to the French is to raise an effectual barrier between the Yangtse Valley—our only possible sphere of influence in China—and British Burma, for the tricolour would float over all the territory extending from the Mekong Valley into Yunnan and Soc-Chuan, and thus France advancing from the south would meet Russia descending from the north, and completely checkmate Great Britain in China. Such is the net result of the policy of our Government in the Far East.

And when requested to state what line of action they intend to oppose to this clever scheme of our rivals, Ministers speak like Rhombus, "a leash of languages" at once. They tell us that they will not admit the principle of spheres of influence in China; they explain that at all events they will maintain at all costs the independence of the Celestial Empire; then they are free to confess that China's independence may be thrown to the winds, if only the "open door" principle be guaranteed by one of those written treaties which are made to be violated almost before the ink with which they are written is dry. And thus they go on contradicting themselves and each other, while our enemies gain their point and successfully deprive us of trade with nearly one-fourth of the population of the globe.



An agreement to recognise the Yangtse Valley as a "British sphere of influence" would be a mockery and a snare; the Government responsible for allowing things to drift in this direction has not the shadow of a claim to the confidence of the country, be it Conservative or Liberal.

Yet there are many parliamentary politicians optimistic enough to fancy that the Government, not daring to risk a war single-handed against France and Russia—with Germany possibly thrown in—is reserving its strength for the first of these three Powers. It will "put its foot down" in Western Africa, and try conclusions with the Republic there.

It is a matter for painful surprise that any group of serious politicians should harbour a notion which has been disavowed by the formal statements and rendered impossible by the deliberate acts of the Government itself. In the first place it hardly needs pointing out that a Foreign Secretary with a free hand, unlimited credit and a united people at his back, was bound to foresee the events which have now taken place and to keep himself prepared for them. This he might have done in one of three ways: by checkmating our adversaries in diplomacy; by concluding alliances to make up for diplomatic defeat; or by increasing the forces of the Empire to an extent which would have enabled us to smile at Machiavelian diplomacy and to dispense with irksome alliances. But Lord Salisbury, it is admitted on all hands, did none of these things. And the result is more fatal because less remediable than would have been the outcome not only of Home Rule but even of Separation.

For if we must renounce the hope of successfully resisting Russia's machinations, we must also, and for the selfsame reason, throw ourselves upon the mercy of France, who may at most make some little concession sufficiently plausible to "save the face" of our Prime Minister, of whose methods of defending the Empire the bitterest enemies of that Empire are justly enamoured. The present imperial crisis is the upshot of a carefully thought out plan which France and Russia are resolved to carry out in partnership.\* The two are industriously working together wherever Great Britain has political or commercial interests to safeguard or to lose. They both agree in tearing up written treaties, trampling upon our recognised interests, demanding the dismissal of British subjects,† hampering us in Egypt, and wantonly humiliating us throughout the globe. And this at a time when our Foreign Secretary had squandered away more British territory and abandoned more important rights than a war would have sacrificed, in the hope and belief that he had purchased therewith

\* The rôle played by Germany is curious and complicated. Possibly some light may have been thrown upon this interesting story before this REVIEW will have been published.

† In China, Corea, and Siam.

their close friendship and goodwill. It is now too late for the Government to strike out a fresh policy: it still tenaciously clings to that amicable understanding, belief in which has made us the laughing-stock of Europe.

But let us suppose for a moment that Lord Salisbury or Mr. Balfour, who, without special study, training, or experience, has blossomed into an eminent Foreign Secretary overnight, is resolved to vindicate our rights in West Africa at the risk of open hostilities. What then? France would unhesitatingly accept the challenge. In the ensuing war it is barely conceivable, but highly improbable, that Russia would remain neutral; and absolutely certain that she would put in a formidable appearance at the negotiations for peace, the fate of victorious Japan serving as a precedent. And then? But the question is superfluous. Graceful concessions will save us from such a danger, in order to land us in one much greater. There is not a serious politician on the Continent of Europe who believes that our present Government will risk a war, however great the provocation. One of the most experienced and successful of Foreign Ministers now in office said to me quite recently: "As the Pagan gods, powerful though they seemed, were frequently hampered in their action by the vague, ill-defined, but irresistible force called Fate or Necessity, so are the members of the present British Cabinet subjected to a hazy but all-powerful influence, which will effectually hinder them from crossing the Rubicon that leads to war. Hence other Powers provoke it." This view may possibly be as erroneous as it is insulting to Constitutional Ministers, but universal belief founded on a long series of corroborative facts renders it as powerful for harm as if Lord Salisbury and his colleagues had publicly proclaimed it to be true.

But perhaps we really can do nothing to stay the advance of Russia, to fight whom would mean a war between England and a coalition? Perhaps the Government in its wisdom has chosen the one safe issue out of a no-thoroughfare, and the outcry of the Press for firmness is but an unconscious demand for defeat and disaster? I neither assert nor suggest the contrary; I merely ask—as all Englishmen are asking—the question, if this be so, who is to blame? Is it perchance that distant Providence to whom Lord Salisbury made a public appeal against Turkey? Whose duty was it to make the Empire ready to meet the present emergency? Did Parliament refuse the means? Did the Press hamper the Government? Is the spirit of the British people purely parochial? If the Empire is to be bullied out of its rights because the Government cannot or will not effectually defend them, will the nation continue to tolerate that Government from a silly predilection for parochial-political labels which will speedily be forgotten? What does it matter to us, what will it matter to our children or to history that a staunch Conserva-

tive or a great Liberal Cabinet held the reins of power in the year of grace 1898, if it neglected the opportunity which will never again return, to make a stand for the right of the British Empire to that natural growth and expansion which is the necessary condition of its existence?

The policy of amicable understandings and written guarantees is played out; it is the lot of the former to have been frequently bought and sold but never to have been delivered, while the destiny of the latter is to be torn up. It is discourteous and impolitic, Ministers say, to doubt Russia's good faith in the matter of keeping treaties. Is it true, then, that she violated the Treaty of Paris, the engagements given respecting Central Asia, her promise concerning Batoum, and that she had the Burma Convention with England wantonly broken, and sought to obtain a breach of Mr. McLeavy Brown's written guarantee in Corea, and that of Mr. Kinder in China? "It is true, but after all, it was always a question of her interests, and we are willing to forgive and forget." If Russia acted in accordance with the rules of the game of diplomacy in all this, she would be foolish and unpatriotic not to profit by these same laws of the game when another written guarantee is in question, and as Russian statesmen cannot be accused of silly simplicity, the charge must be preferred against those who, not daring to defend the rights of the Empire "at the cost of war," trust them to a "written assurance," which, if it existed, would not be worth five years' purchase.

"Amicable understandings" are equally dangerous delusions. We can offer no *quid pro quo* for them because Russia and France can lay their hands on whatever they fancy without "the cost of war" or the trammels of an agreement. For years our Government has allowed the French to invade our territory in Africa with impunity and even to shoot down our soldiers and officers as in wartime without insisting on compensation or apology. Love of peace and hope of the amicable understanding were the avowed motives. And now even our Government admits that diplomacy, as France understands it, differs and will continue to differ, from war only in this that military aggression on her side will neither provoke attack nor meet resistance on ours. It was for the hope of this amicable understanding that the Government bartered away treaty rights in Madagascar and now France is deliberately violating her written obligations to us in that island and systematically shutting out our trade there. Despite her solemn promise to place no restrictions on commerce in Africa, she is imposing 100 and even 150 per cent. duties on our exports to the "Bristol Coast" territory whose trade is the creation of enterprising Englishmen. A few years ago she gave our Government positive assurances that the port of Assinee would be free from all kinds of differential tariff; and to-day a differential tariff is paralysing our commerce there.

And Chauvinistic France is unanimous and enthusiastic in eulogising our liberal-minded Foreign Secretary for submitting to all this, while easy-going Britons lament the loss of their tradé and are flattered that foreigners should praise their Prime Minister. The shores of Newfoundland are treated as if they belonged to the Republic and are therefore very properly coloured as French in maps published in Paris; British territory has been invaded by them in West Africa—that is to say they have committed an act of war against Great Britain there, in the firm conviction that the liberal-minded Foreign Secretary would not resent it. And their calculations proved correct: so correct indeed that M. Hanotaux might have told the Chamber that he had “a written assurance” to that effect, more binding than the Mahatmaniac “written assurance” which Lord Salisbury received from Russia. The Foreign Minister refuses to expel the invaders and will not even press the demand for explanations lest it might embarrass them during the elections—the French are such a highly sensitive people! And meanwhile our Sovereign, the Heir Apparent and the Prime Minister himself are enjoying the hospitality of the French Republic!

Thus, thanks to Lord Salisbury's policy there is not any portion of the Empire bordering on Russian or French possessions which is not seriously threatened to-day. Lord Roberts warned the Government a few weeks ago that Russia has advanced so rapidly towards India that “she is in a position to enter Afghanistan whenever it may seem to her convenient or desirable so to do, and the chance of her being able to attack us is discussed in every bazaar in India.” Our expanding trade with China which constituted one of the mainstays of the Empire, is being systematically crushed by France and Russia. In Abyssinia the two allies are combining to extend the western and south-western limits of Abyssinia for the purpose of hemming, harassing and humiliating us there; from out of West Africa we are being driven at the point of the sword of a people whom Lord Salisbury continues to treat as our friends; and even in the Transvaal our vacillation and pusillanimity have helped to brew serious trouble.

Such are the tangible and inevitable results of a policy which has no justification, no real basis. And now for the remedy, which will be applied on the principle of *similia similibus curantur*. Our Foreign Office is endeavouring to bring about an understanding with France and Russia, because these Powers are aggrandising themselves politically and commercially at our expense. The “amicable understanding” is to stop them in their impetuous career. They are expected to agree to it in consideration for our allowing them a small fraction of what they are now taking without our permission. In other words, the understanding is to be a one-sided arrangement by which, for no earthly advantage and at great material detriment to themselves, they are voluntarily to consent to further their interests no more. And the

instrument to be drawn up in faith of this self-denying ordinance is "a written assurance." One of our chief complaints against France and Russia is that they make light of written assurances, and act as if these had no binding force. Therefore we must endeavour to induce them to give us another written assurance to the effect that they will refrain in future from promoting their respective interests, and will respect written guarantees. And so sure is the Government of attaining its object, that it publicly proclaimed that the "written assurance" had been given when it had not the slightest ground for making the statement. And, even had it received such a paper, what would be its commercial value?

If there were a single member of the Cabinet, as was frequently asserted, who possessed the insight to discern and the courage to condemn the disastrous policy which is thus paving the way for the ruin of the Empire, patriotism no less than legitimate ambition should have moved him to separate himself from his colleagues and put himself at the head of an imperial party pledged to uphold the vital interests of the nation at this most critical period of its history. Certainly a Government whose lavish concessions, instead of purchasing the friendship, have only sharpened the appetite and intensified the hatred of our rivals; whose policy changed half a dozen times from bad to worse in the course of less than a month; which admits that our written guarantees may be torn to pieces with impunity, and yet whose only hope is to make the future of our Empire dependent upon another worthless paper guarantee; and whose ignorance of vital matters of fact leads it to calm the apprehensions of the country by asserting that it has received a written assurance, when such assurance was not only never written, but never even verbally made—a Government of this character at this moment is hardly less dangerous to the Empire than would be a Cabinet which included Messrs. Tanner, Tynan, and Labouchere. Lord Salisbury accomplished his mission when he saved Ireland from Home Rule or Separation. The present problem is how to save the Empire from dismemberment. In this Lord Salisbury's Cabinet has dismally failed. Hence the choice now lies between the maintenance of his Government in power and the defence of our imperial interests.

## SOME NOTES ON THE ZOLA CASE.

THEY have had in France for many years the saying that in Paris ridicule kills. The phrase is true enough when an absurdity is apparent to everybody and ridicule is general; but, under such conditions, laughter is fatal anywhere and everywhere. The ridicule which has been heaped on the procedure in the Dreyfus-Zola case by a whole wondering and indignant world outside French borders has had small effect in Paris; but nothing more grotesque has ever happened than may be seen and studied in a score of incidents in that extraordinary business. A writer of farce who dared to copy its records would find his work hissed from the stage. To begin with: Dreyfus was arrested on expert evidence, when the only expert consulted declined to give an opinion against him. To go on: Colonel Besson d'Ormescheville reports a proof of guilt which makes the reader think himself mad or dreaming. Dreyfus proffers his keys on his arrest. "Search my house," he says in effect. "Search it freely. You will find nothing." The house is searched and nothing is found. This proves, says d'Ormescheville, that Dreyfus had bestowed all incriminating evidence in the hands of trustworthy accomplices. It sounds incredible, but it is in the official reports. Neither Gilbert nor Mark Twain could beat it. To go on again: M. Bertillon, who never in his life professed to be an expert in handwriting, was asked for an expert opinion, and gave judgment against the prisoner on the ground that his writing was so dissimilar from that of the *bordereau* that the hand must be disguised. That once more sets the brain whirling, but it is solemnly offered, and solemnly accepted, and solemnly set down in the official reports. It is wholly incredible, but it is perfectly true. To go still further: it is alleged that Dreyfus is a ruined gambler, and the proof advanced is that he

went once to the Cercle de la Presse as a visitor, and it is admitted that visitors are not allowed to play there. To continue yet: the Minister of War informs the Press of Paris that the prisoner was found guilty on a secret document. Ten weeks later he informs the Press that he was found guilty on the *bordereau* and the *bordereau* alone. At the trial M. Zola's counsel naturally wanted to ask questions about this discrepancy. The President of the Court ruled that the questions could not be asked because they were not germane to the case. And so on, and so on, and so on. And all this happens, not in the land of comic opera, but in a city where ridicule kills. Millions of people acquiesce in it all, and assert with passion that it is all just and reasonable, and that any Frenchman who doubts its justice and reason is a traitor and an enemy to his country.

A man who is presumably innocent (since not one scrap of evidence on which he could legitimately be fined a shilling and costs has been produced against him) is condemned to lifelong banishment. The Minister for the Colonies declares that since the agitation for his release began, he has ordered him to be chained. It is not denied that he has access to a loaded revolver, and that he has been made free to use it, but has been warned that suicide will be accepted as a confession of his guilt. A most unhappy lady in the Rue Châteaudun is a thousand times worse than widowed, and her children are a thousand times worse than fatherless. A great writer stands to lose (and will lose) a year's liberty and a sum of more than ten thousand pounds as the result of a trial in which every principle of jurisprudence has been outraged. If it were not for these things the drama which has so recently enacted itself in Paris would shake the lungs with laughter. As it is, it weighs upon the heart. The farce grows fiercely tragic.

It is not M. Zola who is to be pitied in this matter, for he has won something better than the money he has lost, and something better, even, than the liberty he has sacrificed. I ventured in the last interview I had with him to tell him so. "No, no," he said, "*je ne suis pas à plaindre!*" But I shall never forget the anguished gesture, or the poignant suffering expressed in face and voice when he said, "But, my God! this poor France—blinded, strangled!" I have seen and heard nothing in my life which touched me more, for in the course of my stay in Paris I had learned enough of the great pessimist to know that his whole heart and soul were in the cause he had adopted, not so much for the sake of the prisoner or his wife and children as for the sake of France. I confess that I had not looked in him for the passion of patriotism which revealed itself. The sentiment was enforced upon the mind, and would not be denied. This France, the sores of which he has so relentlessly displayed, whose wounds he has probed so deeply, the causes of whose defeat he

has so pitilessly analysed, is, not the less, his one idol. He knows no other modern language than his own because he has cared to know no other. France absorbs him. He dreams of her as of some great angelic sufferer, whom only a cruel surgery can cure. A three weeks' knowledge of the actual man, under circumstances which have led him to open his heart with entire freedom, have compelled me to a revision of the judgment I had formed upon his whole literary career. I still think his methods mistaken. I still think his work baneful. But I shall never again do him the injustice to doubt the loftiness and essential purity of his desire.

The reading of the long-expected Zola manifesto was in many respects a moving episode. It occurred when the trial had been in progress a fortnight, and when it had been made clear that the defendants were to have no "show" at all. General after general had been allowed to go into the witness-box, not to give evidence or to undergo any sort of examination, but to deliver eloquent exhortations on the duty of the jury to return a verdict in favour of the army. That astounding melodramatist Du Paty de Clam had come and spoken and gone again, for all the world like an automatic wax-work; his brother astonishment, Commandant Esterhazy, had turned his back on the defending counsel with a "*rien à dire à ces gens là!*" which would have provided him with an imprisonment for contempt of court if any other tribunal in the world had heard it; the defendants had been gagged, and throttled, and bludgeoned for twelve whole days; and Maître Van Cassel, for the prosecution, had just crowned the whole insane travesty by the declaration that the defence had proved its own bad faith by its silence. The court was thronged. M. Delegorgue, the presiding judge, his two colleagues, and the Advocate-General, in their scarlet and black and white, gave the only note of colour beyond the crowd of priest-like barristers in black. The air was heavy and the light faint. Maître Labori asked for leave for the chief defendant to address the jury. The leave was accorded, and Zola rose, standing for a moment in a pitiable agitation. He is, without any exception, the most superb conversationalist to whom I have ever listened. But he has never accustomed himself to face a public audience, and even with his written speech before him he was ineffective as an orator. He mastered himself by a visible effort, advanced a step or two, and began to read, the papers he held shaking from first to last as if they had been fluttered by a current of hot air. In his anxiety to be heard throughout the hall he pitched his voice too high, and the effect was painfully harsh and dissonant. He cracked once into a shrill falsetto, and the crowd at the back of the court broke into a roar of insulting laughter. This was the disaster which inspired him. He turned in the direction of the laugh, and faced the crowd which raised it in a dignified silence. He was stung



out of his natural shyness, and in the silence which ensued he spoke with far greater effect than before, though the quivering of the papers never ceased to show the extreme tension of his nerves. But, none the less, I lamented the rhetoric of his closing sentences, as thousands of his well-wishers lamented the rhetoric of his original indictment in the famous "I accuse." It is difficult for an Englishman to criticise the rhetoric of a Frenchman, and a great writer may fairly claim to know better than a foreign critic how to appeal to his own countrymen. But the invocation to his own fame pained, somehow, and pained rather sadly. "If Dreyfus be not innocent, let my name perish. If he be not innocent, let my works perish. By all I have done for the literature of my country, by all I am and hope for, I swear that he is innocent." This is not the *ipsissima verba*, but it is a fair translation of the meaning. The crowd laughed, and the laughter was as spontaneous and sincere as it was savage. He had already spoken, simply and in words exquisitely chosen, of his love for France. There also he was mocked and jeered. The manifestations came wholly from the back of the court. The black throng of advocates, and the jury, listened throughout in a chilling silence. It had got abroad before the speech was begun that it was to be reckless and unguarded, and expectation had been on tiptoe. It seemed a disappointment to the crowd that he had elected to be so moderate.

So far as mere oratory had been concerned, this, the one day on which oratory had been looked for, had proved a failure. Maître Van Cassel, who opened the ball, had turned out to be by no means an inspiring person. He has the common box of tricks belonging to the professional advocate of the third class, and sank his voice to a melodramatic whisper on "Gentlemen of the jury," and thence climbed a sort of oratorical flight of stairs, where he was louder on each succeeding step than he had been on the last. When he had reached the limit of his vocal power he fell downstairs, and began again on "*Mais, messieurs les jurés,*" and so climbed up to the old sonorous height, and fell downstairs once more. The performance was as perfunctory and unconvincing as anything I have ever seen, and apart from the Himalayan-cum-Alpine insolence of its accusation of silence against the defence it was quite commonplace.

But when Zola was down, Labori arose, and a change came. Zola had described him to me days before; had spoken of his "giant energies," and of "the voice to rally a regiment in retreat." Picture a man some six feet two in height, rather more than proportionately developed in chest and shoulders, blonde bearded, blue eyed, with a gesture so intense, continuous, and vivid that you might often imagine him for a minute at a time to be fencing for his life—add Salvini's voice, and the impetuous torrent of Gavazzi's speech—and you have

Labori. Those great voices when they are used often, and used severely, acquire a quality which is strangely effective. Speaking of Labori quite recently elsewhere, I have described this quality as a sort of noble hoarseness, resembling somewhat the rasp of the bow on the strings of a 'cello. It takes a grip upon the ear. You *have* to listen. There is no escape into inattention.

An English audience would demand a greater repression than Labori exercises. Its colder taste would resent the flamboyant gesture, the exuberance of passion, the whole rage of energy. But taking his oratory fairly and dispassionately, and judging it—as it ought to be judged—by the speaker's national standard, I should reckon him without a rival. Literally, and without exaggeration, one may call the man stupendous. In the first twenty minutes of the speech I told myself "no man can live through more than half-an hour of this." He spoke for two hours that afternoon, and for two days and a half thereafter, and showed no sign of fatigue, and made no attempt to spare himself from start to finish. He was as hoarse as a crow the day after the return of the verdict, but that, he told me laughingly, was the result of a cold, and not in any way attributable to fatigue. We had an interesting talk on forms of oratory, and I asked if it were not possible to spare himself a little. He laughed like a great genial schoolboy. "No," he said, "it is my way. I cannot help it. When I am in earnest it must come out of me in that fashion. There is no other possible." He understands English excellently, but speaks it with some hesitation, and so by mutual consent we set ourselves at perfect conversational ease, he talking in his own tongue, and I in mine. He has a very winning manner, with something boylike in its candour and simplicity. He is only seven and thirty, but he looks still younger, and with such powers and such a constitution as he has he should have a great career before him.

I have already—in part—recorded an interview I had with Commandant Esterhazy, but the record was made under restrictions which I now take to be removed. It is only honest to say that when M. Esterhazy consented to meet me, he knew that he came to meet a man who was much prejudiced against him. He came, as it were, into the enemy's camp, under a flag of truce, to deliver his own story to a hostile world. He displayed a certain courage in coming at all, but he offered to answer any questions which might be put to him. Of course, he could not fail to know that whatever he said would be regarded with profound suspicion, however fairly it might be presented to the public. This fact may have tended to mark his manner, and it would be disingenuous not to admit so much. But allowing for it to the full, the impression conveyed was extremely unfavourable. In spite of a swagger of words, the like of which I

have never met outside the speeches of Captain Bobadil, I should take him to be a man of daring courage. "*Je suis soldat,*" he said, "*et brave soldat, et même, très brave soldat.*" Not many men of courage would make that statement in that way, but I believed him. He added, that he understood war where it was carried on with sword and rifle, but that he did not understand the warfare in which he found himself engaged, where a man's reputation could be assassinated with a sheet of paper. There I confess that I did not believe him. He admitted the authenticity of all the compromising letters to Madame Boulancy, with the solitary exception of the one in which there is an expression of a desire on his part to invade France at the head of a regiment of Uhlans. That, he said, was a forgery. He acknowledged the damnatory likeness of the handwriting of the *bordereau* to his own, but that also was a forgery. "They traced my hand," he said, lifting his dark, slow-burning eyes to mine for a single instant. He conveyed to me very strongly the idea of a resolute man who is on the outlook for an ambush. It is only just to make a further admission here. If M. Esterhazy has been the victim of a hideous plot, as he avers, such an aspect might, very conceivably, have grown upon him. An innocent man, finding himself entangled in such meshes of suspicion as have entangled him, might well develop a manner of suspicion, might well grow furtive in glance, and braggart in demeanour. I went straight from Zola's house to meet M. Esterhazy. I could not resist the temptation to tell the novelist on what errand I was bound, and I did not resist the temptation later on to tell M. Esterhazy in what terms Zola had described him to me. I should not have yielded unless I had been asked to yield, for the opinion was not wholly commendatory. It was to the effect that M. Esterhazy was a bandit, a thorough-going bandit, but a brave bandit, and that he knew how to defend himself like a lion. The object of this criticism accepted it with a complete tranquillity. Perhaps it was milder than he had expected, coming as it did from a man who had already denounced him with so little measure.

Perhaps the most boisterous joke in the farce, at the birth of which I personally assisted, transacted itself outside that Palace of Injustice in which the Zola case was refused the semblance of a hearing. I stood within the courtyard railings at six o'clock on the second day of the trial looking at the crowd which surged up and down outside. A big man accosted a little man within two yards of me. "Thou carriest," he said, with apparent placidity—"Thou carriest a nose too long for my taste. Thou art Israelite, ne c'est pas?" The little man shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands, and answered, "But yes, sir, I am Jew." The big man hit him on the too long nose, and in a second he was down amongst the feet of the crowd. His face was trodden

upon, and after a minute, or half a minute, of a murderous scuffle, a score or more of the Civil Guard rescued him, and hustled him, bloody and muddy and ragged, into safety. It would be untrue to say that this scene afforded a fair specimen of the temper of the crowd, but there were many such episodes whilst the case went on, and it is beyond a doubt that the patriotic verdict of the jury saved Paris from many others, if not from something much more serious. If, by any chance, the jury had returned a verdict in Zola's favour we should have seen "the red fool-fury of the Seine" again.

But I must not yet be wholly beguiled from M. Esterhazy. The two gentlemen to whom I was indebted for an introduction to him were firmly convinced that he had been shamefully traduced, and they both most heartily believed that his character had been entirely re-established by the Court-Martial recently held to inquire into his conduct. "Here," said one of them, "is an officer, and a man of honour, poor, defenceless except for his own unbreakable courage, in the last stage of consumption. This is the man whom the entire Jewry of Europe is combining to ride down, even after he has been honourably acquitted by his peers!" That is one view of the case, certainly, and there are millions who hold it. But there is another side to the case on Devil's Island, and there is another in the Rue Châteaudun, and in a week or two there will be yet another in the prison of Ste. Pelagie. A gentleman who admits that whilst holding his grade as officer he has written letters expressive of the fiercest hate for the country in whose army he serves, has not great reason to be surprised if men suspect his loyalty. A gentleman who expresses a fervent desire to go out and shoot down—"without hate or anger, as if they were so many rabbits"—the people who for years administered generously to his needs, has no great right to wonder if men doubt his claims to good citizenship or common gratitude. And a gentleman who writes a hand which is an absolute replica of that in which a treasonous document is written may be profoundly unlucky in that respect, but he cannot be surprised if inquiring people should ask if his admitted sentiments of treason are put in action there. On the whole I prefer to pity Dreyfus and his wife, and Zola.

In the whole amazing jumble of the farce-tragedy there has been nothing much stranger to an English eye than the impunity with which all sorts of men have bullied the jury empanelled to try the case. M. George Drumont, "honorary president of the Anti-Semitic League," writes to the public Press to say that if Zola is acquitted he and his friends will come down into the streets and take the administration of justice on the Jews into their own hands. Nobody in authority seems to think this in any degree out of the common. Nobody in authority raises a voice of rebuke. Nobody lays M. George Drumont by the heels for a bullying defiance of justice and an open

degradation of her claims. One or two papers publish every day in big type the names and addresses of the jurymen, and instruct them as to the way in which it is imperative that they should vote. Nobody in authority takes any notice of this either. The men of the jury are warned, over and over again, in widely circulated journals, that their trade or professional connection is lost for good and all unless Zola is condemned. For three weeks this contempt of court is as flagrant as an open sewer. Authority does not even scent its handkerchief.

It is so again with the witnesses summoned. I have, within the hour, received a communication from a man of letters who is as widely and deservedly esteemed as any living Englishman. He writes: "One cannot but feel that the innocence of Dreyfus was not at all advanced in the courts at the trial, and that no proofs were brought forward which would justify Zola in his attacks on the Court-Martial." It is unhappily quite true, every word of it, but it is no less true that the proofs were there, that they were offered, and that they were refused or stifled. One witness had a boy at school and the boy hoped to gain a bursary. The witness was authoritatively informed that if she appeared the bursary would not be given. Zola himself told me the night before the trial, "There is a new epidemic. Our witnesses are falling ill on every side." Before the case was a week old we had a dozen instances of sudden indisposition. The young lady—"la jeune fille," so carefully emphasised by M. Labori—"la jeune fille," of fifty-five, who was one of the first to announce the new epidemic—was challenged. "Let us," said M. Labori, "send a doctor to inquire into this indisposition of a lady who was well two or three hours ago." Two Paris journals howled at this. Where was the chivalry of France, they wanted to know, when it was possible for such an act of infamy to be proposed? I made personal inquiries, and I learned that the lady stayed away because she had been intimidated, and believed herself to be in danger of her life. Had she been assured of protection she would have appeared and spoken. No protection was given to any witness on the unpopular side, and it is a matter of history that those who had the courage to appear on that side, and who were within official reach of the Government, have been degraded. Madame Boulancy, the recipient and custodian of the Esterhazy letters, was willing to appear, but a visitor whom she was afraid to receive, and with whom she spoke from behind a door on which she kept the chain, threatened her with assassination. Madame Boulancy, very naturally, did not give evidence. Every man impeached by Zola as being responsible for the verdict of the Court-Martial took refuge behind the "chose jugée," and was upheld by the Court in the refusal to answer a single question, but they were allowed to harangue the jury for hours in *ex parte* declarations which were dangerous to the defence. Before the cause was opened Zola told me

precisely what would happen. "We know everything," he said with strong emphasis, "everything." But he knew already that he would not be allowed to prove anything of moment. The event justified his certainty.

The evidence of Madame Dreyfus would have been of incalculable value to the defence. Except that she would have exposed the intolerable methods of M. du Paty de Clam, she could have touched on no official question, because she is ignorant of them all, but the Court refused to hear her. Captain Lebrun Renault could have proved the pretended confession of Dreyfus to himself to be a fabrication, or he could have proved it to be true. The point was vital. The authorities refused to allow him to appear. The defence had twenty witnesses to swear that in their presence Captain Lebrun Renault had repudiated the whole story. Not one was heard.

I cannot tell if what I am about to say will shed any real light upon the case, but the statement came from a very high quarter and came to me direct. I am at liberty to use it, but I am not at liberty to divulge my informant's name. The story is to the effect that there was never any treason in the case, in the true sense, at all. France, so said my informant, was seeking diplomatic relations with Russia—in plain English, was asking for an alliance in arms. Russia was not wholly satisfied as to the condition of the French army, and made certain inquiries about it, in a purely friendly sense, but was, of course, compelled to make them secretly. The information desired was furnished by an officer of the French army. My informant knew that officer's name, but was not permitted to divulge it. Captain Dreyfus was certainly not the man. Captain Dreyfus had no association with the matter and no knowledge of it. I am not in a position to vouch for this story. My only voucher could be the name of the gentleman who told it, and that I am pledged to withhold. I can only say that he occupies a position in which it would be very possible for him to know the truth.

In one of my letters to the *Daily News* I described Paris as being in a sort of fever of epigram, and I accounted for this on the ground that men had talked so much about the one absorbing matter in hand that they had found time to polish not only their own pearls but those of their neighbours, and were ready to produce the string on which they were threaded at a moment's notice. One gentleman with whom I talked brought his epigram in his pocket. He took out a pocket-book and drew from it a small oblong piece of whitish canvas. "This," he said, "is the strongest material of its kind. We have a special use for it in our workshops. This fragment by accident has fallen into a bath of acid and has lain there for some time. In its normal condition I would defy the strongest man in the world to tear it across the thread. Now observe." He picked it to pieces with thumb and

finger. "That," he went on, "is the French army of to-day. The acid has been supplied by International Socialism. We should have been at the bottom of the Dreyfus affair two years ago if we had not been afraid of Germany, and we are afraid of Germany because International Socialism has largely superseded patriotism in our army, and our generals believe that their troops would refuse to fight." "But surely," I urged, "Socialism and the revolt against militarism are as strong in Germany as in France." "Ah yes," he answered. "We may guess about the other side, but we know about our own." I laughed to remember that he had half a dozen samples of the same material in his pocket-book, and I have no doubt that they have all been used.

Another gentleman, a diplomat this time, made quite a little speech to me, which had been kneaded into excellent consistency by much repetition. Emerson, describing a private English dinner, says that stories were told so well there that it was evident that they had often been told before. "The gold-crowned despot of my nursery republic"—I translate as faithfully as I can from memory—"has a habit of lying on his back and saying to his nurse, 'Now I am going to be naughty.' He keeps his promise with an admirable fidelity, until authority arrives with a slipper. Then being asked what is the matter, he smiles and says, 'Not anything.' It is a pity that France has no authority with a slipper."

These things are trivial, and are only cited as a characteristic of a time which created a worldwide interest whilst it endured. The case is over now, and if it is to have a sequel we must wait for it. The day after the trial Zola confessed himself at an *impasse*. It is as if he had thrown a torch into a well, meaning to light up its recesses, and had seen it extinguished by the close air at the bottom. He may yet lower a fire big enough to clear the atmosphere. But even if he should succeed in doing that, it is impossible to see how he could secure a revision of the case of Captain Dreyfus. For he is fighting the Army, and it has been abundantly proved of late that the Army is the only power in France.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

## INDIA ON A GOLD BASIS.

**B**Y slow but steady steps India is working towards a gold standard. The ultimate aim of the policy adopted in 1893 is now in sight. So, at least, says the Finance Minister of India, Sir James Westland, and he has proved himself to be in the past neither a rash prophet nor an over-sanguine theorist. In closing the mints to the free coinage of silver on private account, and thereby setting aside the silver standard, an experiment was begun which had necessarily to pass through a number of stages. India is too large and too important a part of the British Empire to be played with. Its Government could not jump from a silver to a gold standard with the light-heartedness of the Japanese Cabinet, who performed that gymnastic feat a year ago. They had to feel their way very cautiously, for every step was strange, and was sure to encounter the keenest criticism.

The first step was to cut loose the rupee from silver, which was accomplished by the suspension of free coinage. Soon afterwards a second step had to be taken in order to check the competition of silver bullion with Council bills. That was done by imposing an import duty on silver; with only partial success, however. The next and most difficult step was to restore the rupee to such a level of value in relation to gold, or sterling, as would make a safe starting-point for a gold standard; safe, that is to say, for the Indian Treasury on the one hand, and for the trade of the country on the other. A medium had to be struck between the  $14\frac{1}{2}d.$  to which the rupee had fallen before the mints were closed and its original par of 2s., to which it could not be raised again without upsetting anew all the industries affected by fluctuations of exchange.

The Government required, for financial reasons, such a relation between the rupee and the sovereign as would protect it from ruinous



losses on exchange and consequent deficits in its Budget. Its expenditure had been kept within its revenue as long as it could get 16*d.* or over for its Council bills. In 1891-92, when its bills sold at an average for the year of 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.*, it had realised a surplus of nearly half a crore. A return to that level promised safety and comfort for the Treasury, with little or no prejudice to other interests. So 16*d.* was fixed on as the prospective rate at which rupees should be exchanged for gold. General scepticism was expressed as to the rupee ever again seeing such a figure; but the incredible has happened, and the exchange on Calcutta has now hovered for several weeks on the gold line.

Evidently, however, the Indian Government did not see much prospect of gold being attracted from local hoards. They remembered that the great gold market of the world is London, and that they were more likely to get it there than at home. They exercised their ingenuity in devising plans to bring in gold at a minimum of expense and risk. If they were to buy it and take it out to India, there would be heavy charges to pay for transportation. If private individuals sent it out, they would also have to incur heavy charges. Possibly, too, the gold, after lying a few weeks or months at Calcutta, would have to be returned to London, thereby incurring a second round of heavy charges. The very simple but ingenious idea then struck somebody, Why not have the gold deposited at the Bank of England and notes issued against it by the Currency Department in London?

Money which was badly needed might then be sent out in a more direct way than by buying and remitting Council bills. It would also do more good than the Council bills could. The currency issued against the gold deposits would be so much new money put into the market, to its great relief, whereas Council bills would only draw money from the Government banks, and transfer from one hand to another money already in the market. This distinction was quickly appreciated in Bombay and Calcutta, where the announcement of the gold deposit scheme at once produced an easier feeling as to money. So far gold deposits have not rushed in very rapidly, but that was not expected, and might not have been desirable. Too great success might be quickly followed by reaction, and the scheme might be discredited on a very short and inefficient trial. Its immediate object is to call attention to the fact that India is drawing near to a gold basis and is throwing out feelers to ascertain what sort of a task she has before her in collecting a gold reserve.

If when the operation becomes understood dealers in exchange take kindly to it and gold deposits are forthcoming on a moderate scale, it will be a good augury for the consummation of the gold standard. In various ways it will work in favour of the standard. The special deposits

will become the nucleus of a gold reserve. The notes issued against them will be gold currency. A large increase of the note circulation would materially diminish the difficulty of raising 1800 millions of silver rupees to the proposed gold parity of fifteen rupees to the sovereign. No vexed questions of metallic and exchange values obtrude themselves in connection with paper money. A bank-note has only one kind of convertibility to trouble about, and ratios do not concern it. The gold standard when it comes into force will have much less to fear from the paper rupees than from the silver ones, consequently the more there can be of the paper rupees the better. In so far then as the gold deposit scheme tends to increase them it will be facilitating the final solution of the rupee problem.

A great obstacle to the advance of monetary science is that not only has every country a monetary system of its own, but no single country takes much interest in the monetary system of its neighbours. In this respect the British people are by no means the least at fault. They are so perfectly satisfied with their ubiquitous pound sterling and the free course it enjoys all over the world, that their one idea is to leave well alone. They cannot sympathise very keenly with people not so happily situated, and will hardly take the trouble to listen to their difficulties. Even British colonies which have not yet advanced to the dignity of the gold standard are left in this matter to do the best they can for themselves. Strangest neglect of all, our Indian Empire has had to fight its own way through a maze of monetary problems, in which not only its economic progress, but the public solvency has been more than once at stake.

India has got little help indeed from us in the prolonged crisis from which her currency is now gradually emerging. At small cost to ourselves and with little effort we might have rendered her invaluable assistance, but our doctrinaires scouted the thought. Whether the rupee should be based on gold or silver was, we are told, a purely Indian affair. The people had settled it for themselves by preferring silver, and it was useless for us to interfere with them. Sympathetic study of the question from an Imperial point of view was discouraged, and to this day there is no great problem of the Empire less understood. How different might it have been for India and for us if the salvation of the rupee had been treated in a broader spirit, and if with a kindlier eye we had tried to see how much depended on it!

The stability of the rupee means to India far more than can be realised without actual contact with the issues involved. Its bearing on the foreign trade of the country is appreciated in a general way. How seriously it affects the public revenues has of late years been painfully illustrated. But these are the only two aspects of the subject which have ever aroused much popular interest. A far more important one—its connection with the financial credit of India—has

still to be grasped. The last remark applies not to India only, but to every State which does not enjoy a well-ordered currency. In reckoning up the disadvantages of such a condition, prominence is sure to be given to the fact of its handicapping all commercial and financial intercourse with other countries. That is bad enough, but it is not the worst. Without much effort people may also realise how it hampers the financial operations of the State, especially its provision for foreign obligations—luxuries in which all States now indulge rather freely. But what is seldom grasped in these discussions is the vital injury that unstable money does to the credit of the issuer.

We find that strikingly exemplified in the United States, where millions of dollars have had to be borrowed in order to bolster up bad money, and millions of extra interest are being paid on these borrowings merely to avoid the use of terms offensive to the bad money faction. India has been a victim of the same evil, albeit an innocent victim. Through no fault of her own, her money ceased to be good in the international sense. She had consequently to endure all the calamities incidental to depreciated money—impaired credit, exodus of capital, artificial inflation of foreign liabilities, and discouragement of foreign enterprise. What these have cost India there has been no attempt made to estimate. Very ingenious and intricate calculations have been indulged in as to whether she has gained or lost on balance by the fall of the rupee. But they have been limited, as a rule, to the effect of the fall on Indian industries—a secondary matter compared with the injury inflicted on Indian credit, public and private.

Fluctuations of price are a mixed question. What one person loses by them another gains and *vice versa*. But injured credit is an unqualified misfortune. Of all the mistakes that bad government can commit it is the costliest, and of all the calamities that can befall an innocent country it is the heaviest. Yet Great Britain has stood calmly by and seen her chief dependency plunged in a sea of currency troubles which threatened at one time to overwhelm it. She might have averted the danger had she allowed India to go on a gold basis thirty years ago, when the highest officials, strongly supported by the chambers of commerce, urged the change on the Home Government. But, with pedantic axioms drawn from purely British experience, her statesmen vetoed every measure of relief proposed from India until the policy of drift became perilous, and permission was reluctantly given to close the mints.

No concession was made until it could no longer be refused, and even then both the Imperial and the Indian Governments were savagely assailed by the illogical champions of the old system, who were, in fact, perverted bimetallicists. Vehement supporters of the gold standard at home, they seemed to think it too good for India or the Far East. Silver had to be used somewhere, or there might not

be gold enough to go round; therefore India should content herself with the white metal. There is, we know, a tradition among economists of that school that India has been from time immemorial a silver-using country. But previous to our time it used the two metals indifferently. It was we who first set up a distinction between them, and for our own convenience discriminated against gold. The exclusive silver standard, as it existed down to 1893, was an essentially British creation. British law established it in 1835, and brought in along with it all the British accompaniments—free coinage, legal tender, and the rest. These were, and still are, perfectly foreign to the Indian mind.

Many time-honoured fallacies are current among British economists as to the attitude of the native mind on the silver question. A strong hereditary bias in favour of the white metal is one of them. No such bias exists as between silver and gold, which are equally appreciated in most parts of India. Silver is no doubt the more familiar metal, but in all large cities and in the southern districts gold circulates freely. Another time-honoured fallacy—a natural offshoot from the first—represents the natives to have been firmly wedded to the old silver standard. On the contrary, they knew nothing about the standard as such. All they cared about was the silver itself. Whether it were coined or uncoined did not matter to them, so long as the two had the same value in the bazaar. Since the mints were closed coin and uncoined silver are no longer interchangeable, which may puzzle the natives a little, but they seem to have adapted themselves readily to the change. They no longer melt rupees when they need silver, for they have discovered that to be a wasteful process, since silver may be bought much cheaper in bars.

If is doubtful if the closing of the mints, far from having irritated the natives or disturbed their placid lives, has been much noticed by them. They have taken advantage of the fall in silver to add largely to their holdings, but the buying has been merely an exchange of one kind of silver for another. Instead of hoarding rupees as formerly, they hoard bars and silver ornaments, and the rupees thus liberated come into circulation again. All the while the natives continue to value the silver for its own sake. It is the same to them as it was before they lost the right of free coinage, and as it had been for generations before. British mints gave it no additional value in their eyes, and closing them took little, if any, value away from it. They offered no resistance to the abolition of the silver standard and will in all probability be equally passive as regards any further step that may have to be taken in the same direction.

Whoever else may oppose the completion of the currency experiment of 1893, there is evidently nothing to be feared from native opinion. The experiment, so far as it has gone, the people have quietly

accepted, and the same may be expected of them when it is carried, as it must soon be, to its logical conclusion—a gold standard. They offer no obstacle to the transition from silver to gold, from which we may infer that it does not clash either with their interests or their ideas. A gold standard might even be welcome to them when they get used to it. They would then have once more a precious metal of equal value, coined and uncoined. Whatever inconvenience the disruption of coined from uncoined silver may have caused them would be remedied by the free coinage of gold. Coined and uncoined gold, being then interchangeable, would come into general circulation, and the alleged hereditary bias of the natives in favour of silver would soon be little heard of.

A government situated like that of India, desiring to adopt a gold standard with all the usual corollaries of free coinage and unlimited legal tender, should be prepared to fulfil a two-sided obligation. It ought to be ready to receive all the gold offered to it and to furnish all that may be demanded of it. In the nature of the case such an obligation can never be fully provided for, because it can never be perfectly fulfilled. Practice must always fall considerably short of economic theory. To render its perfect fulfilment possible the whole circulating medium would require to be of the same material as the standard itself. But gold is too scarce for that and too dear. If any country could procure it in sufficient quantity to have an exclusive gold currency, the waste would be prohibitory. So that a gold standard is in the awkward dilemma of being able to perform only a mere fraction of the duty theoretically assigned to it. It can do the fine work of commercial life, but for the rough work cheaper and more abundant metals have to be called in.

Then an arrangement has to be made between the standard and subsidiary metals in order to prevent them clashing. If silver is to circulate freely alongside of gold without interfering with it, limitations must be imposed on its legal powers. It may be restricted to a maximum amount in one payment, which is limited legal tender, or it may be what the currency writers call "rated" to gold, whereby a specific weight of silver is made interchangeable with a specific weight of gold. The supposed advantage of the latter method is that the rating may be easily changed in case of necessity. The main point to be kept in view is that the working metal must always be subsidiary to the standard metal which, as it were, sets the tune but takes a very small part in the music. A perfect gold standard with a full-blown gold currency will never be realised either in India or anywhere else. So-called gold currencies are mere approximations to a theoretic ideal. We have to get as near them as we can and be content.

The question of a gold standard for India is also one of approxi-

mation. There are certain local conditions to which the new standard will have to be adapted, and the issue of the experiment depends on whether these local conditions are easy or difficult. So far as they have been examined from this point of view they present no formidable difficulty. We start with the very notable advantage that no new working currency has to be provided. Already there are, according to a semi-official census, 180 crores of silver rupees in circulation—eighteen hundred millions. The paper money, also issued by the Government, averages about thirty crores or three hundred million rupees. The latter, being secured on gold and silver with a certain proportion of Government bonds, is virtually metallic money. Between silver rupees and notes, India has therefore a working circulation of over two thousand million rupees. The whole of that would, in the event of a gold standard being adopted, have to be “rated” to it, in other words placed in a definite working relationship to it.

Here arises the next question, How the two would be likely to fit into each other and what their practical effect on each other might be. The answer to that will turn chiefly on the character of the working currency—the two thousand and odd millions of silver and paper rupees. If it be a sound currency of its kind, doing its work well, not redundant or badly distributed, circulating freely and enjoying the confidence of those who use it, the probability is that it might not be greatly disturbed even by a radical measure like a change of the standard. Of course the policy of the Indian Government would be to disturb it as little as possible, and to make only absolutely necessary alterations in its status. What, then, may be the minimum of unavoidable change?

Obviously this silver and paper currency must be rated to the new gold standard. In a partial way that has already been done. On the same day that the Act was passed for closing the mints to free coinage of silver, the Government of India issued two Orders in Council: one authorising the mints to receive gold coin and bullion in exchange for rupees, at the rate of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  grains of gold for one rupee, and the other making sovereigns and half-sovereigns coined in England or Australia legal tender at all the treasuries of India for fifteen rupees and seven and a half rupees respectively. One of the two reciprocal obligations inherent in a gold standard was thus undertaken four years ago, and is already in force. Unfortunately it is the smaller obligation of the two and the less difficult to fulfil. It cost the Government of India nothing to say, when the rupee was worth only  $14\frac{1}{2}d.$  in gold, that it would be always ready to accept gold for rupees at  $16d.$  It would have been another matter, however, to assume the converse obligation, and undertake to give gold for rupees at the rate of  $16d.$

But to render a gold standard effective there must be both give

and take. "Rating" silver to gold is a two-sided operation, and the rate must cut both ways. The Government is now in a position to carry out the first part of its twofold obligation—exchanging rupees for gold; and as soon as it can undertake the other—exchanging gold for rupees—it may have an effective gold standard, or at least one as nearly effective as any other country enjoys. If we mistake not, it has already taken an important decision on the subject, and communicated it to the Imperial Government. Very probably one of Sir James Westland's exhaustive minutes has been submitted along with it, weighing carefully all the risks and difficulties to be faced. It may be that these have been shown to be less formidable than they look, and that they may be provided against without throwing any dangerous strain on the financial resources of India. But it must be admitted that there is a good deal to explain away.

To take the silver rupees alone, 1800 millions of them, intrinsically worth 9*d.* each—how could they be made exchangeable for gold at the rate of 16*d.* each without danger of a rush on every treasury in India? That seems logically unanswerable; nevertheless, the danger of a rush is much more theoretical than real. By a similar process of reasoning, it might have been demonstrated beforehand to be impossible that rupees could be kept in circulation at a gold value 50 per cent. higher than that of the metal they contain. But, paradoxical as it seems, they continue to circulate as freely as when their coin value was exactly the same as that of their silver contents. The paradox is imaginary, and arises from our failing to observe that when we speak of the rupee being worth 15*d.* or 16*d.*, as the case may be, we are referring only to its use in foreign exchange. In domestic circulation it is simply a rupee, and though in foreign exchange operations it were to rise to 2*s.*, it would still be to the natives simply a rupee.

Every coin circumstanced like the rupee has two distinct spheres of action. It is one thing in domestic circulation, and another thing in the settlement of international balances. Natives who have no debts to pay or to collect abroad need not concern themselves about the relative value of the rupee in foreign moneys. It makes no difference to them, in the payment or collection of their debts at home, whether the rupee be rated at 16*d.* sterling or 13*d.* Suppose, in the event of the Government of India undertaking to exchange gold for rupees at the rate of 16*d.* per rupee, that a rush was made for it, what could the receivers of the gold do with it when they got it? If they used it at home as money they would have to pay it away again on the basis of 16*d.* per rupee, a transaction leaving very little profit. If they shipped it abroad they would have to take their risk of the current exchange of the day, which might be less than 16*d.* per rupee.

Were the Indian mints to be open to free coinage of both gold and

silver there might be great difficulty in maintaining a fixed parity between the two. With both in unlimited supply one or other metal would soon fall below the fixed par, and Gresham's law would speedily drive out the overrated metal. But with the one-sided sort of free coinage intended in India—that is to say, free coinage of gold only—such a danger is greatly reduced, if not extinguished. The mere fact of the supply of silver rupees being limited gives them a special value apart from that of their metallic contents. It also subjects them to a different standard of valuation—namely, foreign exchange. Objectors to the existing rupee are not quite fair in ridiculing it as an artificial hybrid. There is one natural, legitimate regulator of its value—the foreign money market. In order to hold its own there it requires to have behind it a sound political and financial organisation.

The maintenance of a fixed par between two monetary metals seems to demand that one of them shall be subsidiary to the other, and the greater the limitations of the subsidiary metal the safer the parity. The latter may be rendered more stable in various ways: by limiting the coinage of the subsidiary metal—a step already taken in India; by limiting its power of legal tender, as we have done in this country; by carefully adjusting the supply to the actual needs of domestic circulation; and by having it so thoroughly circulated among the people that it cannot be readily withdrawn or manipulated for speculative purposes. The rupee currency of India, as it now exists, satisfies all these conditions save one. No limit has been set on its legal tender power, and that might not be found necessary, even after the change to a gold standard. If the gold and the silver rupees can be got to circulate side by side with equal powers of legal tender, it will be better to preserve the status of the silver rupee in that respect. Interference with its legal tender rights ought to be a last resort.

W. R. LAWSON.



## THE CYCLE INDUSTRY.

**I**T may, perhaps, be considered somewhat late in the day to point out the recent extraordinary growth of the cycle industry. Even the casual observer must have noticed how his tradespeople have for some time past directed their attention to the business, whilst the visitor to the stores last season will recall being confronted with the familiar notice, "This way to the Bicycle Department."

Although, therefore, it may be assumed that the great growth of this manufacture has been generally appreciated, we venture to think that a reference to actual figures discloses a more astonishing increase to have taken place than any one had hitherto supposed, and a careful analysis of the facts will enable the public to grasp their true inwardness.

Taking London as a criterion of what the rest of the country is doing, and consulting the Post Office Directory, we find that, whereas there were in 1888 only fifty-four manufacturers of cycles and seven manufacturers of cycle accessories located well within the four-mile radius from Charing Cross, in 1894 the number had risen to 152 manufacturers of cycles and forty-four manufacturers of accessories. Thus the total number of firms interested in the cycle trade had actually been more than tripled in the short space of six years.

It is, therefore, not astonishing, on taking up the last issued London Post Office Directory, to find that by December 1897 there were 390 cycle manufacturers and 131 manufacturers of cycle accessories engaged in this business in London alone. To be properly appreciated at a glance the figures may be tabulated as follows :

	Number of manu- facturers of cycles in London.	Number of manu- facturers of accessories.	Total.
1888 . . .	54	7	61
1894 . . .	152	44	196
1897 . . .	390	131	521

The modern cycle trade may be said, twenty years ago, to have been non-existent. At any rate, to state that the cycle trade is twenty years old is to allow a liberal estimate, and when one reflects that nearly twice as many firms have come into existence during the last three years as had grown up during the previous seventeen, the leaps and bounds of this industry are at once apparent.

And what has been the cause of this wonderful progress? The great middle-class of the nation woke up one fine morning and said, as it looked out of the window, "I must get a bicycle to-day." The bicycle manufacturer did not anticipate the influx of customers, and could not supply the necessary machines. Consequently, as in these days news travels fast and the nation had to be supplied, United States manufacturers started in to assist in supplying the demand.

Coincident with this desire of every one to use the new method of locomotion newspapers sprang into existence, which the enthusiast may read in the scanty leisure he allows himself from the pursuit of his favourite pastime. Again, too, there have sprung up in all the little villages and country towns "cyclists' rests." Hotels are no longer advertising, "Three minutes' walk from the railway station." They now blossom forth in the columns of the dailies with such notices as, "Convenient cycling centre," "Best roads for cycling in the neighbourhood," and so on.

Railways too have taken advantage of the fact that bicycles are now considered almost a necessity of life by imposing a very dear tariff for their carriage. Therefore we assert without fear of contradiction that this new trade has directly and indirectly affected all classes of the community.

We must ask the reader to bear with us whilst we recapitulate briefly the following facts.

It was in 1894 that the English nation first started to ride the bicycle as a pastime. Before that time cycling was more or less the monopoly of a few athletic young men, and of what "Mr. Punch" used to call "cads on casters." The sudden universal popularity of the bicycle may be attributed to the apparent safety of the low modern type of machine, its adaptability to the use of the gentler sex, and the undoubted smoothness of progression obtained by the pneumatic tyre. By the summer of 1895 cycling had grown quite fashionable. It was now the pastime of the nation from Royalty and the Cabinet downwards. One can imagine the number of men and women who, reading how it was the correct thing to

"bike," resolved there and then to acquire a machine next season. Next season came. The demand for bicycles was absolutely unprecedented. We may assume that for every one person who possessed a bicycle in 1894 ten ordered bicycles in the spring of 1896, and, as a consequence, the supply could not keep pace with the demand. Six weeks, nay, two and even three months' delay was stipulated for by the retailer before delivery of the goods. Even this delay could not turn aside the stream of bicycle buyers from the empty warehouse, so the retailer resorted in many cases in the summer of 1896 to the plan of intimating that the price of bicycles had risen. Every bicycle was now £1 above the list price. It was no good. The people were possessed of a *cycli sacra fames*, and, although the manufacturers' prices had for the last few years been manipulated in an upward direction by the adoption of the device of classing his machines as "No. 1," and adding a few guineas to their price, and then calling them "No. 1," "with a written guarantee to the purchaser," the public did not pause to inquire the reason for the price they paid for the article.

It must not be thought that the cycle manufacturer, because he could not meet the demand, took off his coat and fell to and made bicycles himself. Far from it. He had overheard in trams and omnibuses such snatches of conversation as, "There goes Jones, lucky fellow, making a mint of money in the bicycle trade." He could not help also noting that big men who would barely vouchsafe a nod in the old days were now anxious to cultivate his acquaintance. What Jones did was to go and have a talk with his man of business. The following table will show with what result:

*Rough Table giving amount of capital invested in British joint stock cycle companies, of which full particulars are given in Burdett's "Official Intelligence."*

Year.	No. of Companies.		Capital.
1888	...	3	£405,000
1894	...	9	1,019,000
1897	...	67	19,594,125

Our previous figures showing the increase in the number of London cycle firms during the period 1894–December 1896 pale into insignificance before the statement of the increase in the amount of money entrusted to the trade throughout the kingdom during the same period. It must be noted that we are treating only of the large firms of which "Burdett" gives full information, and doubtless there are many smaller and many private firms of which he does not take cognisance. "Burdett's" figures may, however, be taken as showing the trend of events. To know that a British industry in which little over a million of money was invested by the public in 1894 has succeeded in obtaining an amount before the end of 1896 in com-

parison with which the much-talked-of Chinese loan is small, should afford us food for reflection. This is not all. Only twelve out of the sixty-seven companies existent in 1897 were floated prior to 1896, and so we are left to face the fact that fifty-five enormous undertakings succeeded in obtaining capital from the British public amounting to over sixteen million pounds sterling during the early part of 1896, and on this sum interest should be earned and paid. Many European Governments would find it difficult, if not impossible, to arrange a loan of similar magnitude as easily and rapidly. In truth, the lucky individual who owned a cycle manufactory in 1896 held his jubilee then. The advertisement columns of the papers were teeming with company advertisements, the tenor of which may be grasped from the typical excerpt, "Purchase price £100,000, payable in cash or fully-paid shares at the option of the vendor."

At length the great British public had its hard-earned capital invested in the industry, and was quite happy. Brother Jonathan, however, had heard of the enormous prices given, and, having started making bicycles on his side of the water, duly dumped them down on the London market for sale at a cheaper price than the home-made article. As his influence has extended, his various companies have opened depôts in London, and now the competitive struggle is of the keenest. A strange struggle, too, it is, somewhat like the triangular duel in "Midshipman Easy." At one corner we have the over-capitalised British joint-stock company; at another we have the American vendor; and at the third we have the practical British manufacturer working on his own more or less small capital. The result of this duel remains to be seen, but the first step towards bringing the matter to a climax was made not long ago when the Rudge-Whitworth Company reduced the price of their most expensive high-grade machine to £16 16s. The public is here directly interested. Most of us have now got our bicycles, and those of us who could afford it have bought machines of, we hope, the first grade, and at a considerably higher price than £16 16s.

The public is not philanthropic, and we opine that the cycling fraternity will want badly to know why it has paid £10 or £12 more for its machines than it need pay now.

The officials of every well-known English company say, "We make only the best," "the American machines and those made by small firms are rubbish." Such statements, if true, would at once justify the high prices; but will they bear investigation? The United States manufacturers say, "There are bicycles and bicycles, and it is outrageously unfair to compare the American worst with the British best. Perfidious Albion is quite as good at making the gaspipe variety as we are across the ferry. Compare, however, our best article with the best British make, and you will find our bicycles as good and

much cheaper. The reason for this cheapness is that skilled labour in the bicycle trade is far more plentiful in the States than over here. Wages are as high, but the labour is easier to obtain, and perhaps better. As a consequence, we Yankees can turn out our machines much faster, and consequently can sell them cheaper. In the States, too, the cycle manufactories are much better equipped with machinery than yours are, and this fact also aids us to turn out machines with greater rapidity. We do not for our best machines use cheaper materials than you do, and our mechanical workmanship will bear comparison with that of any other country; otherwise we do not think the orders for the Cape Government railway locomotives and the electrical plant for your Central London Railway would have been placed in America. Another example of what we can do is furnished by the watch trade. The advent of the American watch created a revolution in prices in England, and we mean to do the same in the bicycle trade."

A valuable sidelight in confirmation of this statement is thrown on the actual state of matters by the fact that the order for steel rails for the Canadian Grand Trunk has gone to Alabama, because the Alabama manufacturers could turn out as good an article 5s. per ton cheaper than the lowest English tender. In this connection it is interesting to read a statement, published in the *Daily Mail* of July 27, 1897, by the Secretary of the London Central Railway Company, that the reason for the order for the whole of that company's plant having gone to America was that the company was influenced by the advice of the best electrical experts, who state that "the more extensive use of electric traction in the United States has brought the manufacture of plant and material to a higher pitch of perfection, and at much lower cost. Their tools and manufacturing machinery are much in advance of ours, as might be expected, when the small amount of electrical traction construction in England is considered. The difference in the cost of production here and in America is considerable, and as it is desired to build and fit the line on the very latest and best principles, no resource was left us but to approve of the order going to America."

What applies to such a trade as the manufacture of electrical plant may well apply to the manufacture of bicycles.

One well-known American agent is responsible for the statement that it is most difficult to get a skilled man in this country who can really repair cycles properly. He has tried and rejected several men who applied. The reason for this is that the best mechanics find constant employment at the best engine-shops. He intends to import American skilled labour in order to obtain efficient workmanship. So much for the theory that the American product is inferior to the home-made article.

As regards the practical manufacturer working on a comparatively small capital, it is also alleged that his productions are rubbish. The manager of Humber & Co. said as much in an interview which appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* of Friday, July 9, 1897.

The gist of his remarks was that his firm could not sell any cheaper than they do now. They reject every year miles upon miles of tubing, and this is resold, and doubtless used, for making many of the so-called first-grade machines. Perhaps this is so, but, as we have already remarked, there are two sides to this question; consequently, in pursuit of our inquiry, we thought it worth while to hear what the small manufacturer had to say on the subject. He gave an absolute denial to the statement of Messrs. Humber's manager. From one individual of this class we elicited the information that the best made machines in the world should not cost more to make than £10 10s. Allowing for a fair trade profit of, say 25 per cent, viz., £2 12s. 6d., we arrive at the startling fact that the proper price of a first-grade bicycle is somewhere near £13 2s. 6d. Our informant made out an interesting little statement, which we think worth reprinting :

"To cost of construction of one first-grade bicycle . . . . .	£10 10 0
„ fair trade profit, say at 25 per cent. . . . .	2 12 6
	————— £13 2 6

To this the large firms add :

Advertising expenses :	
Under this head, in addition to ordinary advertising outlay, may be included fees to influential directors, office expenses, expense of staff of racing men and prizes for demonstration of much vaunted superiority . . . . .	14 17 6
Total usual cost of first-grade bicycle . . . . .	£28 0 0

Therefore, when buying a high-grade machine we pay more than 50 per cent. of the purchase-money for expenses altogether foreign to the production of the bicycle itself. Surely we, "a nation of shopkeepers," do not intend to go on paying more than twice the proper market-price for an article. It must be remembered that when the nation paid high prices for bicycles the demand exceeded the supply. The sentiments of the public during 1895 and 1896 might be tersely expressed as, "Give us bicycles and hang the expense." This unqualified demand resulted in inflated prices. When ten men wanted to buy machines all at the same time and there were only machines for two, the prices were accordingly raised until only two men were left

with long enough purses to purchase the two bicycles. One would naturally think that now that the abnormal demand has become normal prices must assume their proper level. The great companies, however, are not of that opinion, and for reasons we shall state. Most of them, as we have already shown, were floated when the cycle boom was at its height. They all, almost without exception, acquired already existing businesses, and the basis on which these businesses were valued was the extraordinary output of the year 1895, together with the enormous quantity of orders in hand for 1896. It was therefore suggested to the investor that this demand and these inflated prices would always exist. In addition to this, the company promoter assumed the Utopian theory that all cyclists would invest in new machines each season, and accordingly the investor had before him the prospect of a demand for bicycles every spring always greater than that which had gone before. The estimated demand did not stop here however, some companies going so far as to manufacture, and expect people to buy with periodical regularity, "Our latest spring pattern" and "Our autumn speciality," in the same manner as the tailor and milliner are supported by their patrons. The step is from Philip drunk to Philip sober. Bicycles are lying unsold in all the large cycle warehouses, and the financial papers cry out that there has been over-production. No such thing. There has been no over-production, only all those people whose purses stretched to the big prices are supplied. Those individuals who are not so well endowed with the good things of this world have not yet purchased new machines, and do not intend to do so till prices fall. Consequently the demand is comparatively slack.

To assume that nearly all cyclists will buy new machines every season is absurd. Probably not more than 5 per cent. do so; and even if the percentage is higher, it must be borne in mind that the old machines are not as a consequence thrown away. The owners sell them and thus supply some of the less wealthy classes with their cast-off bicycles. As the life of a machine is probably five years, we may conjecture that, really, on the average, five years is the period during which one bicycle can be depended on to do its duty. Take for example Lord Plantagenet, who, it may be presumed, has a new mount each year. At the end of five years he is riding his last new bicycle and four other persons are using his four discarded machines. The only one which will probably become old iron next season is the five-year-old. Consequently, if Lord Plantagenet does buy a new machine every season, he also at the same time supplies the demand for bicycles, so that his fashionable predilections work both ways.

Take again Dr. Bolus. He also is the possessor of a first-grade machine, but has no intention of renewing his mount every season. So long as it carries him comfortably and looks respectable, it is well

with him. After, say, five years he may get tired of it, and it passes into the hands of his dispenser, who by dint of care contrives to make the machine last several years longer.

It may, therefore, be taken as a fact that the demand of the whole public for new bicycles in 1895-6 is not a demand recurrent yearly, but one which is recurrent quinquennially. Where then are our unfortunate holders of cycle shares? Unless their companies can sell cheaper, the estimated sales will now be less by four-fifths, and yet it is said that they "cannot sell any cheaper than they do now and that all cheaper bicycles are rubbish." The fact is that the big companies are capitalised on a basis of an over-estimated output.

Take as an example the popular and well-known Humber Company. Prior to 1895 their share capital was £125,000. In 1895 the company was reconstructed on the following basis: The purchase price paid by the promoters of the new company to the shareholders of the old company was ten £1 fully-paid ordinary shares, and ten £1 preference shares (eight of which were fully paid and two with 10s. paid) in the new company, in exchange for each £5 share fully-paid in the old concern. Thus the share capital was watered till £5 grew into £19, and it is on this increased share capital that the new company has to pay dividends. One can quite understand the advantage which accrued to the shareholder in the old company who disposed of his equivalent shares at the high prices which ruled during the boom.

Previous to this reconstruction an American Humber Company had been floated with a capital of £75,000 to acquire the American business rights and concessions, and the purchase money paid was £30,000, the American company being granted the right to manufacture bicycles and call them "Humber." In addition a royalty of \$1 is payable on each machine manufactured. In 1895 another company, Humber & Co. (Portugal), was floated with a capital of £100,000. Here the purchase money was £60,000 in shares, and the royalty per machine manufactured 5s. A Russian Humber & Co. was also floated in that year to take over the Russian business, the purchase price being £35,000 cash, and the royalty per Russian Humber bicycle manufactured being 5s. The home company have therefore practically sold their American, Portuguese, and Russian rights; but they do not stop there. In 1896 a Humber (Extension) Company was formed for the purpose of taking over all the wholesale and retail rights of Humber and Company for all the world, except the United States, Russia, Japan, Spain and Portugal. The purchase money paid to the parent company was £100,000 cash and the capital of the extension company £200,000. Thus we have a business whose capital was originally £165,000 (£125,000 shares and £40,000 debentures) growing into a company with a capital of £500,000, and which has sold its right to make and sell its machines all over the world to other off-shoot



companies whose aggregate capitals amount to £450,000. Humber and Co. are selling the same machines as before, and one can quite understand that, if the sales should not be maintained on the same scale as they were previous to the creation of the new company in 1895, the prices could not be reduced.

To take a few examples of seeming over-capitalisation at random. In 1895 a company was floated with a capital of £250,000 to manufacture Simpson lever chains. To-day the market price of the £1 shares of this company is 2s. 6d., so that, judging by Stock Exchange values, the company was capitalised at about seven times its true value. Shortly afterwards a company called the Simpson Chain (Foreign and Canadian) was formed to adopt and carry into effect an agreement dated September 23, 1895, between W. S. Simpson and A. E. Hawksley for acquisition of the foreign and Canadian rights of Mr. W. S. Simpson. The purchase price was moderate, only £900,000 in fully-paid shares! These shares may now be acquired by the man in the street for the modest sum of threepence, and we need scarcely add no dividend has yet been paid.

The New Beeston Cycle Company, which is now reconstructed, is another example of apparent over-capitalisation. This company is one of the 1896 batch. The object of the company, which had a capital of £1,000,000, was to purchase the businesses carried on by the Beeston Cycle and Fittings Company, Limited, and the Quinton Cycle Company, Limited, and also to acquire a licence to make and sell motor bicycles. So far this latter acquisition cannot have proved a Golconda to the shareholders. This company, however, held out an additional inducement, for it announced that shareholders would have the right to acquire bicycles at wholesale prices. The capital of the Quinton business was £32,000, and as to the capital of the Beeston Cycle and Fittings Company we can obtain no information, since none of the official authorities usually quoted take any notice of its existence. The purchase price was £500,000 paid in fully-paid shares or cash. The £10 shares of the new company previous to its reconstruction were to be obtained for £3 15s.

An industry which is tied to the petticoats of the cycle trade is the manufacture of pneumatic tyres. It may be interesting to trace the past history of one of the best known of these tyre firms. We shall do so by tables showing the different stages of its so-called progress.

STAGE I.—1889.

Two cycle businesses and pneumatic tyre patent acquired for £11,990.  
 Capital of company in 1893, £50,000.  
 In 1894, reserve fund, £180,000.  
 Year's dividend for 1893, 200 per cent., market price of £1 shares, 22½.  
 Total amount distributed in dividends for year, £100,000.

## STAGE II.—1894.

Company formed with capital of £275,000 to acquire first company.	
Dividend on £1 shares in 1895 . . . . .	50 per cent.
" preference shares . . . . .	6     "     "
Total amount distributed in dividends for year 1895, £115,500.	
Market price of ordinary shares . . . . .	4 $\frac{5}{8}$
" £5 preference shares . . . . .	6 $\frac{1}{8}$

## STAGE III.

The coming of Croesus, 1896.

Company formed to acquire above-mentioned concern.	
Capital of new company—£1,000,000	5 per cent. preference.
1,000,000	8 per cent. ordinary.
2,000,000	deferred.
550,000	4 per cent. debentures.
<hr/>	
£4,550,000	

Dividend on deferred at March 1897, 10 per cent. No interim dividend since.

Market price of £100 debentures . . . . .	£85
" 5 per cent. preference, £1 . . . . .	16s. 3d.
" 8 per cent. ordinary, £1 . . . . .	17s. 9d.
" deferred, £1 . . . . .	13s. 9d.

The fall in the value of the shares at each stage speaks for itself. It is instructive and amusing to those of us who are *not* financially interested in the concern.

This enterprise has a Gallic sister, with a capital of £650,000. The present market price of the £1 shares is 4s. 9d.

These firms we have selected merely at random to illustrate our argument that over-capitalisation is rampant.

We may be wrong in our deductions, but the moral that we draw is that, when an industrial concern gets into the hands of the company promoter, the industry itself suffers.

The history of the cycle industry is by no means an exceptional one; its lessons, however, should be of universal interest. It is a tale of how in the year of a boom the original private manufacturers sold their businesses generally with the company promoter as a middle-man.

The investing public, having paid for these businesses a price which requires the trade and profits of the boom period to be maintained in order to return an adequate dividend, is now beginning to comprehend its mistake, and hence the recent cycle slump. There is only one thing which can save the pocket of the investor—viz., an immediate reduction in the enormous expenditure on advertising in its broad sense attendant on the sale of most well-known machines.

The expenditure on racing men is absolutely ludicrous. Are the managers of cycle companies so blind as not to perceive that the racing man, as a cyclist, is now in the minority? The hordes of scorchers which may be seen on the Ripley and Brighton roads on

Sundays are, for the most part, mounted on manufacturers' hired-out machines. The actual racing man, of course, never pays for his mount. Purchasers of the Humber, Swift, and Elswick type of article are to be found among the class that cycles for amusement and not to cultivate curvature of the spine. What ordinary mortal would think of buying such and such a machine because some paid man has reduced a record on it by one-fifth of a second? Doubtless most of our readers have gone to one of the cycle depôts and bought the machine which they fancied, or which had been recommended to them by a trustworthy and practised friend. We purchased our Swift for the sole reason that, by accident and a lucky chance, the agent was able to give delivery the same day. Most men buy the machine which is most comfortable and appears to give best value.

We can but smile to see such press notices as the following: "The mile record was reduced to-day by John Smith, riding a Beaufort, with Jones's wooden rims and Popoff tyres. His machine was also fitted with Robinson's saddle, attached by MacTavish's springs. The frame was made of the South Sea Bubble Co.'s new brand of weldless steel. The chain was supplied by Simpkinson. John Smith wore Brown's patent pneumatic shoes. We may state that the ball-bearings and hubs of Smith's machine were Levi's patent." But enough; it is a hard world for trade competitors and for directors who have to preside at meetings of too confiding shareholders and explain away the absence of interim dividends.

Next, the coroneted directors must go, unless they have a turn for mechanics. These noblemen have served their purpose with the British public in this connection already. The glamour of their names on the company prospectus brought in the necessary applications for shares from a large class of investors who count the number of titles on a company directorate in order to arrive at an estimate of the stability of the concern. We have no class prejudices; titled directors may be useful in industrial concerns which cater for the luxuries of the rich, but it is otherwise with those concerned with the provision of such an everyday necessity as a bicycle. In a word, the first requisite of success in a trading company is the presence of practical men on the directorate. Then, again, can the enormous expenditure on bill-posting be reconciled with a largely reduced margin of profit? By this time the individual merits of a maker's bicycles should speak for themselves. No amount of advertising will maintain prices at their old level; but if the extravagant and unnecessary expenditure of some firms be maintained, the statement of a well-known manager, "We cannot sell cheaper," is almost sufficient commentary. We may add that others *will*. The small private manufacturer, with the hard-earned and well-merited connection, is doing it, and the American competitor is not far behind.

There are great possibilities in this new industry, possibilities whose value to the country would be enormous if realised. The policy of the company promoter is one of amalgamation and centralisation. Men, consequently, are ever leaving the countryside for the slums of a manufacturing centre. The millwright of twenty years ago as a class has ceased to exist.

There is no real reason for this policy of centralisation in connection with the bicycle trade; the conditions of labour do not require it. The component parts of a bicycle are nearly all patented, and made separately by large firms who own the patents; they are finished with the highest mechanical skill. That there is a demand for these component parts is shown by the fact that the shares of the Cycle Components Company stand to-day at a premium of nearly 100 per cent. What, then, stands in the way of our mechanics settling in the country towns and villages, and making a comfortable livelihood and rearing their children under more healthy conditions? Their customers should be found at the manor house, the hall, the vicarage, the surgery, the school house, and amongst the village tradesmen. The tyres, rims, spokes, bearings, hubs, pedals, saddle, lamp, bell, gear-case, chain, cranks, and steel tubing for the frame may all be bought separately. Given the ovens for brazing and enamelling, and the necessary skill in fitting together, the village cycle manufacturer could turn out as good a bicycle as any of the big firms ask their thirty guineas for. The necessary plating might be done by the village watchmaker.

Decentralisation is the only thing which can repopulate the countryside, and here we have distinctly an industry that can be carried on under the conditions indicated. For the converse the joint-stock company Juggernaut is greatly to blame. At the end of last century every large village and country town had its violin-maker, specimens of whose handicraft still exist and are treasured as priceless by the connoisseur. Doubtless Germany is turning out steam-turned seamless violins at a sovereign apiece, and yet no violinist would pause between the honest workmanship of the craftsman and the machine-made article of to-day. So it is with bicycles. The more the trade is decentralised the greater care will be given to the careful fitting together of the parts in the individual machine. Thus at least one occupation which might be pursued in the country could be justifiably encouraged, and the cycle trade might prove to be the trade for which the statesman has long been looking—the trade which would stimulate the repopulation of our beautiful but deserted countryside.

## FERDINAND FABRE.

ON the 11th of February last, carried off by a brief attack of pneumonia, one of the most original of the contemporary writers of France passed away almost unobserved. All his life through, the actions of Ferdinand Fabre were inopportune, and certainly so ambitious an author should not have died in the very central heat of the Zola trial. He was just going to be elected, moreover, into the French Academy. After several misunderstandings and two rebuffs, he was safe at last. He was standing for the chair of Meilhac, and "*sûr de son affaire*." For a very long while the Academy had looked askance at Fabre, in spite of his genius and the purity of his books. His attitude seemed too much like that of an unfrocked priest; he dealt with the world of religion too intimately for one who stood quite outside. Years ago, Cardinal Perraud is reported to have said, "I may go as far as Loti—but as far as Fabre, never!" Yet every one gave way at last to the gentle charm of the Cévenol novelist. Taine and Renan had been his supporters; a later generation, MM. Halévy, Claretie and Jules Lemaître in particular, were now his ardent friends. The Cardinals were appeased, and the author of "*L'Abbé Tigrane*" was to be an Immortal at last. Ferdinand Fabre would not have been himself if he had not chosen that moment for the date of his decease. All his life through he was isolated, a little awkward, not in the central stream; but for all that his was a talent so marked and so individual that it came scarcely short of genius. Taine said long ago that one man, and one man only, had in these recent years understood the soul of the average French priest, and that one man was Ferdinand Fabre. He cared little for humanity unless it wore a cassock, but, if it did, his study of its peculiarities was absolutely untiring. His

books are galleries of the portraits of priests, and he is to French fiction what Zurbaran is to Spanish painting.

## 1.

Ferdinand Fabre was born in 1830 at Bédarioux, in the Hérault, that department which lies between the southern masses of the Cévennes Mountains and the lagoons of the Mediterranean. This is one of the most exquisite districts in France; just above Bédarioux, the great moors or *garrigues* begin to rise, and brilliant little rivers, the Orb and its tributaries, wind and dash between woodland and meadow, hurrying to the hot plains and the fiery Gulf of Lyons. But, up there in the Espinouze, all is crystal-fresh and dewy-cool, a mild mountain-country positively starred with churches, since if this is one of the poorest it is certainly one of the most pious parts of France. This zone of broken moorland along the north-western edge of the Hérault is Fabre's province; it belongs to him as the Berry belongs to George Sand or Dorsetshire to Mr. Hardy. He is its discoverer, its panegyrist, its satirist. It was as little known to Frenchmen, when he began to write, as Patagonia; and in volume after volume he has made them familiar with its scenery and its population. For most French readers to-day, the Lower Cévennes are what Ferdinand Fabre has chosen to represent them.

When the boy was born, his father was a successful local architect, who had taken advantage of a tide of prosperity which, on the revival of the cloth-trade, was sweeping into Bédarioux, to half-rebuild the town. But the elder Fabre was tempted by his success to enter into speculations which were unlucky; and, in particular, a certain too ambitious high-road (often to be mentioned in his son's novels), between Agde on the sea and Castres on the farther side of the mountains, completed his ruin. In 1842, when the boy was twelve, the family were on the brink of bankruptcy. His uncle, the Abbé Fulcran Fabre, priest of the neighbouring parish of Camplong, offered to take Ferdinand to himself for awhile. In "Ma Vocation" the novelist has given an enchanting picture of how his uncle fetched him on foot, and led him, without a word, through almond-plantations thronged with thrushes and over brawling watercourses, till they reached a little open wood in sight of the moors, where Ferdinand was allowed to feast upon mulberries, while Uncle Fulcran touched, for the first time, on the delicate question whether his little garrulous nephew had or had not a call to the priesthood. Uncle Fulcran Fabre is a type which recurs in every novel that Ferdinand afterwards wrote. Sometimes, as in "Mon Oncle Célestin," he has practically the whole book to himself, but more often he is a secondary character.

But he was a perpetual model to his nephew, and whenever a naïve, devoted country priest or an eccentric and holy professor of ecclesiastical history was needed for foreground or background, the memory of Uncle Fulcran was always ready.

The "vocation" takes a great place in all the psychological struggles of Ferdinand Fabre's heroes. It offers, indeed, the difficulty which must inevitably rise in the breast of every generous and religious youth who feels drawn to adopt the service of the Catholic Church. How is he to know whether this enthusiasm which rises in his soul, this rapture, this devotion, is the veritable and enduring fragrance of Lebanon, the all-needed *odor suavitatis*? This doubt long harassed the breast of Ferdinand Fabre himself. In that poor country of the Cévennes, to have the care of a parish, to be sheltered by a *presbytère*—by a parsonage or manse, as we should say—is to have settled very comfortably the problem of subsistence. The manse will shelter a mother, at need a sister or an aged father; it reconstructs a home for such a shattered family as the Fabres were now. Great, though unconscious, pressure was therefore put upon the lad to make inevitable his "vocation." He was sent to the Little Seminary at St. Pons de Thomières, where he was educated under M. l'Abbé Dubreuil, a man whose ambitions were at once lettered and ecclesiastical, and who, although Director of the famous Académie des Jeux Floraux, eventually rose to be Archbishop of Avignon.

During this time, at the urgent request of his uncle at Camplong, Ferdinand Fabre kept a daily journal. It was started in the hope that cultivating the expression of pious sentiments might make their ebullition spontaneous, but the boy soon began to jot down, instead of pious ejaculations, all the external things he noticed: the birds in the copses, the talk of the neighbours, even at last the oddities and the disputes of the excellent clergymen his schoolmasters. When the Abbé Fulcran died in 1871, his papers were burned and most of Ferdinand's journals with them; but the latest and therefore most valuable *cahier* survived, and is the source from which he extracted that absorbingly interesting fragment of autobiography, "Ma Vocation." This shows us why, in spite of all the pressure of his people, and in spite of the entreaties of his amiable professors at the Great Seminary of Montpellier, the natural man was too strong in Ferdinand Fabre to permit him to take the final vows. In his nineteenth year, on the night of the 23rd of June 1848, after an agony of prayer, he had a vision in his cell. A great light filled the room; he saw heaven opened, and the Son of God at the right hand of the Father. He approached in worship, but a wind howled him out of heaven, and a sovereign voice cried, "It is not the will of God that thou shouldst be a priest." He rose up, calm though broken-hearted;

as soon as morning broke, without hesitation he wrote his decision to his family, and of the "vocation" of Ferdinand Fabre there was an end.

There could be no question of the sincerity of a life so begun, although from the very first there may be traced in it an element of incompatibility, of *gaucherie*. Whatever may be said of the clerical novels of Fabre, they are at least built out of a loving experience. And, in 1889, replying to some accuser, he employed words which must be quoted here, for they are essential to a comprehension of the man and his work. They were addressed to his wife, *dilectæ uxori*, and they take a double pathos from this circumstance. They are the words of the man who had laid his hand to the plough, and had turned away because life was too sweet :

"Je ne suis pas allé à l'Eglise de propos délibéré pour la peindre et pour la juger, encore moins pour faire d'elle métier et marchandise ; l'Eglise est venue à moi, s'est imposée à moi par la force d'une longue fréquentation, par les émotions poignantes de ma jeunesse, par un goût tenace de mon esprit, ouvert de bonne heure à elle, à elle seule, et j'ai écrit tout de long de l'aune, naïvement. . . Je demeurais confiné dans mon coin étroit, dans mon 'diocèse,' comme aurait dit Sainte-Beuve. . . De là une série de livres sur les desservants, les curés, les chanoines, les évêques."

But if the Church was to be his theme and his obsession, there was something else in the blood of Ferdinand Fabre. There was the balsam-laden atmosphere of the great moorlands of the Cévennes. At first it seemed as though he were to be torn away from this natural perfume no less than from the odour of incense. He was sent, after attempting the study of medicine at Montpellier, to Paris, where he was articled as clerk to a lawyer. The oppression of an office was intolerable to him, and he broke away, trying, as so many thousands do, to make a living by journalism, by the untrained and unaccomplished pen. In 1853 he published the inevitable volume of verses, "Les Feuilles de Lierre." It seemed at first as if these neglected ivy-leaves would cover the poor lad's coffin, for, under poverty and privation, his health completely broke down. He managed to creep back to Bédarieux, and in the air of the moors he soon recovered. But how he occupied himself during the next eight or ten years does not seem to have been recorded. His life was probably a very idle one ; with a loaf of bread and a cup of wine beneath the bough, youth passes merrily and cheaply in that delicious country of the Hérault.

In the sixties he reappeared in Paris, and at the age of thirty-two, in 1862, he brought out his first novel, "Les Courbezons : scènes de la vie cléricale." George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life" had appeared a few years earlier ; the new French novelist resembled her less than he did Anthony Trollope, to whom, with considerable clairvoyance,



M. Amadée Pichot immediately compared him. In spite of the limited interests involved and the rural crudity of the scene—the book was all about the life of country priests in the Cévennes—“*Les Courbezons*” achieved an instant success. It was crowned by the French Academy, it was praised by George Sand, it was carefully reviewed by Sainte-Beuve, who called the author “the strongest of the disciples of Balzac.” Ferdinand Fabre had begun his career, and was from this time forth a steady and sturdy constructor of prose fiction. About twenty volumes bear his name on their title-pages. In 1883 he succeeded Jules Sandeau as curator of the Mazarine Library, and in that capacity inhabited a pleasant suite of rooms in the Institute, where he died. There are no other mile-stones in the placid roadway of his life except the dates of the most important of his books: “*Le Chevrier*,” 1867; “*L’Abbé Tigrane*,” 1873; “*Barnabé*,” 1875; “*Mon Oncle Célestin*,” 1881; “*Lucifer*,” 1884; and “*L’Abbé Roidelet*,” 1890. At the time of his death, I understand, he was at work on a novel called “*Le Bercail*,” of which only a fragment was completed. Few visitors to Paris saw him; he loved solitude and was shy. But he is described as very genial and smiling, eager to please, with a certain prelatical unction of manner recalling the Seminary after half a century of separation.

## II.

The novels of Ferdinand Fabre have one signal merit: they are entirely unlike those of any other writer; but they have one equally signal defect—they are terribly like one another. Those who read a book of his for the first time are usually highly delighted, but they make a mistake if they immediately read another. Criticism, dealing broadly with Ferdinand Fabre, and anxious to insist on the recognition of his great merits, is wise if it concedes at once the fact of his monotony. Certain things and people—most of them to be found within five miles of his native town—interested him, and he produced fresh combinations of these. Without even entirely repeating himself, he produced, especially in his later writings, an unfortunate impression of having told us all that before. Nor was he merely monotonous; he was unequal. Some of his stories were much better constructed and even better than others. It is therefore needless, and would be wearisome, to go through the list of his twenty books here. I shall merely endeavour to present to English readers, who are certainly not duly cognisant of a very charming and sympathetic novelist, those books of Fabre’s which, I believe, will most thoroughly reward attention.

By universal consent, the best of all Fabre’s novels is “*L’Abbé Tigrane, candidat à la Papauté*.” It is, in all the more solid and

urable qualities of composition, unquestionably among the best European novels of the last thirty years. It is as interesting to-day as it was when it first appeared. I read it then with rapture, I have just laid it down again with undiminished admiration. It is so excellently balanced and moulded that it positively does its author an injury, for the reader cannot resist asking why, since "L'Abbé Tigrane" is so brilliantly constructed, are the other novels of Fabre, with all their agreeable qualities, so manifestly inferior to it? And to this question there is no reply, except to say that on one solitary occasion the author of very pleasant, characteristic and notable books, which were not quite masterpieces, shot up in the air and became a writer almost of the first class. I hardly know whether it is worth while to observe that the scene of "L'Abbé Tigrane," although analogous to that which Fabre elsewhere portrayed, was not identical with it, and perhaps this slight detachment from his beloved Cévennes gave the novelist a seeming touch of freedom.

The historical conditions which give poignancy of interest to the ecclesiastic novels of Ferdinand Fabre are the re-assertion in France of the monastic orders proscribed by the Revolution, and the opposition offered to them by the parochial clergy. The battle which rages in these stormy books is that between Roman and Gallican ambition. The names of Lacordaire and Lamennais are scarcely mentioned in the pages of Fabre,\* but the study of their lives forms an excellent preparation for the enjoyment of stories like "L'Abbé Tigrane" and "Lucifer." The events which thrilled the Church of France about the year 1840, the subjection of the prelates to Roman authority, the hostility of the Government, the resistance here and there of an ambitious and headstrong Gallican—all this must in some measure be recollected to make the intrinsic purpose of Fabre's novels, which Taine has qualified as indispensable to the historian of modern France, intelligible. If we recollect Archbishop de Quélen and his protection of the Peregrine Brethren; if we think of Lacordaire (on the 12th of February 1841) mounting the pulpit of Notre-Dame in the forbidden white frock of St. Dominic; if we recall the turmoil which preceded the arrival of Monseigneur Affre at Paris, we shall find ourselves prepared by historic experience for the curious ambitions and excitements which animate the clerical novels of Fabre.

The devout little city of Lormières, where the scene of "L'Abbé Tigrane" is laid, is a sort of clerical ante-chamber to Paradise. It stands in a wild defile of the Eastern Pyrenees, somewhere between Toulouse and Perpignan; it is not the capital of a department, but a little stronghold of ancient religion, left untouched in its poverty and its devotion, overlooked in the general redistribution of dioceses. The

\* I should except the curious anecdote of the asceticism of Lamennais which is told by the arch-priest Rupert in the sixteenth chapter of "Lucifer."

Abbé Rufin Capdepont, about the year 1866, finds himself Vicar-General of its Cathedral Church of St. Irénée; he is a fierce, domineering man, some fifty years of age, devoured by ambition and eating his heart out in this forgotten corner of Christendom. He is by conviction, but still more by temper, a Gallican of the Gallicans, and his misery is to see the principles of the Concordat gradually being swept away by the tide of the Orders setting in from Rome. The present bishop of Lormières, M. de Roquebrun, is a charming and courtly person, but he is under the thumb of the Regulars, and gives all the offices which fall vacant to Dominicans or Lazarists. He is twenty years older than Rufin Capdepont, who has determined to succeed him, but whom every year of delay embitters and disheartens.

Rufin Capdepont is built in the mould of the unscrupulous conquerors of life. The son of a peasant of the Pyrenees and of a Basque-Spanish mother, he is a creature like a tiger, all sinuosity and sleekness when things go well, but ready in a moment to show claws and fangs on the slightest opposition, and to stir with a roar that crows the forest. His rude violence, his Gallicanism, the hatred he inspires, the absence of spiritual unction—all these make his chances of promotion rarer; on the other side are ranked his magnificent intellect, his swift judgment, his absolutely imperial confidence in himself, and his vigilant activity. When they remind him of his mean origin, he remembers that Pope John XXII. was humbly born hard by Cahors, and that Urban IV. was the son of a cobbler at Troyes.

What the episcopate means to an ambitious priest is constantly impressed on his readers by Ferdinand Fabre. Yesterday, a private soldier in an army of one hundred thousand men, the bishop is to-day a general, Prince of the Holy Roman Church, received *ad limina apostolorum* as a sovereign, and by the Pope as "Venerable Brother." As this ineffable prize seems slipping from the grasp of Rufin Capdepont, his violence becomes insupportable. At school his tyranny had gained him the nickname of Tigranes, from the likeness to the Armenian tyrant king of kings; now to all the chapter and diocese of Lormières he is l'Abbé Tigrane, a name to frighten children with. At last, after a wild encounter, his insolence brings on an attack of apoplexy in the bishop, and the hour of success or final failure seems approaching. But the bishop recovers, and in a scene absolutely admirable in execution contrives to turn a public ceremony, carefully prepared by Capdepont to humiliate him, into a splendid triumph. The bishop, still illuminated with the prestige of this *coup*, departs for Rome in the company of his beloved secretary, the Abbé Ternisien, who he designs shall succeed him in the diocese. Capdepont is left behind, wounded, sulky, hardly approachable, a feline monster who has missed his spring.

But from Paris comes a telegram announcing the sudden death of

Monsieur de Roquebrun, and Capdepont, as Vicar-General, is in provisional command of the diocese. The body of the bishop is brought back to Lormières, but Capdepont, frenzied with hatred and passion, refuses to admit it to the cathedral. The Abbé Ternisien, however, and the other friends of the last *régime*, contrive to open the cathedral at dead of night, and a furtive but magnificent ceremony is performed, under the roar of a terrific thunderstorm, in defiance of the wishes of Capdepont. The report spreads that not he, but Ternisien, is to be bishop, and the clergy do not conceal their joy. But the tale is not true; Rome supports the strong man, the priest with the iron hand, in spite of his scandalous ferocity and his Gallican tendencies. In the hour of his sickening suspense, Capdepont has acted like a brute and a maniac, but with the dawning of success his tact returns. He excuses his violent acts as the result of illness; he humbles himself to the beaten party, he purrs to his clergy, he rubs himself like a great cat against the comfortable knees of Rome. He soon rises to be Archbishop, and we leave him walking at night in the garden of his palace and thinking of the Tiara. "Who knows?" with a delirious glitter in his eyes, "who knows?"

With "L'Abbé Tigrane" must be read "Lucifer," which is the converse of the picture. In Rufin Capdepont we see the culmination of personal ambition in an ecclesiastic who is yet devoted through the inmost fibres of his being to the interests of the Church. In the story of Bernard Jourfier we follow the career of a priest who is without individual ambition, but inspired by intense convictions which are not in their essence clerical. Hence Jourfier, with all his virtues, fails, while Capdepont, with all his faults, succeeds, because the latter possesses, while the former does not possess, the "vocation." Jourfier, who resembles Capdepont in several, perhaps in too many, traits of character, is led by his indomitable obstinacy to oppose the full tide of the monastic orders covering France with their swarms. We are made to feel the incumbrance of the Congregations, their elaborate systems of espionage, and the insult of their direct appeal to Rome over the heads of the bishops. We realise how intolerable the bondage of the Jesuits must have been to an independent and somewhat savage Gallican cleric of 1845, and what opportunities were to be found for annoying and depressing him if he showed any resistance.

The young Abbé Bernard Jourfier is the grandson and the son of men who took a prominent part in the foundation and maintenance of the First Republic. Although he himself has gone into the Church, he retains an extreme pride in the memory of the Spartans of his family. To resist the pretensions of the Regulars becomes with him a passion and a duty, and for expressing these views, and for repulsing the advances of Jesuits, who see in him the making of a magnificent preacher, Jourfier is humiliated and hurt by being hurried from one

miserable *succursale* in the mountains to another, where his manse is a cottage in some rocky *combe* (like the Devonshire "coomb"). At last his chance comes to him : he is given a parish in the lowest and poorest part of the episcopal city of Mireval. Here his splendid gifts as an orator and his zeal for the poor soon make him prominent, though not with the other clergy popular. His appearance—his forehead broad like that of a young bull, his great brown flashing eyes, his square chin, thick neck and incomparable voice—would be eminently attractive if the temper of the man were not so hard and repellent, so calculated to bruise such softer natures as come in his way.

The reputation of Jourfier grows so steadily, that the Chapter is unable to refuse him a canon's stall in the Cathedral of St. Optat. But he is haunted by his mundane devil, the voice which whispers that, with all his austerity, chastity and elevation of heart, he is not truly called of God to the priesthood. So he flings himself into ecclesiastical history, and publishes in successive volumes a great chronicle of the Church, interpenetrated by Gallican ideas, and breathing from every page a spirit of sturdy independence which, though orthodox, is far from gratifying Rome. This history is rapidly accepted as a masterpiece throughout France, and makes him universally known. Still he wraps himself in his isolation, when the fall of the Empire suddenly calls him from his study, and he has to prevent the citizens of Mireval from wrecking their cathedral and insulting their craven bishop. Gambetta, who knew his father, and values Jourfier himself, procures that he shall be appointed Bishop of Sylvanès. The mitre, so passionately desired by Capdepont, is only a matter of terror and distraction to Jourfier. He is on the point of refusing it, when it is pointed out to him that his episcopal authority will enable him to make a successful stand against the Orders.

This decides him, and he goes to Sylvanès to be consecrated. But he has not yet been preconised by the Pope, and he makes the fatal mistake of lingering in his diocese, harassing the Congregations, who all denounce him to the Pope. At length, in deep melancholy and failing health, he sets out for Rome, and is subjected to all the delays, inconveniences, and petty humiliations which Rome knows how to inflict on those who annoy her. The Pope sees him, but without geniality; he has to endure an interview with the Prefect of the Congregations, Cardinal Finella, in which the pride of Lucifer is crushed like a pebble under a hammer. He is preconised, but in the most scornful way, on sufferance, because Rome does not find it convenient to embroil herself with the French Republic, and he returns, a broken man, to Sylvanès. Even his dearest friends, the amiable and charming trio of Gallican canons, who have followed him from Mireval, and to find offices for whom he has roughly displaced Jesuit fathers, find the bishop's temper intolerable. His palace is built, like

a fortress, on a rocky eminence over the city, and one wild Christmas night the body of the tormented bishop is discovered, crushed, at the foot of the cliff, whether in suicide cast over, or flung by a false delirious step as he wandered in the rain. This endless combat with the Church of which he was a member, had ended, as it was bound to end, in madness and despair.

As a psychological study "Lucifer" is more interesting, perhaps, than "L'Abbé Tigrane," because more complex, but it is far from being so admirably executed. As the story proceeds, Jourfier's state of soul somewhat evades the reader. His want of tact in dealing with his diocese and with the Pope are so excessive that they deprive him of our sympathy, and internal evidence is not wanting to show that Fabre, having brought his Gallican professor of history to the prelacy, did not quite know what to do with him then. To make him mad and tumble him over a parapet seems inadequate to the patient reader, who has been absorbed in the intellectual and spiritual problems presented. But the early portions of the book are excellent indeed. Some of the episodes which soften and humanise the severity of the central interest are charming; the career of Jourfier's beloved nephew, the Abbé Jean Montagnol, who is irresistibly drawn towards the Jesuits, and at last is positively kidnapped by them from the clutches of his terrible uncle; the gentle old archpriest Rapert, always in a flutter of timidity, yet with the loyalty of steel; the Canon Coulazou, who watches Jourfier with the devotion of a dog through his long misanthropic trances. "Lucifer" is an enchanting gallery of serious clerical portraits.

## III.

But there are other faces in the priestly portrait-gallery which Ferdinand Fabre has painted, and some of them more lovable than those of Tigrane and Lucifer. To any one who desires an easy introduction to the novelist, no book can be more warmly recommended than that which bears the title of "L'Abbé Roitelet," or, as we might put it, "The Rev. Mr. Wren" (1890). Here we find ourselves in a variety of those poverty-stricken mountain parishes, starving under the granite peaks of the Cévennes, which Fabre was the first writer of the imagination to explore; groups of squalid huts, sprinkled and tumbled about rocky slopes, which hang perilously over ravines split by tumultuous rivulets that race in uproar down to the valleys of the Orb or the Tarn. Here we discover, assiduously but wearily devoted to the service of these parched communities, the Abbé Cyprien Coupiac, called Roitelet, or the Wren, because he is the smallest priest in any diocese of France. This tiny little man, a peasant in his simplicity and his shyness, has one ungovernable passion, which

got him into trouble in his student-days at Montpellier, and does his reputation wrong even among the rocks of the black Espinouze; that is his infatuation for all kinds of birds. He is like St. Bonaventura, who loved all flying things that drink the light, *rorem bibentes atque lumen*; but he goes farther, for he loves them to the neglect of his duties.

Complaints are made of Coupiac's intense devotion to his aviary, and he is rudely moved to a still more distant parish; but even here a flight of what seem to be Pallas's sand-grouse is his ruin. He is summoned before the bishop at Montpellier, and thither goes the little trembling man, a mere wren of humanity, to excuse himself for his quaint and innocent vice. Happily, the bishop is a man of the world, less narrow than his subalterns, and in a most charming scene he comforts the little ornithological penitent, and even brings him down from his terrible exile among the rocks to a small and poor but genial parish in the chestnut woodlands among his own folk, where he can be happy. For a while the Abbé Coupiac is very careful to avoid all *vogelweiden* or places where birds do congregate, and when he meets a goldfinch or a wryneck is most particular to look in the opposite direction; but in process of time he succumbs, and his manse becomes an aviary, like its predecessors. A terrible lesson cures the poor little man at last. An eagle is caught alive in his parish, and he cannot resist undertaking to cure its broken wing. He does so, and with such success that he loses his heart to this enormous pet. Alas! the affection is not reciprocated, and one morning, without any warning, the eagle picks out one of the abbé's eyes. With some difficulty Coupiac is safely nursed to health again, but his love of birds is gone.

However, it is his nature, shrinking from rough human faces, to find consolation in his dumb parishioners; he is conscious to pain of that "voisinage et cousinage entre l'homme et les autres animaux" of which Charron, the friend of Montaigne, speaks. So he extends a fatherly, clerical protection over the flocks and herds of Cabrerolles, and he revives a quaint and obsolescent custom by which, on Christmas night, the Cévenol cattle are brought to the door of their parish church to listen to the service, and afterwards to be blessed by the priest. The book ends with a sort of canticle of yule-tide, in which the patient kine, with faint tramlings and lowings, take modestly their appointed part; and these rites at the midnight mass are described as Mr. Thomas Hardy might have described them if Dorchester had been Bédarieux. In the whole of this beautiful little novel Ferdinand Fabre is combating what he paints as a besetting sin of his beloved Cévenols—their indifference and even cruelty to animals and birds, from which the very clergy seem to be not always exempt.

To yet another of his exclusively clerical novels but brief reference

must here be made, although it has been a general favourite. In "Mon Oncle Célestin" (1881) we have a study of the entirely single and tender-hearted country priest—a Tertullian in the pulpit, an infant out of it, a creature all compact of spiritual and puerile qualities. His innocent benevolence leads him blindfold to a deplorable scandal, his inexperience to a terrible quarrel with a rival archæologist, who drives Célestin almost to desperation. His enemies at length push him so far that they determine the bishop to interdict him *a sacris*; but his health had long been undermined, and he is fortunate in dying just before this terrible news can be broken to him. This tragic story is laid in scenes of extraordinary physical beauty; in no book of his has Fabre contrived to paint the sublime and varied landscape of the Cévennes in more delicious colours. In Célestin, who has the charge of a youthful and enthusiastically devoted nephew, Fabre has unquestionably had recourse to his recollections of the life at Camplong when he was a child, in the company of his sainted uncle, the Abbé Fulcran.

In the whole company of Ferdinand Fabre's priests the reader will not find the type which he will perhaps most confidently await—that, namely, of the cleric who is untrue to his vows of chastity. There is here no Abbé Mouret caught in the mesh of physical pleasures, and atoning for his "faute" in a pinchbeck Garden of Eden. The impure priest, according to Fabre, is a dream of the Voltairean imagination. His churchmen are sternly celibate; their first and most inevitable duty has been to conquer the flesh at the price of their blood; as he conceives them, there is no place in their thoughts at all for the movements of a vain concupiscence. The solitary shadow of the Abbé Vignerte, unfrocked for sins of this class, does indeed flit across the background of "Lucifer," but only as a horror and a portent. In some of these priests, as they grow middle-aged, there comes that terror of women which M. Anatole France notes so amusingly in "Le Mannequin d'Osier." The austere Abbé Jourfier trembles in all his limbs when a woman, even an old peasant-wife, calls him to the confessional. He obeys the call, but he would rather be told to climb the snowy peak of the highest Cévennes and stay there.

To make such characters attractive and entertaining is, manifestly, extremely difficult. Fabre succeeds in doing it by means of his tact, his exhaustive knowledge of varieties of the clerical species, and, most of all perhaps, by the intensity of his own curiosity and interest. His attitude towards his creations becomes, at critical moments, very amusing. "The reader will hardly credit what was his horrible reply," Fabre will say, or "How can we explain such an extreme violence in our principal personage?" He forgets that these people are imaginary, and he calls upon us, with eager complacency, to observe what strange things they are saying and doing. His vivacious sincerity permits him



to put forth with success novel after novel, from which the female element is entirely excluded. In his principal books love is not mentioned, and women take no part at all. "Mon Oncle Célestin" is hardly an exception, because the female figures introduced are those of a spiteful virago and a girl of clouded intelligence, who are merely machines to lift into higher prominence the sufferings and the lustrous virtues of the Abbé Célestin. Through the dramatic excitement, the nerve-storm, of "L'Abbé Tigrane" there never is visible so much as the flutter of a petticoat; in "Lucifer," the interesting and pathetic chapter on the text *Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina* dismisses the subject in a manner which gives no encouragement to levity. Those who wish to laugh with Ariosto or to snigger with Aretine must not come to Ferdinand Fabre. He has not faith, he pretends to no vocation; but that religious life upon which he looks back in a sort of ceaseless nostalgia confronts him in its purest and most loyal aspect.

## IV.

The priest is not absolutely the only subject which preoccupies Ferdinand Fabre; he is interested in the truant also. Wild nature is, in his eyes, the great and most dangerous rival of the Seminary, and has its notable victories. One of the prettiest books of his later years, "Monsieur Jean" (1886), tells how a precocious boy, brought up in the manse of Camplong—at last Fabre inextricably confounded autobiography with fiction—is tempted to go off on an innocent excursion with a fiery-blooded gipsy girl called Mariette. The whole novel is occupied by a recital of what they saw and what they did during their two days' escapade, and offers the author one of those opportunities which he loves for dealing almost in an excess of *naïveté* with the incidents of a pastoral life. Less pretty, and less complete, but treated with greater force and conviction, is the tale of "Toussaint Galabru" (1887), which tells how a good little boy of twelve years old fell into the grievous sin of going a-poaching on Sunday morning with two desperate characters who were more than old enough to know better. The story itself is nothing. What is delicious is the reflection of the boy's candid and timid but adventurous soul, and the passage before his eyes of the innumerable creatures of the woodland. At every step there is a stir in the oleanders or a flutter among the chestnut-leaves, and ever and anon, through a break in the copses, there peep forth against the rich blue sky the white peaks of the mountains. "Toussaint Galabru" is the only book known to me in the French language which might really have been written by Richard Jefferies, with some revision, perhaps, by Mr. Thomas Hardy.

One curious book by Ferdinand Fabre demands mention in a general survey of his work. It stands quite apart, in one sense,

from his customary labours; in another sense it offers the quintessence of them. The only story which he has published in which everything is sacrificed to beauty of form is "Le Chevrier" (1867), which deserves a term commonly misused, and always dubious; it may be called a "prose-poem." In his other books the style is sturdy, rustic and plain, with frequent use of *patois* and a certain thickness or heaviness of expression. His phrases are abrupt, not always quite lucid; there can be no question, although he protested violently against the attribution, that Fabre studied the manner of Balzac, not always to his advantage. But in "Le Chevrier"—which is a sort of discouraged "Daphnis and Chloë" of the Cévennes—he deliberately composed a work in modulated and elaborate numbers. It might be the translation of a poem in Provençal or Spanish; we seem in reading it to divine the vanished form of verse.

It is, moreover, written in a highly artificial language, partly in Cévenol *patois*, partly in French of the sixteenth century, imitated, it is evident, from the style of Amyot and Montaigne. "Le Chevrier" begins, in ordinary French, by describing how the author goes up into the Larzac, a bleak little plateau that smells of rosemary and wild thyme in the gorges of the High Cévennes, for the purpose of shooting hares, and how he takes with him an elderly goatherd, Eran Erembert, famous for his skill in sport. But one day the snow shuts them up in the farmhouse, and Eran is cajoled into telling his life's history. This he does in the aforesaid mixture of *patois* and Renaissance French, fairly but not invariably sustained. It is a story of passionate love, ill-requited. Eran has loved a pretty foundling, called Félice, but she prefers his master's son, a handsome ne'er-do-weel, called Frédéry, whom she marries. Eran turns from her to Françon, a still more beautiful but worthless girl, and wastes his life with her. Frédéry dies at last, and Eran constrains Félice to marry him; but her heart is elsewhere, and she drowns herself. It is a sad, impassioned tale, embroidered on every page with love of the High Cévenol country and knowledge of its pastoral rites and customs.

The scene is curious, because of its various elements. The snow, congealing around a neighbouring peak in the Larzac, falls upon the branches of a date-palm in the courtyard of the farmhouse at Mirande, and on the peacocks, humped up and ruffled in its branches. But through all the picture, with its incongruities of a southern mountain country, moves the *cabrade*, the docile flock of goats, with Sacripant, a noble pedigree billy, at their head, and these animals, closely attending upon Eran their herd, seem to form a chorus in the classic-rustic tragedy. And all the country, bare as it is, is eminently *giboyeux*; it stirs and rustles with the incessant movement of those living creatures which Ferdinand Fabre loves to describe. And here,

for once, he gives himself up to the primitive powers of love; the priest is kept out of sight, or scarcely mars the rich fermentation of life with glimpses of his soutane and his crucifix.

"Le Chevrier" has never enjoyed any success in France, where its archaic pastoralism was misapprehended from the first. But it was much admired by Walter Pater, who once went so far as to talk about translating it. The novelist of the Cévennes had an early and an ardent reader in Pater, to whom I owe my own introduction to Ferdinand Fabre. Unfortunately, the only indication of this interest which survives, as far as I know, is an article in the privately printed "Essays from the *Guardian*," where Pater reviews one of Fabre's weakest works, the novel called "Norine" (1889). He says some delicate things about this idyllic tale, which he ingeniously calls "a symphony in cherries and goldfinches." But what one would have welcomed would have been a serious examination of one of the great celibate novels, "L'Abbé Tigrane" or "Lucifer." The former of these, I know, attracted him almost more than any other recent French work in fiction. He found, as Taine did, a solid psychological value in these studies of the strictly ecclesiastical passions—the jealousies, the ambitions, the violent and masterful movements of types that were exclusively clerical. And the struggle which is the incident of life really important to Fabre, the tension caused by the divine "vocation" on the one hand and the cry of physical nature on the other, this was of the highest interest to Pater also. He was delighted, moreover, with the upland freshness, the shrewd and cleanly brightness of Fabre's country stories, so infinitely removed from what we indolently conceive that we shall find in "a French novel."

An English writer, of higher rank than Fabre, was revealing the Cévennes to English readers just when the Frenchman was publishing his early books. If we have been reading "Le Chevrier," it will be found amusing to take up again the "Through the Cévennes with a Donkey" of Robert Louis Stevenson. The route which the Scotchman took was from Le Monastier to Alais, across the north-eastern portion of the mountain-range, while Fabre almost exclusively haunts the south-western slopes in the Hérault. Stevenson brings before us a bleak and stubborn landscape, far less genial than the wooded uplands of Bédarieux. But in both pictures much is alike. The bare moors on the tops of the Cévennes are the same in each case, and when we read Stevenson's rhapsody on the view from the high ridge of the Mimerte, it might well be a page translated from one of the novels of Ferdinand Fabre. But the closest parallel with the Frenchman is always Mr. Thomas Hardy, whom in his rustic chapters he closely resembles even in style. Yet here again we have the national advantage, since Fabre has no humour, or exceedingly little.

Fabre is a solitary, stationary figure in the current history of French

literature. He is the *gauche* and somewhat suspicious country bumpkin in the urban congregation of the wits. He has not a word to say about "schools" and "tendencies"; he is not an adept in *névrosité d'artiste*. It is odd to think of this rugged Cévenol as a contemporary of Daudet and Goncourt, Sardou and Bourget; he has nothing whatever in common with them. You must be interested in his affairs, for he pretends to no interest in yours. Like Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Native-Born," Ferdinand Fabre seems to say, "Let a fellow sing of the little things he cares about"; and what these are we have seen. They are found among the winding paths that lead up through the oleander-marshes, through the vineyards, through the chestnuts, to the moorlands and the windy peaks; they are walking beside the patient flocks of goats, when Sacripant is marching at their head; they are the poachers and the reapers, the begging friars and the sportsmen, all the quiet, rude population of those shrouded hamlets of the Hérault. Most of all they are those abbés and canons, those humble, tremulous parish priests and benevolently arrogant prelates, whom he understands more intimately than any other author has done who has ever written. Persuade him to speak to you of these, and you will be enchanted; yet never forget that his themes are limited and his mode of delivery monotonous.

EDMUND GOSSE.

## MR. MALLOCK AS POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

**T**HE common opinion of the well-to-do has long regarded the Labour Movement as the futile, or, if successful, the suicidal endeavour of a fractious animal to unseat his rightful master, and to plunge down a reckless course of licence into a gulf of industrial anarchy. Mr. Mallock, in his recent writings, has brought much literary skill to the record of this judgment, which he claims to be based upon scientific analysis. In examining the employers' case, as presented by Mr. Mallock, I will begin by briefly, and I hope fairly, summarising the argument with which he has striven to familiarise the public mind.

Political economists, he holds, in attributing the production of wealth to land, labour, and capital, have committed a grave error of omission. By including under the term "labour" all forms of directly productive human exertion they have obscured the radical distinction which exists between the rare and infinitely productive mental qualities of ability and the common and finitely productive physical qualities of labour. In races which have passed out of barbarism, labour, the strength and skill of individual labourers, is a nearly stable quantity; such industrial progress as takes place is wholly attributable to the ability of the few who organise and direct the powers of labour. The industrial revolution, which in England has multiplied manifold the productive capacity of the nation, is entirely the work of a small number of inventors and capable business men; the whole of the actual increase of our national income during the last century and a half is the direct product of the superior skill and energy of these few master minds. Labour, instead of being exploited by the capitalist-undertaker, has exploited him, in so far as the average income of a labouring family is far larger than it was a century and a half ago,

though its output of productive energy has not perceptibly advanced. Some considerable portion of an increased product, due entirely to the ability of the few, has, under pressure of philanthropy or legal exactions, gone to remunerate the labour of the many. The Labour Movement is a blind attempt, by trade combination and use of political power, to dispense with the practical control which ability has exercised over industry, and to place the regulation of all industrial operations in the hands of common labourers, who thus hope to distribute, in the form of higher wages and other improved material conditions, the whole of the profits which are the legitimate reward of ability.

Mr. Mallock has little difficulty in showing the fatuity of such a policy, and in convincing the employer that not only considerations of self-interest, but his duty towards the working classes, requires him to keep a firm autocratic hand upon the industrial helm, and to offer a stern resistance to the clamorous revolt of the lower orders against his just and beneficent authority. Colonel Dyer, Mr. Livesey, Mr. Lawes, Lord Penrhyn, and other captains of industry are well aware of the distinction between the lofty mental and moral exertions, for which their incomes are most inadequate rewards, and the low forms of animal endurance which physiological conditions require should be compensated by wages.

But a closer scrutiny of Mr. Mallock's social philosophy opens a suspicion that he, like many other philosophers, may be playing with "masked words," and basing objective claims upon verbal distinctions adapted to the purpose in hand.

His case may be conveniently packed into the following propositions :

1. Labour and ability are two distinct productive powers.
2. Progress in modern industry is due to the ability of a few.
3. The Labour Movement seeks to overthrow the practical control of ability.

Let us first examine the validity of the distinction between labour and ability :

"Labour is a species of exertion which, as made by each individual, is confined to the performance of some particular task, such as the wheeling of a barrow, the laying of a brick, the filing of a piece of metal, or the taking tickets at the turnstile of an exhibition. Ability is a form of exertion on the part of an individual which is capable of affecting simultaneously the labour of an indefinite number of individuals, and thus hastening or perfecting the accomplishment of an indefinite number of tasks."

Now, there are several ways in which the productive efforts of man may be classified; the usual distinctions are between manual and mental work, high-skilled and low-skilled work, routine work (which

may or may not require high dexterity) and work which makes a direct call upon intelligence or judgment. Though these common distinctions possess no absolute validity, since all work contains some elements of human dexterity and intelligence, they form a convenient basis of ordinary classification. But, though much of Mr. Mallock's language here and elsewhere suggests that the real distinction which he has in view is that between brute manual labour and mental effort (the horse and the rider!) the *fundamentum divisionis* in his definition lies quite outside these popular distinctions. Labour is definitely productive of a particular result; ability is indefinitely great in its productivity, "hastening or perfecting the accomplishment of an indefinite number of tasks."

Now, of this definition it may be truly said that it bristles with contradictions and is utterly inadequate to the purpose for which Mr. Mallock has designed it. By taking a quantitative rather than a qualitative test, it excludes from ability all the finest and most original powers of the so-called creative arts. Mr. Mallock possibly intended to exclude from the purview of his treatment the "fine arts," though it is well nigh impossible to draw the limits of industrialism so as to rule out those "fine arts" which produce material marketable wares. For almost every branch of industrialism contains work which is the product of fine taste and thought applied to the particular material or the exigencies of a special set of circumstances. The very essence of art is its individuality, its definiteness of production. The finest work of the engineer (the very Forth Bridge which Mr. Mallock takes as a typical product of ability) fails to conform to his definition, as does all the best work of the architect, the metal-worker, the ship-builder, the jeweller, &c. All such work is as much "confined to the performance of a particular task" as is the wheeling of a barrow, and will therefore rank under the common head of "labour." But while the definition excludes from ability the creative power which designs St. Paul's Cathedral or a new street connecting Holborn with Fleet Street, it includes the creative power which discovers a new lever-corkscrew or a better way of fastening the bristles in a tooth-brush. In truth, Mr. Mallock's "ability" applies exclusively to inventions of machinery and improved methods of industry. The very wording of his phrases shows that invention of machinery was the "ability" which Mr. Mallock had in his mind when framing his definition. In the fuller setting given in his work, "Labour and the Popular Welfare," "skill" is excluded *totidem verbis* from "ability," because it does not contain this indefinitely large productive power which belongs only to the "inventor."

"The skilled workman whose labour finishes such parts (*i.e.*, of a machine) contributes by doing so to the efficiency of that one machine only. He does nothing to influence the labour of any other workman or to facilitate the

production of any other machine similar to it. But the man who, by his inventive ability, makes the machine simpler, or introduces into it some new principle, so that, without requiring so much or such skilled labour to construct it, it will, when constructed, be twice as efficient as before, may, by his ability, affect individual machines without number, and increase the efficiency of the labour of many millions of workmen" (p. 148).

Now, that the vastly important discoveries of new industrial implements and processes possess this character of indefinitely increasing the productivity of labour is indisputable, and if Mr. Mallock had insisted upon treating "inventors" as a class by themselves, omitting consideration of those educative and other social influences which helped them to "invent," or gave direction and practical utility to their inventive gift, and had assigned to them the causation of all increase of wealth, he might have made a plausible case. But he gives away this case almost as soon as he has opened it. He is concerned with the discovery of a philosophical defence of property, of the right of those who have to keep what they have got and to get as much more as they can. It is, therefore, not the man of inventive genius whose "rights of property" must be safeguarded. The inventor, in nine cases out of ten, notoriously makes nothing out of his invention, even during the period of monopoly which the law assigns to him. It is the "business man," who has a keen eye for profitable notions, who buys or steals the ideas of the inventor, and possesses the money to apply them industrially, that reaps the rewards of ability. Mr. Mallock is, therefore, quite unconcerned to defend the rights of inventors. He even admits that "when once an invention is made it becomes common property"—"in a certain theoretic sense." These last words are added to refute in advance the natural demand of the labourer, or of society, that this socialisation of inventions means an increase of the productivity of labour and justifies a claim on the part of labourers, or of society, to the increase of wealth which the growth of inventions makes possible. How to shift the supposed natural claim of the inventor on to the business man who enjoys a monopoly of the gains of invention—this is the "jump" which Mr. Mallock finds in front of him! He takes it bravely. The inventor!—what is the use of an inventor without a captain of industry, a man who can command capital and organise labour, so as to bring out, push, and develop an invention? "The real truth is, that to utilise modern inventions, and to maintain the conditions of labour which these inventions subserve, as much ability is required as was required to invent them" (p. 197). It is allowed that the "ability" is "of a different kind." But what Mr. Mallock fails to see is—first, that this business capacity is not "ability" at all in the terms of his definition; and secondly, that it is not confined, as he claims, to "the few."



In the common acceptation of the term, the organising power of the great ironmaster, factory-owner, or shopkeeper implies very considerable "ability." But it is akin, not to "invention," but to that "skill" of the mechanic or the artist which Mr. Mallock has ruled out by his definition. For there is always a limit to the amount of business which a business man can advantageously manage. Whether the particular business is one which is said to conform to a "law of increasing returns," or of "diminishing returns," it remains equally true that it has a definite area of application. The business man who "runs" a cotton-factory, a farm, or a retail shop, however valuable his services may be, cannot be held to "hasten or perfect the accomplishment of an *indefinite* number of tasks." In a few cases the area of operations may, indeed, be upon a gigantic scale, but at any given time there will always be a limit.

But after all, it may be said, why thus pedantically press the terms of a definition? Mr. Mallock and his friends mean that the productivity of the industrial chief is so great that he must be said to earn, and to have a right to receive, all increase of wealth due to modern productive methods. This, after all, is the real issue. A century and a half ago, even if we accorded to labour the entire production of wealth, the national income at that time only amounted to a sum of £14 per head, or £140,000,000, for a population of 10,000,000. "The production per head is now £35; or for each 10,000,000 of population £350,000,000" (p. 164). Since the labourer now is no more effective than he was then, Mr. Mallock insists that "the entire difference between the smaller sum and the larger is to be credited to ability operating on industry through capital." But since capital itself, according to this theory, is only crystallised ability, it appears that, "whilst the immense majority of the population of this country produce little more than one-third of the income, a body of men who are comparatively a mere handful actually produce little less than two-thirds of it" (p. 167). Even this is held by Mr. Mallock to be a generous allowance to labour, for it assumes that labourers earn all they actually receive in wages, whereas their true earnings, as measured by productivity, are much less.

This argument is indeed a dialectical *tour de force*, a seizure of the bull by the horns, with the not uncommon result that the bull displays his horns in the form of a dilemma and impales his would-be captor. For it may reasonably be asked, "Why is the capitalist, who does not invent, to be accredited with a reversion of all the industrial gains arising from the ability of those who do invent?" It is true that the capitalist is required in order to carry into profitable practice the productive idea of the inventor. But the labourers are also required. The common contention of the "labour man" that inventions are only productive by increasing the productivity of labour, and that

consequently labourers should reap the whole gain of their increased productivity in higher wages, is precisely analogous to Mr. Mallock's argument, and is even more specious, for the labourer's energy does directly fuse with the energy of the machine it operates, whereas the capitalist employer is but indirectly responsible for the existence and working of the machine. A century and a half ago is taken by Mr. Mallock to stereotype the value of a labourer—why not also to stereotype the value of an employer? Why has an employer, for no virtue of his own, become so much more productive, while a labourer remains the same? Mr. Mallock supposes that before the industrial revolution there existed latent organising talent, and that the genius of men like Watt and Arkwright, Smeaton and Maudsley, afforded material and opportunity for the exercise of these latent powers. But may we not equally assume that enormous productive powers of labour lay latent? So far as the increase of productivity to be attributed to the great inventors is concerned, it has been admitted that "theoretically" they are "common property." This, if theory has any weight, means that "practically" they should be common property, and in so far as they have been a source of increased gain to the employing class this latter has succeeded in diverting to its private use public property. In so far, however, as the inventions have been the means of affording scope for the use of real ability of organisation, they may be held to give rise to a rent of ability which cannot so easily be socialised. A part, at any rate, of the incomes of captains of industry will be wages of exceptional ability. How much is to be thus ascribed it is impossible to say, until a practical equality of opportunity to prepare for and compete for such posts of direction is attained. The less educated labour leaders have undoubtedly underrated the skill and the utility of the labour of organisation. But, on the other hand, Mr. Mallock (and here he has with him most of the academic economists) absurdly over-estimates the intellectual character and the net social gain of such work. Armchair economists have seldom any practical experience of business, and the intelligent employers with whom they converse impose upon them as the expert always imposes on the amateur, leaving them with the impression that work of such grave responsibility, demanding such vigilance of mind, such mastery of detail conjoined with width of outlook, such versatility of judgment, must be the monopoly of a few men of rare natural capacity. Now, though it would be foolish to deny that the conjunction of dogged perseverance, rapid and accurate judgment, supreme self-confidence, and ruthless self-assertion, which constitute business ability in competitive industry, are sometimes raised to a degree of genius which makes their owner a Napoleon of commerce, no one conversant with the world of industry would think of claiming for the vast majority of wealthy and quite competent employers any consider-

able share of this high capacity. To suggest, as Mr. Mallock does, that the receipt of a large income is a proof, or even *prima facie* evidence, of great ability, will seem distinctly humorous to those acquainted with the limited intelligence and narrow knowledge which are consistent with the successful conduct of a large business in many branches of industry. No candid business man would fail to smile when he read Mr. Mallock's statement that "a business income of £50,000 means, as a rule, ability of the first class, of £15,000 ability of the second class, and £5000 ability of the third" (p. 231). Heredity in business management, luck, and speculation, are not the merely incidental and modifying circumstances which Mr. Mallock thinks them; they are, in the large majority of modern businesses, chief operative causes. In most cases fair business capacity and care are doubtless essential conditions of success, but they cannot of themselves command success, and most frequently they play but a small part as compared with the extrinsic qualities I have named. The successful *entrepreneur* is usually a man of sound common sense, but he is seldom more, and, to do him justice, he seldom lays claim to the "genius" which literary outsiders foist upon him. It is, perhaps, likely that at least 10 per cent. of the employees in any average successful business possess the natural ability, if they had enjoyed the education and the opportunity, to manage the business as well as the actual manager.

But let us suppose that ability is the sole *causa causans* of industrial progress; the question next arises, Whose ability? Mr. Mallock claims for the manager *in esse* a monopoly of this productive quality, but his definition, according to the utmost licence of interpretation, warrants no such assignment. The simplicity of Mr. Mallock's theory, which contrasts the ability of the few undertakers with the labour of the many employees, is the simplicity, not of high philosophic truth, but of sheer ignorance. The rider and his horse, the slave-driver and his gang—such is the conception which is applied to the delicate and elaborate structure of a modern business. All qualities of organisation and management are looked upon as the functions of one supreme head, the contribution of the wage-earner is practically the output of routine labour. If Mr. Mallock would look fairly at the constitution of any big business, a railway company, a factory, a mercantile office, or a retail store, he would perceive how utterly unfounded is his surmise. He would see that ability, whatever definition is assigned, is delegated and distributed in various kinds and degrees right through the business. Not only would he find a great reticulation of managers, departmental heads, overseers, examiners, and clerks, whose work, though in widely different degrees, was distinctly "ability," implying judgment, intelligence, responsibility, and honesty, and contributing in its result to the total success of the undertaking;

but, investigating more closely, he would discover that a very distinct infusion of these same ingredients formed part of the very labour which he had posited as the antithesis of ability. Nor is it merely as an incident or accident that these mental qualities survive in the lowest form of labour. They form the essence of human labour. If any work can dispense with intelligent care, that work is done, not by a man, but by a machine, and a machine is the only "labourer" that fits Mr. Mallock's definition of labour in antithesis to ability. Not merely is the antithesis of ability and labour false to existing industrial facts, but the trend of modern development is directly opposed to it. The tendency is towards a constantly increasing substitution of mental for muscular exertion among labourers. It is distinctly untrue to represent the modern industrial development as setting at the head of affairs a few men of organising genius, who do all the thinking and planning, and whose orders are executed with mechanical fidelity by a vast army of routine manual workers. The modern factory with its army of machine-tenders, minutely subdivided in their routine works, no doubt lends speciousness to such a view, though even there, as I have said, elements of judgment and care are not to be eliminated. But in general the increased specialisation of modern industrial work is primarily and distinctively not of the muscles, but of the head, calling forth the application in some particular direction of certain common mental qualities of intelligence and judgment. The specialisation of brute energy is put on to the machine; in the work either of directing or tending machinery the purely physical labour is kept at a minimum, the chief strain being upon the nerves and brain rather than upon the muscles. Even where hard manual effort is still required, as in dealing with material essentially irregular in shape or quality and therefore unamenable to machine-operation, the mental qualities of observation, judgment, and resource play an important part. Moreover, though new processes are constantly taken over by machinery, it is probable that machine-tending and purely routine manual work occupy a smaller, and not a larger, proportion of the labouring population. The processes of transport and of distribution constantly engage a larger number of the workers whose labour is "saved" by manufacturing machinery, and, though mechanical processes gain ground in transport and in distribution, the result is only to throw a larger proportion of human effort into the parts of those processes which require human care, or, in other words, "ability." These mental qualities which economists rightly recognise to form an increasing part of modern labour are not usually, indeed, of a high order, nor can we assume, as Professor Marshall seems to do, that the substitution of them for manual skill is any net gain, either physical or intellectual, to the labouring classes. But the general recognition that certain mental and moral capacities

of intelligence and judgment play an ever larger share in industrial work furnishes a final refutation of the fundamental distinction which Mr. Mallock draws between ability and labour.

Thus the antithesis which Mr. Mallock posits as the basis of his whole argument is fundamentally defective. Since ability in various forms and degrees permeates the whole organic structure of a business, the contention that labourers alone have no just claim upon the increase of wealth must utterly collapse. For let us allow that the brute vigour of a labourer is no larger now than it was a century and a half ago, yet the "ability" which gives guidance and productivity to that vigour has grown.

The industrial oligarch would doubtless like to claim all for the discretion and authority of the company-promoter who determines the main flow of industrial power, the directors who control its larger movements within a given channel, and the managing employer (the wage-servant of the company) who enjoys a more limited control; but he will be quite unable to assign the due amount of ability to each by any method which shall exclude the skill, judgment, and responsibility of the other orders of the employees. Indeed, if Mr. Mallock were more ruthless in his logic, he would narrow down his case still further, and would assign the whole productivity in modern business to the promoter, the dealer in profitable notions, who originates the application of business power, denying productivity to those directors and managers who merely carry out the enterprise in its constituent parts. Thus, Mr. Rhodes and the early speculative boomers of Rhodesia would rightly enjoy the whole gains which might arise when engineers, mine-managers, and factory-owners had organised the requisite labour in its several industrial grades. Such absurdities emerge from slippery definitions.

That the qualities which contribute to success in the ordering of business are neither wholly admirable in themselves nor useful to society, never occurs to Mr. Mallock. Yet quite apart from inheritance, luck, or speculation as causes of success, the fighting capacities, whereby an unscrupulous and pushful man builds a profitable business by crushing, squeezing or outwitting his trade competitors, and thereby establishing a monopoly, or securing the lion's share of the trade for himself, have no clear social value, even if we take the standard of business economy and ignore the wider moral implications. For every man who makes a profitable business by producing a better or a truly cheaper article than his competitors, there are ten men who thrive by rigging the market, by successful touting or advertising, by judicious bribery, by the arts of adulteration or the display of merely specious excellence of wares, or by various conspiracies to hold up prices and to suspend effective competition. All these arts play an enormous part in modern manufacture and commerce, and

the "ability" which renders them successful is not useful to society at large, but quite otherwise.

All these considerations are utterly ignored. The fact appears to be that Mr. Mallock is afflicted with the mental disease of individualism which so obfuscates a naturally acute intelligence that it fails to perceive the organic unity of anything, and only sees the several detailed parts. I have already shown his failure to understand that the very essential nature of a business requires that the flow of "ability" shall permeate the entire body.

The same incapacity explains why Mr. Mallock refuses to allow that labour is more productive now than it was a century ago. The comparison of the productivity of labour to-day with the labour of a century ago is to him only a sum in addition and multiplication. One labourer working by himself would be no more productive in 1898 than in 1750; in 1750 there was a population of ten millions, to-day there is a population of more than twenty-five millions—therefore the net productivity of labour can only be two and a half times as great. The answer is that a labourer by himself, a unit, has no productivity at all, either in 1750 or in 1898—he is not an effective industrial unit. Labour at all times to be really effective must be group-labour, co-operative, or in plain language social. It is not possible by dividing the productivity of an effective industrial group to assign to a given member of that group so much as his individual product, for, as an individual, apart from the co-operation of his fellows, he could not have produced it. A, B, C, and D might singly be unable to produce anything, but by effective co-operation they could produce a given product in 1750 (assisted by requisite capital); in 1898, A, B, C, and D no longer work as a single group, but have coalesced with other small groups to make a much larger group. This more effective co-operation of modern labour must be regarded as an immense direct source of increased productivity.

The increased effectiveness of co-operative labour Mr. Mallock perversely insists upon imputing to organising ability. It is, of course, true that organising ability is needed to secure the effective co-operation of labour under modern industrial conditions; but it is equally true that this power of effective co-operation must be regarded as a productive power of labour. For the ability of the captains of industry is barren when applied to able-bodied Fiji Islanders or North American Indians. Effective co-operation implies the active operation of mental and moral capacities in the labour-unit, and these must be accounted efficient causes in the production of industrial wealth, and not as merely negative conditions of the efficiency of the able organiser. Such capacities of co-ordination and co-operation are comparatively rare qualities, even among those races which have passed out of barbarism. Hindoos and even Russians possess them but imperfectly

developed in comparison with Englishmen. Moreover, every improvement of political and other social conditions, every advance in the common standard of knowledge, must be considered to contribute as much to the direct efficiency of co-operative labour as to the efficiency of direction and management. Mr. Mallock's assumption of the stable productivity of labour is thus seen to be as unwarranted as the artificial severance he makes between ability and labour.

In conclusion, a few words are needed to expose Mr. Mallock's misinterpretation of the Labour Movement. It is hard to decide whether his misrepresentation of trade-unionism or of Socialism is the worse. He has no warrant whatever for his supposition that trade-unionism seeks to dispense with ability of management, or even that trade-unionists, as such, seek to depose the present self-elected managers of industry from their position, and either to dispense with rulers or to elect their own. The history of trade-unionism seems to be a sealed book to Mr. Mallock. In the struggle of capital and labour the aim and the claim of trade-unionism has been to secure for labourers the most favourable terms of sale for that labour-power which admittedly belongs to them; to determine in what quantities (*i.e.*, collectively or individually), for what time and for what price they will sell that labour-power, and whether or not they will sell it to employers whose regulations as to apprentices or "free" labour, &c., they deem likely to damage the future value of their labour-power. Incidentally, no doubt, the conditions which workers impose upon the sale of their labour-power places restrictions upon the working of a business where this labour-power is essential to production. But it is incorrect to call the freedom of organised workers to sell their labour-power for the best terms they can get a repudiation of the authority of the employer. The employer requires for the profitable conduct of his business to buy not only labour-power, but raw materials, coal, machines, and various other commodities. Because the owners and sellers of these latter commodities try to get the best price they can, and refuse to sell except in certain quantities, and with various restrictions regarding price and time of delivery, the manufacturer does not accuse them of conspiring to rob him of his legitimate authority, or of "interfering and dictating" to him in the conduct of his business. Why, then, should he bring these charges against labourers for following a precisely similar policy in the sale of their labour-power? The only difference is that labourers are required to be present in person during the delivery of the labour-power they sell, and are therefore compelled to safeguard that sale with more particularity than are the sellers of commodities, lest the conditions under which their labour-power is given out should damage their life and the future production of labour-power.

Trade-unionism has at no place or time sought to control any other

element of business than the conditions under which free owners of labour-power shall sell the commodity which is their source of livelihood. They may sometimes have been foolish and irritating in the particular terms they seek to impose, but since employers have always claimed and used the liberty to reject those terms and seek other labour-power, they have no right to complain.

Turning to another side of the labour movement—Socialism—it is, indeed, true that Socialists seek to depose hereditary, or self-elected, captains of industry, whose captaincy more often attests anti-social competitive ability than capacity of organisation for social production, and to put in their place persons of proved capacity of economic organisation for the common good. It is not, however, true that Socialists of any school whatever conform to the theory which Mr. Mallock presents when he speaks of "Socialist writers" who advocate a state of things in which a group of workers would govern themselves, in that "their superiors would be elected and also removable by themselves." This describes the aim of a certain school of co-operators, but not of Socialists. The mine for the miners, the mill for the mill-operatives, the shop for the shop-assistants, is not Socialism, it is the utter converse—trade-individualism. Socialism means the democratic control of industry, in which the managers would be elected, directly or indirectly, by the body of citizens. Since all citizens would be likewise workers and would consider, in the regulation of industry, conditions of labour as well as the maximum production of industrial wealth, it is true that workers would elect from among themselves those who should perform the several functions of the work, including the various grades of managers.

How far such industrial democracy is possible, or socially profitable, is open to dispute, but this is so far from being the purely "fantastic" project which Mr. Mallock represents it to be, that it has been already successfully achieved in not a few important developments of industrial work under municipal or national control, where the body of citizen-workers do, in name and where they please in fact, elect and remove the officials who administer the businesses.

Thus it will be seen that no one of the three cardinal propositions of Mr. Mallock's argument is valid. Ability and labour are not separable productive powers. Industrial progress is not attributable solely to the ability of a few. The Labour Movement does not aim at dispensing with ability of management.

JOHN A. HOBSON.



## CROCODILE-SHOOTING IN INDIA.

**T**HE Indian crocodile, or alligator as it is commonly called in India, is known among the natives by different names in different provinces. In the province of Behar it is called the Goh (with a strong aspirate on the *h*) and also "Bocha" or "Boch." It is so named in all police reports. I have never heard it called the "Mugger" by natives, though it is known to Europeans by this name, and I strongly suspect that the name has been conferred upon it by them in allusion to its "ugly mug." In Bengal it is called the "Koomheer" in common with the long-nosed Ghurrial or Gavial. The reptile abounds in many of the smaller rivers, tributaries of the Ganges, in Tirhoot and in Bengal; but is not largely found in the Ganges and bigger rivers.

It is known to naturalists as the *Crocodilus palustris* or *bombifrons*. There is another species known as the salt-water crocodile (*crocodilus porosus*) which inhabits the estuaries of the large rivers discharging their waters into the Bay of Bengal, and is plentiful in the Soonderbunds. I have seen gigantic specimens of this species on the banks of the Channel Creek, so large indeed that the statement of their dimensions would be considered simply incredible. This creek, as it is called, is a wide estuary connecting the Hooghly with the Roy Mungul, another large estuary of the Ganges. It is certainly a mile wide, and is a broad and noble river rather than a creek. In going through this river once on a steamboat, a gigantic specimen was seen sunning himself on the bank. He was of a dirty grey colour clouded all over with darker patches, and had a mottled appearance. The captain steamed up quietly towards him in the hope of having a shot, but he would not allow us to get nearer than 150 yards before he plunged into the water and vanished. This was in the days of

smooth bores. We, however, had our telescopes bearing upon him all the while, and had a good view, and I am sure I can say without exaggeration that he was about thirty feet long, with great rugged scales on his head and back. These monsters can have little else but fish and other aquatic animals to live upon. The banks are not inhabited, and there is no chance of their picking up a stray bullock or man, or feeding on corpses. This is the stream known as "Gunga Sangor" to the Hindoos, where an annual festival was held by them in former days, and certainly down to the time of Warren Hastings. Large fleets of boats came down from Calcutta and other places, and accompanied with the noise of "tomtoms" and other sonorous instruments, women are reported to have flung their children to the crocodiles and sharks as an offering to the deity of the river—the famous "Gunga Mai."

The Ghurrial or Gavial is more generally found in the Ganges and large rivers, and may be seen in the cold season basking in the sun, on the numerous sand-banks and islets, mostly with their mouths wide open. I am unable to divine whence the name "Gavial" is derived. During a long residence in Northern India, I have never heard the name used there, and I am inclined to think it is a corruption of "Ghurrial" which is the only name I have heard applied to this reptile by the natives.

The Indian crocodile is a ferocious and dangerous animal, and causes great destruction to human life, especially in Lower Bengal. In the daily police reports, you seldom fail to see an account of some man, woman, child, or animal, either carried off or wounded by a crocodile, and numerous cases are no doubt never reported.

In all the smaller rivers of Jessore Pubna and other districts, the "ghaut" or bathing-place of every village is protected by palisades, and it is not safe to venture even into these enclosed places incautiously, for the cunning reptile creeps into them at night and lies in wait. I once saw a crocodile that had seized a little girl by the thigh in one of these places, and was swimming off with her in his mouth, pursued by the father in a cocoanut-trunk canoe, with a bamboo pole. He compelled the crocodile to drop the child, but it had torn off one leg from the hip before doing so.

At Rajmahal, in the Santal district, I saw, from the verandah of my house, a crocodile seize a bullock out of a herd grazing on the bank of a river. There was a sand-bank in front of my house about 300 yards away, which was uncovered in the dry season, but there were always a few pools of water on it. The crocodile lay in wait in one of these, and rushing out as the cattle came to drink, seized one of the herd and dragged it towards the water. A desperate struggle ensued and continued for some time, and eventually the bullock got away, but so badly injured that he died shortly after.

Meanwhile I had run down to the spot, and when I came up I saw the crocodile very quietly seated on the bank. I fired and wounded him, but he disappeared in the water and was not seen again. The shouting and yelling of the herd boys, encouraging the bullock to get away, though not venturing to go too near themselves, and their antics while jumping around, were amusing. It was an object lesson to them to beware of the crocodile.

The blind ferocity of the Indian crocodile is well known. I had a young specimen about six inches long which I kept in a tub of water. In him was concentrated all the ferocity of his race. All attempts to conciliate him were vain. A stick put into the water was seized at once and held with the greatest tenacity. There was no getting him to relinquish his hold, and he snapped with the greatest fury at everything put into the water. Yet on the other hand I have seen a full-grown crocodile, who lived in a large pond, so tame, that he came swimming up to a man, who, standing waist-deep in water, called him by his name "Kalay Khan," and would take a fowl or a piece of flesh out of his hand without doing him any harm.

Very often a number of crocodiles take up their habitation in a pond, and are not disturbed by the Indians, who in time come to consider them as sacred animals, and feed them till they are so tame that they may be approached and almost handled with impunity.

Crocodiles wander to long distances on land, chiefly to change their habitations, owing, I suppose, to supplies falling short. When met on their way they are invariably clubbed or speared by the natives, who believe that the gall-bladder has medicinal virtues and always try to get one.

A long experience has convinced me that the head is not the vulnerable part in an Indian crocodile. Indeed I can safely say that in the course of my long experience, in which I have made crocodile-shooting a special study for a while, I have never succeeded in bringing one down dead with a shot in the head, even from a heavy rifle aimed from the very short distance of six or seven yards. The most effective shot is just behind the shoulder, and with this shot I have never failed to kill dead on the spot. In one of our tiger-shooting expeditions, we were led to beat along a branch of the river Kosi, which, coming down from the hills of Nepal, flows between the Bhaugulpore and Purneah districts, through flat alluvial plains, and spreads into numerous branches. While moving through the thin jungle I saw an immense crocodile sleeping on the bank entirely out of the water, with his head towards the river. I was about fifty yards from him, and fearing he would disappear in the river, I let drive at him behind the shoulder with my No. 14 smooth-bore "Samuel Nock" muzzle-loader. To my surprise the crocodile wriggled forward a pace or two into the water and stopped dead.

The *mahouts* and their assistants, jumped off their elephants, tied a rope round his waist and with difficulty dragged him out. They then set to work to get his gall-bladder. When cut open the stench was overpowering, and a man putting his hand into the cavity took out two entire human skulls covered with a green deposit, of bile I suppose. These were probably the remains of carcasses he had devoured. I took off his head and carried it away, leaving his body to be devoured by the tigers and vultures. This crocodile measured seventeen feet in length. The stench from his stomach was so horrible that a further search for the gall-bladder could not be made. In the cold season these crocodiles, as well as the ghurrials or gavials, are extremely fond of basking in the sun, and they may be seen stretched out for hours on the banks of the rivers enjoying a sound sleep. It is then that crocodile-shooting can be had in perfection. There is a small river on the eastern boundary of the district of Tirhoot called the Tiljooga, which literally swarms with these monsters, and I once spent a few weeks with a friend in a regular crusade against them. The river is a narrow winding one, running between high and precipitous banks. At every fifty or sixty paces a crocodile, or sometimes three or four of them, might be seen lying fast asleep at the foot of the bank in the sun. Our plan was to creep cautiously to the edge of the overhanging bank, being guided to the spot by a man on the opposite shore. On getting above the crocodiles, we gave them a plunging fire from heavy rifles, and generally succeeded in killing or severely wounding one or two, but seldom succeeded in bagging one, as they almost invariably managed, even though mortally wounded, to throw themselves into the water. This result convinced me that a crocodile is almost invulnerable on the head or back, or the upper part of the body generally. On one occasion we came upon a huge monster fast asleep on the bottom of the bank, near the edge of the water. We were about four yards above him, my friend armed with an Enfield, while I carried a double-ten bore rifle. We fired simultaneously at his head. It was not possible to miss from such a short distance, and we were both cool and collected, and had an excellent rest to aim from. The bullets took effect, but the crocodile rolled into the water and was not seen again.

After shooting in this way for a week or two, we found the crocodiles had become rather shy and dropped into the water on seeing us at a long distance. We therefore changed our tactics, and resolved upon hooking them first, and shooting them afterwards, and found this plan exceedingly successful. The *modus operandi* was as follows: As bait we used a live duck. A large and strong-hook was procured, and the duck was fastened to this by passing the prongs under its wings and so tying the hook to the duck. The duck was then

fastened to a piece of the stem of a plantain-tree and was floated out in mid-stream, the end of the strong line fastened to the hook being retained by a fisherman, while we hid ourselves on the top of the bank. Shortly after the bait had been floated out, and the duck had quacked a little, heads began to pop up in the water in the most cautious manner. After a while a great head was protruded, the duck was seized and taken under water, and after allowing sufficient time for the swallowing process to be completed, the line was drawn in in spite of the resistance of the crocodile. I may remark here that the hook was attached to about a yard of light steel chain, to which a strong line was fastened. The crocodile allowed himself to be pulled up to the edge of the water, and we delivered a volley into him behind the shoulder which finished his career. He turned belly upwards in his death-struggle, all resistance was over, and he was hauled ashore. The fishermen generally cut him up and took away select parts for home consumption, and you may be sure the gall-bladder was secured and carried away as a prize. In spite of the strong musky odour of the crocodile, and his general repulsiveness as an article of diet, he is eaten by the fisherman caste, who also eat the large river turtle, which is an equally foul feeder.

Matters, however, did not always end in the peaceful way above described. Very often the crocodile fought and struggled so that he snapped the chain to which the hook was fastened, or broke the hook itself, and escaped. I wonder in such cases whether he succeeded in digesting or disgorging the hook. It appears that the presence of metallic substances in large quantities in the digestive organs of a crocodile does not incommode it much. Instances have occurred within my knowledge of heavy metal anklets and bangles weighing several pounds being found in a crocodile, who did not seem to be any the worse for it. On one occasion a crocodile at least twelve feet long was pulled bodily out of the water a good way up a sloping bank; my friend went up to him and plunged the sword-bayonet of his Enfield rifle up to the hilt into his side. The crocodile turned over with a convulsive struggle, the bayonet broke in his body, and he made a dash for the water, dragging the men who held the line. He would probably have escaped had not a bullet in the heart stopped him.

The fishermen in this river did not seem to fear the crocodiles much. Use had evidently made them familiar; and they did not hesitate to swim across in the face of a great crocodile lying upon the bank and of the many others that might be in the water, and I have never heard an instance of one of them being taken or wounded.

Very often when a crocodile was mortally wounded he rolled off the bank into the water and went to the bottom. An old fisherman who generally accompanied us, named Buchi Mullah, would in such a

case fearlessly dive to the bottom, and when he came up again would say the crocodile was below, but not quite dead yet. Afterwards when he found him dead, he would dive down, fasten a rope to him, and have him hauled to the bank.

The Tiljooga is a narrow river not more than ten or twelve yards broad, but of great depth. It must therefore contain an immense quantity of fish to support such a numerous family of crocodiles as inhabit it, and which must constitute almost their sole food. It is true that men and dogs, and cattle, are sometimes seized, but this is seldom. In Lower Bengal, which is a very watery country intersected with rivers, and where the people are more aquatic in their habits, deaths from this cause are much more numerous. It is a well-known fact that some great bull crocodile appropriates to himself some particular spot, near a ghaut or crossing, or some bend of the river, which he uses as a "coign of vantage" for his predatory purposes. He is always to be found there either lurking in the water or sleeping on the bank, and comes in course of time to be known as "burka luggaree gob," or crocodile moored to the spot like a boat. Most predaceous animals of this kind have the same habit, and readers of Marryat or "Tom Cringle's Log" have no doubt read of "Port Royal Jack," the great shark so well known to the sailors in Jamaica Harbour.

Many such crocodiles are to be found on the banks of the Tiljooga apparently asleep, but on the look out, and any unwary animal that comes to drink near the spot is almost certain to be seized. The cowherd boys therefore keep their cattle away.

Crocodiles are very prolific. Young ones of all sizes abound in the river, and these from the first display the demoniac ferocity of their species. The eggs are laid on a ledge of the bank, and sometimes about thirty or forty yards from the water, and are covered with sand. The female is always close by and rushes at any animal that comes near them. She even drives off crows or dogs that approach the spot. In spite of her vigilance, a large majority of the eggs and young are destroyed in one way or another. Immediately the young are hatched they plunge into the stream, and large numbers are no doubt eaten by fishes and other animals. A very wise provision of Nature indeed!

The crocodile is a voiceless creature, and produces no sound whatever. His reasoning powers are very feeble indeed, if he has any at all. He is a mere automaton, acted on by certain instincts or desires. The most he can acquire in the way of knowledge is to know when he is called to be fed.

As to his congener the "ghurrial" or "gavial," his habits are very similar. This creature is not found in the smaller rivers, according to my experience, but is plentiful in the Ganges and large rivers. His

jaws and teeth are specially adapted for seizing fish, and I have often seen one in the Ganges swimming away with a large 30-lb. fish which he held up above the water as he proceeded. They grow to a formidable size, and would be most ugly customers to meet in the water no doubt, though I have never heard of a man or a cow being taken by one. In all essential points, excepting the seizure of land animals as prey, the habits of the "ghurrial" and crocodile are alike.

They require to resort to the land at times, though they generally inhabit the water, and there can be no doubt that in some parts of India, though not in those of which I have been speaking, they bury themselves in the rainless season, and remain in a state of torpor until the rains come, when they issue forth with their appetites whetted by a long abstinence.

E. STEWART.

## THE DIFFERENTIA OF CHRISTIANITY.

**A**MONG the changes that have taken place during the Victorian era, few are more notable than that in the attitude of Christian thought towards non-Christian religions. Sixty years ago the difference between Christianity and other religions was generally assumed to be simply that Christianity was true and other religions false—without any attempt being made to define the teaching which showed it to be possessed of truth which the others had not; that Christianity was the only religion revealed by God, while other religions were imagined by man—without it being thought necessary to show what were the revelations possessed by it, and not by the others, which showed it to be divine. If great truths were met with in other religions, they were looked on as evidences of their indebtedness to the Biblical revelation: the very stories of Greek and Roman mythology were treated as reminiscences of the Old Testament narratives. Such apologetics are impossible now. The mists that used to hang over the religions of the world have lifted: we have seen that they are not only barren wastes and pestilent swamps, but that in them there are airy uplands and lofty mountains which rise well towards heaven. Their principal sacred books have been translated—books whose inspiration is believed in by those who accept them as firmly as that of the Bible is believed in by Christians, and which contain many great religious and moral truths that were once considered the exclusive teaching of Christianity. We have learned that it is as unjust to judge other religions by the gross husks of popular cult as to judge Christianity by its worst corruptions.

As a consequence, doubt is being felt by many as to whether the old claim for Christianity can be maintained. Some are ready to say with the late Mr. Jowett that Christianity is coming to be but one of



many religions. Others would give it superiority only in degree, as teaching the same essential truths as other religions, but with a far greater fulness and purity. While those who still maintain that it is the only faith fitted to rule and elevate the world rest their convictions on instinct, rather than on a clear apprehension of the principles which give it this distinctive position.

Yet there is no doubt that if Christianity is the only religion suited for all the world, a knowledge of the religions of the world will make this all the more apparent. It will be seen that it alone is possessed of truths and principles which are needful to make a religion suited for all mankind. And those who claim this place for Christianity, and refuse to give it a place merely as one of many religions, must examine what gives it this pre-eminence—what differentiates it from other religions.

#### I.

The only satisfactory way to determine this is to go to its Founder and ask : What were the truths which Christ presented as distinctive of His faith? Here we are met by the difficulty that He never had to do with any religion but that of the Jews. While no religion has done more to overthrow other religions than Christianity, no religious teacher has said less against other religions than Christ. We have from Him one short saying condemning the Gentiles' aim in life, but not one reflecting on the gods they believed in, or the worship they paid them. Was not this because He came not to destroy but to fulfil? This, we shall see further on, is Christ's attitude with regard to the Gentile religions as well as the Jewish; and it is one of the elements that gives His religion its unique position in the world. He saw that the nations were seeking after God in ways of their own—often terribly dark and fatal ways—but that very fact was an evidence that there was among them a craving which needed to be satisfied. And, conscious that He alone could satisfy it, He did not denounce the methods by which it had expressed itself, but left it to find out the truth of the response which He supplied. The relation of Christ to the pagan world is a question of the deepest interest and significance, and a glance at it will help us better to appreciate the final position which He took.

The first reference to the Gentiles which we meet with in the words of our Lord is the only one which reflects at all on their religious character, and it is merely a short parenthesis in the Sermon on the Mount: "Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek.)" Our Lord here

looks at the distinctive characteristic of the Gentiles, as being to make earthly welfare the great aim of life. This is what would have most impressed Him in the opportunities He had previously had of seeing them—probably in some of the caravans on the trade routes that passed not far from the secluded town of Nazareth. And this is the root of idolatry. When Paul warns the Corinthians against idolatry by the example of the children of Israel at Sinai, he says not a word about the golden calf, but says: "As it is written, The people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play." It is to be noted, too, that in the record of the spread of Christianity in the Acts of the Apostles, while the opposition of the Jews is always motivated by religion, that of the Gentiles is motivated by love of gain. Our Lord, then, here puts the distinction between His teaching and that of the Gentiles as being to give up all the powers of life to the service of God and to trust Him for what was needful, instead of giving them up to the concerns of this life and trusting God for nothing. But it is obvious that this is a distinction between true and false schemes of life, rather than between true and false religions. And though the practical outcome of paganism might be to beget this, it had entered into Judaism too, and was threatening its very life. Christ's hope and purpose at this time seem to have been to lead the Jewish people to the realisation of its true ideal by seeking the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and so becoming God's true witness to the nations of the world.

But his first *rencontre* with a Gentile showed Him that there was more hope of this being attained among the Gentiles than among the Jews. This was the case of the centurion who asked Jesus to heal his servant, and added, "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof; but only say the word, and my servant shall be healed." This came to Christ as a revelation. The first time He came into contact with a Gentile, He found in him what He had been looking for in Israel, and looking for in vain. "Jesus marvelled, and said to them that followed, 'Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.'" It opened up to Him a vision of where the great triumphs of His faith were to be won: of the Gentiles pressing into His kingdom and the "sons of the kingdom" being cast out.

That vision gave point to His appeals to His own countrymen. "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes." Here we have the plaint of a worker who felt that all his work was lost on the people among whom he was working, and that there were other fields where he knew it would be successful. The natural

course to take in such circumstances would be to leave the barren field, and go to that which promised to be fruitful.

And when we read shortly afterwards that He left Galilee and went into the parts of Tyre and Sidon, we might have expected that He was about to begin to work among a people who would welcome Him. And He soon got a token of their readiness to do so. "A Canaanitish woman came out from those borders and cried, saying, 'Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil.'" Here was the cry of a heathen longing for divine help; and if Jesus had listened to her, it might have opened up the way for all the people of that region to flock to Him. He was, however, silent at first; and when He did yield, it was only to the persistence of her entreaties, showing that He made her an exception. To His Disciples He revealed the limitation that constrained Him so to act—"I was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel"—a limitation so mysterious, looking merely at the earthly ministry of Jesus; so significant, looking at the whole of the divine plan. It is beyond my purpose to discuss these words further than to point out how they show Christ's purpose during His life to avoid seeking to affect other religions, save by purifying and elevating that of Israel. Not till Israel should finally reject Him would the way be open for Him to deal directly with the world beyond.

Once again we read of His coming into contact with Gentiles, and that was at Jerusalem on the eve of His passion. Then we are told some Greeks came desiring to see Him; and when this was reported to Him, He said, "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the earth and die it abideth by itself; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." The glorious vision which the faith of the centurion had opened up to Him of the Gentiles waiting for Him, the restraint which the prayer of the Canaanitish woman had made Him feel in all its pain, both find expression in these words. He sees anew the nations waiting for Him; He feels the earthly bonds that hinder Him from responding. But He sees also the death which will snap these bonds asunder, and free Him to carry salvation to all the world.

And so it was. Israel rejected her Messiah, and crucified Him. Jesus died and was buried, and the third day rose again. At last He stood face to face with all the nations of the earth, free from all that had hitherto hindered Him from working among them.

There are those who deny any historical value to the narratives of the Resurrection. I do not discuss the question with them, but concede to them the right to class Christianity as one of many religions.

Not only so; they are also without any warrant for seeking the extension of Christianity throughout the world. It is only in the words of our Lord after His resurrection that we find the warrant for so doing in the command to make disciples of all nations; and it is in them, too, that those who feel the obligation to obey that command must look for what specially distinguishes His religion from the religion of the nations which it was meant to supplant.

The first note of the new commission is its universality. Instead of the old limitation—"the lost sheep of the house of Israel"—we have the world-wide sweep—"all the nations," "the whole creation," "the uttermost parts of the earth." Christianity, then, claims to be a universal religion. We cannot, however, rest its claim to be distinct from all other religions on this alone. Other religions make the same claim; and even if it were not so, we must look behind the claim to what substantiates it and fits it to be the religion of all the earth.

A second note in the new commission is its definite connection with Christ Himself. "Ye shall be my witnesses," said Christ; all preaching was to be "in His name." It is, no doubt, the name and person of Christ that formally differentiates Christianity from other religions. But this throws us back on another question: What is it that distinguishes Christ from other religious teachers?—from Buddha, from Mohammed, and others who have given their names to religious systems? What is there in Him that makes His religion so different from theirs as to make it the one religion suited for all mankind?

Christ has given a promise such as no other teacher has ever given—the promise of power: "Ye shall receive power from on high." "Lo, I am with you alway." But here again we are thrown back on the question, What makes this possible? Such power, if real, must be the manifestation of an eternal power behind it, the recognition of which will be the ultimate distinction between Christianity and other religions which recognise it not. Christianity has shown wonderful power of expansion, which may be appealed to as evidence of its divine origin. But other religions have also shown wonderful expansive power; and the question we have to ask is, What is the difference between the power possessed by Christianity and that possessed by other religions?

Turning to the teaching which Christ commanded to be given, we find some general instructions: "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," "preach the Gospel." These throw us back on all the teaching of Christ in the Gospels. On the full significance of this I will speak subsequently. Meanwhile, I merely remark that, if Christ's claim for His faith to be spread among

all nations be true, it must not only contain all the great truths found in other religions, but must also contain truth which they have failed to present, and which is essential to satisfy the religious wants of man.

And in the sayings of Jesus after the Resurrection we find what we are seeking for—two sayings which gather up the great principles of His teaching and define it from all others; which lead us into the eternal centre of all religion, and reveal to us those truths which Christianity alone proclaims, and apart from which other truths must fail of their religious end. The first of these is in Matthew xxviii. 19, "Baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The second is in Luke xxiv. 47, "That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all the nations." The former of these passages declares the God of Christianity; the latter its message to the world.

## II.

"The name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost" is the name into which Christ bade His Disciples baptize the nations; it is the name of the God of Christianity. And it presents a conception of God quite different from that of any other religion, one that responds with complete fulness to the aspirations of man's heart after God. We shall realise this if we compare it with the formula which is now becoming fashionable for summing up the essentials of religion: "the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." Christianity teaches not only the *Fatherhood* of God, but also the *Brotherhood* of God and the *Companionhood* of God; the threefold relation of God to man, which fully responds to man's religious needs, the absence of any one of which leaves a blank that craves to be satisfied.

The conception of God that seems to come most naturally to man is that of a king. It was the conception of Israel before Christ; it is the conception of Islam since Christ. Mohammedanism has affirmed with great intensity the unity and personality of God; but it repudiates emphatically the divine Fatherhood. "He begetteth not, neither is He begotten," is the unbending formula with which it meets the Christian claim for the Sonship of Jesus Christ. Its conception is that of an absolute king, who rules over slaves and who has no community of interest with them. Faith in the Fatherhood of God is the radical distinction between Christianity and Mohammedanism.

We do find traces of this conception in some ancient faiths. As far as we can see it was the oldest conception of God in some of the old religions of the world which are now dead, but whose records are

still preserved to us. We have the witness to it in the oldest name given to God in the Latin and in the Sanscrit language, the meaning of which is Heaven-Father. But the traces of such a faith are few, and it has nowhere been stable. By the time the records of those religions, now preserved to us, were composed, the conception of God as a Father had faded away. Either, as in Greece and in Rome, He had come to be looked on only as the father of the gods, and the faith had sunk to a degraded polytheism; or, as in India, He had come to be looked on as the father of all things, and it had sunk to an inane pantheism—an illustration of the fact that faith in the Fatherhood of God cannot maintain itself among large numbers of men so long as it stands alone. In so far as the religions of India and of the East are concerned, they differ from Christianity in ignoring not only the Fatherhood, but also the personality and even the existence of a supreme God, while for the real satisfaction of their religious needs they turn to the worship of idols and devils.

Faith in the Fatherhood of God has never had a stable hold on the religious thought of man except in the Christian religion. It was first clearly taught, or rather assumed as the basis of His teaching, by Jesus. He first showed that the true relation of the soul to God is that of a child to a father, with the fear and obedience, the love and confidence, which that implies. Since He appeared this conception of God has never been entirely lost. Sometimes, indeed, the idea of the Kingdom of God has crushed out the sense of His Fatherhood, and brought the Christian into a bondage as grievous as that of the Jew. But the conception revealed by Jesus has always re-asserted itself, and is at the present day dominating with greater power than ever the religious thought of Christendom.

And what has given faith in the Fatherhood of God this unfailing vitality in Christianity is that it is indissolubly linked with faith in the Brotherhood of God. There are those who reject the divinity of Christ, who yet affirm most fervently the Fatherhood of God. But they may be looked on as individual cases; their successors almost inevitably drift off towards rationalism or pantheism. It is only in the line of orthodox Christianity that faith in the Fatherhood of God is unfaltering, for it is there, too, that faith in the divinity of Christ is also maintained. And this means faith in the Brotherhood of God. The formula which Christ gave is "the Father and the Son," not "the Father and the Brother." The former describes their relation to one another; the latter their relation to man. The doctrine of the Trinity, when looked at by itself, seems a piece of profitless metaphysics. When looked at in its relation to humanity, it becomes a truth of the deepest practical significance. When we hear of an eternal divine Son, we listen to it as an abstract truth which concerns

us not at all. When we think of Him as an eternal divine Brother, the heart springs to it as the response to a craving which it profoundly feels. The conception of God as a Father alone leaves a blank in the soul. There are some things for which a child, or even a man, would rather go to his brother than to his father. There may be, for instance, the consciousness of disobedience, of having lost, or deserved to lose, his father's favour. Then the help and mediation of a true brother is prized and looked to. And this is supremely the case in relation to the Heavenly Father. It avails nothing to say that that only shows the blindness and ignorance of men—that God is love, waiting to welcome back the prodigal. Men are blind and ignorant. Everywhere they have felt the need of mediation with God. No one can have mingled much with idolaters without having noticed this. Behind all the idols which they worship they have the conception of a supreme God, and the idols are so many means of approaching him. Their idea is very much that of a ruler who can be approached only by paying court to the officials about him. Even Mohammedanism, which is supposed to be the religion which teaches the most direct access to God, is in some countries overrun with saint-worship; and the same may be said of Christianity when it has lost sight of the divine Fatherhood. True Christianity recognises this need in man, but teaches that it is responded to in God Himself; that the divine Son is for us the divine Brother, who supplies all those needs that men have sought in vain to supply for themselves.

There is another side on which the craving after the Brotherhood of God has found expression, and that is in seeking help for what is beyond man's power to accomplish alone. We see this in the demigods of Greek and Roman mythology, and in the avatars of Hinduism. Each of these is represented as coming to earth to do some great work that needed to be done—delivering the earth from monsters that were oppressing it, or saving it from cataclysms that were menacing it. What is this but man attributing to a brother-god the accomplishment of a work that he felt to be beyond himself? Whenever man looks out from himself at any of the problems of the universe, he is confronted by tasks that seem beyond him, and capable of being achieved by divine power alone. It is true that he is coming to realise that many things which he once entrusted to supernatural power he must now meet with the means entrusted to him by God: that for meeting disease, for overcoming natural difficulties, for all that pertains to this life, he must look to his own efforts, and look to God only for the blessing of His providence. But there remain death and the life beyond, which he feels himself unable to meet, and in view of which he craves the help of a power beyond his own. And to this craving Christianity responds by pointing him to the Son of

the Father in heaven, who is therefore his divine Brother, and who, by death and resurrection, has shown His power to do a brother's part in the world to come as well as in this world.

Here we may answer the question suggested some pages back: What is it that so distinguishes Christ from other religious teachers as to put Him in a different category? And we see that it rests on the conception of God which He presented. In bidding His disciples baptize the nations into the name of the Son as well as of the Father, He gave them a view of God which enabled them to see in Himself one truly divine as well as truly a brother man. Other religions claim to have incarnations as objects of worship, though they are at best more like travesties of an incarnation than anything else; but none of these incarnations founded a religion. Other religions have their founders; but no one of them claims, nor is it claimed for him, that he is an incarnation of the Deity. The claim of Jesus to teach a new faith as the Son of God is quite unique among founders of religion, and puts Him in a different category from them; but the claim is grounded in the view of God which He presents, and which makes possible the divine Brotherhood.

And it is faith in the Brotherhood of God which has begotten faith in the brotherhood of man. Logically, no doubt, it follows from the Fatherhood of God, but this has not been the result when that doctrine has stood alone. There is no trace of such a belief among those nations that seem at one time to have had faith in God as a Father. It is a fruit of Christianity. Christ did not formally teach that all men are brethren, but He assumed it in His teaching. If it be denied, then His teaching is meaningless; and wherever His religion has spread, this great truth has come to be recognised, to influence society, and to guide legislation. It has even maintained its ground where the truths on which it is founded have been rejected. And I believe it is not so much the Fatherhood of God as the Brotherhood of God which has led to this result. I question whether even the prayer which Christ taught His Disciples—"Our Father which art in heaven"—could have secured this result, had it not been for His words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me." The fact that the divine Brother looks on all men as brethren, and requires His disciples to treat them as such, forces them to look on one another as such. However different from us may be their tribe and tongue, however low and degraded may be their position, if they come within the sweep of the words "these my brethren," we dare not exclude them from that bond. We thus reach a basis for the brotherhood of man that cannot be questioned. We may leave the various theories regarding the origin of man to be debated without any anxiety as to



their affecting the ground on which we stand. We regard all men as brethren, because they are included in the Brotherhood of Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God. It is the Brotherhood of God which secures the practical application of the Fatherhood of God in the brotherhood of man, and enables Christianity to affirm this truth with a power that no other religion can.

The Companionhood of God is the best word I can get to describe the relation of God to man described by the Holy Spirit. "A Paraclete (helper or comforter) who shall abide with you for ever," is the description which our Lord gives of the office and work of the Holy Spirit. There is in this something more than Fatherhood, for a father might be far off and inaccessible to us, though he loved us; something more than Brotherhood, for a brother, too, might be out of our reach, though he was working for us. It brings these two relationships into actual touch with us. Without it God would still be an incomplete God, one who must still be a stranger to us; with it He is brought near, and can be conceived of as nearer than the nearest earthly friend.

Though none of the world-religions have this conception of God as a Companion, though it forms one of the most marked differences between them and Christianity, yet they have sought, after their own way, to meet man's craving for such a God. Men have always desired intercourse with a supernatural power; not merely power to pray to God with the assurance that He hears, but communication from Him regarding His will and purposes. We find this expressed among the nations of antiquity in the various oracles which they were wont to consult. We find it expressed by individuals among them who had risen to a high sense of spiritual need—as Socrates among the Greeks and Numa Pompilius among the Romans—by their resorting to the supernatural guidance which they believed they had. Examples are to be found in modern heathenism also. In India it is, as a rule, only among the priests of the lower forms of religion that men are to be found who profess to have this dæmonic intercourse, but they are consulted by all classes of the people. Within Christendom itself the readiness to consult spæ-wives and fortune-tellers, the vagaries of spiritualism and theosophy, show the craving of the human mind for intercourse with a higher intelligence, which will seek out ways for itself when it is not prepared to accept that which God has provided.

This craving Christianity meets by teaching that the Holy Spirit is given to guide individuals and to guide the Church. He is promised only in connection with the spiritual life, not to teach knowledge that man can acquire by his natural powers. By His help the inspired volume was written to teach man the truth he needs to know for

that life; and to every one who seeks it that help is given to enable him to understand and obey that truth.

And here we find the answer to the question put before: What distinguishes the power of Christianity from the power of other religions? As the divine Brotherhood, underlying the person of Christ, distinguishes Him from all other religious teachers, so the Companionhood of God in the Holy Spirit distinguishes the power of Christianity from that of all other religions, and gives it a vitality that can fail only with the failure of divine power itself. In the manifestation of this power in the world, human elements have often so mingled as to make it seem scarcely at all different from that of other religions. When once Christianity had won the head of the Roman Empire, its progress became as much political as religious. When it won the kings of the barbarian nations that overthrew that empire, their subjects at their command were received by baptism into the Christian Church. That was the kingdom of this world uniting itself with the kingdom of Christ, and corrupting it in the process. The results of that are to be seen now in the state of Christendom, in the low level of life and ideal in most of its Churches, in their apparent powerlessness to grapple with the evils of society, in the alienation of the masses of the population from even a nominal profession of Christianity. The spread of the nations of Christendom among the heathen races shows an external spread of Christianity, but is in many respects one of the greatest obstacles to the true spread of that religion. The policy of these nations and the lives of their representatives cause the religion whose name they bear to stink in the nostrils of the heathen among whom they live. It might seem that Christianity had proved a failure; and there are those who say that it has, and that its failure must constantly become more manifest.

But no one who knows what Christianity is has any fear of that, because he knows that its power rests not on man's wisdom, but on the presence of the divine Spirit. He can see how in times past that Spirit has worked, awakening a powerful life in the midst of apparently hopeless deadness, with apparently the most inadequate means. He has learned to look for the manifestation of that power just when to human view all seems most hopeless.

It is here that the difference between Christianity and other faiths becomes most marked. In many of their modes of propagation we may trace close likeness. When we have mentioned the self-evidencing power of the truth, we have mentioned the highest reliance of the advocate of any non-Christian religion. But even with that the Christian advocate feels his own weakness. He may present it so as to silence any gainsayer, but he knows that that will not win him to Christ unless the Holy Spirit carry conviction to his heart. And

with the aid of the Spirit a simple statement of the truth may have as much effect. The evangelist who goes among the slums goes with the conviction that he has with him a power that can raise the most degraded life into one of respectability and godliness; the missionary who goes to convert the heathen, goes depending on the same Spirit to turn idolaters from idols to the true God. He feels that he has most hope of success when he is away from his fellow countrymen with their distorted presentation of Christianity, and none but the divine Companion to enforce the truth which he teaches.

In the name, then, into which Christ bade His Disciples baptize the nations, "the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit," we have a conception of God which distinguishes Christianity from all other religions, and in thereby presenting to man the Fatherhood, the Brotherhood, and the Companionhood of God it responds to man's religious aspirations as no other religion does. There is a tendency among the advocates of Christianity to keep this truth in the background as a mystery which it is better not to deal with. But this is taking from Christianity what commends it to the heart of man. It is giving ground for the contention that there is no fundamental difference between Christianity and other religions.

### III.

"That repentance or remission of sins should be preached in Christ's name among all the nations" is the message which Christianity bears to the world. The loftiest conception of God is valueless for moulding the lives of men and of nations if it has not a message accompanying it worthy of the God who gives it. Is the message which Christianity bears as distinctive as the God whom it proclaims, and as responsive to the wants of mankind? Its two key-words are Repentance and Remission of sin. The former declares the duty of man, the latter the gift of God.

Repentance does not mean the acceptance of a new God or of a new law, but a change of mind with regard to a God and a law already made known. It was to be preached among all the nations; therefore it must mean turning towards a God already revealed, and towards a law already delivered to them.

This indicates the relation of Christianity to the religions of the world. Its mission is not to destroy, but to fulfil; to complete and enforce all that is true and divine in them, and to purge away all that is false. In the sacred books of other religions we meet with conceptions of God, of His greatness, goodness, and wisdom, that might be appropriated in Christian teaching; expressions of faith, penitence, and hope that might express Christian devotion; teachings

with regard to life and duty that seem anticipations of the Sermon on the Mount. Hostile critics of Christianity have pointed to these as evidence that its claim to be the absolute religion must be abandoned; timid believers in Christianity have sought to prove how inferior these conceptions are to those of the Bible; whereas the true position of Christianity is simply that it postulates them all. It postulates among all men a revelation of God, and a power of apprehending that revelation sufficient to make them without excuse if they glorify Him not as God. It postulates a knowledge of the law of God written on their hearts sufficient to convict them if they do not obey it. These are commonplaces of Christianity, and it is absurd to suppose that this power of God-knowledge should always have remained latent in man without having found expression. In that case there would have been no evidence that Christ had any warrant to call men to repentance. As it is, He has by that simple word put Himself into touch with the religious conscience of humanity as no other teacher has done.

And by that word, too, He has called that conscience from all falsehood. False conceptions of God and of His law had so perverted men's minds that the loathsome opposite of all that true religion requires had come to be practised under the name of religion. So it was when Christ gave His message to the world; so it is among heathen nations still. We find among them a sense of God, after a fashion, or a sense of His law, but not both combined. Those religious systems in which we find the moral law most clearly expressed, such as Buddhism and Confucianism, are atheistic, or at all events ignore God as an element to be taken into account. Among those religions that recognise supernatural power and teach the necessity of worship the law of religion is generally divorced from the law of morality. The latter has its place only in making the worshippers feel the need of an atonement, which religion provides by its ceremonial, its sacrifices, its penances; and the practical outcome of religion in such cases is that, if these be attended to, morality may be disregarded. Thus we have either the divine law without any claim to the divine sanction, or the claim to the divine sanction without the teaching of the divine law. Both have been equally powerless to bring men into subjection to God and to His law. And the voices that have given expression to true sentiments of faith and conduct have been sufficient only to condemn those among whom they were uttered.

Christ called men back to God and back to His law. He did so first by showing to the world the true ideal of the God towards whom they were to turn and of the law which they were to obey. In this Christ is allowed to be peerless. He has gathered the broken lights that have dimly lit up other faiths into one great light. He has

presented a view of God such as had never been imagined before and has never been approached since. He has taught and exemplified the divine law as no one else has ever done—the law of being like our Father in heaven, showing our love of Him in love of our fellow men, doing service to Him by doing it to them—the highest ideal of faith and life which the world has seen.

In all this it may be said that Christ is only the first—though a long way the first—of all teachers, and Christianity only the highest—though far the highest—of all religions, yet that the difference is only in degree, not in kind. But the real force of the message of repentance does not refer so much to the ideal presented as to the obligation of striving to attain that ideal. And this is what Christ insisted on in His teaching as no other teacher has done. Not those who called Him Lord were to enter the kingdom of heaven, but those who did the will of His Father in heaven. For those who had nothing more than profession to offer He had nothing more to promise than the sentence, "I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Yet it would not be fair to other masters to say that even in this Christ is entirely distinct from them. Whether expressed or not, the obligation to carry out in practice the precepts they give is implicit in their teaching. If Christianity had nothing more distinctive in its teaching it could only be a splendid failure.

But we come to the point in which the call to repentance in Christianity claims to be essentially distinct from that in all other religions. It is dynamic; it claims to be accompanied with power. Divine help is promised to all who truly seek to turn to God and to do His will. "The kingdom of God is not in word but in power," is the characterisation of Christianity by its most powerful advocate. I have already shown how this is inherent in the conception of God which it presents; and when it is a question of the conduct of life which it requires, that conception is seen to be not merely theoretical, but intensely practical. The meaning of the Holy Spirit is that God is Himself present to help those who seek Him. He produces that change of character and aims, which is called the new birth, which makes repentance a real and practical thing for man, which enables him to have communion with God and to do His will.

It is beyond the scope of this paper to trace the working out of this power either in individuals or nations—the struggle of the divine principle with the mass of human error and passion and weakness with which it comes into contact. It is enough to point out that Christianity teaches that behind the call to repentance there is the power of God.

Repentance, however, does not mean perfection. That is its ultimate aim, but it may have to start from the lowest depths of moral

waste, and to work through constant failure to its goal. So that repentance does not meet the whole problem; it only leads up to the question which is the *crux* of every religion: how to meet the consciousness of guilt in the heart of man. Even where there has been sincere repentance there is the consciousness of past sins and of present failure. How is this to be met? Christianity replies with its other key-word: Forgiveness, the remission of sins. In this it is not only different from other religions; it is antagonistic. Christianity meets the problem with the act of God; other religions meet it with the act of man. Christianity teaches that, to those who repent, sins are forgiven; other religions teach that they must be atoned for by the sinner himself, by sufferings or penances, by sacrifices or offerings to the gods.

Some systems, such as Buddhism and Hinduism, put the atonement entirely beyond the option of the sinner, and teach that the fruit of every deed that man now does must be reaped in some future birth. But the popular instinct has overridden this philosophy, and has had recourse to all the elaborate ceremonial of the cults of these faiths to obviate the necessity of some at least of these penal births. The general teaching of heathen religions is that the wrath of the gods is to be averted by offerings in their temples, by pilgrimages to their shrines, by the performance of rites and other such things, which leave the worshipper doubtful whether he has done enough and whether all may not be an utter failure. Even Mohammedanism, which has borrowed so much from Christianity, is at variance with it on this point. It calls God the Merciful, but opens heaven only to those who perform the five ordinances. The Brahmo-Somaj, which claims to have assimilated Christianity, is on this point antagonistic to it, and at one with Hinduism; maintaining "that every sinner must sooner or later suffer the consequences of his own sins either in this world or the next."

In opposition to this Christianity teaches the Remission of sins, that to God belongs the same prerogative of forgiveness which man is conscious that he himself possesses—"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Man's spiritual instinct has led him at times to appeal to this divine prerogative. In some of the old Accadian and Aryan hymns we meet with confessions of sins and supplications for mercy, which show that human needs are the same in all ages and in all races, and that in them all is to be found a sense of the source whence alone the response must come. But nowhere do we find a sense of the response having been given; rather is there the need expressed of securing the remission of sins by sacrifices and ceremonies.

It is when we come to the sacred writings of the Hebrews that we find the consciousness both of the need and of the response. In the Prophets we have the promise of forgiveness, and in the Psalms the

enjoyment of forgiveness expressed. And Christ, in fulfilment thereof, commanded forgiveness to be preached as the consummation of His work in the world: "Thus it is written that the Christ should suffer, and rise again on the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name." It is the cross of Christ which has given the message of divine forgiveness power with men, and made them feel that it is a reality. It is also the cross that has been the main stumbling-block in the way of its acceptance; and we cannot expect that what has been from the beginning will cease to be so now. But there is one point of view in which the message of forgiveness through the cross cannot be questioned. There can be no doubt that Christ had the cross to forgive, and that He did forgive it. There are those who deny that there is any such thing as sin in the sense of its implying guilt deserving punishment, who maintain that it is the result of heredity, of defective education, and of evil surroundings; and that it is unjust to blame a man because he cannot escape from these things, and because their fruit appears in him. How does this theory stand the concrete case of the cross? No one will question the cruel outrage it inflicted on Christ, the bitter shame and agony which it caused Him, or the responsibility and guilt of those who inflicted it; and there can be as little doubt that He entirely forgave them all. That is an example of how we should forgive, but it is also a revelation of how God forgives. It is the Word of Forgiveness made flesh, and it is the distinctive glory of Christianity that it has such a message to bear to the world.

Unfortunately, the Church has not been content to give the message in its simplicity. In the Apostles' Creed it is stated simply; in the Nicene Creed it is stated, conditioned by baptism; from the Athanasian Creed it has disappeared altogether. By the time it was promulgated the Church had begun to concern itself with the method of forgiveness more than with the fact of forgiveness. Various theories of the atonement have been propounded by Christian theologians which need not detain us. They have this in common, that they put the atonement in the hands of God, not of man, and thus practically secure the result of divine forgiveness, though some of them limit its scope very much. It is, perhaps, an intellectual necessity that such theories should be formulated, but they must not be mistaken for that with which they seek to deal—the message of Christianity to the world. That message, delivered to it by its divine Founder, remains ever the same—Forgiveness conditioned by Repentance. It calls men to repent: to turn to God and do His will; and to all who do so it assures forgiveness of sins—a message so simple and so adapted to man's requirements that it needs only to be stated for its reasonableness and truth to become apparent. There is just this danger, that it may seem to be merely an ideal, beautiful in its symmetry, but

impossible to convert into reality; that it calls man to a life beyond his power, and promises a response of which there can be no assurance. But the message of Christianity cannot be separated from the God it proclaims. It teaches that behind the call to repentance there is the power of the Holy Spirit—that behind the assurance of forgiveness there is the work of Christ, filling the ideal with spiritual reality, and making it a practical power in the lives of those who accept it. In the message which it brings, as well as in the God whom it proclaims, Christianity is quite distinct from all other religions.

JOHN ROBSON.



## IRISH ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

**O**N the extreme northern borders of Hampshire are the wonderful excavations which have revealed to the modern world the remains of the ancient Romano-British town of Silchester. Within the weather-worn walls, which once looked down upon the varied daily life of the great world-conquerors, fields of corn now wave over a long-buried past. And still, as the golden grain ripens to harvest, may clearly be traced through it the intersecting streets of the once populous city. For centuries the soil now covering them has been renewed by all the ceaseless agencies of heaven. But still, as the roots strike down to starve upon the hard, unyielding tiles, "the sickly plants betray a niggard earth." There, in clearly defined paths, the crop is, and will be for ages still to come, a scanty one. There is the focus of disease infecting and impoverishing the whole.

Though it may generally be considered waste of effort to dig up old grievances, it is impossible to study effects without being carried back to causes. None who compares the Ireland of to-day with Swift's "Injured Lady" of the eighteenth century can fail to see in her present condition the indelible marks of that oppressive legislation against which his bitterest sarcasms were hurled. It is writ large in the character of the nation "for whose worst wants we are responsible, without her wit to help us to an excuse." The Ireland of to-day is the legacy of a system which deliberately aimed at the prevention of education, at least among Roman Catholics, the destruction of every incentive to energy, and the strangling of every industry the competition with which threatened inconvenience to English merchants and manufacturers.

That policy, at least, is a thing of the past. English statesmen to-day would rather see Ireland educated and industrious than

illiterate and idle. As we sowed, so are we reaping; and the crop likes us not. But we have something more to do than to pluck out the weeds, and to abstain from encouraging a renewed growth of the same in the future: we have to restore the soil to a condition which shall enable it to bring forth a harvest of a different kind.

For the worst result of that evil old policy was not the mere economic effect, cruel enough as that was in all conscience. The old handicrafts, for which Ireland was once famous, perished; the woollen trade was smothered; agriculture was degraded to a condition more barbarous and reckless than is to be found anywhere else in Europe; the country became, in Carlyle's words, "like a gentleman thrown into the workhouse." But the moral result was even more fundamentally, more vitally disastrous. The Celtic temperament may account for much; encouraged by the meteorological conditions of a country the excessive humidity of which is greatly in excess even of its actual rainfall, a strenuous objection to systematic exertion may be hard to eradicate from it. But, instead of eradicating, we did our best by centuries of misgovernment to foster it. "The nature of a man runs either to herbs or to weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other," said Bacon. We did. But it was the weeds we watered, the herbs we destroyed.

Now we have to deal with the character thus generated. Ireland is going to occupy a considerable share of the time and attention of her Majesty's Ministers during the present session. Nevertheless, the long-looked-for measure for establishing a Central Department of Agriculture and Industry appears to be indefinitely and irrevocably postponed. Yet, bitter as is the disappointment of this decision to those whose hopes were centred in the schemes set forth in the admirable and deeply interesting Report of the Recess Committee, those hopes were, perhaps, a little premature. For, in order to give effect to this elaborate and ambitious plan for technical education, it would seem that a tolerable system of primary education is a preliminary imperatively demanded. The foundations must be laid on which the edifice is to be constructed, and there was some danger that we were about to waste time and effort over the process of building our house of education upon the sand. To expect that a people so hopelessly illiterate and uninstructed as the mass of the Irish peasantry can or will develop the intelligent working capacity of the skilled artisan, is to demand of them bricks without straw or even stubble. The industrial regeneration of the country depends, first of all, upon the reform of its primary education. To raise this out of its present state of deplorable inefficiency, and to convert rural opinion to seeing the necessity for a more enlightened system, are the problems that face us, if we desire, by any means, to provide a tardy remedy for the results of the unjust and selfish policy of past centuries.

Let us, however, avoid misconception. The basis of our contention is not that this, that, or the other subject in particular should be taught and is not, but that the character and capacities of the grown man depend very largely on the way in which he was taught when a young boy. Primary education is the education given during the years when the child is forming the habits of industry, concentration, perseverance—or the reverse. After that time is passed, if the wrong habits have been formed, there is exceedingly little chance of making him an efficient workman or a useful citizen: whereas, if the right habits have been formed, he will be both anxious and able to avail himself of all possible means to promote his own efficiency. The present system of primary education is eminently calculated to foster that indolent recklessness which is the curse of the Irish people. The children grow up without ever grasping the notion that continuous concentrated effort can possibly be worth while.

Consequently the people acquiesce apathetically in their conditions of life, because the effort of doing anything else is too much. At intervals they indulge, for the sake of variety, in outbursts of impulsive defiance, because, when the impulse is aroused, self-control demands effort. They are, in short, satisfied to drift. How can a population which is content with transacting business in donkey-carts do anything else? To-day, or to-morrow, or next week is all the same. As long as they feel like that, how can you get any progress? They have to be trained to feel that effort is *worth while*, even for its own sake. The spirit of enterprise needs to be revived. It is an ordinary thing for able-bodied men of mature age to spend the best years of their lives as labourers on their fathers' farms, as a matter of course earning no regular wages, and giving all that they have to offer, the strength of their arms, in return for board, lodging, clothing, and an occasional shilling or two for pocket-money. Many a Scottish crofter dreams, and more than dreams, of seeing one of his sons in the ministry. Here the giddiest height of aspiration is a place in the Constabulary. The lack of mental and moral training, and the downright ignorance resulting inevitably from the educational conditions, leave the peasant lad neither anxious nor fit to find new surroundings, or to improve those in which he is placed.

Here, then, is the work which education has to do—to begin with the child at the beginning; to influence and mould the temperament at its most susceptible period; to train the mind to the habits of thought and action which, once thoroughly formed, constitute so large a part of character; to impart the instruction which makes possible the later acquisition of skill. How far does the present system of Irish elementary education serve these ends, bringing forth power and capacity and "sweet reasonableness"? Does it help, as Milton put it, to "fit a man to fulfil justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices,

public and private, of peace and of war"? Is it, in more practical language, an adequate basis for the schemes of technical education lately under discussion? To find the answer to these questions was the object with which the facts herein set forth were collected.

Coming, then, from the general to the particular: the statements and opinions here expressed are derived from a careful study of the conditions of rural life within a limited area, from personal investigation of twenty-four schools therein, and from the valuable testimony of a large number of elementary teachers, school-managers, priests, and the more intelligent of the inhabitants. With the exceptions of the large and excellently conducted industrial school of Artane, and the Poor-law schools of the city of Dublin, the area described is within the county of Wicklow; of which it may be remarked in passing that, by comparison with such districts as Donegal and Connemara, extreme poverty cannot be said to exist there. As in Thackeray's time, one may see here "more health, more beauty, and more shoes than are to be found elsewhere."

The first impression to be received is that whatever working capacity exists is allowed to run utterly to waste without let or hindrance, because no opportunities for development are to be found. From the land nothing more than a bare subsistence can be obtained, owing to a total ignorance of all agricultural science and a corresponding dislike and distrust of it; so that those in whom the spirit of enterprise is not altogether dead are driven to pursue their fortunes elsewhere. The great residuum provides no material for improvement. With proper material, many of the industries recommended by the Recess Committee would afford excellent careers for young men and women of promise; but the door to success is barred by the hopeless illiteracy which acts as a canker, eating away the root of healthy national life. As in Swift's day, "at least five children out of six who are born lie a dead weight upon us for want of employment," because they are not fit for employment that demands intelligent application and skill. Their school education leaves them no chance in competition with other and better-instructed nations. Were they capable of doing the work, the work would be there to do in ever-increasing quantity; till they are capable, it is vain to provide it. It is very rarely that a lad can rise even to the heights of the three known ambitions, and become a member of the Constabulary, get into Guinness's brewery, or start a co-operative dairy. They cannot pass the standards for the two first, and the third is merely a rainbow vision.

As with the boys, so with the girls. What prospect is there of their availing themselves of the opportunities which the Recess Committee's scheme would endeavour to place before them? As the boys follow in their fathers' footsteps, swelling the ranks of agricultural labourers, so the girls, endowed with the curse of Father Adam

to find in their own neighbourhoods the better the more schools to build than the country in the old and new parishes in which commissionaires were not to be met in the middle generation the incidents, improve-ments, mismanagement which is the case of their houses. It is true that by the increasing liberality of the National Board, a staff of teachers has been provided—use of them for all persons. *Consequently* in some cases are obtaining a remunerating influence but in our district they remain inactive. No attempt had been made in any such direction in any single school visited.

In the report of the House Committee we find it stated in the testimony of the late President Commissioner of national education that the idea of introducing practical agricultural teaching into the elementary schools was accepted in the country with enthusiasm. If that were so, the enthusiasm has had plenty of time to cool down into indifference before anything has been done to make use of it. The Treasury has all through set its face against the adoption of practical schemes for agricultural instruction. The agricultural course included in the code for boys above the fourth class in the primary schools is a serious matter illustrated by means of school-gardens. At this moment thirty schools out of a total of 3515 have gardens attached; and yet market gardening is an industry for which, with the one important exception of education, Ireland has all the necessary elements for success. In one district of Wicklow an attempt was made about two years ago to introduce bee-keeping as a village industry; the villagers were started with hives and bees. But they had none of the knowledge or intelligence necessary to success, and, like everything else, the attempt failed; there are no hives now to be seen in the parish. Again, flax-growing is, according to the report before mentioned, a possible and desirable Irish industry, and "in no country are the natural conditions more favourable to dairy work." According to the same report, the bacon trade is also declining, because, while Ireland has remained stationary, Denmark has been improving its quality of bacon by the introduction of new brands, and by a more rational system of feeding. But for all these developments a higher degree of intelligence is needed than the primary education of the country affords.

Some sort of skill in needlework would seem to be not only appropriate but necessary to the female population. Yet in some cases the girls are not even taught needlework. Where the school is in charge of a master, and the average attendance of girls is under twenty, the Board does not provide a work-mistress at all. Here and there, almost exclusively in Protestant schools, the omission is made good by private individuals; but in these cases, as often as not, the mistress provided is only the well-intentioned but thoroughly unqualified daughter of a neighbouring farmer, whose success is by

no means proportioned to the magnitude of her efforts. When the Board does supply mistresses, they are sometimes obliged—owing to the isolation of the schools—to live at a distance of two, three, or even four miles, tramping to and fro in all weathers, and giving a couple of hours daily instruction—for £12 per annum. To suppose that decently efficient teaching can be procured on such terms would be ridiculous. The code, however, propounds, as its “alternative” scheme for the sixth class, instruction in dress-making, washing, weaving, lace-making, and embroidery, &c. It might as well propose a course of Hegel.

As for manual instruction, in 1894-5 it was attempted in only fifteen schools throughout Ireland. So far as we could ascertain, it is now taught in one school only in County Wicklow—the Protestant school of Bray—where the master is making a meritorious attempt, on one evening of the week, to teach the rudiments of carpentry to a class of twenty boys. Drawing was taught in three only among the schools visited. Any general attempt at manual instruction is manifestly a sheer impossibility without an increase of the teaching staff; nor can such instruction have a chance of success, without drawing as a foundation, or while the training of general intelligence is so backward.

Regular attendance at school till a late age is now universally admitted to be an essential condition for any effective use of State-aided technical instruction, if only as forming habits of industry and regularity, and for the bracing effect upon the mind of a continuous and steady application. Scotland has demonstrated the truth of this, by the marked success of her sons and daughters in all branches of higher State-aided education. We have but to glance at the Educational Reports of last year, for the two countries, to see the reason for the vital difference that exists between them in this respect. While the average attendance in Scotland, out of a total on the registers of 719,934, was 601,518 (80 per cent.), out of a total on the Irish registers of 1,018,408, the average attendance was 519,515 (52 per cent.); and only 590,114 made the hundred attendances which qualify for examination. The result is that, although many of the children nominally remain at school until a far later age than is customary in England, they leave still unable to read with sufficient ease to enjoy reading for its own sake, to write a decent or intelligible letter, or to work out the simplest sum correctly. In 1881, 21·4 per cent. of the men, and 23·2 per cent. of the women in Ireland who were married, signed the register by their mark. If it be true that every child of ten who cannot pass above Standard III. must be reckoned a failure, then Irish education as a whole stands condemned. In almost every school great strapping lads and lasses of fourteen, fifteen and sixteen may be seen lisping in infant numbers amongst children of the

third and fourth classes. In every case the number in the upper classes is disastrously small, while the number of scholars over fourteen is exceptionally large.

Perhaps a few figures will best illustrate the ordinary condition of some of these schools :

(No. 1) 79 on roll ; average attendance, 40 ; 35 present when visited. (No. 2) 55 on roll ; average attendance, 30 ; 12 present. In this case the girls were said to be harvesting ; the boys to be taking pigs to Rathdrum Fair. There was a girl of eighteen in the fourth class, and two boys of fourteen were in the third. No sixth class. The children in this school were said by the teachers to be up very early helping in farm-work before school. Many of them live three miles off, and are weary and dull before school begins. (No. 3) 78 on roll ; average attendance, 40. A boy of twelve in the first class ; four children of fifteen in the fourth class. Teaching and attention very indifferent. The infants were simply playing at the back of the room ; while the master and a monitor of thirteen were striving to impart instruction to the upper classes. (No. 4) 50 on roll ; attendance when visited, 20. None over fourth class present. Absentees *said* to be harvesting ; but could be seen playing in the lanes almost within sight of the school-house door. Many on the rolls over fourteen ; but no sixth class. (No. 5) 86 on roll ; average attendance, 48 ; 26 present. Fifty only qualified last year for examination. (No. 6) 70 on roll ; average attendance, 40 ; 21 present.

This incorrigible truancy is one of the most discouraging features of a discouraging system. In some few of the towns only has an abortive attempt at compulsory attendance been lately introduced. In the rural districts, public opinion is said to be strongly against it ; but, in the opinion of all teachers, it is the only remedy for the present low standard of education. When once established it would, they believe, meet with little or no opposition from parents, who would accept it sooner than take the trouble to oppose it. Voluntary effort and moral force are alike powerless where the mass of the population is illiterate, and looks upon education as so much time wasted out of deference to the prejudices of the upper classes. If ever a nation needed the best intelligence of its people, and as much of it as can be had, that nation is Ireland. It does not *pay* to pursue a system by which ability runs to seed, and ambition fails to find a remunerative outlet. It is expensive because it involves an utter waste of ninety-nine-hundredths of the education that *is* given, and does not develop such powers of work as would more than repay the cost of education in the long run.

As to the causes of non-attendance, distance and weather, the usual pleas urged in excuse, really count for very little. The children do, it is true, often come long distances over the hills, but not farther than

in many parts of Scotland, where the average rate of attendance is good. They will go quite as far to market or to fair; and with their happy art of making the best of things, treat extremes of wet and cold with light-hearted contempt. But the same little bare feet that, in the pursuit of pleasure, spurn the heather—whose owners display all the genius for manœuvre which has produced some of the finest generals of the world, discovering short cuts invisible to Anglo-Saxon eyes, making guides of the dry channels of water-courses, availing themselves of perilous “foot-sticks” when the streams overflow their beds, and of the lie of every scrap of shelter when the wild winter storms sweep over the hills—will linger as if loaded with lead when creeping along the “iligant” high road, oh how unwillingly, to school! And the same children who, in school, can with difficulty add up a few simple figures, may be seen driving their little bargains at the fair with a ‘cuteness worthy of Houndsditch. The result of diligence in the one case is apparent enough. In the other it is not only unapparent but non-existent. There is no incentive to success, when success leads nowhere.

Urgent and reiterated remonstrances from priest and teachers may induce the parents to enter the names of the children at the beginning of a school term; but the unheard-of step of insisting on punctual attendance is entirely foreign to the easy-going Irish temperament. Either the parents go out to field-work in the early morning, leaving the children to their own devices, when they may be seen making companions of the pigs at the cabin door, or following in the wake of the tourist, speculating audibly on what they expect to make out of him, according to his manners or appearance; or the parents make use of them in the lighter tasks of agriculture. First comes harvesting, which serves as an excuse for absence till well on into October, when, with the advent of bad weather, the elder children are kept at home to look after the younger ones, who cannot travel along the flooded roads. With the first hint of spring comes potato-laying, seed-sowing, and stoning, followed by peat-cutting and shepherding; and, at all times and seasons, “the graces and anxieties of pig-driving,” which play so large a part in the life of an Irish child. And so, for one reason or another, the attendance, which rarely begins before seven years of age, and is only continued by fits and starts for a few months in the year, is all upon which the teachers have to depend for their results.

The late age at which anything like regular education may be said to begin seems to be due, in great measure, to the absence of separate infant departments. It is obviously out of the question for any one teacher to drive, much less to teach, an undisciplined swarm of children of all ages, and of both sexes, including truants, incorrigibles, and idlers, with the additional disadvantage of one room, singularly



ill adapted for the purpose, for the lot, and a miserably inadequate and antiquated supply of teaching apparatus. Where the one teacher is a man, the infants are the first to suffer. Evidently the task of implanting the seeds of instruction in the infant mind is not wholly congenial to the ordinary male being. Either he frightens them by ill-repressed fits of impatience, or he solves the difficulty by passing them over to the care of a monitor, who may be anything over the age of twelve. There is no systematic instruction of the infants, as it is carried on in England and Scotland. If they become too noisy, they are made to sit in class with their elder brothers and sisters, who exhort them to repentance by methods unrecognised by the authorities. The parents, only too well disposed to listen to their tales of woe, adopt the obvious expedient of keeping them at home, with an elder child or two as caretakers. Much of this difficulty would be removed by the substitution of female teachers in schools of this type. Seeing the low standard that is eventually reached by the mass of the scholars, it is of the utmost importance that the teaching of the lower classes should be thorough. It is there that the struggle is mainly carried on; it is there that we trace our sinners and our saints; it is there that the skilled teacher has his best chance of being a true "helper and friend to mankind."

Judging by County Wicklow, the prevalent English impression that the influence of the Roman Catholic priests is anti-educational is a complete error. As a rule, the priest is the one person who feels or displays any kind of interest in the matter at all; and his influence is at least employed to encourage attendance, and keep the children at school as long as possible. It would be too much to say, in regard to rural schools, that the priests' ideas on the subject are commonly progressive, but they do undoubtedly make it their business, by pressure both on children and on parents, to get the youngsters into school and to keep them there; occasionally by methods which may not meet with universal approbation. It is not rare for them to refuse to allow exemption from attendance until the pupil has been confirmed, and then to extend their period of control by devising excuses for deferring the rite till an age later than the customary one.

Poor as the teaching is, there is no question that its continuation to the latest age possible is the best course to be followed. The earlier a child leaves, the greater is the risk that he will betake himself to the down-hill path. Proofs are not to be derived from single instances, but a case in point may serve as an illustration. Tim was a youth of some intelligence and promise. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; Tim was therefore inspired with a laudable desire to feel himself the prop of her declining years. Hence he argued that it would be better to earn two shillings a week, and

place it proudly in his mother's hand, than to submit to clerical domination, and acquire useless knowledge. By dint of guile, he managed to secure exemption from school attendance at the mature age of eleven, and obtained a handsome wage of two shillings a week from a neighbouring farmer. For a time all went well. But presently the widow came to the excellent Father with a tale of woe. Her boy had ceased to contribute his earnings to the domestic hearth. The Father took council with himself, waylaid Tim, entrapped him into his study, and there—in the presence of a "big stick" whereof the local youth stood in no little awe—he extracted Tim's confession. He had been to the football field, and his coin had been hilariously expended in "thratin' the bhoys." This was a sad descent from his ideals, but the Father, by convincing arguments, obtained promises of amendment, and for some time the weekly two shillings flowed into the legitimate receptacle, being secured thereto by the assiduity with which the Father intercepted all attempts to join the "bhoys" before home was visited. But such watchful attention could not be constantly maintained, and Tim suddenly, if not softly, vanished away to the limbo of a Dublin reformatory school. From "thratin' the bhoys" he acquired a desire to "thrate" himself, and did it with a liberality which demanded seclusion accompanied by discipline at the hands of the authorities.

The axiom of King Solomon, that "in all labour there is profit," can only by the wildest stretch of imagination be made to apply to the thankless task of Irish school-teachers. They have all the drudgery of education, and none of its reward. There is no sufficient inducement to competent men and women to devote their best energies to a task so hopeless. With no sympathy in their work, living a life of extreme isolation, their aims bounded by the narrow experience of narrow lives, it is little to be wondered at if the tendency is to teach down to the level actually required of them. Many of them go into the work full of youthful ardour, eager for reforms; but overcrowded classes, underpay, the indifference and niggardly policy of authorities, soon take the heart out of them, and in the end they, too, learn to pronounce their shibboleths, and are content to get through the day's work as best they may. It is in regard to the teachers that the system of one-man management, either by priest or patron, is especially to be deplored, since, with this single exception, no visitor is ever known to enter the schools. Sparsely populated as the country is, it would, at any rate in Wicklow, be possible in most districts to find a few persons of intelligence willing to act as managers, to take some interest in education; and, above all, by kindly sympathy and encouragement, to brighten the dreary lives of the teachers.

Neither teachers nor schools have a chance while starved, as they

are, by the niggardly policy of the central authority. The schools, insufficient in accommodation and equipment for the existing demand, are miserably inadequate to what the demand ought to be. They are systematically denied the simplest educational requisites. Applications for books—and these half a century out of date—slates, &c., are only half granted, and that after an interval calculated to call Patience herself down from her monument. Many of the teachers supply out of their pittances the scanty maps and pictures with which they make a futile attempt to conceal the dilapidations of the buildings, which are ill ventilated, badly lighted, and often in an almost ruinous condition. The grant is grossly insufficient for the existing destitution of education; the monitorial system prevails to an injurious extent; and, with a strange and lamentable pertinacity, the National Board still clings to the pernicious method of payment by results—thus reducing education to the mechanical teaching which seeks its only inspiration in mechanical tests of value; and offering a distinct bribe, on the one hand, for the exclusion of the dull, on the other, for the discouragement of the exceptionally gifted. Without some radical reform in these respects the Irish peasantry must grow up in gross ignorance, so far as any practical benefit from the arts of reading and writing is concerned.

Nor does this complete the tale of the difficulties which the hapless teacher must face. The listlessness and apathy of the scholars, as such, are not the least of their troubles. For these, as well as for weak constitutions in after life, the length of the school-hours and the want of proper food are, in the opinion of the teachers, to a great extent responsible. School begins at 10 A.M. and continues, with an interval of half an hour, till 3 P.M. During these five hours the luckless children, many of whom have had but the veriest apology for a breakfast, followed by a walk of two, three, or even four hours, have to sustain their mental activity on crusts of bread or a few cold potatoes. Brain-power may practically be reduced to terms of food. If the growing bodies are habitually under nourished, the growing minds will suffer. But it is no less palpable that, in the present attitude of indifference to the advantages of education, it is impossible to exact two separate attendances in the day. Whatever may be the causes, the fact is patent that the children are dull, inattentive, and utterly devoid of the eager desire to learn which rejoices the heart of a Scottish teacher. To those accustomed to the quick responsiveness of Scottish scholars, the tongue-tied stolidity of these quick-witted Irish children is simply amazing. They make no pretence of answering the questions put to them. As a matter of course, the answer as well as the question comes from the master, and teachers and inspectors have alike given up in despair the task of overcoming this vacant stolidity. The shadow of civilisation has deprived them of their native charm of

spontaneous garrulity, without bestowing upon them, in exchange, the gift of educated speech.

That these things are by no means beyond remedy is proved by the immense contrast shown in the National Convent Schools, or by the example of such a school as that at Avoca, where the children displayed a readiness and intelligence which were surprising, at least by comparison. In the latter case, it may be that the explanation lies in the fact that the population of the famous vale, being, up to quite recent years, largely employed in working the copper-mines of Cronbane, was better off and better fed than the average. Yet the exception in village schools was the rule in the convent schools; primarily, no doubt, because of the affection and confidence inspired by the nuns, which of itself secures a much higher average of attendance, and enables them to exercise a most wholesome influence over their pupils.

In every case that came under our notice, the convent schools leave little to be desired. The buildings, in marked contrast to the makeshifts provided by the Board, serve as object-lessons, of which, unfortunately, but little use has been made. The Girls' National School of Rathdrum is within the convent buildings, and is entirely under the management of the nuns of the Order of Mercy. Here there is excellent classification of the children, who are taught by seven nuns and four monitresses. The three class-rooms are large, lofty, and well lighted; the behaviour of the pupils is natural and courteous, and order and discipline are maintained without apparent effort. In addition to the girls' school, there is, attached to the convent, an industrial home for boys between six and nine years of age, where fifty-nine little waifs and strays from the towns are mothered and taught by these gentle women, until they are old enough to be passed on to the larger industrial schools under the Brothers of Mercy. The Government grant of 5s. a week is only given for boys over six years of age, but children of five are often taken pity on by the nuns, and kept by them for a year at their own expense.

The Girls' National School attached to the convent at Bray is equally deserving of special mention. Here, in addition to the ordinary school routine, the nuns have established a little school of practical instruction in housewifery. A complete artisan's dwelling has been constructed for this purpose, and here the girls are taught every branch of house-work, including cooking and laundry-work, house-papering, painting, and decoration. The classes are very popular with the children, and an industrial training really worth the name is given to girls about to leave for domestic service. It is much to be desired that the recent donation of Lady Meath, for the purpose of instruction in domestic economy to the girls of the Poor-

law schools of Ireland, should be utilised on the same lines; though to hope for similar results under the present system of workhouse management is to expect myrtle to blossom in a sandy Sahara.

Deplorable as is the normal condition of the rural school, it is ideal as compared with that of those under the Poor-law. Here are none of the difficulties of non-attendance. The clay is ready to the hands of the potter; and incredibly barbarous are the methods employed for the moulding of the plastic material. In the smaller rural unions it is impossible to get really competent men and women to undertake work which, under the present *régime*, can do them no credit. Therefore we find inferior teachers, who are at best nothing more than mere painstaking drudges, carrying on a lifeless travesty of education in a school containing a dozen or so of lifeless scholars, while within a few hundred yards, as at Rathdrum, the national schools have accommodation beyond their needs. It is waste of power and money to keep these Poor-law schools going at all. The national schools would not only supply something of the competition element, which in the workhouse is entirely lacking, but would remove the children for a few hours daily from the terrible monotony of a life which deadens every natural faculty.

In the Dublin Unions the state of things is as bad as it can well be. In the South Union workhouse more than 30 per cent., both of boys and girls, were on the sick list; and 136 children in the infirmary were under the charge of one nun and one pauper assistant. The 105 pupils in the girls' school were being "educated" by one certified teacher, a nun, and thirteen pauper women as assistants, one of whom acted as work-mistress. In the infant school a child six or seven years old, and two pauper women, were teaching sixty-five infants. These "assistants" were of the ordinary pauper type, and utterly unfit for their work. The manners and speech of the girls were rough and low; they were lazy, slovenly, and sullen, reflecting the gravest discredit on the institution, which is responsible for their training as well as for their education. Beyond the purely mechanical scrubbing and mangling for the institution with which they are overburdened, they receive no industrial training whatever. The time that was formerly devoted to what by courtesy was given that name has by a recent order been set apart for the daily exercise. Constant and unrestricted intercourse with adult paupers counteracts any good influence which might otherwise be exercised by the one refined teacher allowed to them. The tone of the whole school has sunk far too low for her to raise it by her own unaided effort. Physically and morally, the girls are the natural result of such a system. They are dirty in person and habits, and if sent out at fifteen or so to situations as maids of all work, are constantly dismissed as unfit inmates of respectable homes.

In the boys' school of ninety-eight scholars, exclusive of those in the infirmary, there were two certified teachers, one in the senior and one in the junior school. The ten or twelve Protestant boys were taught separately by a female teacher. The whole of the work of the establishment is done by these boys, whose Saturday half-holiday is devoted to the scrubbing out of the schools and dormitories. In the tailor's shop they help in the making of their own clothes, but do only the rougher parts of the work, and receive no thorough instruction. The same principle of division of labour applies to the boot shop. But the climax of encouragement is reached in the carpenter's shop. There the beauty and dignity of skilled handicraft—the poetry of cunning workmanship—are set before the youthful learners in the attractive and exclusive form of coffin-making. It is conceivably a good thing that the young should be reminded that in the midst of life we are in death; but seeing that, according to the information received, the inmates die at the rate of rather more than one per diem, this additional reminder seems a trifle superfluous. In this carpenter's shop, the boys have their time fully employed in supplying coffins for the establishment, and the master remarked on the natural lack of gratitude and grace implied in the strange fact that, when the boys do go out into the world, they display an aversion to carrying on the trade in which they have been so judiciously instructed. For choice, they betake themselves to barbers' shops instead; and it is probable that here, as in London, the barber's shop is an euphemistic term for a betting establishment.

As the children belonging to the North Union are, at the age of four, despatched to the barrack-schools at Cabragh, which were not visited, it is impossible to speak from personal knowledge of educational methods in vogue there. If they may be judged by those of the rest of the institution, they afford but little ground for approval. The frightful mortality in the overcrowded children's and maternity wards is scarcely a matter for surprise, seeing that the resident doctor is over eighty years of age, and was said to be unable to get upstairs. Some of these wards are mere wooden sheds, lighted by slanting windows in the roof; and the nursing is almost entirely done by paupers. On these departments of this remarkable asylum for hapless poverty this is, however, not the place to dwell. Sufficient is it to say that for demoralisation of its inmates, and inhumanity of treatment, this "big house" offers no parallel in any civilised country with which we are acquainted.

Children brought up in such surroundings are useless as emigrants. They can only grow up to cumber their native land by swelling the ranks of unskilled labour, of which Ireland already has too much. The system may be economical as far as the mere cost in money goes. It ought to be, seeing how little it attempts to do; and yet the poor-

rate in Dublin is 2*s.* in the pound. But if ultimate results are taken into account, it is reckless in its extravagance and wastefulness.

It is a grateful task to turn from these tales of inefficiency and mismanagement to speak in terms of unqualified praise of institutions differing so utterly in aim and practice as the Reformatory of Glencree, and the Industrial School of Artane. Although the number of children under retention in reformatories in Ireland is decreasing, the proportion is still much greater than in England, and the rate of decrease would be, in all probability, much more marked were compulsory education everywhere enforced. The number in industrial schools shows a slight increase, and there is little doubt that, also in consequence of truancy, many children are sent to these schools as a result of street-begging and apparent neglect, who should not, strictly speaking, come under the provisions of the Act.

As these are the only institutions in which technical training is systematically given, we have the unedifying spectacle of large numbers of the children of criminal, or improvident, or neglectful parents receiving a far better start in life than is attainable by those who are struggling to maintain their families by honest industry.

The Reformatory of Glencree is under the charge of the Brothers Oblate, and has accommodation for 180 boys, many of them the sons of Dublin criminals, who have themselves been guilty of breaches of the law.

The sentence of retention is from three to five years, and is restricted to offenders between the ages of ten and sixteen. The building, which was occupied after the memorable '98 as a military station, is magnificently situated at a height of 1500 feet above the sea-level, overlooking a bleak expanse of lonely, gorse-covered hills. No better site than this uninhabited country could have been chosen by the Brothers, as affording just the isolation and means of oversight desirable for the difficult work of reformation to which their lives are dedicated. The actual school hours might with advantage occupy a larger portion of the day; but the manual training, which is the chief feature of the system, could not well be improved upon. The greater number of the shops are under the care of the Brothers, each of whom has made himself master of the trade he teaches, and whose success with their pupils proves the value of service rendered for love of the work. Tailors, plumbers, blacksmiths, bakers, &c., are all receiving a thorough trade-education. In the carpenter's shop, not only were the boys experts in the more prosaic branches of the trade, but they were proficient in wood-carving of a high degree of excellence, showing the possibility of making carving in bog-oak as valuable an industry to Ireland as the wood-carving is to the inhabitants of the Swiss and Tyrolese mountain valleys. Frames bought in this shop have been

highly commended by English judges, as surpassing in workmanship anything that could be produced for a moderate cost in England.

When first committed, the boys who are not old enough or strong enough for the workshops are turned into the knitting-school, where they learn habits of order and application as well as manual dexterity. All the socks and stockings for the establishment are made by these youthful criminals, who sit absorbed in the interest of their novel occupation, delighted to explain its difficulties to visitors. Some of the knitters, who had been out peat-cutting on the hills, had met with an old country woman, who was knitting socks of a wonderful and intricate cable-pattern. After half an hour's instruction from her, the boys had mastered the stitch, and were showing off their new accomplishment with eager pride, confident of the ready sympathy and praise of the kindly Brother who was acting as showman on this occasion. The Brother in charge of the farriers' class was full of reminiscences of his old friend, Mr. J. L. Toole, who, when acting in Dublin, used to take up to Glencree a large company of actors, and give performances to the boys in their little theatre. He had also earned their eternal gratitude by the gift of a tricycle.

Such work as this of the Brothers Oblate can only be judged by its success in effecting its purpose—*i.e.*, the conversion of bad boys into good and useful citizens—and it stands the test well. The failures, considering the class from which the schools are recruited, are remarkably few. Occasionally there are attempts to run away, but such cases of disaffection are very rare; and the marked success of the mass of the boys in after life speaks volumes for the liberal, kindly, and judicious methods of government employed.

Still more praiseworthy is the large industrial school of Artane, near Dublin, managed by the Christian Brothers, an institution of which any country might well be proud. This little model municipality gives shelter to 800 neglected or destitute boys, and by its admirable arrangements and efficient teaching, trains them to habits of industry and self-respect. Flour-mills, weaving-sheds, gardens, farmyards, printing presses, smithies, bakeries, carpenters', shoemakers', hairdressers', and harness-makers' shops are but a few of the means provided for instruction in the industrial arts of life. In fact, there is scarcely a trade worth learning which is not taught—and well taught—in this wonderful school of industry. The proscenium, drop-scene, and artistic decorations of the theatre were all carried out by the boys, as were the stencil ornamentations of the beautiful and simple chapel. The long hall, 366 feet by 30 feet, is fitted down its entire length with cases of fancy articles made in the school. Toys, such as drums, wheelbarrows, &c., once only imported from abroad, are now made with equal skill by the boys at Artane. Here are exhibited the fifty certificates earned from the Science and Art



Department of South Kensington in 1896, and a certificate of proficiency in drawing for the whole school. Instruction in drawing includes freehand, scale and geometrical, projection and model drawing. The music-hall is a splendid room, 100 feet long by 30 feet broad, where the bands meet, and where, if the boys show taste, they may learn the piano. There are four different bands, about one hundred and twenty boys being taught instrumental music. The proficiency of some of these young performers is little short of amazing, many of them taking to music as a profession, some even succeeding in becoming conductors of first-rate orchestras. The second bandmaster, an ex-boy himself, now receives from his old school 22s. a week, for conducting the Park Band on Sunday £1 a week, and about £2 from other sources. The old boys are always anxious to return in some capacity, and the Brothers are eager and proud to employ them whenever opportunity offers. The school-band plays from nine to ten every morning, and on Sundays for military drill. Musical drill is also a daily exercise to the music of the band.

There are eleven schoolrooms, each in charge of a Brother. According to the Act the rule of these institutions is three hours in school, and six hours of industrial training; but no boy is allowed to adopt a specific trade until within two years of his time for leaving, when no effort is spared to fit him for an independent and honourable position in the great world of industry. The manager has all the legal powers of a parent in binding the lads as apprentices; and, should their first essay prove unsatisfactory, they are again received at Artane until a second situation is found. Acting on the old saw anent "all work and no play," regular hours are set apart daily for recreation and outdoor games, and at the back of the schoolroom is a large romping-room for wet days. On special occasions, pleasure excursions and visits to the sights of the neighbourhood are arranged, and on the last Sunday of the month about a thousand friends of the boys are entertained by the Brothers, among them always from seventy to eighty old boys. The teaching staff consists of twenty-nine Brothers, nine assistant teachers, twenty-three qualified trade teachers, twenty-five farm teachers, and a professional gardener. Everywhere the motto of the schools, "He that hath a trade, with industry, hath fortune," is acted upon to the letter.

The single-hearted devotion and exceptional training capacity of the Christian Brothers have here achieved results of which any institution might be proud; and these are rendered the more remarkable when we remember that the material on which they have to work is necessarily and emphatically inferior to that from which such pitiful results are extracted in the rural districts. No proof of the latent possibilities of the Irish peasant could be more convincing than their practical exhibition in a class which begins even more severely

handicapped than the average. Children whose moral and physical energy has been sapped during their most impressionable years by neglect and evil communications, are placed in new surroundings, trained in habits of self-reliance, industry, and order, and developed into useful citizens with continual success. What might not be done with those others, whose surroundings are not naturally vicious, if corresponding influences were brought to bear upon them?

With such an object-lesson before us, is it not manifest that a generous expenditure of money, thought, and energy on primary education would be amply repaid by the production of useful and self-respecting citizens, in place of casual loafers encumbering the soil in numbers which it is incapable of employing or maintaining adequately? Morally, England owes Ireland the cost of repairing the past *anti-educational* policy which she enforced. From a merely selfish point of view, it is worth remembering that an industrious population becomes infinitely less prone to plunge into political disorders. But industry has no chance without education, discipline, and inducements to the acquisition of knowledge and skill. These things are all impossible under the present system. How far different conditions prevail in more favoured districts it is for those acquainted with those districts to say; but that there are districts even less favoured, where the conditions are still worse, is notorious. One thing is clear: unless we are prepared to fall back on the doctrine that ignorance in the working classes is the condition of social security, it is time to take this matter of primary education in hand,\* and to do so in a spirit both generous and energetic; so that something, at least, may be done to wipe out the wrongs of the past, something be provided to make possible the least ambitious dreams of the future.

EDITH F. HOGG.

ARTHUR D. INNES.

## ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN WEST AFRICA.

IT has been my duty to examine the questions now pending between England and France in the basin of the Niger from the point of view of international law. Such an examination would in most circumstances be too technical to be laid before the readers of this Review, but the principles involved have received so much development during the modern rush of the civilised world on the uncivilised that they may have some of the interest of novelty for many who are familiar with those older doctrines of the science which have most concerned England in the past.

The average course of the Niger is north-easterly from its source to Burrum, about 140 miles east of Timbuctoo, thence south-easterly to Egga, a little below the latitude of  $9^{\circ}$  N., and thence southerly to the sea. The first and last of these stretches are navigable, and so also is the middle stretch from Egga up to a point a little above Boussa, but between that point and Burrum the navigation is interrupted by several rapids, some of great length. There are, therefore, naturally an upper, a middle, and a lower Niger, though the middle Niger may be held to terminate near Boussa or at Egga, as the navigation or the direction is adopted as the characteristic. The Upper Niger is admitted to belong to France. Under an agreement of 1889 the boundaries between the French Ivory Coast (Grand Bassam) and the British Gold Coast (Cape Coast Castle), and between the French colony and protectorates of Dahomey and the British colony and protectorate of Lagos, have been drawn northward from the Gulf of Guinea to  $9^{\circ}$  N. Lat., a parallel which cuts the Niger between Boussa and Egga. Between that parallel on the south and on the north, as will presently be seen, either Say or any higher point to which the dominions of Sokoto may extend west of the river, the region extend-

ing westward from the middle Niger is that which is now in dispute. A glance at a very moderate-sized map of Africa will enable the reader to fix these points in his mind, and to see that the disputed region is approached from three directions, by the French from the north, starting from Algeria and Tunis, and from the west, starting from the Senegal and the uppermost part of the Niger, and by both the English and the French from the Gulf of Guinea on the south. The French approaches to it and operations in it have been made under the direct authority of the French Government; the British approaches and operations have been mostly made by the Royal Niger Company, acting under the authority which the British Government has delegated to it by its charter.

East of the Middle Niger no room for question is left by the express provisions of what is called the Say-Barruwa agreement, concluded between England and France as a part of the declarations exchanged on August 5, 1890. By those declarations France recognised the British protectorate over Zanzibar, and England that of France over Madagascar, since converted into direct sovereignty, and they continued as follows:

"2. The Government of her Britannic Majesty recognises the sphere of influence of France to the south of her Mediterranean possessions, up to a line from Say on the Niger to Barruwa on Lake Tchad, drawn in such manner as to comprise in the sphere of action of the Niger Company all that fairly belongs to the Kingdom of Sokoto; the line to be determined by the Commissioners to be appointed.

"The Government of her Britannic Majesty engages to appoint immediately two Commissioners to meet at Paris with two Commissioners appointed by the Government of the French Republic, in order to settle the details of the above-mentioned line. But it is expressly understood that even in case the labours of these Commissioners should not result in a complete agreement upon all details of the line, the agreement between the two Governments as to the general delimitation above set forth shall nevertheless remain binding.

"The Commissioners will also be entrusted with the task of determining the respective spheres of influence of the two countries in the region which extends to the west and to the south of the Middle and Upper Niger."

Thus it was recognised that the streams of annexation or influence proceeding from the north and the south had already met in the region east of the Middle Niger, and their mutual boundary in that part of the continent was fixed by a Say-Barruwa line, not necessarily straight, but to be deflected to the north if so required in order to coincide with the northern boundary of all that fairly belongs to the kingdom of Sokoto. France was by that means excluded from the eastern bank of the Niger below Say, and the provision made for the determination by commissioners of what remained to complete the Anglo-French delimitation dealt only with the "region which extends to the west and to the south of the Middle and Upper

Niger"—that is, to the west of the Middle Niger and to the south of the Upper. In that region, however, which is the one now in dispute, no line was agreed on. East of the river the agreement stipulated "a line," and the function of the Commissioners was to determine "the line;" west of it the task of the Commissioners was broader, namely, that "of determining the respective spheres of influence." And this was what might have been expected because, in a westward direction from the river, the region to be delimited stretched so far before any ascertained boundary could be reached that it might meet the third stream of annexation or influence, that proceeding from the Senegal and the uppermost Niger, a stream which could not be thought of as extending to a region so remote from its origin as that east of the middle river.

Here a word must be said as to a contention which has been put forward, namely, that the agreement now under consideration must be interpreted as giving to England the whole country included by straight lines drawn southward from the extremities of the Say-Barruwa line to the Gulf of Guinea, an interpretation which, having regard to the south-eastward direction of the Middle Niger, would give to England the great triangular piece west of the river, east of the line drawn due south from Say, and north of  $9^{\circ}$  N. lat. For such an interpretation there is no foundation. There is nothing in the words of the declarations to support it, and to introduce it by implication would be impossible in the face of the words which leave to the commissioners the task of determining the spheres of influence, not in the region to the west of the meridian of Say, but in the region to the west of the Middle Niger. If, indeed, it should appear that any districts west of the river fairly belong to the kingdom of Sokoto, the case would be different. Such districts would fall to England, not by any effect of the Say-Barruwa line as limiting the "influence of France to the south of her Mediterranean possessions," but by the words which assign all that fairly belongs to the kingdom of Sokoto to the sphere of action of the Niger Company, words which must equally limit any acquisitions by France to the east of her Atlantic possessions. And this is maintained on the part of England to be the case, the kingdom of Gando, dependent on Sokoto, occupying both banks of the river below Say. To that extent the commissioners, in determining the spheres of influence west of the Middle Niger, would be bound by the express provision of the agreement under which they acted.

We now come to the question which is fundamental in the discussion—by what principles was it intended that the commissioners should be guided in determining the spheres of influence west of the Middle Niger, so far as concerns all the country not fairly belonging to Sokoto? No agreement has thus far resulted from the labours of

the commissioners, but they were merely the instruments, the principles were the substance, and these must equally guide the two Governments if they should desire themselves to carry out the declarations of 1890 with sincerity. The only possible answer is that the principles must be such general ones of international law as are applicable to the case, the text being silent as to any others. We are thus led to the heads of *hinterland*, effective occupation, treaties with native potentates, and notification.

#### HINTERLAND.

*Hinterland*, which might more intelligibly and in better English be spoken of as back country, comes first under consideration, because it is by coast settlements pressing back into the land from north, west and south, that the present dispute has arisen. The doctrine of *hinterland* is that a civilised settlement on the coast of an uncivilised region has a claim, as against other civilised Powers, to so much back country as may form a reasonable appendage to it. It is sometimes described as a new doctrine, but all that is new about it is the attempt to restrict it within reasonable limits. No more extravagant claims to *hinterland* were ever made than were made by the charters granted two and three centuries ago by England to her North American Colonies. Pennsylvania, Virginia, Carolina and Georgia were all taught to regard themselves as extending due west to the Pacific Ocean. "Up into the land throughout," "in direct lines to the South Seas," and other equally unrestricted terms are used to express the idea. And during the Oregon controversy the United States claimed that the possession of Louisiana gave them the right to the country as far west as the Pacific, and so far north as to include the region then disputed with England. Such absurd pretensions can only lead to conflict in the far interior between nations starting from points of the coast widely apart from one another. And the necessity of restricting them is further apparent from this, that from the nature of the case a claim to a tract as *hinterland* is only put forward when no other ground for claiming it exists. If any of the familiar titles, such as effective occupation or treaties, could be asserted, evidently they would be. The very meaning of the claim of *hinterland* is that when all the familiar titles have been exhausted in support of the right to a certain piece of territory, they shall carry the right not only to that piece to which they strictly apply, but also to a certain extent of back country as appendant to it. Nor is it possible to doubt that this must be so, within fair and moderate limits. Even what have been described as the familiar titles can rarely be altogether disentangled from questions of limits. Your effective occupation, for instance, covers more than the spot on which

you stand, or than the range of your guns. It is difficult to say in general terms how much more. The extension of a coast settlement up country is one of the most favourable cases, since, to a certain distance at least, that settlement must furnish the easiest access to its own interior. And so the doctrine of *hinterland* may after all be presented as a particular case singled out for its favourable character. It cannot be made more precise in any general way, but two circumstances may be pointed out as of the greatest importance in connection with it. One is that of the easiest access, already alluded to. The other is that of the locality and internal organisation of the native populations. So far as the natives are more easily managed from a particular civilised centre on the coast, by reason of the more easy access either to them at large or to the part of them on which the others depend, so far an argument will be furnished for including them in the *hinterland* of that centre.

#### EFFECTIVE OCCUPATION.

The title by occupation which was asserted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as a part of natural law was gained by what may be called physical apprehension, tested only by what took place at the time of the original apprehension, that is, free from any theoretical obligation to maintain physical control over the thing once apprehended. Practically the inference of abandonment might be drawn from a prolonged absence of physical control, in which case the title by occupation was deemed to have ceased with the cessation of the intention to occupy; but, practically again, the continuance of the intention might always be asserted on the other side. Such a system was perhaps as suitable to the case of movable objects as any which could be devised with no better means than natural law had at its command, but when applied to the occupation of territory, between which and movables the writers on natural law made no distinction, it unduly favoured merely nominal occupation. There was nothing to fix the limits to which occupation might constructively extend as a consequence of physical apprehension at a particular spot, a point already touched on in speaking of *hinterland*, and the want of a judge authorised to declare that an intention of abandonment conclusively resulted from the facts was another circumstance in favour of the nominal occupier. To meet these evils the theory of actual and continued possession, as an inherent element in the title by occupation, was asserted by Queen Elizabeth in her celebrated answer to the Spanish ambassador in 1580, and has ever since gradually gained ground. The scarcely less celebrated circular despatch of the Spanish court, during the Nootka Sound controversy in 1790, though somewhat confused in its language, on the whole takes its stand on the new footing:

The still more modern development has not added to the doctrine of actual possession but has explained it, for while the merit of that doctrine was that it directed the inquirer to acts rather than to intentions, yet, since even acts must have some effect beyond the precise spot where they are performed, it still left too wide a door open to questions of limits. This could only be remedied, so far as the want of an international judicature allows it to be remedied, by referring to the underlying principle. That is to say, that whether possession is actual in a particular case can best—nay, can only—be ascertained by referring to the purpose for which such possession is needed. And that purpose is this: A civilised State cannot appropriate any uncivilised region to itself in such manner as to exclude it from civilised settlement. Debarring other States from interference, it takes on itself the obligation of furnishing to the region such institutions as may protect civilised life in it, in the measure in which the progress of settlement may render them necessary. The crowds which flock to new gold-diggings must be speedily provided with a government. Pastoral settlements scattered over a vast area may be followed more slowly by a regular administration. But the statesman must bear in mind that no title can prevail in any case against the substantial non-fulfilment of the duties attached to it. Dr. Geffcken, whose editions of Heffter's *Europäisches Völkerrecht des Gegenwart* have fully maintained the high reputation of that work as a practical manual, has questioned whether even the recognition of the Congo State with certain boundaries has subjected the two million square kilometres comprised within those boundaries to its sovereignty, otherwise than on condition of the effectiveness with which it shall occupy them as needed. And the Conference at Berlin in 1885 expressed the principle in Art. 35 of its General Act, which runs thus:

“The signatory Powers of the present Act recognise the obligation to insure the establishment of authority in the regions occupied by them on the coasts of the African continent, sufficient to protect existing rights and, as the case may be, freedom of trade and of transit under the conditions agreed on.”

The actual possession of Elizabeth, explained by this principle, is the effective occupation of modern international law.

The bearing of the principle on the present West African dispute seems not to have been clearly understood by many on both sides of the English Channel. A part of the English press appears to suppose that the doctrine of effective occupation was invented by the Berlin Conference, and is limited to the coast because Art. 35 of that Conference only expresses it for the coast. Some even imagine that Sir Edward Malet, the British Ambassador, wished to express it also for the interior, in a manner which would have made it applicable to the present dispute, and that France, through the Baron de Courcel,



would have none of such application. The facts are that, in the German draft submitted to the Conference, what is now Art. 35 was made to include the case of new protectorates as well as that of new possessions, and both it and what is now Art. 34, which prescribes the international notification as well of new protectorates as of new possessions, were limited to the coast regions. Two proposals were made on behalf of England, one to omit protectorates from Art. 35, which was accepted, the other to extend Arts. 34 and 35, the latter so modified, to the interior of the continent. Thus, had the latter proposal also been accepted, still the doctrine of effective occupation would not have been so expressed as to make Art. 35 directly quotable in the present dispute. That dispute concerns the interior, but in the region in question England has proclaimed and notified not sovereignty but protectorate, and it may be assumed that France, which has not yet committed herself in that region to either form, will follow up her treaties with the native potentates by assuming a protectorate over what may ultimately be recognised as her sphere, as she has done in Dahomey and other neighbouring places. It must be added that the reason for which both France and Germany opposed the extension of Arts. 34 and 35 to the interior did not in any way relate to the doctrine of effective occupation, but was that such an extension of the necessity of notification would undesirably precipitate the partition of Africa.

On the other hand, France appears to be proceeding in the disputed region by small expeditions pushed into the remote interior, which hoist flags and make treaties at points so far from their base, and severed from it by such tracts unreduced to subjection, as to make any sustained action there for the present impossible. That system recalls the admirable enterprise which established posts at long intervals through the woods all the way from Montreal to New Orleans, at a time when probably neither Canada nor Louisiana contained 50,000 Europeans, but it does not satisfy the conditions of effective occupation, for the sake of which it is believed to be resorted to. There is nothing in it that can furnish a support for civilised life, if any settlers or even travellers should be disposed to try it in the interior. Rather it resembles the original Spanish claim to appropriate vast regions by a few forts dotted about, which neither England nor Holland, nor France herself, allowed to prevail. Very different is the proceeding of the Niger Company which, with considerable forces and stations gradually advanced from the mouth of the river, is everywhere within striking distance of the potentates through whose subjection it claims to exercise authority.

## TREATIES.

The treaties which a civilised Power makes with native potentates may be ranked in two classes. Does the potentate represent what can be recognised as a State? Is there a coherent organisation maintaining a respectable social order, though in our estimation inferior to that of Europe? Can it be relied on to execute, at least normally, postal, customs, consular and other conventions relating to the affairs of civilised life? If such an organisation exists, the case is like that of China or Siam, Tunis or Zanzibar. There is no room in the territory of a State for title by occupation or the doctrine of *hinterland*. Title, whether to a possession or to a protectorate, may be acquired from it by conquest or cession, as in Europe, not otherwise. On the other hand, is the potentate only the chief of an uncivilised tribe? Then, not enjoying any State rights, and scarcely if at all understanding them, he cannot cede any. Treaties with such chiefs, although concluded by the European Powers, are brushed away by them again as soon as their own arrangements require it. Thus the British South-Africa Company concluded a treaty of protectorate with Umtasa, dignified as "king or chief of Manika," but when a settlement was come to between England and Portugal as to their limits in that part of Africa, Umtasa's country was divided between them without any reference to him. If Manika had been regarded as a State, it must have been made a party to that settlement. A protectorate in such a case is merely a veiled or suspended sovereignty, a form assumed from a vague and probably unfounded notion that it entails less responsibilities towards other civilised Powers than would be entailed by the assumption of sovereignty, and that it can be abandoned with less discredit if found onerous.

But although a treaty with a savage tribe cannot be a serious root of title, whatever use may be made of it in argument so long as convenient, it may indirectly have a real and justifiable effect as against another European Power, for the influence acquired over the tribe may be a step towards the establishment of something like civilised order in the country, and therefore towards the establishment of an effective occupation.

A so-called protectorate may be based on it which, though not to be confounded in international law with such protectorates as those of France over Tunis or of England over Zanzibar, may satisfy for a time all the fair requirements which lie at the base of the principle of effective occupation. And certainly to interfere without necessity in a district in which another European Power had concluded treaties with the natives, especially if that district lay on the fringe of its possessions or of its well established authority, would be an act unfriendly to a high degree, and such as to justify active resentment.

There may be a doubt into which of the two kinds here distinguished at least some of the treaties made in the region of the Middle Niger fall. The ruling classes in Sokoto and Gando are Mohammedan, a religion which so rapidly raises a population at least to a semi-civilisation that it seems difficult to deny the character of a State to a territory in which it is professed. And the subject Hausas have distinguished themselves among African peoples by developing a literature. If these indications be followed, the Niger Company by its treaties with Sokoto and Gando occupies in those countries a position such as that which treaties with European Powers would give it. It is wholly independent there of any question about *hinterland* or effective occupation. Those doctrines belong to an order of circumstances different from what exists there. On the other hand, so far as either in the countries mentioned or elsewhere any treaties of the Niger Company have been made with tribes not admissible to the dignified position of States, England, under the principles here maintained, must benefit by their priority, by the protectorate which she has assumed on the strength of them, and by the forces possessed by the British Government and the Company in the region, ample as they are for securing the fulfilment of all international duties which may result from that protectorate.

#### NOTIFICATION.

The express notification of new possessions and new protectorates on African coasts, which Art. 34 of the Berlin Conference required to be made to the other signatory Powers, does not apply in the interior region under dispute. Some publicity in the appropriation of territory had always been deemed necessary, and that requirement of international law has been amply satisfied by the British Government through Gazette notices, which again have been supplemented by express notifications to the Powers, so that Art. 34 would have been satisfied had it applied. The British Protectorate of the Niger Districts was established in 1885, and extended on October 18, 1887, by the following Gazette notice :

“FOREIGN OFFICE, Oct. 18.—It is hereby notified for public information that, under and by virtue of certain Treaties concluded between the month of July 1884 and the present date, and by other lawful means, the territories in West Africa, hereinafter referred to as the Niger Districts, are under the Protectorate of her Majesty the Queen. The British Protectorate of the Niger Districts comprises the territories on the line of coast between the British Protectorate of Lagos and the right or western river-bank of the mouth of the Rio del Rey. It further comprises all territories in the basin of the Niger and its affluents which are, or may be for the time being, subject to the Government of the National African Company, Limited (now called the Royal Niger Company), in accordance with the provisions of the charter of the said Company, dated the 10th July, 1886. The measures in

course of preparation for the administration of justice and the maintenance of peace and good order in the Niger Districts will be duly notified and published."

The last sentence should be particularly observed, because it shows that England did not seek, by any cavil about the doctrine of effective occupation, to evade the responsibilities attaching to empire. Regardless of the limitation of Article 35 of Berlin to possessions and to the coast, she recognised that her interior protectorate bound her to see to the administration of justice and to the maintenance of peace and good order.

The protectorate was notified to Germany in December 1894, and to France on January 1, 1895; and by the terms in which its limits were laid down, France had notice at the latter date that all territories in the basin of the Niger and its affluents which were then subject to the government of the Niger Company were included in it.

To apply the foregoing outlines to all the various parts of the region under dispute would be impossible in this paper; but something must be said of Boussa and Nikki, the two points which have, justly, most aroused public opinion in England. They lie in the triangle east of the meridian of Say which has already been referred to, and appear to be both included in the kingdom or people of Borgu. I have not seen a satisfactory explanation of their mutual relations; but it does not matter whether either claims supremacy over the other, because treaties have been concluded with both.

The English and French Commissioners under the agreements of 1889 and 1890 met for the first time in 1892, and "on both sides were prepared to agree" to a line of delimitation which "was to have been drawn from Say to a spot where the already defined western frontier of the Gold Coast cuts the eighth parallel near Bontuku. Everything north and west of this line was to go to France. Everything south and east of it was to have gone to England, with the exception of the French Dahomey settlement, of which the extension inland was to be limited to the eighth parallel. Under this arrangement England would have made considerable concessions in the north of the Gold Coast colony, but would have gained her advantage on the Dahomey side. The conclusion of this settlement was prevented by the outbreak of the Dahomey war and the declaration of a French protectorate in that colony on December 3, 1892. It became then contrary to French policy to make the proposed concessions on the Dahomey side of the line, and the proposal remained without result."\* There was thus an admission by the French Commissioners that nothing east of the meridian of Say, or even for a considerable distance west of it, was essential as *hinterland* to the French possessions on the

\* *Times*, February 18, 1898.

Senegal or the Upper Niger. From that date, therefore, the question was left to the prior establishment of effective occupation, by possession or protectorate, except so far as treaties with any organism that could internationally be recognised as a State might take it by a superior title altogether out of the domain of native African questions. Let it be granted, for argument's sake, that Borgu is not such a State. Still, the British treaties were concluded with Boussa on January 20, 1890, and with Nikki on November 10, 1894; the French treaties with Nikki on November 26, 1894, and with Boussa on July 9, 1895. An attempt has been made to discredit the British treaty with Nikki by alleging that Captain Lugard fell into an absurd error about the identity of the king. This may be easily dismissed. It remains that the question about Borgu is whether England shall be dispossessed of places taken by her under a protectorate publicly notified at the time of its institution, and specifically notified to France before the attempt to dispossess her was made at Boussa. I cannot believe that the best mind of France will desire to pursue such a policy. By reason of their very difference, England and France are the two eyes of Europe, as Athens and Sparta were said to be those of Greece. The time of their *entente cordiale* must be looked on by reflecting minds in either country as one of the most creditable in the history of its foreign relations, and their permanent estrangement would almost shake one's faith in human nature.

J. WESTLAKE.

## THE BALANCE OF POWER.

ANY one who attentively reads M. de Pressensé's last interesting paper in the *Nineteenth Century* will perceive on mature reflection that it amounts in effect to this: Russia and France have, in his opinion, just succeeded in forming a counterbalance to the Triple Alliance, and the only uncomfortable part of the arrangement is that the weight of Great Britain thrown on either side would disturb the equipoise; hence both alliances, or both branches of the precarious balance, uneasy at their own hazardous position, are equally apt to view the deciding factor, Great Britain, with hostile feelings, so long as they feel the possibility that the latter may in a given emergency be a foe instead of a friend. Thus there is permanent danger to the British Empire, which may at any moment be torn to pieces owing to her obduracy in not taking beforehand one side or the other. This being so, M. de Pressensé further enters into the question, Which side ought Great Britain for her own safety to take? Shall it be Short or Codlin?

Of course these great questions of State before they become acute are, in a large measure, solved *in petto* by the statesmen in power for the time being in each State. There are diplomatists to act as buttons to the garment which, we are told, decently covers the jealous contortions of that naked monster, the European Concert; then there is the public Press alternately to stimulate and repress public opinion; there are financiers, socialists, adventurers, and others with axes of their own to grind, to agitate the slackening strings; and last, but not least, there are now and again restless monarchs, with much autocratic power, who can do a great deal of mischief, despite the wishes of their Ministers and their people. But although the governing powers and the Press are always in evidence, and may seem to monopolise the

leading rôles of the human stage, it must not be forgotten that, in these times of universal popular education, there is a large substratum of "general public" which thinks for itself, and when the time comes for action, or for voting, decides for itself. Just as in religion the priest and the parson may exhort and denounce to their hearts' content before respectful audiences assembled according to custom in places appointed for sermonising, so in politics this or that leader may confidently air his views before a regulation audience by the prescriptive right of personal repute or of office. But, after all, most persons in every congregation who have any thinking capacity at all go home in these days and make a practical religion for themselves. And the same way in politics: there is a vast body of plain unpretentious individuals, possessing no prescriptive right to speak as literary men or as politicians, who, when it comes to taking a resolution, know perfectly well at least what they will *not* do; and these men in Great Britain form the latent power which creates and overthrows ministries.

First, let us review in a few words the position of Great Britain during the sixty years of her Majesty's reign. The increase in population, railway development, sea-borne trade, area governed, &c. &c., between 1837 and 1897, has been on a scale absolutely unparalleled elsewhere in ancient or modern times. There is nothing on the surface of the British character to account for this clearly; and moreover that character is a complex one, consisting as it does of the dogged, cold, exclusive English temperament; the equally dogged but clannish Scotch, the vivacious, intelligent, but capricious Irish; all welded into one active whole. Taking ourselves, however, in this mixed sense, we are decidedly inferior to the French in lucidity, precision, and wit; to the Germans in physique, patience, discipline, and thoroughness; to the Americans in inventiveness and versatility; to the Spaniards in sobriety; to the Russians in humanity; and to the Italians in *finesse*. What is it, then, in the national character which accounts for Great Britain being the only country free from passports, political spies, police ballying, trade protection, religious domination; the only country in which administrative power effaces itself by instinct in place of asserting itself; where would-be subverters are protected as tenderly as those who wish to preserve the existing state of things? It is difficult, and perhaps unnecessary, to define what it is that infallibly produces the same characteristics everywhere under British rule; but it may be doubtful if the Scotch and Irish contributions would either of them succeed so well in forming part of the successful compound were it not that the dispassionate English hand has always been the one at the helm. Germans have their own colonies, but will not go there; Frenchmen protect everything in their colonies except their own credit balances;

the Americans, in spite of millionaire-creating resources, somehow fail to make the two ends of government meet. It is only in Great Britain and her dependencies that full scope is given to all energies; where Europeans of all kinds have absolutely equal rights with Englishmen themselves; in short, where a man can do what he likes, and say what he likes, free of administrative censoriousness and meddlesome interference. Even in the United States, executive power is often irritating almost to the point of seeming tyrannical.

It is naturally galling to other nationalities, oppressed by conscription, police prying, financial collapses, Press inquisitions, and what not, to see so much national prosperity attained at such a little cost to individual liberty; and to this feeling of universal envy is superadded one of personal dislike, when the somewhat contemptuous attitude of calm indifference unconsciously displayed by Englishmen abroad is taken into consideration. In other words, England, though almost the only place where all men live on equal terms, or at least have equal chances, is an object of jealousy to every one outside. Luckily, however, England has looked after her defences with increased energy of recent years: powerful rivals have had their own special difficulties to keep them in check, and we have so far survived the ordeal without any considerable diminution of prosperity and power.

But at present things are in a very parlous state in Europe. France, though the wealthiest country in the world in productivity, is taxed in money and men to the utmost of her capacity; she would probably be more restless than she is, had she not practically ceased to breed. Germany is a poor country with rich pretensions; at the rate she is breeding she will soon be unable to sustain her population without more elbow-room. Italy is prematurely played out and bankrupt; without a long period of national rest and prudent finance she can never secure ease and prosperity for the overweighted units of her population. Austria, divided as she is into three distracted nationalities—one affiliated to Germany, another to Russia, and one standing alone—continues to exist as an empire only by force of habit. Turkey, at least in Europe, cannot possibly be tolerated as an independent State for another generation, no matter what is said to the contrary. Another administrative carcass, in the shape of China, will soon be ready for the vultures hanging around her, unless she can manage to galvanise a little life into herself. The United States have many irons in the fire: Cuba and Spain, Hawaii and Japan, various disputes with ourselves, the financial question, and the "coloured rights" difficulty. In this sea of political trouble Great Britain drifts about like the rest of them, and the question is suggested to her by M. de Pressensé, "What shall she do to be saved?"

I have intentionally left out Russia, for Russia has nothing whatever to fear from external foes, except, perhaps, from Germany. She



might possibly be wounded in the Black Sea or at Vladivostock, but in neither case would the life pulsations of the Empire be seriously affected. Russia requires nothing but peace; looking back upon her past history, she quite understands that her development has been most unhappily retarded by unnecessary wars; and apart from the fact that the Czar Alexander III. was by temperament personally inclined towards peace and quiet for their own sakes, it was in his reign that circumstances combined to force clearly upon leading Russians generally the conviction that in the peaceful development of their own resources lay the only true road to happiness and success.

For the present purposes let us leave out of consideration the past. In the relations of Russia and England, in connection with Turkey and Central Asia, mistakes may have been made, and probably were made, on both sides, for which both sides have been equally to blame. Let us merely consider the present and the future. There is absolutely no point in which we cannot treat, independently of all other nations, direct with Russia upon matters concerning our joint interests with her. There is really no cause for hostility or suspicion. So far as the North Sea and the Baltic Sea are concerned, there is every prospect of trade development between the two countries on mutually advantageous terms. England is Russia's best customer for food products; and even if Russia's protective system were an ungenerous one to us—which, on the whole, it is not—it is to Russia's interest as much as to ours that the trade should be on fair give-and-take principles. The way in which Captain Wiggins and Mr. Popham have been encouraged to assist in developing the Siberian river trade holds out every hope that increased national friendliness will be one of the results. In the Black Sea we can now hardly be said to have any interest beyond that of shipping. The future of Turkey is an insoluble riddle at present, and much depends upon the fate of the Austrian Empire. No wars or alliances can well modify one result: whether the German element of Austria does or does not merge itself into Germany, what remains of the Austro-Hungarian Empire must in the end gravitate towards the East; and whether Austria shares with Russia, or abandons to Russia, the approaches to the Black Sea, it is certain that Great Britain will never be established anywhere on the Constantinople side of the Sea of Marmora. In a word, if Russian statesmen will only be reasonable to British trade prospects in and near the Black Sea, there is no reason why England should attempt to thwart Russia's policy in Turkey, whatever arrangements she may make with Austria.

In Central Asia the recent settlement of the Pamirs question practically closes all difficulties except that of Persia; or, at any rate, it prevents any reopening of difficulties so long as both parties maintain the sincere desire to be friendly. And as to Persia, that is no pressing

matter; we cannot map out the future of the world for our grandsons. In any case, there is no reason why, if we come to a general understanding with Russia all round, that question should not be included in the bargain. Though no one thinks much of Tibet now, it is certain that before very long there will be a Tibetan question, in connection with which Russia, in her present reasonable mood, may be fairly expected to regard the Bramaputra, and all the other rivers which flow south to the sea, as beyond her sphere of action. The most difficult question of all is Russia's naval position in the China seas, and this one might have become more acute had it not been for the sudden rise of Japan, which State must now be counted with, along with us, as a possible determined rival. It has been suggested that the German occupation of Kiao Chao points to an understanding with Russia; but in the present capricious state of German policy, when no man, even in Germany, knows what the morrow may bring forth, it is extremely unlikely that Russia would be instrumental in encouraging such a leap in the dark, though certain in any event to weaken Germany's naval position at home, and one which can scarcely be said to threaten Russia. If we look back at Russia's dealings with China, we see that her relations have always been friendly and fair. In the Amur boundary question, 200 years ago, the Russians and the Manchus were equally conquerors and explorers. It is, indeed, said that the Russians once removed the boundary stones in a tricky way; but that is also a very old Chinese trick, and, in any case, one of which local officers on a remote frontier might easily on either side be guilty. On the whole, the history of the Russo-Chinese trade relations up to our own times points to prudence, loyalty, and even considerate gentleness on the Russian side. It is often said that the Russians did a smart thing in filching Primorsk from the Manchus after our last war with China. Perhaps they did; but there was no violence; it was all a matter of fair negotiation. In the Ili question, eighteen years ago, the Russians restored certain territory, and honourably swallowed the leek in a way which no one expected to see. Here, again, they had "smartly" and successfully negotiated with an incapable Manchu envoy in Russia. But his work was disavowed; Ili was demanded in accordance with Russia's promise, and was duly given back. In the same way with Bokhara, which, as a vassal State, is now much more helpless than was China in 1880: Russia has honourably abandoned to her the States of Roshan and Shignan, in accordance with old claims justified by Bokhara.

I do not for a moment mean to take a brief for Russia, whose statesmen are probably individually neither worse nor better than the rest of mankind. But what I do say is that her Asiatic policy generally seems to have been honourable "as a whole," due allowance made for "psychological" considerations. Russia's whole attitude in the world is far from being an aggressive one; of all the Christian

missionaries in China, Mongolia, &c., the Russian are the only ones who "mind their own business," and are not actively "militant." Nothing could be more conservative and tenacious than the Orthodox Church, but it only holds fast to what it has already got, and forces no stranger into its fold except by considerations of self-interest; in short, it is a mere political engine, worked with the same moderation which characterises Russia's action all round.

For purposes of her own, with which we have no immediate concern, Russia has thought it advisable to ally herself with France. The underhand "reptile" Press of Germany is always harping upon the "irreconcilable divergence of interests" between ourselves and Russia; but there is no reason to suppose, whatever France's motives may have been, that Russia, in consenting to an alliance with her, coveted France's assistance against ourselves, or felt in any way the need of France's support for her safety against our attacks. True, Russia has dropped seeds in Egypt, Abyssinia, Alaska, and Siam, which are intended to grow and serve for future use as occasion may require. But there is no need to get excited about that—those are mere diplomatic moves of a perfectly honourable and legitimate character. However much we may wish that Russia would accommodate us more, it must be admitted that her policy is free from dirty tricks and violent surprises; in short, regarding her Government as a human being, in dealing with Russia we feel that we have to do with a gentleman.

We have no reason to fear Russia; Russia has no reason to fear us. Our position may be exposed to danger, chiefly external; but it must not be forgotten that Russia is also exposed to danger, chiefly internal. She desires peace as much as we do. So far as England is concerned, Russia can afford to be indifferent to the French alliance; but she requires it in order that she may develop her resources free from the bugbear of Germany on her flank. We have no need of France's alliance, either to protect ourselves against Russia or against Germany. Consequently there is no interest to compensate us for tying ourselves down and throwing our weight in the Franco-Russian scale. Were we to do so, and were peace preserved, we should find nothing we want from Russia which France could help us to get, and nothing we want from France which Russia could aid us to get without playing false to France; whereas, if war broke out, we could take care of ourselves. On the other hand, there are several things France wants from us, and it is certain that if she could she would take them from us now by force with Russia's assistance, without going out of her way to prove to us, as M. de Pressensé endeavours to do, that it is for our own interest to "make advances," and give her what she wants of our own accord. But peace would probably *not* be preserved in this way; the formal adhesion of England to the Franco-Russian

alliance would mean such a preponderance of naval and military power that the Triple Alliance (which means Germany for this purpose) would be reduced to such intolerable insignificance that she could not afford to keep the peace. There is no reason why we should not settle our differences with France independently of Russia (who has really little concern with them), just as we can settle our differences with Russia independently of France.

Our differences with France are many. There is the west coast of Newfoundland fishery question. If a local bargain were made, France would probably willingly barter the right to make herself disagreeable on the coast of Newfoundland for a counter right we possess to pull down any fortifications she may erect on her islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. But neither Canada nor the United States would agree to this. Then there is the Egyptian question, in which Russia only has a moderate interest; but even that moderate interest would not be made any greater by Russia's aiding France to obtain complete command of the Suez Canal both by land and by sea. The West African difficulty looks serious, but at bottom it is more a question of *amour propre* than general utility. The French have not the same calm and practical way of dealing with such matters that the Russians have. A leading Frenchman, M. le Myre de Vilers, made a speech the other day in which he boasted of France's "paralysing" British hopes in the Indian Ocean. This expression puts the whole French attitude—I mean, of course, the attitude of the *intransigeants*, or unreasonables—in a nutshell. As a colonial power France has been a failure almost everywhere: her few great steamer lines are all subsidised; her trade is heavily protected; she has hundreds of soldiers to "protect" each colonist; and her colonies do not afford a career for her young men. Yet the sight of British colonial success is so galling to her that a large portion of the French people consider, with M. de Vilers, that they are amply rewarded if they can only "paralyse" the action of their successful rivals without obtaining any tangible advantage for themselves. The Russians, on the other hand, are doing solid, useful work wherever they go—sending out colonies, building railways, and introducing public order: there is nothing empty or showy about Russian occupation. It must be admitted that the French are exceedingly liberal in creating steamer lines without trade, "docks" or warehouses without cargo, roads without traffic, and so on; in their colonies, moreover, there is, coupled with a certain feverish individual tendency to bully, a generous public capacity for safeguarding the rights of the *indigènes*. In short, sentiment, theory, and science—all admirable qualities in their way—are the leading features of French rule, which, in practice, cripples trade, frightens away capital, demoralises the natives, and never pays its way, even in Algeria. On the other hand, wherever Russians open out a country,

we find them associating in an easy-going, careless way with the natives, scrupulously protecting their religions and customs, encouraging trade communications, and, in a word, absorbing the region into the Russian administrative system; in a word, the Russians have a mission, and are practical colonists like ourselves, only that they move on a different line, or, rather, on a different gauge. So long as a majority of influential persons in France persists in taking a spiteful view of colonial policy, so long will there be friction between the legitimate expansion of Great Britain and the fictitious showiness of French efforts, which may be compared with those of a sculler who has not the remotest prospect of winning the race, but who claims the right to occupy part of the course, and to take his chance of picking up something by a foul. This state of affairs would not matter much were it not that Russia, in order to protect herself against German aggression whilst her whole resources are devoted to developing her internal wealth, had found it useful to enlist the general countenance of France, which arrangement necessitates on the part of Russia occasional counter favours to France in directions where her own interests are not touched. In this way Russia can make herself disagreeable to us in many parts of the world without our being able to retaliate with the same light hand. Russia wants nothing from us in any part of the world; she does not even want money, so long as she can keep France in a good hopeful humour. Thus it falls out that, though there is nothing whatever to make the solid Russian interests clash with ours, or to prevent perfectly above-board and honourable dealings between ourselves and Russia, she is often forced in her own interests to abet the unreasonable pretensions of France. The remedy would, of course, be to conciliate France in such a way that she would have no interest in thwarting us, or in inducing Russia to aid her in doing so. This, in fact, brings us round, though by a different route, to M. de Pressensé's position: "Are you strong enough to stand alone and risk our combining to destroy you? Are you sure that we are not strong enough even to do this without running the risk of forcing you into the arms of the Triple Alliance?"

There are several answers to this question. First: "If you are really so strong, why proclaim it from the housetops and invite us to share your strength? Why not force the world to keep the peace by exposing your strength?" Any great Power may plunge all Europe into a murderous general war by rash or deliberately violent action; and if such great Power be determined to do so, or to risk doing so, then Great Britain has no choice in the matter, whether she be driven to it by intrigue or by force. The only thing we can do is to look unceasingly to our naval defences in the first instance; and, if possible, to strengthen also our second line, fighting for our lives when

thē time comes. In the event of a coalition against us, things would undoubtedly go hard ; but after all, if things are to come to that pass, a man can only die once—and he must die once—whilst the slaughter of millions is only the hastening of individual events under circumstances of unusual excitement. Life is not worth having, at least to many of us, except under the conditions of freedom to which we have been accustomed, and we had better all perish than accept dishonourable conditions. Besides, we might succeed in turning the tables upon our enemies if we stood up to them with a stout heart. Nations imbued with these sentiments do not, however, easily perish. Apart from what we can do ourselves, we have kinsmen beyond the seas ; and although there are many points of difference between us and the United States, they, as well as our own kinsmen, are not likely to stand by whilst a Frenchman aided by a Prussian, or a Russian, holds a sword to our throats. Besides, as I have said before—allowance made for human weaknesses and diplomatic guile—the Russians require peace for their own development : the masses are only just emerging from savagery and semi-starvation : a general war with risk of revolution would by no means suit Russia's calculation even from a purely interested point of view, and apart from all moral considerations. But there is another important point to be considered. In our ignorance of the Russians as a people, we are apt to picture them a cruel, treacherous, greedy race, without any high moral sentiment whatever. When I was in Russia I watched all classes very carefully, and to my surprise I found that the Russians, especially the ignorant and uninformed, held the same false idea of us : they seemed to consider that we tyrannised and tortured Ireland, just as we supposed—perhaps rightly once—they humbled Poland ; they honestly felt that, pleasant fellows though we might be, with plenty of cash to spend, we were as a race brutal, grasping, domineering, cunning, unscrupulous, meddling, hypocritical—in short almost everything that is bad, except cowards. On the other hand, I found that the Russians by temperament were without exception the gentlest, most easy-going and humane nation in Europe—and I have seen them all. Their defects are many, but the leading feature in the Russian character, high and low, which stands above faults of which they have their full share, is an enthusiastic, generous humanity, easily moved to sadness and tears ; full of expansive gratitude for kindness ; free from meanness, pettiness, and cunning greed. In short, it struck me, the more I contemplated the Russian character, that they were the only people in Europe who possessed several of the better characteristics of ourselves. The Russians are not so fond of fair play, not so truthful, not so energetic, not so manly as we are ; but, on the other hand, they are less hypocritical, more truly modest, gentler, more tender, more truly religious, more

humane, and less brutal and violent in every way. This being so, I decline to believe that the Russian nation as a body, or the Russian Government as its representative—which shares the virtues and vices of that body—would ever lend itself heart and soul to an aggressive general war for mere purposes of spite and plunder; and in this matter, far inferior though the Russians are to their new allies in intelligence, wit, vivacity, and many other noble qualities, they are infinitely superior to the French. They are a juster race, with less venom.

Finally, even in France it is by no means every one that shares the spiteful sentiments of the extreme colonial party and the gallery Press. The hard-headed, solid masses, though easily moved to foolish enthusiasm, in their calmer moments must see that Great Britain is doing them no harm in any part of the world, and is not threatening them in any way. Even in Egypt, our occupation has been of great advantage to French investors. French financiers have not succeeded in establishing an equilibrium at home: could they have done the work we have done in Egypt? What privileges do British subjects enjoy in any part of our Empire which the French cannot share? That France is at the head of civilisation in many respects no one can deny. No Christian missions are more disinterested or more devoted than those of France. In literature and art, in refinement, polish of manners, industry, charity, public enterprise, science, good taste, luxury, and in many other admirable things, she is unsurpassed, if not unequalled. No country is more pleasant to live in, and she has no surplus population clamouring for an outlet. There is really no reason why her interests should clash with ours if she would only be content with her natural sphere. As the admired entertainer and caterer of Europe, she has no call to cut a figure abroad. Our gloomy climate has no charms for half the year: it is only by labour or outdoor sports that we can pass the time without *ennui*. The population has far outgrown the food resources of the land. Emigration is an absolute necessity. When we do emigrate and undertake the administration, we are the only nation that shares and shares alike with all nationalities. We retain no exclusive privileges for British subjects. Why, then, should our action be "paralysed"? Why should not France endeavour to meet us at all points in an equitable spirit? Why not encourage us?

As to leaguings with the Dual Alliance for the destruction of the Triple Alliance, or *vice-versa*, it is conceivable that the violence of either might drive us in self-defence to adopt one or the other course; but, since there is a balance of power, why not leave it thus balancing? England has never threatened either France or Germany, and is pre-eminently the Power whose interests lie exclusively in peace. What

harm is there in her lying, like the United States for instance, beyond the sphere of the balance? Why should she not negotiate successfully her matters of mutual interest, either with each of the two Alliances as wholes, or with each Power of either Alliance as units? It may be true that her outside position gives her power to do harm by giving a preponderance to one of the two balances; but, on the other hand, either alliance, or any member of either, has the power to precipitate war if it chooses. Why, then, should England be particularly suspected? Seeing that the vast military forces of the Continental Powers are now balanced, surely England is the one Power *par excellence* fitted by Nature to stand off, when it is remembered that she possesses no aggressive military force at all. The naval forces of the two Alliances are also balanced. Why should England's preponderance in naval force be grudged her, seeing that it is practically her only defence?

Germany's present position is singular. It is marvellous that the most patient, scientific, orderly, and philosophic people in the world should allow the popular voice—which in Germany is far from being the voice of rashness and ignorance—to be swamped in the votes of Imperialism, or rather, as M. de Pressensé puts it, of Prussian particularism, of the most domineering and unsympathetic kind. It is indeed, an ironical turn of Destiny's wheel that a nation which was the first to think itself free of clerical domination should fall the first a prey to Government by the grace of God. This is a *colpo di stato ài Dominiddio* with a vengeance. Sometimes a hero of magnificent physique and nerveless courage may pose successfully for a time as a Charles XII., just as with the ancient Turks the elected khan was apt to be the man with the strongest arm. Or a military genius like Napoleon may bear down all considerations by the sheer force of his will and intellect. It is perhaps a disaster for the world that the great Emperor Frederick had not a longer life, for it is he of the three who was a truly great man. Under his sage and moderate guidance the best qualities of the newly aroused German race would almost certainly have been developed, after their centuries of dormancy under foreign political tyranny, into a magnificent whole of industry, fairness, peace, and honour. Excuse may readily be found for the rough, unscrupulous genius of a Bismarck, during the transition period when Germany was emerging from a chrysalis state. Under present conditions it is hardly possible to conceive a more uselessly cynical, greedy, and immoral standard of political morality than that which found favour in Prussia a few weeks ago. The action of Peters in Africa is only too typical on an individual scale of what the principles of the Government are apt to degenerate into on a political scale when the worst passions are let loose and encour-



raged. By Government, of course I mean the blustering clique of Junkers who appeared for a time to form the inner circle of the present ruler's council. Amidst sanctimonious pleas for the countenance of the Deity and the interests of peace, a policy towards Greece and Turkey was adopted which disclosed every element of malice, selfishness, and absence of noble sympathy. The theatrical attack upon a helpless and defeated Power, almost within a year of the date when an equally capricious show was made of protecting that Power from dismemberment, shows what would probably be the uses to which the navy would be put if the Reichstag were to give the Prussian *Junker* clique a perfectly free hand. Amid protestations that Germany's whole power would be placed at the Czar's disposal should any member of the Concert break the peace, a deliberate start was given to the iniquitous game of grab, and it looked as though an attempt was being made to embroil the whole Far East. Possibly it was thought that a large portion of the British Fleet might be decoyed to the China-seas by provoking an outburst of commercial jealousy. It is even possible that Prince Henry was sent away because he had been spoken of as a possible regent—in the event of the Emperor's health giving way. No man knows what the morrow may bring forth in Germany, and no man knows what the capricious action of Germany may not bring forth in Europe, or China. The vain, restless activity which kept Napoleon III. perpetually under the eye of Europe, and finally brought about his fall, seems to be faithfully imitated nowadays by Germany. The Triple Alliance as a body can have nothing to do with these dramatic titlings of one of its members; and, even if it could, it is hardly conceivable that Great Britain should join hands with it to support a policy of agrarianism, *lèse-Majesté*, personal pique, inhumanity, and wanton aggression. The real explanation probably lies in the fact that affairs at home were so dangerous that a diversion abroad was looked to in order to let off popular steam. In justice to the Emperor, however, and to his Council, it must be admitted that the success of the astounding *China coup* does not seem to have turned their heads, but rather to have sobered them down a little since the year 1893 began, and to have led to a less hostile attitude towards Great Britain.

Sentiments adverse to militant aggressiveness abroad are indeed held by many Germans, if not the majority of them, at least in all the States but Prussia; but personal liberty is at a lower ebb in Germany now than it is in very Russia. Even letters received from Germany show signs of extreme caution. The Germans have always been a timid race, though never lacking in courage to fight for their liberties in a defensive way. They are so overawed by the police and by military despotism that the great thinkers, the

scholars, the millionaires, the rising geniuses are little better than a pack of skulking schoolboys with their eyes furtively turned up at the master's cane. In Russia, God knows, the arm of Government is evident enough, and in the hands of indiscreet officials often becomes tyrannical and unjust; but there at least we have ignorant masses to deal with, and a conscientious paternal master. Alexander III. was one of Nature's gentlemen in feeling and sympathy, in loyalty, and in honour. Nicholas II. has also, so far, comported himself with a prudence and correctness which compel respect. If the Czar's agents occasionally fail him, it is not always the fault of the Czar, nor even of his Ministers. At least the Government strains every nerve to improve the position of its shaggy flocks: no question of personal vanity, craven submission to foreign allies, or family pique comes in. As in the case of M. de Witte, the humblest Russian may aspire to become a ruler. But the Emperor of Germany can only preserve even public respect for his personality by confiscating an issue of *Kladderadatsch* and imprisoning professors for *lese-Majesté*; he scarcely ever opens his mouth publicly but what an amused smile spreads all over Europe. There is little or nothing of the true hero in him. He estranges his relatives, gives away his Imperial dignity, and is apt to make the actors upon the stage which he directs feel thoroughly ashamed both of their own parts and of himself.

But the Emperor is not by any means the German nation, though he himself often appears to think so. The Germans of course vary, and a Prussian is not the same as a Bavarian or a Saxon. But, taking them all round, the Germans left to their own better judgment, free from police espionage and bullying, are a quiet, reasonable, sympathetic, plodding people; rather more animal in their pleasures than we are; not so gentle as the Russians; but more timid, and nearly as kind; gross and uncouth in manners; either religious enthusiasts or religiophobes; somewhat sour-tempered; greedy, unless restrained; less humorous than the Russians, less witty than the French; careful, exact, and, if harsh, generally as strong in character as in physique. The nature of the German is envious rather than jealous; he has none of the frank, generous, hospitality of the Russian; he is essentially a selfish man; rancorous, underhanded; but not vengeful in the Corsican sense. A great many of his less beautiful characteristics are also ours; but what the German essentially lacks is our sense of fair play and our personal pluck. He has plenty of gregarious courage under discipline, and the German officer is full of fire and "honour" when a defenceless civilian insults him; but, man for man, the German has not the personal courage of either the Russian or Frenchman. He is the sort of man in his evil moments to hit you when you are down, which a Russian will not do at any time. It will be

noticed that the shape of the average German's head is totally different from that of any other people in Europe. His character, in short, is one which easily degenerates into aggressive acquisitiveness, or relapses into patient docility, according to the influences which work upon it, and according to the prospects of gain without risk, or punishment without escape, which seem to him imminent. The recent behaviour of Germans in the Austrian Reichstag is a good instance of what civilised human beings of the German type may become under the provocative influence of race hatreds and disappointed expectations.

Yet there is no reason why we should not be as successful in conciliating the Germans as in conciliating the French and the Russians. Setting aside the personal rancour nourished by the Emperor himself, traceable in most cases to wounded vanity, there is no solid German interest which clashes with ours except the interest of commerce. German commerce enjoys exactly the same privileges in English colonies that British commerce does. When Germany was not yet in a position to protect herself abroad, she never on any occasion ran any risk of injustice at British hands; indeed, her policy was always the comfortable one of taking refuge under the wing of the British pioneer, who never once failed her. In the Far East British officials were always as ready to protect unrepresented Germans as to protect their own nationals. And since the volume of German trade has increased things have not changed: even though (largely through the fault of self-sufficient Englishmen themselves) German traders have by their superior suppleness encroached upon the British trade preserves, and to a certain extent aroused the alarm and jealousy of British traders, yet there has never been any change in British policy. German trade is as safe abroad as ever it was, and so long as the impulsive Emperor refrains from unjust aggression, it will remain so. Germans prefer the freedom of England to the prying police domination of their own administration. German merchants are fully represented in English banks, English municipalities, English steamer companies; German *employés* are as much appreciated as ever in English commercial houses. In short, if we put aside the inevitable commercial jealousy, which after all is no greater between German and English houses than between rival English houses themselves; if we leave out of consideration the evil but transient national effect produced by the Emperor's numerous foolish individual acts, there remains nothing to justify the persistent harbouring and cultivating of national resentment. That we have colonies and Germany has not is no just ground for complaint, for we had those colonies long before she became a *Weltmacht*, and she is, and always will be, able to utilise them freely, just as if they were her own, for all commercial purposes. As a colonist the German (under

his own rule) is even more hopeless than the Frenchman: he seems to find it impossible to conceive any form of government but the domineering police-bully type. Let us hope that Herr von Bülow is serious, and that a new start on honestly liberal principles will be made at Kiao Chao. The picture of Heligoland as it now is—native populace forbidden to stand in groups; dancing and concert rooms only open twice a week; 2000 natives superciliously treated by the police and military; bathing visitors coming across from Hamburg rarely and for days, instead of regularly and for months—all this (though Heligoland is not exactly a colony) is typical of the German official's impracticable ideas, and contrasts sadly with the good old days when six unarmed British blue-jackets formed the sole "force" of the island; when the town swarmed all the season with happy German families enjoying a whole summer's liberty; when the inoffensive inhabitants spent their lives in groups examining the sea with their telescopes, preparing the skins of seafowl, taking service as pilots, and enjoying absolute freedom.

Just as there is no chance whatever of our joining Germany and her allies (with neither of whom we have any bone to pick) in order to protect ourselves against France and Russia, so there is no chance of our joining the Dual Alliance in order to inflict an injury upon Germany. That is, in each case, unless we are wilfully forced to do so. Let German trade go on increasing: we may be jealous; but we shall do our best in a legitimate way to redress the balance. War can never break out between Germany and ourselves, except by the deliberate act of Germany herself; and this is an extremely improbable event so long as the resolutions taken in the Fatherland are left to the good sense of the German people themselves, and so long as they have the courage to resist the unwise caprices of a ruler who may drag them to destruction, and perhaps the rest of Europe too. At present, Germany is more of a despotism even than Russia. In Russia there is an honest desire to develop the country and do no harm to any one beyond it; and in any case Absolutism has the excuse that 95 per cent. of the populace are illiterate. But in Germany we have the singular spectacle of the best educated and in many respects most capable nation in the world led helplessly at the heels of a monarch whose personality is regarded with infinitely less respect than that of either of his predecessors. Have the people of Bavaria, Saxony, and the other kingdoms and duchies of the Empire no right to speak? Have not the rulers of these States as well-founded a stake in the Empire as the King of Prussia? What is the satisfaction in life if it is to be at the mercy of the spy and the policeman for ever? Security is not a sufficient plea, for life in a prison might be justified on the same grounds.

The future of Europe really lies with the German people, quite as

much at least as it lies with the supposed autocracy of the Tsar and the supposed desire for revenge of the French. If the German people would only shake themselves up and insist upon their supreme ruler confining his action within constitutional bounds, there would be no question of preponderance and alliances, and the evil suspicions which now force the Continental nations to waste all their resources upon armaments might gradually fade away and leave the course open for an era of arbitration.

QUORUM PARS FUI.

## THE COLLISION OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

THE outbreak of war between the American Republic and a European Power is an event so startling that no one has yet begun to measure the possible results. But it becomes the English people, of all others, to consider promptly and profoundly what it means. It is a misfortune for us and for the world that at such a moment we have no statesman at the helm of empire; but only a weary, sick and spiritless incubus, assisted in his absence by an amiable philosopher. There have been times of late when men of affairs have sighed for Palmerston, and times when they have regretted Disraeli. Now, there is reason to wish we had a Cromwell back again. But there is nobody except Lord Salisbury, and we must do the best we can.

Into the merits of the quarrel there is little need to enter now. It may be conceded that the leading American politicians—men like Mr. Davis and Mr. Foraker, for example—have not covered themselves with glory by any nobility of attitude in a great crisis. It may be said, if any one cares to say it, that “the Constitution” has not in this case been of much use for any wholesome end. It is manifest that a great part of the American press has behaved abominably, and that the sugar rings, and the financial backers of the Cuban Junta, and the filibustering cliques have perverted a great issue into sordid considerations. However probably we may suspect that the *Maine* was wrecked by a foul act, or, at the best, by culpable carelessness in letting her anchor over a mine, it is just to admit that Congress is not legally justified in basing the American case on this grievance, when Spain, denying the whole case, has offered to go to arbitration as to both the facts and the resulting liabilities, and the offer stands refused.

But all these pleas are beside the real issue. The broad fact is that a great colony, in which large American interests are at stake,

and which is itself the next neighbour of the United States, has been for generations abominably misgoverned, and has been for an intolerable period in revolt; that Spain has proved to be hopelessly unable to re-establish a stable and civilised condition of affairs in the island; and that in her fruitless efforts she has for a long time past been guilty of revolting cruelty. Under these circumstances, the great Republic has found itself gradually drawn and driven by the necessities of the case to interfere, much as Greece was in Crete. In such a case, if a stable Revolutionary Government had existed, the "correct" course would probably have been to recognise it. Unfortunately, though the Cubans are dogged and successful in their resistance to the Spanish power and can hold out in a wild country, they are not strong enough to establish a Government with which foreign Powers could reasonably be expected to negotiate. Hence the whole matter drifted, growing worse as time went on, until the tardy concessions of a somewhat unreliable "autonomy," and finally of a somewhat shadowy "suspension of hostilities" were futile, and until, with the help of the tragic incident of the *Maine*, a state of popular feeling had arisen in America such as nothing but "the liberation of Cuba" would content.

*Jes*  
 America, then, has not invented a crisis for her own evil ends. She has been dragged and driven into a crisis, which probably her shrewdest business men regret, by elemental forces of humanity and of sympathy for oppressed peoples, and a natural desire to extend the bounds of liberty. To these motives, apart from the deep influence of kindred, all that is best in these islands will respond. That is itself a sufficient reason for the startling manifestation of English sympathy for the United States which we have witnessed within the past few weeks. No friend of liberty and progress can doubt that this is a happy circumstance—but there is much more to be considered in connection with it than an amiable wave of emotion, and it is expedient that we should look the situation in the face.

The greatest events in the world's evolution have a way of happening suddenly. The long discontent of the American colonies in the bad old days of George III. blazed out into armed resistance and republican independence over an incident which, as it seems to the student of history, might easily have fallen out otherwise. There are probably few who doubt that the incident was, in its way, inevitable, and a natural part of the world's development, but it was a deplorable accident all the same. When the breach came it produced and left behind it bitter memories, and these unhappily were fostered and increased by the mischievous line pursued by many leaders of English opinion in the terrible days of the War of Secession, and by the long dispute which Mr. Gladstone, to his eternal honour, ended by the *Alabama* arbitration. Probably there were other causes, not political, which intensified the hostility of nations near akin and,

in many of the most essential facts of life, alike. It is unhappily notorious that only a very few years ago even the "best Americans" were received in the social life of England with a kind of sneer. It is also true that the great bulk of the Americans themselves, for lack of closer knowledge of the comfortable absurdities which we foster in the Old World, assumed that England was a much more effete, illiberal, and nobility-ridden community than she is.

Within our own lifetime both these barriers have been broken down. The Americans are pouring into London now with almost the same enthusiasm and with probably as much enjoyment as they once poured into Paris, and they are received everywhere with kindness and appreciation. They, on the other hand, even to the typical man who views the world from a corner store in a Western town, have learnt to know that, whatever may be true of the Continent of Europe, London and Birmingham and Glasgow are communities at least as progressive, in the real sense of the word, as either New York or Peoria, and that in spite of our national mania for expressing all our new ideas and arrangements in terms that date from the Plantagenet, or at least the Tudor times, we are quite as much alive to the great ideals of freedom and democracy and the "government of the people by the people for the people" as anybody is in Washington.

It needed, however, an international incident to give some expression to these new relations. Unluckily, not only during the *Alabama* disputes, but ever since, we have had little international business with our cousins across the sea, except in contentious matters, which, if they were not always important, were often irritating. The first sign of a real *rapprochement* was the excellent effort to arrange an arbitration treaty which grew out of what might otherwise have been a very awkward quarrel, and which seemed at one time as if it might be a charter of eternal amity. How that miscarried it is needless now to remember. But it is important to notice that down to that time, and, indeed, down to this, American statesmen had been acting upon a fixed idea which made intimate relations between the United States and this country unlikely; they had been brought up to believe, and they held tenaciously to the notion, that the United States could and should keep herself absolutely free from all entanglements with the Powers of the Old World. They also assumed, sometimes tacitly and sometimes with pardonable exaggerations of vocal patriotism, that the United States was the destined leader of the New World, and that all European Powers who held any territory in or near North America were there more or less on sufferance. So far did the authorities at Washington carry this theory of aloofness that they even declined to interfere, although they apparently had both an interest and a duty in doing so, in the arrangements made between the European Powers concerning the development of the continent of Africa. And when a large body of English public opinion was striving against great odds



is the cause of humanity and liberty to do something first for Armenia and then for Crete and Greece, although the sympathies of America were unquestionably on the same side, it appears to be clear that the American statesmen practically washed their hands of all responsibility in the matter.

We are in no way concerned to discuss the wisdom or unwisdom of that attitude. Indeed, it is clear enough that for such a nation as the rapidly-growing Republic, it was almost inevitable. It is more important to observe that such a diplomatic isolation could not last, and that of late there have been many signs that America is entering, whether she will or no, upon another phase of her history in which she can resist these wider responsibilities no longer. One set of incidents which shows the drift of things is the series of troubles in Hawaii which are ending at last, in spite of all protests of the old school, in the establishment of an American outpost far on the road to Australasia, in the midst of a network of relations and difficulties such as the old time politicians of the United States had no concern with. Another world-circumstance which is driving them with irresistible force in the same direction is the paralytic stroke which has suddenly smitten the Empire of China. Although the American statesmen stood aloof from the scramble for Africa, and the regulations made at Berlin concerning African trade and jurisdiction, it is impossible to suppose that they can equally stand aside and see China parcelled out among the European States. It is notorious that China is in some respects their most natural field for commercial development over sea. American interests and enterprise in China have long been important and must grow enormously. It would be a suicidal policy for Washington to allow the Powers of Europe to parcel out the Yellow Empire into tariff zones; and even if Great Britain secured for free trade a certain portion of the territory, that mitigation of the evil would hardly reconcile the United States to the loss of such an enormous field of possibilities.

While these forces are rapidly developing comes this new international incident of the Cuban trouble; and on a sudden the United States, which have hitherto hardly dreamed that they would ever be at war with any Power—except, perhaps, ourselves—find themselves at grips with one of the Powers of Continental Europe. It is idle to speculate at this stage on what the issues of battle may bring forth; there is little reason to believe that the contest will be either easily or quickly settled; but, whatever victories or defeats may come, there can be no doubt that momentous consequences must follow for America from the very fact that she has found it necessary to fight. During the negotiations there was evidence enough of the way in which such a fact changes the situation for American diplomacy. It is well-known that all the Continental Powers took the side of Spain.

It seemed, indeed, at one time, as if very serious pressure might be brought by our old friend the Concert of Europe, nominally in the interests of peace, but really for the rescue of a European sovereignty from a very awkward situation. These attempts represented the converging effect of several different anti-American tendencies. In the first place Austria, for reasons of dynastic alliance and religious and historical sympathies, is frankly and strenuously the friend of Spain. In the next place, both Italy and France, little as they love one another, are anxious to prevent the crippling and possible destruction of the third Power in that group which they talk of as the Latin Union. In the existing system of European alliances it might be supposed that the common instincts and interests of the three Latin nations had been forgotten; but there are many statesmen, both in France and Italy, who have by no means lost sight of the fact that such a grouping might well have been made in the last generation, and may come to be necessary in the next. Further, it is perfectly well-known that there are currents of violent anti-American feeling in ruling quarters in Berlin, and the German Empire was, therefore, perfectly ready to enter *con amore* into the designs of its existing partners at Vienna and Rome. Russia, of all the Continental Powers, was probably the least inclined to thwart America, but she has no interests or sympathies which would make it worth while to oppose in such a question the desires of France.

One thing, and one thing only, prevented the Concert of Europe from putting on any pressure beyond that of platonic representations: that was the outburst of public opinion in England, which made it clear that, however compliant the Ministry might have been in other questions, they would not and could not do anything but sever themselves from the Concert if it attempted to impose its will on the United States. As in such a matter the Concert of Europe could obviously act in the last resort only by naval operations, England practically held the veto, and for the moment the Concert is dumb.

It is idle to suppose, however, that the danger has gone by. It may easily happen that at any turn in the operations of war there may seem to be an opportunity for intervention and that the Powers of Europe may be tempted to return to the policy of pressure.

Behind these diplomatic relations and possibilities there is another aspect of the subject which it is as well to face. It is very possible that the responsible men at Washington do not intend nor desire to annex Cuba. Nevertheless it is the opinion of those most competent to judge that the end of the war, in which of course America can hardly fail to be successful sooner or later, will be that the United States will have to take the island in one form or other, and become responsible for its future. There are those who say that this will be an unfortunate result. It is undoubtedly true that it will not be

altogether a convenient one for the United States. If the population of the island is to be admitted to American citizenship—a logical consequence which cannot long be avoided—the results will be distinctly awkward. In Cuba itself the insurgents who are now fighting Spain would probably be almost equally dissatisfied with a Government which was engineered from Washington or New York. Certainly the people of colour in Cuba who, if the truth were known, are probably half the population, would not, as an enthusiast for liberty might expect, find themselves happier under the domination of the American carpet-bagger than they were under the normal conditions of the Spanish Government. But, after making all allowances, it is obvious that this is the proper result. So far as industrial development is concerned it might plausibly be argued that every island in the Antilles would be more prosperous and better managed if the whole archipelago were annexed to-morrow. It is quite certain that even in some of our own islands it is to American enterprise and capital that the best results—for example, in the development of the fruit trade—must be traced. The present Cuban population would probably be discontented under American auspices, but Cuba itself, which is now for the most part a grievous wilderness, would blossom into unimagined prosperity and productiveness within a generation.

One may take it, then, that the inevitableness of things will add the island to the territories of the Republic before many years are over. But if Cuba goes, so will Puerto Rico. And if both these great islands are annexed, it is impossible to imagine that the chaotic island which lies between them, and which has before now petitioned of itself for annexation, will long remain behind. This, then, is a situation which gives occasion for thought to the European Powers. Once America extends her borders so as to include the greatest of the Antilles, the American Jingo is bound to cast covetous eyes upon the rest of the group, whether it be owned by England, or by France, or by Holland, or by anybody else. As a matter of strategical fact, the great American interest in this region is the command of the line of transit at Panama, and of the hypothetical canal of Nicaragua. For both these purposes even the possession of Cuba does not enable the United States to dominate the situation. Having once commenced the enticing game of making successful war with Europe, and developing the Monroe doctrine to the point of hunting the monarchical foreigner out of American islands, the temptation to carry it on is obvious. And, even apart from this line of possibility, it is equally clear that the possession of a portion of the archipelago will bring America into still more intimate relation, as regards the problems of trade and tariffs and communication, with all the rest. If all these things are so, and if it be conceded that the fate which has driven America into the present war has also precipitated a new and grave

development in the general foreign relations of the United States, it remains to ask the familiar question—What are we going to do about it?

We have little hope that there is any one now powerful in the direction of affairs in England who will have the pluck and the energy to do what might be done. As we said in the beginning, it is a time when we sigh for Cromwell back again. But however loudly we may call for the great spirits, they will not come. Yet there seems to be no serious doubt as to what England ought to do. Her principles, her interest and her sympathy all point in the same direction. The simple truth is, that the time has come when the unhappy breach which severed the American Republic from the British Empire as a hostile Power ought to be repaired, so far as it is expedient that it should be, by the establishment of an Anglo-American alliance.

No sane person would propose that either of the English-speaking Powers should abate its general freedom of action, or should alter its internal government. The materials are ready to hand for a perfectly simple and yet perfectly effective *entente*. All that is required is that the responsible statesmen of England and America should arrive at and should formulate a policy on which they are agreed in those matters in which it concerns them to act together. The most important of these cases at the moment, apart from the questions arising from the war itself, is obviously China. For the purposes of such an alliance we take it that responsible men in America would be quite content formally to recognise us, as Sir Frederick Pollock recently suggested, as an American Power, who owned the Dominion of Canada, and who were certain to stay there. If the sympathetic state of feeling which now exists on both sides of the Atlantic were wisely utilised at once, we cannot believe that it would be difficult to take up the thread of those negotiations concerning the Arbitration Treaty, which were apparently never altogether broken off. With even a little goodwill on both sides it is ridiculous to doubt that the resources of diplomacy are adequate to the framing of a clause under which all ordinary disputes that may arise in future should be referred to some tribunal. If it were found possible to go so far, it would probably prove to be possible—and we see no reason why there should be any reluctance from the English side—to go further also: and the next stage would be that the *entente* would become an alliance, under which each Power might at least undertake to assist the other in a defensive warfare. This would mean, in plain language, that each partner of the Anglo-Saxon combination would safeguard the other against the risk of being wiped out by a combination of the Continental military powers.

Such suggestions have been floating, doubtless, in the minds of many Englishmen, and above all in the minds of those who sympathise most keenly with the cause of liberty and progress, during

these exciting weeks. There has been a natural feeling, of course, that it would be almost an insult to offer our help to America as if she were not able on her own account to deal with the present difficulty. But there was surely much reason in the suggestion which was made before war became finally inevitable, that if an Anglo-American *entente* could be brought into existence and declared, the overwhelming force at the command of such a combination would have decided the liberation of Cuba, in spite of all the natural reluctance of Spain, without a blow. It is not desirable at such a time as this to indulge in hints of menace, or to use the language of a braggart. But it is sober earnest and mere fact to say that if there were statesmen great enough to bring into existence between Great Britain and America an *entente* as stable as that which, for the greater part of this generation, has bound together such heterogeneous units as Italy, Austria, and Germany, its influence, not only on this, but on all quarrels of the world in which either of us are concerned, would be decisive. We have mentioned the Triple Alliance. It was a combination inspired by fear and jealousy and cemented by the idolatry of force. Except for the self-preservation of the States concerned, one of which at least is not worth preserving, it has not to our knowledge served a single useful end, and it has been used for some bad ones. The three Powers which compose it have literally no common bond except the fear of neighbours, whom they are by no means anxious to conciliate.

Compare this with such an understanding as is now suggested between the British Empire and the United States. We are of the same race, and of the same speech. Although by certain historic blunders we have ceased to be members of the same community, yet our law and our institutions are in great part the same. On at least nine out of ten of the questions which arise in the policy of the world we think alike. Of the Great Powers we are, unhappily, the only two in whose national life freedom, in any real sense, has made her home, as we are also the only two who have not by choice or circumstance been bound in the frightful chains of that military madness which has turned the Continent into a camp.

More than that, we have enormous common interests all round the world. We are the great adventurers, the great capitalists, the great traders, the great colonists. Although America has not chosen till now to be one of the first naval Powers, it is her obvious necessity and destiny, and, if we did not hold the command of the seas, the United States would have to take it. And precisely because of all these things we both of us are very cordially detested and very bitterly envied by the military Powers. We in England have had cause to know of late how easy it would be on due occasion to make a combination of Europe against us, as there might have been in the past weeks,

or may be in the ensuing ones, against America. The chances which might make such a possibility a vital danger to either of the English-speaking States are evident enough to those who know the facts of foreign policy. If, then, alliances are to be founded, like the *Triplice*, upon the potent motive of a common danger, there is common danger enough for us. But the motive of a common interest is equally there, and the worthiest motive of all, which is that of a common good purpose, would be, and ought to be, the real mainspring of such an effort. We have said that the *Triplice*, powerful as it is, has hardly been used for the world's good. It is safe to say that it would be difficult, even for our bitterest enemies abroad, to suggest any case in which the united strength of England and America would be ever likely to be put forth, which would not be to the advantage of mankind.

It is possible even to look further. If one thinks of the tremendous power which such a combination could wield if and when it chose, one is tempted to wonder whether it might not be able, in the fulness of time, to take effectual steps towards that ideal which, to even the greatest optimists, seems almost hopeless—namely, the suppression of war. It would be certainly the desire of an Anglo-American combination to make universal, as between all sovereign States, any method of permanent arbitration which had in practice proved effectual between themselves. For such a policy they would surely have the ready support at least of all the smaller Powers, and probably of some among the greater Powers also. It is needless to point the obvious moral that if any system of permanent and general arbitration had existed, the present war would never have begun.

Before the days of Alfred, when private war was a common habit of settling disputes in England, it would have seemed, even to the most sanguine, incredible that in later generations men would take even the most furious or the most vital quarrels in an orderly fashion to the arbitrament of a tedious old gentleman in a wig. It is not impossible that some day our remote descendants may wonder why we were such fools as to tolerate for century after century so stupid, so risky, and so eminently inequitable a method of settling national disagreement as that of the organisation of scientific murder.

We need insist, however, upon no individual application, and upon no particular form for what we have described as the *entente*; but we may insist on two things. First, that the present crisis is a golden opportunity; and, next, that if ever there was a human institution of which it would not be absurd to say that it would make on the whole for the Kingdom of God, it is a Treaty of Amity between the severed Powers of the English-speaking race.

POLITICUS.

## THE DREYFUS CASE.

### I.

IN his speech of January 29, in reply to M. Cavaignac's interpellation on the Dreyfus case, M. Méline, after refusing all explanation and persisting in the very worst of equivocations, said: "It is the good name of France among foreign nations that we are defending."

Since all self-respecting foreign journals have been of opinion that the French Government had taken up the very worst position that it was possible to adopt, those who are against the revision of the Dreyfus judgment now declare that foreigners have no right to deal with what is a purely French question. They may declare it as much as they please, but they have no means of compelling the silence of journals which are not published in France: the less so that, in spite of the sentence on M. Zola—now annulled—they have failed to gag those journals which continue to protest against the way in which the cases of Dreyfus and Esterhazy have been conducted. They forget that a question of treason is necessarily an international question, since it must concern at least two countries.

Those Republicans who would not have foreigners discuss the Dreyfus affair also forget Gambetta's speech in the Bandin case, where he appealed from the triumphant *coup d'état* to the conscience of the civilised world. Great as have been the efforts of our Protectionists, they have not yet got so far as to set up prohibitive barriers against the international phenomena of intellectual and moral *endosmosis* and *exosmosis*.

I propose here briefly to sum up the mere facts of the Dreyfus case.

## II.

The *Libre Parole* was founded in 1892, and is edited by M. Edward Drumont, chief of the Antisemitic movement in France. The first chairman of its managing committee was M. Odelin, who from 1882 to 1890 had been manager of the Jesuit establishment. The connection between Jesuitism and Antisemitism is not disguised; most of the officers of the Staff are old pupils of the Jesuits—the Jesuits who were much mixed up in Boulangism, of which Rochefort was one of the principal leaders.

Now, on October 29, 1894, the *Libre Parole* asked "whether an important arrest had not been made for the crime of high treason." On November 1 it published an article under the sensational title of "Arrest of a Jewish Officer." The *Petit Journal*—also a Boulangist organ—the *Intransigeant*, and the *Libre Parole* proceeded to accuse the Minister of War of wanting to hush the matter up because "the officer is a Jew."

Who was it who gave this information to these journals? Evidently the superior officers of the army. Why these attacks on General Mercier? Clearly because he hesitated, he had his doubts. In order to compel him to go on it was necessary to threaten him. The slang word for that is "blackmail." General Mercier saw that he had everything to lose—except honour—by resisting, and everything to gain by yielding. On November 7 he capitulated.

Next day, November 8, the *Intransigeant* was loud in praise of the virtues of General Mercier. He became the great man, the patriot resolved to stop at nothing, to have Dreyfus executed. He was a new Boulanger, who had to struggle with his own colleagues in the Cabinet against the President of the Republic, Casimir Périer. General Mercier gave his pledges in an interview published in the *Figaro* of November 28. He said "he had had overwhelming proofs of the treachery of Dreyfus, and he had submitted them to his ministerial colleagues." (His ministerial colleagues afterwards declared that this was a falsehood.) The General added that "the guilt of that officer was absolutely certain, and he had had civilian accomplices." That was more than three years ago, and these accomplices have not yet been brought to light.

Public opinion had, therefore, been for seven weeks under treatment when, on December 14, 1894, the Dreyfus trial was opened, under the presidency of Colonel Maurel. The prisoner was examined in public. He said his name was Alfred Dreyfus; he was thirty-five years of age, born at Mulhouse, a captain of artillery *breveté* (that is, coming from the higher military school), appointed a student in the first *bureau* of the General Staff. As soon as the witnesses were called the Commissary of the Government, Commandant Brisset,



demanding that the doors should be closed. M. Demange, Dreyfus's counsel, proposed to argue the point, "seeing that the only document——" The President roughly interrupted him, saying, "There are other interests at stake besides the prosecution and the defence." Alas! that was obvious enough. M. Demange pressed his point. The President rose abruptly and directed counsel to retire. The order was given for closed doors.

This much was ascertained—that Dreyfus was accused on the evidence of a single document. He was condemned. His counsel, M. Demange, could not recover from his astonishment, and said, "They have put a padlock on our mouths; in the eyes of every one Dreyfus is guilty; but for my part, in my private opinion, I am still absolutely persuaded of his innocence."

On January 5 came the terrible ceremony of the degradation of Dreyfus. The energy with which he protested that he was innocent was recorded by all the journals, however prejudiced they were against him. To the crowd, who shouted "Death, death to the traitor!" he repeated, "I swear that I am innocent."

Many persons were uneasy and perplexed. In defiance of every principle of justice, the Government proposed and Parliament carried the law of January 9, 1895—a special law passed for the case of a particular man and relating to a crime already committed—under which Dreyfus was transported to the "Ile du Diable," in the deadly climate of Guiana instead of being sent to New Caledonia.

Silence ensued, broken only from time to time by the Antisemitic journals, which, arguing from the case of Dreyfus, denounced Jewish officers and demanded their expulsion from the army.

### III.

On September 3, 1896, a telegram appeared in an English newspaper, stating that Dreyfus had escaped. "The *Éclair*, a paper inspired by the General Staff, took advantage of this false news to print on September 14 an article entitled "The Traitor," in which it was stated that Dreyfus had not been condemned on the evidence of the *bordereau*, but of a secret document, not produced for discussion, but communicated to the members of the Court in their consulting-room. This document was described:—"it was a letter in the cypher of the German Embassy." It was explained that the reason why this letter had not been brought into Court was that it might not appear that the cypher was known. The letter contained the following passage: "That animal Dreyfus is getting too *exigeant*."

In this way the *Éclair* made it clear that the judgment which condemned Dreyfus was invalid—a conclusion which was hardly suspected by the Staff officers who had communicated the letter.

Afterwards it came to be known that this secret letter was not written in cypher at all; and that the name Dreyfus did not occur in it: there was only the initial D.

The same article went on to give some details about the *bordereau*. It related the test to which M. du Paty de Clam had put Dreyfus when he dictated to him the *bordereau* (a thing known to be false). It told how Commandant Henry had sent to Commandant Forzinetti, governor of the Cherche Midi prison, an order of the Minister of War bidding him enter Captain Dreyfus without putting his name on the prison register. Every one who had kept his head cool was astounded at these details. Why the closed doors in 1894? Why these revelations by the Staff in 1896? Why keep back the evidence in 1894, and want to produce it two years afterwards—not to the judges but to the public? Why confess now the use of a secret document, contrary to Articles 101 and 82 of the Military Code?

The *Matin* continued these indiscreet revelations. On November 10, it published a facsimile of the unsigned letter which has been called the *bordereau*, and which was the only document discussed at the trial in 1894. What was the object of making public this record in 1896? Why was it not produced in 1894? The *Matin* relied on the *bordereau* as a decisive proof, while the *Éclair* had announced that three out of the five experts in handwriting had hesitated in their opinion.

On November 18, 1896, M. Costelin, a Boulangist deputy, presented an interpellation on the Dreyfus case. It was made the occasion of a grand display of patriotism. General Billot, Minister of War, affirmed that "the court-martial had been perfectly in order in its deliberations." When the *Éclair* published the whole story, he added that "the reasons for the superior order which had compelled the closing of the doors in 1894 had lost none of their gravity."

Probably General Billot had never given attention to the matter. He only replied according to instructions given him by General Boisdeffre. But he committed himself, and with himself he committed also the Méline Cabinet.

## IV.

A year passed. On October 29, 1897, an article appeared in the *Matin*, containing the following statement from M. Scheurer Kestner: "I am convinced of the innocence of Dreyfus; and I am more than ever determined to seek his rehabilitation."

This saying made a profound impression. The Antisemites could not accuse M. Scheurer Kestner of being a Jew. He is a Protestant. They could not say that he was taking up this cause in order to bring his name into notice. Vice-President of the Senate, he had no ambitions; and, as events have proved, in acting as he did, he could

not but compromise his position. Being rich, he was not open to a charge of pecuniary corruption; and it was not possible to accuse this last representative of Alsace-Lorraine of any tenderness for a traitor. In a letter in the *Temps*, on November 14, 1897, M. Scheurer Kestner said he had proved to the Minister of War on October 30 that the *bordereau* was not the work of Dreyfus. General Billot had promised him an inquiry, and asked him to be silent. General Billot made no inquiry. But Scheurer Kestner had told him that, on production of evidence, he would be ready to confess his error. No proof had been shown to him.

On November 15 M. Mathieu Dreyfus, on the eve of an interpellation by M. Le Provost de Launay, a fierce enemy of the Republic, published a letter which he had sent to the Minister of War. In it he said :

“The only ground of the accusation against my unhappy brother in 1894 is a letter, unsigned and undated, showing that confidential military papers were handed to the agent of a foreign Power.

“I have the honour to inform you that the author of that letter is Count Esterhazy, a commander of infantry, retired last spring on account of temporary ill-health.

“The handwriting of Count Esterhazy is identical with that of the letter in question.

“I cannot doubt, sir, that, now that you know the person guilty of the treason for which my brother was condemned, you will at once do what is just.”

The Minister of War requested General Pellieux to institute an inquiry; but it was known at the same time that Commandant Pauffin de Saint Morel went to see M. Henri Rochefort, “on the part of his superiors,” as he said, in order “to confide to him the flag of the army.”

Commandant Esterhazy was not arrested. No investigation was made at any of his various places of abode. The journals devoted to the Staff were full of stories of the anxiety of General Pellieux on his account; at the same time they were full of threats and accusations against Colonel Picquart, who had been at the head of the Intelligence Department after Colonel Sandherr, but had, in November 1896, been suddenly sent away on a mission and then located in the depths of Tunis. General Pellieux caused a visitation of his house to be made in his absence. Naturally General Pellieux decided in favour of Esterhazy. However, General Saussier ordered the first military council to examine the matter. Commandant Ravary was charged with this duty, and on December 31 he naturally came to the conclusion that there was no case against Esterhazy. However, General Saussier, on January 2, 1898, ordered Esterhazy to be brought to trial on the 10th.

The court-martial was presided over by General de Luxor. The

audience were astounded at the reading of Commandant Ravary's report. It was entirely given up to an exculpation of Commandant Walsin-Esterhazy, and was an elaborate impeachment of Colonel Picquart. At the moment when the latter was called upon to give his explanations the doors were ordered to be closed. On January 11 the Court unanimously pronounced that M. Walsin-Esterhazy was not guilty.

## v.

On January 13 there appeared in the *Aurore* a letter from M. Emile Zola to the President of the Republic. After sketching in general outline the facts of the Dreyfus and Esterhazy cases, it ended with this sentence: "In conclusion, I accuse the first court-martial of violating the law, by condemning a prisoner on the evidence of a document which was kept secret; and I accuse the second court-martial of screening this illegality by their order, and committing in their turn a judicial crime by knowingly acquitting a guilty man."

M. Méline, the Prime Minister, in answer to questions in the Chamber, made haste to announce that the prosecution of M. Zola had been ordered. Only, the Government endeavoured to confine the scope of the prosecution to M. Zola's accusation of the court-martial of 1898. It passed over the fact that the court-martial of 1894 was also libelled when it was accused of having condemned a prisoner on the evidence of a secret document. Thus it hoped to escape any discussion of the Dreyfus case.

It was in these circumstances that the great trial opened before the Assize Court of Paris, which lasted from February 7 to 23 last. I shall not here go over the divers incidents which occurred in the course of that discussion, the scandalous scenes which the Antisemites were permitted to enact in the Palais de Justice, along with the officers sent by M. Pauffin de Morel and General Gonse "to support the Advocate-General and the jury." In spite of the eloquent defence of M. Labori, Zola was found guilty, without extenuating circumstances, and was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, the maximum penalty.

M. Zola appealed to the Cour de Cassation. That tribunal, on the report of M. Chambareaud, and having heard Procureur-Général Manau, annulled the whole prosecution. The Government, therefore, called together the Military Council of 1898 and asked whether it proposed to prosecute. The Council replied in the affirmative on April 8, and at the same time demanded that M. Zola should be struck off the roll of the Legion of Honour. The Government have cited M. Zola to appear before the Assize Court of Versailles on May 23. Have they chosen Versailles, instead of Paris, because Versailles is a garrison town, where officers will be able energetically

to support the Advocate-General and the jury? That is a mystery.

Such is the history of the Dreyfus and Esterhazy and Zola cases. I proceed briefly to ask what these cases have disclosed to the public.

## VI.

What are the proofs of M. Dreyfus's treachery? On January 8 the *Siccle* published the indictment against him, drawn up by M. d'Ormescheville. It rests upon evidence moral and material.

The moral evidence is so pitifully weak that Commandant Brisset, in his speech for the prosecution, gave it up. The report insinuates that Dreyfus had had mistresses. It casts in his teeth that he was a witness in 1890 in the case of a Madame Dida, who was murdered. But Dr. Lutard, who was his physician, has told how Dreyfus was congratulated by the President of the Assize Court on the delicacy of his conduct towards that lady. The report also attacks Dreyfus on the ground that he recollected having once dined at the Press Club. No questions were asked of the witnesses; but none the less Dreyfus was accused of being a gambler. Dreyfus, again, has "a wide circle of acquaintances, speaks several languages, and is of a very accommodating character." He "was altogether unworthy." The report does not go on to say, but clearly implies—"Besides, he is the first Jew who has been admitted to the Staff." Consequently he is guilty. That is the moral evidence.

Dreyfus had said that they might search his house, but they would find nothing. "The search had the result which he predicted." Three experts in handwriting out of five, in addition to M. d'Ormescheville, pronounced for the similarity of his handwriting to that of the *bordereau*, except for discrepancies which they called intentional. That is the whole of the material evidence to prove Dreyfus guilty.

Dreyfus was a rich and ambitious officer. It is not easy to discover a motive for his treachery. Legends have been told how he had bought a house in Paris for 220,000 francs, and his treason was to pay for it. It was that story, told in presence of M. Scheurer Kestner, and found false by him on examination, which moved that honest senator to pursue his inquiries.

At length the *Éclair* published the "secret document," which contains a falsification; for the name of Dreyfus is not to be found in it.

It has been stated that on the day of his degradation, Captain Dreyfus confessed to Captain Lebrun-Renault, who accompanied him, that he had handed over to Germany certain papers of no value with a view to obtaining others. But nothing was said about this pretended confession at the time; it has not appeared in any report; and it is contradicted by the statements made by Captain Lebrun-

Renault to M. Clisson, which appeared in the *Figaro* next morning. And what value would M. Lebrun-Renault's assertion have in the face of Captain Dreyfus's persistent protestations of his innocence?

Lastly, General Pellieux told the Assize Court that on November 17, 1896, the day before M. Costelin's interpellation, the German military attaché, M. de Schwartz Koppen, had taken the trouble to send a letter, with his card, to his colleague at the Italian Embassy, M. Panizzardi, saying: "There is to be an interpellation about the Dreyfus case. Never speak of the relations we have held with that Jew." That is what General de Pellieux and General de Boisdeffre call an "absolute proof."

Rochefort, too, has told a story of a letter written by the Emperor of Germany to the German Ambassador, which proved the guilt of Dreyfus. It is said that the generals intend to bring this fairy tale before the Versailles assize court. Their faith in the gullibility of the public is not misplaced; so far their confidence has been successful.

## VII.

Now let us look at the evidence against Walsin-Esterhazy. As to positive evidence, Commandant Picquart, when chief of the Intelligence Department, obtains possession of a *petit bleu* (that is, a telegraphic card) indicating that Commandant Walsin-Esterhazy handed over documents to the German military attaché. M. Picquart then obtains evidence that he was much more likely to have written the *bordereau* than Dreyfus.

The Professors of the *École des Chartes*, MM. Paul Meyer and Givy, members of the Institute, also M. Molinier, of the *École des Chartes*, and M. Louis Havet, a Professor of the *Collège de France*, have compared the handwriting of the *bordereau* with Esterhazy's letters and affirmed that it is identical.

Thus all the moral evidence concurs in implicating Esterhazy. Once a Pontifical servant, he was attached to the Staff in 1876 as having a good knowledge of German. Wherever he has been he has left a most deplorable reputation. He speculated on the Bourse and failed to pay his differences. He lived with a girl who was an *habituée* of the Moulin Rouge. Lastly, we now know in detail (see the *Siccle* of April 4 and 8) the relations between Esterhazy with M. de Schwartz Koppen, the German military attaché. He was his regular informant; while M. de Schwartz Koppen affirms that he has never had any relations with Dreyfus, and says Esterhazy is capable of doing anything. M. Panizzardi, the Italian military attaché, has told us how on October 16, before his name had come out in the press, M. Esterhazy went to Colonel Schwartz Koppen, and,

revolver in hand, demanded that he should go to Madame Dreyfus and declare to her that Dreyfus was really the guilty man.

Feterhazy's letters reveal to us his moral and mental condition: "If to-night some one came and told me that I should be killed to-morrow as a captain of Uhlans attacking the French. I should be perfectly happy." He dreams of "a red battle-sun, in Paris taken by assault and delivered over to pillage by a hundred thousand drunken soldiers. That is a face I dream of. May it come to pass!"

### VIII.

This is the man to whom General Pellieux wrote as "My dear Commandant." All the General Staff and the Government strained every nerve to screen him. The Antisemites gave him an ovation as he left the Assize Court, and Prince Henry of Orleans congratulated him. Now that all the evidence against him is collected, and he finds it so overwhelming as to reduce him to silence, he is put forward as the incarnation of patriotism! His friends call the defenders of Dreyfus "the friends of the traitor," whereas it is they who really deserve that name.

It is impossible that the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Minister of War are unaware that the truth is known in all the Embassies, all the Cabinets, all the Staffs of Europe. Why, then, do they take such pains to play a part as ridiculous as it is odious—to "keep the innocent in the 'Ile du Diable,'" while they protect the guilty? Why? Because the Staff officers Du Paty de Clam and Colonel Henry instigated the condemnation of Dreyfus; because General Gonse, after first taking the side of the revision of the judgment, afterwards became its opponent. The generals of the Staff are of opinion that to pile lies upon lies in order to conceal the judicial blunder of the court-martial of 1894 is to "defend the honour of the army." Do they think they are raising the prestige of the French army in the eyes of foreign countries?

The old religious passions have risen again, and the cry is heard, "Down with the Jews! Death to the Jews!" M. Brunière affirms that Antisemitism is the revenge of the old parties, who were crushed on May 16, 1897, upon "the Freemasons, the Protestants, and the Jews"—in a word, upon the Republicans.

The Liberal Republicans are inert enough to take no side. Now that the right of every citizen to the protection of the law and the equality of all Frenchmen before the law are at stake, they think it good policy to refuse to "spend their time on this incident." They oppose those of their own party who, like me, believe that this Dreyfus affair will be an indelible disgrace to the Republic and to France if we do not hasten to put an end to it. The Radical Republicans, such as

MM. Bourgeois and Cavaignac, take sides against Dreyfus, and in favour of Esterhazy. The Socialists are divided. It is only a small minority of us who dare to declare our faith in truth and to demand justice. What matters? We are confident of success—perhaps an early success. There are things so shameful that no Government can long tolerate them with impunity.

YVES GUYOT.



## OUR "EXPERT" STATESMEN.

**W**HEN I last wrote\* I was anxious to assure the Government of the firm loyalty of both sides of the House if they would only go right on along the path on which the country wanted to be led—that of putting our defences in proper order, and if they would not allow themselves to be bullied into fads by faddists. I think I may claim that my article, written long before the debate on the Army Estimate, was justified by what followed. Mr. Brodrick, in a thoroughly well got-up speech, defended the maintenance of everything that I defended, and he carried the House with him. Since then a change has passed over the spirit of our dream which, for the rapidity with which it has spread like a nightmare over the whole House, surpasses everything that I can remember, although it is a good many years since I first set foot within the walls. What I have now to assure Ministers is not that they ought to go on boldly, unabashed by phantom opposition and phantom criticism, but that a distrust, profound and serious, has spread throughout the ranks of their supporters, and that the notion that it has been removed by Mr. Balfour's explanation of the past transactions or by the annexation of Wei-hai-Wei is a pure delusion. It was certainly consistent with the nature of the facts which he had to lay before us that Mr. Balfour should in the course of his speech pour contempt upon the opinions of experts as invariably conflicting. For the precise complaint which many of us who have been most eager supporters of the present Government hitherto are inclined to make is that they have allowed themselves to be hoodwinked by foreign diplomatists, because, whilst those diplomatists all look at questions from the point of view of war strength, they themselves have not condescended to take the

\* "The Military Amateurs," *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, March 1898, p. 335.

advice of either sailors or soldiers, and therefore have throughout failed to understand the objects at which the statesmen with whom they had to deal were aiming. For the same reason they have throughout failed to see in what cases the power of England was irresistible, and where therefore they had no occasion to put forth feeble protests, but could boldly and definitely say "No!" I don't write now for the purpose of finding fault with the past, much as I love upon occasion to gnaw a bone. Facts are just now too serious in the minds of us all for that. What I want to do is to stop the process which is now going on in the House of the Whips coming round with bogus stories, trying to frighten us like a pack of children with night-shirt ghosts. I was standing the other day in one of the lobbies with several other men, discussing some of the ignominies which have lately been heaped upon us, when one of the Whips, who shall be nameless, joined the party, and in substance this was what he said: "What is it that you fellows want? Are you ready to go to war with France and Russia at the same time? Do you know that Russia has 300,000 men ready at once to throw upon the frontiers of India and 150,000 to throw into Manchuria and down upon Port Arthur?" I will not swear to his figures, for he was evidently a little vague about them himself. Moreover, I am not a good hand at remembering figures not written down; but there were several other members near at the time, and I am sure that they will confirm the substance of my report. It may be that the Government have not been actually working upon such imaginary data as these; but then what an absurdity it is that we should be hoodwinked by them! For according to my custom, what I did was this. I went off to some of the best-informed sailors and soldiers that I knew, and tried to ascertain the facts. I propose to lay before the readers of the CONTEMPORARY what I believe to be the undoubted truth.

First of all, I did not find on one subject at least, among those who were worth hearing, any of that discrepancy of opinion of which Mr. Balfour speaks. The sailors absolutely laugh at the idea of a war with France at the present time, and that for reasons that every one can understand. A German writer has lately given a very graphic illustration of the relative strengths of the navies of the world, in a form in which any one can see at a glance their proportionate strength. It was copied into the *Sketch* of April 6. It is worth looking at, but from all I can gather from those who were present with the several fleets at Crete, and when the ships of the world met for the opening of the Kiel Canal, the relative efficiency at this moment of the navies is not adequately represented by that British giant standing beside the other pigmies by which the German endeavours to show the personnel of the different naval forces nor by the huge ironclads beside little boats by which he portrays the relative strength in ships. From

...the ... of ...

...the ... of ...

...the ... of ...

...the ... of ...

There is no chance whatever of France going to war with England in behalf of any of the subjects abroad which she has been bickering with us. The Anglo-Zulu business shows as clearly as daylight that the whole soul of France is bent on her army, and that she is hoping to seize some opportune moment for war with Germany. Moreover, it is as clear as can be that there is an enormous mass of sentiment that is seeking for a change and bawling after a despotism. Any ill-success would settle the question. Apart from the cannot use her army unless she could first overcome our fleet. The statesmen know very well that a collision between the two navies would not only entail disaster, but almost certainly expose some hanky-panky business that has been going on in the dockyards. If anything of that kind happened, it would be not merely that this particular Government would give place to another, but that there would be an outburst of socialism, followed by a despotism, which would probably begin by sending M. Hanotaux and others to join Dreyfus. Therefore, if only for the sake of their own

skins, the French statesmen will not go to war if they can help it, especially with us. Perhaps it is well to have things unsettled till after the elections, because before then any very public rebuff might force the unwilling hands of the men now in power; but assuredly it would take much to drive M. Hanotaux into war. He calculates simply on the fact that the mere idea of war is such a bogie to the Cabinet that he can extract whatever he pleases out of England without the least risk of war. Not even the wish to support Russia in our Far East would make France actually run the risks of war with us. How could Russia save her from any of these consequences? France has been greatly disillusioned about the Russian alliance, from which Russia has gained everything and France no one single advantage. The fact is penetrating deeper and deeper into the mind of the country."

So much for the first scare of my good friend the Whip. As regards Russia, I knew already—every one who cared to remember it knew—that when the Japanese left Port Arthur and Talienwan they dismantled all the forts and removed all the guns. Therefore, it was clear that Russia must re-arm them by sea. It did not take long to find out that Russia was seeking to re-arm Port Arthur and Talienwan by means of her volunteer fleet sent round from Sebastopol with the guns for Port Arthur loaded into them as ballast. That was a risky business. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had declared that we were ready to defend the "open door" into China "even at the risk of war." Since Lord Charles Beresford succeeded in getting the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty put upon a proper footing it was notorious that the movement of foreign ships was everywhere carefully watched. Notice had duly appeared in the *Times* as early as 1895 that Russia was endeavouring to procure a cession of the Liaotung peninsula, with Talienwan as the terminus of her railway through Manchuria. If Russia was to use Port Arthur as a fortified place the armament for it must come from Europe. Was it too much of a riddle for any one in the Admiralty Intelligence Department to guess what was likely to be the ballast of those volunteer ships? I put the common-sense and the powers of reasoning of those able men who have been selected for the work of that department too highly to believe that. I do not actually know that they warned the Government that they had any suspicions of what was going out in those ships. I do not know how far the present Government take steps to be made aware of the conclusions at which their two Intelligence Departments have arrived. But of this I am very sure, that the data were ample to afford such suspicion as would have justified us in exercising our rights under the Treaty of Tientsin by continually keeping within the harbour of Port Arthur a few ships, which would have stopped the clandestine importation of that precious ballast.

Looking at the matter for a moment from the Russian side, consider how dramatic the situation was, and how tense must have been the anxiety with which, in the Russian Embassy in London and in high

quarters in St. Petersburg, the progress of those ships, with their well-concealed ballast, shadowed throughout their voyage by English ships, must have been watched! Secrets are notoriously not easily kept in Russia. In no country in the world would it be easy, considering how many hands must be engaged in loading heavy fortress artillery upon ships obviously not requiring them for their own use, to make sure that no one would discover what was going on in the port, who might either himself convey knowledge of the fact to England, or in his cups reveal it to some one else who would. In Russia they drink deep, and no one knows the danger better than Russian statesmen. In any case, every day as the little fleet drew nearer to the China seas it must, to those who knew, have seemed more and more impossible that there should be no one in London who would guess the secret, even if it had not been revealed. Moreover, for a long time it must have looked to those anxious eyes as if the secret had been betrayed or guessed. When the volunteer fleet arrived in Eastern waters after their long voyage, several ships of the English fleet were actually lying in Port Arthur. What did it mean? Evidently the volunteer fleet could not fulfil its mission till the situation had been cleared. China had given no assent to the Russian demands. It was obviously unlawful to import into a friendly harbour guns for the purpose of arming a dismantled fortress which had first to be seized, whether China wished it or not, in order that her assent might be afterwards enforced. British Ministers had expressed their approval of Russia obtaining an open port for commercial purposes. They had not at all agreed to Russia seizing, against the will of China, a fortress the armament for which had long since been despatched by sea. All the time there lay the British ships, which could sink those gallant little volunteers before they could attempt their splendid feat of predatory daring. Would the English fleet do so or not if manifest aggression were directed against an empire in the independence and integrity of which her Majesty's Ministry had professed so keen an interest? That Ministry, by the mouth of one of its most trusted members, had not shrunk from using language rare in diplomacy. As Russia purposed to clap a padlock on the open door, and to retain the key, would those words apply to her intended action? What wonder that under these circumstances relations between the two Courts became less pleasant than before, that official newspapers in Russia began to use language of irritation against England, for which it was difficult to account from any facts known to most Englishmen, and, as we must now suppose, not understood by her Majesty's Ministers! The fact was, that all this language represented a condition of overstrained nerves. During the two or three years throughout the course of which preparations were being carried on for the great *coup*, Russia had entirely failed to deliver, within striking distance of Port Arthur by

land, any respectable force. The distances were too enormous, and even now she has, as far as I can learn, only contrived to get somewhere in and about Manchuria feeble *cadres* of a certain number of regiments, aggregating a very small number of men, and quite incapable of plodding their way through the deep mud of Manchuria, dragging with them guns, food, and ammunition over its roadless tracks. What was to be done? Despair was almost succeeding to irritation, when suddenly from the minds of patriotic Russians the dark cloud which had hung over them was removed by news of unexpected joy! As Mr. Balfour well said, the keys of China, as of other places, are kept in London. In London they had been handed over to the Russian! Two distinguished statesmen had met. From the Russian point of view, which I am now giving, both were to be highly commended. Each in the conference which had followed had obeyed one part of a divine command. One had spoken with the wisdom of the serpent. The other had acted with the harmlessness and the innocence of the dove.

"This vehemence of attack of which you complain in the Russian Press is most unfortunate," had said the Russian Ambassador. "We must, of course, do our best to stop it. It is most important that the friendly relations of the two countries, which you have done so much to secure, should be thoroughly restored. Perhaps you would do a small thing, not of any real importance, of course, which would, I think, just now give us help in soothing the feelings of my countrymen. No doubt it is not very reasonable, but just now the presence of English ships at Port Arthur is certainly one of the causes which irritate them. Of course your ships have a perfect right to be there; but as the Russian fleet has gone thither, the fact that English ships have followed them causes remark, and might easily produce some unfortunate incident between sailors of two nations, both of which occasionally partake not wisely but too well."

The kind British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had at once agreed to grant so trifling a favour. Being not only Foreign Minister but Premier also, he sent an order direct to the Admiralty for the immediate withdrawal from Port Arthur of the ships that had gone in there. My Lords of the Admiralty are a strong and very patriotic body. They have many a time stood out stoutly for what they knew to be their duty. They fully realised the risk in this case. Perhaps they had even known or guessed why the withdrawal was demanded. At all events, I hear on very good authority that some of them have said that if the withdrawal had been demanded by the Foreign Office under ordinary circumstances they would have insisted upon the question being referred to the Premier for decision. But the Premier himself had given the order. There was no possible appeal against it, though it had been issued without consulting them and against their

judgment. Then followed the catastrophe. The Russians had no force of armed men that against any decent soldiery could have captured such a fortress, even in its then state. Up to this date China had given no consent. Two thousand men at most were available for landing. They showed the direction from which they feared attack by promptly laying down such mine-fields as they could outside both Port Arthur and Taliénwan. Then they marched in and, without orders or authority to do so, unless from Li Hung Chang, the Chinese troops marched out. Then at last, but not before, the unhappy Emperor, with, it is said, tears in his eyes, agreed to "lease" what had already been taken from him. He agreed because England, which had just declared her desire to maintain the integrity of China, had abandoned to seizure a fortress which, except by sea, could never have been approached.

Since Vivien stole his secret from Merlin surely never has advantage been so promptly taken of successful coaxing by any one as then by the Russian Minister. For in one moment he put forth the charm. Merlin in this case was not lost "to life." Whether he was lost to "use, and name, and fame," the future consequences of that fateful conversation may yet have to determine. It is these facts, most surely believed among us, which have suddenly shattered that faith in Lord Salisbury as a Foreign Minister, which has made us bear with equanimity the perpetual surrenders to the French of which so graphic an account was given in the article last month on "The Failure of our Foreign Policy." Hitherto it has been a matter of party faith with us to prove against our better judgment that each of these surrenders was either inevitable or advantageous. It is wonderful what one can do in the way of persuading oneself to believe what one wants to believe. Always one has solaced an uneasy conscience by the conviction that the Government knew more than we did, or than they could venture to tell us. Here it is manifest that Lord Salisbury was hoodwinked because he did not know, because he did not take the means at his disposal for ascertaining what the real meaning of the concession he made was. What we now fear is lest he should allow himself to be frightened by these threats of Russian aggression against our Indian frontier. It is clear as clear can be that Russia will not quarrel with us till she has perfected her hold upon Port Arthur. That cannot be for a long time yet, though every hour that the decision is delayed makes it more difficult to turn her out. As yet she has only about 2000 men in Port Arthur. It is altogether within our power to prevent her from increasing those numbers. Moreover, the lowest estimate I have heard assigned for the time that she will require to arm Port Arthur, even decently, is six months. That, however, was given me by an infantry general, and I find that artillerymen accustomed to this class of work put it as much more

nearly two years. The mine-field defence is a mere sham, designed to frighten a Cabinet that does not condescend to consult experts. It presents no terrors to a navy that can employ torpedo-boats and naval counter-mines to clear the way, and that cannot be injured by mines except when they delay ships under the fire of guns, which here cannot be used with any effect for many a long day. Under the treaty of Tientsin we have an absolute right to send our ships into Port Arthur. Russia has guaranteed us the maintenance of our rights under that treaty. Why should we not exercise them here? Clearly the laying of mine-fields, plumped down the moment our fleet was outside the harbour in order to prevent their return, was a direct violation of the *bond-fide* meaning of this pledge.

Now whilst Russia is not ready to meet us in these waters, now when Japan is only burning to be let slip if she can be guaranteed the safe arrival of her ships from Europe, and be aided by some support for her pecuniary necessities, now when a satisfactory bargain with Germany ought to be easily struck—now is the time to obtain definite concessions and a definite understanding with Russia. All this wrath about our accepting the proposal of China that we should occupy Wei-hai-Wei is mere bluff. It is an attempt to pursue the same game that has been so successful already—the scaring of nerveless Ministers, who are each so confident in their capacity to command the China, the Mediterranean, and the Channel fleet, that they sometimes do not consult, and more often than not wholly repudiate the advice of their ablest admirals on purely technical questions about which they at least ought to hear all that can be said by those who know.

By Mr. Curzon's own direct confession in the late debate they have done exactly the same as to their military advisers. He made a very smart Parliamentary reply to Sir Charles Dilke by saying, "It is a little unreasonable that almost in the same breath that he is accusing us of making a premature decision and of throwing dust in the eyes of the House, he should ask us for full details of a naval and military programme"—but it was a purely academical answer. It was exactly in that fatal manner of a University debating society from which Mr. Curzon has never yet been able to get free. Sir Charles Dilke's objection, as a question of statesmanship, holds the field, and neither was nor could be answered in the debate. According to Mr. Curzon's averment, for more than a year the Government have had before them as an alternative policy to the maintenance of the integrity of China, the possibility, at least, of their having to occupy Wei-hai-Wei. We know that for at least three years the preparations for the seizure of Port Arthur have been going on; that the Government had ample warning from those who knew three full years ago that the step was in contemplation. Their utter, absolute contempt for the opinion of



all "experts" and their self-satisfied vanity can alone account for the fact, if it be a fact, that they did not from that time forward set all the agencies they had at their disposal to work to procure for them all the means of information that were necessary. Being on friendly terms with the Japanese, who were in occupation of Wei-hai-Wei, there could be no reason why they should not obtain from them exact particulars and plans of a harbour and fortress which the Japanese were about to abandon. With a huge and docile majority at their back, faced by no opposition, with the country intent on foreign policy, eager to put all resources at their command, there could be no excuse if, as they say, they thus lacked information, why they should not quietly, and without specially drawing attention to it, have rescinded that most unfortunate mistake of Lord Randolph Churchill's, the abolition of the vote for secret service money. It is of course possible that a fatal shortness of money for such purposes may have so hampered both our Intelligence Departments that they were not able to furnish the Government in the course of three years with exact particulars of the strength of the garrison that would be required for Wei-hai-Wei. What is absolutely impossible and incredible is that if the Ministers had not done this thing, confident in their own omniscience and in their power to hoodwink the House, they would not have given some indication of the necessary increase to the army involved in this new acquisition. For consider! We have only quite recently had it carefully explained to us by Mr. Brodrick that the army has been thrown out of gear by the disproportion which the necessities of our foreign policy have established between the numbers abroad and those at home. He made it clear that in order to put things on a proper footing, and to save us from the "squeezed lemon" stage at home, an addition of about twelve battalions was properly necessary. As the Government did not see their way to raising more than three battalions this year, and could not make up their minds to offer an addition of pay of more than about a penny per man, we were left with nine battalions short of what we ought to have. In addition to this, we were to some prodigious extent that I don't remember short of garrison artillery.

I have heard lately that all our coaling stations require much larger garrisons than have yet been sent out to them. Having these three years during which the subject ought to have been considered as an alternative, one year during which it was actually, by Mr. Curzon's avowal, seriously contemplated as at least a possible alternative, surely during some part of that time the question which Sir Charles Dilke put to Mr. Curzon, but which he was unable to answer, might have been submitted to their military advisers. I repeat it now because as soon as the House meets after Easter it is imperative that some answer to it should be given. "In view of the great diffi-

culty which was experienced in keeping up our garrisons of Malta and Gibraltar, were they going to add a great fortress at an infinitely greater distance from this country to their garrisons?" "If it was intended to make it a great military and naval station, what was the expense which would be involved?" Surely some approximate estimate ought to have been arrived at before, not after, the policy was decided on. For it is no mere question of cost. The Japanese have thought it necessary to maintain there 18,000 men. If we are to keep any such number, that would, by Mr. Brodrick's showing, involve an increase to the army of 36,000 men additional to the number which he has already explained to us are required to make the army as it is work with proper efficiency. Most lucidly, I must do him the justice to say, he explained to us that we required an equal number of men added to the army at home for all that were added to the army abroad. Therefore, if 18,000 men are required for Wei-hai-Wei, 18,000 men must also be added to the home army at the same time in order to feed them, or else, as he clearly showed us, the army throughout is broken down by the strain on the home forces in providing drafts. Any serious deduction from this force must mean that the forts are not properly manned, and that it will be no equipoise to the strength of Russia, who will certainly put at least 18,000 men between Port Arthur and Taliénwan as soon as she can get them there. No doubt our garrison will, in fact, be much less than this.

We invariably at great risk employ numbers of troops which to a foreign general would seem ridiculously small. In a measure, no doubt, our command of the sea enables us to do this much more safely than any one else can. But in these distant regions it is neither wise nor safe to leave such places as Hong-kong and Wei-hai-Wei without adequate garrisons. It follows as a logical consequence that an addition to our army of three battalions, which might have been quite satisfactory as an instalment before these events, is quite inadequate now that we have to provide for altogether new contingencies. Clearly, therefore, the first necessity is to attract as many recruits as possible. Personally I am not at all sure that we have not very nearly reached the maximum annual contingent that our system of voluntary enlistment can furnish; but I hear from all my soldier acquaintances that at all events the offer which has at present been made is wholly inadequate. The original proposal of the much despised military advisers of the Government was, as is reported, that the recruit should receive 1s. 3d. a day and the formed soldier 1s. 6d. That, at least, was an attractive offer, very different from what the soldiers very clearly seem to understand to be merely an increase of barely more than 1d. a day. Therefore, before the policy of taking over Wei-hai-Wei was adopted, the sailors and soldiers ought to have been called on to report how the step would

affect the navy and army. Evidently from Mr. Curzon's statement no such step was taken. The most serious element in the whole of the melancholy story I have had to tell is the evidence it supplies that the Government, far from possessing that amount of superior knowledge with which we have always credited them, and because of which we have blindly trusted them, have been acting throughout without taking the means at their disposal for getting advice on subjects of which they were profoundly ignorant. Apparently because among the blind the one-eyed is king, the one adviser or expert on whom they have relied has been Mr. Curzon. He travelled in China and in Russia and wrote a book about them. Therefore, of course he must know. Unfortunately every prediction to which Mr. Curzon committed himself has been utterly falsified by events. He assured us that whatever slight successes Japan might in the first instance secure in fighting against China, that great slowly-moving, but mighty, Empire would in the long run completely overwhelm her. He wrote both there and in Russia with that particular kind of confident assurance and certainty of personal omniscience which is usually only seen in a young graduate who has just taken a rather good degree. A hasty glance as he raced through such vast areas as those that are covered by Russia and by China enabled him to settle every question, to penetrate into the minds of Russian statesmen, to gauge the social condition of such a complex and mysterious people as the Chinese. Therefore, he needed not to study the works of those who had devoted years of their lives to the profound study of these difficult problems. Therefore, with scorn in his tones he set down as mere folly what they had long since foretold. Nothing whatever that has happened was not exactly foreshadowed in that masterly study "Society in China," written shortly before the war by that greatest of Chinese "experts," Dr. Douglas. His article in the Encyclopædia on the same subject had given all the antecedent circumstances in history which led up to the melancholy picture of febleness, shame, and misery which the later work presented. All that, however, was for Mr. Curzon rubbish not worth his consideration. Because they have relied upon this gentleman, who needs advice from no one, but when backed by the hearty cheers of a party can give to older statesmen just such answers as rejoice the hearts of undergraduates in a Union debate, her Majesty's Ministers have been hoodwinked by Russian diplomatists, bamboozled by French statesmen, and nonplussed by the sudden collapse of China, for which all serious students of the East were completely prepared. Contrast the marvellous success which has attended their policy when they have trusted to other counsellors, and have not been superior to taking the advice of "experts." In Egypt they have gone on steadily and surely from success to success, hampered only by the way in which they have

allowed themselves to be bullied in financial matters by France. In West Africa, after all the unnecessary and ignominious concessions of the past, for which they were by no means only or chiefly responsible, from the moment that Mr. Chamberlain obtained a free hand everything has been rapidly improving. He did not talk of war, but he very quietly and steadily put our fighting forces there into an effective condition, until now even on land we are not afraid to speak to any one in the gate. The necessity which is obviously upon us is that what Mr. Chamberlain has done in West Africa we shall do for our land forces generally. We must seriously examine from the point of view of possible war our position in China and elsewhere. Russia is not occupying Port Arthur in order to "save the face" of any Government that has received a rebuff and wants to look successful. She, as rapidly as she can, will make it into a powerful, effectively garrisoned fortress and harbour. If Wei-hai-Wei is to be any counterpoise to the power Russia has acquired in Northern China, we must make it as least as effective both as to docks, armament, and garrison. Can we do it? If so, the whole effect of the new policy upon our army in general must be taken into account. Mr. Brodrick's exposition of the mode in which the different parts of our army at home and abroad interact upon one another was too lucid to be entirely forgotten by the House. After Easter a full statement must be laid before us of the means by which the additional strength which will be required by our army is to be provided, and within what time. All the other unanswered points in Sir Charles Dilke's question must be fairly dealt with. Otherwise it will be manifest that the occupation of Wei-hai-Wei was a mere *coup de théâtre* designed to save the face of a Government in trouble, not an addition made by cautious statesmen to the strength of the Empire.

TEAREM, M.P.

## HEALTH ON THE BICYCLE.

**T**HERE can be no doubt but that the health of the people of this country must be influenced one way or the other, for good or for bad, by the almost universal craze for bicycling which during the last few years has become the fashion. The cult of the bicycle is by no means new—it has had its votaries for now about thirty years; but while the high, difficult, yet withal graceful “Ordinary” machine held sway, both sport and pastime were practically confined to practised athletes, and the question of health or fitness for the exercise in their case was never raised. But the invention in the first place of the tricycle and of the low, equal-wheeled “Safety,” and in the second of the pneumatic tyre, changed all this, and has brought an exercise both fascinating and exhilarating within the reach of all, old and young, man, woman, and child. Of course, a great number of men who have recently commenced to ride are either those who in their younger days were given to some form or other of athletic exercise, or else are now at school or university engaged in running, rowing, cricket, football, or other competitive sports, and so do not suddenly, and in an untrained state, commence to throw an unaccustomed strain on their muscular and circulatory systems. But these experts are not the only recruits to the new army of cyclists. Men who have passed the greater part of their lives in sedentary occupations, women whose only exercise has been “carriage,” young children, and old people, have with one accord fallen victims to the fascinations of this alluring form of locomotion. It stands to reason, therefore, that among those in this second category there must be many on whom a sudden increase of bodily exertion must produce a great effect, and it is the object of this paper to lay down such rules and indicate such precautions as may be necessary to insure that the change in their habits

may be productive of good, and not the means of laying the foundations of disease and injury.

There are few exercises or sports more healthful to the ordinary individual than bicycling in a moderate and discreet fashion, and experience has shown that in many cases of functional ailments, and even in some of organic delicacy, its regulated use has materially aided the physician in his efforts to restore health. The reason for this is not far to seek. A person riding a bicycle has not to carry his own weight. He is rolled on wheels, and only has to propel himself; the machine carries him. A simple experiment will prove the truth of this. Let any one carry a man of twelve stone weight on his back for, say, one hundred yards, and afterwards seat him on a tricycle and push him over the same course, and compare the amount of force needed to accomplish the distance. He will find that a finger-touch is sufficient to propel both man and machine, while very considerable fatigue results from carrying him. A bicycle ride, therefore, combines the maximum of fresh air and change of scene with the minimum of injurious effort, and to the delicate will afford exercise without exhaustion, and to the strong will open up the country and give access to places which otherwise would be unattainable to those not blessed with riding horses.

Granting, then, that cycling properly regulated is in itself a good and healthful recreation, it is well to examine the question, and endeavour to point out the pitfalls which, in its pursuit, should be avoided, and give any hints which may conduce to its becoming a healthful as well as a pleasurable amusement.

First of all, to take the case of persons who are sound and well. At what age may a child commence to ride? At what age should a man decide that the time is past for him to learn? As a general rule, it may be stated that seven years is quite the earliest age at which a boy or girl should be allowed to mount a cycle, and even then great care is necessary to see that the machine is in every way fitted to the child. The reach must be carefully adjusted according to the length of leg; the saddle must be accurately adapted to the rider; the crank should not be too long, four to five inches is quite sufficient for a child of such an age; and the gear should not exceed fifty-two inches. Young growing tissues are easily distorted, and therefore it is most important to see that the handle-bar is raised to such a height that the rider can easily sit quite upright. If it were too low and the handles set too far forward, the child would adopt the ungainly "scorcher" attitude, and a permanently humped spine would be the result. Then when he is properly mounted and the machine rightly adjusted he must not be allowed to do too much. Excessive distance is bad, excessive speed is worse, and excessive hill-riding is worst. It is impossible to lay down in miles and furlongs how far

each particular boy or girl may ride. The capacity of each for active exercise differs, and each by practice will become capable of doing more. If after any ride the child is found to refuse his food, and to be feverish, restless, and sleepless at night and thirsty the next day, it is a sure and certain sign that he has done too much, and such over-exertion persisted in must lead to disaster. If, on the contrary, on returning home the young cyclist eats well, sleeps well, and is bright and lively the next day, then the ride has not been pushed too far, and has done him good and not harm.

It is difficult to say when a man is too old to commence to ride. Some men of advanced years have all their life long been used to regular athletic exercise, and in consequence come to any new form of bodily exertion with heart and muscles well prepared, and long experience teaches them how much or how little they can do without injury. Of such was the late Major Knox Holmes, who, an athlete from his youth upwards, at the age of about seventy-four years exchanged his arm-chair and chronic rheumatism for a tricycle, and died of influenza at the age of eighty-five, having the year before his death ridden over one hundred miles in the day on the great North Road.

There are several other instances of men who, having passed the allotted span of threescore years and ten, have learned to cycle, and are still living instances of the benefits to be obtained therefrom. But old arteries are inelastic, old muscles are brittle, and any veteran who has passed a sedentary existence should count well the cost before he risks the chances of over-strain which might easily ensue on his attempting a new and unaccustomed pastime for the first time in his old age.

This warning applies with double force to women—as those who have at the present time attained a mature age, passed their youth in the days when the only exercise considered “ladylike” was dancing or a mild walk, and who consequently are quite unprepared to suddenly change their habits. No old man or elderly woman should, under any circumstances, commence to cycle unless passed sound, and even then the greatest care must be taken never to venture beyond the bounds of extreme moderation. Those, however, who are already expert cyclists may look forward with confidence to being able to continue their riding through a green old age, and to reap health and length of days from their habits of regular exercise.

One of the most frequent questions asked is whether persons who are physically unsound may cycle; and if they may, how much should they be allowed to do? It is quite impossible to discuss this thoroughly, except in the pages of a purely medical work; but a broad rule may be laid down that no one who is unsound or delicate should commence to cycle, except under the advice of a competent physician. There are some ailments in which cycling, properly regu-

lated, acts like a charm in restoring health; there are others in which to mount a bicycle would be simple suicide. It does most good in functional diseases, and in such as arise from insufficient exercise. It prevents and assists in the cure of such ailments as gout and rheumatism, and few regular cyclists are troubled with indigestion. In the bloodlessness of young girls it sometimes does more good than pints of iron drops, though in such cases moderation is most essential until the heart is well drilled in its new work, and very few instances of pure "nervousness" survive a regular course of bicycle rides. Its use is not so apparent when there is organic mischief and change of structure in any organ, though sometimes it is used as a palliative, and enables the sufferer to take that exercise which is good for his general health, and which he could not manage on his feet. No person, however, with any organic disease, especially if the heart be affected, should attempt to cycle, except under the direct orders of his physician.

When it is decided that it is right and wise for a person to commence riding, a most important question is the distance he should cover and the pace at which he should cover it. From what has been written above, it will be seen that the answer to this depends entirely on the physique and condition of the rider. Because Cordang, an exceptional athlete, trained to the hour and perfectly paced, can compass over 600 miles in twenty-four hours on a cement track, it does not follow that a delicate girl or weak man can ride fifty miles in the same time on a country road. In all probability, were they to attempt it, they would be more harmed by their exertions and more exhausted at the finish than the experienced professional was after racing over twelve times the distance. Each novice, commencing to ride, must feel his or her way gingerly; condition will come with practice, and in a few weeks it will be possible to accomplish a distance at a speed which seemed quite impossible when viewed through the glasses of inexperience and unfitness. But, even when in condition, to the ordinary rider moderation, both in pace and mileage, should be the watchword. It is extremely easy to "over-do" it cycling. The exercise is so easy and the exertion seems so slight that much mischief has been done to many, especially women, who, tempted by a leading wind and favourable gradients, have exceeded their usual distance riding away from home, and, on returning, have found that the adverse conditions of wind and hill entail a struggle which, if persisted in, may leave its mark on their constitutions for years. The old hand, especially when not quite fit, carefully arranges his ride so that he has the difficulties to contend with when fresh, and takes the help of the breeze and formation of the country to bring him home without undue exertion.

It is very easy to know if any ride has overtaxed the strength and



caused over-fatigue. Under such circumstances the rider will be unable to eat, he will be thirsty, hot, restless, and feverish at night, and quite unable to sleep, and the next day will suffer from lassitude and a distinct disinclination for any form of exertion. If a rest be taken, these symptoms of "fatigue fever" will rapidly subside; but if they be disregarded, and the offence repeated, nature will step in to exact the penalty due to her outraged laws.

For the great majority of cyclists there is no doubt but that the bicycle is a better machine than the tricycle. It has the advantage in weight and ease of propulsion, and can be used more easily when the road is bad, because it is a "one-track" machine, and can pick its way along any smooth portion of the highway; whereas the tricycle requires three tracks, one for each of its wheels. In case of accident also the bicycle is the safer, as it is possible to jump clear when it is impossible to avoid the danger; while the tricycle rider, especially if of the female sex, is wedged in between the seat-pillar behind and the handle-bar in front, and has to sink or swim with the machine. The disadvantages of the bicycle are the tendency to "side-slip" in greasy mud, the difficulty in mounting and dismounting, which require a certain amount of agility in the rider, and the fact that it requires a trick-rider to remain seated when not in motion. For ladies with a tendency to *embonpoint* a well-built tricycle is decidedly the more graceful steed.

With regard to the saddle, each person must suit himself. There are dozens of good patterns on the market, but, as it has been well said, "one man's saddle is another man's blisters." It is most necessary to be careful about the adjustment and position of the saddle; if too high or too low it cannot be comfortable, even if the pressure in the wrong places is not injurious. It should be placed just so high that when the rider is sitting at ease and upright he can touch the pedal with his heel when it is at its lowest point. This will give him perfect command over the machine, and allow him to use his ankles in pedalling to the best advantage. Riders, especially ladies, are inclined to transgress this rule for two reasons. The first is, that it is much easier to mount the cycle if the saddle be placed too low; the second is, that persons of short stature look more elegant and graceful if their seat is raised to such a height that they can only just touch the pedal with the ball of the foot when extended. Either error is injurious. If the saddle be too low, it is impossible to use the full power of the muscles of the leg, as the knee must always be kept bent, and so they have to act at a great disadvantage, because the force has to be applied by a pull rather than by a push; sitting in such a cramped and doubled-up position, it is extremely difficult to make any use of the weight of the body as an agent of propulsion, and so the rider has to depend entirely on his muscular efforts to drive the

machine, and they, handicapped by his incorrect position, are frequently at fault, especially when climbing a hill. It is much better to have a machine built with a low frame, or to carefully cultivate the art of mounting, than to struggle on with the saddle some inches too low.

When, on the other hand, the reach is set too long, it is positively injurious to the rider. He (or it is generally a "she") is at the mercy of every stone or rough place in the road, and is quite unable to humour the bicycle over ruts or bumps by distributing the weight between handles, pedals, and saddle, and is consequently tossed about as if riding on a rail, while the position is unsteady and a great deal of injurious pressure is exercised where it will do most harm. At the same time, the danger of side-slip and of losing control of the bicycle in an emergency is doubled, as the guiding power of the feet on the pedals is lost for about half the stroke and the ankle-action is much impaired. If any cycling beyond mere park-riding be contemplated, it is better by far to sacrifice a little appearance to safety and comfort, and shorten the reach according to the rule given above. Each different person, according to his length of limb, will probably require the peak of the saddle to be in a different position with regard to the crank-axle. Experience will alone determine this, but for the majority it will be found that if a plumb-line be dropped from the peak and fall about four or five inches behind the crank axle, the most suitable place will have been discovered. Some are able to do better with a more forward, some with a more backward position, but in either case extremes should be avoided.

With regard to the actual shape of the saddle, it should be sufficiently broad at the back to allow of the rider sitting fairly and squarely upon it, and using for that purpose his ischial tuberosities, the bones intended by nature to support the weight of the sitting body. Most persons prefer some sort of a peak, as it gives a sense of security in descending hills, and also assists them in guiding the cycle. The saddle should be most carefully adjusted, so that this peak shall cause no undue pressure anywhere, and when the right angle is found, the nuts should be firmly fixed, and never moved. There are numerous patented arrangements, all intended to produce the great cycling desideratum—a perfect saddle; each rider must discover that which is perfect for himself. But it is essential, whatever be the shape of the saddle, that the springs be adapted to the weight of him who sits thereon. Springs for a fourteen-stone man are absurd for a nine-stone girl. For a novice, rubber or felt pedals are best; for an expert, rat-trap. For these last a special pair of shoes should be kept, and if vibration, causing numbness of the feet, be complained of, it is well to have the soles made of a sheet of rubber fixed between two layers of leather. To both sexes, when cycling, certain rules as to dress are common. All underclothing should be of

wool, with a thickness regulated according to the temperature; shoes always; boots never should be worn; and no garment should be at all tight. For men little more need be said. Golfing or shooting costume, with rather thinner stockings, suits every cycling requirement, it being understood that knickerbockers are far preferable to trousers. For women the skirt should be well cut and not too large round the hem; three yards will be found sufficient, and it should clear the ground by about four inches when the wearer is not on her machine. Knickerbockers should take the place of the petticoat, and thin woollen stockings should be worn by those who mean to ride more than a mile or two. Some women are disposed to discard the skirt when cycling, on the ground that "rational dress" is both more convenient and safer, as well as allowing a diamond-framed machine to be used instead of the more cumbrous drop-framed ladies' bicycle. In these contentions they are undoubtedly right, but, beyond the proto-martyrs and pioneers of the movement, it does not seem likely that many women, in this country at least, will adopt the new fashion, as, with two or three exceptions necessary to prove the rule, the all-powerful looking-glass forbids. It is as well for ladies riding in the early spring and winter, or who are likely to return against a wind or after dark, to carry an extra wrap. It may save many a chill. Very little beyond common sense is necessary to point out a proper diet for cycling. Whatever the rider may have been accustomed to, and has found to suit him, is best. It is not necessary to be a vegetarian, a teetotaler, an excessive meat-eater, or large consumer of alcohol, to excel on the cycle. Nature and experience point out that a simple mixed diet is best for man, and simple regular meals are best for the man who cycles. It is unwise for any one to start riding directly after food, and stimulants between meals, even in case of fatigue, must be bad. Their effect soon passes off, and the reaction leaves the rider worse than he was before.

So long as human nature remains what it is, it may be taken as absolutely certain that racing and speed competitions will find favour among the young, and that not only the young, but those even of more mature years, will be tempted to descend into the arena and test their speed and stamina against their fellows. For years it has been a matter of controversy whether racing, either on foot, in boats, or on cycles, is dangerous to health, or whether it may be indulged in with impunity, and be expected to improve rather than damage the physical condition of its votaries. The last five-and-thirty years have witnessed a great athletic revival, which has spread downwards to all ranks of the community, and in the present day the number of young men engaged in all sorts of occupations and avocations, who take part in hard competitive exercises such as football, rowing, cross-country running, short and long distance walking, running, and cycle

racing, is simply legion; and, if the after-effects of all this athletic strain be as bad as some pessimists delight to paint them, it stands to reason that the general health of the community must show a marked and increasing deterioration as a result. Studying this question from an active experience of over thirty years, it appears that, if no harm is to be done to the individual, and through him to the community, by indulging in the practice of this athleticism, the love of which is inherent in the human race, two stringent rules should be laid down: the one, that no person should take part in any competition unless he be properly trained and fit; the other, that no person organically unsound should, under any circumstances, be allowed to commence training. It is impossible that an untrained man can pass through the ordeal of a fast and keenly contested race without throwing such a stress upon his heart, lungs, and muscular system that some mischief must be done, and some organ, weaker perhaps than its fellows, receive a strain which, though perhaps not appreciated at the time, is painfully apparent later on, and may wreck a whole lifetime with the curse of chronic ill-health. This danger is more real to the old hand, who may be tempted to compete when out of condition, than to the novice who has no experience of the race-path. The one knows exactly how to make the most of himself, and his nervous system, stamped with the mark of many previous contests, enables him to overtax his strength, and goads him on to the extreme limits of exhaustion. The other is unskilled; his nervous energy is misapplied, and, though his pluck may equal that of the more skilled performer, nature steps in before he can do himself much real injury and compels him to cease from his ill-advised efforts. That any one whose organs are unsound should not be encouraged to subject them to the trials and labours of that sort of preparation which is necessary in the present day before it is possible to excel on the race-track must be clear to every one who takes the trouble to consider the matter. No young man whose heart, lungs, or joints are in any way diseased can hope to do more than jog on through life. Cracked plates are not used to build a war-ship, and guns with flaws are condemned. Such persons can be very useful members of society, but they are not fitted for the fierce joy of contest. The weak spot must under such circumstances be found out, and the greater their pluck and determination the worse will be their ultimate fate. It must not be concluded from the above that all men organically unsound are to be prohibited from every form of bodily exercise. Moderate and proper use of their limbs will be beneficial, and many a wise physician will order them exercise, and so direct it that it will lighten their burden and sweeten their days. But there is a great difference between a quiet potter on a bicycle and a well-fought-out race. A bruised reed may accomplish the one unharmed, but break on attempting the other.

When it is decided that a young man is fit to go into training, it is necessary that he should train with care. The object of proper training is to bring the body to the highest perfection in health and efficiency, and this process must be accomplished gradually; and pains must be taken not to overdo the work, but by degrees fit and accustom each organ to the extra strain which will be laid upon it, and build up the whole system to withstand such strain without sustaining injury. It is impossible to lay down in a short paper any more than the most general rules which should be observed to attain this end. Each man trains differently, and must be humoured accordingly. Common-sense and moderation are the best trainers, and regularity in sleep, food and exercise is the best regimen. It is wonderful what feats can be accomplished by a sound athlete, when properly fit, without any apparent harm. The competitors in many twenty-four hours' races and record feats have been thoroughly examined by competent observers and found perfectly healthy and but little exhausted by their arduous labours. The time has not yet arrived to say with certainty how these long-distance races will affect the future health of those who have participated in them; suffice it to state that at present they show no signs of unsoundness. It is hardly necessary to mention races of a duration of six days, such as have recently been held in America, except unhesitatingly to condemn them. Let it be hoped that the National Cyclists Union will never permit any such exhibition to take place in England under its rules. For the sound, moderate racing, after proper training, is good, and many a man owes to his athletic career improved health and physique, as well as habits of temperance and self-denial, which, necessary for success on the path, have influenced the whole of his subsequent life. For the unsound, racing is a snare and a delusion, and many a useful career has been cut short in the pitfall of athletic ambition.

Cyclists should take heart; their pastime is healthful and pleasing, and, though it is possible for any one to do himself harm by over-riding, it is not the only sport which has this failing; men, and women too, have over-walked, over-run, over-climbed, and over-rowed, and but little notice has been taken of it. Cycling, for the many, is a new sport, and we live in the days of evening papers, and at present every accident and every injury which in any way can be attributed to it is commented and enlarged upon more than its merits deserve. The bicycle-face, the bicycle-hand, the bicycle-foot are myths, and even "kyphosis bicyclistarum" need but provoke a smile, provided only that the reader observe the good old cycling rule: "Sit easily upright, and keep your eyes well in front of you."

E. B. TURNER.

## THE WANING OF EVANGELICALISM.

"This earthly moon, the Church, hath  
her fulls and wanings and sometimes her  
eclipses."—Bp. HALL.

### I.

THE first note of the Evangelical revival of the eighteenth century is a recall to reality. From one practically without the English Churches came an appeal to all who professed and called themselves Christians to give up playing at religion, and to treat it as a reality. The opinion of the leaders of the revival of the effect of Law's "Serious Call" upon them was probably expressed by Charles Wesley when he told Law that he had been the schoolmaster who brought him to Christ. And its influence pursued them, giving its own character to their movement. Whatever its theological shortcomings, "The Serious Call" is Methodistic throughout.

And, just as Law's unity with Methodism can only be denied on formal grounds, so it is with the unity which exists between the Methodist revival and the Evangelical movement. The Evangelicals, strictly so-called, were not Methodists, but the doctrine they preached was essentially the same.

And again, to confine the term Evangelicalism to a party in the Church of England is to render it impossible to attain any just conception of the place of Evangelicalism in Christian history or in that of this country. The characteristic of both the Evangelical movement and the Methodist revival was a doctrine which called forth the religious life of men, and that not only in the Church of England, but in every denomination, and outside of them all. Evangelicalism must, therefore, be understood as covering all that resulted from the workings of the religious revival of the last century, whether in the Established Church or beyond its pale.

The doctrines Evangelicalism chiefly dwelt upon—the fall of man, the sacrifice of Christ, not only on behalf of man, but in place of

man; grace the sole originating cause of man's salvation; justification by faith the sole instrumental cause; the need of a new birth, and of the constant and sustaining action of the Holy Spirit—were all imbedded in the formularies of the Church of England and in the Nonconformist standards of theology. The peculiarity of the revivalists was that they took these doctrines seriously, believing in them and acting upon them. It was this living faith which was so contagious: its possession outweighed all their defects and limitations. Prophesying to a valley of dry bones, breath began to enter into some of them; why Ezekiel's famous vision was not realised it will farther on be my object to show. But the vast and important character of the Evangelical revival no one can doubt.

The course of the movement was marked, as all such movements have been, not only by the anger of Churches that did not like being awakened, but also by the joy of its disciples. This was, no doubt, more manifest among the Celtic portions of the populations, but the less demonstrative experienced an unwonted glow of happiness from being brought personally into union with the centre and source of things.

The peculiar form in which the Evangelical movement commenced has characterised it throughout. From time to time the wave of spiritual emotion which then ran through certain parts of Great Britain and Ireland has recurred with more or less power and, at one time at least, to quite as wide a degree. The names of the Haldanes, of Finney and Asa Mahan, and of Moody and Sankey recall such periods. The last, which those who can look back a quarter of a century well remember, was thoroughly typical of Evangelicalism at its highest point of spiritual enthusiasm. At Birmingham the numbers attending the meetings reached in one week to 156,000. For five months during the summer of 1875 there were congregations of from 15,000 to 18,000 people at the Agricultural Hall in Islington. The interest in the preaching of the American evangelist extended to all classes. While the noonday prayer meeting at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket was attended by the aristocracy, and even royalty, the meetings in Liverpool, Manchester, and Sheffield were thronged by the people. Moody, standing upon a tomb in the parish churchyard of Sheffield, with an audience exceeding any of the enormous crowds to which he was accustomed, recalled one of the great days of Wesley and Whitefield. The British people, in fact, had become accustomed to such methods of evangelisation. That which a century earlier had been treated by religious respectability with aversion and bitter contempt had become so accepted an institution that in 1857 the first of a series of special services in Exeter Hall was conducted by the Bishop of Carlisle in full canonicals. Between 1860 and 1865 several famous theatres and music-halls in London were opened for Evangelistic preaching, one peer, at least,

if not more, being among the preachers. It was through the terrible catastrophe in the Surrey Music Hall that Spurgeon's name first became famous. His career, with those of Moody and General Booth, exhibits in a striking manner the intense energy, the vast success, and the almost unlimited influence of British and American Evangelicalism.

The movements Spurgeon, Moody, and General Booth have led have been preceded and accompanied by numerous others maintained by evangelists who have sprung from every branch of society—lawyers, peers, tradesmen, ladies of rank, labouring men, prize-fighters, respectable representatives of the middle classes, gipsies—all, with hardly an exception, persons of great singleness of purpose and remarkable devotion.

But, although revivalism has been the most characteristic feature of Evangelicalism, it can hardly be considered the chief source of its influence, since it has had an ever-increasing number of pulpits in the British Empire and in the United States from which its teaching has been regularly set forth from week to week. Two hundred thousand sermons every Sunday must be a low estimate; multiply that by fifty-two, and it gives more than ten millions of sermons in one year. Consider that for a century past it has been gradually rising to this point, and the total amount of preaching which has gone on under the banner of Evangelicalism is prodigious and overwhelming.

The extraordinary development in church and chapel building, so conspicuous all over the country, is no doubt due, as far as the later half of the century is concerned, to the Ritualistic movement: it had, however, its origin in Evangelicalism, and accompanied its progress from the first. And this ceaseless flow of preaching has been supported by a hardly less ceaseless flow of benevolence. Evangelicalism has, moreover, been the means of thousands of missionaries being sent out both at home and abroad, and of many millions of money being spent in furthering their work. Another and still more distinctive feature of Evangelicalism has been its tendency to produce great societies, non-denominational and non-ecclesiastical.

Here, then, is a movement which awoke English religion out of its torpor, which wrought a complete change in the preaching and character of the Established clergy, and which still more influenced Nonconformity: a movement that has extended to every part of the British Empire and over the United States; a movement affecting the laity even more than the clergy; a movement which has not only gone on reappearing in all its original revival fervour, but which has produced generation after generation of pulpit orators of remarkable ability, causing enormous sums to be spent in edifices suitable for their ministrations; a movement that has given birth to and maintained vast efforts, religious and philanthropic, affecting all classes of



the community; a movement which by its revival of the missionary spirit of the first thousand years of Christianity has affected the entire globe; a movement of which the triumph has been so complete both in the British Empire and in the United States that it has developed a form of religion which may with truth be called *the* English religion of the nineteenth century, permeating the English-speaking world with its ideas, doctrines, customs, and character. Can it really be said of such a movement—a movement so all-embracing as to form a leading, if not *the* leading fact in the history of English-speaking lands during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—that now, before the century is out, it is waning and becoming a thing that was?

## II.

The melancholy cry of the lonely worshipper of Jehovah:

"I watch and am become  
Like a sparrow that is alone upon the housetop"—

is to-day that of the solitary representatives in various parts of the country of that great party in the Church of England which in 1850 so impressed the Privy Council with their power and influence that it reversed in their favour the decision of the Court of Arches in the Gorham case; and of which, in the same year, Daniel Wilson of Islington wrote: "When had we so many bishops, deans, and archdeacons, and other dignitaries, of whom it may truly be said that they are really as well as professionally men of God?"

In January 1895 an Evangelical clergyman, writing to the *Christian* with reference to certain letters from Evangelical laymen as to their isolation as Churchmen, not only declared all they had said was *only too true*, but added corroborative evidence from the dioceses of Norwich, Exeter, and Chichester, and then went on to say:

"Take another diocese (St. Albans) which I visited a few weeks ago. I stood with a rector on a hill where his church and vicarage are. He said, 'You see eight miles round, and in the circumference of twenty-four miles I am the only Evangelical clergyman.' Last summer I received a letter from a West of England clergyman saying, 'The nearest Evangelical brother I know of is thirty miles off.' In the autumn a clergyman said to me, 'I am the only Evangelical clergyman in our deanery.' . . . Last week came a letter to me from a Shropshire clergyman, 'I am fighting the Lord's battle all alone here.' These facts," it was further said, "might be multiplied a hundredfold in the provinces of Canterbury and York."

To quote the Bishop of Liverpool, "the Evangelical clergy are to-day but a small minority of the Church of England."

Within a week of the publication of the letter in the *Christian* the Dean of Norwich, speaking at the Islington clerical meeting in the presence of about 500 clergymen, put the following suggestive questions, which, though in point of form they relate to the whole Church

of England, must, considering the occasion, have been understood to apply in an especial sense to its Evangelical section :

“What have we,” asked Dr. Lefroy, “to say to the low percentage our communicants bear to church membership? What is the explanation to be given of the dearth of our workers, when there is more work to be done than at any period of our national life? What have we to urge in palliation of the difficulty of raising funds to sustain schools in the higher interests of the national character; to employ assistants lay and clerical in our teeming parishes? What of the growing abstention of the manhood of the nation from the service of the church? I know there are in this city and elsewhere telling exceptions to these. But I also know the truth, generally, of the statement now made.”\*

These lamentations over the waning power of Evangelicalism are still further justified by the pecuniary condition of its great institutions, of which the characteristic has been deficits, followed by great efforts to restore the position. There are few of the great institutions, or societies, which may be styled Evangelical which have not of late years suffered experiences of this kind. That in certain cases their efforts at recovery have to some extent been successful, and that much energy and devotion are being displayed, is not sufficient to invalidate the fact that Evangelical institutions on the whole tend to decline.

Can it be affirmed that there is any Evangelical denomination in which the membership is actually increasing beyond the degree in which the population is increasing? and less than that means decline. The Baptist Churches show an increase about proportional to that of the population, but the same cannot be affirmed either with reference to the Congregationalists or the Wesleyans. The former never publish statistics as to the number of the members of their churches, but is not the conviction well founded that their church life *as a whole* has but a feeble relation to their Sunday congregations? Every one has heard of the so-called “slump” in Methodism. But was there really anything extraordinary in it? From 1888 to 1896 the progress of Wesleyan Methodism did not reach 5 per cent., while that of the population at large must have been about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The increase which took place in 1896-97 is only satisfactory when compared with the absolute decrease of the previous year. To estimate its real significance it should be noted that this increase was 852, less than that of 1894-95, and little more than one-tenth of what it was in 1886. The increase in that year was 34,772; in 1893, 15,355; in 1897, 3520.

The Rev. W. F. Adeney, writing on the “Reform of the Sunday School,” says: “A goodly river of young life pours into our Sunday schools, with the result that only a tiny rivulet trickles into the Church of Christ as its final issue.” And he asks: “What should we think of the miller who in return for a hundred sacks of corn

\* *The Record*, January 18, 1895.

only gave five sacks of meal?"\* Perhaps, if this problem were regarded as one of the class of facts we are considering, its real solution will be found.

Has the vast scale upon which the building of churches and chapels has gone on really answered its end, and does a greater or a less proportion of the population go to places of worship than formerly? Birmingham is a city in which there has been a considerable amount of church building. However, it appeared that its 141 churches and chapels in 1887 had not so many attendants as its 92 churches and chapels had in 1861. A similar census in Liverpool of the morning attendance, taken in 1891, showed that, although there had been an increase of accommodation to the extent of 18,513 sittings, the actual number of the attendants at church and chapel was less than in 1881. If it cannot be said of such places as London, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Northampton, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne that the number of persons attending public worship is actually less than it was in the middle of the century, it is certain that, compared with the growth of the population, church- and chapel-going has greatly waned since 1851, and yet, in all these places, vast sums have since that date been spent in erecting new churches and chapels.

If we turn from England to Scotland, where church building since 1851 has also gone on at a similarly prodigious rate, the same kind of result appears. Dundee, where 94 churches in 1891 had 1000 fewer attendants than 84 churches in 1881, would probably be found only peculiar in being an extreme case. Without claiming for the censuses of religious worship taken during recent years in various towns absolute exactness, the striking similarity of their results leaves but one conclusion:—attendance dwindles as well as membership.

Crossing the Atlantic to the country which, outside Great Britain and the colonies, has been most under the influence of the Evangelical revival, we see indications that things in the United States are tending the same way. In 1896 the *New York Independent* stated that there were in the Congregational and Presbyterian bodies in the United States 3000 churches which did not report a single member added during the previous year by profession of faith. Supposing that a considerable discount must be allowed for neglectful church-clerks and for churches recently founded, it is still evident that there must be many hundreds of churches in the United States on the road to extinction.

Returning to Europe, and looking at the condition of those Churches on the Continent whose creeds, at least, contain the Evangelical doctrine, and which have had among them some of the most earnest and intelligent of modern Evangelical preachers, we find the same state of things, only in a more aggravated form. In September 1893

\* *Christian World*, January 30, 1896.

the *Huguenot*, the monthly journal of the Reformed Churches of the Cevennes and the south-east of France, a district in which the nucleus of its Protestantism is found, treating the question of the increase or diminution of French Protestantism, says that figures prove that each year the French Protestant Churches decline in numbers to the amount of one church (6000 is the average of a Consistorial Church), and that at this rate it is clear no St. Bartholomew or Revocation of the Edict of Nantes is necessary to extinguish them, for by the end of the next century there will be no more Protestants in France.

Germany claims to be called the Evangelical Empire, and the Church of the Emperor is called the Evangelical Church. A few years ago it was stated that in Berlin the attendance at church only amounted to 2 per cent. of the population, and at Hamburg to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ . Through the initiative of the present Emperor and Empress, twenty-six new churches have been erected and twenty temporary halls opened. It is, however, pretty certain that the result seen at Liverpool, Birmingham, and Dundee has occurred again in Berlin, and that whatever church attendance actually was before 1881, it is not much more, if any, to-day. A recent writer says, "that taking Berlin as a whole, every service, as far as space is concerned, might be attended by tens of thousands of additional worshippers." The account from Luther's own land, Saxony, is the same—very meagre accommodation, as compared with the population, and yet empty churches. In Hanover, again, the church-goers, compared with the population, only number 11.35 per cent. throughout the whole country, while in the city of Hanover the percentage sinks to 6.5. Thus it appears that, as far as attendance at its places of worship is a sign, Protestant Germany has fallen away almost *en masse* from the Evangelical Church. If any one were to go the round of Evangelical Christendom, he must come broadly to the conclusion that its hold on Europe, on America, as on Great Britain, is far less than it was half a century back or a generation ago. At any rate, the facts are so numerous, point so much the same way, that it seems much wiser to conclude it is so than to strive to attenuate the combined force of the facts by counterbalancing considerations and certain exceptional cases to the contrary.

Moreover, there is a voice which cannot very well be gainsaid—the voice of the People. Only give them the opportunity, as has been done on several occasions in this country, and they vigorously pour out their complaints of English Christianity, especially of the Evangelical Churches, the reason of their concentrated severity on the latter being, as I believe, nothing but resentful love, the bitterness of children towards parents who have failed in their duty, and that through the most provoking of all failures, narrowness of mind and want of heart. And this resentment has gone on from generation to

generation, consistently maintaining its charges with unwavering persistence. The editor of the *Methodist Times*, in 1897, has done what the editor of the *Nonconformist* did in 1849—invited the working classes to give their reasons for non-attendance at church or chapel; and their reply is so nearly the same as that their fathers gave in the middle of the century that historians will have to record that the resentment of the working classes against the Churches was allowed to continue until it solidified into a tradition. What explanation will history give, taking as it will a larger and larger view of the influences at work in producing such alienation—an alienation as disastrous to the people as it is to the Church, being to-day the great stumbling-block preventing any progress of the kingdom of heaven?

## III.

The majority of readers perhaps attribute this alienation to the general agnosticism, resulting from the free analysis, characteristic of our times, of the many assumptions connected with theological teaching. No doubt this has had a most serious effect on the mind of both this and the last generation, but it has been superficial, due mainly to fashion. All who really know the people, know that they are quite as truly religious as they ever were, and those who have mingled freely with them must feel that it is not Christianity as taught in the New Testament, but as practically exemplified by nineteenth-century Christianity, that they repudiate. There is nothing that the working men who in reply to the invitation of Edward Miall in 1849, and to that of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes in 1897, as also at the conferences between those two periods, have more steadily maintained than that those they represented were neither infidels nor enemies to Christianity. While admitting the carelessness and indifference of the attitude of thousands to religious institutions, they declare that this is not so much due to doubts about the truth of the Christian religion as to a settled conviction that the Churches do not represent but misrepresent it. Deceived so often, the story that at last the foundations have proved false may have found a certain degree of acceptance, but it is a surface doubt, and would not exist at all among the people were it not that the whole existing order of things in Christendom renders its religion ridiculous.

## IV.

Evangelicalism coming into existence under an extremely individualistic and competitive order of things has seen nothing in the Gospel but a plan of individual salvation. It has had but little idea of the common salvation, of the unity of mankind in Christ, and of the mutual responsibility of all men. It has hardly seemed to under-

stand that a Divine Helper was in *the world*, opening men's eyes to what is evil, gradually giving them higher notions of what is right, and a better judgment as to the real good and the real evil; and failing to comprehend this, Evangelicalism has never understood the age in which it has run its course.

Early in the eighteenth century there were signs of a new dawn. The great period—the seventeenth century, had passed away. The splendid harvest of individualism evoked by the struggles of the Reformation had been reaped, and *Le Roi Soleil*, the symbol of the glory of the epoch, had set in clouds. Instead of buckram state and ceremony, instead of gorgeous palaces built on “the sighs of enslaved peoples,” instead of aping Louis XIV. and Versailles, a taste for simple living, a love of innocent pleasures such as flowers and gardening, set in. Poets began to sing of the joys of the pastoral life, and nothing seemed to interest the great so much as the life of the little. Never was dress simpler or more tasteful; and this indifference to outward show was accompanied by a great liberty of thought. The deism of the freethinkers was much nearer faith than the frozen orthodoxy it sought to dissolve. Thomson's lines, published in 1728, may be applied to the time spiritually:

“No more  
The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold,  
But full of life and vivifying soul  
Lifts the light clouds sublime and spreads them thin,  
Fleecy and white, o'er all surrounding heaven.”

That Wesley and Whitefield and Howell Harris should have been so absorbed in their work as not to be interested in this general movement towards a larger, freer life was natural; men so intense and so real do not begin as mere reflections of the spirit of the time. Unfortunately prejudice or unfavourable circumstances led them to side with the forces opposed to its development.

Howell Harris, the Evangelist of Wales, alarmed lest the war then going on with France should result in a French victory and the introduction of Popery into this island, not only urged his young followers to enlist, but was induced by the gentlemen of Breconshire himself to accept an ensign's commission in the militia, where he and twenty-four of his followers served for three years, he being allowed to preach up and down the country in his regimentals. “I am resolutely and coolly determined,” he wrote, “to go freely and conscientiously and die in the field of battle in defence of the precious Word of God, the Bible, and against Popery.” John Wesley, as is well known, came to the help of the British Government in its refusal to allow the American colonies that elementary right, “no taxation without representation,” and getting rather mauled by certain doughty Nonconformists, Fletcher, of Madeley, came to the rescue with the one text upon which all tyranny monotonously defends itself—“the powers that be are ordained

of God, and he that rebelleth against the power rebelleth against God." Whitefield in like manner became exuberantly loyal and patriotic whenever he mingled in politics. In a sermon published in 1750, singularly free from all Gospel teaching, he glorified the King and royal family, winding up with the exclamation, "Happy art thou, O England! Happy art thou, O America! who on every side art so highly favoured!"

If Thomas Scott, the commentator, had given the keynote to Evangelical politics instead of Wesley, Whitefield, and Howell Harris, the attitude of Evangelicalism to the social-democratic movement of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries would probably have been much more truly Christian. Scott told the England of 1793 that it was doubtful if it was so much less criminal than France. "In vain," he cried, "do we fast and pray unless we loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, for whilst lucrative gains are persisted in, our repentance can only resemble that of Pharaoh, who cried out, 'I have sinned,' but would not consent to liberate the oppressed Israelites." And again, on the occasion of another fast in February 1794, he refers to "our extensive and prosperous commerce, marked not only with avarice, fraud, and various oppressions, but with scenes of cruelty which will never be fully known till the earth shall disclose her blood and shall no more cover her slain." "If any one thinks," he said, "that the ruin of France will be the prosperity of England, that thereby our commerce will be more extended than ever and wealth flow into us, and we shall hold the balance of power and give the law to the surrounding nations, let not that man presume to infuse this selfish and rapacious spirit into his prayers to Him who commands us to love our neighbours as ourselves."

But such was not the attitude of the Evangelicalism of the time, at least among its leading representatives, who regarded the France of the Revolution as a nation demoniacally possessed. While they did much, we are told, to keep the upper classes from the contagion, the followers of the Methodist leaders exercised a similar influence over the lower classes.\* The year before Thomas Scott made the first of the discourses from which I have just quoted, Hannah More published her "Village Politics; or, Will Chip," with the express object of checking among the English working classes the growth of ideas such as then prevailed in France, and so successful was her work supposed to be "that it was considered to have contributed largely to prevent a revolution in England." This was, I believe, an exaggeration; however, it is in harmony with the stupendous faculty for misconception and misrepresentation this eminent lady evidently possessed. French liberty, according to Hannah More, meant "having no law to con-

\* "The Evangelical Revival," p. 142. J. H. Overton, D.D.

demn them, no king to shut them up and punish them." French equality, "every one being on the same level and bound to do the same thing; no ploughmen, no doctors, no tailors, no shoemakers, for all are to be exactly alike and do the same work." French fraternity, "everybody trying to knock out everybody's brains, or a sort of kissing a man on the left cheek and giving a slap on the right; shaking him kindly with one hand and cutting his throat dastardly with the other." "The result of the Revolution was all hunger and nakedness and strife," &c. &c.

Such is the style in which this little book, oblivious of the ninth Commandment, misrepresented what in truth was the sister movement of the Methodist revival, and it was published with "the approbation of the whole Evangelical party."\* When it is remembered that this book was written, not for a public in a position to test its truth, but for people who must necessarily take it all on faith, it certainly was a great breach of trust in a party who were looked up to as the representatives of piety and true religion. That in the excitement of the time they thought nothing too bad to say of the French only shows that they had no comprehension of nor sympathy with the sufferings which led to the Revolution. Yet they had Arthur Young to tell them the truth, and it is manifest that educated men who chose to inform themselves could have known that Hannah More's story was a caricature. At a public meeting in Scotland, Robert Haldane, subsequently the apostle of Evangelicalism in Scotland and in France, protested against the denunciation of the French. It was, he said, the attempt of despotism to strangle the principles of freedom in their birth that had caused the disturbance in Europe. But the Evangelical party have always leant in their ideas of the French Revolution far more to Hannah More's lampoon than to Robert Haldane's plain historical truth. No doubt the political bias of the leaders of the Methodist revival, and the aristocratic patronage the movement received, had much to do with its subsequent incapacity to understand the Revolution, but it is still more to be ascribed to the interests and ambitions of the then rising middle class.

That a power had come into the world which would curb all aims not in harmony with the common good, which in the interests of the many was not afraid to pull down the mighty from their seats—this was by no means agreeable to men whose sole idea of life was to struggle upwards, let the rest of mankind sink as they might. Now, it is with this class that Evangelicalism has had peculiar influence, and it has been the support of this class which has enabled it to do such great works. But this dependence has made it shut its eyes more closely than ever to the great social revolution which, commencing in the last century, is still going on. As long as it could,

\* "The Evangelical Revival," p. 142. J. H. Overton, D.D.



Evangelicalism has wished to see the Revolution, and to have England see it, through the distorting medium of prejudice.

That the power and energy of Evangelicalism has been centred in the upper middle class—the really wealthy in the land—the following quotation makes apparent. In a summary of the state of English Christianity at the close of 1888, by a distinguished Evangelical minister of the time, it was asserted

“that there are among the highest class, and pre-eminently among the highest stratum of the middle class, numbers of men and women who, in the light of all modern inquiries, are venturing their all for eternity upon an unreserved acceptance of the teaching of the Bible, and whose Christianity is that of an ingenuous belief in the New Testament as an inspired record. They are exceedingly numerous; far more numerous than is conceived. They comprise persons of rare piety, of abounding zeal for Christ's cause, and of noble benevolence for suffering men. A zeal and piety may indeed be found among them such as have not been equalled since apostolic times.”

Let this statement be contrasted with those made concerning the working classes by ten or more of their comrades in response to an invitation to working men by the editor of the *Methodist Times* to say why they do not go to church, and it will be seen how completely opposed in their attitude to organised Evangelicalism—that is, to English Christianity—are those who make the wealth of the country and those who spend it.

“We have,” says the first prize essayist, “the immense majority of the working classes practically shutting themselves out of the Church.”\* The second says, “the absence of the working classes in our churches is a serious evil.”† The third, “the artisan classes do not go to church.”‡ While other essayists testify one after the other as follows: “We have the greater part of the working classes standing outside the pale of the Church who were within, and have passed through our Sunday schools.”§ “That the working classes in very large numbers absent themselves altogether from public worship as commonly understood is beyond all question.”|| “Being a working man myself, and feeling as I do intensely anxious for the salvation of my fellow-working men, I have been trying for a long time to find out the reason why they do not go to church.”¶ “The working classes do not attend church on the Sabbath.”\*\* “If it were possible to take a canvass of the homes of the working people of London some Sunday morning, I am prepared to say that 75 per cent. of the working men

\* The *Methodist Times*, Feb. 4, 1897. W. Hunter, shipwright, Hull.

† *Ibid.* W. H. Ratcliffe, Bolton, Lancashire. ‡ *Ibid.* J. W. Croft, Norwood, Beverley.

§ *Ibid.* Joseph Davies, Birmingham.

|| *Ibid.* W. W. Scott, printers' labourer, Doncaster, Yorks.

¶ *Ibid.* James Jacobs, railway out-porter, Hastings.

\*\* *Ibid.* Joseph Chidgey Mason, Watchet, Somerset.

of this city (London) would be found reading *Lloyd's Newspaper*—no great crime in itself—or building a chicken-house, rabbit-hutch, or something akin to it.”\* “That the working classes do not attend church may be amply demonstrated.”† “It must not be assumed that all the working classes are outside of our Christian Churches. . . . But we have still to face this deplorable fact, that the great majority are standing aloof from all churches through some cause or other.”‡

Surely these opposing testimonies of the representative of the higher classes and of those of the working classes present a phenomenon demanding the most earnest consideration of all who care for the honour of Christ. For here in England, to-day, it would appear that things are absolutely the reverse of what they were in Apostolic times. Then the common people heard with joy of the Son of Man, the Saviour of the world, while the rich and powerful pursued Him with animosity and put Him to death. Now it would appear that it is they who are the chosen ones; that it is the wise, the mighty, the noble who are the called; while it is the workers in the factories, the toilers on the sea and in the mines, who have become the reprobate and cast out. Surely a state of things so contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, so little indicated by the New Testament, must disquiet the most undoubting believers in modern Christianity. The very nature of the phenomenon ought to prevent them resting in the explanation that this is an age of universal depravity, immediately prior to the Second Advent. Surely they ought to find it impossible to believe that the God who so loves the world He has made as to sacrifice Himself for it, could in the final result concentrate that love on a select company who have lived lapped in luxury, to whom all the higher pleasures of this world have been easily attainable, while the vast majority of those out of whose labours their fortunes have been built are to be devoted to sudden and irretrievable destruction. No, this explanation has only to be stated to be swept away as a mental cobweb. There must be something more reasonable, an explanation which will find support in all the facts of the case—and such an explanation is the one I offer. Evangelicalism has denied God in history, has refused to recognise His providential government of the world, or if it has not formally taken up this infidel position, it has treated the question with a true English contempt for consistency. God was in the Reformation, but not in the Revolution. He came to judge Christendom in the sixteenth century, but not in the eighteenth. It is this indifference to truth, when truth interferes with prejudice and interest, that has done so much harm to Evangelicalism.

For this blindness to the great social sunrise which has lit up the whole century, and is gradually leading to the emancipation of the

\* The *Methodist Times*, Feb. 4, 1897. William Arnold, coachbody maker, Clapham, S.W.  
 † *Ibid.* E. Y. Caswell, Hereford. ‡ *Ib.* G. Bartlett, coalminer, Blaenavon, Mon.

labouring classes in Europe and America, has lost Evangelicalism the opportunity it has desired—to be the herald to them and all the world of the great salvation. And still more this blindness has strengthened in it that hardness of heart and contempt of God's Word and commandment which characterises the whole of Christendom, and which is one of the reasons why its official representatives have not only lost their hold on the masses, but have driven into antagonism so many of the more conscientious and finer souls in Europe and America.

This hardness of heart has not only appeared in the methods at times adopted by Evangelical revivalists, but more especially in the astonishing lack of Christian brotherhood displayed in all sections of Evangelicalism, even to the point of permitting those who have worked for the Gospel as their agents and representatives to sink into being recipients of parish relief or to die in the hospital or workhouse. And in that class which has afforded Evangelicalism such support, and whose families have been its peculiar domain, how many hundreds of merchants, traders, and farmers, of whom it has made much in their prosperity, has it allowed, when ruin overtook them, to die broken-hearted or in bitterness of spirit?

Contempt of God's Word and commandment is a serious charge, but can it be said to be too severe a description of a movement which has systematically and persistently ignored the main teaching of the Gospels? If in Christ, as Evangelicalism has always taught, "dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily," if He was in fact the Divine Wisdom teaching men the true way of life, how can Evangelicalism be acquitted of contempt of God's Word when, in place of obeying His commandments, it has led its followers to regard the Sermon on the Mount as an impossible ideal which no sensible man could really think of taking as a rule of life?—causing men, therefore, to regard God's Word as something Quixotic and Utopian. Not that it has openly disparaged or in any way denied the divine character of this teaching; its mode of teaching has been systematically to neglect and persistently to ignore it—than which nothing could be more really contemptuous.

In accordance with the acceptance by Evangelicalism of the world's standard of morals rather than that of the Gospels, it has in these last days trusted more and more to the world's method of attaining success by advertising and sensationalism.

The use Evangelicalism has made of advertising and sensationalism would make a curious chapter in English religious history. It has to a great extent died down, now that these methods have taken permanent and picturesque forms in the Salvation Army. However gorgeous and imposing the sinking of the sun as compared to its rising, we know it is the end of the day, and hope is quiescent, or, at least, centres in the morrow. The sight of the banner of salvation,

with its motto of blood and fire, the little circle of red and blue singing Salvation hymns to the jingle of timbrels and the beat of the drum—the sudden stop, with the high falsetto voice of the girl-captain calling the crowd to repent and believe, the whole scene lit up with a flaring petroleum lamp—is striking and impressive, but it distinctly suggests the final fires which mark the close of the day, rather than the streak of light that tells us a new one is beginning.

Because of this hardness of heart and contempt of God's Word and commandment, Evangelicalism has had so little of the seer's gift. It has never seemed able to understand that revelation is continuous and goes on from age to age. Because it has not been able sufficiently to believe in its favourite text, "God so loved the world," it has not sufficiently believed that the Holy Spirit is in the world, opening its eyes more and more to its evil ways, its injustice, oppression, and cruelty. And thus Evangelicalism has never understood contemporary history, never comprehended such events as the French Revolution and the American Civil War. Had it done so, it would have proclaimed them acts of divine justice on behalf of the oppressed classes in Europe and America, and would have felt that a similar judgment impended over a Christendom in which the competitive commercial system, in combination with colossal military armaments, has crushed out the souls of the European peoples. It would have understood the great truth which, during the century now closing, so many things have been working together to compel men to recognise—the unity and solidarity of humanity. In its light Evangelicalism would have again looked at its message, its faith increasing as it saw that message grow larger and deeper and infinitely more glorious. For it is exactly this idea of the oneness of men and their mutual responsibility which is needed to redeem the creed of Evangelicalism from the charge of injustice, inhumanity, and unreasonableness. The starting-point of the Evangelical creed, that all men have fallen and become guilty before God, would, in the light of the oneness and solidarity of humanity, have appeared a patent fact, which no one could deny except by considering himself outside and separate from humanity. And the doctrine Evangelicalism has preached as the remedy for the Fall—Christ bearing the sin of the world, suffering on behalf of man and in place of man—apparently unjust when thought of only in connection with a purely individualistic view of society, becomes, in the light of the unity and mutual responsibility of men, perfectly just and wholly satisfactory to the conscience. Had Evangelicalism fully recognised the continual presence of the Holy Spirit in the world, not only the vicarious suffering of Christ, but the doctrine on which it rests—Christ, perfect Man as He is perfect God—would have received a new illumination. And Evangelicalism would have understood how wide an application may be given to the promise that the Holy Spirit

should bring to remembrance all that the Word of God had taught men. For it would have recollected that the oneness and solidarity of humanity was not only known to the ancients, but that they realised it in the conception of man as one being. As Chinese religious-philosophy is even now reported to teach—"there is a Man in whom both sexes and all other men exist, in whom is, as it were, the body spiritual of Humanity . . . man hidden, invisible, heavenly, perfect, so pure from all defect inherent to all material form—in short, the holy one."\*

Had Evangelicalism thus opened its mind to the great thought which the divine Teacher has been unfolding to Christendom in this our age, it would have seen that this invisible Man hidden in humanity, of whom it appears the Chinese have never lost the conception, is the Christ whom Paul describes as the Man in whom all oppositions of sex or race, of class or condition, are reconciled—the promised Saviour of the World, Immanuel, God with us. And this once recognised, how luminous would the Pauline doctrine of the Atonement have become!—"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their iniquities to them. For He made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him." Sinners through this very unity and mutual responsibility of humanity, Evangelicalism would have seen that the redemption and justification of the world rests on the fact that Deity itself has entered into this unity and mutual responsibility of humanity.

And in the conviction of this truth Evangelicalism would have found it easy to reform and unite the Church, and still more so to realise here on earth the Kingdom of Heaven. It is a singular proof of its blindness that it has never seen the absolute necessity of this reform if only to secure the permanence of the work for which it has put forth such prodigious efforts. For want of a converted Church—a Church really permeated with and living out the ideas of unity and mutual responsibility—it has lost the greater part of its converts, some by disgust at finding out the unreality of church life, the greater part by their sinking back into ordinary Christian individualism and worldliness.

As among the decay of a past summer we often see, ere winter is over, new shoots springing up which will be the glory of the coming year, so it is with present-day Evangelicalism—its spiritual life is already taking new forms. Efforts to do away with sectarianism and to repair the broken unity of the Church, efforts to find expression in the Church for the mind and soul of the coming generation, efforts to live the life which Christ Himself enjoined on His disciples, efforts to share in the sufferings of the miserable, sunk in the sordid life of the slums, and to lift them out of it—such efforts, and many similar ones,

\* \* China: Its Social Political, and Religious Life," p. 92. By G. Eug. Simon.

indicate the coming of a new Evangelicalism. The waning may thus precurse a new waxing.

The Archdeacon of Manchester is reported recently to have said :

"It is not machinery that is wanted ; it is men. If a prophetic voice could once more be heard in the Church, calling into life the real but latent religious power and enthusiasm of the people, speaking fearlessly, truthfully, 'with authority, and not as the scribes'—fired with the grace of Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Spirit—then we should not find the laity hanging back from their share of the work. There will be interest enough when there is an intensely real thing to be interested in. It is not democratic machinery, it is prophetic men we want. And for this we must look to the Spirit of Truth."

But have not many such prophetic voices been heard calling the Churches to repentance and reality ? In the earlier part of this century we had Lamennais and Mazzini, as in the later we have Tolstoi. What prophets ever spoke more fearlessly, truthfully, or with more moral authority ? Whether we consider the scope of their ministry, their genius, the tremendous force of their characters, or the power with which they have delivered their message—looked at in any light, they have been far more conspicuous figures than William Law. In England alone we have had Maurice and Carlyle and Ruskin, men of the same type as Lamennais, Mazzini, and Tolstoi. It would, I believe, be found that every country in Christendom has in this last century had its prophetic men, and that their "Serious Call" has been practically that of William Law : "Be really what you profess to be." But though many individuals have listened—the Churches take no heed. What remains but the teaching of catastrophe ? "The axe will be laid to the root of the tree."

RICHARD HEATH.

## SOME NOTABLE DOGS IN FICTION.

**U**NMUZZLED, among the pages of fiction the Dog meets us almost everywhere. Prowling about or romping, in packs or singly, some amiable, some the reverse,

“Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,  
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,  
Or bobtail tyke or trundle-tail,”

they greet us from verse and prose, from Homer to Onida. In nursery lore the dog is a potential beast, and in the Folk-tales of all nations—Iron-Spirit, for example, in the Red Indians' fairy stories—he is a personage of moment. There are many good dogs among them, from Argus, the hound of the godlike man Odysseus, to “Gelert, the gift of Royal John”; and many bad ones, ranging from the pack that fell upon and devoured Euripides what time he meditated in his garden, to Snarleyow the Dog-fiend of the Jungfraw. Baying and barking, you can hear them, if you listen properly, all through the pages of story and legend, right away back to the mythic days when Diana kennelled her hounds in lapis-lazuli on Olympus, and Cerberus, “awful dog of Hell,” lay across the portals of Hades, so that the quick might not come in, nor the dead go forth,—when Sirius, “baleful Star-Dog,” yelped down from the sky at Anubis enshrined in his syenite temple by the Nile, and Sarama, “the spotted one” to whom the Brahmin prays, patrolled the approaches of Paradise, keeping back the wicked, letting pass the good. And if dogs knew anything about them—these long-ago days—they would doubtless speak of them as “the good old times.”

It is still a proverb that “let Hercules himself do what he may,” “the dog will have his day,” but surely never again will come such

*Dies Caniculares* as when a greyhound could look forward to translation to the stars as a reward for services rendered upon earth; when Vulcan to oblige a goddess would forge you an unbiteable mastiff, and Mercury kindly endow it with uncatchable speed; when a world's conqueror would build a city over a favourite puppy, and a Pharaoh record upon his monoliths the worth of Abakarū.

Ah, happy dogs! there were no dog-shows in those happy days. It is not easy to imagine Pluto sparing Cerberus to attend a show, or Hercules adding to his labours by lugging in a Gargiteus or an Orthos to compete for a prize. What secretary of a show would have cared to ask Scylla to oblige him, or have waited on grim Orion to solicit the loan of the Glutton or the Bear-Killer?

But I must not let myself digress into that fascinating wilderness where the mythic dog roams at large, nor attempt a comprehensive survey of fictitious *Canidae*. My concern is only with a few of the most notable dogs of later fiction—Launce's "Crab" and Raphael Aben-Ezra's "Bran," "Gelert," Bill Sikes's "Bullseye," "Snarley-yow," and "Roswal" of "The Talisman."

But a few lines only in passing for that foremost of mythic dogs, the most notable in all the Realms of Fancy—Cerberus, or (to call him by his aggravated name) Trikerberos, the "triple-headed hound of Hell." I have an idea that we moderns entertain an unfair prejudice against this dog. The number of his heads was certainly irregular, and if you may know a dog by the company he keeps, why, Cerberus, associating as he did with ghosts, was decidedly a "shady" character. Besides, in Hades one would hardly look for the manners and morals of a brighter life, and if "Cerby" was gloomy and truculent, why, so was his master, and "like man like dog." Nor could he have been without his good points. No dog, for instance, could have been hopelessly bad that had a taste for sweet cakes, and that, in the intervals of worrying phantoms and making himself nasty to ghosts, could condescend to buns. Again, Cerberus appreciated really fine music, and while the son of Calliope played and sang, the dog let the devil and all his works go hang and thoroughly enjoyed himself. No, he had his good points, and when we come to think of it, although he suffered from all the disadvantages of immortality combined with shocking surroundings, he is one of the very few if not the only Immortal whose record is consistently creditable.

There are many versions of Cerberus, from that of Hesiod who describes him as having fifty heads, to Dante's who places the dog in the third circle, and speaks of him as crimson-eyed and black-bearded, tearing the spirits of the damned to pieces. But our own familiar "Cerby" (as Pluto calls him in the "Infernal Marriage") has only three heads, and resides at the gates of the nether world.



His pedigree, it must be confessed, makes him out a shocking mongrel, for his sire was Typhon, a giant with a hundred heads, and his dam Echidna, who was one-half snake. So that he was uncle of the Sphinx and of the Newæan Lion!

In spite of his truculence, several heroes managed to get past him into Hades, some by throwing him a particular kind of cake for which he had a great weakness, and Orpheus by sending him to sleep with his music. But Hercules had neither the time nor the inclination to conciliate the awful janitor, so he seized him by the three scruffs of his neck and dragged him up into daylight, and it was during this painful trip that there dripped from his jaws the foam from which sprang the herb aconite, the fiercest and swiftest of all poisons, so the ancients said.

But it is Disraeli's story, and not classical myth, that really introduces us to Cerberus and makes us feel acquainted with him as a dog.

Pluto has carried off his bride and is on his way with her to Hades. "I long," says he, "to be at home once more by my own fireside, patting my faithful Cerberus." "I think," replies Proserpine, "I shall like Cerberus; I am fond of dogs."

They arrive at the palace gates, and the dog appears. "Ah Cerby! Cerby!" exclaims Pluto, "my fond and faithful Cerby!" as the dog gambols up to the chariot. "The monster!" cries Proserpine. "My love!" cries Pluto in astonishment. "The hideous brute!" says she. "My dear, how can you say so?" says he. And then comes a pretty lovers' quarrel indeed, ending, of course, in Pluto's discomfiture. "What would you have me to do?" asks the discomfited King of Hades. "Shoot the horrid beast," is the lady's reply.

But Cerberus is immortal. Pluto is puzzled. Then a happy thought occurs to him. "I can banish him." "Can you, indeed? Oh, banish him, my Pluto, pray banish him!" And banished he is accordingly, or, in other words, promoted to the office of master of the royal and imperial bloodhounds.

This is not perhaps quite the point of view from which one would naturally look at "the hound of Hell," but there is no harm done in having the domestic side of life in Hades suggested to us, and certainly none in being reminded that even Cerberus might win the affections of a suitable master, and reciprocate a tender feeling.

No writer has ever shown a more intimate knowledge of canine character than Dickens, or more affectionate fidelity in the description of a dog's ways, its gestures and expressions, the smaller details of its behaviour or appearance. In reading Dickens we are never far from a dog, and if all that he has written about them, individual dogs in particular and the world of dogs in general, were brought together, the result would be a very remarkable series of studies of "the friend of man." And nowhere does he show his love of the dog and his

accuracy in portraiture more conspicuously than in "Oliver Twist." Bill Sikes's dog, Bullseye, is a work of art; and, taken roughly in Dickens's own words out from the fabric of the story, comes away as a complete whole, giving us a picture of a miserable mongrel dog, the property of a most abominable villain, which yet manages in its poor maimed and battered body to keep warm a spark of affection for the scoundrel whom it owned as "master." In showing us Pluto and Cerby at home by their own "fireside" in Hell, Disraeli caricatures for us with delightful humour the impossible lengths to which the love of man for dog might go. In drawing Bill Sikes's Bullseye, Dickens gives us from the life a true and authentic picture of the length to which the love of dog for man *will* go.

Bullseye is introduced to us in the opening chapters of "Oliver Twist," and thereafter, all through the book, lends, for the dog-lover, an added horror to every appearance in its pages of the human brute who owned him.

"Come in, you sneaking warmint: wot are you stopping outside for, as if you was ashamed of your master? Come in, d'ye hear?"

"A white shaggy dog, with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, skulked into the room.

"Why didn't you come in afore?" said the man. "You're getting too proud to own me afore company, are you? Lie down!"

This command was accompanied with a kick which sent the animal to the other end of the room. He appeared well used to it, however, for he coiled himself up in a corner very quietly without uttering a sound, and winking his very ill-looking eyes twenty times in a minute, appeared to occupy himself in taking a survey of the apartment."

Later on Mr. William Sikes is found refreshing himself in a low public-house. At his feet sat a white-coated, red-eyed dog, "who occupied himself, alternately, in winking at his master with both eyes at the same time, and in licking a large fresh cut on one side of his mouth, which appeared to be the result of some recent conflict."

"Keep quiet, you warmint! keep quiet!" said Mr. Sikes, suddenly breaking the silence. Whether his meditations were so intense as to be disturbed by the dog's winking, or whether his feelings were so wrought upon by his reflections that they required all the relief desirable by kicking an unoffending animal to allay them, is a matter for argument and consideration. Whatever was the cause, the effect was a kick and a curse bestowed upon the dog simultaneously.

"Dogs are not generally apt to revenge injuries inflicted upon them by their masters; but Mr. Sikes's dog having faults in temper in common with his owner, and labouring perhaps at the moment under a powerful sense of injury, made no more ado but at once fixed his teeth in one of the half-boots. Having given it a hearty shake, he retired, growling, under a form: just escaping the pewter measure which Mr. Sikes levelled at his head.

"You would, would you?" said Sikes, seizing the poker in one hand and deliberately opening with the other a large clasp-knife which he drew from his pocket. "Come here, you born devil! Come here! D'ye hear?"

"The dog no longer heart, because Mr. Sikes spoke in the very harshest way of a very harsh voice—but appearing to entertain some unaccountable objection to having his throat cut, he remained where he was and growled more fiercely than before—at the same time grasping the end of the poker between his teeth and tising it like a wild beast."

This resistance only infuriated Mr. Sikes the more, who, dropping on his knees, began to assail the animal most furiously. The dog jumped from right to left, and from left to right, snapping, growling, and barking: the man thrust and swore, and struck and blasphemed: and the struggle was reaching a most critical point for one or the other, when the door suddenly opening, the dog darted out, leaving Bill Sikes with the poker and clasp-knife in his hands.

And yet, when a few hours later his master goes forth, the dog slinks out from a back-yard and follows him.

And then little Oliver is kidnapped and Bullseye helps to "mind" the child.

"They were in a dark corner, quite out of the track of passengers. Oliver saw but too plainly that resistance would be of no avail. He held out his hand, which Nancy clasped tight in hers. 'Give me the other,' said Sikes, seizing Oliver's unoccupied hand. 'Here, Bullseye!' The dog looked up and growled.

"'See here, boy!' said Sikes, putting his other hand to Oliver's throat, 'if he speaks ever so soft a word, hold him, d'ye mind?' The dog growled again; and licking his lip, eyed Oliver as if he were anxious to attach himself to his windpipe without delay.

"'He's as willing as a Christian, strike me blind if he isn't,' said Sikes, regarding the animal with a kind of grim and ferocious approval. 'Now you know what you have got to expect, master, so call away as quick as you like; the dog will soon stop that game. Get on, young 'un!' Bullseye wagged his tail in acknowledgment of this unusually endearing form of speech, and giving vent to another admonitory growl for the benefit of Oliver, led the way onward."

Thereafter Sikes gets hurt in the unsuccessful Chertsey burglary, and the dog sits at the bedside all the time he is ill; "now eyeing his master with a wistful look, and now pricking his ears, and uttering a low growl as some noise attracted his attention"—an attachment that would be inexplicable if Bullseye had not been a dog, and, as Fagin says, "humoured sometimes" by Sikes.

And then Nancy is murdered, and the dog goes out with the murderer into the night. Sikes hopes to baffle justice by doubling back on his tracks—but *there was the dog*.

If any description of him had been published, his dog he knew would not have been forgotten, and Bullseye might thus bring him to the gallows!

He resolves to drown him, and walks on, looking about for a pond; picks up a heavy stone, tying it in his handkerchief as he goes.

The animal looks up into his master's face while these preparations

are making. Whether his instinct apprehended something of their purpose, or the robber's sidelong look at him was sterner than ordinary, he skulked a little farther in the rear than usual, and cowered as he came more slowly along. When his master halted at the brink of a pool, and looked round to call him, he stopped outright.

"Do you hear me call? Come here!" cried Sikes. The animal came up from the very force of habit: but as Sikes stooped to attach the handkerchief to his throat he uttered a low growl and started back. "Come back!" cried the robber.

The dog wagged his tail, but did not move. Sikes made a running noose and called him again.

The dog advanced, retreated, paused an instant, turned, and then scoured away at his hardest speed.

The man whistled again and again, and sat down and waited in the expectation that he would return. But no dog appeared, and at length he resumed his journey."

Bullseye by one route, the murderer by another, reach the same den within three hours of each other; and though Dickens does not actually say so, the finely dramatic idea is suggested that it was the poor dog, faithful even to Sikes, that after all betrayed his master to his death.

For while Sikes went straight to his last refuge, Bullseye had gone from one thieves' haunt to another, and at last found the only one where the police were not before him. And there, too, soon after the dog, came Sikes.

But close on the dog's heels the crowd had been gathering round the house, and then came the police, and the scaling ladders, and the horrible end of it all; and Sikes, hanged by his own hand, is swinging over the mud of the river, at the end of thirty feet of rope—and poor Bullseye, thinking he may be able, perhaps, to help the dead man, endeavours to bite the rope through.

"A dog which had lain concealed till now, ran backwards and forwards on the parapet with a dismal howl, and, collecting himself for a spring, jumped for the dead man's shoulders. Missing his aim, he fell into the ditch, turning completely over as he went, and striking his head against a stone, dashed out his brains."

Poor Bullseye!

To appreciate the dog of Dickens, and the truthfulness of the portraiture, one has only to read Marryat's extraordinary invention of the Dog-Fiend, a story of an utterly impossible dog, for which the author tries vainly to gain some sympathy by giving it an utterly impossible master. There never lived a dog like Snarleyow, and until dog-nature changes there never can. For surely no dog could be so utterly bad that it will bite a master who is always good to it, when it can take him at an advantage, overcome by drink or prostrated with suffering, and "make its teeth meet in his cheek." It is described

generally as "one of the ugliest and most ill-conditioned curs which had ever been produced," and in detail as a misshapen, mangy, villainous beast. To the eye of the casual observer, there was not one redeeming quality that would warrant his keep; to those who knew him well, there were a thousand reasons why he should be hanged. Such was the animal that was "all in all" to its master, Lieutenant Vanslyperken, who, in turn, was "all in all to the dog." The Lieutenant was as unlovely a brute, physically and morally, as his dog, but "all the affection he ever showed to anything living was certainly concentrated on this one animal, and next to his money Snarleyow had possession of his master's heart." He was trying to marry the widow Vandersloosh, but Snarleyow having bitten her and her servant, she demands the dog's corpse as a preliminary to any *integratio amoris*, and Vanslyperken is sorely perplexed whether to give up the widow or "his darling Snarleyow—a dog whom he loved the more, the more he was through him entangled in scrapes and vexations—a dog whom every one hated, and therefore beloved—a dog which had not a single recommendation, and therefore was highly prized." He feels, says the novelist, "that if anything in this world loves him it is the dog—not that his affection is great, but as much as the dog's nature will permit; and at all events, if the animal's attachment to him is not very strong, still it is certain that Snarleyow hates everybody else." To which he adds, apologetically as it were, "it is astonishing how powerful is the feeling that is derived from habit and association."

And then the dog loses an eye in one of its misdemeanours. "My poor, poor dog!" cried the Lieutenant, on discovering the loss, "and kissed the *os frontis* of the cur, and—what perhaps had never occurred since childhood, and what nothing else would have brought out—Vanslyperken wept—actually wept." Then comes in the apology again. "Surely the affections have sometimes a bend towards insanity." Again and again—when, for instance, the dog's tail is chopped off by Moggy—the author tries to enlist our sympathy for the beast, and for the brute who owns him, but it is all in vain. Even when the climax is reached, and Vanslyperken, about to be hanged, asks for a moment's respite that he may "kiss his poor dog" (which is going to be hanged with him), the writer invites us to believe that there is pathos in the incident. But it will not do. We can only jeer. So the two are hanged together—"and thus perished one of the greatest scoundrels and one of the vilest curs which ever existed. They were damnable in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." That a Vanslyperken may have existed is, unfortunately, quite possible, but a Snarleyow never.

Dickens's Bullseye is a dreadful picture of dog-fidelity to an unworthy master—of a dog made to live a bad life and do bad things, and which yet remains, poor beast, a good dog. Marryat's Snarley-

yow is a brutal impossibility. Dog-nature could never be born, nor trained, to such abominable badness. Or, taking Marryat on his own lines of a master being fond of a dog under very trying circumstances, what a delightful contrast to his abominable pair do we find in Launce and his dog Crab!

He was of no breed, was Crab. "One that I brought up of a puppy," says Launce (lovable to all time because he loved his dog). "One that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it."

He was a biggish dog, because Launce was sent by his master to take a "little jewel" of a dog to his lady-love, and he lost it by the way; and, good, faithful soul! offered her his great, ugly, ill-behaved Crab instead. His master was furious. "Didst thou offer her this cur from me?" "Ay, sir," says poor Launce; "the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place, and then I offered her mine, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater." "Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again, or never return again into my sight." Poor Launce! Whether he ever found the "squirrel" of a dog again we shall never know, but it is enough for us that he loved Crab.

We meet Launce first on his entry into service. "I have received," he says, "my proportion, like the Prodigious Son, and am going to Court." And then he begins about his dog:

"I think Crab, my dog, is the sourest natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog."

Then Launce goes through, in pantomime, the scene of parting. One shoe is his mother, another his father, his staff is his sister—"for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand"—his hat Nan "our maid," and, says he:

"I am the dog; no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog—no, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay; so—so. Now come I to my father, "Father, your blessing?" Now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother. Oh that she could speak now! Well, I kiss her; why, there 'tis: here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister: mark the moan she makes. Now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word."

Is it not the perfection of pathos and of fooling? Poor Crab! Dear Launce!

Thereafter Launce appears and reappears, a shrewd country fellow when with his own kind, but too soft-hearted for any consideration of himself when his dog is in trouble. So in his last appearance:

“When a man’s servant plays the cur with him, look you, it goes hard. I have taught him—even as one would say precisely—“thus I would teach a dog.” I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining chamber but he steps me to the trencher and steals her capon’s leg. Oh! ’tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies!”

For Launce takes him, having lost “the other squirrel,” to the Duke’s house, where Crab “thrusts himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs under the Duke’s table,” and straightway there is an outcry of the guests against his conduct. “Whip him,” says one—but Launce must finish the story :

“I goes me to the man that whips the dogs. “Friend,” quoth I, “do you mean to whip the dog?” “Ay, marry do I,” quoth he. “You do him the more wrong,” quoth I; “*it was I did the thing you wot of.*” He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I’ll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffer’d for’t (and then looking at his dog), ‘thou think’st not of this now.’”

Is it not delightful this one incident in which Shakespeare contemplates the dog as beloved by its master? and who does not feel a liking for the big, ugly, ill-behaved, stolid mongrel for Launce’s sake, and love Launce for his love for Crab? Buddha himself would surely have been pleased with Launce; and out of the hundreds of thousands who have laughed over Crab, how many, I wonder, ever thought unkindly of his master?

Very different from this mythical and monstrous dog are Kingsley’s Bran and Scott’s Roswal, both noble dogs drawn from life and becomingly treated.

In the story of “Hypatia,” describing life in Alexandria fourteen centuries ago, the hero is Raphael Aben-Ezra, a wealthy young voluptuary with a taste for heathen philosophies, who possesses “a huge British mastiff” called Bran. An anti-Semitic agitation has just come to a climax, and under the direction of the Christian priesthood the Jews of the city are being plundered and driven forth. Raphael’s house is attacked, and the opportunity that here offers itself for the youth to act the neo-Platonist philosopher, and discard all this world’s goods as vanity, is seized upon. He abandons his palace, calls Bran, and makes his way through the mob.

“This dog,” says he (to some of the rioters who seem inclined to oppose him), “is one of the true British breed; if she seizes you, red-hot iron will not loose her till she hears the bones crack. Let us pass.” And so he goes forth into the world a beggar, in the actual clothes of a beggar with whom he exchanges apparel, accompanied only by his dog, “the one friend I have on earth, and I love her.”

Why Kingsley should have given the Jew a dog as a friend is not

at first sight intelligible. But it soon becomes evident that the author, having carefully eliminated material interests and human sympathy out of his leading characters, had to find a means of restoring these essentials to his story. So he introduced Bran, who henceforth represents the human and, so to speak, Christian element of the novel. Both Hypatia, the teacher of nonsense, and Raphael, her pupil, have become for the reader mere metaphysical husks, and something is urgently needed to make one or other human, and lead him or her back to common sense and sympathy. So in comes the dog, and the simple teaching of its animal nature upsets all the "ideal" farrago of Greek philosophies and Eastern superstitions, which Hypatia and Raphael affect to understand and believe in.

While Raphael on a battle-field is pretending that the dead and dying around him are mere "sensations," and arguing that there is nothing material in the world, Bran insists upon his taking notice of a family of puppies of which she has just become the mother, and in spite of his protest that the puppies are mere "phantasies," she persuades him to carry them for her.

Then they come upon two bandits driving a young girl before them, and while Raphael is making up his mind that the girl's circumstances are doubtless (if she only knew it) the best for her, Bran tears the windpipe out of one of the ruffians, and her master, accepting the teaching, kills the other.

Then the girl claims his protection. But he does not see why, in an immaterial world, he should grant protection to a "sensation." Bran, however, makes friends with the girl, wags her tail at her, and shows her a puppy, and Raphael comes to the conclusion that he will follow the dog's lead. So he befriends the girl.

Hereafter and for the rest of the book, until his conversion (as he calls it) is complete, he accepts Bran as his "guide, tutor, and queen of philosophy," and meeting Hypatia for the last time, he says to her: "I took her, my dog, for my teacher, and obeyed her, for she was wiser than I, and she led me back, the poor dumb beast, like a God-sent and God-obeying angel, to human nature, to mercy, to self-sacrifice, to belief, to worship, to pure and wedded love."

Bran is, in fact, the chief motive power of the book, and Kingsley, with his intense liking for dogs, and equally intense dislike of metaphysical quibbling, availed himself of the opportunity of suggesting that the example of an intelligent dog-nature, pure and simple, is more powerful for good than all the verbiage of hair-splitting sectarians.

In another novel also, "The Talisman," a dog becomes, upon the overthrow of its master's fortunes, the leading character of the story, eventually brings him back to royal favour and domestic happiness; and (as in "Hypatia") it is a mistake to suppose that the dog is a mere



incident of the narrative. On the contrary, if it is carefully read it will be seen that the hound is one of the main threads of the story.

I believe myself that if either Kingsley or Scott had been asked by a friend to tell him what either "Hypatia" or "The Talisman" "was about," the author in each case would have said "about a dog."

It must have pleased Kingsley immensely, both as a lover of honest dogs (mastiffs of the true old English breed especially) and a hater of hollow creeds, to bring the two into direct opposition, and make what he calls "a huge and villainous-looking dog" triumph over all the glittering sophistries of the lovely Hypatia. So, too, Scott. He had quite a passion for dogs, for deerhounds by preference, and in the tale of "The Talisman" he had his favourite legendary grounds to go upon for conferring distinction upon that noble breed, and, what was more, for describing under the name of Roswal one of his own beloved Abbotsford pets. Each is the story of a dog, and both have the same purpose in view—to show how the instinctive or inherited traits of honesty of purpose, fidelity, and intelligence in the service of men, can suffice under given conditions to stem the current of events, to thwart human devilry, and ultimately set wrong right.

The ordinary reader, not being a dog enthusiast, probably remembers Roswal only in two episodes: the turning-point of the story, when the hound defends the standard of England, and the climax, when he pulls Conrad of Montserrat from his horse. But if read again in order to see how carefully Scott has woven the dog in from the beginning, it comes quite as a surprise, so artistic and natural is the weaving, to find how often the introduction of the hound occurs and with what affectionate accuracy the author is evidently drawing a portrait.

David Prince of Scotland goes, it will be remembered, disguised as Sir Kenneth, to the crusade, and when we first find him in the camp, it is in company with "a large stag-greyhound" "nobler in size and appearance than even those which guarded King Richard's sick-bed, whose growl from his deep chest sounded like distant thunder"; and the Baron of Gilsland describes him to the King as "a most perfect creature of heaven, of the noblest northern breed—deep in the chest, strong in the stern, black colour, brindled on the breast and legs—not spotted with white, but shaded into grey—strength to pull down a bull, swiftness to cote an antelope." By-and-by comes the fatal night of Sir Kenneth's undoing. Cœur de Lion has trampled on the Austrian flag, and fearing the banner of England may in revenge be insulted, he honours Sir Kenneth with the duty of guarding it. Night falls. By the banner-staff lies outstretched the hound, and the knight paces to and fro upon his watch. Then comes the dwarf with the Queen's summons to Sir Kenneth, and the knight, overwhelmed with the desire of seeing his love, Lady Edith, and trusting that

Roswal may in case of danger recall him to his post in time, deserts his charge. The meeting with the Lady Edith is over, and he is stumbling along among tent-ropes towards his post when he hears a single, fierce, savage bark, and then a yell of agony. He rushes to the Mount, and the moon coming out from behind the clouds shows him that the banner of England is gone and that Roswal is lying on the broken standard-staff in the agonies of death!

The dog is, however, cured, and Sir Kenneth's forfeited life is spared, and by-and-by Richard is persuaded that the dog will discover for him the "traitor" who stole his banner. A grand parade of the Christian forces is arranged, and Roswal, watching the procession as it passes, waits for the man who stabbed him. Last of all the troops come those of the Marquis of Montserrat, whom Richard does not suspect. But Roswal is not to be denied, and "uttering a furious and savage yell, springs forward, leaps upon Conrad's charger, and seizing the Marquis by the throat pulls him down from the saddle."

The uproar that follows is quelled by the adjournment of the chiefs of the crusade to the council-tent, where Richard is asked "if he seriously means to impugn the character of the Marquis on the evidence of a dog?" To which the King makes the following remarkable reply:

"'Royal brother,' says Richard, 'recollect that the Almighty, who gave the dog to be companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe—remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation; but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor—he is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity. Dress yonder Marquis in what peacock-ropes you will—disguise his appearance, alter his complexion with drugs and washes, hide him amidst an hundred men—I will yet pawn my sceptre that the hound detects him, and expresses his resentment, as you have this day beheld. This is no new incident, although a strange one. Murderers and robbers have been, ere now, convicted, and suffered death under such evidence, and men have said that the finger of God was in it. In thine own land, royal brother, and upon such an occasion, the matter was tried by a solemn duel betwixt the man and the dog, as appellant and defendant in a challenge of murder.

"'The dog was victorious, the man was punished, and the crime was confessed. Credit me, royal brother, that hidden crimes have often been brought to light by the testimony even of inanimate substances, not to mention animals far inferior in instinctive sagacity to the dog, who is the friend and companion of our race.'

In this interesting passage we read unmistakably Sir Walter Scott's own creed of the dog; and the incident to which he refers is of course that of Dragon, the Dog of Montargis, which discovered the murderer of its master, and the man upon being condemned to fight a duel with his accuser confessed his crime and was executed.

In *Rowan's* case it is his master Sir Kenneth who fights the duel, wounds Conrad, and all ends happily—thanks to "the power of the dog."

This idea of the dog assisting justice and avenging murder is as old as mythology—for did not Mera discover her master's murderers, and in reward was she not translated to the skies as the Little Dog-Star?—and quite as old is the fine Gaelic idea of the dog that suffers unjustly, and is rewarded for noble heroism by death at the hands of those whom it has served. *Gelerts* are common to-day, and of all sorts and conditions, for it was only very recently that I read of a terrier which was left in a kitchen with some newly-hatched ducklings, and which, on the fire getting low, picked up the little complaining birds and put them inside the fender, where they went all warmly to sleep again. Then comes home the master. No ducklings; fluff on the terrier's mouth! Plain as a pikestaff—the terrier has eaten the birds. Then the cudgel and blows and bad language, and then the ducklings awake at the noise.

I must confess I would not like to have been the man at that moment. I would rather have been the half-dead terrier.

And I must say, too, that the only version of *Gelert* that I really like is where the knight, having killed the hound that killed the wolf that (would have) killed the child, goes out and drowns himself in his fish-pond.

For there are many versions of the story, and our own, that which is familiar to British childhood, is, I cannot help thinking (in spite of Miss Mitford's enthusiastic eulogy of Mr. Spencer's ballad) the least satisfactory of all. But, in spite of its impossibilities, which of us has not at one time believed it to be true? So after all, perhaps, it is as well to hand it on from generation to generation.

A Welsh Prince goes out in the morning hunting, leaving his castle door open, a baby, his only son, asleep in its cradle inside, and not a soul to look after his castle or his heir. His faithful hound *Gelert*, most intelligently, refuses to go with his master under such conditions of outrageous carelessness, and stays with the baby. By-and-by the wicked wolf comes and there is a tremendous fight. For when the Welsh Prince comes home in the evening he finds blood everywhere: blood—blood—blood from the front door to the nursery! But not a sign of a servant on the premises. Then he searches for his heir, but in vain; calls to it, but without response. So he jumps to the conclusion that *Gelert* has *devoured* his child—straightway stabs the hound, which "yells" and wakes the baby up, which has been asleep on the dead wolf all the time. And then comes remorse and a grand funeral.

Another English version (by Dr. H. Horne) makes *Gelert* and the child born the same day in the house of "a rural lord, in old

Carnarvonshire," and thenceforth the child and his "dumb foster-brother" are inseparable. One day, "the grey lord" goes to sleep on a steep hillside, and Gelert and the child wander away and are lost. They meet a wolf, and Gelert kills it, being nearly killed himself. The search-party find the dog crouching, all bloody, in the heather, and mistaking his maimed efforts to explain for conscience-stricken cowardice, the father beats its brains out. Then follow the finding of the child and the wolf, and due remorse and burial.

But in a ballad of the fourteenth century, said to be Oriental in inspiration, there are some delightful innovations. There was a Knight, "a rich man of great might," who had "a good woman to wife," "a good child and fair," and yet another "jewel," a greyhound "that was good and snel." And one day there is jousting outside the castle, and the child's attendants abandon their charge and go out to see the fun. While they are away there comes "an adder" which was bred in a crevice in an old tower, and it goes straight to the cradle. But the greyhound has remained by the baby, and after a fearful fight kills the "nadder," as it is spelled in places. When the attendants get back they find the baby gone, and as the dog is bloody they accuse it to the knight of having devoured his son and heir; the hound leaps up to welcome its master, but the knight kills it with a blow of his sword. Then they find the child and the dead adder. Upon this the knight "for dole of his hound" drowns himself straightway in the fish-pond. This was becoming and gentlemanly conduct, and I strongly commend it to the notice of those who think that, having punished a dog thoughtlessly for what it has not done, they set themselves right by a "Poor doggie!" and a tid-bit. The dog is supernaturally generous to a master whom it has once learned to love, but even though it says so readily, "let bygones be bygones," it is not a good stamp of man who cares to feel that he has "lost caste" with his dog.

PHIL ROBINSON.

## A BIRD-EYE VIEW OF THE TRANS-CASPIAN.

THE modern Transcaspian is said that the modern Turk has become very enlightened that he is no longer particular even as to the appearance of his women, and that he has seriously agitated for the abolition of the *hijab*. But the Turkish ladies met in solemn processions and resolved on the retention of the provoking veil which shades and hides their lovely eyes. And why? Because, with true Oriental vanity, they agree that it is precisely the mystery of the *hijab* which lends them charm, and the Byronic stranger will cease to be Byronic if he discovers that an Eastern beauty stripped of Oriental accessories cannot compete with her fair sisters of the West. The jealous zeal with which the Russians seek to hide their Transcaspian possessions from the Western eye seems to be founded on a similarly feeble prejudice. The world is agog with curiosity about the prospect of Tamerlane's historic capital and the famous city which Marco Polo found so *rich and wonderful*. In sober truth, however, Samarkand and Bokhara are two interesting Oriental cities, and the road thither a waste of hideous sand or steppe barely a degree less hideous. Two days and a half it takes to rail over General Anenkoff's Transcaspian Railway, and all the time the English traveller feels a kind of malignant joy that Russia is not really to be envied for her much vaunted empires of Transcaspia and Turkestan.

And yet there is a good deal on the way which strikes one as beautiful and strange. The railway itself is a stupendous fact. Happy in its environment, it cannot become commonplace. The lands it traverses are still comparatively unknown, so that the *impressions* of a voyage of a latter-day traveller, to whom Vambéry had wished God-speed, and who went to Turkestan post-haste and hurried back, may be of a little interest. The special inducement which prompted me

to choose the Transcaspian as the place to spend a vacation was the belief that Hebrew and Hebræo-Persian MSS. were still to be unearthed at Bokhara. A visit last year to Teheran, by way of the Caspian, had been successful and had whetted my appetite. The Foreign Office authorities were good enough to obtain for me the necessary permit. H.B.M. Ambassador applied for it at St. Petersburg on May 28, but it was not until August 27 that the Russian Consul in London received instructions by telegram to *viser* my passport. Apparently the sanction was somewhat grudgingly bestowed, but then it should be stated that I am not only an Englishman, but also a Jew.

The *visa* once on my passport, I had no further trouble. Indeed, except on the frontier at Wirballen, it was not demanded until I reached Samarkand. But I was expected all along the Transcaspian line. At Krasnovodsk, on the Caspian Sea, I was shown a *dossier* in which I could decipher my own name, but alas! nothing more. At Bokhara the Russian political agent said he had been duly instructed, and so he very kindly provided me with an official *djiguit* to show me the sights. At Samarkand also I was *en règle*, and at Aschabad the stationmaster was polite enough to reserve me a *coupe*! Two Italians, who were with me for part of the time, and an Englishman whom I met, had been informed at St. Petersburg that they too were duly authorised to travel on the Transcaspian, but the authorisation does not seem to have been communicated to the officials in Central Asia. Still they were not molested or interfered with in any way. The officials at Krasnovodsk let them pass with an intimation that they would be liable to be turned back at any point *en route*. As a matter of fact, this did not occur, and I fancy that the experience of Mr. Budgett Meakin, who with his sister reached Samarkand without a permit—and after he got there and had seen all he wanted was told to go home—was only unusual in the sense that the last formality is generally omitted.

Passport arrangements and Custom House formalities in general were easier this year than I have ever known them before. On my first visit to Russia some friends named Blomfield—a name surely familiar to the Russian diplomatist—were persecuted by the attentions of the police, who followed them about wherever they went, in the altogether erroneous belief that they were Jews and therefore suspects. A second time—it was during the great cholera epidemic in 1892—I had to avoid Lublin, because it had been notified in the Official Gazette that while non-Jewish travellers might be disinfected and sent on at once, all Jewish travellers would have to be detained in quarantine for a week! Last year, when I passed through Moscow, the "Slaviansky Bazaar" people could not get back my passport from the police authorities because these had not yet been able to obtain the personal signature of the Governor-General, which was

requisite in the case of a Jew. I had to go to the police office and explain that as I was a Jew, and as holy Moscow was beyond the pale of Jewish settlement, they ought to be only too glad to get rid of me that same evening. The joke, or perhaps a threat of complaint to St. Petersburg, brought me the passport within the hour. This year, however, I am thankful to say that I observed no signs of Jew-baiting. And generally there seemed a more liberal spirit abroad. There was no bother about books or newspapers. At Paris I had been warned that it was quite hopeless to attempt to bring any books into Russia without a special authorisation. Well, I had Curzon's "Russia in Central Asia," Dobson's "Russia's Railway Advance," Bonvalot, and similar books. Curzon I placed at the very top of my kit-bag, but it was passed with all the indifference so inoffensive a work deserves. Its maps and political criticisms alike failed to offend.

The quickest, cheapest, and nastiest route to the terminus of the Transcaspian Railway is *via* Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow and Rostow to Petrovsk, and thence by steamer direct to Krasnovodsk. I was unfortunate in that I had to increase the length of that journey by passing St. Petersburg, and, on the sea voyage, calling at Baku. The distance from the Russian frontier to Petrovsk is 3585 versts, and takes five and a half days, but only costs forty-eight roubles first class and twenty-nine second. The nicest way to Krasnovodsk is *via* Constantinople and Batoum, thence by Transcaucasian railway to Tiflis, then by *troika* over the famous Georgian military road across the Caucasus to Vladikawkas, and thence to Petrovsk. The return journey might be varied by taking the steamer from Batoum, Poti, or Novorrosisk by Kertch, Eupatoria, Yalta, and Sevastopol to Odessa, and home by Lemberg, Cracow, and Vienna. The steamer fare from Petrovsk to Krasnovodsk is twenty-one roubles, and the crossing generally takes thirty hours. Second-class fare from Krasnovodsk to Samarkand, a distance of 1454 versts, is only about twenty roubles. There is no first class yet on the Transcaspian line, and altogether its rolling stock is still lamentably deficient, but they are now building carriages at Aschabad, and by next May, when the extensions to Tashkend and Khokan are expected to be open to traffic, things will probably improve. Even now one must be specially unlucky not to find, throughout the Russias, and in second-class carriages, a folding bed for every passenger, and a lavatory and a closet in each carriage. And the carriages are swept and cleaned at intervals throughout the day, so that they are always fairly comfortable.

As the steamer approaches Krasnovodsk, what first catches the eye is the smart little railway station built of gleaming white granite against a background of bare purple mountains—a fitting temple to dedicate to the cult of the iron horse. Hardly less attractive are the other stations on the line, but the background fails when the mountain

range which here forms the Russo-Persian frontier is left behind. The next thing noticeable was the block of outward as well as inward goods traffic, especially cotton—and this, too, was to be seen all along the line. The breakdown of the Amu Daria Bridge, which, during two months, necessitated trans-shipment into steamers, must have contributed to the block, but a high official in the Railway Civil Service declared that the fault was entirely due to the military mismanagement of the line. Military men were good generals, but bad business men, and had no idea of statistics or engineering. The plans they submitted for a new bridge of stone were impossible, dimensions and quantities alike ludicrous, and so, for three years, the new stone bridge had been talked about but not begun. They could not cope with the traffic, did not provide the necessary facilities for trade, and were utterly deficient in initiative.

General Kuropatkin\* is at one and the same time Governor-General of the Transcaspian Province and dictator of the railway. He was Skobelev's right-hand man, and even their enemies say that Kuropatkin has more backbone than that favourite hero. By most Russians he is regarded as the chief military genius of the day and the hope of the Empire. By a few he is looked upon as being somewhat of a *poseur*, fond of display, and inclined to be a theorist. I can bear witness to the splendour of his special train and to the weird and almost awe-inspiring effect of his entry into Samarkand—his landau preceded by four *djiguits*, native police outriders, galloping ahead with blazing *flambeaux* waved high above their heads—a sort of living picture out of the "Legend of Montrose," or perhaps part of a Lord Mayor's Show in a fog. For the rest he is said to be good-natured, with plenty of *bonhomie*. Though he is a great stickler for Pan Slavism, and professes a rigid intention to admit only Russians *pur sang* into his Emperor's new territories, the climate has been too much for him and his fellow-countrymen.

All sorts of inducements are offered to Russian settlers, but with comparatively little success. Armenians and Jews, though native-born Russian subjects, are regarded as aliens and not encouraged. But they are acclimatised, and so at the present time much of the trade of Samarkand and Bokhara is in their hands. Russian civil servants fight shy of the three years' service for which they have now to covenant, and notwithstanding their high pay and other privileges, return, or rather escape, to cold Russia as opportunity offers. Nor is

\* Since this article was written, the Russian Emperor has appointed General Kuropatkin to be his Minister of War. Alexei Nikolajewitsch Kuropatkin was born, of humble parents, in 1848. He fought at the capture of Samarkand in 1868, in the Algerian Sahara in 1874, at Plevna in 1877, and at Akhal Teke and Geok Tepe in 1881. His other achievements are not less important. By the treaty he successfully negotiated with Yakoob Beg, he acquired the protectorate of Kashgaria for Russia. Since 1889 he has been Governor of "Zakaspie." The general is also an author of no mean repute. His books on "Algiers" and "The Transcaspian" are regarded as standard works.



this surprising when one thinks that  $35^{\circ}$  R. is a common temperature during half the year and  $58^{\circ}$  R. in the shade not unknown, that it is impossible to dwell except in cities, that these are twelve hours distant by rail one from the other, with a howling wilderness between, and that each of them is notorious for a special complaint, to which the new comer is more liable than the native.

The endemic disease at Khokan is *zob* or goitre, at Samarkand *prokazu* or lupus, at Bokhara *rishla* or inguinal worm, at Merv typhoidal malaria, and at Aschabad *pendinka* or eczema. Influenza, we were told, had been deadly throughout Turkestan, and it is the disease of which natives and visitors alike are now most afraid. Lepers, not all loathsome in appearance, but all doomed to living death, are to be seen outside all the great towns, squatting along the roadside, on the way, significantly enough, to the burial-grounds and tombs of the saints, so as to beg from the pious and gain the pittance on which they live.

Throughout Central Asia fever is prevalent. In the army every ache, from toothache to rheumatism, is ascribed to fever and dosed with quinine. Even in Old Bokhara the cult of that magic drug is so far advanced that the local chemist supplies it in convenient little gelatine cylinders, which have been so recently invented as not yet to be known in the London market. And, by-the-bye, it is a significant fact that in every Russian town it is the apothecary's *apteka* which is the finest and largest shop, and apparently does the biggest trade.

Krasnovodsk, as the terminus of the Transcaspian line, is only three years old. It has recently replaced Uzun Ada, which was about a hundred versts nearer Samarkand, but which laboured under the disadvantage of having a bad harbour with little water and inaccessible during some of the prevailing winds.

The junction of the old line and the new one is at Dschebel station. The new line hugs the sea coast for a few miles, and then gradually recedes and runs parallel to the escarpment of the last outspur of the mountains which constitute the Russo-Persian frontier. The line itself is pretty nearly level, gradients are excessively light, and there are no tunnels whatsoever. There are numerous bridges, but to a layman only three seemed important—those over the Murghab and Oxus, and over the Zarafshan near Samarkand. The Persian hills continue right along to the Amu Daria, and are a welcome relief to the monotonous level on the other side of the line. There is plenty of water at Krasnovodsk, and the Russians are so pleased with the place that they propose to make another great railway from there to Khiva, a distance of about three hundred miles. But the heat and dust are simply awful, and give a fitting foretaste of what one has to expect in Central Asia. The one compensation is

that a refreshing sea bath can be taken there for five *kopeks*. Hirsute Armenians use the sea for washing purposes, and it was somewhat perplexing to see one jump into the water, break two eggs on his head and wash his hair with the yolks.

Between Krasnovodsk and Aschabad the stations are hardly more than halting-places to enable meeting trains to pass each other, the Transcaspian Railway being, of course, a single track throughout. The buffets are rarely provided with more than two or three eggs and onions, and the indispensable *vodka*. There were a couple of botanists in the train on our return journey, and they lost no opportunity of getting out and collecting specimens in the steppe and dunes, finding different species of the same plants at each successive station.

Even the unscientific traveller, innocent of botany, cannot fail to be struck by the effective process adopted for checking the encroachment on the line of sand avalanches by means of saxaoul plantations, which for hundreds of versts run parallel with the iron track. Sand is the snow of the steppe, and a more insidious enemy to the civil engineer. The desert is nowhere perfectly flat; it is undulated by waves, the crest of which is often fifteen feet higher than the base, and as the prevailing wind seems to be N.E., the S.W. side of the wave falls away precipitously, and while the surface of the summit is comparatively firm for walking, it is dangerous to walk too near the edge. One fact, however, struck us very much. General Auenkoff and the projectors of the line took precautions, far-sighted and reasonably calculated to be effective, but his successors, the men now in charge, do not trouble about giving his measures a fair chance. At station after station, wherever we found herbage and plants, there we found also spoor of camel and buffalo and goat. No care is taken to preserve the shrubs so anxiously reared; in many places the surface has been nibbled bare. And yet it would be quite easy to fence off a few feet either side of the line, and leave the herds and flocks of the Tekkes to be content with a scantier area of pasturage. Before the advent of the Russians they had nothing at all in many places.

Another consideration that occurred to us was as to the possibility of replacing the saxaouls in process of time by fir-trees and thus re-forestation of the country. This has been found practicable in many of the waste places and sand-dunes of Europe, and it ought not to be difficult in Asia. We were told that an experiment of the kind had not proved quite successful on the banks of the Volga, but there is evidently nobody in office whose business it is to look after forestry in Turkestan, and the consequence is that even in Samarkand, the City of Trees, where in one stately boulevard there is an avenue composed of twelve lines of giant trees, timber is terribly expensive, and has to be imported from the interior of Russia.

To persons not learned, the stations were interesting for the glimpses they gave of the tall but deliberate Turcoman on his native steppe, trading for a huge Arbuza water-melon, or the more luscious *d'ynja*. This is the melon properly so-called, but the Russian avoids it as fever-giving, perhaps because it requires water to feed it, and for drinking purposes all water in Central Asia is dangerous as well as rare. The railway trains must carry their own water. A huge cask is attached to each engine by way of tender. The kitchen-car next the *buffet-wagon* is ingeniously roofed by a cistern, the supply of which is constantly renewed at the stations by filtered drinking-water, hauled up by the attendants pail by pail. At each station there is a big cask of such water for the native passengers, who rush to it as soon as the train arrives, and from which the Russian ladies, who make their own *chi* on board, fill their teapots.

On the up journey, the train was inconveniently crowded. All the second-class tickets available were soon sold out, and many a respectable merchant of Turkestan, in flowing robes and picturesque turban, had to content himself with the bare boards of third-class. But third-class carriages, although the fare is uniform, are subdivided into three varieties. First come the luggage-trucks for native Sarts, labourers, and shepherds, into and out of which they scramble as best they can, and where of their own modest bundles they make seats or beds.

Of the remaining third-class passengers, the Persians, Jews and Armenians, and the Turcoman traders keep together, and the third variety consists of Russians—inferior employés and soldiers and servants. Russians excepted, the train was monopolised by merchants homeward bound from the great annual fair at Nijni Novgorod. Many of these were pious as well, and had extended their commercial travel into a religious pilgrimage farther west—the Mohammedans to Mecca and the Jews to Jerusalem. The Jews were full of the Zionist Congress at Bâle, and in all innocence asked me whether the Messiah was at hand, and Queen Victoria had really given Palestine to the Jews!

So many of those returning traders and pilgrims were there, that the only three tourists in the train were crowded out of second-class into third, and glad enough to find in a third-class carriage space to lie down for the night. Even the table in the *buffet-wagon* was used as a bed by one or two weary travellers. If such were an ordinary instance of passenger traffic on the line, it would be easy to credit the Russian boast that the Transcaspian Railway pays the Government nearly 3 per cent. on the original outlay.

During my short visit, however, I used the train five times, and only once was it so inconveniently crowded. Now there are only three passenger trains a week each way, and so one cannot help thinking that

there must be something wrong with the statistics. But Russia is rich enough to abstain from counting the cost where reasons military or political call for action. And there can be little doubt that the projected line from Khiva to Krasnovodsk, and the stupendous Manchurian line will be constructed very soon, although the one may not, and the other cannot, ever pay its expenses.

The average distance between stations is rather less than fifteen miles, but the time occupied to traverse it at least an hour. The trains go to and from Samarkand three times a week. There are about fifty stations in all. Many of these, however, are only halting-places named after the engineers of the line or other men whom the Russian Chauvinist delighteth to honour.

The Persian hills near Ushak present the characteristic appearance of a great wall rising suddenly and sharply from the dead flat. They are precipitous, black, and treeless, with dry torrent beds to indicate where the rainfall goes in the rainy season. Though it was a hundred degrees in the shade, we noticed "Oblaka," feathery clouds radiating from the mountains, and indicating wintry weather in the Persian highlands. One cannot help thinking that, from the military point of view, the line would be all the safer if it were not so near a mountain frontier; but then the Russians have nowhere shown that they are very much afraid of their Persian neighbours, nor are we English thought likely ever to advance so far north in Persia as to be of much use to its rulers in frontier fighting.

At Bami, about sixteen hours' distance from Krasnovodsk, the traveller first meets with the native Turcoman at home. Most Tekke Turcomans appeal to one by their size. They are all tall, and their huge woolly caps add to their height. Like other giants, they seem good-humoured enough, and it was funny to see the little Russian soldiers ordering them about without fear or compunction. Their wives and daughters are comely and unveiled, brightly dressed, and bedecked with quaint silver trinkets.

A hundred versts or so farther east we come to Geok Tepe, famous in the military annals of the century. It was the last obstacle to the Russian conquest of Turkestan, and the name of Skobelev the Destroyer will ever be associated with its capture. In our train travelled one of Skobelev's most trusty henchmen, the Captain Sijmen who was in command of the naval brigade which so materially helped the Russian advance. Like all Finlanders, the gallant captain spoke English, and waxed enthusiastic over the prowess of Skobelev and Kuropatkin. He went over the battle for our benefit, correcting Curzon's account here and there, but expressing amazement at his general accuracy. With us he climbed the breach once more, but, though he got to the top, the descent was not so easy. He slipped

and fell, and, but for the friendly assistance of a couple of jolly *selniks*, the train might have left him on the very field where six years ago a Turcoman bullet had laid him low and deprived him of the *kudos* of leading the final charge. Trees are now planted round the station which bears the famous name of Geok Tepe. And crimson oleander blooms, fitting type of the massacre with which the battle ended. But within the walls of circumvallation are ruins only and dank grass, and the modern Turcoman leads his camels gingerly through gaps in its broken but still steep walls, and takes them to pasture where but yesterday the last heroes of his race fought and died.

Aschabad, on the edge of the Kara-Kum, or "black sand" of the oasis, is the first town of importance on the line. It is twenty-two hours from the sea by railway, and a favourite starting-point for caravans to Meshed in Persia on the south and to Khiva on the west. The present town, with its long and shady avenues of trees, its large and ugly public buildings, and dreary market squares, is modern and Russian to the core. The Tekke men take care to enter it as rarely as may be, and their women seem to keep out of it altogether. There are plenty of Persians to be seen, but always *sans famille*. What are called its bazaars are but wide streets with two or three insignificant shops, but they say that Tekke carpets can be bought there better than anywhere else. The only object of interest is the new Greek church with its three cupolas of sparkling gold, and in front a monument to General Skobelev, with a business-like but ornamental cannon at each corner—ready, it would seem, as that hot-headed hero always was, to get into action at the first call.

The town of Aschabad itself may fail to interest, but there are ruins within ten miles which are quite worth visiting. A fairly good carriage-track runs parallel to the railway line past some prosperous-looking native wigwams to Annau. But at one spot the softness of the sand makes it almost impossible for horses to drag a carriage through. It is a sign of the end of the oasis, and a little farther on appear the ruins of a whole town dominated by a majestic mosque. Local tradition assigns its destruction to Tamerlane the Great. And evidently it is only since his day that the desert has encroached on the oasis and swallowed up the ancient site. Russian progress may once again carry the war into the enemy's camp and reclaim the site, and already there are signs of Annau becoming reinhabited.

The ruins of Annau are themselves highly interesting. Here are ancient houses of the Tekke—each a sort of martello tower—easily defended against any number of freebooters that might swoop down upon it from the adjacent mountains. In Turkestan, at least, every man's house used to be his castle, and though its windows are few, its door inaccessible, and its comforts modest, there is something

imposing even in its repellent exterior. But the town is dominated and overshadowed by its really magnificent mosque which stands upon a sort of acropolis. The mosaics and painted tiles are still in a fair state of preservation. They are of all colours and really lustrous; those of Samarkand are quite dull in comparison. What was most interesting about the mosque, however, was a large quantity of horns and skulls of *ovis poli* or moufflon heaped up in a corner of an inner chamber of the sanctuary—the relics of sacrifice of half a millennium ago—and a long and really formidable-looking serpent, which we startled as it lay basking on the top of some débris. Luckily the reptile was not less frightened than we were, and vanished before we could do battle with it. It was the only wild animal I encountered during my visit to Central Asia. I heard a few jackals barking at night, and was told that tigers occasionally swam across the Oxus, a mile or two above the bridge, but I really saw nothing else which was wild except a countless number of lively little lizards scintillating in the sand, and one exhausted eagle which was caught on the deck of the good ship *Bariatinsky* half way across the Caspian. About fifty versts beyond Annau, we came to more ruins—viz., at Bada Dur. These now rise up out of the sand, but obviously in times past they must have been outside the desert, and perhaps not even on its verge—another proof of the encroachment of the sand.

Fifty versts farther we came to Dushak, interesting for its black-fezzed Persians waiting at the station. This is the point on the line nearest to the Persian frontier, which is here only seven versts distant. There is a carriage road to Meshed, so that the interior of Persia is more easily reached by this route than by posting across the mountainous bridle-path from Reshd to Kazvin and Teheran.

Merv, the Queen of Asia, as it once was called, is six hours' distance by rail. It is a city of the mighty that are fallen. Such cases are frequent in Central Asia. There are dust-heaps a mile or two from the dull and dreary town, and they are evidence of ruins of some extent. But the importance of Merv must always have lain in its geographical position rather than its actual wealth and population. And yet Merv is mentioned in the Zend-Avesta, and Alexander the Great helped to build it. A Nestorian archbishop was enthroned there sixteen centuries ago, and there, in the eighth century, the veiled prophet of Khorasan started a new religion. Parthians, Arabs, Mongols, Persians, Bokhariots, Turcomans, and Russians have all held it in their turn.

Its river is the Murghab, which boasts of one of the few really important railway bridges of the Transcaspian. Situate not much higher up on this same river is Penjdeh, which in March 1885 was on the point of causing an Anglo-Russian war. I met an officer who

had been on General Komaroff's staff at the time, and he told me some mysterious story as to how Captain Yate had suddenly departed without his luggage. My information was too scanty to enable me to appreciate it as I should have done, but it was obvious that what the British public has heard about the incident is by no means all that there is to learn on the subject.

Merv commands the great roads from Khiva to Herat, and Bokhara to Meshed, and is thus at the cross-ways of the caravan routes between Persia, Afghanistan, India, China and Turkestan. And it was only in 1883 that its capture by the Russians was deplored by us as the loss of a mighty bulwark to India's defence. I am no politician or military tactician, nor otherwise competent to express an opinion, but although there are numbers of Russian soldiers to be seen there, it certainly does not look important to-day.

I was interested in Merv because I found it the home of a couple of thousand Marannos, but Marannos of the nineteenth century. Some eighty years ago, under the cruel reign of Shah Nouredin's father, the Jews of Meshed were persecuted beyond the point of endurance. They were given Mahomet's choice of Islam or the sword. They chose Islam, but though they have since outwardly conformed and are known as Yadidin, they have never abandoned Jewish observances. Only they practise their crypto-Judaism in stealth and in terror for their lives. If they go on pilgrimage to Mecca, they pass Jerusalem by the way, and the wailing wall to them remains more sacred than the black stone of the Kaaba. There are said to be two thousand such Yadidin at Meshed, fifty or sixty families at Merv, a few at Aschabad, and several at Bokhara and Samarkand. At Samarkand I had the privilege of acting as godfather to the son of such a Yadida, who keeps every Jewish custom scrupulously and is bitterly ashamed of his and his father's temporary bowing in the Temple of Rimmon. The Russians, whose frontier policy has always been somewhat Machiavelian, are said to encourage the settlement of these Yadidin as well as the Babis, or Shiite Protestants, within their borders, as tending to Russianise the adjoining territories.

A couple of hundred versts beyond Merv, we come to the far-famed Amu Daria, the Oxus of the classics, but dear to all Islam as the Gihon or Jihoun of Scripture. On our way out, we were not sorry to find that the long but frail wooden bridge had broken down, and that there was solution of continuity where the current was most rapid. And so we had to cross the Oxus on a little steamboat which had been brought there by rail in eight parts a few months before. We saw other steamers lying off Chardjuy, which is a quaint and quite important little town on the banks of the great river. One of these steamers had just brought some hundreds of time-expired soldiers from Kharki, the chief Russian garrison on the Afghan

frontier. I was told that there are never less than 3000 Russian soldiers under arms at Kharki, ready for any emergency, and to judge by the numbers of ex-soldiers we saw, this number is probably under the mark. A Russian soldier's length of service varies according to the station of his regiment, from two years and eight months in Europe to six years and eight months in the Amour Province, east of China, where Russian troops are concentrating more and more. At Kharki they serve as Turkestan soldiers for four years and eight months. The disembarkation was effected in such rollicking high spirits as spoke volumes both for the monotony of Kharki and the *bonhomie* of the Russian *selnik*, which nearly five years of iron drill had been unable to quell. Some of these soldiers were on their way back to their homes on the German frontier, near Lodz, and all were delighted at the prospect of the fatted calf that was in preparation for them. They were merry souls, and vowed that the Czar gave his men enough to eat, and with a light heart talked of the coming war with the "Anglichanka," or English Lady, as her Majesty is called. Our trans-shipment from train to steamer was very picturesque, and lent itself to the camera. Turcoman porters, half naked and quite regardless of the tropical sun, carried the most nondescript burdens down the dusty inclined plane which had been improvised to lead from the railroad to the meadow of lofty bulrushes which hid the river banks. The contents of our train would have astonished the most phlegmatic Yankee traveller. Feather-beds and mattresses and pillows of every hue; melons as large as pumpkins, and grapes in bunches which recalled those of the Jewish spies in the wilderness; guns more ornamental than effective, and umbrellas of all sorts; modern Gladstone bags and saddle-bags, or *marfrush* that might have carried the possessions of the Patriarchs thousands of years ago.

A train was waiting on the other side, but the crossing was difficult, calling for delicate navigation, and took four hours. The main stream of the Oxus is only 650 yards wide, but the bridge is placed at a wider part, where there are islands to buttress it. The main channel has a depth of over twenty-five feet, and the rapidity of the current reminds one of the Rhone at Lyons. It must run at least six miles an hour. Under ordinary circumstances the train takes pretty nearly half-an-hour to cross the bridge from end to end. An ordinary engine is too heavy to be trusted upon it, and so a tiny engine tender on four wheels takes its place, and looks more like a model than a work-a-day locomotive.

East of the Amu Daria the oasis soon loses itself in sand once more. Whether it is that the banks are too steep to admit of extensive inundation, or that the soil is too thirsty, or the sand too persistent, the "other side of the river," as the natives call it, is disappointingly



arid. One was almost forced to perpetrate the pun that the great river was, after all, but "a mud area." Its "loess"\* is as rich and fertile as Nile mud, and yields eightyfold. Only there is not enough of it, for the desert soon swallows up its curious melon-gardens, and a hundred versts intervene between the river and the great oasis of Bokhara.

As the train approached Bokhara the native passengers showed obvious marks of excitement, and the scene at the railway station was quite touching to witness. The phlegmatic Oriental of fable is not to be seen in Turkestan. On the contrary, he seems to be all nerves and emotions. The pilgrims were welcomed by the stay-at-homes with kisses and embraces, and even a mere acquaintance stroked his beard, if he had one, or his face if he had not, in token of satisfaction and welcome. Bokhara station is about ten miles distant from the capital. It has created, by "Novoe Bokhara," a new Russian town, intensely dull and supremely uninteresting, but where reside all the Europeans whom business or office requires to live near the famous old city. It boasts two one-storeyed hotels with scant accommodation, and a large and important-looking Embassy, where the amiable political agent, M. Ignatieff, resides. The road to Old Bokhara is not devoid of interest. Cotton plantations, a picturesque village or two, and many trees relieve the monotony of the way, and a continuous stream of natives on horseback, camel-back, and donkey-back, narrow carts with colossal wheels, and worn-out droshkys raise the dust and prevent one from feeling lonely. Nearer Bokhara one passes rose and pomegranate gardens, the Gulistans of Persian poetry, but, alas! they are surrounded by high walls, and the gate-keepers are either dense or not venal.

Bokhara itself is a wonderful old city. Surrounded by a picturesque old wall of the time of the Crusaders, with castellated gates and towers, it has no room to expand. There are burial-grounds within the walls, which still further restrict the space available for building. But, happily, Russian advice, which is here equivalent to a command, precludes the Bokhariots from any longer burying their dead near the houses of the living. Their streets are narrow and not straight, and on either side rise the high walls of truly Oriental houses, with windows giving only on internal courts. At sundown the gates are shut and the streets deserted. The rash traveller who has delayed his return to town till night has to rouse the watchman and persuade him to open the city gate. And, *experto crede*, it is both uncomfortable and uncanny to grope one's way home through dark and empty lanes with all the curs of Bokhara barking at one's heels. Near the centre of the bazaar one or two watchmen, with lanterns and rattles, make night hideous by their cries, and scare the ghosts. But I have walked

\* "Loess" is the rich loam of the steppe.

nearly two miles within the walls of Bokhara without seeing a single soul, and that a good two hours before midnight.

There are two or three caravanserais in the old town, but no place where for payment a European can lodge with any comfort. I was fortunate enough to be put up at the Moscow Bank, the only building furnished in anything like European style. But, of course, the absence of all signs of Western civilisation makes Bokhara all the more fascinating. A week is not too long a time to spend there.

Throughout my stay, I kept with my co-religionists, of whom four or five thousand reside there. Perhaps I was prejudiced in their favour, but they certainly struck me as most intelligent and hospitable. Many of them are great travellers. One man I saw had been to China; several had visited India by way of Afghanistan and the Khyber Pass. At least a couple of hundred were *hadjis*, who had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. At the present time, there are quite that number of Bokhariots settled in the Holy City with the pious purpose of living and dying there. Most of the travelled Jews have been to Moscow, many to Paris, and some to London. One good man told me that he had been five times to Moscow. His first journey was by caravan, by way of Astrakhan and the Volga, and took him eighty days and cost 500 roubles. But that was nearly forty years ago. None of the Turkestan Jews are rich, but most of them seem to earn a livelihood. Some are cotton-growers, some grow grapes and some cultivate tobacco; many are merchants trading to Moscow, and exchanging carpets for manufactured goods, and importing Indian tea from Bombay, *via* Batoum and Baku.

Their standard of culture is much higher than could be expected. Half of them could speak Hebrew, and in synagogue on the "Rosh Hashanah," or Jewish New Year, I heard an itinerant Rabbi from Safed preach Evolution in a Hebrew sermon. His theme was the Rabbinical dictum that "Repentance, Prayer and Charity avert the evil decree." But how, he asked, can the world's course be changed? And he answered that gradually and by degrees the progress of the mightiest river can be diverted and Nature be persuaded to change her countenance.

The chief synagogue is some five or six hundred years old, with additions of more modern date, constituting something like chapels in a cathedral, divine service being held separately in each. Of course, it has a *genizah*, or hidden chamber in the roof, for the preservation of disused sacred writings. Among the papers there I found, carefully folded up, no less an antique than a placard printed in Bengali and English, and announcing a conjuring performance which was to have taken place at Calcutta in 1866, under the auspices of one Professor Vanek, "Grand Wizard of the North!"

Most of the Jewish householders had books, generally Hebrew or

Persian in Hebrew characters. But they were richer in early prints than in manuscripts. There were several Incunabula of the fifteenth century, and amongst them the Ixar Pentateuch printed in Spain in 1490, two years before the expulsion of the Spanish Jews. The copy is important, because of its marginal notes and corrections, which show that it had been collated at Cairo with the famous Ben Asher Codex, written there in 897, exactly one thousand years ago, and the oldest dated Hebrew Bible MS. in the world. There were also some pages of the Catalonian Prayer Book, printed in 1526 in Salonica for the Jewish exiles from Barcelona, and many Constantinople prints which are either unique or very rare. *Habent sua fata libelli* may be fitly applied to these wandering Jewish books.

The show-places of Bokhara—its horrible prison, its lofty isolated minaret, from the top of which captives were hurled by way of punishment, its *medresses* (colleges) and mosques, its busy *registan* or market-place, gleaming with melons and many coloured silks, its sleepy tanks embowered in trees, its camels, veiled women and holy *hadjis*, its sleek Persian cats, its quaint potters' lathes and oil mills—all these have been often and eloquently described. But Bokhara will ever abide in my memory for its kaleidoscopic multitude of human pictures. Every type of the Orient is here represented, with not a single inharmonious Western face to break the spell. The crafty Afghan, the proud Pathan, the big Turcoman, the plausible Hindoo, the dapper Persian, and the heathen Chinese—these are but a few of the characters that walk in that old-world city.

Samarkand, as a city of ruins, is much more imposing than Bokhara, and for the ordinary globe-trotter perfectly entrancing. Everything is associated with the name of its great citizen, Tamerlane, and even the tomb of Daniel the prophet is brought into relation with that mighty monarch. The sarcophagus is over twenty yards long, as beseems a prophet's stature. It has been recently covered by a brick chapel with three cupolas, but photographs of the ancient structure can be had in Samarkand. It is grandly placed at the edge of a cliff overhanging the rapid river Seop. Tradition has it that Tamerlane had seen a tomb in Susa in Persia with a warning inscribed thereon that none should open its door. And so he broke it open from behind and found it written that Nebi Daniel was there buried, and the impetuous conqueror had the sarcophagus removed with all reverence and carried it with him to his own capital to be its palladium.

The local Jews do not believe the story nor do they quite disbelieve it, for I went with two who prayed there as at the grave of the righteous. Some of them think that Samarkand is the new Samaria founded by the Ten Tribes, what time Israel was taken captive by Shalmaneser, King of Assyria.

Tamerlane's tomb is not apocryphal, and it is really one of

the most impressive of the world's show-places. The entrance to the building is, of course, ornamented with a marvellous display of the floral and geometric turquoise and green and yellow tiles for which the city is so famous. They are not lustrous but rather dead in colour, and yet not the less beautiful. The interior is a small chapel with some half-dozen coffins—Tamerlane's is of black stone, his son's, his mother's, and his *ulema's* or teacher's, are of the whitest marble, with two plumed standards at the head of the *ulema*. In the vault below are the actual marble caskets in which the bodies were enshrined. Tamerlane's is closely engraved with Arabic characters. The surrounding border announces all his titles—"Ameer Timur," &c., and the centre of the inscription gives his pedigree up to Adam, the whole altogether more legible than credible.

Of Ulug Beg, the astronomer, and Baba Khaneem, the foreign queen, and all the other *cinquo-cento* worthies, there are numerous memorials still extant. Most of them, however, have suffered seriously from the effects of the earthquake on Friday, September 24 last. Cracks have widened, many tiles have tumbled down, and walls have fallen or threaten to fall. The crooked minarets of the great *Medres* have become more crooked still, and even modern buildings have been much damaged. There were two distinct shocks at 8 and 11 P.M., and nothing like it has been known for a generation. The inhabitants were terror-stricken. But earthquakes are by no means uncommon, nor are violent weather-changes infrequent, so that it would be a boon to science if Russia would establish meteorological observatories throughout its Asiatic possessions, with a view to the registration of such phenomena.

Apart from its ruins, Samarkand is not particularly pleasing. It has been Russian for thirty years, and the contrast between the native and modern quarter tends to grow less and less striking. The Sart Bazaar has been made accessible for carriages by an autocratic road which has broken right through the ancient town and divided it in twain. The *tout ensemble*, therefore, is not so picturesque as Bokhara's, but it has many beautiful corners and archways, and clumps of ancient trees. It is not a walled city, and all the houses seem to have been able to expand freely, and flowers and trees grace every courtyard. It lies a thousand feet higher than Bokhara, with a greater rainfall and occasional snow.

Samarkand boasts a museum, which contains any number of rare Bactrian and Persian coins, as well as specimens from the coal mines in the Bokhara Hills, and the alluvial gold found in the neighbourhood. Preparation is also being made for the *bonâ fide* traveller, for posted up outside the more notable ruins are notices in four languages warning the tourist under heavy penalties not to deface or remove any antiques. These languages of travel are Russian, Persian, French,

and English. This zeal for the protection of monuments is a new and welcome feature in the Russian character.

The Russians have distinguished themselves here as elsewhere by their intelligent plantations. The "Avrahamovsky Boulevard" consists of a magnificent avenue with twelve rows of poplars, and is a worthy monument of Samarkand's first governor. The last, Count Rostoffzoff, has just died, and is bitterly lamented. He was remarkable for his English sympathies, and, indeed, resided in London for some years in honourable exile, by way of punishment for the indiscretion of paying a visit at Biarritz to the great Russian socialist, A. E. Herzen. It is significant of Russian progress that Alexander II. pardoned and promoted the Count, and that Nicholas II. allows Smirnof's "Life and Work of Herzen at Home and Abroad" to be published in St. Petersburg and become the favourite book of 1897.

The glory of New Samarkand seems on the wane. It is no longer the terminus of the Transcaspian Railway, for this has now been extended as far as Tashkend, the capital of Turkestan and seat of Baron Vrevsky's government. The new line is to be opened in May, and is only an instalment of Russian railway activity. It is expected to join the great Manchurian main line somewhere in the neighbourhood of Lake Balkhash. Russian officials at home and abroad are furnished with an Anglo-Russian railway map of Asia, showing the lines constructed or in progress of construction or projected in Siberia, China, and India. The map makes one thoughtful. But if a flying visit to Turkestan justifies the expression of an opinion, one would be inclined to say that the great eastward stream of Russian expansion has been diverted by the Himalayas, and is flowing steadily but irresistibly, not to India, but to China. And in Asia there is room for two great empires, and England and Russia have no longer any cause of quarrel.

Commercially, the Transcaspian Railway has already worked wonders. A great trade in cotton has been created by it. In Samarkand, as in Bokhara, cotton is gradually ousting the grape from its area of cultivation, although for centuries the grape has been the Turcoman boast. Even now, it is no rare thing for a local magnate to have, at one and the same banquet, six or eight kinds of grapes on his table, or rather on his carpet, for there are no tables. Of these, the long Cabul grape, shaped like a kidney, seems the strangest.

Three million poods of cotton were produced last year. Of these, 2,000,000 came from Khokan (including Samarkand) and 500,000 from Bokhara. Half-a-million poods were bought by Poznanski, a great Jewish manufacturer, who employs 7000 hands in his cotton mills at Lodz in Poland. I was told that the greater part of the trade was in the hands of my co-religionists, and that, though the Transcaspian was outside the pale of Jewish settlement, and *de jure* tabooed to the

Jew, the Government welcomed them *de facto* as bringing money, business and prosperity to their new possessions. Technically, the Pan Slavist would rather have Turkestan and Siberia peopled by Slavs. The Jews, though they be Russian, are not Slavs; they are therefore outside the sympathies of the *soi-disant* Russian patriot. But he has learnt by the experience of at least one generation that the Slavonic race is difficult to acclimatise in the burning sands of Turkestan or the icy plains of Siberia. So he finds himself compelled to welcome the more adaptable Hebrew.

And herein, I venture to assert, lies the true solution of the Russo-Jewish question. No millionaire, no cohort of millionaires, no Government, however strong, can tempt or command a population of millions to cross the seas. Only in Russia itself can the question be solved. And Russia is great enough to suffice for all its inhabitants, even for its Jews. The resources of Siberia and Central Asia are gigantic beyond the dreams of avarice. The world is only now beginning to realise them. It is a matter of history how Jews helped to develop the trade of America, India, Australia and Africa. Let Russia open the gates of the pale and she will find that her Jewish children will be of the makers of her Eastern Empire. And the stone which the builders had refused will become the headstone of the corner.

E. N. ADLER.

## THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE WEST AFRICAN HINTERLAND.

“**T**O stamp chaos well under foot and plant wholesome cabbage” has been defined as the rôle which the Englishman is intended by Providence to play in Central Africa. The million or more square miles, forming the hinterland to our West African possessions, which we claim as falling within our sphere of influence, afford a truly magnificent scope for the accomplishment of this twofold task. Nowhere within the British Empire, or perhaps in the world, does chaos, social, moral and political, reign so entirely unchecked, certainly nowhere is the wholesome cabbage so conspicuously absent. Whatever may be the result of the negotiations now proceeding in Paris, there can be little doubt that the dispute between the French and ourselves will have antedated by a quarter of a century the opening out and development of the disputed territories. In view of the unhealthy climate which characterises the whole of the West African hinterland, the question may well suggest itself, Is it worth while to risk the continued existence of friendly relations with France in order to secure a hold upon districts in which no Englishman can ever live? Will the advantage to be gained by the opening up of these districts ever be proportionate to the loss of life which it must inevitably involve? Apart altogether from the question of national honour which would be compromised by yielding to an unjust claim, or what we cannot but regard as such, there is one reason why the thought of abandoning our claims ought not even for a moment to be entertained. The reason is this, that only by an effective occupation, and in the light of the past, might we not say, only by the effective occupation of our own countrymen, is it likely that the slave trade of the western and central Soudan can be put an end to. The cry for help from the unnumbered millions of slaves in the West African hinterland is one

which must appeal to all who are prepared to accept the traditional policy of England during the present century, and who desire to make some atonement to the West African native for the slave trade which was carried on under the English flag during the two which preceded it. We have heard so much lately about the evils of slavery in East Africa and the difficulty of suppressing them, that it is disheartening to learn that, bad as matters are on the east coast, they are immeasurably worse on the west, or rather in the hinterland of the west coast. The Hausa language is that most widely diffused throughout this region; it is probable that those who speak it number in all not less than fifteen millions. Of these, five millions, on the lowest computation, are in a state of slavery. In other words, one out of every three hundred people now living in the world is a Hausa-speaking slave. During my three months' stay in Kano, the chief town in the hinterland of West Africa, and probably the second largest in the continent, there were as a rule five hundred slaves on sale in the open market. I witnessed on one occasion nearly a thousand new slaves brought into the town as the result of a single raiding expedition. The slave population of the town could not be less than fifty thousand. Moreover, what is to be seen in Kano is to be seen on a proportionate scale in every other town throughout the greater part of the West African hinterland. During the course of our march from Kano to the Niger I spent thirty-six hours in or rather just outside the camp of a notorious slave-raider, who bore the high-sounding title "King of the Soudan." After escaping with difficulty from him I marched for four days, a distance of sixty miles, through country which he had raided. No one who has not seen a town or village that has recently suffered from such a raid can realise the horror which the constant repetition of such sights day after day served to produce. In walking through the streets of Pompeii one is conscious of a certain feeling of sadness at the fate which overtook its inhabitants, but this is mitigated by the thought that their destruction is an event of the remote past, and whether the calamity which befell them had occurred or not, they would long since have passed away. But in gazing upon the slave-raided towns of West Africa, one of which must have been as large as Pompeii, one felt that, in the presence of such diabolical cruelty and waste, man would no more deserve the name of man if he were not willing to sacrifice his money or, if need be, his life, in order to rid the earth of such crimes. It is easier, however, to admit the existence of the obligation than to see in what way the obligation is capable of being translated into action. The slave trade in West Africa will never be extinguished by force of arms. Before it can be materially checked two things will have to be done: a satisfactory currency will have to be introduced into the country, and an improved transport will have to be provided. Going



out into the Kano market any day after twelve o'clock one can see from twenty to thirty thousand people engaged in the ordinary business of the market. It is doubtful whether such a sight is to be seen in any other town in the world. The only recognised currency in Kano and throughout the greater part of the West African hinterland consists of cowrie-shells and slaves. Near the coast three hundred cowrie-shells represent the value of an English penny. In the far interior the value of a shell is doubled. Even here ten shillings' worth of money weighs a hundred pounds. Cowrie-shells are, indeed, a perfect caricature of what a currency should be, lacking as they do the three characteristics which, according to political economists, a medium of exchange should possess—namely, intrinsic value, scarcity, and portability. Where any larger amount is concerned than can easily be paid in shells, slaves are used as the medium of exchange. A sort of feudal system prevails throughout the greater part of West Africa, the smaller towns paying annual tribute to the larger. Thus Kano has upwards of two hundred towns which pay tribute to its king, while it in turn pays tribute to Sokoto. Nearly the whole of this tribute is paid in slaves. Were slavery suddenly abolished, the whole system of government would be disorganised, and it would be impossible for most of the towns to find any other currency in which to pay. What obviously needs to be done is to introduce a regular coinage. This can only be done by the presence, in largely increased numbers, of Europeans in the country, by whose means any coin which might be thought desirable would soon obtain a circulation. The only coin which is at present recognised in the interior is the Maria Theresa dollar. This coin, which is made in Vienna, and bears date 1780, is manufactured exclusively for export to Central Africa. It contains about two shillings' worth of silver, and its purchasing value in the Soudan varies from 3s. to 4s. 6d. It will pass in any of the larger towns, but not as a rule in the country districts. The wholesale introduction of this or of any similar coin which can, however, only be effected *pari passu* with the general extension of European influence, would greatly decrease the difficulties connected with the abolition of the slave trade. As the case is now, when a well-to-do native sets out on a journey of any length, he calculates beforehand the probable expense, and takes a corresponding number of slaves. These he turns into cowrie-shells at the various markets which he passes on his route. The value of a slave varies from one hundred thousand to three hundred thousand shells, or from £3 to £9 sterling. These are the average market prices; slaves sold by private arrangement, and whose character is known, often fetch much higher prices. The English traveller who objects on principle to accept slaves in payment of a debt, is often subjected to serious inconvenience in consequence. One native king to whom I had sold some rolls of silk became indebted to me to the

extent of three-quarters of a million cowries. As I refused to receive payment in slaves, I had to wait altogether two months in order to extract what was due to me, and finally left the neighbourhood in despair, when many thousands of shells were still owing. The only advantage, as far as I could see, which the native derives from the use of the cowrie-shells as money, is the unlimited opportunities which it affords him for cheating the white man. The latter, who has seldom either time or patience to count his money, is compelled to accept from ten to twenty-five per cent. less than what the native professes to pay.

The second point which must be considered in view of any serious attempt to prevent slave-raiding is the substitution of some better mode of transport for that at present existing. Throughout the greater part of the West African hinterland everything has to be carried on men's heads—a method of carriage, as has so often been pointed out, than which nothing could be worse. Except in limited areas and during the dry season no use can be made of any beasts of burden. This being so, it is obvious that, until some other and better transport is provided, slaves will be in constant demand as carriers, and in this case the demand will continue to create the supply. It has long been an admitted fact, as regards East Africa, that the one panacea for the slave trade is a railway. All the arguments which have been used in favour of building railways in East Africa apply with increased force to their construction in West Africa. The population included within the British sphere of influence in West Africa is not less than forty millions. Despite the insecurity of life and property which results from slave-raiding, the amount of trade which is carried on by the natives, and more especially by the Hausas, is out of all proportion to that which exists in any part of East Africa. Take, for example, the trade in kola-nuts alone. One kola caravan which I met carrying the nuts from Salaga to Kano, consisted of a thousand men, besides a large number of donkeys. I estimated that the value of the nuts on their arrival in Kano would be little less than a hundred thousand pounds sterling. The caravan, which was one of several that annually traverse the same route, started from the town of Salaga, which is the centre of the kola trade, and which, according to one of the latest telegrams from the Gold Coast, has just been occupied by British troops. The whole of the kola-nut trade is at present in the hands of the natives, as the course of the Niger is not such as to allow of their being carried by water any part of the way. This trade would of itself go far towards providing a dividend on a railway or railways into the interior.

Of the four different lines of railway which have been surveyed, one starting from Sierra Leone, two from different points on the Gold Coast, and one from Lagos, the last is the one which would do most

towards opening out the hinterland. This railway is in course of construction as far as the town of Ibadan, and is being surveyed from Ibadan to Ilorin. From this point it has been proposed to carry it to Rabbah on the Niger. The distance from the mouth of the Niger to Rabbah, which is situated a little below Busa, the town now occupied by the French, is 500 miles, the distance from Lagos to Rabbah by the line which the railway would take is not more than 260; from Rabbah to Kano would be about 400 miles; the distance from Kano to Lagos being in all 660 miles, or about the same as from the Victoria Nyanza to the sea on the east coast, by the route followed by the Uganda Railway. The population along the whole of this proposed route being far denser than in any part of East Africa, the demand for European goods might be expected to be proportionately greater. In furthering the construction of such a railway we might thus have the double satisfaction of feeling that we were rendering possible the ultimate abolition of slave-raiding, whilst at the same time opening up to British trade and enterprise wide districts which are at present practically untouched. One proviso, however, must certainly be made in view of any railway construction in West Africa. If the railway were made to serve the interests of those who import gin on the coast, it would prove almost as great a curse to the natives of the interior as the slave trade which it would help to destroy. One such trader, who admitted that he had made a fortune out of supplying the natives with gin and firearms, told me that he considered himself very unjustly used because certain restrictions had been placed upon his trade. On my suggesting to him that the gin now being imported was productive of anything but satisfactory results, and that the firearms were chiefly used for purposes of slave-raiding, he replied that he understood that the natives on the coast were not yet as drunken as were the inhabitants of some of our English towns, and that he saw no reason to restrict importation until this stage had been reached; moreover, in regard to the importation of firearms, the fact that those already imported had fallen into the hands of slave-raiders seemed to him an additional reason for importing more, so that those who were in danger of being raided might be in a position to defend themselves. As matters now are, although the supply of gin on the coast is practically unlimited, very little finds its way more than 200 miles inland, and none crosses the Niger above latitude  $7^{\circ}$  N. The Royal Niger Company have for some time past placed an absolute restriction upon the importation of spirits or modern firearms above this limit—a restriction which is so far effective that, in the course of nearly 1000 miles march through the Sokoto Empire, I do not remember seeing a single bottle of spirits or more than half-a-dozen rifles. Before proceeding with the construction of any railway into the interior, an absolute pledge ought to

be given that gin should under no circumstances be carried on the railway.

The principal tribes inhabiting the West African hinterland are the Mandingos, Fantis, Yorubas, Nupés, Fulahs and Hausas. The Mandingos inhabit the country to the back of Sierra Leone and Liberia; they have as yet seldom come into contact with Europeans, and are the least civilised of all the above tribes. The Fantis are a warlike race occupying Ashanti and the district farther to the east, at the back of the Gold Coast Colony. The Yorubas inhabit the Lagos colony and the country which lies immediately to the north of it. Those living within a hundred miles of the coast have long been in contact with European civilisation, and seem to have deteriorated rather than improved in consequence. Mohammedanism has within recent years been making progress amongst them, though it has completely failed to check the drunkenness which is so constantly to be met with. In many instances the Mohammedans are the most drunken of all, so completely have they disregarded the restrictions imposed by their prophet. The Nupés are found on the left bank of the Niger from 300 to 450 miles from its mouth. It was against them that the recent campaign of the Royal Niger Company was directed, which resulted in the capture of their principal town Bida and in the setting free of some thousands of slaves who were found there. A further result of this expedition was that on Jubilee Day last the status of slavery was declared to be abolished on the River Niger, and an announcement was made that any people, whether slaves or free, who chose to settle in the Kabba district on the right bank of the Niger, a district which had been depopulated by the Nupé slave-raiders, would henceforth be under the protection of the English flag. The Nupés are a fine intelligent race, only second to the Hausas in their love of trade and travel. If once their slave-raiding propensities could be effectually curbed there is every reason to expect that they would prove a valuable addition to the list of her Majesty's subjects. The influence of the Fulahs in West Africa is far greater than their numbers might lead us to expect. Since the beginning of this century they have been the ruling caste throughout the Sokoto Empire, which embraces something like half-a-million square miles. They are distinguishable from the Hausas by several easily recognised characteristics. The colour of their skin is lighter, they are as a rule taller, the nose is more aquiline in shape, the expression of the face is more delicate and refined, and their hair is less woolly than is the case with the Hausas. Their influence over the Hausas is due to the fact that, whereas the latter are a quiet commercial people, trading far and wide outside the limits of the country in which they live, the Fulahs are born soldiers and diplomatists, who despise trade, but are ever seeking to extend their influence and dominion. The Fulahs,

moreover, are passionately fond of horses, and to their proficiency in riding in a country which, at any rate in the far interior, is sufficiently open to allow of the effective use of cavalry, is probably due their success in conquering a people who must have outnumbered them by at least ten to one. The Fulahs are nearly all professed Mohammedans, and gained their dominion over the Hausas in the first instance by a jihad or holy war.

The Hausas are by far the most numerous, as they are also the most civilised, of all Central African races. From the time of the first Ashanti war, the use of Hausa troops, led by English officers, has familiarised the public with their name. Though Hausaland, or the country inhabited by the Hausas, does not come within two hundred and fifty miles of the coast, Hausa traders are constantly to be met with at various points on the west coast. These traders are, as a rule, by no means anxious to enlist as soldiers, but when, as the result of a sufficient money inducement, they do enlist, they make soldiers superior to all other African races, and worthy to be compared with the very best of our native Indian troops. As regards physical strength, it is doubtful whether they have any rivals whether in Africa or elsewhere. On one occasion six of my Hausa porters came to me to complain that the loads assigned to them were too light for them to carry; might they be allowed, they said, to carry two, and so earn the wages of two men! The weight of the single loads to which they objected was 90 lbs. Having satisfied myself as to their ability to carry 180 lbs., I acceded to their request, and during the next stage of our journey, which was about a hundred miles, they carried this weight, marching from ten to fourteen miles a day. The other West African races whom I have employed as porters were never willing to carry more than 60 lbs., and constantly grumbled at having to carry even this. Those who saw the three detachments of Hausa troops who took part in the Jubilee procession will remember the muscular appearance which they presented, as well as the jolly, good-natured look on their faces.

Hausas are to be met with as traders not only on the west coast, but at most of the towns on the southern shore of the Mediterranean. In Tunis, Tripoli, and Alexandria there are regular settlements of them, which are frequently recruited by Hausa pilgrims on their way to or from Mecca. Any one acquainted with their language would have no difficulty in purchasing Kano-made cloth and other products of Hausa labour from the interior at any of these places. I have just returned from a visit to Tunis and Tripoli, undertaken with the object of making some final inquiries before commencing the publication of a Hausa dictionary. The richness of the language may be inferred from the fact that the dictionary will probably contain over ten thousand words. The Hausas are such a really strong people, and have so great a future in store, when slave-raiding shall have been finally

banished from their midst, that they alone are worthy of any sacrifice which we may be called upon to take in West Africa. Many a noble life has already been sacrificed in trying to introduce Christianity and Christian civilisation into this part of the continent, and the list of those who have fallen, whether as missionaries, as administrators, or as soldiers, will be a far longer one than it now is ere the desired result be obtained, and the estimable blessings of freedom and good government shall have been conferred, even if they have to be forcibly conferred, upon this country and its peoples.

C. H. ROBINSON.

## THE JEWISH COLONIES IN PALESTINE.

THE colonisation of Palestine by Jews only commenced about sixteen years ago. Up to that time there was hardly a Jewish agriculturist in the whole of Palestine and Syria. It seems extraordinary that a country once so fertile should have been allowed to lie fallow during so many centuries. The Israelites of old were splendid agriculturists, and made the most of the capabilities of the soil, and the ruins to be found there and the relics of irrigation works show how vast was the extent of cultivation in ancient times. But desolation came upon the land. The wars carried on by successive Powers struggling for mastery spoilt all cultivation; the trees were cut down for use in battle and for fortifications, and the wells and aqueducts were choked up. The land has remained in this condition until quite recent times, and even now only a very small area has been brought under cultivation. Hardly any attempt was made by its various conquerors to colonise it. Through all the long years that have elapsed since Israel was divorced from the soil, the land has been waiting, as it were, for the only people who are able to quicken it into life. Since the time of the Dispersion, the eyes and hearts of all Jews have been turned towards Zion. There has always been a small remnant of Jews in Palestine, but these have been mostly old people who had gone there to die, and who were supported by contributions from pious Jews all over the world. The height of ambition with the devout Israelite was that in the fulness of years, when he had completed his share of the world's work in alien lands, he would be able to go to Jerusalem, and spend the evening of his days amid the scenes that were so full of interest to him. No influences were powerful enough to crush out the love of Zion from the heart of the Jew. There is hardly a prayer in the Jewish Liturgy that does not

breathe forth the hope of a return to Zion. Exile and persecution have been powerless to stamp out the hopes of a national future for Israel, and each year the prayer is fervently uttered that the next may be spent in Jerusalem. Until quite recently hardly anybody believed that it would be possible to go to Palestine and make a living there by agricultural work. All sorts of ingrained fallacies were held in regard to that country. The land was said to be mainly composed of stones and incapable of being reclaimed. The climate was said to be quite unsuitable, and any attempt at colonisation would only bring calamity upon the pioneers. All these erroneous opinions have now happily been dispelled, thanks to the indomitable perseverance of the first colonists, and their determination to stick to the land at all costs. The researches made in the country by the Palestine Exploration Fund, and the expert opinion as to the capabilities of the soil furnished by Sir Charles Warren, Sir Charles Wilson, Major Conder, and others, have cleared up the question as to whether it was worth while to waste any labour upon the task of reclaiming the lands of Palestine and Syria. It was only in 1882, however, that the first efforts were made to establish Jewish colonies there. The terrible persecutions that our people endured about that time in Russia and Roumania made their position unbearable. Tens of thousands emigrated to other parts of Europe and to America; but they were not the most welcome of guests. They were an alien people with peculiar garb and characteristics, and great hardships were endured by most of them before they found in what way they could obtain their livelihood. Another outlet was required for them, and Palestine seemed the only country that offered a chance of rest and security.

Colonisation societies were formed in Russia and Roumania, and agents were sent out to purchase suitable tracts of land. These agents did their best, but they had little knowledge as to the values of land and the suitability of sites, and they did not know how much money was necessary to equip a colony. In some instances the land they bought was the very worst for the purposes of colonisation and the prices they paid were out of all proportion to its value. But nothing could deter the poor people in their eagerness to flee from their oppressors and their anxiety to find some resting-place, no matter under what conditions. They wanted to get to Palestine to have a chance of living free from the ever-present terrors that encompassed them, and they knew that, whatever their lot might be, it could not be much worse than that to which they had so long been condemned. And then ensued years of the greatest hardship and privation. In the absence of agricultural implements they tore up the ground with their fingers. They were in an unknown country with no knowledge of what work they ought to do, or means or strength with which to do it. But nothing daunted them; starving and almost naked, they



stuck to the land for several years, until at last their patient sufferings became known principally through the efforts of the late Laurence Oliphant, and relief came to them. The indomitable perseverance of these devoted men and women and their determination to overcome the difficulties that beset them are among the brightest examples of Jewish character. These were the pioneers in the work of colonising Palestine, and it is to them we owe the great advance that has been made in this movement. They have demonstrated the capacity of the Jew to succeed as an agriculturist in the face of the most trying circumstances, and they have proved that the land, in spite of being stony in parts, and of having lain fallow through so many centuries, is capable of being once more transformed into a fruitful country. By the assistance rendered to the colonists by Baron Edmond de Rothschild, of Paris, and with the aid afforded to them by colonisation societies, the colonists were able to emerge from the condition of misery in which their inexperience and want of means had plunged them, and they have plainly shown how capable the Jew is of doing the most arduous tasks if he is only given the opportunity. Since the year 1882 twenty-five agricultural colonies have been established in Palestine and Syria, and societies for the furtherance of colonisation have sprung up all over the world. The English society, called the Chovevi Zion (Lovers of Zion) Association, was established in 1890. It was started among the poorest of Jews in the East-end of London. They were looked upon at first as dreamers, desirous of founding a modern Utopia; but they got many adherents, and gradually established branches all over the country. In order to concentrate the work and prevent undue competition for land, a union of colonisation societies was formed in 1894, and this union, which embraces the societies of Odessa, Berlin, Paris, London, Zurich, Copenhagen, and New York, has its headquarters in Paris, and delegates representing the various societies meet there to carry on the work. In connection with this union there is an Executive Committee which has its headquarters at Jaffa, and which is composed of six capable agriculturists, who select and install the colonists, equip them with all the necessaries of farm life, and supervise the work in all its branches. Since 1895 two colonies have been successfully undertaken by this committee, and a third is about to be entered upon. Almost all the colonies are devoted to viticulture, but in the most recent colony (Castinié) great success has been obtained with wheat-growing.

I will now give a short account of the various colonies and their histories. The leading colony, although not the largest, is Rishon le Zion. It is five miles south of Jaffa, covers 2000 acres, and has about 500 inhabitants. It is devoted mainly to vine cultivation, and there have been planted a million and a half of vines here. This colony is

the centre of the wine industry, and enormous cellarage has been made here out of the solid rock. Almost all the wine from the other colonies has to be brought here for storage. The colony was taken over in 1884 by Baron Edmond de Rothschild after the people had endured great distress, since which time the area of land has been greatly increased and the number of colonists doubled. Silk is also produced from 20,000 mulberry-trees, and the colony has abundance of fruit and almond trees. A school with five teachers is to be found here, a splendid library, synagogue, baths, a good hospital, and every colonist has a two-storeyed stone house. The colony has three large wells with excellent water, and the streets are well paved. All casks used in the cellars are made in the colony, and all the workpeople, such as carpenters, bricklayers, &c. &c., are Jews.

The colony of Waad-el-Chanin is five miles south of Rishon le Zion. It has 150,000 vines, and is 400 acres in extent. It was founded in 1883, but is only just emerging from the condition of misery in which the lack of means kept the pioneer colonists. It has received a large grant of money from the Jewish Colonisation Association (Hirsch Fund).

The colony of Rechovoth was founded in 1890 by a colonisation society of Warsaw. Its extent is about 2500 acres, and it has about 250 inhabitants. The colonists are most industrious, and have good houses, an excellent school, a synagogue, and good baths. The young generation here speak pure Hebrew, and all subjects are taught in the Hebrew tongue.

Close to this colony is a small one called the "Ezra," founded recently by the Berlin and London societies, and it has been peopled with labourers who have shown their aptitude on the other colonies.

The colony of Ekron was founded in 1884. The area is about 1000 acres and there are 250 inhabitants. The colony was founded by Baron Edmond de Rothschild in memory of his mother. The people are engaged in vine and silk culture. They have good houses and all the communal institutions.

The colony of Katra, established in 1884 by Russian students, is 900 acres in extent, and there are 100 inhabitants on this colony. A fourth part of the land is given over to wheat culture, and on the balance there are 200,000 vines.

On the slopes of the Judæan mountains lies the colony of Artief. This was originally a missionary station, and was established to instruct converted Jews in agriculture. It cost enormous sums of money, but it was a failure, as the converts would not work. It is now occupied by Bulgarian Jews, and has been transformed into a Jewish village.

The colony of Castinié originally belonged to Bessarabian Jews,

but was taken over by Baron Edmond de Rothschild. The area of the land is about 1200 acres, and there are about 100 souls on this colony. The land was bought from Baron Rothschild about eighteen months ago by the Paris Central Committee. The colonists were taken from among those labourers who had worked for some years upon existing colonies, and the choice has been well made. The colony is a model one. Men, women, and children work with a zest that is surprising. The colony is devoted entirely to wheat culture, and already an excellent harvest has been obtained.

North of Jaffa we have Petach Tikvah, the largest of the colonies in Judæa. This colony is the oldest in existence, and was established in 1878 by Jerusalem Jews, but they were not successful. Part of the land now belongs to Baron Rothschild and part to a gentleman of Berlin. The area is 3500 acres and the population 650 souls. There are 1,000,000 vines in the colony, and in addition the colonists grow oranges, lemons, and other fruits. Tea-planting has also been tried here, and it is proposed to make an essay with tobacco cultivation.

The colony of Chedere, 4000 acres in extent, was established in 1890 by Russian Jews, but they did not succeed. They underwent the most terrible privations. Part of the land was nothing but bog, and the miasma rising therefrom produced malarial fevers, and whole families were wiped out. But the people stuck to the land. When, in 1896, Baron Edmond de Rothschild decided to drain the bog, of which there was 700 acres, the colonists insisted on taking part in this work, and they toiled for six months, up to their knees in the mire, for eight hours each day. There are now 350 acres of drained bog on each side of the village, and 50,000 eucalyptus-trees have been planted by Jewish agriculturists.

The colony of Zichron Jakob is the largest of all the colonies in the Holy Land. The extent of the colony is about 5000 acres, and it has a population of about 2000 souls. The colony was founded in 1882 by Roumanian Jews, but they suffered great distress until Baron Edmond de Rothschild came to their aid. They have now got good houses and are doing very well indeed. The colony has a beautiful park and everything that goes to make an up-to-date village. In this neighbourhood are three small colonies, Shefaya, Em el Gamal, and Em el Tut.

Close to Zichron Jakob, on the sea coast, is the colony of Tantura. There was a glass factory here some few years ago, but there was not sufficient demand for the manufactures. The factory is closed for the present, and the thirty families who used to find work in the factory are now engaged in wheat and vegetable cultivation.

The most beautifully situated colony is that of Rosh Pinah, north of Lake Tiberias. It was founded in 1882, but had to be taken over

by Baron Edmond de Rothschild. It is about 1500 acres in extent, and has 600 inhabitants. There are sixty houses in the colony, each with a flower garden in the front and a vegetable garden in the rear, and provided with stables for the horses and cattle. Three perennial springs supply the colonists with abundance of water. There are 500,000 vines in the colony, and a grove of 80,000 mulberry-trees gives employment in silk-weaving. There is a silk factory here worked by steam, which employs about fifty young Jews from Safed. All the communal institutions are to be found here, and there are seven teachers in the school.

The colony of Yessod Hamalah, close by the lake of Merom, was founded in 1883 by Polish immigrants, who succeeded in maintaining themselves in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. They were helped by various colonisation societies and by Baron Edmond de Rothschild, and they are now doing very well. They are engaged in floriculture for the purpose of making essential oils, scents, &c. They have also an enormous nursery garden, from which young trees are supplied to all the other colonies, in addition to which they carry on silk-weaving and bee-farming. There are nearly 200 inhabitants on this colony.

The colony of Ain Zeitun has 30,000 vines and a great many fruit-trees, but the colony is not yet fully developed.

The colony of Mishmar Hayarden (the Watch on the Jordan) was founded in 1884, and has not up to now been a success. The site was badly selected, and there was the greatest difficulty in getting water. The people had not sufficient means to properly cultivate the land. The Russian and German societies have helped this colony, but with enough only for pressing needs. In this predicament the colonists, although they had laid out extensive vineyards and built good stone houses, were forced to go out to work as day labourers on the neighbouring colonies. They have, however, now been taken over by the Jewish Colonisation Association (the Hirsch Fund) and their future is secured.

The colony of Machanayin belongs to a Galician society, and is about to be taken in hand by the Paris Central Committee.

There are small colonies also at Meron and Pekyn, near Safed.

The colony of Metullah is one recently founded by Baron Edmond de Rothschild. The colony is 1200 acres in extent, and will be tenanted by fifty labourers from the vine colonies. It is to be worked on a new plan. The colonists elect their own administrator, and practically govern themselves. The repayments commence after the first year, and the whole amount is payable within ten years. An essay has been made here to grow tobacco, and it will be known by October of this year whether the attempt will be successful.

The colony of Bnei Yehoudah was founded in 1886 by Jews of Safed, but they never had enough money to complete the purchase. These Jews were induced to become colonists by the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant. The extent of the land is about 800 acres, and it belongs to about twenty families. The English society has taken over this colony, and has just recently sent out an administrator to pay off all the charges and get the land put into cultivation.

In addition to the colonies before mentioned there are others in contemplation at Schem-Djolan, at Bustras, and at Betima, the land at these places having already been bought, and the work is going forward with great speed. In addition to the above-mentioned colonies, there is a large institution at Jaffa called Mikveh Israel (the Hope of Israel), in which over 100 young men are being trained in all branches of agriculture, and they are going forth as colonists, master gardeners and instructors to the various colonies. This institution, founded in 1870, was not established, like all the old colonies, to shield the victims of oppression, but was the outcome of a noble desire to train up young Jews to the service of the soil, and to give them other aims in life than the miserable occupations too many of them were forced to follow. It has been a great success and is self-supporting. The whole area of the institution is about 600 acres.

The whole face of the country is being changed by the efforts of the colonists. Where nothing but briars and brambles previously existed we now see beautiful vineyards and fields of growing corn. The country generally is noted for its bad roads, but in the neighbourhood of the Jewish colonies excellent roads have been made and the greatest order prevails. A new race of beings, too, has grown up there, very different indeed from the poor, panic-stricken creatures who first set foot in this, to them, unknown land. The colonists are fine sturdy men, capable of carrying out the hard work of reclaiming the barren land; and they are the most intrepid horsemen. They are highly valued by the Turkish authorities, and live on the best terms with the Arabs and all their neighbours. There is plenty of room in Palestine and Syria. The land cries aloud for inhabitants to build up its ruins and to fence round its ancient vineyards. With the demand created by agricultural settlements, industries are springing up and will give work to Jewish artisans. The policy that is being pursued by the Zionist societies and by Baron Edmond de Rothschild is to make Jews who settle in Palestine first serve several years as labourers, so that they can become used to the work and accustomed to the climate, and then establish them as colonists. As labourers are settled on the land room is made for fresh workers in the colonies, and thus the work of building up Zion

goes on in a practical and thoroughly businesslike manner. The colonies that have been established are the milestones marking the advance that Israel has made in these later years towards national rehabilitation. The material is at hand, and there are skilful agriculturists there to undertake the work of directing and supervising, and thus, hand in hand with our brethren settled in other countries, we are steadily rearing that edifice which will only be complete when Israel has regained her national existence.

JOSEPH PRAG.

## IN ANDALUSIA WITH A BICYCLE.

TO those few cyclers who first marked the roads of Europe and America with their wheel-tracks there comes a time in these last years when they, the laughed-at and the pelted, though now aged and wrinkled, would again start on voyages of discovery, astonish the natives, and amuse themselves. It is a common failing, this love of adventure, this passion of discovery, this desire to make a record in sport. The Alpine climber who conquered the Matterhorn was forced to conquer the Andes. Those who stormed the lesser heights have also struggled with the greater Caucasus and the mighty Himalayas; while the man who shot the rabbit and hunted the hare never rested until he had exterminated the buffalo and had been clawed by the lion. But while the hunter of the animal and the climber of the peak won their immediate applause from their followers, and their pleasure was but for themselves alone, the cycling explorer was followed by an admiring, or a disapproving, audience worthy of the envy of the Knight of the Lyceum. And while the Alpinist and the shootist endured cold, and bad dinners, and no beds, the cycling discoverer was received as a hero and a herald. He was, and is, fêted, and his coming is a triumphal progress, at times only equalled by the circus. He, too, may, if he wishes, be uncomfortable, be miserable. He may girdle the world, or get him to Greenland or Central Asia. But why should he? There are even yet worlds to discover which possess good roads and good inns.

I do not pretend to have been the first person to cycle in Spain, or even to tour there. But only a few months ago I rode up and down many highways and byways of that land where no one had ever been seen on a wheel.

Unless you are possessed of unlimited time and no definite object,

Spain is too far away from England to ride to, and too big a country to tour all over after you get there. But at this season I can conceive of no more delightful place for a trip. You should start early enough to see Holy Week, with its religious processions and its bull-fights, mainly now the prey of the tourist-agent and his tripper, and you should stay until the sultry days of summer drive you from that lovely land.

Work took me to Spain and to Andalusia, and knowing that there were no railways where I was going, and knowing also the Spanish diligence, my choice lay between the mule and the bicycle, and having an unconquerable dread of the former and a great love for the latter, I ordered a new machine. There are three ways of travelling to Andalusia: by road, by rail, or by sea. I chose the last, which is simplest. For a considerable sum of money one will be taken by the P. and O. straight to Gibraltar, though that company's regulations for the carriage of cycles as passenger's luggage are as vexatious as could well be devised, and the promise that the bicycle will be put ashore, by them free, at Gibraltar is as empty as the Spanish proverb that "Oaths are only words, and words are only wind."

Once the cyclist has got into Gibraltar his first object will be to get out of it, and for him, there is but one way out. Though there is a cycle club in the town, its members rarely, if ever, so far as I know, wheel beyond the Neutral Ground. Even a major of Grenadiers, who, one might imagine, having been sent to protect England's interests in Gibraltar, would know something of the roads, something of the means of Spanish approach or attack, wrote: "There are no roads outside the Rock, nor, I understand, for many miles from here, roads that are practicable for riding; they are useless." I saw at once that I was in for a voyage of discovery; at once I was to have the delightful, if wearying, experience of the pioneer, the discoverer, which has been my lot in half the countries of Europe. My two days in Gibraltar were squandered in attempting to repair the carelessness of the English maker, who had sent my machine without any tools. But the habits of the ironmonger in Gibraltar differ very little from those of the ironmonger in the heart of Spain, and the second morning I started with a new Dunlop tyre, which would not hold air, and an empty toolbag. A man in the market, who combined the functions of butcher, purveyor of drinks, and hirer of bicycles, assured me that there was a road—as a matter of fact, I knew it, though the British Government may not, and the C.T.C. does not—from Gibraltar to Cadiz. But I was told on all sides that it would cost me more to get the bicycle into Spain than it was worth.

Nevertheless, I steamed across the bay to Algeciras, and mounted upon the pier, almost the only one in Spain to which boats approach. Save for a polite hope that I might "go with God," I heard nothing



from the Customs officers. If Gibraltar is altogether English where it is not Oriental, Algeciras, away from the sea-front, is as Spanish, or rather as Moorish, as it was a thousand years ago. A good road winds up and down over the hills, through the cork woods to Tarifa. All along one has glimpses to the left of the Rock piling itself up in a more and more romantic silhouette. At length, as the sudden night was coming on, for I had started late in the afternoon, I saw below me, at the foot of a long, steep hill, a white town, with its flat roofs and its mosque pale against the deep blue sea, with the mountains of Africa towering high behind it. A fierce wind blew me onward. Shrouded female figures, their faces hidden to the eyes with veils, passed. I thought this was to shield them from the cold March wind. But they had covered their heads, I learned the next morning, because it was the universal Moorish custom more than a thousand years ago. I came down the hill as carefully as possible with my brake on, dodging the huge stones, big as your head, with which the drivers block their carts in climbing up, the stones which nobody would ever think of removing, from where they lie, in the middle of every Spanish highroad. Suddenly, up sprang a huge hound, followed by two men. Right at the wheel and at me he charged. It was a case of going over the beast or over a boulder as high as a curb. I went straight at the stone. There was a shock, a sickening sense of smashing, a feeling that I was turning a somersault in the air, and, I know not how long after, I found myself lying on my back with my legs hanging over a small precipice. It was darker. The men and dog had disappeared. I picked myself up and then the bicycle. I thought the wheel had turned completely round; but I saw that the forks were bent as much backward as a few minutes before they had curved out in front. So much for my brand-new, specially strong, thirty-guinea bicycle. I pulled the forks back. This and the way the cycle did not take the stone were positive proof of the strength of British steel in that machine.\* The wheel would scarcely turn. In the darkness I walked into the near town, and asked a policeman for the hotel. He laughed. Hotel! why there was none in that part of Spain. And yet I was barely outside the lights of Gibraltar. But I could stop there—and he pointed to a black hole in a bare, blank, white wall.

Inside it was also bare and blank; a swinging lamp, a birdcage, and two or three rush-bottomed chairs.\* A muffled, cloaked figure motioned me silently to put the bicycle in a corner. It was too dark to try and repair it, and I went out. Tarifa is dead at night, and in the daytime it is peopled only with stories of Moors and of Spaniards;

\* This is the only English bicycle perfectly rotten I have ever had from a decent firm, and this firm the only one I ever came across so careless as to send out a machine without tools, imperfect bearings, and with worthless tyres, and so completely indifferent to my comfort, my pleasure, and my safety.

but every one knows that it is one of the most historic towns of Europe, for it saw the beginning of the Moorish invasion which made Spain, and almost the last act in that tremendous drama which ruined the country. From the watch-towers the smoke of combat, both at Gibraltar and Trafalgar, must have been seen, while all around are the battlefields of Taric and of Roderick. Now nothing but the diligence twice a week wakes it.

I was told that in an hour dinner would be ready. I wondered what I should get; for every one has recounted the miseries, the horrors, the terrors of the Spanish inn. Long after the hour it was served. I had brought nothing to eat. I had heard that the Spanish inn furnishes nothing. Still it did produce a dinner as good as anything one would find in provincial France or Italy, much better than anything one could ever hope for in provincial England—a dinner to which only those who do not know how to dine would object. As I brought no blanket, no cloak, I was given a charming bedroom, cleaner, fresher than many in a swell hotel, and I slept, despite my broken bicycle and the thought of the trip ruined before I had fairly started.

After struggling with the machine, and technical Spanish terms, and a delightful engineer, who assisted, the wheel was made ridable after a fashion. Slowly and cautiously I pedalled my way by the foot of the Torre de la Pena. It mattered little to me at the moment whether, close by, on one side Taric routed Roderick, the last of the Goths, or on the other Alonso overthrew Yusuf of Granada. For just at that moment the wretched machine came to pieces again. It was appropriate that Africa should be blotted out and a hailstorm sweep up from the Laguna de la Janda. If the winds brought me no wails from dying Goth and Moor, they carried from me anything but blessings on that British bicycle-maker. The head had screwed up tight on my thirty-guinea machine, and I had no tools to loosen it. But luckily, as Fate would have it, by came the diligence, and the bicycle and I were hoisted to the top. And drenched with rain and baked with hot sun, for the storms rush with incredible rapidity down from the Sierras, we finally, long after night, entered Cadiz. The road, I may say, for any one who is an experienced tourist, with a strong, reliable machine, is fairly good, and for more than half the distance it follows the coast-line, and then runs inland to San Fernando, and thence across the great sea-dyke to Cadiz.

That night before Easter, the streets of the city I had last seen scorching in the summer sun were crowded with the Confraternities which, during Holy Week, parade, with their saints and their insignia, every town of Andalusia, which amaze you, out of Seville, with their splendour, whether in the lonely village of the mountains or the populous city of the plain. If gorgeous pomp in ceremonial and form is art, and the chanting, prayerful wail always recurring is religion, art

and religion in Spain are more imposing and impressive than anywhere else in the world.

Next day, though I could have hired bicycles, or bought bicycles, I could find no one who could repair bicycles, until finally I made a descent upon a manufacturer of iron bedsteads, and repaired the machine myself, which shows the advantage of being a craftsman. I must say, however, that I had so little confidence in my own mechanical skill that I put the wheel in the train and took it to Seville, and thus traversed the two longest stretches of good road in Andalusia, the one in a diligence, the other by rail, which was a splendid commencement to a bicycle tour. At Seville, however, things were made as right as was possible, I thought, though I seriously considered trading my new English cycle for an old Spanish one, and, as far as my tour went, I wish I had.

I stayed in Seville for several days, and assisted at that most outrageous of humbugs and swindles, the Holy Week. The only function which is at all worth the twenty-five pesetas a day charged at the hotels is the bull-fight. However, my main object was to ride over the old route from Seville to Granada, the route made famous by Washington Irving, though it has been travelled by almost every character in Moorish, Spanish, or early American history. No one accompanied me out of the city on that bright April morning, but, as Irving in his journey to the Alhambra, whither I was bound, had so little difficulty in finding his way, I anticipated even less. And I followed, gaily enough, the side path by the Moorish aqueduct, which still furnishes the city with water: for most of Spain's luxuries are but the wrecks of Moorish necessities. By-and-by the road degenerated. I thought it was only a few miles to Alcalà de Guadaira. But it was nearly twenty ere I saw the Moorish Alcazar high above the ancient town. The morning was so bright and so fresh that I thought I would push on, as Irving did, to Gandul. The tolerable inn which was there in his day seemed to have disappeared, and instead of "the fat curate and the gossiping millers resting at midday," at nine or ten that morning the populace turned out and stoned me. And, cursing them as well as I was able in Spanish, I rode away straight across the rolling plain bounded by the mountains of Ronda. The road was good, and I expected, as I had merely about thirty miles to ride, that at the worst I should do it in some four hours, for I am not one of those who, on a tour, pretend to make records. But as I went onwards the road turned, and I was struck full in the face by a cold blast from the mountains. It swept across the plain harder and harder. The dust and the sand, and even the small pebbles rose up and stung me and blinded me. Hour after hour I pegged on; I could have walked almost as fast. It was two o'clock—it was three, and I had had nothing to eat since five in the morning. A solitary shepherd greeted my question

for the nearest inn with a burst of laughter, and I realised, just as rain was added to the wind, that I was in "one of those vast plains common in Spain, where for miles and miles there is neither house nor tree. Unlucky the traveller who has to traverse it exposed to heavy and repeated showers of rain. There is no escape nor shelter." By the time I had lived through one shower I could see another slowly, but inevitably, approaching, and, though the sun shone between them, it neither dried me nor warmed me, and the cold wind chilled me to the bone. There was nothing to eat; there was nothing to drink; there was not a soul upon the road, which I could see for miles ahead. Fainting, blinded, wet, and famished, after about six hours of incessant shoving, I reached the foot of the hill upon which Arahall stands, white and shining. Had there been a trap to cart my machine, or a boy to shove it, or any place to leave it, I should not have struggled a foot farther. But not a soul did I see until I was well in the town, and there the first person saved my life. He was a small boy with a basket of oranges. Whether they were for sale I do not know. But I grabbed three and devoured them on the spot. By that time the intelligence of my arrival had been communicated to the Alcayde, who, if he did not come himself, sent an emissary in the shape of a policeman to arrest me. The moment he saw me, however, he was convinced of my total harmlessness and speechlessness. I do not remember ever having been so awfully done up in my life.

But though half the town accompanied me to the inn, I had no trouble then, or ever afterwards, from Spanish officials, whom I have always found to be courteously polite, when not absolutely indifferent. The landlord and I had our dinner in solemn state. A tremendous conference was held in the evening as to my next day's route, for throughout this part of Spain the roads are quite new, and no one would think of attempting such a cross-country trip without a map, and this is not to be obtained. Every one advised me to get up at midnight and take the railway. Still, I was off on my bicycle pretty early the next morning, after eating—I cannot say drinking—my chocolate; this time with a large bag of oranges and bread among my luggage.

By noon I had got to Puebla le Cazalla. Here I again tried the inn. Opening on the street was a great room like a crypt. All around the muleteers and the carters were sleeping through the mid-day heat, for it was getting hot, or eating from a great bowl with their fingers and knives. Tired, for the wind had kept on blowing, I sat down in the cool, part stable, part dining-hall, part bedroom, and fell asleep, only to be wakened and to find on the stone table a beautifully clean cloth, the coldest and freshest of water, the strongest of wine, and the most delicious fruit, only to be asked to take my lunch in company with three or four rather too sociable people, who may

have been Dons, but I think were commercials ; to be given an excellent breakfast of an omelet, garbanzos, a fish salad, some cutlets, and the wonderful gaspacho, which is like nothing outside of Spain—and all for about a shilling.

But after this little town, dominated by its mosque and its minaret even to-day, the road ended, and thence, almost to Osuna, I followed the mule track. It might have been excellent riding—it was hard enough and broad enough—if only mules in these Spanish tablelands did not like going up and down stairs. About every hundred yards there was a wash-out or a dried-up stream, which the long train of mules, in their gay trappings with their single driver away behind, seemed to enjoy plunging into, but such a road is not suited for cycling. Every one else who has cycled in Spain, though no one apparently had ever been over this trail—and until the road is finished I should advise no one to go—tells of frightful encounters with the maddened drivers of frightened mules. For my part, while I did scare the mules, I found their drivers, whom I once or twice upset, far better mannered than those of London.

The next day from Osuna I again followed the trail. It was simply unridable. It is true I might and should have taken the train, only there was none that day. By noon I had crossed the great plain which stretches from Seville to the mountains of Ronda, and was on the good road, just made, at La Roda, near Bobadilla, the station famous for its restaurant, where no one ever has time to breakfast—only to pay for it. Now I was really coming to the finest part of my ride.

The great plain I had crossed was a wilderness. It always has been a wilderness, the fighting-ground of old Ali-Atar, of the Caliph of Cordova, of St. Ferdinand of Seville, and of all the real and mythical heroes of this wonderful country. In the spring it blossoms with roses, and the skies are most glorious ; but still it is a stern, melancholy land, bounded with rugged mountains, " a long, sweeping plain destitute of trees and indescribably silent and lonesome. What adds to this silence and loneliness is the absence of singing birds. Yet its scenery is noble in its serenity, and possesses in some degree the solemn grandeur of the ocean." And it is rarely that one sees even a straggling herd of cattle or " a long train of mules slowly moving along the waste, like camels in the desert." As you approach the kingdom of Granada you enter upon another wilderness—a wilderness of mountains—grand and snow-crowned. At their foot lies Antiquera, where I stopped on my third night. The railway now runs through this town to Granada, but it is still out of the track of travel, and the inroad of the tourist has little effect on the people. The landscape is as strange and silent as they are. Beyond Antiquera, huge rocks, like the Rock of the Lovers, spring upward, while each of the lower

summits is even now crowned with its Moorish watch-tower, or fortress. The towns themselves are all but inaccessible, and it was the hardest work to shove up the long hill to Archidona. Once I had got up, my coming was noised abroad, and I was received as the honoured guest of the Bicycle Club, which turned out and paraded me in great style, to their great delight, through the main street. I imagine its members never go out of their town, and they warned me I would have a terrible ride, so they had heard, to Loja. The whole way lies through the mountains, and finally brings one through a steep and narrow defile, the Pass of the King, over which Ferdinand led his army against Boabdil. Here I came upon the great highroad from Malaga to Madrid, and all at once the wildly picturesque Loja rose into view. Above it towered the barren mountains, below was the great *vega*, or valley, the plain of Granada, the most fruitful part of Spain. Away in the distance I saw the Sierra Nevada, its summits looking more like silver than snow in the shimmering landscape.

Surely now, I thought, from here all will be easy riding. For this was the Moorish Paradise, the Promised Land which Ferdinand had conquered, the one bit of Spain that remains prosperous and happy.

The next morning I started briskly over a splendid road. I had journeyed into another land. There were palm-trees in the valley and great fields of sugar-cane ready for cutting. Up on the hills were little towns, each with a history of its own. Suddenly as I bowled along I noticed some trees growing in the road, a dense wood really. A straggling track went down to the swift-flowing Zenil, which I had been following, and then I saw that years before the bridge had broken. There it lay, blocking the river. Nobody had attempted to mend it. I took off my shoes and stockings and commenced to wade. I had not gone two steps when the bicycle sank out of sight. If I had not had a good grip on it I never would have seen it again. There was nothing to do but to go back to shore, take off my clothes, feel round with a stick until I found the ford, and wade over, carrying the machine on my head. As I was getting dressed on the other side, a man came up and told me he had seen me, and "it was only by the grace of God I had not been drowned." After that the road was sometimes used by the farmers as an irrigating canal when it was lower than the fields, and sometimes as a dyke when it was higher. The mules which travelled it did not seem to mind, but I did. Still, I finally bumped and struggled into Santa Fe, the city built by Ferdinand and Isabella when they were besieging Granada: to-day a miserable village without a sign of its former greatness, but at one time the military, if temporary, metropolis of Spain. It was from here that Ferdinand and Isabella directed the movements of their army; it was from its watch-towers they could see their reinforcements coming from Jaen in the north, or the Moors

chasing the faint-hearted foreign allies through the pass of Lope. It was from Santa Fe that Columbus, wearied and discouraged in his attempt to prove to Isabella that the New World was worth finding, set out, broken-hearted, to hunt for a more sympathetic sovereign. It was from here were sent the messengers who overtook him at the white bridge at Puente Pinos, on the left, and brought him back, and made Spain into that Power the remnants of which to-day are dragging her to her death.

Every writer who has travelled this road tells you of the glory and splendour of Granada as it is first revealed from Santa Fe. But from no point, save one, is the approach to the city impressive. For it is built low down at the foot of the mountains, and the fortress is hidden among them. It may be that at one time the Alhambra and the great mosque were covered with shining tiles and with glittering crescents. But to-day the fortress looks like, and is almost indistinguishable from, the spur of the hills behind it, and the city is swallowed up in its gardens, which flourish while it decays.

From Granada, which I entered by the great gate of Elvira, I made endless excursions around the great plain and into the neighbouring mountains: to Jaen, to Almeria, to Alcalà, to Lucena, and then finally to Malaga, along the coast to Motril and back to Granada. All these little journeys gave me, or would have given me, continuous pleasure and incessant delight but for the wretched bicycle that broke down on every occasion I tried to ride it.

Though not my last ride, the most interesting was that to Malaga. Starting from the groves of the Alhambra and leaving the town by the gate of the Zenil—this river, a month later than when I waded through it, being almost dry—I passed, at the end of the Alameda, the little chapel which marks the downfall of Moorish rule in Spain and records the commencement of the short hundred years of Spanish prosperity. It is but a tiny whitewashed building by the roadside; it is almost bare within; it has none of the lavish richness that surrounds the tomb of the great sovereigns; and it is all the more suggestive because of the neglect into which it has fallen. In the wall there is a little plaque which tells how at this spot Boabdil, on the fateful 2nd of January, 1492, gave up the keys of his palace-fortress, and with them Moorish dominion, to the Catholic sovereigns, and destroyed a kingdom which had lasted for a thousand years. One hears of the Spanish peasant's love of history, which has been handed down through the ages in song, but there is little evidence that he cares for the traditions of his country or that they are more to him, if he even knows them, than empty words. The chapel is closed and locked, and the tablet is a mark for the passing muleteers to sby stones at and cast filth upon, just as the Alhambra is turned over to the photographer, and the vulgar tourist, and the restoring curator, who

peddles toys and antiquities to gullible trippers and British Prime Ministers, and who allowed it to burn owing to his unpardonable carelessness. It is like this everywhere throughout the country. The monuments and palaces of Spain are the abodes of beggars, and its churches the spoil of thieves and the seats of money-lenders. From this chapel, looking back—as Boabdil the Unlucky looked for the last time—one does see, though decayed and blasted and riven, the mighty towers of the Alhambra striding over the mountain summits, the fortress palace which has been the spoil of every army that has invaded Spain in the past, and which may—who knows how soon?—be the prey of still another. Who knows how long it will be before the flag of the country of Columbus floats from those very towers? But from beyond the lovely oasis, beyond the mass of dense cypresses lit up by glowing oleanders, there stretches to the mountains of Alhama a sandy desert that might again, as it once did, blossom as the rose. And across this desert, through deep sand and mud, I pushed my useless bicycle. I climbed and coasted the steepest of mountains and waded the most rapid of bridgeless rivers, and at length toiled up to the pitiful, almost deserted, earthquake-rent Alhama, a city of woe and desolation, once the strongest outpost and the greatest enemy of Spaniard and Moor in turn. A splendid road leads back again to Loja, and thence onward, a marvellous feat of engineering, to Malaga, through an absolute wilderness.

In the whole distance there is but one solitary village and a single inn. The road springs thousands of feet up from one mountain top to another, for the country all the way is riven and twisted into the deepest and darkest of narrow valleys, dominated by almost inaccessible heights. Finally, after a long ride of almost fifty miles without a stop, for there was no place to stop save a solitary inn, I wheeled out of that most terrible of wildernesses, in which the pride of Spanish chivalry in 1483 suffered a deadly defeat at the hands of El Zagal, the Moorish commander of Malaga. The Spaniards must have come by almost this very route. They marched all day and night through the passes of the mountains. Their way was often along the bottom of a rocky valley or the dry bed of a torrent, cut deep in the Sierras and filled with shattered fragments of rock. These roads, says Irving, were often only dried-up streams, and were overhung by numerous cliffs and precipices. As the sun went down on the second day, the army came through a lofty pass of the mountains, and saw below them, as I did at the same hour, a distant glimpse of a part of the fair valley of Malaga bounded by the blue Mediterranean. As night closed in, they found themselves in a confused chain of little valleys, imbedded in these rocky heights, known by the name of the Axarquia. At length they came to the edge of the mountain, down which the road now climbs, completely broken up by *barrancos* and *ramblas*, of vast



depth, and shagged with rocks and precipices. It was impossible to maintain the order of march. The horses had no room for action and were scarcely manageable, having to scramble from rock to rock and up and down frightful declivities, where was scarce footing for a mountain goat. The Moors, who had taken up their position in the watch-towers, shouted when they looked down on the army, struggling and stumbling among the rocks. Sallying from their towers, they took possession of the cliffs that overhung the ravines, and hurled darts and stones upon the Spaniards, who fell without the means of resistance. The confusion of the Christians was increased by the shouts of the Moors, multiplied by the echoes of every crag and cliff, as if they were surrounded by innumerable foes. Being entirely ignorant of the country, in their struggle to extricate themselves, they plunged into other glens and defiles, where they were still more exposed to danger. The guides, who were ordered to lead the way out of this place of carnage, either through terror or confusion, instead of conducting them out of the mountains, led them deeper into the fatal recesses. All day they made ineffectual attempts to extricate themselves. Finally, the Spanish leaders, the Marquis of Cadiz and Don Alonzo de Aguilar, with a mere handful of their followers, alone were left, and even this fragment of a Spanish army was scattered. Some wandered for days in the dismal valleys, and a few finally returned to Loja and Antiquera. But most perished miserably among the mountains. These mountains are still held by the descendants of the Moors, and an enemy's army which attempted to enter Spain from Malaga might suffer at the hands of the rude mountaineers a still worse, a more overwhelming defeat. The minute one leaves the fertile, tropical sea coast of this part of Spain to gain the interior, one finds oneself in a pathless Alpine wilderness.

From the summit of the mountains the road zigzags down to Malaga; thence to Velez-Malaga and Nerja there is a road as well constructed and as delightful to travel over as the Cornice. At Nerja it ends, and at Almunecar a boat, with three or four stout oarsmen, must be taken. A splendid road runs onward to Salobrena, with its great coast castle, and, as I passed this seaside fortress palace of the Moors, to-day peopled, as are all Spain's finest monuments, by the poorest of the poor, I saw suddenly, unexpectedly, for the first and the last time, the Spaniard at work. Before the unfortunate Cuban business, the magnificent road, high upon the mountains, had been planned and partly carried out, to skirt the whole Mediterranean shore; but now the enterprise has been quite abandoned, now the money and the men are wasted in that endless struggle. Yet here the tracks into which the road degenerates were crammed and jammed with mules, and donkeys, and horses, and oxen and men, carrying the ripe sugar-cane. From the great fields they came, loaded, to the

huge smoking factories, and returned again for fresh loads, in an endless procession, a solid mass of men and beasts, which one could only fall in with, smothered at one moment in dust, at the next sinking deep in the mire. Through the widest of the fields a great river flowed; there was no bridge, and there never had been one. The horses waded, and I and the machine were seized upon by an army of unemployed, who fought to carry me over. The heat was awful. The dust was worse. The yells of the drivers, the smell of sugar-cane, and the braying of donkeys filled the air.

In Motril the crowd was greater. It was like a market-day, only a market which I believe goes on for weeks. Sea captains—whose ships, now that the old Moorish harbour is in ruins and filled up, lay far from shore—planters and merchants from all over the world spoke a babel of tongues in the corridor of a big hotel, which replaced the usual little inn. There may be other cities of Spain filled with the same life and go, the same vitality, but I have never seen them. And what was the cause? I soon found that this energy was something new in the kingdom of Granada, something the people had not been accustomed to for the last three hundred years. It was easily explained. It did not take long to learn that the wreck of Cuba was Andalusia's prosperity; that the destruction of the plantations in that Island had made those of the Mediterranean coast; that, as no tobacco was arriving from Havana, equally good could be grown round Motril. It has been said that the Spaniard is too lazy to work and too ignorant; here he was working as no labourer would anywhere else. If the war in Cuba has drained most of the country of its youth and its strength, here, from the youngest to the oldest, every one was as busy and as full of life as in an American town on the boom. And the wish that I heard on all sides of me, though mainly expressed by foreigners, was that the war in Cuba might go on. For, if it was ruining the rest of the country, it was making the fortune of the sugar-planters and the tobacco-growers of Andalusia. The whole thing was a practical demonstration that the Spaniard would be a splendid workman if only he had the chance to work, if he was not ground down by a Royal Family which sits upon him, and the German generals and money-grubbing Jews who have drained his life-blood. It was an object-lesson in Spanish life and character which I shall never forget. As it was only about forty-four miles to Granada, I thought I could easily get there in an afternoon. The road is as well engineered as those in Switzerland, and about as badly kept up. It climbs to the great table-lands through tunnels and by viaducts. One of the bridges over the Tablete is almost as fine as that of the Devil on the St. Gothard; thirty miles of this road, however, were all I could cover between one in the afternoon and eight at night. The "bikist" may fail to understand my pace, a little more than four

miles an hour, but those who have toured will sympathise. A schoolmaster put me up in his house in a little village by the roadside, and I must say treated me remarkably well. And the next morning I descended to Granada, by way of that Mecca of the tourist to the Alhambra—the Last Sigh of the Moor. I meant to ride much more, but the machine was thoroughly played out. I had meant to stay longer in Granada, but, being kindly relieved of every cent of my money by a pickpocket, I was exported as so much luggage by the British Consul and a hotel proprietor.

Thoroughly experienced tourists would, no doubt, enjoy Andalusia, which, away from the big hotels and their touts, is quite unspoiled. But they must take a strong and reliable machine with them; they must carry extra parts, as there is no chance, save in Malaga, Granada, and Seville, of getting it repaired if anything breaks. They must be prepared to push through from one large town to another, as there is often no place to stop between. The roads are capitally engineered, but there are broken bridges, stretches where there is no highway, and also the surface is liable to be loose, as there is so little wheel traffic to grind in the stones and dirt kicked up by the mules and donkeys, and for months it never rains. In the central part of Spain, around Madrid and Toledo, the roads are very good, and much cycling is done; while in the north, near the Pyrenees, they leave little to be desired. But Spain is no country for those who do not know the Spaniard, his ways, and a little of his language, who have not a strong pair of legs, who do not love mild adventure, and are not thoroughly good riders.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

## THE OPINIONS OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

THE tragedy of Nietzsche's life, some of his epigrams, and some of his wilder onslaughts upon modern civilisation and accepted moral ideals have lately become matter of common knowledge. The following pages are an attempt to give a coherent account of his main ideas in their historical setting, particularly in relation to the philosophy of Schopenhauer, of which they are at once the development and the antithesis.

"Schopenhauer was for him not a book but a friend," says his sister, and in an autobiographical fragment Nietzsche has himself told the story of his first introduction to "the great mystagogue" whom for years he delighted to call master. It was during his student years at Leipzig that he came by chance upon "The World as Will and Idea," in a second-hand book-shop.

"It was quite unknown to me, but I took it up and began to turn over the leaves. I know not what 'daemon' whispered to me, 'Take this book home with you.' My doing so, at all events, ran quite counter to my usual habits of caution in the buying of books. When I reached home, I flung myself on the sofa with my treasure, and began to submit myself to the influence of that vigorous and sombre genius. Here every line cried renunciation, denial, resignation; here I saw a mirror in which I perceived the world, life, and my own nature in terrible grandeur. Here there met me the full unselfish, sunlit gaze of art; here I saw sickness and healing, exile and a haven of refuge, hell and heaven."

This was in the end of 1865, and for the next ten years Schopenhauer and Wagner (whose art professed to be based upon Schopenhauer's philosophy) were the dominating influences of his life. He made converts to Schopenhauer among his friends; "our Schopenhauer," "our philosopher," they call him in their familiar letters, and

in bereavement refer one another for consolation to certain pages of their philosophical Bible. When Nietzsche went to Basel in 1869 to take up the duties of his professorship, the ideal which beckoned him on was (he tells us) to transfuse philology with the new blood of Schopenhauer's "Idea," "to convey to my hearers the Schopenhauerian seriousness which is imprinted on that sublime man's forehead." His earliest work on "The Birth of Tragedy," published in 1871, may be said to be an attempt to realise this ideal. It is an interpretation of Greek tragedy in the light of Schopenhauer and Wagner, and Nietzsche appears in it throughout as a devout disciple of the pessimistic philosophy. Finally, in 1874, he dedicated one of the brilliant essays by which he first became more widely known (his "Unseasonable Reflections") to the celebration of "Schopenhauer as Educator."

"I belong," he says, "to those readers of Schopenhauer, who, after they have read the first page of him, know for certain that they will read every page and listen to every word that he has ever spoken. My confidence in him was there at once, and is the same to-day as it was nine years ago. I understood him as if he had written for me. Hence it comes that I have never found a paradox in him, though I have found an unimportant error here and there."

Obviously, therefore, any account of Nietzsche's thought must take Schopenhauer's system as starting-point, and the best way to reach an understanding of his theories will be to inquire how far and in what direction he modified this early attitude of discipleship.

Nietzsche began, then, by accepting Schopenhauer's fundamental doctrine of the irrational Will-to-Live as the ultimate reality behind all appearance, and, with that, he accepted the pessimism which directly flows from it. For if existence is thus rooted in irrationality, then anything like a theodicy, or a justification of the world from an ethical and religious point of view, is impossible. On the contrary, from the standpoint of reason and conscience, the existence of the universe is a huge mistake. The ethical and religious life consists, therefore, in renunciation, in a systematic denial of the Will-to-Live. Sympathy is the root of all virtue; for individualism and the fierce striving after individual preservation and satisfaction are the very expression of the Will-to-Live, and consequently the root of all evil. The virtuous man, therefore, penetrated by a sense of the vanity and misery of existence, and recognising also with an infinite compassion his oneness with all forms of suffering life, devotes himself to the alleviation of the pains of others, and practises in his own case the mortification of the flesh and the extinction of every form of desire. Schopenhauer's ethics are thus essentially negative or Buddhistic, there being no positive end which is in itself worthy of realisation. It is to Buddhism and to the asceticism of mediæval Christianity that he appeals as embodying the testimony of the religious consciousness

to the truth of his own position. The saint alone, according to this most unsaintly of philosophers, achieves salvation by the final conquest of the will; though a temporary emancipation is vouchsafed to us in contemplating the creations of art. In art, we emerge for the time from the prison of our individuality, and are set free from the misery and degradation of never-satisfied desire—"the wheel of Ixion stands still."

These four points—the metaphysic of the Will-to-Live, Pessimism, the ethics of sympathy and renunciation, and his doctrine of art—constitute the most important elements in Schopenhauer's system; and although Nietzsche was afterwards fond of reading back his later views into his earlier writings, there seems no reason to doubt that, for a time at least, he was an orthodox disciple of his master on all these points. In his essay on Schopenhauer, at all events, he names the saint alongside of the philosopher and the artist in his trinity of true men who have surmounted the animal life; he speaks of the sacrifice of the self, and even mentions Christianity in terms of respect as having made important contributions to true civilisation. It is pretty evident, however, that it was not by its ethics of self-suppression and by its purely negative goal of effort that Schopenhauer's doctrine laid hold of him. The picture of the ideal, or "Schopenhauerian," man, as he limns it even in his early books, presents few of the features of the saint. Freedom from illusion, and the dauntless courage that comes from such freedom, are the characteristics on which he lays most stress; the figure is rather that of the hero than the Buddhistic sage. He paints, for example, in his earliest work, "The Birth of Tragedy," the possible advent of "a new, a 'tragic' civilisation."

"Let us imagine," he says, "a generation growing up with this fearlessness of glance, with this heroic bent towards the terrible, let us imagine the bold step of these dragon-slayers, the proud daring with which they turn their backs upon all the old optimism and its doctrines bred of feebleness, in order to live resolutely in the Whole and the Full."

Such a race of dragon-slayers bears a closer resemblance to the children of Zarathustra than it does to the orthodox Schopenhauerian ideal. It is also to be noted that the realisation of this type is put forward (both here and in the essay on Schopenhauer) not merely as a step towards a Buddhistic Nirvana, but as itself a glorious and culminating achievement, or, in a sense, a positive end. The fundamental thought of culture, he says, is to help on the creation in us and outside of us of the philosopher, the artist, and the saint, and thereby to aid in the perfecting of nature. While, therefore, the metaphysical basis and the ultimate pessimism of the master are accepted by the disciple, the ethical temper and emphasis are different in important respects from the outset.

## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Indeed, if we are—keeping in mind the four points mentioned above—now much the fiercer than ever, and now much else be retained of Schopenhauer's *philosophical* *insights*, we are bound to answer that in a technical or formal sense we can hardly be said to retain a single *idea*. Even in the essay in "Schopenhauer as Educator" it is noteworthy that in answer to and in the special features of Schopenhauer's *doctrine*. The programmatic maxims with which he invests his "great teacher" bear the signs of any *beginning* of *insight*. At a later stage he would have had in this paper he had simply said that Schopenhauer had *not* fully apprehended *ideas*. This is, in fact, an *overstatement* and, especially, after 1874, we find him *accepting* a *positive* *insight* in all the more characteristic Schopenhauerian *concepts*. In "Menschliches Allmüthliches" (1875), he *condemns* Schopenhauer's *subordination* of the Will-to-live as leading to every kind of *physical* *insight*, and from that time forward he *regarded* the *doctrine* as the metaphysical *under-room*.

He is, of course, the *truth*, says Zarathustra (1883), "who aimed at the *will* *to* *live*." "Willen und Leben": there is no such will. For what *can* *the* *will* *do* *with* *the* *will* *and* *how* *could* *that* *which* *is* *in* *existence* *do* *it* *with* *it*? Only where there is life is there will: not will to live, however, but will to live. "Willen und Leben."

In another passage the notion of the final redemptive act of Will—the will to will no more—is irreverently referred to as a madman's fable ("die Fabel des Wahnsinns"). His criticism is, in substance, a *repudiation* of Schopenhauer's Will as an unknowable thing-in-itself, and as such might have been developed, with help from Aristotle and Hegel, into a doctrine of immanent idealism sufficiently free from the taint of "other-worldliness" which Nietzsche always has upon his nerves. Understanding, however, by metaphysics only the quest for such transcendent entities, Nietzsche proceeded to include all metaphysics in his condemnation. He came to pride himself upon having outgrown metaphysics almost as much as upon having outgrown the belief in God. "Wir Gottlosen und Anti-metaphysiker" became one of his titles of honour.

In the ethical domain there is again a large measure of justice in the criticisms with which he starts, and a similar obliquity in the conclusions to which they ultimately lead him. As already indicated, Schopenhauer's ethics of renunciation and altruism, though adopted for a time along with the rest of his philosophy, had little real hold upon Nietzsche's self-involved nature with its intense pride of will. When he allowed his critical faculty free play, he was not slow to perceive the fundamental contradiction of a purely altruistic system of morality.

"A being capable of purely altruistic actions alone is more fabulous than

the Phœnix. Never has a man done anything solely for others, and without any personal motive; how could the Ego act without Ego? . . . Suppose a man wished to do and to will everything for others, nothing for himself, the latter would be impossible, for the very good reason that he must do very much for himself, in order to do anything at all for others. Moreover, it presupposes that the other is egoist enough constantly to accept these sacrifices made for him; so that the men of love and self-sacrifice have an interest in the continued existence of loveless egoists who are incapable of self-sacrifice. In order to subsist, the highest morality must positively enforce the existence of immorality" ("Menschliches," i. 137-8).

Nietzsche's criticism on this point must be accepted as conclusive. Every theory which attempts to divorce the ethical end from the personality of the moral agent must necessarily fall into this vicious circle; in a sense, the moral centre and the moral motive must always ultimately be self, the satisfaction of the self, the perfection of the self. The altruistic virtues, and self-sacrifice in general, can only enter into the moral ideal so far as they minister to the realisation of what is recognised to be the highest type of manhood, the self which finds its own in all men's good. Apart from this, self-sacrifice, self-mortification for its own sake, would be a mere negation, and, as such, of no moral value whatever.

It is just the characteristic of a consistent pessimism, however, that it denies the existence of any positive or self-justifying end. If life itself is intrinsically bad, then the moral attitude towards life is completely negative; the moral goal is annihilation. In this sense Schopenhauer glorified the ethical teaching of Buddhism, and made himself its Western spokesman; in this sense he permitted himself to praise the stylite of the desert and the Catholic saint at the expense of the Judaism and the Protestantism which he hated for their optimism. The main feature of Nietzsche's later thought is his revolt against this unnatural and, indeed, self-contradictory attitude towards life. He attacks this pessimistic morality of sheer sympathy and selflessness as itself a symptom of the life-weariness and decadence of the age. In pronouncing judgment upon life as a whole it is trying to make an impossible valuation; what it really does is unwittingly to betray the effeteness of the mood which prompts such an estimate.

In this connection Nietzsche, in his character of "unseasonable philosopher," has much to say upon the degenerate tendencies and anæmic virtues of modern civilisation, its humanitarianism too often infected by sickly sentimentality, its ideal of a life from which all danger has been eliminated, and where, in consequence, the heroic virtues disappear. The same line of thought also enables us to understand his passionate and ever-growing aversion to Christianity, for he finds the essence of Christianity in a negative attitude towards the present world, and a condemnation of all natural instincts—in



the morality of asceticism and other-worldliness. Here again we may readily allow a relative justice to Nietzsche's protest. The ascetic and purely negative strain is certainly present (though far from exclusively present) in the documents of primitive Christianity; and in the early Christian centuries and the mediæval Church it became greatly exaggerated.

"The Church," says Nietzsche, "fights against passion with excision in every sense—its practice, its cure, is castration. It never asks how to spiritualise, beautify, and deify a desire; it has at all times laid the emphasis of discipline upon extermination (of sensuality, of pride, of ambition, of avarice, of revenge). But to attack the passions at the root means to attack life itself at the root. . . . Chastity and sensuality are not necessarily antithetical; every true marriage is beyond any such antithesis. . . . The spiritualisation of sensuousness is called *love*; it is a grand triumph over Christianity."

Identifying Christianity in this fashion with the extremes of mediæval asceticism, Nietzsche sees in it the one great enemy of life, to be fought at all points. But is it not rather the case (to pause for a moment upon his last dictum) that the greater elevation and inwardness of the modern conception of love, as compared with the ideals and practice of the ancient world, is due, in the main, just to the long discipline of Christianity, which appears, therefore, precisely as the greatest agent the world has known in the spiritualisation of desire? Christianity is to be judged not by isolated and exaggerated elements of its teaching, but by its total effect upon the history of civilisation, and by the maturest form which its ideals have taken, in the slow advance of human wisdom and goodness. For the rest, the protest of the human spirit against the unnaturalness of the mediæval ideal was uttered, once for all, in the movement of the Renaissance and the Reformation; and if, in many quarters, the joy of life still continued for long to be overshadowed by the misinterpretation and misapplication of the doctrine of a future life, that shadow also may surely be said to have passed away. So that Nietzsche's polemic, however apposite to certain historical phases of Christianity, seems somewhat belated at the present day; and its extraordinary heat and violence make a curious anachronistic impression, as of some free-thinking Rip Van Winkle who has not slept off his indignation or adjusted his historical perspective.

This justification of life and the instincts subservient to life evidently implies—as has been partly indicated already—an abandonment of the pessimism on which Schopenhauer's ethics were based. Pessimism is represented in Nietzsche's later writings as a disease to be combated; he even speaks of his revered master as "the old pessimistic false-coiner," and merely the heir of Christian interpretation. (Poor Schopenhauer!) This is indicated in the title of the volume

which preceded "Zarathustra," and which he describes in a later preface as the celebration of his convalescence—"The Joyful Science." The fourth book (Sanct Januarius), written in January 1882, opens with an entry on New Year's Day—in the style of the resolutions and confessions of a religious diary :

"To-day every one permits himself to express his wish and his dearest thought ; well, then, I too will say what I should wish for myself to-day, and what thought first coursed through my heart this year—what thought shall be for me the foundation, pledge, and sweetness of all further life. I will learn always more and more to look upon the necessary as the beautiful ; so shall I be one of those who make things beautiful. *Amor futi*—let that be from henceforth my love. I will wage no war against the ugly. I will make no accusations, I will not even accuse the accusers. Let *looking away* be my only denial. And, in sum, I will one day be only a sayer of yea."

The aspiration of this passage (whose phraseology is reminiscent of Spinoza or of Marcus Aurelius rather than of his former self) may be said to reach fulfilment in the section of "Zarathustra" entitled "Before Sunrise," and in what he calls the "Yea and Amen Song" in the same work :

"O, heaven above me, pure and deep, thou abyss of light ! Gazing at thee I shudder with divine desires. . . . We speak not one to another, because we know too much ; in silence we smile our knowledge one to another. Together we learned everything ; together we learned to rise above ourselves to ourselves, and cloudlessly to smile. . . . I have become one who blesses and one who says yea : I struggled long till I attained this, and was a wrestler that I might one day get my hands free to bless. And my blessing is this : to stand over everything as its own heaven, its round roof, its azure bell, and eternal security. Blessed is he who thus blesses."

In a passage of his later volume, "Beyond Good and Evil," the mood finds perhaps its most exultant expression. He there expressly opposes to the pessimism of Buddha and Schopenhauer "the ideal of the man who affirms the world out of the sheer sense of overflowing life" ("das Ideal des übermuthigsten, lebendigsten, und weltbejahendsten Menschen"), "who has not only come to terms with what was and is, and learned to put up with it, but who desires to have it over again, just as it was and is, to all eternity, calling insatiably *da capo*, not only to his own existence, but to the whole piece and play."

The last phrase refers to "the doctrine of eternal recurrence," which he repeatedly brings forward in "Zarathustra" as "his most abysmal thought," his "last profundity," his most original and characteristic doctrine. As early as the second of the "Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen," he introduces a reference to the doctrine of the Pythagoreans, that when the heavenly bodies return to the same relative position, the whole process of earthly existence begins anew, and is repeated thus in countless cycles even to its minutest details. This weird idea apparently had a strange fascination for Nietzsche. In the closing

paragraphs of the third part of "The Joyful Science" it is put forward hypothetically as a touchstone of a man's attitude to life :

"How were it if, some day or night, a demon stole after thee into thy most solitary solitude, and said to thee : 'This life, as thou livest it now, and hast lived it, thou shalt have to live over again, and not once but innumerable times ; and there will be nothing new in it, but every pain and every pleasure, and every thought and sigh, and everything in thy life, the great and the unspeakably petty alike, must come again to thee, and all in the same series and succession ; this spider, too, and this moonlight betwixt the trees, and this moment likewise and I myself. The eternal sand-glass of time is always turned again, and thou with it, thou atom of dust.' Wouldest thou not cast thyself down, and with gnashing of teeth curse the demon who thus spoke ? Or hast thou ever experienced the tremendous moment in which thou wouldest answer him, 'Thou art a god, and never heard I anything more divine ?'"

In "Thus Spake Zarathustra" the doctrine is for the first time positively proclaimed, but Zarathustra is represented as shrinking from it in horror ; he speaks of it at first in undertones, and under his breath—"for I was afraid of my own thought." In a figure, it is the black snake which crept into the throat of the shepherd as he lay asleep, and could not be removed till, at Zarathustra's call, the man bit off the monster's head, and spat it far from him. "Then he sprang up, no longer shepherd, no longer man, transfigured, refulgent and *laughing*. Never yet upon earth did a man laugh as he laughed." According to Frau Andreas-Salomé, this is an accurate rendering of the stages of Nietzsche's personal feeling on this subject.

"He struggled with it at first as with a fate from which there was no escape. Never can I forget the hours in which he first confided it to me as a secret, as something of whose verification and confirmation he had an unspeakable horror ; he spoke of it only in a low voice and with every sign of the profoundest horror. And he suffered in truth so deeply in life that the certainty of life's eternal recurrence could not but be for him a thing to shudder at. The quintessence of the doctrine of recurrence, the radiant apotheosis of life which Nietzsche afterwards taught, forms so profound a contrast to his own painful experiences of life that it impresses us as an uncanny mask."

It was, in fact, as the allegory indicates, only by a supreme effort of agonised will that he embraced the doom assigned, and thereby rose superior to its terrors. It is difficult, however, to determine how far Nietzsche really believed the doctrine so solemnly promulgated. At one time, Frau Andreas-Salomé tells us, he contemplated the possibility that the theory might be scientifically deduced by physics from the doctrine of atoms ; and the investigation of this was to occupy him during the ten years which he once proposed to devote to the study of science in Paris or Vienna. This plan was of course not carried out ; but a little inquiry sufficed to show him that such scientific evidence of the theory as he at once desiderated and

feared was quite impossible. Curiously enough, the effect of this discovery upon him was not to make him dismiss the idea, but to make him promulgate it without further delay, as the central doctrine of his philosophy. In other words, so long as it remained a real possibility which might be established on scientific grounds, it haunted him like a nightmare; so soon as it receded into the realm of speculative fantasy, he began to indite hymns to eternity as to a bride, and to "the marriage ring of recurrence." In these circumstances, there is perhaps no injustice in concluding that the literal truth of the doctrine, as a statement of fact, is not what Nietzsche is concerned about. In that respect, it remains to him largely a play of fantasy; he propounds it rather as a mystery, a symbolic truth of profound significance for life. It will be noted that it is always in its bearing upon ethics, or a man's practical attitude towards life, that the doctrine is enunciated. Its realisation becomes the occasion of the supreme act of will, in which man tramples fate under foot for ever by triumphant acceptance of its darkest conditions. Reckoning his worst sufferings as a light affliction not to be weighed against his inexhaustible powers of endurance and resistance, man rises, according to Nietzsche's conception, to a species of "Dionysiac" or creative joy in the eternal repetition of the cosmic year. He becomes the god for whom the spectacle is unrolled, and by his existence he imports into an intrinsically aimless and senseless process a meaning and an end, even in some sort a justification.

But this reconciliation with existence—it will already be evident—has nothing in common with ordinary optimism. Optimism remains for him now, as formerly, a synonym for shallowness of insight and mediocrity of temper. He overflows in scorn of "the contemptible species of well-being dreamt of by shopkeepers, Christians, cows, women, Englishmen and other democrats"—or, as he elsewhere terms it, "the universal green-grazing happiness of the herd." He denies, in short, as nobler moralists have done before him, that happiness is intrinsically a worthy object of pursuit; and he denies, further, that, as a matter of fact, the best men do pursue it. The free man despises this ideal of ignoble ease, sheltered from all intrusion of danger or war; "the free man is a warrior." "Man," he says again, in a bitter epigram, "man does *not* strive after happiness, only the Englishman does so." But if his new mood does not rest on calculations of happiness, still less does it depend on any new conviction of the rationality of existence or the moral order of the world. Any phrase which seemed capable of being pressed into the service of theism was now as ever abhorrent to him. The truth is that although he has abandoned Schopenhauer's specific metaphysical theory of the Will, and has professedly abjured metaphysics altogether, he still holds fast the atheism which first attracted him to the

system ;\* he is still as firmly convinced as ever of the ultimate nationality of the world.

In the sequel of the passage "Before Sunrise," already quoted from "Zarathustra," he explicitly formulates the aimlessness of existence as the sun of his new wisdom and the fountain of his new joy :

"Von Ohngefahr (by chance)—that is the oldest title of nobility in the world, and I restored it to all things, I redeemed them from their enslavement to ends. This freedom and heavenly serenity I set like an azure bell over all things, when I taught that over them and in them there is no 'eternal will' that wills . . . when I taught that one thing at least is impossible—rationality. A little reason, doubtless, a seed of wisdom scattered from star to star—this leaven is mingled with all things ; for folly's sake wisdom is mingled with all things. A little wisdom is possible, but this blessed serenity I found in all things, that they are more inclined to *dance* on the feet of chance. O heaven over me, pure and lofty : that is now to me thy purity that there is no eternal reason-spider and spider's net, that thou art a dancing-floor for divine chances, that thou art a table of the gods for godlike dice and dicers."

The forced note of exultation in such a passage cannot conceal the abysmal pessimism of such a theory for any thinking being. And, indeed, Nietzsche, in spite of his attacks on Pessimism, does not disclaim the title for his own position ; but he distinguishes between the "romantic pessimism" which he abjures and the "Dionysiac pessimism"—the "pessimism of the future"—of which he constitutes himself the apostle. If he brands the former as Resignationism, the latter is a mood of defiance, in harmony with his untameable pride of will. If the former is the outcome of a temper over-sensitive to suffering, given up to self-compassion and sympathy, the latter meets suffering with a scornful smile, nay, accepts it with a kind of fierce joy, as the supreme emancipator of the mind. "Profound suffering makes noble ; it separates." "*In crescent animi, virescit vulnere virtus*," was the motto which he prefixed to his latest published work. "The uses of affliction" is as favourite a text with him as with the Christian moralist ; only the application is strangely inverted.

"It is great affliction only—that long, slow affliction in which we are burned as it were with green wood, which takes time—that compels us philosophers to descend into our ultimate depth and divest ourselves of all trust, all good nature, glossing, gentleness, and averageness. I doubt whether such affliction 'improves' us, but I know that it *deepens* us. . . . From such long dangerous exercises of self-mastery one emerges another man, with several additional interrogation marks—above all, with the will to question henceforward more, more profoundly, more strictly, more sternly, more wickedly than has ever been questioned on earth before."

It was in this spirit that he chose to regard his own illness, not as a hindrance to his vocation, but as a final consecration, the great

\* "Der Atheismus war Das, was mich zu Schopenhauer führte." (Preface to the second edition of the "Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen," written in 1888.)

illuminator, dispeller of the last illusions. "Do I not owe to it," he says, "unutterably more than to my health? I owe to it a *higher* health, and *I owe to it also my philosophy.*" This is part of his *amor fati*, and, so regarded, it might be mistaken for an expression of sublime submission; but there is no spark in it of such a spirit. It is the Luciferian

"courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else, not to be overcome,"

the pride to prove oneself a match for fate, ironically victorious over her worst assaults, and "dying proudly when it is no longer possible to live proudly." Such a mood of "strong, stern, hard matter-of-factness" rejects with disdain the consolations of the ideal, in whatever form religion or philosophy may proffer them; it has no use for them, because it knows itself strong enough to bear the actual. Such a mood he praises in Thucydides and the older Hellenes, in contrast with Plato. "Plato is a coward in presence of reality, *consequently* he takes refuge in the ideal; Thucydides is master of himself, consequently he maintains power also over things." In another place he sees his ideal in the conduct of the Indian brave in face of his tormentors. "We learn to confront affliction with our pride, our scorn, our strength of will, doing like the Indian, who, however sorely he may be tortured, takes revenge on his tormentor by his bad tongue." The last touch spoils the dignity of the situation, though characteristic enough of Nietzsche's own procedure. He expresses his conception more finely in an earlier aphorism. "The lie," he says, "with which on her lips Arria died—*Paste, non dolet*—casts into the shade all the truths which were ever spoken by mortals. It is the only holy lie which has become famous."

It will not be denied that the attitude, like Milton's conception of the archangel ruined, possesses a grandeur of its own. It is the apotheosis of courage, of revolt, of unconquerable will. One may admit also that, in the godless, chance-guided world of Nietzsche's fantasy, such a temper must be, for the nobler spirits, the natural, nay, the only possible, armour against fate. But can it be claimed, as Nietzsche claims for it, that this desperate bravado is the mood of spiritual health? Must not the strongest reason snap under a continuance of the intolerable tension? Is it not plain, in his own case, that the bow is already bent almost to breaking? And if this is so, can we say that there is more of sanity in that other mood of forced gaiety in which he calls upon us to laugh at "the eternal comedy of existence," and to "laugh loudest at all that mankind has hitherto held most sacred?" Laughter is his latest panacea. To laugh and to dance is the final lesson of wisdom which Zarathustra inculcates upon his followers with an iteration which becomes an affectation:

"Lift up your hearts, my brethren, high and still higher: And do not forget your legs: Lift your legs, too, ye good dancers, and better still, if ye stand upon your heads. This crown of laughter, this garland of roses: I myself placed this crown upon my head, I myself hallowed my laughter. I found no other to-day strong enough to do so."

This ostentatious merriment is even more unnatural than the wild defiance of which it is, at bottom, only a transparent disguise. The "lie" is here no longer holy.

If such is the attitude of the Nietzschean philosopher towards existence as a whole, by what code of morals, we may ask, will he guide himself in his dealings with his fellow men? The answer to this question will enable us to fill in the outlines of "the higher man," and will introduce us to Nietzsche's most characteristic doctrines. For, however widely philosophers may differ on questions of metaphysics and theology and on the ultimate basis and sanction of morality, they are almost universally at one as to the general nature of the moral ideal, and, more particularly, as to the importance in this ideal of the altruistic virtues. But it is as the preacher of a new ethic that Nietzsche claims for himself epoch-making significance. "Break in pieces, break in pieces the old tables," is the cry of Zarathustra to his disciples; "there is an ancient delusion called good and evil." "Morality itself as problem," is one of the phrases in which Nietzsche formulates his sense of his own position as something new in the world. And the title of his last work was to be the "Umwertung aller Werthe," the transvaluation of all values—the reversal of all accepted ideals.

There is some danger of misunderstanding at this point, owing to the nature of the descriptions which he sometimes gives of his position. There is no title, for example, which he is fonder of parading than that of "Immoralist"; his doctrine, he tells us, is "beyond good and evil." But the primary meaning of these phrases is not, as might be supposed, a revolt from all ethical norms and restraints, and a justification of every animal impulse as such. The position is one "beyond *our* good and evil"; it implies a revision of accepted moral standards, but not the denial of standards altogether. Zarathustra breaks the old tables of the law; but, in the same breath, the work of the creative thinker is proclaimed to be the writing of new values on new tables. In a fine passage he laments the danger of the noble who have cast off the restraints of the old morality:

"Alas, I knew noble ones who lost their highest hope, and then they traduced all high hopes. They lived shamelessly in the lusts of the moment, and their aims reached scarcely beyond the passing day. . . . Once they thought to become heroes, now they are voluptuaries. But by my love and hope, I beseech thee, throw not away the hero in thy soul, hold sacred thy highest hope."

And again addressing his would-be followers, he asks sternly whether they are fit for the freedom he offers: "Canst thou give thyself thine evil and thy good, and suspend thy will over thee as a law? Canst thou be thine own judge and the avenger of thine own law?" If not, he prophesies that they will not be able to endure the terrible loneliness to which he calls them; they are not of such as he desires for his followers. Zarathustra's accent, indeed, in these and many other passages, is that of one calling men to a warfare—not only a warfare against the superstition of the past, but a warfare against ignoble ease and ignoble virtues—in which they are called to endure hardness, as good soldiers of the new ideal. "I spare not my warriors," he cries; and again, "what warrior desires to be spared?" Obedience and self-sacrifice appear as virtues under the new dispensation as under the old. "To a good warrior 'thou shalt' sounds pleasanter than 'I will.'" "I love him who labours and invents, that he may build the house for the higher man, and who prepares for him earth and beast and plant; for, in so doing, he wills his own disappearance (Untergang.)" "Virtue is the will to disappear and an arrow of yearning."

But this transcendental altruism is to be practised not in the interests of present humanity, but of that higher and nobler race which shall indeed be *der Sinn der Erde*—the sense or meaning of the world. Man is but a transition figure, "a rope stretched between beast and *Uebersch,*" a stage to be surmounted and left behind. His virtue lies in his readiness to sacrifice himself on the altar of the future. As for the present breed of men, Nietzsche is at no pains to conceal the contempt—nay, disgust (*Ekel*)—with which they inspire him. His ethic is therefore at the furthest remove from the ideal of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and the democratic ideal of equality which is sometimes connected with it as a corollary. We have seen his scorn of "the green-grazing happiness of the herd"; and as regards the other point, there is nothing on which he more constantly insists than the natural inequality of men. "I will not be mixed up and confounded with these preachers of equality," he cries passionately; "men are not equal, and, what is more, they shall not become equal." There is no virtue, moreover, in numbers. A petty pleasure does not lose its pettiness because it is widely shared, nor does an ignoble ideal become more worthy because it is realised in a vast number of individuals. A species is not judged by the number of its specimens, but by the character of its highest types. Height, not breadth, is what we ought to aim at. The cult of the noble individual, represented partly as "a link betwixt us and the crowning race," partly as an end-in-itself, becomes thus the essence of Nietzsche's teaching.

It is an heroic and aristocratic ideal, which places Nietzsche in sharp



conflict with all the levelling tendencies of his age, an antique ideal as contrasted with the Christian precept which inculcates that whosoever will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all. But, as compared with the Hellenic or Roman ideal, it repudiates that devotion to the State which formed so large a part of ancient virtue. Nietzsche is fierce in his polemic against modern attempts to revive this conception, whether they take the form of socialistic Utopias or the military Chauvinism of the new German Empire. He preaches a doctrine of the most intense individualism. The principle of nationality, and patriotism itself, is for him the symbol of mediocrity, of enslavement to outworn ideals. "We cosmopolitans," "we good Europeans," are the titles he bestows upon his emancipated followers. In thus loosening the individual from his social and political surroundings, Nietzsche pursues his individualism to the verge of anarchism. Detached himself by the circumstances of his life from the ties of country and of family, a lonely wanderer from one international health-resort to another, and incessantly engaged in the culture of his own personality, he seems to have involuntarily generalised this abnormal experience in his sketch of the ideal European. It is certain, at all events, that he inverts the usual relation of the individual to society, the State, and humanity. Even those who insist most strongly on the perfection of individual character as the true end of moral discipline have placed the realisation of that perfection to a very large extent in the service of the general weal. The general weal is the objective end in the promotion of which the individual forgets his own personality, attaining in this very process the highest subjective perfection of which he is capable. But this is entirely reversed with Nietzsche.

"There are only three respects," he had already said in his early essay on History, "in which the masses appear to me to deserve a glance—first, as blurred copies of great men, executed on bad paper and from worn-out plates; secondly, as opposition to the great; and lastly, as instruments of the great; for the rest, let them go to the devil and to statistics."

So now, he says, "a people is the circuit which nature makes to arrive at six or seven great men"; and he commends it as

"the essence of a good and sound aristocracy that it feels itself not as function (whether of the throne or of the community), but as the sense (Sinn) and ultimate justification of the whole—that it accepts, therefore, with a good conscience the sacrifice of innumerable men, who, *for its sake*, must be depressed and reduced to incomplete men, slaves, instruments. Its fundamental belief must be that society has a right to exist not for the sake of society, but only as the substructure and scaffolding on which a select species of beings may rise to their higher mission, and, in general, to a higher existence" ("Jenseits," 241).

From the same point of view, he would have the elect few regard the mass of mankind:

"Egoism belongs to the essence of the distinguished soul; I mean by that the immovable belief that, to a being 'like us,' other beings are naturally in subjection—and have to sacrifice themselves. The distinguished soul accepts this fact of its egoism without any question, moreover, without any feeling of harshness, compulsion, or arbitrariness about it; rather as something that has its basis doubtless in the primitive law of things" ("Jenseits," 256).

It is easy to see that this implies the elimination of the more distinctly Christian virtues from the ideal of nobility or distinction (*Vornehmheit*). Not sacrifice of self, but a lofty acceptance of the sacrifices of others; not humility, but a fixed consciousness of superiority; not compassion for the weak and suffering, but an indifference, as of Nature herself, to the failures in life's struggle; on the other hand, a glorification of power (*Macht*) in whatever form (be it physical strength and beauty, swift intelligence, or inflexible will), aristocratic hauteur, distinction of manners, an Olympian freedom from prejudice amounting to an absence of all belief whatsoever—these are the chief characteristics of "the distinguished Ego." The one article of his creed is the supreme value and beauty of the type which he represents. But this gospel of the pride of life, based upon nature though it professes to be, is, even yet, not a mere lapse into selfish indulgence. Flesh and blood cannot easily achieve distinction in any direction, and even the grandiose egoism of the distinguished personality is an ideal. Nietzsche himself regarded it as the hard-won prize of lifelong discipline, nay, of generations of breeding. In fact, just as this ethic shows a pitiless indifference to the sufferings of the masses, by whose sacrifice the six or seven great men become possible, so it is relentless and unsparing in its demands upon those who aspire to realise its ideal. We have heard the language of Zarathustra to his disciples. "Ye shall have it harder and harder," he cries to them again; "only so does man wax in stature." "Let us not undervalue the privilege of the mediocre," Nietzsche says in another place; "life always becomes harder towards the summit—the cold increases, responsibility increases." Nor did he spare himself. He, too, is, after all, "only a bridge" between the decadents of our present civilisation and the higher man of "the great noon." A sympathetic German critic\* goes so far as to suggest that the constant gnawing sense of the discrepancy between the Zarathustra-self of his prophetic vision and the Nietzsche-self of nineteenth century reality was one of the principal features of the strain which eventually brought about his mental collapse. Frau Andreas-Salomé, in her book on Nietzsche, suggests the same idea; "he becomes at last a double figure, half sick and suffering man, half redeemed and laughing *Uebersch.*"

\* Simmel in the "Zeitschrift für Philosophie," vol. 107.

By way of justifying or explaining the contrast between his new-old gospel of the masterful Ego and received ethical notions, Nietzsche appeals to history, of which he has his own reading to offer us. Two diametrically opposite systems of morality, he maintains, are at issue with one another in the past history of mankind—the morality of the masters and the morality of the slaves (*Herren-moral* and *Sklaven-moral*). His theory is stated most fully in the last part of “Beyond Good and Evil,” and the first part of “The Genealogy of Morality.”

“Moral distinctions took their rise either among a ruling race filled with a gratifying consciousness of the difference between itself and the subject population—or among subjects, slaves, dependants of every degree. In the first case, when it is the ruling class which determines the notion good, it is the proud and elevated states of the soul which are felt as distinctive and as determining the order of rank. The highborn man separates from himself the beings in whom the opposites of these proud and elevated states find expression. He despises them. In this first kind of morality, the opposition good and bad (‘gut und schlecht’) it will be noted, is equivalent to distinguished or well-born and contemptible; the opposition good and evil or wicked (‘gut und böse’) has another origin” (“Jenseits,” p. 243).\*

In the “Genealogy of Morals,” he expressly combats the moral psychologists who derive the approbation with which unselfish actions are regarded from their usefulness to the recipients, and the praises which these consequently bestow upon them.

“The judgment good,” he insists, “was first made not by those to whom kindness (Güte) is shown. Rather it was ‘the good’ themselves, that is, the well-born, the powerful, those higher in position and magnanimous in temper, who first felt and rated themselves and their doings as good, that is to say, of the first order, in contrast to everything low, base-minded, mean, and vulgar. From this *pathos of distance* they first assumed the right to create values and to coin names of values. . . . The pathos of distinction and distance, the permanent and dominant feeling of a higher ruling race in relation to a lower race—to something ‘beneath’ them—that is the origin of the contrast between good and bad.”†

“It is otherwise with the second type of morality—the ‘slave-morality.’ Suppose that the oppressed, the suffering, those who are not free, who are uncertain of themselves and weary—suppose that these moralise, what will be the common element in their moral estimates? Probably a pessimistic suspicion in regard to the whole situation of mankind will find expression. The eye of the slave rests with disfavour upon the virtues of the powerful; he feels scepticism and distrust, a *refinement* of distrust, in regard to everything ‘good’ that such circles hold in honour; he would fain persuade him-

\* Nietzsche buttresses this view by a few etymological considerations. He points to the connection between *schlecht*, bad, and *schlicht*, plain. “Malus” he connects with *μῆλας*, and infers that it was an epithet applied by the Aryans to the darker-skinned and inferior race that preceded them. “Good” he connects with Goth. *Bonus*, old Latin, *duonus*, he interprets as meaning originally a man of feuds, a warrior. “Pure” means just a man who washes himself; and the epithet becomes a social touchstone when the supremacy is in the hands of a priestly caste.

† “Genealogy of Morality,” 19.

self that even their happiness is not genuine. On the other hand, those qualities are brought into prominence and covered with light, which serve to ease the existence of the suffering; compassion, the kind, helpful hand, the warm heart, patience, industry, humility, friendliness, receive here their meed of honour. For these are the most useful qualities, and almost the only means to make the pressure of existence endurable. A slave-morality is essentially a morality of utility (Nützlichkeits-moral). Here it is that the celebrated contrast of 'good' and 'evil' arises. Power and dangerousness, a certain terribleness, refinement and strength, which does not admit of being despised—these are felt as belonging to evil or wickedness. According to slave-morality, therefore, the wicked man arouses fear, whereas, according to master-morality, it is precisely the good man who arouses fear, and desires to arouse it, while the bad man is felt to be contemptible" ("Jenseits," p. 246).

Or as he puts it more bitterly in a section of the "Genealogy" (p. 45):

"Weakness is lyingly converted into merit, powerlessness which does not avenge becomes goodness of heart, a nervous abjectness becomes humility, and subjection to those one hates is styled obedience. The inoffensive quality of the weak, cowardice itself, in which they are so rich, their standing-before-the-door, their enforced waiting—all this comes here into good repute as patience; and the want of power to revenge themselves is called the want of desire to do so, perhaps even forgiveness."

The morality of the herd (Heerden-moral, Heerdenthier-moral) is another of his favourite epithets for the current system of ethical values, and it is to the baneful influence of Christianity that he traces its predominance. Hence, instead of the antithesis of master- and slave-morality, he frequently—especially in his latest writings—employs the terms "noble morality" and "Christian morality" to express the same opposition.

"The Jews," he says, "a people 'born to slavery,' according to Tacitus and the whole ancient world, brought about that masterpiece—the reversal of values. . . . With them begins the *revolt of the slaves in morality*."

He summarises the whole process of European history during the last two thousand years as a conflict between Rome and Judæa ("Genealogy," 51). In Christianity the Jewish nation *took its immortal revenge upon mankind*.\*

"The Christian movement as a European movement, from the beginning, was a collective movement of all kinds of outcast and refuse elements. It appealed to all the disinherited, it had its allies everywhere. Christianity has at its basis the *rancune* of the sick, the instinct *opposed* to the healthy, opposed to healthfulness. Everything well constituted, proud, high-spirited, and, above all, beauty, pains it in ear and eye." "Once more I remind the

\* Jesus himself Nietzsche regards on the whole as an amiable enthusiast of the type of Tolstoi; "in reality there has been only one Christian, and he died on the Cross." Historical Christianity is for him the creation of Paul—"Paul the incarnated, genius-inspired Chandala hatred against Rome, against the world—the Jew, the eternal Jew par excellence" (Works, vol. xi. 345, English translation).

reader of the invaluable expression of Paul: 'The *great* things of the world, the *foolish* things of the world, and the things that are *despised*, did God choose.' That was the formula—decadence conquered *in hoc signo* (xi. 325). — Both Christianity and Buddhism," he says in another place. "take on principle the part of the failures: they have preserved too much of that *which ought to perish*. Christianity accordingly is mainly responsible for the deterioration of the European race" ("Jenseits," 91).

Whatever elements of truth are embodied in the foregoing theory—as, for example, the decisive importance ascribed to Christianity in the moral history of mankind, the recognition of the prominence given to different virtues in different ages of the world's history, in different communities, and even in different classes of the same community—a theory which proposes to explain the growth of the altruistic virtues as the result either of an underground conspiracy on the part of the enslaved and oppressed in general, or of a devilish instinct of revenge on the part of outcast Jews in particular,† is not deserving of serious consideration. As a construction of history it is on the level of the philosophy of "The Jolly Beggars"—

- Courts for cowards were erected.  
Churches built to please the priest."

The idea of two diametrically opposed systems of morality will not stand examination for a moment. The two sets of virtues, *so far as they are ethical qualities at all*, are not subversive of one another, but complementary. The modern ideal aims at combining, as far as possible, the excellences of pagan and mediæval virtue. While setting aside ascetic travesties of Christian doctrine, it seeks to avoid the still more dangerous extreme of ignoring what Christianity has done to chasten, to deepen, and to soften the moral temper of mankind. But Nietzsche, holding by the abstract antithesis of the two systems, is goaded by his hatred of Christianity into a more and more extreme statement of the opposed ideal, till he ends by celebrating the rapacity of the beast of prey as the basis, not to say the essence, of all "noble" virtue. When this point is reached, then, doubtless, a fundamental contrast can no longer be denied; but it is the contrast between any

\* "Christianity," writes an English disciple engagingly, "is just a device for enabling inferior human beings to maintain themselves in existence by surreptitious means; it is a psychical device, somewhat analogous to various physical devices for the same purpose, such as the ink of the cuttle-fish, the venom of the serpent, the stench of the skunk, the quills of the porcupine, the various forms of mimicry, &c." "The greatest philosophical discovery of modern times," he remarks, "has been the ascertaining of the true function of Christianity. It is a discovery superior even in importance to Darwin's discovery, to which, however, it really forms the complement and completion. . . . We have at last got a thoroughly scientific philosophy of history, now that the extraordinary phenomenon of Christianity, which was so long an anomaly, has been satisfactorily explained in strict accordance with Darwinian principles." At last!—(*To-Morrow*, July 1896, p. 47.)

† "A Chandala morality born out of resentment and impotent revenge. Paul was the greatest of all apostles of revenge" (xi. 314).

ethically controlled (*i.e.*, any human) life and the merely animal life of instinct and force. "At the basis of all these distinguished races," he tells us, "the beast of prey is not to be mistaken, the magnificent blond beast roaming wantonly in search of victory and prey" ("Genealogie," 38).

"The moralists," he complains, "seem to have a hatred of the primeval forest and the tropics. . . . People utterly misunderstand the beast of prey and the man of prey (Cæsar Borgia, for example), so long as they seek for something morbid at the bottom of these healthiest of all tropical monsters."

He returns more than once to Borgia, and he is never tired in these later books of proclaiming his admiration for the paganism of the Renaissance, as the last great age in European culture. "Virtue in the Renaissance style, *virtù*, virtue free from any moralic acid." In one of the last pages he wrote, he sees the vision of Cæsar Borgia as Pope:

"A spectacle so ingenious, so wonderfully paradoxical at the same time, that all the divinities of Olympus would have had occasion for an immortal peal of laughter. Well, *that* would have been the triumph for which I alone am longing at present: Christianity would have been *done away with*."

But this fair promise of a brighter day was blighted. "Judæa triumphed again immediately, thanks to that thoroughly low-class movement of revenge—of German and English origin—called the Reformation." No doubt an insane desire to shock and defy ordinary opinion has much to do with such utterances; but they prove, none the less, how rapidly his championship of the pagan ideal degenerates into a glorification of mere animalism. And it must do so in the case of a modern European; for, having once attained to the ethical insight of Christianity, mankind cannot revert to a lower type without a conscious apostacy from its own higher self, which makes immoral or sinful what to pre-Christian civilisation might be natural or innocent. In Nietzsche's case the process was hastened by the atmosphere of habitual contempt for his fellow men in which he lived, and which ended by blighting his moral nature to the root.

Hence, although primarily (as has been indicated above) the expression "Beyond Good and Evil" is intended to mean beyond the current Christian or altruistic morality, it becomes, after all, equivalent to a denial of the moral point of view altogether. Forgetful of what he himself says about the strenuousness of the discipline that must be faced by those who would live the higher life, he seemingly falls back upon instinct pure and simple: "Everything good is instinct—and consequently easy, necessary, free." Forgetting what he said about the human ideal, as consisting in the "spiritualisation

of sensuousness" and other impulses, he sets up a purely biological standard of judgment—"the voice of the healthy body," as he puts it in "Zarathustra." "We physiologists" is one of the numerous terms he uses to describe the nature of his doctrine. His closest German disciple and editor, Peter Gast, and the editor of the English translation of his works, Dr. Tille, agree in representing this as the ultimate drift of his thought:

"What he desires," says the former, "is a culture of the ascending life, in contrast to the culture of the descending (Christian, democratic) life which surrounds us. Whereas the latter culture is steeped in the vapours of a sultry, enervating moralism, the culture of the ascending life rises to a sterner, namely, to a purely biological and artistic, conception of man and the world."

One drift of thought, says Dr. Tille, in his preface to the eleventh volume of the works, pervades its somewhat miscellaneous contents:

"Physiology as the criterion of value of whatever is human, whether called art, culture, or religion. Physiology as the sole arbiter of what is great and what is small, what is good and what is bad."

This is put forward with all the naïve enthusiasm of a disciple; but, again, the position will not bear examination. Human life means primarily emancipation from the necessitation of instinct; it means the control and guidance of instinct by a self-conscious being, in the interests of some larger and more permanently satisfying end. Meagre at first, the conception of this end grows with his growth, that is to say, with the progress of the race; but it is the first step that costs. It is the break with instinct that first renders human life possible. Hence to fall back upon instinct here is certainly to get rid of "Moralismus," but at the expense of suppressing the human element altogether. Moreover, to thrust man back in this fashion among his animal predecessors contradicts Nietzsche's own doctrine of aspiration after the "Uebersch." "All beings hitherto," he says in "Zarathustra," "created something beyond themselves; and will ye be the ebb of this great flood and rather return to the animal than overcome and surpass man?" All analogy would indicate that the line of such evolution must lie in the strengthening and deepening of just those attributes which are typically human, as distinguished from those which we share with other animal species.

Nietzsche, however, leaves us in no doubt as to his ultimate position—it is "to translate man back again into nature"; to make legible again upon the palimpsest "the terrible original text, *homo natura*." "Obligation (*Schuldigkeit*) is a stupid old prejudice and misunderstanding." "Remorse of conscience is indecent." "Morality and religion," in short, "belong entirely to the psychology of error." Freewill is

the most disreputable of all the devices of theologians for the purpose of making men 'responsible' in their sense of the word, that is, for the purpose of making them dependent on themselves." Its originators

"were the priests at the head of the old commonwealths. . . . Men were imagined to be free in order that they might be condemned and punished. . . . Now, when we have entered on a movement in the opposite direction, when we immoralists especially endeavour with all our power to remove out of the world the notions of guilt and punishment, and seek to cleanse psychology, history, nature, social institutions, and sanctions from these notions, there is not, in our eyes, any more fundamental antagonism than that of theologians who, with the notion of a moral order of the world, go on tainting the innocence of becoming with punishment and guilt."

And again :

"What naïveté it shows to say 'Man ought to be so-and-so.' Reality exhibits to us an enchanting wealth of types, a luxuriant prodigality of forms and transformations ; and some paltry hodman of a moralist says with regard to it, 'No, man ought to be different.' He even knows *how* man ought to be, this parasite and bigot ; he paints himself on the wall, and says 'Ecce homo.' But even if the moralist directs himself merely to the individual, and says, 'You ought to be so-and-so,' he still continues to make himself ridiculous. The individual in his antecedents and his consequents is a piece of fate. . . . To say to him, 'Alter thyself,' is to require everything to alter itself."

Here at least we have got down to fundamentals, where argument becomes impossible. If any man can accept this position as true, it is vain (as Berkeley said in another connection) to pretend to dispute him out of it. But *if* it is true, one would like to know why Nietzsche should "taint the innocence of becoming" by his frenzied attacks upon modern morality and civilisation. These decadents, with their beliefs and practices, are simply some of nature's "enchanting wealth of types." Surely, to condemn their tendencies, to judge them in any way, is to forget one's *role* and behave like any "paltry hodman of a moralist."

Refutation of the doctrines here arrived at is, I conceive, not called for. Nietzsche has saved his critics trouble, for he has himself drawn the last consequences of his theory. It would be "indecent" to do more. Society has various devices for protecting itself against the recrudescence of "the magnificent blond beast roaming wantonly in search of victory and prey." The ultimate resort is to shoot at sight. The beast, it may be added, is part of the "innocence of becoming," inasmuch as it does not belong to the ethical world at all ; but a man acting upon the instincts of a wild beast is an approximate definition of a devil.

Dr. Tille, Nietzsche's English editor and translator, has laid great stress in his Introduction upon the connection between Nietzsche and Darwin. He has even written a book to prove that Nietzsche's new



morality or no-morality is the first consistent application of the Darwinian theory of natural selection to ethical and social science. Nietzsche himself, as his manner was in his later days of self-idolatry, shows an extreme disinclination to acknowledge intellectual obligations in any quarter. He cites Darwin as one of the mediocre Englishmen who have coarsened the mind of Europe; he is an intellectual plebeian, like all his nation. In other passages he makes some valid criticisms upon the struggle for existence, which he characterises as "an incredibly one-sided doctrine," if taken to be a description of the normal aspect of life in nature.

But, apart from criticisms in detail, the affinity of Nietzsche's main doctrine to the biological theory of natural selection—if not its lineal descent from it—is not to be denied. In the more ingenuous writings of his first period, he blames Strauss severely for grafting upon his praise of Darwin an ethic quite inconsistent with Darwinian principles. "A genuine Darwinian ethic seriously carried out . . . would have to start boldly from the *bellum omnium contra omnes*, and be able to deduce moral precepts for life from the privileges of the stronger." He had not himself at that time elaborated or explicitly accepted such an ethic, as appears from a curious passage in the second of the "Unreasonable Reflections," in which he speaks of the doctrine of "the fluidity of all conceptions, types, and species, the absence of any cardinal distinction between man and beast" as "doctrines which I consider to be true, but *deadly*" (i. 189); but the idea of an ethic on purely naturalistic principles already hovered before his mind, and there was much in his way of thinking, even at this stage, which pointed to such a consummation. Whether we talk of a struggle for existence or a struggle for power is indifferent in an ethical regard; what is common to both is the acceptance of the self-assertion of the strong at the expense of the weak as the universal law of nature, and (when transferred to ethics) as the sufficient law of life. The relentless suppression of the weak is nature's method of improving the physique and capacity of a species; it consequently becomes the corner-stone of the new ethics.

"The weak and ill-constituted shall perish: first principle of *our* charity. And people shall help them to do so (xi. 242). . . . Sympathy thwarts, on the whole, the law of development, which is the law of selection. It preserves what is ripe for extinction; it resists in favour of life's disinherited and condemned ones; it gives to life itself a gloomy and questionable aspect by the abundance of the ill-constituted of all kinds whom it maintains in life. . . . Nothing in our unsound modernism is unsouder than Christian-sympathy. To be a physician here, to be pitiless here, to apply the knife here—that belongs to *us*, that is *our* mode of charity."

Nietzsche has thus the rare merit of (at least theoretical) consistency. In his avowed enterprise of translating man back into nature he has

not weakly evaded any of the consequences which that involves. The contrast between the ethical and the cosmic process is for him only a sign that our so-called ethical progress is in reality a huge mistake—a process of degeneration. “By a morbid process of ‘*Verzärtlichung* and *Vermoralisirung*,’ man, the animal, has ended by learning to be ashamed of all his instincts” (“*Genealogy*,” 72). Back, therefore, to instinct, to “the original text” of man.

Besides this wild-beast theory of ethics, however, Nietzsche carries his pure and unmitigated naturalism to its ultimate conclusion, by denying the validity of the distinction between truth and falsehood. Truth, he says roundly, is the last illusion of the metaphysicians, the last moral prejudice to be parted with. The belief in truth is one of nature's expedients for the preservation of a living creature, or the perfecting of the breed. What is physiologically demanded for the maintenance of life we pronounce to be true. But to suppose that truth is of more value than illusion for such a purpose is “the worst proven assumption in the world.” The question of real truth and falsehood is, in fact, one which, from the point of view of pure naturalism, cannot be raised; it cannot come into consideration as more than “a particular kind of *niaiserie*, such as happens to be necessary for the preservation of beings like us.” Nietzsche stands probably alone among naturalistic thinkers in recognising the necessity of this consequence. It was not always so with him. In the works of his second, or transitional period, he is still in the position of the ordinary “free-thinker”; devotion to truth is still his ideal, and intellectual honesty the virtue on which he loves to descant. But in the “*Genealogy of Morality*” he turns round to twit “all these pale atheists” with their enslavement to this last and most seductive form of the ascetic ideal:

“These are still far from being *free* spirits, for they still believe in truth. When the Christian crusaders in the East came upon the invincible Order of Assassins, that order of free-thinkers *par excellence*, whose lowest grade lived in an obedience such as no monkish order ever realised, they got a hint by some means or other of the symbol and password that was reserved for the higher grades alone, as their *secretum*: ‘Nothing is true, everything is permitted.’ “*Nichts ist wahr, alles ist erlaubt*. . . Well, that was freedom of spirit” (p. 184).

It is to the credit of Nietzsche's intellectual insight that he perceived the necessity of this conclusion; it is characteristic of his peculiar courage that he did not shrink from formulating it. But a conclusion which involves the complete disintegration both of morality and of knowledge is, at most, a *reductio ad absurdum* of the premisses which lead to it. To be more accurate, there can be no conclusion, no argument at all, where there is no standard of truth. In such a case one man's word is as good as another's, and Nietzsche becomes

the victim of the same dilemma which Plato pressed upon Protagoras : if we are to argue at all, he must admit that the opinion of those who think him false is just as true as the thesis he himself defends. Originality in philosophy is not easy of attainment. Nietzsche's ethical teaching is as old as Callicles in the *Gorgias*. His theory of knowledge, with its denial of any objective standard, and its substitution of the beneficial for the true, is anticipated almost verbally in the Protagoreanism which is combated in the *Theatetus*. And yet he is a phenomenon not without significance at the present juncture, as representing in their most concentrated and logically consistent form ideas which have subtly permeated much of our literature, and which voice themselves to-day in the Press with a boldness which would have been impossible twenty years ago. The rehabilitation of the flesh, in Heine's phrase, the unchaining of the slumbering beast in man, the denial of responsibility, the repudiation of the very idea of moral discipline—these are the forces that in many quarters have come once more to the front. The battle is set in array by the powers of anarchy and animalism against the whole ideal of Christian, that is to say, of modern, civilisation. In one sense, Nietzsche's views may be unworthy of serious discussion, and Nietzsche himself largely a study in mental pathology. It is because he presents us with the naked issues of this conflict that the foregoing analysis of his ideas has been undertaken.

A. SETH PRINGLE PATTISON.

## HOW CHINA MAY YET BE SAVED.

THE policy to which the British Government stands committed in the Far East is based on the fundamental principle and assumption that China will continue to exist as a nation and an empire. Other Powers have acted as if its disruption was so inevitable that they must assist by hastening the process. England alone has refrained from exacting concessions from China and adding to her embarrassments, for the lease of Wei-hai-Wei is well known to be only a formality to secure its retention for Japan, or perhaps it would be more correct to say to prevent Russia from securing the other "folding leaf of the gate to Peking," to use the picturesque description given of Port Arthur and Wei-hai-Wei in 1894 by the Emperor of Japan. As prudent men, as the holders of the largest stake in the trade and development of the Chinese dominions, we are bound to adopt a policy calculated to secure our objects and to enable us to maintain the position we have so long possessed. The test of our policy in the Far East will be in its results. Is that policy to which we are for the moment committed likely to be successful? What are the chances one way or the other? Let us also not close our eyes to the fact that the course we pursue can and will be subjected to comparison with the alternative policy open to us of coming to an arrangement with Russia for the division of China into recognised spheres of authority, influence, and in the end absolute possession. Our policy is on the face of it the less self-seeking and the nobler; but if it fails of success the future will pronounce it the inferior, and our descendants will blame us for having lost the whole where we might have secured a part.

The question of the hour in the Far East is then: How China may yet be saved; and it is encouraging to feel that Japan regards the

situation from the same point of view, and that she, like England, does not wish to be a spoliator, but a preserver. But if encouragement is to be found in this quarter, there is no corresponding ground for hope in China *under the existing régime*. The thing to be done is difficult enough; but it is rendered of immensely greater difficulty by the fact that China cannot save herself, and that she will have to be saved in her own despite.

China cannot save herself. If the absolute indisputable truth of this assertion were realised, we should have the satisfaction of seeing Englishmen in the Far East brace themselves to such an effort as Clive made in India against the French and Stamford Raffles in the Archipelago against the Dutch. Nothing less will suffice to beat Russia in China, and if I can reveal in some degree the present helplessness of China, and the hopeless ignorance and imbecility of her chief representatives, some glimmering of the truth may dawn upon the mind of the reader of these pages.

Li Hung Chang is the most prominent, the most experienced, and in a sense the most clever of Chinese officials. If he is not alive to the needs of the situation, we may reasonably conclude that no other Chinese Minister is. He came to England in August 1896, and it was my privilege to have two long interviews with him. The object of those interviews was to expound his policy, and to place it in the clearest and most favourable light before the British public. The political interests of China, the personal interests of Li Hung Chang at that moment, both pointed to the necessity of candour, and, as China wanted a great deal from England, it was equally obvious that she ought to cede something on her side, and, when she asked for an improved tariff, she should have been prepared to give an equivalent in increased facilities for trade. To no one should these plain facts have been clearer than to Li Hung Chang, on the assumption that he possessed a clear mind and a modicum of common sense. Yet he was not to be induced or led into any view of the situation other than that China was entitled, as a strict matter of justice, to the same tariff favours as Japan had just obtained, and that England's withholding them was tantamount to an act of injustice towards China. He ignored all that Japan had done to deserve the favour and to inspire confidence, and he refused to promise a single concession in return. With a cynical, but dangerous, humour he wished it to be given to the world that virtue was to be its own reward; and this was the man whom we now know to have had in his portfolio at the very moment of my interviews with him the Secret Convention signed with Prince Lobanoff a few weeks before at Moscow. Unbendingly punctilious towards England, the country that had refused to play the part of false friend, Li Hung Chang, the figure-head, if not the soul, of Chinese policy, had signed away the rights of his emperor

over the most important strategical point on the Chinese coast, and had acquiesced in Russia's procuring that vitally important Liaotung Peninsula, which China herself had paid the Japanese six millions sterling to relinquish.

But, if Li Hung Chang showed complete indifference to the necessity of give and take in a bargain that was essential for the continued vigour, if not existence, of the Peking administration, his obtuseness was still more remarkable when the points discussed were the present condition of his country and the manner in which he could best and most quickly recover from the knock-down blow administered by Japan. According to him, time was of no importance; a solution would be found for all China's troubles in the course of—cycles. And when I pointed out that not a month, not a day, should be lost, not in buying ships, which are absolutely useless to China in the present stage of her existence, but in preparing for the military defence of Manchuria against Russian encroachment, he replied that the Russian Siberian railway would not be completed for many years, and that when completed it would be a single line, to which he attached no very great importance. The reply to this survey of the political situation through the spectacles of China's leading man was given, eighteen months after the words were uttered, by the hoisting of the Russian flag at Port Arthur and Talienwan.

Li Hung Chang spoke not only for himself but for his order. The Chinese mandarin is absolutely oblivious of all considerations of time. Even when he makes up his mind to do a thing it never enters his head that there is a difference between doing it at once, or in a year or in ten years. In this respect Chang Yin Huan, the special Ambassador for the Diamond Jubilee, was of the same view as Li Hung Chang. The sleek occupants of the Yamens, the officials who can utilise their positions for the perpetration of what are known as "squeezes," have no appreciation for national necessities or perils, and cling tightly to the belief that "all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds." Since the shadow of Shimonoseki fell upon China nothing whatever has been done beyond the acquisition of a few ships and the engagement of Captain Dundas to resume the work which Admiral Lang so admirably performed. By no possibility can these vessels, this nucleus of a new fleet, exercise the least beneficial influence on China's chances in collision with Russia or with Germany, France, Japan, and England, the five Powers from whom directly or indirectly she has to apprehend aggression and spoliation. The position is almost inconceivable, and must at any rate be remote when a Chinese fleet should turn the scale of maritime power in the waters of the Far East. These facts are beyond dispute, and as China has done absolutely nothing to strengthen her position, except in a mistaken direction, it follows as a matter of course that she is in no better

condition to defend herself than she was on the morrow of her defeat by the Japanese. The primary cause of this neglect has been the blindness and want of energy of the Chinese officials actually in power whose maximum capacity of effort has only amounted to the giving of certain orders in foreign shipyards, and the payment of the requisite number of million dollars. But it must also be admitted that some of their foreign advisers have taken a mistaken view of the situation, and incited them to devote their chief energy to the navy instead of to the army without which China cannot defend her own frontiers.

The chief responsibility for the situation in China, and the helplessness to which that country is reduced while others decide her fate, devolves upon Li Hung Chang and the Empress Dowager, the two personages who have possessed the ruling power during the last generation. Even now they are the most powerful members of the Chinese oligarchy, and it was entirely through their subservience to Russia that the final stages of the lease of Port Arthur and Talienwan were hurried through so rapidly, and for Russia so successfully. The complaisance of those distinguished persons to a foreign Power which has shown itself extremely exacting to their own country has not unnaturally given rise to the darkest suspicions, of which one censor bolder than the rest has made himself the exponent; but without going into that matter, it may reasonably be declared that patriotism, in the general acceptation of the term, has not been the guiding motive in their conduct. Had it been so they would not have gone out of their way to rivet the chains round their country, and to facilitate the incorporation of all the possessions beyond the Wall in the territory of the great White Tsar, who by their co-operation can now look forward with some degree of confidence to the day when one of his descendants will occupy the Dragon Throne. The measure of condemnation is not diminished by the fact that during the twenty-five years that these personages held undisputed power, and could order things just as they pleased, they neglected the essential duties of their position and allowed the defences of their country to sink into such a state of decay, unreadiness, and make-believe as to leave it the helpless victim of Japanese aggression. The same mode of doing things is in fashion now, and the same all-powerful individuals—for in their hands the Emperor has become a mere tool—are preparing for China a similar pitfall to that of 1894-5, only on this occasion the result will be less remediable and probably fatal.

Enough has been said to justify the assertion that under the present *régime*, in the hands of those who still wield the effective power of the Chinese Government, there is not the remotest chance of China being able to save herself, and time will not be granted to retrieve the mistakes committed at the present juncture. Time is of the first

importance in the problem, and in replying to the question at the head of this paper, how China may yet be saved, the very first point on which stress must be laid is that if the forward movement of Russia can be checked for a few years, if the further development of the process of disintegrating China can be arrested, the first step will have been taken towards defeating the ends of the ambitious policy of Russia. On the British Government it depends exclusively whether this respite can be secured, and whether with the co-operation of Japan it will make a firm stand against the further encroachment of any foreign Power on Chinese territory. The British Government will have to do a great deal more than it has yet achieved or attempted. It began with a flourish of trumpets about "the open door," and for a moment it stood firm in its purpose by placing British men of war alongside Russian in the harbour of Port Arthur. But it has since abated its pretensions, and put up with a very inadequate and deceptive arrangement as the equivalent for the principle of equal freedom and admission for all nationalities and for commerce at every point where China makes concessions to a Treaty Power. The Foreign Office is stated to have received an assurance from Russia that at Taliénwan and Port Arthur, England shall enjoy equal trading rights with herself. When Sir Nicholas O'Connor received this promise from Count Mouravieff, he was apparently so surprised at it that he submitted his telegram to the Russian Foreign Minister for the confirmation of its accuracy before despatching it. Until Russia made this plausible statement the relations between the two Empires were alleged to be in a highly dangerous and critical state, but since this assurance perfect harmony is supposed to have been restored.

Yet nothing has been done or is ever likely to be done to give reality to the promises made by Russia at Port Arthur and Taliénwan. They are military and not commercial stations. No English merchant would deem it worth his while to establish himself under the Russian ægis there any more than has been thought safe or profitable at Vladivostock. The Russian promise is and is known to be a meaningless verbal statement made to facilitate the progress of diplomacy, and no one thinks it worth while to insist that the true character of the Russian engagement shall be discovered by a prompt demand for its natural concomitants if sincerely made, viz., the marking out of a British concession and the appointment of a British Consul. Nor is this hollow arrangement confined to our relations with Russia. Germany has made a similar declaration with regard to Kiaochao, but no one thinks of encroaching on the preserve she has acquired there although it is every day being made clearer that she is obtaining a monopoly for railways and mines in the province of Shantung, and consequently in the direction eventually of Peking. The same remarks apply



equally to the territory acquired by France in the south. What British merchant will be inclined to establish himself in the bay of Kwang-chau-wan? Leaving aside the empty and meaningless forms employed for allaying the irritation of the Foreign Office, the country, and our merchants in the East, have to face the unpleasant fact that the natural outlets of three great provinces of China—Talienwan for Manchuria, Kiaochao for Shantung, and Kwang-chau-wan for Kwangsi—have passed into the hands of our trade and political rivals. The loss thus entailed is considerable, but the true significance of the loss will only become apparent as the decrepitude of China reaches the final stage of disintegration.

The future depends, therefore, on the course of events in China herself, and on the point whether she can be restored to a condition enabling her to take her part in defending her own existence. The surrender of territory made by the men now in power may, if those who are vitally interested in the resuscitation of China only prove equal to the occasion, be deprived of all alarming or injurious consequences. The restoration of China to something approaching the military power her population and resources would enable her to possess, on the condition that an efficient organisation were provided, would settle the problem in a different fashion from what is contemplated at St. Petersburg. But two preliminary facts are clear. The re-organisation of Chinese power will not be effected by the instrumentality of either Li Hung Chang or the Empress Dowager. Their public proceedings during thirty years were condemned by the fiasco of 1894-5, and since the peace of Shimonoseki they have shown themselves devoid of patriotism and content to play no other part than that of the tools of Russia. We must look elsewhere for associates and allies, and at Peking the only man of position who has shown throughout the crisis since Germany laid her hands on Kiaochao, and Russia demanded the fulfilment of the Secret Treaty, true patriotism and a statesman-like grasp of the situation has been Prince Kung. This Prince is the uncle of the Emperor, and is the most experienced statesman China possesses, having negotiated with Lord Elgin in 1860 the Convention by which the Tientsin treaty was ratified. Since then he has presided for long periods over the Tsungli Yamen or Chinese Foreign Office, and on three separate occasions he has opposed the policy and plots of Li Hung Chang and the Empress Dowager. On each occasion it is proper to state that he got the worst of the trial of strength, and for the ten years from 1884 to the end of 1894 he was in disgrace and out of office. The waning of Li Hung Chang's star in consequence of the Japanese triumph brought him back to the Presidentship of the Tsungli Yamen, but he has again been beaten by his more powerful antagonists, and sooner than sign away the rights of his country in the Liaotung Peninsula, he has resigned his office.

For the moment Prince Kung is helpless, but if our diplomacy were as active in the Chinese capital as Russia's was under Count Cassini or that of France under M. Gerard, it would not be long before there existed a powerful pro-British party at Peking, and Prince Kung would be its leader.

But it is not at Peking that an attempt should be made to save the situation. The influence that this country could exert there must be regarded as for the time in abeyance. We shall have to bring the necessary pressure to bear on the existing Government for the execution of the treaty provisions, but that is no reason for our closing our eyes to the fact that the Peking administration is moribund, and that no effort of ours is likely to revive it. Where then are we to look for the persons and machinery needed to give China a reformed Government capable of maintaining its independence? Whatever the future may have in store for us or for other nations in the Far East, it will be long before any one will deliberately project the conquest of any of the thickly peopled provinces of China. The conquest would be the easier part of the task. Ten thousand disciplined and well-armed troops would no doubt march through China, but after the victories were won there would remain the stupendous task of governing several hundred millions of people. History shows us that the Chinese have often been conquered, but never ruled without the conquering race becoming assimilated with and absorbed by the conquered. Russia has it in her power to detach large parts of the Chinese Empire, because they are held by a very scanty population, and their administration will present no graver difficulty than the improvement of communications. Even the conquest of Manchuria would not be a great strain on the power of Russia, and every one regards it as already commenced, and as likely to be completed concurrently with the railway to the Pacific. But the conquest of those regions of China beyond the Wall would be unimportant and probably temporary, if the years required by Russia for its accomplishment witnessed the revival of China by the creation of a new and reformed Government. While Russia is carrying out her mission, let us not waste our strength and temper in making idle protests or in endeavouring to arrest her progress by accepting promises that can never be fulfilled. Let us not do anything so vain and silly as to receive assurances such as those given by Count Mouravieff and apparently believed in by Mr. Curzon; but let us attend to our own business and carry out our mission with the same pertinacity and steadiness of purpose as characterise the policy of our formidable rival.

That mission is fortunately as clearly defined for us as Russia's is for her. The realisation of her destiny will entail the destruction of China; the task we have to set ourselves is to save China, not by

encroaching on her territory, and appropriating what we deem our share, but by pursuing a policy of studious moderation, and by supporting those elements of regeneration in China which can be easily discovered if we only look for them. Li Hung Chang, the Empress Dowager, and the individuals of their party who have allied themselves with Russia, are after all not the only persons in China who can exercise an influence on their country's fate. Their actions are not approved of even at Peking where Prince Kung has done his best to support a more worthy and a wiser policy. Outside the capital the sense of disapproval at China's rights in Port Arthur having been sold to Russia is more deeply felt and loudly expressed, and one of the censors has had the courage to call Li Hung Chang a traitor. It is unnecessary to endorse the charge, for it is sufficient to assume that with the same blindness that made him think China could beat Japan in 1894 he has now persuaded himself of the value of Russia's friendship. In the provincial capitals and centres of trade and population the opinion of the Chinese is less fettered, and can be more freely expressed. The Viceroy at Nankin and Hankow have been no parties to the surrender of Port Arthur, and already there are indications that Chang Che Tung and Liu Kun Yi will willingly accept aid from any one who can render it for the benefit of their country.

These men are known, but there must be thousands of others eager and ready to do all they can to save their country, and to prevent its falling under a foreign yoke. They are to be found installed in the fertile and thickly peopled provinces watered by the great river Yangtsekiang, and this region is the part of China that England will never allow any other Power to control. It is a region that we can control as easily and as effectually by means of our ships as Russia can Mongolia and Manchuria through the Siberian railway. Instead of being a vast, thinly populated region it includes the finest provinces of the Middle Kingdom, the bulk of its industry and trade, and, above all, the best representatives of the Chinese nation. Already there is some indication of a new resolution among these officials, and if it is premature to declare that they have actually formed a league for the substitution of a new dynasty on the Manchu throne, it is both true and encouraging that they are soliciting the aid and advice of Japanese instructors in the task of learning how to defend their possessions. But this is the task in which Englishmen and not Japanese should be engaged. Japan has her clearly denoted sphere, but the valley of the Yangtsekiang appertains to England, and it is on the countrymen of General Gordon that the task of properly securing it devolves by inheritance and by right. We must hope that no lack of energy, no spurious sentiment, will deter us from taking the necessary steps to secure a firm position without the annexation

of a foot of territory in that part of China where the seeds of future greatness and security are abundant.

This is not a task for our Government. The Cabinet declarations, the subtle but unmeaning euphemisms of Downing Street, will be barren of result, and if we trust to them history will record a long series of diplomatic defeats at the hands of the abler, because less fettered, representatives of Russia. But it is essentially the problem and the undertaking that should appeal to the old instincts of the British race. Our trade predominance, the influence of our name, and the efficacy of our example are all equally threatened by the machinations and measures of Powers which have at heart no object for the general benefit and which are pledged to the same selfish principle of monopoly as Stamford Raffles vanquished in the Straits eighty years ago. Is it hopeless to expect that some man of equal courage and confidence will appear to save our rights on the China littoral? Gordon saved China from much misery and disintegration thirty-five years ago. We cannot expect to command such men at every crisis in our fate, but the British Army possesses a large number of officers ready for any task and capable of training the unlimited supply of men China possesses. There is no need for an excessive army. One hundred thousand trained troops would be able to save Peking from sharing the fate of Manchuria, and that number could be easily raised in the lower Yangtse Valley, and properly equipped and paid for out of the resources of Nankin, Hankow and Shanghai.

There is no difficulty in indicating the machinery by which this force could be created. In the Taiping rebellion the native Chinese merchants formed themselves into a patriotic guild and provided the money for the Ever Victorious Army. They are still there and constitute one of the most flourishing communities in China. Their interests are bound up in the preservation of peace, and they would heartily support any scheme that promised well and was properly promoted. This would be a beginning and 5000 trained troops would suffice as the nucleus of an efficient army. Chang Che Tung and Liu Kun Yi dispose at this moment of more than 100,000 so-called troops, but for purposes of war they are useless and the money expended on them has been laid out in vain. When they saw the results achieved at Shanghai they would soon range themselves on the side of the reformers, and as it is unnecessary to pin one's faith to any individuals, others if not these officials would be induced to shake off their lethargy. Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton very rightly expressed his scepticism as to an empire with a history like China's succumbing without an effort, but to equip it for a great effort with a powerful European opponent, a systematic plan and the direction of qualified officers are essential. China can only be saved by the possession of an army recruited in the central provinces. A navy is a useless

possession, for China is not threatened from the sea, and when England and Japan are obliged, as they will be, to take the Chinese under their protection, she will be perfectly safe in that direction. But it is to be hoped that no time will be lost in beginning, and that no official control will hamper, the measures necessary to provide the needed military organisation. The situation calls for adventurers, but the task is congenial, for "England was made by her adventurers." A soldier is wanted on the Yangtsekiang to do what Gordon did in that region in 1863-5, and what Sir Herbert Kitchener has done more recently in the Soudan.

The part that Japan has to play in the Far East is as clearly defined as our own, and it is one that calls for our sympathy and support. Russia has secured in Port Arthur and Talienwan the outlet for her Siberian railway in an ice-free port. It will be recollected that Japan obtained those places as the prize of war, and was compelled to surrender them by the Triple Alliance of the Far East. She is also to lose in form or reality Wei-hai-Wei, held as a gauge for the indemnity, and in this manner she will again find herself excluded from the mainland of Asia. This position will be intolerable to the high spirit and national confidence of the Japanese. It is also not in accordance with our interests that the Power most well disposed to us, and best able to co-operate with us on sea and on land, should be ousted from the continent on which she must play a prominent part either with or against us. Fortunately it is clear what she ought to have and what will satisfy her. The kingdom of Corea devolves to her share by right of her past sacrifices and successes. Russia will resist, but she will be too wise under present circumstances to seek to prevent it by other than diplomatic means, and they should be futile if England is sincere in her support of Japan. British action on the Yangtsekiang, Japanese in Corea, are the two preliminary moves in the direction of saving China. They can be achieved with the co-operation of the mass of the Chinese people, and success, far from adding to the responsibilities of the British Government, will tend to diminish them, by enabling the Chinese to fight their own battles and preserve their independence. But it must not be supposed that a policy of inaction will suffice for the occasion. China has immense latent resources and the material for a fine army, but she has neither initiative nor system, and her existing administration at Peking is irreclaimable. It rests in the hands of Englishmen whether China is to be saved, or to be allowed to pass under the thrall of those who will know how to turn her ponderous strength to the subjugation of the civilised world.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

## RUSSIA AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LONG SPOON.

"The expected happened, and Russia did go down to Port Arthur and to Taliénwan. As to the way in which Russia secured that occupation, as to the representations which were made and repudiated as soon as they were made, as to the promises which were given and broken a fortnight afterwards, I had better perhaps say nothing, except I have always thought that it was a very wise proverb, 'Who sups with the devil must have a long spoon.'"

—MR. CHAMBERLAIN at Birmingham,  
May 13, 1898.

WHAT is the truth about Russia and Port Arthur? The popular impression which has been diligently created by Ministers for their own obvious ends is that Russia has given the world a crowning demonstration of the duplicity and trickiness of her diplomats, and that henceforth there can be no relations between the two Empires save those which exist between the swindler and his victim. "Never no more!" says *Mr. Punch*, at the foot of Mr. Tenniel's clever but mischievous cartoon, which sums up in a nutshell the prevalent impression purposely produced by Ministers to screen themselves. The British Lion habited as a railway porter endeavours to wheel a bale labelled British goods past a ticket office inscribed "Taliénwan Free Port," where sits the Russian Bear as ticket collector:

BRITISH LION: What? Not come in here? Why you gave me your word!

RUSSIAN BEAR: My friend! *How* you misunderstand me!

BRITISH LION: Do I? All right. Never no more!

"Never no more!" is the cry raised in the press and echoed in Parliament. "Russia has tricked us. We will never trust her again." So goes the popular legend, which Mr. Chamberlain, in his usual blunt, brutal fashion, serves up to his constituents in the passage quoted at the head of this article, in which he, a Minister of the Queen, publicly gives Russia the lie, and calls her a devil with whom we can only sup with the proverbial long spoon. The phraseology of

the New Diplomacy with the Brummagen trade mark, it must be admitted, bears an astonishing resemblance to the vernacular of the gutter; but let that pass. What we have to examine is the justice of his accusation.

The facts of the case lie in comparatively small compass. The evidence cannot be disputed—at least by Ministers—for it is their own. They have carefully edited the despatches, suppressing as is usual in such publications whatever it would be inconvenient to publish, and taking very good care that the case was presented as favourably to themselves as possible. I make no complaint about that. All Governments do it. It is indeed obvious that the publication of official reports of secret negotiations can only be permitted subject to large reserved privileges on the part of the officials in the shape of editing, mutilating, and suppressing. Even in the United States, where secret diplomacy is held in abhorrence, the official papers relating to the proposed intervention in Cuba in 1876 were suppressed until 1897, the Administration deliberately deceiving the representatives of the nation by a sophistical distinction between written and oral communications not unworthy to take its place beside Mr. Chamberlain's fine-drawn difference between the Raid, of which he knew nothing, and the preparations for supporting an insurrection at Johannesburg to which he was a party. The most flagrant case on record of the extent to which official papers may sometimes be tampered with was the well-known "Bokhara Burnes" case, in which Lord Palmerston defended the India Office for having deliberately mutilated State papers, to the detriment of a loyal representative of the Crown, in order to get themselves out of a scrape, and bolster up their foolish and criminal policy in Afghanistan. There is no suggestion that anything for a moment comparable to the suppression of the Hawkesley correspondence by Mr. Chamberlain in 1897, or the mutilation of the Burnes despatches in 1838, has taken place in the compilation of the China papers. But it is well to remember that we have not got all the correspondence, but only a carefully edited selection, purposely put together to put the best face upon the Ministerial policy.

Further, let it be remembered that we have, in most cases, not the actual text of what Russian Ministers said, but only the report in English of the substance of what our representatives understood that they said in French. Of course no one for a moment would suggest that Ministers or Ambassadors misrepresented, or in any way gave a dishonest version of what was said to them. But these very papers prove how very easy it is for Ministers to mistake or overstate or colour the declarations made to them by the Russian Ambassador. Lord Salisbury opened the Session by declaring that he had received written assurances from the Russian Government that Talienwan was to be a free port. So far from this being an accurate transcript of

what the Russian Ambassador had stated, Lord Salisbury was compelled to admit that he was wrong in both particulars. There had been no written assurances, and the promise about Talienwan was not that it should be a free port, but an open port.

"The word used by your Excellency was, I understand, 'ouvert,' and it would have been better if I had said 'an open port' instead of using the word 'free,' which seemed to me to be the equivalent (!), but which is, of course, in some degree ambiguous."—*China Correspondence*: Lord Salisbury to M. de Staal, February 15, 1898, p. 40.

But we have not to deal so much with Lord Salisbury, who has been guilty of no blazing indiscretion in his references to the action of Russia. He has left that rôle to Mr. Chamberlain. It is Mr. Chamberlain who has accused Russia of breaking her word, of repudiating her assurances, of being the devil whose guests need long spoons. But no one in all the world knows so well as Mr. Chamberlain how easy it is to misunderstand statements made by a Minister, to overstate their purport, and to misrepresent their meaning in perfect good faith. To prove this it is only necessary to refer to Mr. Chamberlain's explanations before the South Africa Committee of such of the suppressed telegrams as were permitted to come out. Mr. Chamberlain posed as a misrepresented man. Dr. Harris misunderstood him; Mr. Maguire misrepresented him; Miss Flora Shaw exaggerated; everybody, in short, who had anything to do with the Colonial Office fell into a most extraordinary way of construing what Mr. Chamberlain said as something much more serious than what he meant. Yet all the bevy of misrepresenting emissaries who kept cabling to Mr. Rhodes that the Colonial Office wanted him to hurry up, and that Mr. Chamberlain insisted on the British flag, &c. &c., were persons who were talking in their mother tongue to Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Fairfield, and the rest. Might not Mr. Chamberlain reflect for a moment whether it would not be both charitable and diplomatic to interpret Sir N. O'Connor's telegrams about Count Mouravieff's assurances with the same liberality he insisted should be applied to the cablegrams of Mr. Rhodes's envoys about their interviews with him?

All this, however, by the way. In order to vindicate the honour and good faith of the Russian Government in the whole of its dealings with us about Port Arthur and Talienwan, I do not need to resort to the suggestion that it is possible the Russian Ministers have been misreported. As a matter of fact, I think that a more exact rendering of their words would have obviated some misunderstanding and prevented some misconception. But let us suppose that all the British versions of Russian assurances were as exact, let us say, as Mr. Rhodes believed the reports of his friends to be when they assured him that the Colonial Office and Mr. Chamberlain were kept



posted concerning his conspiracy in South Africa, and let us try the question raised by Mr. Chamberlain on the assumption that the official papers are absolutely correct. I have no hesitation whatever in saying that, on the papers as they stand, with one solitary and ridiculous exception, Russia's vindication is complete.

The question, be it observed, that is raised by Mr. Chamberlain is not whether Russia was right or wrong in desiring to obtain possession of Port Arthur and Talienwan, or whether she was right or wrong in deciding to regard Northern China as her exclusive sphere of influence. The question is whether, in order to attain her ends, Russia deceived us, tricked us, broke her word, repudiated any assurances, or in any way justified us in accusing her of acting with bad faith. And on that question so stated I feel confident that no candid, impartial judge can read through these papers without coming to the conclusion that the conduct of Russia throughout has been characterised by an almost inconceivable candour, and a positive mania for thrusting the butt end of her policy in first. If that seems a strong statement, it can be proved up to the very hilt. So now let us to our task. To the law and the testimony!

#### I. THE RUSSIAN SPHERE OF INFLUENCE.

The object of Russian policy, one of the means of attaining which was the occupation of Port Arthur and Talienwan, is admittedly the establishment of an exclusive influence over Northern China. It may be very wrong in Russia to desire to establish such an influence, but, right or wrong, she is shown in the China correspondence to have lost no opportunity of flaunting her determination in the face of our Government. To judge from Mr. Chamberlain's speech and the frothy nonsense that foams in the Jingo papers, Russia masked her purpose by misleading assurances, and only showed her hand at the last moment, after a series of glozing statements intended to throw us off our guard. The very contrary is the fact.

As far back as last October, the Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Peking demanded the dismissal of Mr. Kinder, chief constructor of the North China Extension Railway, expressly because it was the declared policy of the Russian Government to exclude all but Russian influence from Northern China. The following is our Ambassador's report of the declaration made to him by M. Pavloff:

"M. Pavloff said that he had no personal feelings against Mr. Kinder; indeed, thought him an exceedingly capable man. The reasons for the somewhat strong representations which he had made to the Tsung-li Yamèn against Mr. Kinder's employment on the Northern Extension line were as follows:

"Some months ago, shortly after the return of Li Hung Chang from his

mission to St. Petersburg, the Chinese Government had informed the Russian Minister that they had no intention of continuing the Northern line, but if at any time they did continue it, owing to the particularly friendly relations existing between the Russian and Chinese Governments, they would in the first instance address themselves to Russian engineers and employ, if necessary, Russian capital. It was therefore with considerable surprise and some alarm that he had heard that the construction of the Northern line was to be actively carried out under the superintendence of an English engineer with English capital; it was this *breach of faith* on the part of the Chinese Government that had made him make his representations to the Tsung-li Yamèn stronger than he otherwise would have done; he had told the Tsung-li Yamèn that it would be more correct to entrust railway lines which approached the Russian frontier to Russian engineers, and added that he would consider it improper to entrust any lines which approached the Burmese frontier to Russians.

"M. Pavloff said that there was no wish to get rid of Mr. Kinder because he was an Englishman, but because he was not a Russian: for *he must tell me frankly that the Russian Government intended that the provinces of China bordering on the Russian frontier must not come under the influence of any nation except Russia.*

"M. Pavloff said that it was not his desire or that of his Government that Mr. Kinder should be retired; on the contrary, they would be glad to see him promoted, but to some other line. However, he hoped that some arrangement might be arrived at which would satisfy all parties, and he had suggested to the Chinese Government that the line might be commenced at the northern end, under the superintendence of Russian engineers, and met somewhere midway."—*China Correspondence*, No. 1, 1898: Sir C. MacDonald to Lord Salisbury, October 19, 1897, p. 5.

The italics are mine. This is a declaration of policy sufficiently clear, precise, and decisive to satisfy any one. There is about it a certain John Bull like doggedness and defiance which even Mr. Chamberlain should appreciate. There appears to have been some misunderstanding between Peking and St. Petersburg as to the precise application of the policy of exclusion, which was cleared up by an interview between Mr. W. E. Goschen and M. Basily (*ib.* December 28, 1897, p. 13). Ultimately the Russian Government instructed M. Pavloff to abandon his demand for the dismissal of Mr. Kinder, who accordingly still remains in charge of the line he has constructed (*ib.* March 20, 1898, p. 49). But there has been no withdrawal of the declaration as to the avowed object of Russia's policy. Lord Salisbury never protested against it, and the Russians soon took an opportunity of asserting it as emphatically at London as they had done at Peking.

## II. THE ICE-FREE PORT.

Sir C. MacDonald, however, appears to have decided to bring matters to a head. He had M. Pavloff's frank declaration before him, and by way of challenging Russia to a trial of strength, he proposed—and Lord Salisbury lightly accepted the proposal—that, as

one of the conditions of the proposed loan, Talienwan should be made a treaty port (*ib.* December 30, 1897, p. 11). There is no attempt at concealment on the part of our Ambassador as to why he made this proposal. "Talienwan was the only port giving free access to north during winter," and he pointed out to the Chinese Government that by making it a treaty port they would "protect it against annexation" (*ib.* January 16, 1898, p. 18). In other words, Sir C. MacDonald proposed to deprive the Russians of the only port which would enable Russia to obtain that commercial outlet to an ice-free sea to which Mr. Balfour had invited them in February 1896. The Russians regarded this as a piece of sharp practice which they bitterly resented. Who can wonder at it? Look at the facts. In February 1896 Mr. Balfour, speaking at Bristol, said :

"I for my part frankly state that, so far from regarding with fear and jealousy a commercial outlet for Russia in the Pacific, I should look upon such a result as a distinct advance in that far distant region; and I am convinced that not only would Russia gain by it and the world generally, but that British commerce and enterprise would also be gainers."

Mr. Balfour himself, speaking on January 10, 1898, to his constituents, in apparently blissful ignorance of the significance of Sir C. MacDonald's proposal about Talienwan, repeated and confirmed his invitation to Russia to take an ice-free Chinese port.

"I said that I regarded without fear or dislike the idea of a Russian outlet of commerce below the line of winter and ice. I adhere to that statement."

Now there is no other port but Talienwan that is ice-free in Northern China. The Russians therefore, who had regarded Mr. Balfour's speech as having virtually invited them to make Talienwan in Mr. Balfour's own phrase "a commercial outlet for Russia," or "a Russian outlet of commerce," naturally saw in Sir C. MacDonald's proposal an attempt to filch their promised outlet by converting it into a treaty port. It may be argued that if it had been made a treaty port, Russia could still have used it. But it would not have been "a Russian outlet," and it is evident from the despatches that the Russian Government regarded Mr. Balfour's speech as having virtually made Talienwan over to them in the name of the world in general and of British commerce and enterprise in particular.

"Her Majesty's Government," said M. Mouravieff, "having in public speech recognised the right of Russia to have an open port, it was hardly to be expected that the Russian Government would approve of the demand" (*ib.* January 26, 1898, p. 29).

When Mr. Balfour said "a Russian outlet," and publicly affirmed the right of Russia "to have an open port," who can blame the Russians

for thinking that he meant that they should have a port, if not of their very own, in these waters, then at least one under their own control; and as Taliénwan was the only ice-free port, it followed that he meant them to have and to hold Taliénwan, the very place of all others which Mr. Balfour's representative was pressing the Yamén to make a treaty port expressly to frustrate Russia's "ulterior designs on the place"!

Russia's designs were in no sense "ulterior" in the sense of being concealed. They were at once frankly brought to the front at Pekin, at Petersburg, and at London.

At Pekin the Yamén said the Russian Chargé d'Affaires had protested, under instructions from his Government, against the opening in the strongest manner, and had warned them that they would incur the hostility of Russia by doing so (*ib.* January 16, 1898, p. 18).

In London, M. de Staal

"urged very strongly that if we insisted on making Taliénwan an open port we should be encroaching on the Russian sphere of influence, and denying her in future that right to the use of Port Arthur to which the progress of events had given her a claim" (*ib.* January 19, 1898, p. 22).

At St. Petersburg, Sir N. O'Connor reports:

"Count Mouravieff next spoke to me of a rumour that had reached him to the effect that the opening of Taliénwan as a treaty port was to be one of the conditions of the loan. This, he said, he could not regard as a friendly action, if it were true" (*ib.* January 19, 1898, p. 23).

Again on January 26 Count Mouravieff repeated his objection, on the ground that Russia's right to an ice-free port having been publicly recognised by her Majesty's Government, Russia could not be expected to agree to the demand for the conversion of the only ice-free port into a treaty port (*ib.* January 20, 1898, p. 29).

Surely this was plain enough. Instead of masking designs and deluding credulous Ministers by honied words, the Russians went even so far in their ostentatious candour as to avow their intention to act in excess of their treaty rights. This was a sheer blunder on the part of M. de Staal, but a blunder which is in itself the strongest possible proof that the Russians, so far from attempting to conceal their policy, paraded it in an even worse light than the facts justified.

Lord Salisbury, reporting his conversation with M. de Staal, writes:

"I asked his Excellency what possible objection he could have to making Taliénwan a free port if Russia had no designs on that territory. He replied that, without any such designs, it was generally admitted that Russia might claim a commercial *débouche* upon the open sea, and that in order to enjoy that advantage fully she ought to be at liberty to make such arrangements with China as she could obtain with respect to the commercial régime which was to prevail there.

"I replied that the most-favoured-nation clause forbade China to give

Russia's financial state. In the same terms will regard to customs duties and the ports of the Treaty Powers" (*ib.* January 18, 1896, p. 22).

There is Lord Salisbury was right. The Russians acknowledged this in the plainest manner. When they leased Tientsin they accepted its position subject to all the treaty obligations of China governing the port. But neither they were better nor worse than they were.

It is now necessary to pause at this present juncture. No one can read the *Leipziger Zeitung* without seeing that it was the German seizure of Kiaochow which set the ball rolling. M. Hanotaux, as manager of the Western section of the business of the Russo-French partnership, at once appreciated the dangerous consequences of the German move from the East.

He said that "were Sir E. Malet to disclose any official information concerning and about the terms offered by the German to the Chinese Government and to my regret in the negative said that the step taken by the Germans was very serious, and might have important consequences" (*ib.* November 27, 1895, p. 10).

Again, when Sir E. MacDonald had done all the fat in the fire by his attempt to push the Russians out of the port which Mr. Balfour had offered them, as a silver silver, M. Hanotaux again interposed with a significant word of friendly counsel. It was in January, when all the press was ringing with the story of the way in which England had scored at Peking by securing the loan, that M. Hanotaux said to Sir E. Malet:

"It seemed to him that, in the event of an isolated guarantee on the part of her Majesty's Government, there would be risk of a good deal of jealousy in other quarters, which might be averted by a frank disclosure of intentions on the part of the London Cabinet."

"I asked him if this meant a direct complaint, to which he replied that he had reason for saying what he had just done, and would regret that difficulties should be raised by this question which might be easily avoided" (*ib.* January 12, 1896, p. 12).

Here, again, there was a frank warning, a danger-signal of unmistakable significance. But Lord Salisbury would not heed, and the Government went blundering on.

If even at the eleventh hour there had been that "frank disclosure of intentions," it is probable that Port Arthur would not to-day be a Russian stronghold, and nothing would have been heard about the lease of Wei-hai-Wei. For Russia, although touchy and suspicious, not without cause, at the attitude of our Ambassador at Peking, was even on January 28 sincerely anxious for an understanding [with England]. Sir F. Lacelles reports from Berlin:

"Herr von Bülow went on to say that he had heard with much pleasure from the German Ambassador at St. Petersburg that the Russian Government was anxious to avoid any complication with England in regard to China, and were even disposed to come to a good understanding with her" (*ib.* January 28, 1898, p. 32).

How was this overture received? Alas, by a growl that Russia was opposing the opening of Taliénwan as a treaty port! Could infatuation further go?

The day before Herr von Bülow was giving this friendly hint to the British Ambassador at Berlin, M. de Staal was conveying a similar communication direct to Lord Salisbury. M. de Staal said

"he had received a message from Count Mouravieff expressing great surprise at the agitation which appeared to prevail in England, both in the press and in official circles, on the subject of recent events in China, where English and Russian interests cannot be seriously antagonistic.

"Count Mouravieff observed that various English statesmen of position had recognised as perfectly natural that Russia should wish to have an outlet for her commerce on the coasts of the North Pacific.

"Any such port would be open to the ships of all the Great Powers, like other ports on the Chinese mainland. It would be open to the commerce of all the world, and England, whose trade interests were so important in those regions, would share in the advantage" (*ib.* February 2, 1898, p. 32).

Lord Salisbury replied once more affirming that the Government did not object to Russia having an ice-free port—which, be it remembered, according to Sir C. MacDonald (see p. 18), could only be Taliénwan—and contented himself by stipulating that when it passed into the control of Russia, there should be no increase of duties or imposition of differential tariff (*ib.* February 2, 1898, p. 33). To this M. de Staal raised no objection, and Russia in subsequently taking over Taliénwan loyally undertook at the same time to conform to all the restrictions imposed by the existing treaties. Where is the bad faith here? On England's part it is conspicuous enough, but on *Russia's*?

### III. THE SHIPS AT PORT ARTHUR.

We now come to the question of Port Arthur, about which the imbecility and inconsistency of most of the criticisms in press and platform are most glaringly displayed. Port Arthur is to Taliénwan what Portsmouth and the Spithead forts are to Southampton. Port Arthur has never been a treaty port, and, according to Ministers, it can never by any possibility be made into a commercial port.

Port Arthur covers and commands Taliénwan just as our great naval and military arsenal at Portsmouth covers and commands the great commercial *entrepôt* of Southampton. The Russians are building a trans-continental railway through Siberia at a cost of £50,000,000. It is one of the most gigantic and beneficent pieces of engineering



sphere of influence. They may have been right, they may have been wrong; but they certainly showed no desire to deceive us as to their determination. In this also their bark was worse than their bite, for when their flag was hoisted over Port Arthur they at once proclaimed their intention to welcome thither the warships of all nations (*ib.* p. 65). On both the crucial points—the maintenance of the existing tariff at Talienwan and the admission of warships to Port Arthur—the Russians were distinctly better than their word. They seemed at first bent upon making us believe they would set treaties at defiance; they have ended by strictly conforming to the letter of the law.

It does not exactly appear from the correspondence what it was that sent the Russian Government wild with alarm lest the English should snap up Port Arthur under their very nose. Lord Salisbury told the House of Lords as late as May 17 that, "I doubt very much whether, at all events as an early and immediate measure, the occupation of Port Arthur was resolved upon in the councils of Russia." That is true, and the reason why they hurried it on was from a dread lest we should forestall them. At first they only suspected it, and evidently thought that we might be induced not to seize it if they assured us (what at the time was true enough) that the Russian ships had been ordered there without reference to the new situation created by the occupation of Kiao Chao. They had only gone into winter quarters at the invitation of the Chinese Government, and their anchoring there made no change whatever in the situation (*ib.* December 26, 1897, p. 13). That was probably quite true at the time. For when the Russian ships were ordered to winter at Port Arthur nothing had been heard about Sir Claude MacDonald's fatal folly in attempting to filch Talienwan from Russia. Four days later Sir Claude MacDonald played his mischievous hand. The proposal about Talienwan threw Russia at once upon the defensive, and the sudden appearance of British warships in Port Arthur intensified the suspicion with which Russia regarded our policy.

#### IV. THE OCCUPATION OF PORT ARTHUR.

Great is the Empire of Russia, greater is the Empire of Britain, but greatest of all is the Empire of Suspicion. When once nations give themselves up to the dominion of Suspicion, they are capable of believing any absurdity. It is difficult to say whether Russians or British were last January more greedily gullible, or which was more free from the charity that thinketh no evil. The Russians, it must be admitted, had solid grounds for their suspicions. Lord Salisbury was the man who twenty years before had filched Cyprus from the Porte at the very moment he was compelling Russia to submit her treaty to the revision of Europe on the ground that no isolated agree-



ments with Turkey were in accord with international law. They apparently reasoned that the man who seized Cyprus was quite capable of "jumping" Port Arthur. Lord Salisbury's maladroit misquotation of M. de Staal's assurances seems to have deepened the distrust. And the wild and whirling words of the Jingo press intensified the alarm that England was about to put forth the right arm of her strength and seize Port Arthur. Russian gossip has it that a private confidential warning reached the Tsar from the Kaiser that unless they were forestalled the English had resolved upon seizing Port Arthur. Whether this be so or no I cannot say. Certain it is that for some reason or other, possibly from the mere madness of preternatural suspicion, the young Tsar became impressed with the idea that an English descent on Port Arthur was imminent. The notion that our Government was on the pounce, ready to seize the strongest point of vantage, was by no means confined to the Russians. The Chinese Government as early as February 25 (*ib.* February 25, 1898, p. 41) is reported to be meditating the lease of Wei-hai-Wei to the British Government—for obvious reasons. Nothing would suit the Chinese better than to emulate the Turks and preserve their own independence by setting their most powerful rivals by the ears.

Not until a week after the Chinese tentative offer of Wei-hai-Wei, nearly three months after the Russian fleet anchored in Port Arthur, and two days after the signature of the German lease of Kiao Chao, the Russian Government, finding its hand forced by events and being driven onward by the dread of a British occupation of Port Arthur, formulated on March 7 their demand for the lease of Port Arthur and Talienwan (*ib.* March 7, 1898, p. 42). The avowed reason why they made this demand was because they feared an attack by England and Japan upon Manchuria (*ib.* p. 43).

The cession was demanded to "assist in protecting Manchuria from other Powers." The Chinese Ministers earnestly begged Lord Salisbury to assist them by giving an assurance to the Russian Government that "they had no designs on Manchuria" (*ib.* March 9, 1898, p. 43).

Four days later Li Hung Chang told Sir Claude MacDonald :

"He is convinced that assurance from her Majesty's Government to the Russian Government that England has no designs on Port Arthur or Talienwan would have a great effect on the Emperor of Russia, who has, he believes, been persuaded of the contrary. He earnestly begged me to ascertain whether her Majesty's Government had given or would give such an assurance" (*ib.* March 13, 1898, p. 46).

Lord Salisbury, of course, gave the assurance, but it was too late. Russia, seeing that Japan could no longer be reckoned upon to provide winter anchorage for her ships, and that Kiao Chao, where she had enjoyed prior rights of anchorage, was under the German flag, had

ample excuse to make for changing her mind as to the immediate occupation of Port Arthur and Talienwan. Accordingly, when Sir N. O'Connor questioned him on the subject, our Ambassador reports, Count Mouravieff began to enlarge upon the vital necessity to Russia of a port on the ice-free coast of China. The uncertainty attending the development of affairs in the Far East, as well as other reasons, made it incumbent upon the Russian Government to seek for some place where it would be possible to coal and repair their ships in safety. They could no longer count upon being able to do so in Japanese ports, and while England, Germany, and France had now naval stations open all the year, Russia was ice-bound in Vladivostock.

Under these circumstances, they had no alternative but to demand a cession both of Talienwan and Port Arthur from the Chinese Government, as one without the other was of no use to them (*ib.* March 8, 1898, p. 45). M. de Staal, on March 24, told Mr. Balfour that Talienwan was the point offering the most favourable conditions as an outlet for Russian commerce on the Pacific, and that this outlet must necessarily be protected. Talienwan was, however, entirely dominated by Port Arthur, and Russia could not leave this stronghold in the hands of another Power (*ib.* p. 54). On March 13, Count Mouravieff added that "the Russian Government considered the Chinese Government owed them this for the services they had rendered her in the war with Japan, and these services must be properly requited" (*ib.* March 13, 1898, p. 48).

The Russian service in clearing out the Japanese, whose occupation of Port Arthur was "a constant menace to the capital of China," in order that they might occupy it themselves, somewhat recalls the gratitude due from the Sultan to the Berlin Congress, when they compelled him to sacrifice Bosnia to Austria and Thessaly to Greece in gratitude for the partition of Bulgaria. The argument is, of course, the same in both cases. The Japanese, like the Russians in Turkey, are the enemies; the Russians in China, like the Austrians in Turkey, are the allies of the moribund Power. Port Arthur in Japanese hands was a menace to Peking, but in the hands of Russia becomes her shield and buckler against foreign foes. We may smile at this dialectic of diplomacy, but it is at least true that Russia's menace to Peking lies, not in the occupation of Port Arthur, but in her military capacity to seize the capital from the land side. From the Chinese point of view the Russian occupation of Port Arthur does not increase the Muscovite purchase upon the capital one whit. Even Lord Salisbury admits that now—when it is too late.

"I think Russia has made a great mistake in taking Port Arthur. I do not think it has added to any material extent, certainly not since we have taken Wei-hai-Wei, to her influence over the Court of China. Her influence is great, and must be great, because of . . . her 4000 miles of Chinese

frontier. It is the neighbourhood of Russia to this great land line which gives her her power" (Speech to the Primrose League, May 4, 1898).

The Japanese also, be it remembered, would have held it solely to menace Peking. The Russians hold it now legitimately to protect the terminus of their own railway.

#### V. THE CONCLUDING HARLEQUINADE.

At this point begins the maddest comedy of errors, the most fantastic capering of inconsistency that ever was seen even in theatres sacred to opera bouffe. It is difficult to acquit Sir N. O'Connor, who in this matter seems to have acted entirely off his own bat (*ib.* March 16, 1898, p. 51), in making a farce of diplomacy. Ministers have told us emphatically enough, and quite truly, that Russia's power over Peking depends upon her ability to invade China from the north. The possession of Port Arthur does not appreciably increase her power over the Chinese Government. That is one assertion. The second is that Port Arthur is utterly valueless as a commercial port—that it is, in fact, just like Portsmouth and the Spithead forts. Mr. Balfour told the House of Commons:

"Port Arthur is not a commercial port. Port Arthur is scarcely capable of being made a commercial port. The character of its accommodation, its geographical position, its relation to Taliénwan, all forbid the idea that, either now or at any future time, will Port Arthur become a commercial centre" (Speech, House of Commons, April 6, 1898).

It can hardly be believed in face of this sweeping statement that the luckless Sir N. O'Connor kept dancing attendance upon Count Mouravieff day after day badgering him with demands that Port Arthur should be made a treaty port equally with Taliénwan. What midsummer madness, stark staring lunacy, in sorry truth. Imagine the Spithead forts a treaty port! Yet will it be believed there is absolutely no foundation for all the charges brought against Russia of repudiating her assurances, but this fantastic and purely imaginary absurdity about making a treaty port of a place which Mr. Balfour himself tells us can by no possibility be made into a commercial port!

Poor Sir N. O'Connor kept dancing first on one leg and then on the other. When the Russians humoured him by holding out hopes they would make Port Arthur a treaty port, the mode of attack was instantly changed. Then Port Arthur was declared to be utterly useless as a commercial port. Its only significance was its menace to Peking. When protests failed on that head he harked back to the demand that Port Arthur should be made a treaty port, until at last it is with a feeling of positive relief Count Mouravieff definitely ends the whole business by deciding that the *status quo ante* must be upheld. Port Arthur not having been a treaty

port, continues to be purely a naval and military stronghold. Talienwan, however, is to be opened as a treaty port with the regular tariff—the open door and equality of opportunity. It is really trifling with the intelligence of the public to dwell on the fatuous futility of spending days in discussing whether or not a port which by nature cannot be opened to trade in fact shall or shall not be open to trade on paper. Nevertheless, as some imbeciles appear to imagine the question of importance as indicating Russia's bad faith, I collect here the passages bearing on the subject. It is mere logomachy, a disputing about words without any substance behind it. For Port Arthur is not a commercial port, and can no more be opened to trade than the Spithead forts. If only it had been properly named *Fort Arthur* none of this misunderstanding would have arisen.

On January 27 M. de Staal called upon Lord Salisbury to read him a telegram from Count Mouravieff to the effect that any port which Russia might acquire “as an outlet for her commerce” would be open to the ships of all the Great Powers (*ib.* February 2, 1898, p. 32).

On March 13 Sir N. O'Connor interpreted this assurance as applying to any port leased by China to Russia. But the Russian Minister protested at once. “His Excellency said that this applied only to Talienwan, and that he was sure I would admit that he had never given me any assurances that Port Arthur would also be open to trade. I said I would not deny this, but that I begged to remind him that when the question was first mentioned the Russian Government only alluded to a lease of a port as an outlet for Russian commerce. His Excellency said that he had received the Emperor's orders to tell me that Talienwan would be open to foreign trade, but that his Imperial Majesty had told him, at the same time, that Port Arthur would be regarded strictly as a military port. He could not, therefore, take upon himself to promise that both Port Arthur and Talienwan would be open, but that he would be able to give me a definite answer on Wednesday” (*ib.* March 13, 1898, p. 48).

On March 16 Sir N. O'Connor reports the result: “Count Mouravieff informed me last night that he had seen the Emperor in the morning, and that his Imperial Majesty had authorised him to give me the assurance that both Port Arthur and Talienwan would be opened to foreign trade, like other Chinese ports, in the event of the Russian Government obtaining a lease of those places from the Chinese Government.” But he added next day that, as the Chinese had not formally agreed to give the lease of the ports in question, it would be a want of courtesy to make public any such assurances until the lease was signed (*ib.* March 16, p. 51).

On March 28 the Russian Government published a circular announcing the lease of Port Arthur and Talienwan, and declaring

the other side will appear in foreign commerce on March 25,

Count Mouravieff of his... was not carried out in the... and he adhered to the... was unimportant for...

...by the case of this elaborate footing... a seriously stupid... saying that Port Arthur is not... and therefore... which it might be desired... he shelters himself... What Sir N. O'Connor had... by the Emperor... were anything of the kind. He... any engage-... All that... Sir N. O'Connor's... the sovereign rights of China... to open Talienwan to... a treaty port. In regard to other points the respect for the sovereign rights of China implies the scrupulous maintenance of the *status quo* existing before the lease of the ports which have been conceded. It follows that Port Arthur will be open to English ships, both of war and of commerce, on the same conditions as it has always been, but "not that Russia should abuse the lease which has been granted to her by a friendly Power to arbitrarily transform a closed and principally military port into a commercial port like any other." April 1, 1895, p. 65.

This, of course, is nonsense, although perfectly immaterial nonsense, for, as Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour keep on reiterating that Port Arthur can by no possibility be made a commercial port, it does not matter a brass farthing what provision is made on paper as to its status as a treaty port.

The pen of Jomini has not been inherited by the successor of Lobanoff. It is a pity he spoiled so very good a record by such a puzzle-head break as this.

All this is, however, beside the mark, as much as if Sir N. O'Connor and Count Mouravieff had been discussing the complexion of the Man in the Moon.

It is difficult not to feel somewhat aggrieved by the way in which we have been served by our two Ambassadors. Sir Claude MacDonald began the whole bad business by trying to snatch Talienwan

out of the hands of the Russians, and Sir N. O'Connor clapped the fool's cap on the head of the whole story by his utterly inane attempt to exact assurances from Russia that she would achieve the impossible and convert a mere naval base into a treaty port.

As for the solid body of the whole business, there is little reason to complain, and none whatever to justify the charges of ill faith brought so recklessly by Mr. Chamberlain against a great and allied and friendly Power.

On the whole survey of the situation Lord Salisbury had no reason to regard the net outcome with discontent. Russia had in every case frankly declared her object in advance, and in every case Russia had, in the friendliest fashion, abated her pretensions and had brought her demands within the limits defined by the English Government. She withdrew her demand for the dismissal of Mr. Kinder, waived all claim to control the duties levied at Taliénwan, recognised all the treaty rights governing the places which she leased, admitted the right of our warships to anchor in Port Arthur, and instead of insisting over the absolute ownership of the ice-free port which Mr. Balfour offered her, consented to carry out Sir Claude MacDonald's original suggestion. Taliénwan is now a Treaty Port, an open port free to the commerce of all nations, the Russians merely replacing the Mandarins by the authority of their own officials, who can be trusted not to allow anything to obstruct the success of the railway and its trade. If Ministers want more than this they must be hard to please.

Our policy shows at least as much inconsistency as Russia's, and there is as much difference between our action in taking Wei-hai-Wei and our declarations at the opening of the Session against taking Chinese territory as there is between Count Mouravieff's explanations as to the temporary nature of the sojourn of the Russian fleet in Port Arthur and her ultimate occupation of that stronghold. Circumstances alter cases for Russians as well as for British. Mr. Chamberlain should remember the homely adage about the pot not calling the kettle black. And before he talks of the devil and long spoons he might render the State some service by producing his correspondence with Mr. Hawkesley and owning up like a man to his South African proceedings at the eleventh hour.

W. T. STEAD.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S THEOLOGY.

**E**IGHTEEN years ago Mr. Gladstone wrote on the fly-leaf of his journal: "For my part, my sole concern is to manage the third and last act of my life with decency, and to make a handsome exit off the stage. Provided this point is secured, I am not solicitous about the rest. I am already by nature condemned to death: no man can give me a pardon from this sentence, nor so much as procure me a reprieve."

To-day all thoughts are bent on the darkened chamber in Hawarden Castle, where that "third and last act" of a noble drama has reached its consummation; and to me personally there constantly recur the words which Mr. Gladstone wrote on the occasion of my father's death. After some phrases of friendly eulogy, he said: "It is a higher matter to know, at a supreme moment like this, that he had placed his treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt, and his dependence where dependence never fails." In the same spirit I would to-day renew and reaffirm the judgment which in 1891 I ventured to record: "The paramount factor of Mr. Gladstone's nature is his religiousness."\* The religion in which he lived and moved and had his being was an intensely vivid and energetic principle, passionate on its emotional side, definite in its theory, imperious in its demands, practical, visible, and tangible in its effects. It ran like a silver strand through the complex and variegated web of his long and chequered life. When he left Oxford he wished to take Holy Orders instead of entering Parliament. Cardinal Manning used to say: "Gladstone was nearer being a clergyman than I was. He was, I believe, as fit for it as I was unfit."

\* Some portion of this paper is borrowed from previous writings of my own; and my excuse must be that the contemporary record of a personal impression cannot with advantage be retouched after the lapse of years.

He submitted to his father's decision; but the mere choice of a profession could make no difference to the ground-tone of his thought. While a politician he was still essentially, and above all, a Christian—some would say, an ecclesiastic. Through all the changes and chances of a political career, as a Tory, as a Home Ruler, in office and in opposition, sitting as a duke's nominee for a pocket-borough and enthroned as the idol of an adoring democracy, Mr. Gladstone has

"Played, in the many games of life, that one  
Where what he most doth value must be won."

In his own personal habits, known to all men, of systematic devotion; in his rigorous reservation of the Sunday for sacred uses; in his written and spoken utterances; in his favourite studies; in his administration of public affairs; in the grounds on which he based his opposition to policies of which he disapproved; he steadily and constantly asserted for the claims of religion a paramount place in public consideration, and reprobated the stale sciolism which thinks, or affects to think, that Christianity, as a spring of human action, is an exhausted force. During his fourth Premiership he wrote to an enquirer in America: "All I write, and all I think, and all I hope, is based upon the Divinity of our Lord, the one central hope of our poor wayward race."

This religiousness of Mr. Gladstone's character incurred the bitter wrath of those large sections of society, whose lax theories and corresponding practice his example constantly rebuked; won for him the affectionate reverence of great masses of his countrymen who never saw his face; and accounted for the singular loyalty to his person and policy of those Nonconformist bodies from which, on the score of merely theological opinion, he was so widely separated. His later attitude towards Nonconformity and Nonconformists, so strikingly different from that which marked his earlier days, was due, no doubt, in part to the necessities of his political position, but due much more to his growing conviction that English Nonconformity means a robust and consistent application of the principles of the Kingdom of God to the business of public life. This was well illustrated by what occurred at the Memorial Hall in 1888, when he received an address in support of his Irish policy, signed by Nonconformist ministers. To this address he replied:

"I accept with gratitude as well as pleasure the address which has been presented to me, and I rejoice again to meet you within walls which, although no great number of years have passed since their erection, have already become historic, and which are associated in my mind and in the minds of many with honourable struggles, sometimes under circumstances of depression, sometimes under circumstances of promise, but always leading us forward, whatever may have been the phenomena of the moment,



along the path of truth and justice. I am very thankful to those who have signed this address for the courageous manner in which they have not scrupled to associate their political action and intention with the principles and motives of their holy religion."

The best theologian in England (as Dr. Döllinger called Mr. Gladstone) could not help being aware that the theories of Dissent, both in respect of their historic basis and of their relation to scientific theology, leave much to be desired; but not the less clearly has he recognized the fact that, on those supreme occasions of public controversy when the path of politics crosses the path of morality, the Nonconformist bodies of England have pronounced unhesitatingly for justice and mercy, while our authorized teachers of religion have too often been silent or have spoken on the wrong side.

This keen sense of the religious bearing of political questions determined Mr. Gladstone's action in not a few crises of his Parliamentary life. It was the exacting rigour of a religious theory that drove him out of the Cabinet in 1845. It was his belief that marriage is a sacred and indissoluble union which dictated his pertinacious opposition to the Divorce Bill in 1857. Ten years later he felt that the Irish Establishment could no longer be maintained, because it could plead neither practical utility nor "the seal and signature of ecclesiastical descent." In the Eastern Question he discerned that all the various interests which dread and loathe Christianity were making common cause on behalf of the Power which has for centuries persecuted the worshippers of Christ in Eastern Europe, and that the godless cynicism which scoffed at the red horrors of Bulgaria was not so much an un-Christian as an anti-Christian sentiment.

It was when he handled the religious aspects of a political question that Mr. Gladstone's eloquence rose to its highest flight, as in his speech on the Second Reading of the Affirmation Bill in 1863. Under the system then existing (which admitted Jews to Parliament but excluded atheists), to deny the existence of God was a fatal bar, but to deny the Christian creed was no bar at all. This, Mr. Gladstone contended, was a formal disparagement of Christianity, which was thereby relegated to a place of secondary importance. Those who heard it will not easily forget the solemn splendour of the passage in which this argument was enforced.

The administration of government was always, in Mr. Gladstone's hands, a religious act. During his second Premiership he wrote in his journal:

"Oh! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven."

Even in the trivial concerns of ordinary life the sense of responsibility

to an invisible Judge for the deeds done in the body pressed on him with overwhelming weight. He was haunted by responsibility for time, and talents, and opportunities, and influence, and power; responsibility for reading and writing and speaking, and eating and drinking; and to this the task of government superadded responsibility for the material and moral interests of the people entrusted to his charge; responsibility, above all else, for much that vitally affects the well-being, the efficiency, and the spiritual repute of that great religious institution with which the commonwealth of England is so closely intertwined. In the Bidding Prayer at Oxford the congregation is exhorted to pray for those in authority that they "may labour to promote the glory of God and the present and future welfare of mankind; remembering always that solemn account which they must one day give before the judgment-seat of Christ." Those who have been behind the scenes when Mr. Gladstone was preparing to make some important appointment in the Church, and have witnessed the anxious and solemn care with which he approached the task, have seen that high ideal of duty translated into practice.

I turn now to the history—so far as I have been able to trace it—of his theological development. He was born in 1809; and when we consider the conspicuous and unbroken testimony of that long life to the truth and power of the Christian religion; its signal services to the maintenance of the faith against attacks from opposite quarters; and its practical influence, through ecclesiastical appointments, on the fortunes of the Church of England; the birth of Mr. Gladstone must be regarded as an event in our ecclesiastical history.

He was what Tertullian calls "*anima naturaliter Christiana*," and he was carefully brought up. His father was a God-fearing man according to his light and opportunity; his mother a devout Evangelical. As a schoolboy he was honourably distinguished by simple devotion and stainless living. "At Eton," said Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury, "I was a thoroughly idle boy; but I was saved from some worse things by getting to know Gladstone." To have exercised, while still a schoolboy, an influence for good on one of the greatest of contemporary saints is surely such a distinction as few Prime Ministers ever attained. Sixty years afterwards a schoolfellow remembered seeing Gladstone turn his glass upside down and decline to drink a coarse toast proposed, according to annual custom, at a school-dinner.

When Gladstone was at Oxford the Catholic revival had not yet begun. Cardinal Newman taught us to date it from July 14, 1833. But the High Church party held the field. With the exception of a handful of Evangelicals at one obscure college, the religious clergy and laity of Oxford were High Churchmen of the traditional type.

Dr. Routh still survived to "report," as Newman said, "to a forgetful generation what had been the theology of their fathers"; though his influence was not felt beyond the walls of Magdalen College. The Caroline divinity still lingered. Men believed in the Church as a divine society, as well as a chief institution of the realm; they set store upon her Orders and Sacraments, and at least professed great respect for, if they did not cultivate intimate acquaintance with, the writings of her standard divines. At the same time, they had a holy horror of Popish usurpation, and Sir Robert Peel's concession of the Roman Catholic claims had just cost him his seat for the University. But these influences produced no immediate or conscious effect on Gladstone's mind. The ecclesiastical atmosphere of the place was high and dry, and therefore as little as possible attractive to an ardent and spiritual nature. Had his undergraduate career been a few years later, when the fascinating genius and austere sanctity of Cardinal Newman had begun to leaven the University, he would perhaps have been numbered with that band of devoted disciples who followed the great Oratorian whithersoever he went. But between 1828 and 1832 there was no leader of paramount authority in the religious world of Oxford, and the young Student of Christ Church was left to develop his own opinions and frame his own course. The blameless schoolboy became a blameless undergraduate; diligent, sober, regular alike in study and devotion, giving his whole energies to the duties of the place, and quietly abiding in the religious faith in which he had been trained. He was conspicuously moderate in the use of wine. His good example in this respect affected not only his contemporaries but also his successors at the University. Men who followed him to Oxford ten years later found it still operative; and the present Archbishop of Canterbury has told me that undergraduates drank less in the forties, because Gladstone had been courageously abstemious in the thirties. Bishop Charles Wordsworth said that no man of his standing in the University habitually read his Bible more or knew it better. Cardinal Manning described him walking to church with his "Bible and Prayer-Book tucked under his arm." He paid surreptitious visits to Dissenting chapels; denounced Bishop Butler's doctrine that human nature is not wholly corrupt; was enraged by a University sermon in which Calvin had been placed on the same level of orthodoxy as Socinus; and quitted Oxford with a religious belief still untinged by Catholic theology. But the great change was not far distant, and he had already formed some of the friendships which, in their development, were destined to affect so profoundly the course of his religious thought.

Gladstone took his degree at Christmas 1831. And now came the momentous choice between Holy Orders and Parliamentary life. Had

the decision gone differently, the present condition of England would have been modified. However, my concern is not with Mr. Gladstone's professional career, but with his theological development, and, in this respect, he is peculiarly interesting as a link between the Evangelical and Tractarian schools of thought.

The close of the last century was the low-water mark of English religion and morality. The first thirty years of this century witnessed a great revival, due chiefly to the Evangelical movement, in the very heart and core of the Church of England. That movement, though little countenanced by ecclesiastical authority, changed the whole tone of religious thought and life in England. It recalled men to serious ideas of faith and duty; it curbed profligacy, it made decency fashionable, it revived the external usages of piety, and it prepared the way for that later movement which, issuing from Oxford in 1833, has so momentarily transfigured the outward aspect of the Church of England. In this connexion the testimony of Mr. Gladstone, who was brought up in the one school and migrated to the other, has a peculiar value:

“I do not mean to say,” he wrote in 1879, “that the founders of the Oxford School announced, or even that they knew, to how large an extent they were to be pupils and continuators of the Evangelical work, besides being something else. . . . Their distinctive speech was of Church and Priesthood, of Sacraments and Services, as the vesture under the varied folds of which the form of the Divine Redeemer was to be exhibited to the world; in a way capable of, and suitable for, transmission by a collective body from generation to generation. It may well have happened that, in straining to secure for their ideas what they thought their due place, some at least may have forgotten or disparaged that personal and experimental life of the human soul with God which profits by all ordinances, but is tied to none, dwelling ever, through all its varying moods, in the inner court of the sanctuary whereof the walls are not built with hands. The only matter, however, with which I am now concerned, is to record the fact that the pith and life of the Evangelical teaching, as it consists in the reintroduction of Christ our Lord to be woof and warp of preaching, was the great gift of the [Evangelical] movement to the Teaching Church, and has now penetrated and possessed it on a scale so general that it may be considered as pervading the whole mass.”

The year 1838 claims special note in a record of Mr. Gladstone's religious development, because it witnessed the appearance of his famous work on “The State in its Relations with the Church.” We have seen that he left Oxford before the beginning of that Catholic revival which was now in full strength. The “Tracts for the Times” were saturating England with new influences. The passionate, almost despairing, appeal of half-a-dozen gifted and holy men at Oxford had awoke a response in every corner of the kingdom. “We did,” they said, “but light a beacon-fire on the summit of a lonely hill: and now we are amazed to find the firmament on every

side red with the light of some responsive flame." The Catholic revival counted no more enthusiastic or more valuable disciple than the young Member for Newark.

In reading for Honours at Oxford he had become intimately acquainted with two of the masters of human thought. "Aristotle and Butler," he once said to me, "would carry you anywhere in those days." At the same period he fell in with Coleridge's treatise on the relations of Church and State, which he pronounced "profound and beautiful," and which, according to Hope-Scott, "had a great deal to do with his fundamental ideas of the subject." A journey in Italy, immediately after his degree, had brought him under the spell of Dante, from whom (as he wrote in old age), "I have learned a great part of that mental provision (however insignificant it may be) which has served me to make this journey of human life up to the term of nearly seventy-three years." And he was "an ardent student of St. Augustine," whom he read through in twenty-two octavo volumes. Henry Edward Manning was one of his intimate friends; and about 1836 his acquaintance with James Robert Hope, afterwards Hope-Scott of Abbotsford, developed into a close and abiding friendship. "He" (Hope) "opened a conversation on the controversies which were then agitated in the Church of England, and which had Oxford for their centre. He told me that he had been seriously studying the controversy, and that in his opinion the Oxford authors were right." This conversation apparently led Mr. Gladstone to bestow grave attention on the questions at issue in the Oxford Movement. It was, I believe, a study of the Occasional Offices of the Prayer-Book, and more particularly the Visitation Service, which determined him that the Oxford writers were right in their interpretation of the Anglican formularies. The work, once begun, advanced with rapid steps. He unlearned nothing of his old Evangelical faith, but he superadded to it the whole cycle of Catholic doctrine. He was now out of office, and was living as a bachelor in chambers in the Albany, immersed in the study of St. Thomas Aquinas, and writing his book on "The State in its Relations with the Church." Mr. Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, writing in 1838 with regard to his own practice of giving parties on Sunday evening, says: "This unfortunately excludes the more serious members—Acland, Gladstone, &c. I really think, when people keep Friday as a fast, they might make a feast of Sunday." This is a curious touch as showing the Catholic practice about Friday added to, but not disturbing, the Evangelical practice about Sunday.

Mr. Gladstone had now given his whole allegiance to the Church of England, as being the one body divinely appointed to teach the Christian faith to the English people, and to supply them with the sacred means of grace and salvation. Recognizing this high and

peculiar mission in the Church, he conceived that it involved a special and corresponding duty on the part of the State. This duty he set forth in his treatise of 1838. "The distinctive principle of the book was that the State had a conscience."

This being admitted, the issue was whether the State, in its best condition, has such a conscience as can take cognizance of religious truth and error, and in particular whether the State of the United Kingdom at that time was, or was not, so far in that condition as to be under an obligation to give an active and an exclusive support to the established religion of the country. The work attempted to survey the actual state of the relations between the State and the Church; to show from history the ground which had been defined for the National Church at the Reformation; and to enquire and determine whether the existing state of things was worth preserving and defending against encroachments from whatever quarter. This question it decided emphatically in the affirmative. Faithful to logic and to its theory, the book did not shrink from applying them to the crucial case of the Irish Church. It did not disguise the difficulties of the case, for the author was alive to the paradox which it involved. But the one master-idea of the system, that the State as it then stood was capable in this age, as it had been in ages long gone by, of assuming beneficially a responsibility for the inculcation of a particular religion, carried him through all. His doctrine was that the Church, as established by law, was to be maintained for its truth; that this was the only principle on which it could be properly and permanently upheld; that this principle, if good in England, was good also for Ireland; that truth is of all possessions the most precious to the soul of man; and that to "remove this priceless treasure from the view and the reach of the Irish people would be meanly to purchase their momentary favour at the expense of their permanent interests, and would be a high offence against our own sacred obligations."

"The State in its Relations" came out at Christmas 1838. Bunsen pronounced it "the book of the time, a great event—the first book since Burke that goes to the bottom of the vital question." In January 1839 Newman wrote, "Gladstone's book is making a sensation"—and "The *Times* is again at poor Gladstone. Really I feel as if I could do anything for him. Poor fellow! it is so noble a thing!"

The book soon reached a third edition, and drew from Macaulay that trenchant review, in which Mr. Gladstone was described, for the infinite gratification of posterity, as the "rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories." In the following year he published his treatise on "Church Principles considered in the Results," in which he maintained with ingenuity and vigour the visibility and authority of the Church, the mathematical certainty of the Apostolic Succession, and

the nature and efficacy of the Sacraments, and vindicated the Church of England as the divinely-appointed guardian of Christian truth, alike against Popish and Puritan innovations. In December 1840 Newman writes: "Gladstone's book is *doctrinaire*, and (I think) somewhat self-confident; but it will do good"; and Maurice makes this sagacious criticism:

"His Aristotelianism is, it strikes me, more deeply fixed in him than before, and, on that account, I do not see how he can ever enter enough into the feeling and truth of Rationalism to refute it. His notion of attacking the Evangelicals by saying, 'Press your opinions to their results, and they become Rationalistic,' is ingenious, and wrought out, I think, with great skill and an analytical power for which I had not given him credit; but after all it seems to me an argument which is fitter for the courts than for a theological controversy."

I pass without comment the establishment of the Anglican Bishopric at Jerusalem, in which Mr. Gladstone was closely concerned, and which helped to "break" Cardinal Newman, because the controversies of 1841 are by this time extinct; and I proceed to the year 1845. Sir Robert Peel, in response to appeals from the Irish members, now resolved to establish non-sectarian colleges in Ireland, and greatly to increase the grant to Maynooth. Mr. Gladstone resigned his office in Peel's Cabinet, and announced that his retirement was caused by the intentions of the Government with regard to Irish education; that those intentions were at variance with the system which he had maintained, "in a form the most detailed and deliberate," in his treatise of 1838; that he thought that those who had borne such solemn testimony to a particular view of an important question "ought not to be parties responsible for proposals which involve a material departure from it." The purpose of his retirement was to place himself in a position to form "not only an honest, but likewise an independent and an unsuspected judgment," on the plan to be submitted by the Government.

Having, by retiring, established his perfect freedom of action, and delivered himself from the reproach of sacrificing his conscience to keep his place, he met the proposals of the Government in a sympathetic spirit. He defended the grant to Maynooth in a long speech full of ingenious argumentation, and urged with great force that, if the State was to give "a more indiscriminating support" than previously to various forms of religious opinions, it would be improper and unjust to exclude the Church of Rome in Ireland from participating in its benefits.

He had now definitely abandoned the view that the State is bound to give an exclusive support to the established religion, and had given the most unmistakable evidence of the sincerity of the

change, and thus 1845 was a marked turning-point in the history of his ecclesiastical opinions.

In December 1845 Mr. Gladstone re-entered the Cabinet, as Secretary of State for the Colonies; and during the Christmas season he wrote as follows to his friend, Archdeacon Manning, who had just sent him a volume of sermons, one of them being called "Short Devotions a Hindrance to Prayer." The letter seems to me of extraordinary interest, as showing the systematic and scrupulous nature of the writer's religious life:

"MY DEAR MANNING,—

"I write respecting your sermons, and their bearing on myself. . . .

"You teach that daily prayers, the observance of fast and festival, and considerable application of time to private devotion and to Scripture ought not to be omitted—*e.g.*, by me; because, great as the difficulty, the need is enhanced in the same proportion; the balance is the same.

"You think, very charitably, that ordinary persons, of such who have a right general intention in respect to religion, give an hour and a half to its direct duties; and if they add attendance at both daily services, raising it to three, you consider that still a scanty allowance, while some sixteen or seventeen are given to sleep, food, or recreation.

"Now, I cannot deny this position with respect to the increase of the need; that you cannot overstate; but I think there are two ways in which God is wont to provide a remedy for real and lawful need, one by augmenting supply, the other by intercepting the natural and ordinary consequences of the deficiency. I am desirous really to look the question full in the face; and then I come to the conclusion, that if I were to include the daily service now in my list of daily duties, my next step ought to be resignation. Let me describe to you what has been at former times, when in London and in office, the very narrow measure of my stated religious observances: on week days I cannot estimate our family prayer, together with morning and evening prayer, at more than three quarters of an hour, even if so much. Sunday is reserved with rare exceptions for religious employments; and it was my practice, in general, to receive the Holy Communion weekly. Of daily services, except a little before and after Easter, not one in a fortnight, perhaps one in a month. Different individuals have different degrees of facility in supplying the lack of regular devotion by that which is occasional; but it is hard for one to measure the resource in his own case. I cannot well estimate, on the other hand, the amount of relaxation which used then to occur to me. *Last year* I endeavoured in town to apply a rule to the distribution of my hours, and took ten for sleep, food, and recreation, understanding this last word for *whatever* really refreshes mind or body, or has a fair chance of doing so. Now, my needs for sleep are great; as long as I rise feeling like a stone, I do not think there is too much, and this is the general description of my waking sense, in office and during the session; but I consider seven and a half hours the least I ought then to have, and I should be better with eight. I know the old stories about retrenching sleep, and how people are deceived themselves: with me it may be so, but I think it is not.

"I have never summed up my figures, but my impression is that last year, upon the average, I was under and not over the ten for the particulars named—I should say between nine and ten. But last year was a holiday year as to pressure upon mind and body, in comparison with those that



preceded it. Further, people are very different as to the rate at which they expend their vigour during their work; my habit, perhaps my misfortune, is, and peculiarly with work that I dislike, to labour at the very top of my strength, so that after five or six hours of my office, I was frequently in a state of great exhaustion. How can you apply the duty of saving time for prayer out of sleep and recreation to a man in these circumstances? Again, take fasting. I had begun to form to myself some ideas upon this head; but I felt, though without a positive decision to that effect, that I could not, and must not, apply them if I should come again into political activity. I speak now of fasting in quantity, fasting in nutrition; as to fasting in quality, I see that the argument is even strengthened, subject only to the exception that in times of mental anxiety it becomes impossible to receive much healthy food with which a sound appetite would have no difficulty. The fact is undoubted; it is extremely hard to keep the bodily frame *up* to its work, under the twofold condition of activity in office and in Parliament. I take it, then, that to fast in the usual sense would generally be a sin, and not a duty—I make a little exception for the time immediately preceding Easter, as then there is a short remission of Parliamentary duties. I need not, perhaps, say more now. You see my argument with you, and that I differ, it may be, where the pinch comes upon myself. But I speak freely in order to give scope for opposite reasoning—in order that I may be convicted if possible, as then I hope also to be convinced.

“There is the greatest difference, as I find, between simple occupation, however intense, and occupation with anxiety as its perpetual accompaniment. Serious reading and hard writing, even for the same number of hours that my now imminent duties may absorb, I for one can bear without feeling that I am living too fast; but when that one element of habitual anxiety is added, nature is spurred on beyond her pace under an excessive burden, and vital forces waste rapidly away. I should be more suspicious of myself than I now am in the argument I have made, were it not that I have had experience of occupation in both forms, and know the gulf between them. I ought to have added the other sting of official situations combined with Parliament. It is the sad irregularity of one's life. The only fixed points are prayers and breakfast in the morning, and Sunday at the beginning of the week. It is Sunday, I am convinced, that has kept me alive and well, even to a marvel, in times of considerable labour, for I must not conceal from you, even though you may think it a sad *bathos*, that I have never at any time been prevented by illness from attending either Parliament or my office. The only experience I have had of the dangers from which I argue, in results, has been in weakness and exhaustion from the brain downwards. It is impossible for me to be thankful enough for the exemption I enjoy, especially when I see far stronger constitutions, constitutions truly Herculean, breaking down around me. I hope I may be preserved from the guilt and ingratitude of indulging sensual sloth, under the mask of wise and necessary precautions.

“Do not trouble yourself to write at length, but revolve these matters in the casuistical chamber of the mind; and either before or when we meet, give me an opinion which, I trust, will be frank and fearless. There is one retrenchment I could make: it would be to take from activity outwards in matters of religion, in order to give it to prayer. But I have given it a misdescription. What I could economize is chiefly reading; but reading nowadays I almost always shall have to resort to, at least—so it was before—by way of repose. Devotion is by far the best sedative to excitement; but then it requires great and sustained exertion (to speak humanly, and under the supposition of the Divine grace), or else powerful external helps, or both. Those mere dregs of the natural energies, which too often are all

that occupation leaves, are fit for little beyond passivity ; only fit when not severe.

"Reading all this, you may the more easily understand my tone sometimes about public life as a whole.

"Joy to you at this blessed time and at all times.

"Your affectionate friend,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Another turning-point was the year 1850. This year saw the memorable Gorham Judgment, which seemed to many to overthrow by secular authority the baptismal doctrine of the Church of England, and definitely to estrange Anglicanism from all the rest of Christendom in relation to an article of the Nicene Creed. The commotion which followed cost Mr. Gladstone his two best friends. Hope-Scott and Manning seceded ; and Mr. Gladstone, remaining behind, was himself sorely perturbed. In a powerful letter to Bishop Blomfield he asserted the relation of Church and State as defined at the Reformation, and urged that the powers in ecclesiastical matters conferred by recent legislation on the Privy Council constituted "a grave and dangerous departure from the Reformation-Settlement." The next few years were full of storm and stress. The unhappy Divorce Act set the law of the land in opposition to the law of God, and the episcopal bench, with a few honourable exceptions, either was silent or spoke on the wrong side. The proceedings against Archdeacon Denison made it seem likely that the doctrine of the Real Presence would be condemned in the Archbishop's Court. On August 13, 1856, Mr. Gladstone wrote to a friend :

"My mind is quite made up that, if belief in the Eucharist as a reality is proscribed by law in the Church of England, everything I hold dear in life shall be given and devoted to oversetting and tearing in pieces such law, whatever consequences, of whatever kind, may follow."

The danger was averted, but Convocation had barely and recently recovered from its long suppression, and the mind of the Church had no means of finding expression. Readers of Bishop Wilberforce's Life may recollect a remarkable letter in which Mr. Gladstone confesses that, if the mind of the Church and her rulers is deliberately anti-Catholic, he has no right to "seek a hiding-place within the pale of her possessions." The growing life of Convocation, and the bold and faithful use which the Lower House made of its recovered freedom, brought comfort to Mr. Gladstone and those who thought with him. The State might legislate in an un-Christian sense and its courts affix heterodox meanings to Catholic symbols, but the mind and heart of the Church were right with God. Then came the furious controversy about "Essays and Reviews," and the troubles in South Africa for which Bishop Colenso was responsible. In all these crises the Church of England learned that her union with the State afforded but little guarantee

for the maintenance of orthodoxy or of ecclesiastical order; and that those prime necessities of her life must be secured by recourse to her spiritual powers and by a resolute appeal from Cæsar to God. None of these events were without their effect on Mr. Gladstone's mind, and the change of conviction which had so long been silently proceeding found emphatic and startling expression in his dealings with English Church-Rates and with the Irish Establishment. In 1868 he published his memorable "Chapter of Autobiography," and from that time on it was obvious that he had ceased to believe in the *principle* of religious Establishment. A principle has no geographical limits, and if the establishment of religion rested on principle, it must be maintained in Ireland as well as elsewhere. If, on the other hand, Disestablishment in Ireland involved no sacrifice of principle, then the whole question of a religious Establishment became a matter of expediency—of wisdom, and prudence, and constitutional stability. It was to be considered with reference to time and place and circumstances; and, if these considerations should at any time prove unfavourable to it, there was no sacred and immutable ground on which it could be defended from its enemies.

Though he could no longer defend it on the ground of principle, it is probable that Mr. Gladstone still clung to Establishment as a matter of high expediency; but even in this respect his opinion was considerably modified by the practical experience of 1876–1880. The Bulgarian horrors had kindled a flame of national indignation, and yet, under the administration of Lord Beaconsfield, there was the most imminent danger that Christian England would be committed to a war on behalf of the great anti-Christian Power by which those horrors had been instigated or condoned. Some splendid exceptions there were, but the great bulk of the Established clergy supported Lord Beaconsfield and the Turk; and many sober Churchmen, who had never before concerned themselves with Disestablishment, began to ask themselves what was the good of maintaining an Establishment, if the authorized teachers of religion thus threw their weight on to the immoral and anti-Christian side. For my own part, I cannot doubt that some such "obstinate questionings" have, ever since that date, haunted Mr. Gladstone's mind.

In all subsequent dealings with ecclesiastical problems—such as the Public Worship Regulation Bill, the Burials Bill, and the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the creation of new bishoprics at home, and the extension of the Church abroad—the effects of these questionings manifested themselves. All Mr. Gladstone's efforts were now directed to strengthening the Church in her interior and spiritual life, and relaxing the tightness of her hold on the framework of the State. He remained *qualis ab incepto*, a perfectly religious man and a Christian in the fullest sense of Pliny's definition—a worshipper of

Jesus Christ as God. He remained, as he had been at least since 1838, a loyal disciple of the Church of England, as a true and living part of the Holy Catholic Church. But one great change had passed over his ecclesiastical views. Though always a vehement enemy of Erastianism, he was once a passionate advocate of the closest union between the separate entities of Church and State. He gradually became, in sympathy and temper if not in formal theory, a Free Churchman.

Among the many absurd fables of which Mr. Gladstone has been made the subject is the story that he had strong leanings towards Romanism. This delusion found a suitable exponent in the late Mr. Whalley, M.P., who actually went so far as to ask Mr. Gladstone, as a matter of public concern, if he was a member of the Church of Rome; and, in the hubbub which preceded the disestablishment of the Irish Church, Mr. Gladstone found it necessary to publish a denial of the statement, reiterated by the supporters of the Establishment, that "when at Rome I made arrangements with the Pope to destroy the Church Establishment in Ireland, with some other like matters, being myself a Roman Catholic at heart."

For my own part, I never knew a stouter anti-Romanist than Mr. Gladstone. "Romanism is a tyranny all through. A tyranny of the priest over the layman, of the bishop over the priest, of the Pope over the bishop"; this is certainly the substance, and these are very nearly the words, of a sentence which I have heard from his lips. And his anti-papal outburst in "Vaticanism" and its connected pamphlets, though it astonished the world, contained nothing which was novel to those who knew the interior of his mind. It may be worth while to recall the passage which awoke the storm. Ridiculing the notion that a handful of Ritualistic clergy could, if they would, Romanize the Church of England, he said:

"At no time since the sanguinary reign of Mary has such a scheme been possible. But, if it had been possible in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, it would still have become impossible in the nineteenth; when Rome has substituted for the proud boast of *semper eadem* a policy of violence and change in faith; when she has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused; when no one can become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another; and when she has equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history. I cannot persuade myself to feel alarm as to the final issue of her crusades in England, and this although I do not undervalue her great powers of mischief."

It is to be borne in mind that this passage occurred in an article evoked by the Public Worship Act of 1874, and entitled "Ritual and Ritualism." In this paper Mr. Gladstone maintained with great earnestness the lawfulness and expediency of moderate ritual in the services of the Church of England. He claimed for ritual apostolic

authorization in St. Paul's words, "Let all things be done decently and in order," or, as he more exactly renders the Greek, "in right, graceful or becoming figure, and by fore-ordered arrangement."

Yet he himself was never, in any sense, a Ritualist. On March 11, 1867, he wrote :

"Yesterday I saw, for the first time, the service in a Ritualistic church proper. There was much in it that I did not like, could not defend as good, perhaps could not claim toleration for. But that must be in the last—the very last—resort."

This sentence exactly expresses Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards Ritualism. He defended the liberty of those who, within the wide latitude allowed by the Prayer-Book, sought to introduce or restore material beauty and sumptuousness in public worship. He maintained the right of the Church to settle these matters for herself in her own ecclesiastical tribunals. On the morrow of the Lambeth Judgment he wrote to a friend of the Bishop of Lincoln :

"Pray make my kindest and best respects to the Bishop. I hope, and incline to think, that some principles of deep moment have gained a ground from which they will not be easily dislodged."

But, while thus solicitous for the unhampered development of what others felt to be helpful and becoming and edifying, his own spiritual nature was little dependent on such accessories. It was not that he did not know a fine building from an ugly one, or good music from bad, or even a well-ordered from a slovenly ceremonial. He was keenly alive to the æsthetic shortcomings of the English nature. But he so profoundly realized the vital reality of Christian worship—he was, in prayer and Communion, so absolutely *solus cum Solo*—that, as far as his own personal needs were concerned, ritual and decoration and vestment and posture were the merest mint and anise and cummin of the spiritual economy.

Mr. Gladstone was not a Romanizer and not a Ritualist; and he could not, with his own consent, have been styled a Puseyite, a Newmanite, or even a Tractarian. In the spiritual sphere he called no man master; but his predilections may perhaps be inferred from the fact that he wished to place Dean Church on the throne of Canterbury, and that he once instanced Bishop Wilkinson (now of St. Andrews) as the type and model of orthodox Anglicanism.

With the Broad Church school it would be generally assumed that Mr. Gladstone had little or no sympathy; and yet an intellect so prone to theorization, and so steeped in the religious philosophy of Butler and Coleridge, could scarcely fail to make occasional excursions into theological speculation beyond the rigid limits of the High Church school.

Instances of this tendency may be seen in his championship of Maurice when the Council of King's College condemned him, and his emphatic protest against the elevation of private opinions on eternal punishment to the rank of Catholic dogmas; in his eulogy of "Ecce Homo"; in his resolute determination to secure the advancement of Dr. Temple (which cost him Dr. Pusey's friendship); in his imperfect sympathy with the public use of the Athanasian Creed; and, more recently, in his disparagement of the doctrine of natural immortality. The only school of religious thought (if, indeed, it can by any stretch of courtesy be called religious) for which Mr. Gladstone had no tolerance was Erastianism. In 1876 he wrote:

"If we follow the Erastian idea, it does not matter what God we worship or how we worship Him, provided we derive both belief and worship from the civil ruler, or hold them subject to his orders. Many most respectable persons have been, or have thought themselves to be, Erastians; but the system, in the developments of which it is capable, is among the most debased ever known to man."

Mr. Gladstone would himself have claimed to be an historical Catholic, and his loyal adhesion to the Catholic doctrines concerning the Church, the Priesthood, and the Sacraments abundantly justified the claim. But his religion rested on an even deeper and stronger foundation. He was, first and last and in the innermost core of his being, an Evangelical, clinging, with the strong and simple assurance of a childlike faith, to the great central realities of personal sinfulness and personal salvation through the Cross of Christ. In this faith he lived from his boyhood up to the eighty-ninth year of a life spent in the most engrossing and distracting of secular occupations. That life has been a living epistle, "loyal," as Dr. Pusey wrote in 1865, "to the Church, to the Faith, and to God"; scrupulously exact in duty, yet never too busy for constant and profound devotion; conversant with the highest functions of statesmanship and governance, yet always stooping to offices of a "humble and humbling character" (the words are his own) for the glory of God in the service of His creatures. The late Mr. W. Cory, who was examined by him at Eton in 1841, wrote: "He was the first *young Good Man* I had ever seen. He seemed to me an apostle of unworldly ardour, bridling his life." One who had been intimately acquainted with ecclesiastical authorities in two communions said: "No ecclesiastic I have ever known made on me such an impression of sanctity as Mr. Gladstone." Another wrote: "The dignity, the order, the simplicity, and, above all, the fervent and manly piety of his daily life, form a spectacle far more impressive than his most magnificent performances in Parliament or on the platform." For my own part,

I forbear to utter all that is in my heart. It is enough to say that, when I utter the prayer, "Sit anima mea cum Sanctis," the name of William Ewart Gladstone will always rise unbidden to my lips and mingle with the aspiration. For us, who have known him and loved him, his departure is desolation: for him it is translation. His life has been "hid with Christ in God," and "death is swallowed up in victory."

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

Ascension Day, 1838.

## OUR POLICY IN THE FAR EAST.

THE publication of the China Blue-book, the debate in Parliament, and the speeches of Lord Salisbury have now put us in possession of all the necessary facts for the elucidation of recent doings in the Far East. Their consideration can hardly be exhilarating, even to the most confirmed optimist; and it may be regarded as doubtful whether even the Prime Minister is really as content with our part in these doings as his studiously cheerful, not to say flippant, remarks would seem to imply. Any criticism, however, of the conduct of Far-Eastern affairs which may be made in this paper will be actuated solely by the hope that it may have some effect, however infinitesimal, towards improved action in the future, not towards the replacement of the Government by another; for, however great the merits of individual members of the Opposition, a Ministry formed from it would not be at all likely to prove a gain to the country; would, in fact, be "to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire"; and though the warning given by the recent Norfolk election need not be altogether deplored, there ought to be no other feeling than a profound regret if the shifting of votes which there took place should become general. But where public discontent exists, it is well to look for its causes, and these in the present case are patent enough. Though domestic and local considerations have probably had their part, there can be little doubt that the chief cause has been a feeling that the recent conduct of our foreign policy—especially as regards China—has not been to our credit.

That this feeling is not entirely without justification is evident from the Parliamentary papers. I am not one to minimise the exceeding difficulty of the situation which we have had to face, and I can even recognise the possibility that the Russian acquisition of



Port Arthur could not have been avoided without war with two, perhaps even with three, Great Powers. But what does not admit of doubt is that we have brought upon ourselves unnecessary humiliation, by making futile objections and by giving explanations unworthy of our dignity and lowering to our prestige. The concessions from China which have been used to cover these defects are by no means an adequate counterpoise, and, unless there should be a marked change in our attitude, will for the most part prove eventually worthless.

Dealing first with these, it is to be observed, in the first instance, that what is regarded as the principal concession, viz.—the assurance with regard to the non-alienation of the Yangtze Valley—is in reality no concession to us at all. There could have been no desire on the part of China to part with this territory, and the assurance of non-alienation must, therefore, have been very willingly given. But as her power is inadequate to ensure the validity of her promise, our acceptance of it implies an undertaking to assist in the defence of the territory in question; so that, in fact, any concession in the matter was on our part. Moreover, our demand for this so-called concession has had this disadvantage (which in a published letter I anticipated when it was first announced), that it seems to imply our comparative indifference to other parts of China, such as Kwantung, where our interests are only less important than in the Yangtze Valley, and has consequently given a certain colour and justification to a demand on the part of France for a concession, in appearance similar, though by no means of the same significance. For the moment, at all events, this "concession" is no benefit to us whatever. So much of "open door," and "equal opportunity," as we had before, we have still, and no more; while any future value depends entirely upon what force, military rather than naval, we can provide for its defence.

A similar consideration applies to the "concession" in respect of the maritime customs. Sir Robert Hart has taught China the value of British administration. While he is one of the most eminent of living Englishmen, and is thoroughly loyal to his country, he has proved himself beyond all doubt the most valuable servant possessed by the Chinese Government. He has brought them a revenue incomparably greater than they could have obtained for themselves, and his impartial distribution of posts in his department among representatives of other European nations has, by discounting anti-British jealousy, done much to lessen, if it has not altogether prevented, importunity for his supersession. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that China made a very willing promise that his successors should be British subjects. What, however, would be the value of the privilege thus granted to us in the face of pressure by hostile Powers, unless we are prepared to assist in defending it? On the retirement of Sir

Robert Hart (and, in view of his long service and precarious health, that can hardly be long delayed) are we prepared to resist at all costs a very possible demand on the part of France and Russia to appoint to the vacancy? If not, this concession is worth the paper it is written upon, and no more.

The opening of waterways and new treaty ports will no doubt prove of substantial value for a time, if we assume a more determined attitude than in the past towards local obstruction. But here again, as in the case of the other concessions, any permanent value depends on what assistance we are prepared to give China for the defence of her territory. If we remain passive, benefit from them in no long time will disappear in the same way as "equality of opportunity" has already gone in Manchuria and Shantung.

Regarding these concessions as a whole, their aggregate value to us as they stand, and without a much more resolute attitude on our part than has yet been shown, is incomparably less than that which has been obtained from China by other Powers. Not to mention Manchuria and Port Arthur, the exclusive rights obtained by the "mailed fist" in Shantung should, and if belonging to us would, produce immeasurably more profit than under present circumstances we are likely to derive from all these concessions put together.

Though the above views are, I know, those of many who are best acquainted with Far-Eastern affairs, they have probably not been shared by the less well-informed majority, who are more likely to have estimated the concessions at the high value placed upon them by the Government. Any credit, however, accorded for obtaining them has had little appreciable effect in lessening the public discontent with other features in our Eastern diplomacy. Even if it be open to doubt whether the Government should have had a clearer insight into Russia's intentions with regard to Port Arthur, and a previously settled policy to regulate their action when those intentions were carried into effect, they are certainly amenable to just censure for failing to see the obvious consequence of their own action. Carping objections could only result in humiliation when there was no intention of supporting them by force; and the unfortunate "explanations" about the presence of our ships at Port Arthur would naturally be held to justify the demand for them, and to imply admission of a superior right on the part of Russia to the use of the port in question. The interpretation put upon these explanations, though described as "false," bore so close a resemblance to truth that the belief of its correctness in China, and, it may be added, in England, might have been anticipated. In the face of such want of resoluteness in our attitude, Chinese concession to the Russian demands was rendered inevitable.

—Two courses were from the outset open to us, each of them having plausible arguments in its favour: the one, to adopt and maintain,

even at the risk of war, a firm attitude in opposition to the alienation of Port Arthur; the other, to regard its acquisition by Russia as inevitable, to "graciously acquiesce" in it, and to come to terms with her for securing our interests in China. Adopting neither of these, the Government chose what Sir E. Grey rightly termed "the one indefensible course"—viz. that of making protests, which clearly showed that they had no force behind them—protests which would naturally irritate Russia, while affording not the least promise of affecting her projects. And then, when Russia had calmly ignored our objections and had hoisted her flag at Port Arthur, we, in accordance with an eleventh-hour decision, obtained—Wei-hai-Wei. There is a process well known and much favoured in China, which, in "pidgin-English," is called "saving the face." Where a defeat has been experienced, or a loss, moral or material, has been sustained, it consists in the doing, or causing to be done, of some act intended to hide the humiliation from the ignorant multitude. Of this nature was the hoisting of the Chinese flag alongside that of Russia when the latter took possession of Port Arthur; and an unduly close resemblance to it may be discerned in our own action with regard to Wei-hai-Wei. Preceded by the great display of naval power in the Gulf of Pechele, this acquisition seemed to some of us as the mouse outcoming from mountains in labour; yet, when announced here with a great flourish of trumpets, it was received by the supporters of the Government (even by some of those who had been discontented with their Far-Eastern policy) with acclamation. This "brilliant counterpoise for Port Arthur," this "masterly counter-stroke to Russia," had, in fact, applied to it most of the epithets and synonyms which are appropriate only to the greatest feats of war or diplomacy. The event will prove whether such laudation was justified. Meanwhile, the consideration of the papers and speeches on the subject has only served to confirm the doubts on the point of those who are best acquainted with the situation in China, and are at the same time competent to form an opinion upon it unbiassed by party considerations. The acquisition has, no doubt, to a certain extent, calmed opposition in England, and may possibly have conduced to "save our face" in China; but it is open to doubt whether its effect in either case will prove much less temporary than the display of the Chinese flag at Port Arthur. While it is, and will remain, an irritating menace to Russia, it is difficult to discern how our possession of this port will in the slightest degree thwart her designs. For a war with her now, or at an early date, the port might, no doubt, be useful to us for various purposes; but possession of it might be obtained at any time when required by a friendly pre-arrangement with China, or, in any case, by a Power having command of the sea. To render it more useful—

as, for instance, by the provision of a dock for the repair of ships damaged in action, and of the necessary works of defence—will take years, and will involve large expenditure for construction and garrison. But by the end of these years Russia will be in a far more impregnable position than now, and having, by means of her great railway, ready access to China by land, will prosecute her designs with little regard to any possible injury which we can do her from the sea. For these reasons, our acquisition of Wei-hai-Wei would seem to be only another instance of the objectionable policy which makes itself so evident in the Parliamentary papers—a policy of opposition to Russia without practical effect upon her, beyond that of useless irritation. The report that two regiments in India are under orders to proceed to Wei-hai-Wei seems to have been premature; but the official answer to the question on the subject would seem to imply that some force is to be sent thither, and that what may be called the policy of “bluff” is to be continued. Considering how small is the number of our troops relatively to our world-wide responsibilities, it may be doubted whether even Mr. Balfour’s adroitness can provide a plausible justification for employing any of them at a distant outpost in support of such a policy. It may be hoped, therefore, that the Government may be induced, even if necessary by the opposition of its own supporters, to leave the port as it is, and to expend upon it neither men nor millions.

But enough as regards the past. What has been done cannot be undone; and “there is no use in crying over spilt milk.” What concerns us now is to endeavour to grasp the present situation in the Far East, and to consider what is to be done to preserve our interests there in face of the great change of circumstances which has recently taken place. We have to recognise, in the first instance, that Manchuria, as well as Shantung, is now virtually out of the control of China. While, for the convenience of the dominating Powers, both will remain for a time under Chinese administration, “equality of opportunity” there as regards the construction of railroads, and the opening of mines, is irretrievably gone; and the former may be regarded as practically a Russian province, the latter, though less certainly, as a German province. Possibly neither Power will increase the duties upon foreign trade, which have, according to treaty, been levied by China. But even if they do, I am not one of those who believe that the actual volume of British trade will decrease. On the contrary, I expect it to grow larger, whatever barriers may be raised against it, owing to the great development of the countries in question, which is certain to follow the advent of civilised government. What *will* diminish, and that largely, is the proportion which our trade now bears to the total of foreign trade. That, however, is the worst to be

expected. Our actual, as distinguished from our relative, commercial position in these provinces will not be impaired, but rather is likely to be improved.

But, it may be asked, if possession or occupation of Chinese territory by more civilised Powers, or their control over the Chinese Government, will result in increasing British trade, why need we be anxious about the future of the Middle Kingdom, or care what division is made of her provinces? Those who would put this question (1) ignore the effect upon India of a China under the complete control of Russia, or of Russia and other Powers in concert with her; and (2) fail to appreciate the enormous increase of trade which would result from a rational development of the country, and the exceedingly small portion of this which will fall to our share if we remain inactive.

As to (1). Any one who, looking at a map of China, observes the great distance which separates Manchuria from Burmah, would be apt to regard Russian pressure upon the latter as too remote a contingency to be considered in practical politics. But Russia has shown herself capable of assimilating Asiatic peoples with extraordinary rapidity. Already we are told that the population of Manchuria (which now contains but few Manchus, and consists mainly of emigrants from the Northern Provinces of China Proper) is showing remarkable complacency towards the Russians in its midst, and appears to welcome the prospect of a Government which, however far from perfect, is at least a great improvement upon that of "squeezing" Mandarins. If Russia should be allowed a free hand in China Proper, similar appreciation of her will have effect there, and all the more quickly as the knowledge spreads of the improved condition of the Manchurians. Though, no doubt, under any probable conditions, it would be a long time before Russia could undertake the administration of the hundreds of millions of China, the power to bring pressure to bear upon India need not wait for that, and might be achieved within a comparatively short period. If by continuance of her predominant influence at Peking she should obtain control of the railroads, which will in the course of a few years traverse the Middle Kingdom from end to end, she might within half a generation become a menace to India such as she has never yet been. The Yunnan frontier of Burmah has no Himalayas to impede the march of a hostile force; and if the information furnished by Mr. Colquhoun (who in his journeys from China to India gave special attention to the subject) and other travellers be correct, an enemy having control of Southern China has an open "back door" to India, which, in the absence of natural obstacles, would involve great cost for defence. According to reports recently published, Russia, probably with the aid of her subsidised Mandarins, is endeavouring to obtain control of the projected Peking-Hankau railroad. This attempt, if successful, would bring Russia nearly half-way

from Manchuria to the Burmese frontier, while the French railroad from Tonquin to Yunnan-Fu (only some 200 miles from Burmah), extended, as in the absence of opposition it is likely to be, to Hankan or some other point on the Yangtze, would enable these Powers to knock at the Indian "back door" so disagreeably as to compel the presence of a large force to prevent their entrance. This is a contingency which, whether remote or not, may be regarded as almost certain to occur some day, if we allow other Powers to have their way in China, and is therefore one against which a wise statesmanship should provide beforehand. It cannot be too clearly recognised, however, that any steps to avert it cannot be long delayed. They must be taken now, or it will be too late.

As regards (2), all intelligent observers concur as to the amazing increase to the wealth of the world which would result from the better development of the enormous resources of China. Even if there were no improvement in the present modes of agriculture, mining, and manufacture, the mere introduction of railroads into so densely populated a country, where ordinary roads, and to a great extent rivers, are impassable for the greater part of the year, would give an impetus to the Chinese commercial instinct such as to cause a vast increase of trade. But with the railroads would come other applications of modern science; and these, especially in mining, would give rise to a foreign commerce compared with which that of the present would be only an insignificant fraction. Abundance of coal and iron exists in every province in China, the coalfield of Shansi alone being probably the largest which is yet known in the world; while each of the other valuable minerals, except platinum, invites profitable work in many parts of the Empire. The use of most of these earth-products, as well as certain methods of obtaining them, has, indeed, been known to the Chinese for thousands of years. The tradition that coal was the chief fuel of the people many centuries before its value was known in Europe, at a period anterior to the Christian era, is to a certain extent confirmed by Marco Polo, whose remarks\* on the subject indicate that the use of it observed by him as being general must have begun long before his time. But though this long-continued usage of coal by hundreds of millions of people may seem to render it doubtful whether any considerable quantity is left, it is on the contrary practically certain that this residue immeasurably exceeds all that in many ages has yet been recovered. Partly owing to the superstitious fear of letting out the "earth-dragon," and chiefly, I imagine, from ignorance of efficient measures of pumping, the soil has nowhere been pierced below water level, and I believe that no shafts are deeper than 100 feet. In fact, not only coal, but other

\* "It is a fact that all over the country of Cathay there is a kind of black stone existing in beds in the mountains which they dig out and burn like firewood. It is true that they have plenty of firewood also, but they do not burn it, because these stones burn better and cost less."—Yule's *Marco Polo*, vol. i. p. 395.

minerals, have been taken merely from the surface; and according to all experience, therefore, what remains below must be in vastly greater quantities.

Now it is not difficult to see that, while the development of these great resources will, and ought to, bring enormous benefits to the Chinese, by far the greater portion of the profit derivable by the outside world will fall to the Powers who control the country. Under no possible circumstances can we expect that our share of that profit will be in the proportion—80 per cent.—which our trade now bears to the total of foreign trade; but supposing it were 40, or even 20, per cent., it would mean a heritage of incalculable value to our children, as furnishing support to many millions of our ever-increasing population.

But, in order to secure a fair share, or any share, of this profit, it is evident that we must bestir ourselves, and that quickly. I do not here indicate the lines of a policy which would seem best calculated to attain the desired end. I must be content now with saying that, either by ourselves, or in concert with other Powers whose interests are similar to our own, we must find means for strengthening China. According to Gordon's experience and all competent opinion, the people, except, perhaps, those of the most southern provinces, are capable of furnishing excellent soldiers, in number practically unlimited. With European leading and training, an army might therefore be formed which would be an effective defence to the country against further aggression. What, however, is most immediately required for our interests is government support to British enterprise. Possibly, by an amicable agreement with Russia, and by putting an end to our policy of useless irritation, we might induce her to cease from her constant opposition. But, whether such an arrangement would be practicable or not, the utmost encouragement and support should be afforded to such enterprise, as being not less for the best interests of China than for our own. Already various concessions have been obtained by British subjects for the building of railroads and the working of mines. The Chinese Government should be made clearly to understand that such rights cannot in future be ignored with greater impunity than if they belonged to Russians, Germans, or Frenchmen; and that it will be held responsible for obstruction or outrage, whether arising spontaneously from popular superstition or from the incitement of local Mandarins. Our policy of leaving private interests to take care of themselves must be abandoned. Other Governments give a strenuous support to the enterprise of their subjects, and we must do the same, or we shall very quickly find ourselves in the position of mere spectators with reference to the coming development of China.

WM. DES VŒUX.

## THE PRISON TREATMENT OF WOMEN.

THERE is danger lest the peculiar problems of what is called by officials the "female side" of prisons should be neglected in the very hopeful discussions on prison reform that are taking place in Parliament.

That this should be so is natural for two salient reasons. First, that reform has been pushed by, and at the instance of, members of Parliament possessed of the supreme qualification of having tasted the bread and water of affliction on the male side; and secondly, that there is not only no similarly qualified woman, but no woman at all, who has the opportunity to speak in the council of the nation on the special "female" difficulties.

It must also be remembered that a Parliament which cannot find the right time for considering the openly proclaimed civic grievances of free women citizens cannot be in a mood to give due weight to those cloistered griefs that crush the womanhood of those who have fallen so far below the ideal as to be classed among criminals, many of whom belong to the (according to the tendency of the thinker) disgusting, comic, or pitiable class of drunkards, many to the social nuisance called "thief," some to the class that a vicious society treats as outcasts.

Then, again, the number of the women who fall under the power of the gaoler is small in comparison to that of the men, very small in proportion to the population. The very goodness of women, their law-abidingness, withdraws them from notice, and this in spite of the fact that women have more laws to obey than men have, while the temptation to disobey some laws that are equally incumbent on both sexes is, by consent and necessity, greater to women than to men.



The expectation of men that women shall be dressed in more various, more showy, more perishable clothes and ornaments than themselves, who deck the tempting windows and strew the goods in the streets, spreads a greater snare before the woman's eyes; the crying children cling to the mother for food; the starving baby hangs at her breast, and almost drives her to theft. The hellish ginshop appeals more temptingly to the worn child-bearer, the weary charwoman, the cruelly abused wife, who share the more easily excited nervous constitution of womanhood; and the shrill scream of the excited woman brings her more frequently under the fatal notice of the male policeman than do the growling oaths of her man congener.

The officials of the law are genuinely more shocked; they feel, from judge to policeman, their sense of what is right more outraged by the woman who is not normally well behaved than they do by the man guilty of the same misconduct. Perhaps it would be fair to say that their attitude of mind is shared by the bulk of the nation, whose standard of morality they are in office to enforce. The difficulty for the women brought to the bar is that, while the stricter rule of construction of "law and order" is applied to her instinctively, it is not easier for her to be obedient to law except inasmuch as popular morality acts as a stimulant to her best qualities. Where this is not so, those who realise that it is not so shake their heads and say how low the nation has fallen when even women do these things.

This somewhat unfair attitude is, however, only the poisonous flower of a wholesome root. It is the remanet of a healthy national conscience. But it must not be allowed any longer to lift its head and influence our prison management. Before the law men and women must be held equal in responsibility.

It is true that in prison management it has been recognised in some points that identical arrangements are not equal. Women have long been relieved from plank-bed and other forms of torture. It is, however, impossible to make prison equal in its pains and penalties as between man and man, and the problem is how to make the general discipline as just as humanity can make it. But there are broad lines on which the difference of sex calls for careful consideration in making prison rules, and all must not be held sauce for the goose that may be appropriate to the gander.

Miss Orme\* tells us in convincing words of the need of reform in women's prisons. She speaks of recommendations of the Departmental Committee on which she sat that have been "quietly ignored," though they are most important and far-reaching, and she points out the lack of women officials in the higher grades of the prison administration. Mr. Pickersgill has proposed an amendment to the Prisons Bill, which would put at least one lady on the Board of

\* *Fortnightly Review*, May 1898.

Visitors for convict prisons—that is, one woman to fourteen men members. It would be a small concession even if it were obtained, for in work in which women's participation is a novelty, it is well that there should be always two women who can consult together on the matters which they specially are competent to represent to the whole Board. This appears to be at present the only movement in favour of giving women an authoritative share in the humanising of our prison system. It would be more satisfactory to have one woman Commissioner, possibly preferring for that post a trained doctor, competent to deal with mental diseases among women prisoners. The women's convict prison at Aylesbury, at least, should have a Governor of the same sex, even if the women's side in each of the large prisons be not at once provided with a head, whose position shall give her an authority nearly, if not quite, co-ordinate with that of the Governor on the men's side. At present the matrons, often admirable women as they are, are not generally of the class under whom any of us women who are interested in prisons would like to be put for discipline. An educated male prisoner may find a good and agreeable friend in the Governor, and has even been known to wish for a little freedom from his society during the period of imprisonment; but a first-class woman misdemeanant would not be as well off. Not that this is a matter of wide importance, since women politicians and reformers do not often get into trouble. But it serves to illustrate the difference in the class of officers and the degree of authority placed in their hands. Now, the use of having an educated and trained mind in supreme authority in a prison is that, within certain limits, a good deal of discretion is given in order to adapt the discipline to special cases or special temperaments.

The way in which the domination of man over woman has been held to be natural and proper is curiously illustrated in the fact that the need for perfectly private religious conversation is recognised for men, and the chaplain enjoys perfect freedom to visit a prisoner alone whenever he thinks fit. But a woman prisoner is always under the ken of a warder whenever either the chaplain or an authorised woman visitor seeks to comfort or instruct her, or to hear her penitent outpourings. It is true that a delicate-minded warder will try to be both deaf and invisible; but there is the hard (and, in the case of the chaplain, necessary) rule. It can only be remedied by recognising the human need for privacy, which is felt by women fully as much as by men, and by appointing women to give religious help. One matron—of the undesirable sort—spoke of such a visitor being in danger from the violence of women prisoners. But that is a danger either that does not exist, or that would willingly be faced by women with women as it is by chaplains with men. There is, however, scarcely anything more pathetic in visiting prisons than to see the hungry look of the

prisoner at the woman who shows interest enough in prison life to be seen there, even though she is forbidden to hold intercourse with the prisoners.

There are a certain number of women visitors in prisons, but their business is chiefly either to share in the admirable work of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies or to act as Scripture readers. What would seem to be wanted is rather educated women, whose position in relation to the prison would be equal to that of the chaplain, and who would have the same freedom and authority about lending books from the library and other details of management. There should be also some careful arrangement by which women (as well as Nonconformist clergy, to whom Miss Orme directs so well-meant a reproach) of varying religious sympathies should be put in touch with different prisoners. There is at present a general though vague belief among philanthropic women that it is very difficult to get access to a prison, and to apply to the Home Secretary for a permit seems audacious and difficult. The Commissioners have, however, recently been much more ready to admit known visitors, though they are still capable of administering a very pretty snub on occasion to some quite admirable woman who wants to form her ideas as to what women ought to wish, and to be allowed, to do for women prisoners. One friend of mine, encouraged by the great courtesy of the successive Home Secretaries to myself, was refused admission, and had to give up her visit. Inside the prisons there is a good deal of dogged opposition to visitors. One very pleasant warder in a large women's prison said: "Visitors? We've so many they tumble over each other!" A little detailed inquiry ascertained that one woman came sometimes, one was a paid agent of a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, who saw some prisoners just before discharge, another came once a fortnight, another irregularly, and altogether there were some half-dozen who occasionally visited among a large number of prisoners serving fairly long terms.

But if we are to stem the current of *récidivisme*, it must be by many women having access to prisoners right through their days and weeks of dismal seclusion. They must be women capable of doing something in addition to "doing good" to the prisoner, capable of getting into touch with whatever there is in her that can be made the lever for lifting her out of her degradation. The reason why outsiders are the right people for this is that you can only very rarely indeed combine the function of an officer, whose duty it is to carry out the punitive disciplinary rules of the prison, and of a friend and redeemer of the prisoner. This is said to be especially true, as a rule, with women, who hardly ever admit the justice of their sentence. A deep sense of injury is always there. It may partly be because a woman—whether or not she has been originally driven or led into crime by some man, whether she be or not the miserable victim of a

drunken and dissolute and brutal society, to which she has only too easily assimilated herself—has at least been arrested, tried, condemned, driven to prison, received at the door, medically inspected, registered, and consciously governed in prison, by men, who have not treated her as a woman, but as a prisoner, an accused person, an object of suspicion, and then of severe discipline. It is a wholly unnatural relationship, which womanhood must resent. A woman so situated needs a kind word, a tone of pity. But the very women she meets with are trained and bound by rule to be impersonal, severe, unapproachable. The world outside puts all possible pressure on a woman to be gentle, affectionate, impressionable, adaptable to others, to smile, to say "dear" easily, to kiss a child, to be homely and comfortable. But the moment such a woman has proved herself to be emotional, or weak, or bad enough to lose control over herself to the measure that brings her under the law, all is as hard, as rigid as though she had been trained as a boy, as a man, is trained by the world. Naturally the injustice of the actual sentence and the actual punishment is what she is full of. She does not appreciate the fact that it is our whole system which makes life so obviously unequal, and law so only nominally equal, for men and women, and which inflicts such heavy penalties on women.

One wonders what proportion of men and what proportion of women prisoners, for instance, suffer anguish by being parted from children; what proportions of men and of women are racked with anxiety about the details of the life of those left outside. We are all learning with joy that the torture of useless labour on the treadmill, and with the crank, and on the plank-bed are now to be done away with, together with floggings and other maddening brutalities; but nobody yet has spoken specially for the mother who has to wait such a weary time to know whether anybody is looking after the children or the home, which, even in her degradation or in her deadly fall into temptation, nature and nurture alike had made her all.

There ought to be no difficulty in supplying suitable visitors for prisons. Temperance societies have their experienced workers. The Union of Women Workers, and many religious and social reforming organisations could supply the need in their due proportion. The workers in workhouses under the Brabazon scheme have been found, and if it were known that they were warmly desired inside prisons they would be able to be named by that admirable society in all probability. If the well-chosen existing prison libraries were available for the use of circle leaders nominated by the National Home Reading Union to work in prisons, and if these leaders were allowed access to prisoners during that first terrible period of solitary confinement (whether it be shortened as Mr. Burns suggests or no), there

would be less of that stolid despair, the broken nerve, the mental death, the furious rage against society which are now found among our criminals. To refuse books during that period is so impolitic that if it were the personal whim of a man in his own household it might easily be taken as irrefragable proof of insanity. Yet prisons are in a special sense the household of the nation, for there alone can the national conscience impose itself with absolute despotism on the life of its citizens, and show how its judgment is that life ought to be conducted for the definite purpose of reform. How far we are from that ideal the refusal of books to the loneliness of the newly imprisoned is a fair test.

The introduction of home-reading circles into prisons would also solve the problem how to permit that amount of conversation among prisoners which common humanity and medical experience now agree to pronounce necessary. The group of prisoners who have been reading some book or portion of a book would meet to discuss its topics, and to gain light and interest on its subject from the leader who brings maps, pictures, greater knowledge and the breath of life to bear on what is to be discussed. Warders might be present or even be members of the circle, so as to prevent other talk being surreptitiously carried on, as it now is in chapel during hymns, and under the name of responses. But it would also be often found that a newly-awakened taste for reading, or for the subject read about, would be the saving clue on discharge from prison.

Even that most unhappy prisoner who is illiterate (though often quite keen and bright in mind), and over forty years of age, and therefore excluded from instruction, and who is thus utterly without help for mental relief, might be present at such readings and share the privileges of well-ordered talk. It is felt by everybody that the supremely needful thing is to introduce hope into prison life. Imprisonment is long, and the heart grows sick. But such a little event as the periodic meeting of the reading circle would be always near at hand and invigorating.

It has often been suggested that the drudgery of prison washing (which renders most of those engaged in it less competent than before to earn their living afterwards even by laundrywork), making post-office pads and bags, and such like dreary rough sewing, ought to be replaced by industries which will be helpful as wage-earning occupations at the end of the prisoner's term. This drudgery has been dictated by a false idea of economy. It is like saving on your children's education, and so making them the longer dependent upon you. The small number of women prisoners, in most prisons, in comparison with the men has contributed to put this burden of hard common washing on an unduly large proportion of women. In some prisons they are too few, and it is found necessary to make the men

do some of their own washing, a thing scarcely to be regretted in a colonising nation which may some time wake up to see that it would be well for everybody to know how to be clean, and how to cook simple food under difficult circumstances. Men in prison often learn useful trades under the guise of doing hard labour, but in only a few prisons is this the case for women.

The Home Secretary has taken the first step in the direction of teaching cookery in prisons. Probably no art more absolutely certainly secures an honest livelihood for a woman than that of cooking. Mistresses put up with many blemishes of character in a really good cook; they wink at dishonesties, bear with bad habits, are meek to outrageous tempers, are almost like incarnate charity to women who can satisfy the culinary requirements of their households. And so the discharged prisoner would find an opening if she had learned her cooking in the prison. Permission to try whether this can be done has been given in one prison. But the experiment is not yet ready for discussion. The difficulties are very easily to be seen. It should, however, be remembered that a quite simple standard of teaching would make the woman's own home healthier, happier, more free from temptation to remedy or supplement bad food by drink, would make her return to it more welcome.

The blunt, clumsy "criminal hand" is a well-known object; also the medical theory that training of the hand involves education of the brain. Whether or no we add a warm faith in the moralising effects of art, we may connect the first two thoughts together, and consider whether a definite and rapidly successful manual training, such as is given by the Sloyd work, might not solve some of the hard cases. Not only might it so train the hands as to prepare skilful workers who could command a market, but also it might give us people with clearer and fresher brains, able to look at life quite differently.

These and other modes of introducing well-accredited women, with definite duties, to the prisoners throughout their time of punishment would result in the prisoners having—while parted from all the evil associations of their lives; while suddenly stopped in bad habits, and made to reconsider all their problems—the opportunity to form those personal attachments, those incarnated ideals which are among the greatest helps to weak wills and faulty conceptions. Friendship would be the bar against the first temptations of the newly freed. The prime idea of a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society is that each prisoner should be met by good friends at the prison-gate, should feel that somebody cares for her welfare, and will give her a hand. At present so few of us share the work of these societies; so many of us draw our skirts away from the former criminal; so rarely is the just notion held that the punished criminal has purged her offence, that nothing like all discharged prisoners are so met at the door; few

comparatively have the personal tie to helpful friends; and it is no wonder that many soon return to prison. The difficulty of meeting at the prison-door is highly increased by the senseless practice of discharging prisoners at a very early hour of the morning, when distance and the ordinary habits of the comfortable classes, and paucity of trains, 'buses, and cabs, render it almost out of the question to organise the meetings. Alongside of these difficulties glares the fact that the comparatively hungry prisoner is turned out into the rawness of an English morning, and the public-house is, in the case of most prisons, among the nearest buildings—probably in every case the nearest to which she has any ease of access. A coffee-stall at the entrance of every prison would do wonders, and might be a place of meeting for ladies who already know the prisoners.

That last sentence contains a word that needs a comment—"ladies." Already a few ladies of high social position have undertaken splendid work in getting employment for discharged prisoners; some societies have paid agents in the same work, and about ten prisons have two or three visitors each; eighteen have (these facts are for 1897) one each; twenty-one have none at all. It is much to be desired that different societies should take this matter up. That would be better than isolated individuals interesting themselves and offering work. For a society may well be a better judge of qualification; can give guarantees to the authorities; can expect from its nominees regularity and persistence; can supply casual vacancy of office. And, since one great object is to create a circle of friendly thought of prisoners, both during and after punishment, it goes without saying that the voluntary representative of a voluntary association is to be preferred. She will put the many in touch with the inside of prison life. When the time arrives for gradual introduction of further reform in prison administration, Government would be justified in relying rather upon collective than upon individual opinion, and would have a larger amount of public support in its humane changes.

It is not well for ordinary purposes that there should be a too great distance of social position between the prisoner and the visitor. It would be most desirable that prison visitors should be women who would make this work their prime occupation and interest, with a devotion as great as our generation has seen to hospital work, and culminating in as great an improvement in the actual officials employed. The educated middle class have begun to realise their opportunity to make Christianity actual in the hospital, and it may not be long before they go on to the prisons. After all that has been done, there is still to be heard the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner that calls for wise response.

But most valuable of all would be the attitude of the public mind towards the purged criminal. At present a woman who gives work

to such a person is regarded as either a fool or an angel, while probably she is only a just and sensible person who will reap good fruit of faithful service or warm gratitude for her humanity.

The criminals are not all worse than the free citizen. It is told of a governor of a convict settlement belonging to a European Power long ago that, having power to give grants of land to time-expired convicts of good conduct, he saw a piece of land that it was to be desired, and granted it to himself, but never was made to fulfil the just condition that he should, like the others, have served a term for theft. The thief in prison has her congener outside, who is treated as an invalid or an eccentric. The drunken servant who goes mad in prison may be only differentiated by class and accident from the lady who has a "companion" provided by her family. The infanticide might have been the happy mother and mistress of a home had not an immoral man and a cruel society been mountains in her path.

If we try and succeed in improving the conditions of punishment it can only be in conjunction with the willing co-operation of surrounding society. In studying the question of help for discharged prisoners many special points need to be kept in mind. Feebleness of mind, arising from congenital tendency, from miserable food and surroundings in childhood, from accident, from drink or immorality, has a distinct tendency to land people in prison. While there the depression of confinement, the sense of degradation, the apprehension of difficulty on discharge, the severity of diet, all tend to increase this feebleness, although regularity and the absence of drink and other excitements may tell in a more favourable sense. But on leaving prison such women are more likely than others to be made mothers. It is not certain that the very spareness of the diet does not tell in this direction. They ought not to be mothers unless under the happiest and most comforting circumstances. And they call for special care. Are the authorities even careful not to discharge prisoners from both sides of a prison about the same time? They do see prisoners, from a distance, into trains to take them home, or to any place they choose to name, in many cases if not in all. This does not work out well in the case of whimsical prisoners. But there is still a good deal to be done in the way of precaution to shield women during the earlier portion of their freedom.

The Home Secretary and the Commissioners are bent on prudent and workable reforms. It is not possible for women to suggest what ought to be done on the men's side unless they have means of judging, which at present are not afforded to them. Possibly a demand for such means might be pressed in the case of young male criminals. But meanwhile their comfortable ideas must remain unfruitful.

In the case of women, reformers are bound to form and to express their balanced judgment. And if they do not seek to introduce the



methods of prison philanthropy familiar to another branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, it is that not the spirit of those methods, but the details of its application, must vary with environment. The notion of vengeance on the criminal is perishing before the common-sense discovery that *récidivisme* is its consequence, and that whatever raises the prisoner empties the gaol.

One modern outcome of this persuasion is the introduction of the "Star Class" into prisons. To be of the star class gives a prisoner the privilege of working, sitting in chapel, and taking exercise, apart from the common run of prisoners. It is a sign, according to the Commissioners, of their having satisfied themselves in each individual case by careful inquiry that that prisoner is "morally, socially and intellectually of a better stamp," and consequently better material to work upon. "The very fact that they are in the star class and regarded as first offenders at once raises them a step above the ordinary prisoners, a position they are not slow to realise, and yet not to presume upon it." Very few of these—though now an increasing number, probably as the system becomes familiar to the officials—return to prison. There is a growing tendency, of course, for the extremely cautious early choice of prisoners to be admitted to this class to lapse into the hands of the Governor alone, whose judgment more and more easily satisfies the Visiting Committees. And in addition to this the success of the system has tempted the Commissioners to extend it to all classes of crime except the receivers of stolen goods. It is difficult for the non-commissioned intellect to grasp the inferiority "socially, morally, and intellectually" of these unhappy outcasts to the burglar, the coiner, the assaulter of women or children, and many other classes of criminals. But there is in this connection a startling example of the evil of withdrawing administration of public responsibility from public criticism, of passing prison regulations by simply laying them on the table of the House. For this last year these excellent Commissioners have added to the classes of prisoners who are "morally, socially, and intellectually superior," who are not "criminals as this term is usually understood," young criminals condemned for unnatural offences, or rape, where more than one person was concerned in crime, or of rape attended with special brutality. Further, they not only include these as admissible (on individual inquiry as in other cases) to the superior class, but in their grave report they say:

"There is a very clear line of demarcation between the city thief and the sexual offender. Many of the latter come from the agricultural districts; most of them allege that they commit the offence when under the influence of drink; they break the law under the impulse of an uncontrollable passion, and not with the object or purpose of any ulterior gain. His resolution to lead an honest life on discharge is far easier to keep" (although

the impulse was uncontrollable!), "and, we believe that if we can keep him from all contamination from the habitual thief in prison, at the same time teaching him a useful trade to enable him to earn a living on discharge, we shall contribute in a practical manner to his chances of rehabilitation."

Surely these amazing arguments in favour of telling the degraded gang of juvenile women and child ravagers that they are superior do not find an echo in the minds of the people whose servants the Commissioners are. They are the echo of the military tone of mind about the unimportance of women, the unchecked licence to be conceded to organised groups of men in relation to women. They show the definite need that the claims of women to aid and protect the weaker and more unhappy members of their own sex should find expression in the admission of women to a share in every grade of prison administration.

There is a growing and most dangerous tendency to make light of sexual offences against women and children. The Judges on the Western Circuit were stated in the local newspaper recently to have congratulated the jury on the lightness of the calendar, and the absence of crime when they had the duty of trying several cases of "criminal assault."

SARAH M. AMOS.

## IS EVANGELICALISM DECLINING?

A DEFINITION of terms may sometimes be the end of a controversy. When Mr. Richard Heath, in the May number of this REVIEW, writes of the "waning of Evangelicalism," the first question which naturally arises is one as to the facts. "Is Evangelicalism waning?" is a preliminary query, which needs to be answered before we take a single step in our examination. It is worse than useless to inquire into the causes of a phenomenon until we have first ascertained whether the phenomenon itself is a reality or a mental illusion. But it is necessary to go even behind this, and ask, what is included under the term "Evangelicalism"? There is a very wide difference between a vital force and an "ism." Piety and pietism, despite external resemblances, are so different that the one may even be the foe of the other. The Evangelical creed—which is really the Gospel—is not to be confounded with Evangelicalism, although, unfortunately, they are too often regarded as identical. The leading ideas of the former may be embodied in the latter, but they are there combined with others, which have been accepted (probably without sufficient examination) as necessary inferences, and what is even worse, they are there in crystallised form as dogmas rather than inspiring truths. The "ism" is a party badge, the form and colour of which must be preserved at every cost.

It is not necessary to say more in order to show the absolute necessity of a clear understanding as to the exact sense in which the term in question is used. If it means nothing more than the "ism," then this "waning" of Evangelicalism, even if it be shown to be a fact, may be nothing more than the decline of a party, and with it the shedding of some peculiarities which have been sources of weakness rather than of strength. Taken even in this narrower sense, the

question is one of very deep interest. The ecclesiastical and even the religious life of England would be materially affected by any serious decay in the Evangelical party. For it would mean that their living message to the nation had to some extent become a mere "ism" in which there was no real vitality, and that, as the necessary consequence, their power to affect the heart and conscience of the nation was being forfeited, if, indeed, it had not already been lost. That would itself be a serious evil, but if even more than this be intended—and the suggestion is that those central truths which are common to Puritans of every shade and in every Church are losing their hold—it would be nothing short of a calamity, and unless the downward movement were checked, would ultimately lead to a veritable *débâcle*.

Mr. Heath does not define with any exactitude in which of these two senses this question is to be understood. It is clear enough that he is not thinking solely of the Evangelical party in the Anglican Church, but, at all events, regards its sympathisers in the various Free Churches as sharing its decadence. He considers that their influence is on the wane, and cites certain facts which in his view point to that conclusion. It may be well, in the first place, to look at these. There is a general statement that "Evangelical institutions," despite occasional spurts, are not maintaining their old position. "There are few of the great institutions or societies which may be styled Evangelical which have not of late years suffered experiences of this kind. That in certain cases their efforts at recovery have, to some extent, been successful, and that much energy and devotion are being displayed, is not sufficient to invalidate the fact that Evangelical institutions on the whole tend to decline." When I read this I rubbed my eyes, thinking that I must have made some mistake. On a second perusal I regained my equanimity, for I felt that Mr. Heath's concessions went far towards taking the sting out of his sweeping statement. If it be true that in some cases, where there has been apparent or temporary decline, there has been subsequent recovery, then surely we may hope that the vitalising power is still active, and that, even where the revival is not yet apparent, this may be due to exceptional or temporary conditions. Every great institution is liable to ebbs and flows in the tide of its prosperity, and these societies, even if all that is suggested here be true, may only be illustrating a law common to all human institutions.

But my great difficulty here is to identify the societies which are intended. I am writing in the midst of the May meetings and am hearing much of progress. I know not where I am to look for signs of decay. The British and Foreign Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society are among the most conspicuous of these Evangelical institutions, and in neither of them is there any symptom of this "tendency to decline." The latter is celebrating its centenary, and

was able at its opening meeting to report contributions of £32,000 towards the £50,000 it intends to raise as a grateful memento of the past, and a necessary preparation for enlarged operations in the future. Then comes the Church Missionary Society, and it alone supplies a sufficient answer to many a doleful jeremiad. The recent story of that society is indeed one of the most cheering features in our modern Church-life, and must be a staggering difficulty for those who are so fully assured of the decline of the Evangelical party in the Established Church. The Bishop of Liverpool is cited as saying that "the Evangelical clergy are to-day but a small minority of the Church of England." That is probably true, but here is a fact to be put on the opposite side. The Church Missionary Society represents the Evangelical party in the foreign work of that Church, and there never was a period when its spirit was so buoyant, its courage so undaunted, or its resources so abundant as the present. To take a phrase from the newspaper slang of the day, the report at the late public meeting shows that the last has been a record year in the history of the Society, and further, that its directors mean to break the record in the new year on which they have entered. If I turn to other kindred Missionary Societies the result is the same. The London Missionary Society, with whose internal affairs I am more intimately acquainted, was never more successful or more abundantly supported. If deficits are reported, it is not because there has been a falling off in the supply, but because there is an ever-growing increase in the demand. Here surely is more than an ounce of fact, worth a whole ton of speculation as to the decline of Evangelicalism.

So far as Congregational churches are concerned, there are causes at work which might have produced a diminution in the income available for Foreign Mission work. Our churches have, in consequence of the altered conditions of modern life, been faced with problems of special gravity. Half a century ago they regarded themselves as private communities which had to make provision for the wants of their own members, and to do a certain amount of Evangelistic work in the country. To-day they realise that they have a national work, that they form an integral part of the national Christendom, and they accept accordingly a due share of national responsibility. But this means a serious drain upon their resources, which has been greatly increased by reason of some special conditions of our modern life. The full effect of the remarkable changes in the population, in consequence of the twofold drift of one class from the central districts of cities to the suburbs, and on the other hand, from villages and small towns to larger centres, has hardly been appreciated. But the burden which it has laid upon Free Churches, upon their statesmanship and spirit of enterprise even as much as on their finance, cannot well be exaggerated. The financial aspect of the case is more

easily understood than the other. - Looking at that alone, it might seem as though the new calls on the liberality of the churches must be a serious hindrance to the development of missionary enterprise. Every new place of worship involves cost in the first instance for the building and then for the maintenance of its various institutions. All this has occurred at a time when the force of enlightened Christian opinion has all been in favour of an enlargement of the sphere of the Church's work, which of course means an addition to the calls upon the liberality of its members. Take, *e.g.*, the West London Mission as an illustration. It undertakes a kind of service of which our fathers never dreamed. Institutions with similar aims are to be found in connection with other Free Churches. In a word, the demands of the home work are almost immeasurable, and they are ever increasing. If in the face of them all the response of our churches is at all adequate to the incessant and urgent calls from the Foreign Mission field, it certainly says much for the vitality of the Evangelical force which is behind all this zeal and self-sacrifice.

I have dwelt thus long on the missionary question because, in my judgment, it supplies a crucial test by which to prove the soundness of Mr. Heath's diagnosis. The missionary enterprise is one of the most characteristic products of the Evangelical movement. There is no point at which any decay of the Evangelical spirit would so be soon apparent as here. It is one grand venture of faith, and if faith is feeble it cannot retain the quickening power in the absence of which foreign missions would speedily come to an end. It is true that motives of an inferior kind are sometimes utilised by the advocates of Christian missions. The wisdom of such appeals is questionable, and their success is still more doubtful. It may be that our missionaries are the pioneers of commerce and civilisation, but the zeal which is essential to their continuance must be developed under very different influences from any which belong to the sphere of material or even intellectual progress. The divine necessity which compels an apostolic Church as it constrained the great Apostle of the Gentiles must be a passionate, overpowering faith. This is the very heart of the system, and while it is sound and healthy true Evangelicalism cannot die.

As to another evidence of decay which Mr. Heath adduces, I differ equally from his view. He cites a number of witnesses whose testimony all points to the conclusion that the Evangelical Churches are losing their hold on the people. The assertion is a very grave and disturbing one, and before it is registered among accepted truths the evidence on which it rests ought to be subjected to very searching analysis. There are some very painful facts, which it would be worse than folly to ignore; but, disquieting as these may be, they do not warrant the sweeping inference which Mr. Heath has drawn. Thus the

Rev. W. F. Adeney is cited as to the disappointing results of Sunday schools. He was putting a case in favour of a reform in Sunday schools, and naturally he insisted strongly, too strongly, on the defects of present methods. But this is hardly to be taken as a piece of evidence conclusive as to the decay of Evangelicalism.

Nothing is more easy than to collect pessimistic utterances as to the state of religion, and even to support them by a show of evidence, but nothing is less satisfactory as a foundation for indiscriminating conclusions, which, if they were justified, would have a very grave significance indeed. It is extremely painful to note the passionate, indeed alarmist tone in which many good people are in the habit of speaking relative to the kingdom of God and His work in the world. Perhaps they are inveterate Conservatives, to whom every advance, indeed every change of method, is a step on the down-grade. They are fond of comparing the present with the past, greatly to the disadvantage of these latter days. Their incessant cry is, "What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" and any attempt to convince them that the fact is not as they represent it is utterly futile. They have innumerable signs of degeneracy to which they can point, and they obstinately refuse to look at any facts which tell on the opposite side. They never pause to think of the ultimate consequences of views and auguries which may be natural enough for an Agnostic or a Pagan, but are utterly inconsistent with a belief that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth and that Omnipotence is Love. A Christian pessimist is a contradiction in terms. But, unfortunately, there are some who seem to regard pessimism as a fruit of piety. How much their unguarded utterances do to produce the impression that Evangelical truth is losing its hold on the minds of men, and that we are living in a period of continuous retrogression, it would not be easy to estimate. In other cases these pessimist views are due to the disturbing effects of some special theory upon the mental vision. Is it not possible that Mr. Heath's own conclusions on this point have been too strongly coloured by his views as to certain defects in the Evangelical teaching, to which I shall presently refer?

In his opinion the old Evangelicalism has lost opportunities which were full of hope and promise, through the lack of breadth in its conception of the Gospel. Its religion was individualist, unsympathetic, altogether too other-worldly. This is his explanation of the alienation of the working classes, which he seems to regard not as indifference but positive hostility, expressing itself in bitter complaints "of English Christianity, especially of the Evangelical Churches, the reason of their concentrated severity on the latter being, as I believe, nothing but resentful love, the bitterness of children towards parents who have failed in their duty, and that through the most provoking of all

failures, narrowness of mind and *want of heart.*" With very much of this I agree—I might indeed say with all, except the closing words, which I have put in italics. That the vital truths of Evangelicalism have a much stronger hold on the minds of the people than we are accustomed to think, I have no doubt. Their absence from the worship of the Churches may be traced to various causes, but among them is not a widespread unbelief. There is an element of decided, and in some cases of aggressive, hostility, but this is not predominant. They may have lost faith in the Churches, but that does not mean that they have lost faith in God, in immortality, in retribution; least of all, that they disbelieve in Christ and His salvation.

Two or three testimonies quite unconnected with one another have strongly impressed me with this view. In a recent Review, Miss Orme, a lady of remarkably sound judgment and wide experience, speaks of the influence which the recollection of the Nonconformist teachings of their early days are likely to exert on the minds of prisoners who were trained in Nonconformist, that is, Evangelical schools. This is in perfect accord with a very remarkable statement made to me by an earnest Unitarian, who at one time was a minister of that Church in a large provincial town. He is a man of pronounced politics, full of strong social sympathies, an approved and acknowledged friend of the democracy. In times of suffering and sickness (as he told me) they often sent for him, but he added, "I used to find that down deep in their hearts was a profound faith in the old Evangelical doctrines." The statement struck me at the time as very remarkable, and reflection has only made me feel its significance still more strongly. It may well cause searchings of heart on the part of all who believe that the Churches are set for the defence and furtherance of the Gospel. If this kind of feeling exists among the classes, who, apparently, are so much out of sympathy with the Churches, what can we do to avail ourselves of this favourable sentiment whose existence we have hitherto hardly suspected?

In Mr. Heath's view, the Evangelicalism which is to move England at the close of the century must be very different in many respects from that with which the world was familiar at its commencement. Before dealing with his portraiture of the type which prevailed in the eighteenth century, and continued down through the early part of the nineteenth, I must point out a distinction which Mr. Heath has overlooked. He includes under his general term the Evangelicalism in Nonconformist Churches as well as that of the great party in the Established Church which bore its name. They were both Evangelicals, but with a very marked difference, which Canon Overton has not failed to point out. He says very truly:

"The Evangelicalism of the eighteenth century was by no



would simply a revival of the system properly called Puritanism in the religious and evangelical countries" (most true, as any one will see who remembers that Lucy Hutchinson was a type of the one, Hannah More of the other). — There were, of course, certain leading features which were common to the two systems. We can recognise a sort of family likeness in the strictness of life prescribed by both systems, in their abhorrence of certain kinds of amusement, in their fondness for Scriptural phraseology, and above all in the importance which they both attached to the distinctive doctrines of Christianity. But the points of difference between them were at least as marked as the points of resemblance. In Puritanism politics were inextricably intermixed with theology; Evangelicalism stood quite aloof from politics. The typical Puritan was gloomy and austere; the typical Evangelical was bright and genial. The Puritan would not be kept within the pale of the National Church; the Evangelical would not be kept out of it. The Puritan was dissatisfied with our liturgy, our ceremonies, our vestments and our hierarchy; the Evangelical was not only perfectly contented with every one of these things, but was ready to contend for them all as heartily as the highest of High Churchmen."

This distinction cannot be overlooked if we are to form a sound judgment on the present state of Evangelicalism in this country. The party in the Anglican Church of which Charles Simeon was a conspicuous representative in the pulpit, William Wilberforce in the senate, and Hannah More in literature, differs widely from that which is identified mainly with the old Nonconformity. If we are to be precise in our nomenclature, indeed, we must not describe the latter as Puritan, for that name certainly covers a much wider area. Dissent is the lineal descendant of Separatism. The Canon, owing to his Christian charity, does not use the name under the notion that it might be offensive. But it is the true one. Speaking broadly, all Separatists were Puritans, though all Puritans were not Separatists, and, in fact, were their keenest critics. It may seem pedantic to lay stress upon the point, but it is one on which some High Church writers are fond of insisting, and it would be undesirable to encourage them in the idea that we are ashamed of our own parentage and desire to claim a loftier descent. But I so far differ from the Canon that it seems to me that the Evangelical revival might be very properly described as Puritan, and the Church party, to which it gave birth, was in essence, though, of course, with considerable variety in detail, the legitimate heir of the old Puritan inheritance. Congregationalism, whether of the Baptist or the Pædobaptist type, is the successor of Separatism, which was bold enough to break loose from the universal opinion of the times as expressed in the whole theory of the "Catholic" Church, and to assert that the true Church

of Christ is to be "gathered"—that is, selected out of the world—a society of men who believe, not a nation which by law makes every one of its citizens a Christian.

This vital difference draws a dividing-line between these two sections of the Evangelical world. It has done so from the days of the Revival, and it does so still. The descendants of the old Separatists, who had behind them all the memories of the Civil War, were not likely to acquiesce in the idea that political life was to be eschewed by Christian men, whereas Canon Overton says the Evangelicals kept aloof from politics. That difference has become more apparent with the development of a wider and truer liberalism in our public life. The Revival found the Nonconformist Churches cowed by the nagging persecutions which had followed the Restoration and had not wholly ceased with the Revolution, to which their influence had contributed much, but from which it had received very little. They had as little disposition to strong political action as to earnest spiritual service. But the baptism of the Holy Ghost rested upon them as upon others, and they date a new era in their history from that great Revival. The new enthusiasm awakened in them manifested itself in their political as well as in their religious life. As their fathers fought for liberty of conscience on the fields of Marston or Naseby, they have maintained the honour of the same flag in the political struggle of later times. The Nonconformists are regarded both by friend and foe as the backbone of the Liberal party, which simply means that they have done yeoman service in the cause of progress.

It is necessary, therefore, in speaking of the supposed decline of Evangelicalism, to distinguish between the section of its adherents which is said to eschew politics and that which, in obedience to its own conviction of religious duty, has consistently adhered to the popular side in the various struggles of the present century. Whether "the blindness to the great social sunrise which has lit up the present century" is chargeable to Evangelicals outside as well as those within the pale of the Establishment, is a subject which cannot be discussed at length here. So far as the Anglican section is concerned, it is undeniably true that its sympathies have been strongly Conservative. The aversion to politics has really been an opposition to all reform. One of its favourite maxims has been, "Meddle not with those who are given to change." It has been extremely disappointing to their theological kinsmen in the Free Churches to find them amongst their keenest and most uncompromising opponents on ecclesiastical questions as well as those of Imperial policy in general. So far as the former were concerned, their attitude may be easily understood, even though not approved. They have been, and are, the suspected members of the National Church, and they have had to

clear themselves of the suspicion which has attached to them. They are in sympathy with the theology of Nonconformist Churches, they have had to be especially cautious lest they should be supposed to be in accord also with their ecclesiastical tendencies. They, above all others, were under a necessity to make their loyalty to the Establishment manifest, and they certainly have not failed to obey this constraint. It has been a stock complaint with the Evangelical Dissenter that he found more of the spirit of tolerance in the Tractarian, to whom he was most opposed, than in the Evangelical clergyman, with whom he was in such close theological agreement.

Perhaps this is a necessary consequence of the anomalous position which the Evangelical party holds in the Established Church. Its leaders of fifty years ago persuaded themselves that they were the true representatives of Anglicanism, and when the Tractarian movement developed itself the first idea was to crush it by force of law. In the course of the half century we have had prosecution after prosecution, with the practical result of legalising much of the teaching and ritual against which they most vehemently protested. In other words, it has been made clear that the Establishment was never meant to be an Evangelical preserve, and, in truth, that if Evangelicals are to continue there it must be on sufferance. If, under these circumstances, the party has declined in numbers, there is here no cause for surprise. Let it be added that even this decline does not necessarily mean a decay of Evangelical faith. If, indeed, evidence be wanted of the vitality of that faith, it may be found in the spirit and teaching of the modern High Church school. It would fatigue my imagination to conceive of an antagonism to its whole theory of the Church and the Sacraments more strong than my own, but that does not hinder my hearty recognition of the Evangelical tone of their doctrinal teachings. The clergy of the Established Church are an entirely different body of men, as the result of the two waves which have swept across that Church during the present century. The "high and dry" rector of Dean Conybeare's graphic pictures is as extinct as the dodo. The High Churchman of to-day magnifies his office, exalts his Church, idolises his sacraments, but, in strange combination with all this ecclesiasticism, there is often a teaching of doctrine that is distinctly Evangelical. This is a fact which cannot be left out of account in any fair attempt to estimate the real influence of the movement. It has not secured the ascendancy of one party in the Church, but it has done much to secure the preaching of the Gospel in place of the mere husks of dry morality which were once dealt out to the people. Ritualism is its legitimate offspring in a Church which holds fast by the Prayer-Book. It may be an unnatural child, but a close observation will discover the intimate relation between systems which at first seem to be irreconcilable foes. It

would be unfair to deny that numbers of the High Church clergy combine with their zeal for rites and ceremonies a remarkable earnestness in spiritual and Evangelical teaching.

Their relation to the Establishment has, indeed, always hampered the action of the Anglican Evangelicals. As we have just seen, the decline of the party does not necessarily argue a decay of faith in the doctrines which they teach, but rather the ascendancy of Church ideas among the younger clergy. It is open to serious doubt whether a similar tendency has been at work among their laymen. Be that as it may, it seems to be an admitted fact that among the clergy it has been losing ground, chiefly because of the stronger development of the clerical, if not of the sacerdotal, spirit. That for all its nobler movements it can still command an extraordinary amount of support among the laity of the Church is manifest from the facts which I have already adduced in relation to the Church Missionary Society.

The special type of piety which has been associated with its name has never had, and was never likely to have, a strong hold upon the English population. It would be an ungracious task to insist upon its weaknesses, but without some reference to them it is impossible fully to understand its present position. Mr. Augustine Birrell, in his essay on Hannah More, has satirised them in a style which, though too caustic and severe, nevertheless does help to explain the secret of this failure. He says :

"This class may be imperfectly described as 'the well-to-do Christian.' It inhabited snug places in the country, and kept an excellent, if not dainty, table. The money it saved in a ball-room it spent upon a greenhouse: Its horses were fat, and its coachman invariably present at family prayers. Its pet virtue was church twice on Sunday, and its peculiar horrors theatrical entertainments, dancing, and threepenny points. Outside its garden wall lived the poor who, if virtuous, were for ever curtsying to the ground or wearing neat uniforms, except when expiring upon truckle-beds beseeching God to bless the young ladies of the Grange or the Manor House, as the case might be."

This is a strongly coloured picture, and from its very one-sidedness necessarily does injustice to the class. But even in the extreme character of its representations it serves to suggest how it is that it has been unable to attract the sympathies of the class of whom Mr. Heath chiefly speaks. Many other features of another character need to be introduced if justice is to be done to the portrait of the Evangelical. He has certainly played no unworthy part in the ecclesiastical history of the time. If he has not risen to the height of his great opportunities it has been due partly to his ecclesiastical relations, and partly to certain exaggerations in his theological and ecclesiastical system. To look at the last of these causes first, it must be said that these exaggerations are common to the entire Evangelical world as it

is understood by Mr. Heath. They are both theological and ethical. Under the first is included that lack of perspective which gives secondary truths a prominence as great as that of the central verities which are the Gospel, and which thus entirely disturbs the due proportion of faith. Not content with insisting that the Bible is the Word of God, Evangelical orthodoxy has committed itself to a theory of verbal inspiration with all its surrounding difficulties—difficulties which the Higher Criticism has recently shown to be all but insuperable. It has not only contended, and rightly contended, for the doctrine of retribution, but it has wrought it out into a theory of eternal punishment whose details have been derived from Dante rather than from the writers of the New Testament. It has not been content even to maintain these as opinions by which it felt bound conscientiously to adhere. It has elevated them into an essential part of the Evangelical creed, and has not been sparing in its condemnation of those who, while they held fast by the central truth, were unable to accept these inferences from it. It will hardly be denied—first, that these dogmas have been extremely unpopular; second, that the identification of Evangelicalism with them has been singularly unfortunate for itself; and third, that the decay of faith in these special tenets has, though very unjustly, been regarded as a sign of the waning of Evangelicalism itself. It must not be forgotten that there has always been a considerable section of Evangelical teachers and preachers who have refused to pronounce these shibboleths, and it may safely be said that by a large majority of the most earnest and enlightened men in the school they are now at all events assigned their proper place as theological opinions about which there may be legitimate differences of opinion, even among those who hold most firmly by the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. This does not mean any decline of the faith. On the contrary, it suggests rather an increase of its strength as the result of a more intelligent discrimination between that which is essential and that which is subordinate. The great defect of the old style of teaching was the failure to make this distinction, and the consequent attempt to represent every man who would not subscribe to these articles as having denied the faith and being worse than an infidel. The Evangelicalism which continues to hold this attitude is undoubtedly declining, but it is only making way for one of another type, wider in view and broader in sympathy.

This is the direction in which religious opinion and feeling have been moving, and there can be little question as to the ultimate issue. It will be distinctly favourable to the growth of Evangelical sentiment, whatever may become of any Church party. To those who are most familiar with the life of the Churches at the present moment, there could not well be a greater surprise than the suggestion that

faith is on the decline. On the contrary, there is a widespread feeling of stronger confidence and more buoyant hope. They have passed through a winter in which men's hearts have sometimes been made anxious beyond anything which the necessities of the case justified. The attacks of science upon revelation and the work of the Higher Criticism have alike caused serious misgivings and anxieties in many hearts. The very changes of opinion to which I have just referred have had a similar tendency. Men have sat watching the decline of one dogma after another until those who have had too implicit a faith in mere dogma have begun to ask themselves what will be left, and then to put the further question, "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" But that winter is over and past, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come. Put in more prosaic form, the presence of Christ in His Church has become more real and vivid, and men are learning to understand that while He lives the Gospel lives, and will retain all its power over the hearts of men. Here at least is no cause for lamentation or despair. It may safely be said that the teaching of the Churches in these closing years of the century is more full of Christ, more possessed with His Spirit, more calculated to glorify and honour Him than at any previous period. And thus, to emphasise the distinction with which this article commenced, though the "ism" may be changed, or even may be weakened, the living force is intensified and strengthened.

But now to turn to the other side of the question. Mr. Heath is evidently impressed with the idea that the individualist type of the Christian life which Evangelicalism has developed has been injurious to its influence; in fact, that if it is to regain any of its power, it must become more collectivist, if not, indeed, distinctly socialist. I do not think that I am interpreting him incorrectly when I say that Christian socialism is his ideal, and his chief complaint about Evangelicalism is that it has not realised the dreams of such men as Lamennais, Mazzini, and Tolstói. The party, in his view, has failed because it has never felt the touch of the modern progressive sentiment.

"Evangelicalism has denied God in history, has refused to recognise His providential government of the world, or if it has not formally taken up this infidel position, it has treated the question with a true English contempt for consistency. God was in the Reformation, but not in the Revolution. He came to judge Christendom in the sixteenth century, but not in the eighteenth. It is this indifference to truth, when truth interferes with prejudice and interest, that has done so much harm to Evangelicalism."

There is undoubtedly some truth in this, though put in a very one-sided, and therefore misleading, form. So far as there is an indisposition anywhere to see God's hand in history it is an error to

be lamented, a grievous fault which is sure ultimately to provoke its own Nemesis. Men who study the mysterious hieroglyphics of prophecy and attempt from them to cast the horoscope of the future, instead of looking at the signs of the times, to see how God is working around them, are certain to commit mistakes in their unpractical action. This temper was distinctly and emphatically rebuked by our Lord, and, strange to say, it seems to prevail with numbers who in theory rigidly insist upon loyal obedience to His commands. But Mr. Heath goes something beyond this. The Evangelicals very probably have failed to appreciate the whole significance of the French Revolution, and certainly have been out of sympathy with some of its leading ideas. But opinion with regard to that revolution is at present undergoing a very distinct change. Many who were under the spell of Carlyle or Lamartine have been gradually shaking off its influence, and there is by no means that consensus of opinion in favour of the Revolution itself which at one time existed amongst, at all events, liberal-minded men. Recent memoirs and histories have given us a more exact knowledge of the facts, and as they have been stripped of all poetical or rhetorical embellishment, and presented in their true character by writers of whom M. Taine affords the best example, there has been engendered a reasonable doubt as to whether the Revolution was the great blessing, even to France, which has generally been assumed. Without attempting even to suggest a decision between the conflicting views, it must at least be said that it will not so readily be conceded, as perhaps at one time it might have been, that sympathy with a revolutionary sentiment would have contributed so much to the increased power of Evangelicalism as Mr. Heath appears to suppose.

It is perfectly true that Evangelicals, whether in or out of the Establishment, are not largely in sympathy with collectivist movements. The humanitarian spirit undoubtedly gathers increasing force and energy. There is an altruistic sentiment abroad, even among Evangelicals, which stands out in marked contrast with the description quoted from Mr. Birrell. To-day every kind of human suffering and sorrow is carefully studied, and endeavours are made to mitigate its pressure. Ingenuity is shown in the variety of schemes of philanthropic reform which are being continually suggested, and that ingenuity is well sustained by the energy with which all these enterprises are prosecuted. Never was there such a strong and universal insistence on the duty of every man to prove his love to God by his service to his brother; never was the truth more clearly emphasised that the highest worship of God is service to humanity. That is the teaching of Evangelical pulpits everywhere. If there is an Evangelicalism which has not felt the touch of this new spirit, and still continues to insist on mere

formal acts of worship, or exaggerates the value of creeds, or makes religion a sentiment instead of a life shown in the practical manifestation of the spirit of Christ in the daily relations to men around us, on it, undoubtedly, may be written "Ichabod."

But there is a wide chasm between this and the collectivism which Tolstoi, for example, advocates and regards as the highest development of Christianity. Whether his ideal has been making progress of late years is, to say the least, extremely doubtful, and not less so whether it is a system which is likely to lay hold of the minds and hearts of the working classes of England. It is a mistake to suppose that these classes are socialist, or that they are at all inclined to respect men who talk socialism to them. They will undoubtedly accept their help in their own movements, but they know at the bottom of their hearts that the protection for the individual is essential to their own prosperity in life, and they are by no means disposed to surrender the advantages which accrue from the strong self-reliant temper of the Englishman in obedience to some collectivist theory. The term, indeed, is vague. There is what may be described as collectivism which enlists the judgment of the intelligent and the sympathy of the humane. The community has more to do for the individual than has been recognised in past times, and especially is it monstrous that the increment of value which is due to the increase of the population should be grabbed by the few for their own enrichment and aggrandisement; but when men attempt to go beyond this, it is surprising how soon the common sense of the English working man detects the fallacy, and how soon, too, his own selfishness revolts against the suggestions which by many are supposed to be so full of hope and promise for the regeneration and elevation of his class. He appreciates sympathy; he has unbounded respect for straightforward honesty; he honours the men who give themselves to self-denying service on his behalf; but it is greatly to be doubted whether the Christian Church would gather any strength amongst his class by identifying itself more closely with the semi-socialistic theories of which I am speaking.

The great peril of all these theories, however, is their tendency to put in the background the chief work for which the Church of Christ exists. Its individual members live to embody the spirit of Christ in their whole conduct, but societies of Christian men exist for the distinct and special purpose of winning the world to the obedience of faith. The danger is lest, in the pursuit of other and inferior objects, this one grand purpose of the Church fellowship should be, if not forgotten, yet relegated to an inferior position. The renewal of the heart and mind is the first work of the Church, and the men whose duty it is to preach the Gospel must regard everything else as subsidiary to that main purpose. The activity of numbers of



Christians in the various works of benevolent usefulness and even of political advancement is an encouraging sign of the times, provided only all these services be duly subordinated to the great aim which the Churches should ever keep steadily before them. They are in the world as witnesses for Christ, and it is one part of their witness to make manifest the true conditions of human brotherhood, but even this can only be properly done when they have taught men fully that the human brotherhood is simply the result of a Divine Fatherhood. Neglect that foundation and all other efforts will be vain. Let it be laid constantly, deeply and strongly, and then we may hope that the Church of Christ will exert that great influence in the world which is rightly due to the grand Evangel which it is commissioned to preach.

I have written this under the strong conviction that there is no ground for taking any gloomy view as to the position and prospects of Evangelical truth in this country. The power of that truth is independent of any system and of any party. The Gospel is the message of the divine love to the world, and its power lies in its adaptation to satisfy the deepest needs of the human heart. Our little systems have their day. They are at best but human interpretations of the divine truth. These interpretations vary, must vary, from age to age as the sphere of vision enlarges and the interpreting mind itself changes. Happily for this age, we are returning more and more to the simplicity that is towards Christ, and so we are coming to understand better the profound significance of that New Testament declaration, "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

## A VISIT TO THE PHILIPPINES.

ON June 13, 1894, I arrived in Manila Bay, from Singapore, on board the *Nuestra Señora de Santa Loreto*. The faith of the pious Spaniard who gave the steamer her long name had been abundantly justified, or she must have gone to the bottom years before, for a more ramshackle craft I never set foot upon. Luckily we had no rough weather, or these lines might never have been penned, the protection of "Our Lady of Holy Loreto" notwithstanding. It was night when we came to anchor, and the spectacle of the lamps on the Lunetta gave me a blessed feeling of security which had been lacking many a day. If the *Nuestra Señora*, &c., should go down at her anchorage I might possibly swim ashore.

Landing at nine next morning, I visited the custom-house. Officials, Spanish and Creole, were lounging about, cigarette or cheroot in mouth, and presently one of them condescended to inform me that my luggage would be examined at three o'clock. It was then 9.30 A.M. At the appointed hour I returned; but in Manila four years ago no one dreamed of hurrying, and another hour passed before I was free of the port. An acquaintance assured me, however, that my good fortune had been great; and when, three days later, I obtained a *Licencia*, or permit to stay in the Islands, the same gentleman consoled me for the delay with the remark that such dispatch was phenomenal—in Manila. During my stay I made the acquaintance of one of the leisurely officials, a Creole. In a burst of confidence he gave me to understand that a great deal of money was received at the Manila Custom-house, but the Government saw very little of it.

I am told that they have the electric light in Manila to-day, but in 1894 the streets were lit with oil lamps, on posts more or less

resembling the famous tower of Pisa. The fortifications had a very ancient look, not surprising when it is remembered that they were built between two and three centuries ago. Leaving the Lunetta, I passed through a beautiful avenue of feathery bamboos, swaying to the gentlest breeze, and so reached the town in time to witness a very pretty sight. It was a funeral. Four white ponies, harnessed in sky-blue and silver, driven by a coachman similarly arrayed, drew the hearse, which was painted white, blue, and gold, and decked with plumes of snowy feathers.

As my business in the Philippines was to collect plants on the mountains of South Palawan I left Manila by the first steamer, taking two natives as personal servants. One of them, named Minico, was very small, not more than four feet in height, but brave enough, nevertheless. My fellow-passengers numbered seven. One of them, a gentleman of martial aspect, I addressed in my best Spanish :

"It is a fine day, captain."

"Señor," he answered, giving his moustache an upward twist, "you mistake. I am a colonel." And he turned on his heel. There our acquaintance began and ended. The Spaniard is so seldom disconcerted—at least, to Europeans—that I fear he was scarcely a good sample. Possibly, however, Admiral Dewey has by this time taught the colonel better manners.

Steaming past the Calamianes Islands, we eventually anchored at Marangas, in Palawan, which was my destination.

The settlement comprised two small houses inhabited by Chinamen, and a stockade less than a hundred yards square, containing a hut for the officer in command, one for the garrison of thirty soldiers, and another for stores. At every corner of the stockade rose a watch-tower, thatched with "alang-alang" grass, occupied night and day by sentries with loaded rifles, lest the "Moros," as the Spaniards call the natives, should attempt a surprise.

I advise no one to visit this Palawan Settlement unless obliged. There was scarcely any food to be had for love or money. Mosquitoes swarmed as they do nowhere else on earth, I think. One morning I counted thirteen alligators marching in a troop along the beach towards the mouth of a small river. Ants, millions of them, were everywhere—in the soup, the jam, my bed, my shirt, on the table—wherever an ant can crawl. A species more venomous I never encountered. My Manila men suffered terribly. Scarcely an inch of their bodies escaped, and the wounds, if rubbed, suppurated like small-pox. To crown all, Marangas is notorious for a special kind of fever of the most virulent character. Half the garrison were down whilst I was there, and their commander was hardly ever well.

The Chinamen were engaged in the "Damar" trade, which is carried on in rather a peculiar manner. The Sultan will not allow the natives of the interior to sell their resin to the Celestials direct;

they must dispose of it to the Sulus, who dwell on the coast, and these trade with the Chinamen. As may be supposed, the poor natives are plundered shamefully.

Having arranged with Lo-Chang, the principal Chinese merchant, for the use of a hut, I paid a visit to Lieutenant Garcia, the officer in charge of the stockade. He invited me to a *vino tinto* and a cock-fight. The latter I should have preferred to decline, but it was soon over, and perhaps cockfighting is excusable in Palawan. It appeared to be the soldiers' only recreation, except potting alligators.

The next day I called upon Paduka Majasari Maulana Amiril Mauminin, Sultan Muhammad Harum Narassid, *Iang de per-Tuan*, ex-Sultan of the Sulu Islands, once the home of the most bloodthirsty pirates that ever sailed the China Sea, which is saying a great deal. On arriving at the royal village of Bolini-Bolini, which comprised the "palace" and half-a-dozen ruinous huts of bamboo, my presence was announced by a gong-stroke, which brought out the master of the ceremonies. Invited to step within, I crawled up the bamboo ladder—the "palace" stood on the usual piles—crossed the verandah, and in the farthest apartment found his Highness of the many titles sitting cross-legged on a divan.

The Sultan was not in State attire, at least there was no suggestion of the Imperial yellow in his close-fitting white trousers and vest, slippers embroidered with seed-pearls, and scarlet fez. The two attendant nobles were much more gaily clad. Both wore tight jackets of blue silk, decked with gold buttons, and trousers of salmon red, ornamented with buttons of gold or gilt from the knee downwards.

His Highness, who appeared to be about fifty years of age, had rather a pleasant expression, with a twinkle in his eye that reminded me of Arabi Pasha. A chair was brought, also vermouth and chocolate. With a cup of the last in my hand, I explained the purpose of my visit, which was to crave the Sultan's assistance in exploring Marangas Mountain. Smiling, he promised as many coolies as I needed, and I took my leave.

The ex-Sultan of Sulu is all-powerful in Palawan. The Spaniards have no real authority, and never interfere with the natives, except when Europeans or Chinamen are concerned. Some idea of the situation may be gathered from the following incident, which happened during my stay at Marangas. The Sultan's son, a boy of ten, desiring to visit Lieutenant Garcia, came with a crowd of retainers at his heels, all armed to the teeth with guns, pistols, spears, and the seldom absent kris. Every man pressed into the stockade. Had the Spaniards tried to keep them out, there would have been a fight. The danger was great, but all passed quietly, although a few weeks before a Sulu who had stolen by the sentries ran *amok* at the lieutenant, who would have lost his life within his own stockade had not half-a-dozen soldiers

come to the rescue. At that time there was fighting almost daily in the Sulu Islands and in Mindanao.

As soon as the coolies promised by the Sultan arrived, I set out for Marangas Mountain, no great distance. The heat was tremendous as we pressed forward, first through tall "alang-alang" grass, and then up the bed of a mountain stream, strewn with boulders big and little, many sharp as knives. Striking into the jungle, after travelling some hours by the river, we found a track, and following it, presently arrived at a native hut—a mere roof on four poles, open at the sides, back, and front to all the winds that blew. The owner, a very old man, naked, except for a breechcloth, made off at once; but, on Minico ordering him to stop, the poor fellow came to a halt, shivering with fear. However, at the sight of a little tobacco and cloth his weatherbeaten face wrinkled into a smile, and I soon persuaded him to guide us up the mountain. He led us to a village, whose inhabitants fled shrieking; but again a little tobacco acted like a charm; we made friends and obtained shelter for the night, invited guests.

Our hosts did their best to dissuade us from proceeding farther. My spirit, they said, would remain on the mountain to vex them, and many more awful things would be sure to happen. Nevertheless, we pressed on. Finding the mountain too precipitous, however, we were obliged to turn back and try a different route. This took us to another small settlement which boasted an *Orang Kaya* (head man). The villagers at our previous halt had told me that he was very rich, and would entertain us in a royal manner, hoping, no doubt, to induce us to depart from their spur of the mountain. I found him very old, and his riches appeared to consist of an earthenware plate, and a wooden club three feet long, his only weapon.

Everywhere the people seemed wretchedly poor, and their habitations were the worst hovels I had seen in the Far East. But these aborigines have no settled places of abode. They sometimes throw a hut together, cultivate a tiny plot of ground for a year, then move on. The majority are always wandering about. As for the Sulus, they appear to do no work at all; when they are not robbing the inland natives they pass the time in laments for the bad old days when they, the *Orang Laut*, ruled the seas far and near. The old piratical spirit survives. They have never been subdued, and, in my opinion, they never will be—by Spain.

The aborigines of Palawan must be very near the bottom of the human scale. I have watched them sleeping round a fire at night in as much security as they ever know. Their tiny limbs were never still, quivering and stretching, and at the least sound in the jungle they were on their feet, wide awake, ready to flee. A mysterious people, uncanny, scarcely human, yet, in comparison with their Sulu masters, honest and trustworthy.

We camped near the hut of two old people, a man and a woman,

whom a few yards of cloth and a little tobacco made more happy than they had ever been in their wretched lives perhaps. So far I had seen no large animal in Palawan. There was much talk of some mysterious beast, but the descriptions were so indefinite that I was unable to decide whether it were a goat or a buffalo. Not one of the natives with whom I conversed had ever seen it.

Three days' constant climbing took us to the summit of Marangas Mountain. On the boulders were hundreds of spiderlike *Renantheras* (orchids). I saw many *Phalaenopsis* also; and ferns, *Lycopods* and *Alocacias*, were very plentiful. Leaving coolies to collect the orchids, I returned to Marangas with Minico and the other Manila man.

Desiring to ascend a mountain near Bulugay, I hired a Sulu boat and crew. There was trouble immediately. The turbulent Sulus refused to put to sea with the men from Manila, and I was obliged to meet them half-way by sending one of my servants home. Minico I contrived to retain. Perhaps his insignificant appearance aided me. Anyway, I soon had cause to be thankful that I stood firm. Practically I was now at the mercy of Sulus, pirates, and sons of pirates to a man. Before engaging them I had been warned that two of their number had undergone eight years' imprisonment for the murder of a European; and judging by the looks of the remaining five, it was not difficult to imagine that it would give them the keenest pleasure to cut my throat. Stalwart fellows they were, and not unpicturesque in their tight blue pants, sleeved waistcoat decked with many buttons, gay sarong (a bag-shaped sash), and fez, or turban. Each bore in his sarong a kris and pistol, while a dare-devil glitter in the eyes of every one of them was evidence enough that they would use those weapons on the slightest provocation.

Starting at two o'clock in the morning, we reached Bulugay by eight, and at once set out for the Panglima's (war-chief's) village. In reply to an inquiry with regard to coolies, the Panglima, a big fellow, told me that there were plenty of men to be had, but all were very wicked. I could quite believe him, but I must admit that the natives here did not look nearly so savage as the Kayans in Sarawak, or the Muruts of North Borneo.

In the evening one of my Sulus came and whispered in my ear: "*Tuan, Datu, him say, 'Ada orang putih naik disini, baik boleh, tapi djangan dia balek,'*" which, translated, means, "Sir, the Datu (chief) has said, 'Let the white man come here, but take care that he does not return.'"

The prospect was not pleasant. I consulted Minico at once. He informed me that it was generally known that the Datu of the district and the Sultan were not on friendly terms, meaning that if his Highness of Bolini-Bolini could catch the chief, kris or bowstring would speedily settle the quarrel; but Minico did not think the Datu would harm me. He was inclined to believe that the Sulus wished me to

hasten from the neighbourhood of the Panglima's village without coolies for some motive of their own. An hour afterwards the faithful fellow touched my arm, signing me to follow him. With a finger on his mouth, he led the way to the hut occupied by my rascally crew. Approaching noiselessly, we listened to their conversation. They were talking about me. I heard one suggest that a push over a cliff would be the safest way to compass my end. Another declared that would be foolish. It would be much better to take me a long way up the mountains and hold me there for a ransom of 300 dollars. The majority seemed to be of this opinion, and Minico and I stole away. Between the Datu and the "Men of the Sea" I seemed likely to come to grief, but forewarned is forearmed.

We ascended the mountain next day. Nothing happened, perhaps because my revolver was seldom out of my hand. Leaving men to collect the plants, I returned with the Sulus to the coast and embarked for Marangas. Wanting coolies for a journey to Datu Guab's village and an ascent of Panilingan Mountain, I paid the Sultan another visit. But the master of the ceremonies whispered that the moment was unfavourable. His highness was *susa*—that is, he had been vexed or troubled.

By means of discreet inquiries I learned the nature of his *susa*. It is a rather common story in the Far East. Unable to lodge the whole of his wives in the "palace," his highness boarded a few of them—not the prettiest, I suspect—in the houses of his followers. One of these Peris, an outcast from the Palawan paradise through want of room, consoled herself in the usual way—quite innocently, I was assured. The news reaching the Sultan, he sent for the venturesome lover, and smilingly bade him be seated opposite himself. Not being altogether an idiot, the man had come armed. From his sarong the jewelled handle of his kris protruded, plain to see. After a few complimentary commonplaces had been exchanged, his highness remarked the weapon.

"Allah has been good to you, S'Ali," said he. "Those emeralds are very fine, and the diamonds are as stars in the heavens. If the blade match the hilt, you have a treasure. Show it to me."

Thrown off his guard, S'Ali drew the kris from its sheath, and holding it by the wavy blade, presented it to the Sultan. Instantly half-a-dozen of his highness's attendants threw themselves upon the unfortunate fellow. He was overpowered in a moment, and his hands securely tied behind his back.

"Take him out," said the Sultan, still smiling.

S'Ali was led away and lowered to the ground. Not a word did he utter. It was Kismet. Why waste his breath? I did not learn the manner of his end, but it would be either by kris or bowstring. Let us hope it was the first. In the hands of a skilful executioner the kris is a merciful weapon. He was buried in the jungle behind the

Sultan's "palace." Such was the *susa* of Muhammad Harum Nar-rasid, *Iang de per-Tuan*—"he who ruleth"—in the year of our Lord 1894. And the Spaniards were supposed to govern the island of Palawan! I could understand why the Sultan did not care to see a European so soon after his crime. However, I obtained the coolies and sent them on.

It had been my intention to ascend the mountain from Datu Guah's village, but before I could make a start, the coolies returned burdened with plants. Deciding to convey these to Marangas at once, Minico and I re-embarked in the Sulu boat, putting to sea in half a gale.

The danger was considerable. To add to it, the two convicted murderers began to quarrel. One of them was squatting behind me at the time steering the craft. Presently he flung down his paddle, and drawing his kris, tried to rush past; but I held my revolver to his head.

"Sit down," I said. "I'll shoot the first man that strikes a blow."

That cooled him, and after a great deal of wrangling I persuaded him to pick up his steering paddle, but not before both he and his opponent had told me that they did not care a paddy-husk for me or my pistol.

As the tempest grew more violent the boat tossed perilously, compelling the crew to paddle their hardest to keep her prow straight. Loud and frequent were the shouts of "*Kayu Kayu!*" (literally "Wood," meaning "To the paddles!"). Suddenly, just as the outlook was at its blackest, the wind blowing in gusts, and the fragile craft threatening to fall in pieces, up jumped my fighting-cocks again. Half measures are of no use with Sulus. I rose, also, though I had great difficulty in keeping my feet.

"By Allah," I said, "if you idiots don't sit down, I'll give you to the sharks!"

Had either attempted to pass me I should have been compelled to fire. An *amok* Sulu is a terrible being ashore; two of those fiends on a small boat at sea would have been too awful to contemplate. Every man must have fought, or jumped overboard, for the *amok* strikes at friend and foe indiscriminately. The eyes of both showed all white; their crises quivered with the passion that shook their sinewy frames. Minico, in the prow, drew his weapon. Firing a shot into the sea to show them that my revolver was not empty, I waited patiently, looking first one and then the other in the eye. They sat down at last; indeed, the boat rocked so violently that they could not well stand. So the danger passed.

Knowing what I did of those men it may seem foolhardiness to have risked my life in their company, and perhaps it was. But I knew the worst of them, which was not the case as regards the others. Soon after landing at Marangas, Minico took me aside.

"*Tuan,*" said he, "take care Sulu men no catch you alone. Sulu



him no like to be threatened and not strike. They call him woman."

The hint was enough. I discharged the fire-eaters, and went about warily.

After waiting in vain six weeks for the steamer from Labuan, I resolved to visit the Sulu Islands, or Islas de Jolo, as the Spaniards call them. With this intent Minico and I embarked on the *Aeolus*, which carried the Spanish mails. Calling at Simagup, a stockade on a hill, about as interesting and healthy as Marangas, we next proceeded to Alfonso XIII., equally flourishing and desirable as an abiding-place. Soon after leaving, the *Aeolus* lost her propeller in a heavy south-easter. For three days we drifted, the steamer dragging her anchors. Every hour saw us nearer to the rocks, and we could almost count the minutes that would elapse before we should be ashore, when some one caught sight of smoke on the horizon and joyfully shouted, "*Canoniero!*"

It was the tiny gunboat usually dispatched round the coast from Simagup in the wake of the mail, possibly to prevent piratical attempts. She took us in tow, and after a stiff pull, got us on the move, hauling us through a line of reef, which we had escaped by a miracle, and eventually to the Bay of Balabac, where we remained until a larger gun-vessel came and took on board the passengers for Sulu. Next day we anchored off the town of Sugh. In the morning I went ashore with Minico.

Traversing a long narrow bridge, with a watch-tower on the left hand and a pavilion on the right, we passed through a couple of strong gates into the town—a pretty little place, beautifully kept. Every street was lined with trees, yet scarcely a leaf could be seen on the roadway. At the end of the main road leading from the jetty, we came to a neat square, where twice a week the residents gather to enjoy the music of an excellent band. Sulu ladies, mostly in wide Chinese trousers, bright-coloured jacket of silk, with many buttons, and gay sarong thrown over the shoulder, walked about freely. Some wore the sarong over their heads. All were clad in garments of the most brilliant colouring, and many of them were handsome, but they lost their charm on closer acquaintance.

Thanks to Minico, I found a lodging in the house of a native. It would have been almost useless to ask the assistance of a Spaniard. I never met one who could speak the Sulu language or any of the dialects. It is not considered worth while to learn them. In consequence, the supposed rulers know next to nothing of the natives, their customs and wishes. Everywhere I found that the people detested the "*Castillas*," some of whose laws and regulations press most hardly upon them. For instance, if a Tagal from North Luzon, or a Bisaya from the South, cannot produce his receipt for taxes at a moment's notice, he is liable to imprisonment. He is not allowed to

go home for it, but must carry it on his person. A Tagal told me that he was within an ace of being sent to the war in Mindanao through leaving his tax-receipt at home. The police, he said, steal about at night and arrest natives indiscriminately in the hope of finding some without that safeguard. This, however, does not apply to the Sulus. So far, the Spaniards have failed to compel them to pay taxes.

None of the larger islands are really under the domination of the Spaniards, whose rule extends little farther than the range of their cannon. I heard of large reinforcements being sent from Spain, but at that time there were very few European soldiers in the Philippines. No others can be relied upon. The native soldiery are mostly Luzon men. Not one in a score knows the names of his officers, or cares to know. Indeed, I once asked a Spanish soldier the name of his captain.

"*Quien sabe?*" was the answer ("Who knows?").

The town of Sugh is protected by a loopholed wall, which encloses three small forts. Outside there are two large ones. The gates, of which there are three on the land side, are opened at 6 A.M. and closed at 6 P.M. All natives entering must give up their arms to the guard at the gate. The seaward gate is closed at 10 P.M., after which hour no native must leave his house.

One day I ventured inland for a couple of miles. None of the natives, of whom I met not a few, took the slightest notice of me. Just about a quarter of a mile from the town I passed a watch-tower, where fighting, more or less serious, was always going on. Every night the Sulus crept up, took pot-shots at the sentries, and then bolted into the bush. So at least I was told. Such was Spanish rule in the chief town of the Sulu Islands.

The steam-launch arriving from Sandakan, the principal port on the eastern coast of North Borneo, I took a passage, and, sending my collection on board, bade the faithful Minico good-bye, and left Sugh in the launch's boat. I do not remember the launch's name, but the Spaniards called her the *Gallinero*, on account of the large number of fowls which formed the greater part of her cargo.

The navigator of the *Gallinero* was a Chinaman. I asked him how long he had filled his post. He said that was his first trip. The owner, in whose office at Sandakan he had been a clerk, had put him in charge. I am a pretty well seasoned traveller, but this was too much. My equanimity deserted me, for the launch was a wheezy old tub which might settle down of her own accord at any moment. However, we—that is, the crew, about fifty Sulus, myself, and more than two thousand fowls—reached Sandakan safely the next day. At New Ceylon I caught the steamer for Singapore.

CLAES ERICSSON.

## THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL OF LIBERTY.

**A**N attempt to approach any of the great problems of existence from an avowedly Christian point of view is sure to arouse in many minds a strong antecedent presumption of the narrowness and partiality of treatment to be expected. This is, perhaps, one reason why the attempt itself is so seldom made in a way at all worthy of its deep importance. It is chilling to feel that our best efforts will be received with a contemptuous or compassionate smile. Another and a stronger reason, however, lies in the uneasy suspicion that the contempt or compassion may be rightly placed. The bulk of professing Christians hold but a slight and unworthy estimate of their own position in face of modern science and philosophy. They are far, indeed, from appreciating in this connection St. Paul's words to his Corinthian converts—"All things are yours," or even from recognising (as one of the greatest theological scholars of our own day has recognised), the service which so-called "secular" knowledge can render to the Christian faith.\* As Christians, they are but too apt to turn their backs upon it, and the result is a great loss to their own faith, and an entire impossibility of commending it intellectually to others. It has been often said—and it must be still more often felt—that one of the deepest needs of the age is an adequate Christian (not *Christianised*) philosophy. As yet, however, no thinker appears to have arisen equal to the task of presenting in a consistent whole the all-embracing truths of the religion of Christ under the aspect and in the language which modern thought could assimilate. The time is, perhaps, not yet ripe, and it may be that many consciously

\* "Christianity consists of the most central and significant truth concerning the universe, *intelligible only in connection with other truth not obviously Christian*, and accepted by many not Christians.—Hort," "The Way, the Truth, and the Life," p. 180.

and unconsciously converging efforts, many hardly-contested conflicts, much painful sifting of the wheat from the chaff must yet be undergone before the age is ready to receive the answer for which it longs. In the meanwhile it can only be productive of good if a careful attempt is made from time to time to face some one issue in the combined light of Christian and scientific truth.

First, however, a word is needed to elucidate the meaning of such an endeavour. It is not to "*reconcile*" science and religion. They do not need it. It is to remove the confusion of thought which makes such reconciliation appear necessary, and which too often arises from mental and spiritual indolence. It must further be borne in mind that the treatment of any subject from a confessedly Christian standpoint appeals primarily to Christians. It is they whose mental attitude should be most calculated to appraise justly the worth of the statement placed before them; and if they fail to do so, if they condemn what they should welcome, and accept what they should repudiate, thus giving convincing proof of their want of appreciation of their own intellectual position, is it any matter for surprise that non-Christians should fail to appreciate it also? It is but too true that the narrow, exclusive, and unintelligent way in which many Christians hold (if they can really be said to hold), the great doctrines of their religion renders them totally incapable of recognising its exceeding comprehensiveness. Thoughts which should not be new to them, which it would seem require no very extensive insight into the meaning of their own faith, and no more than just sympathy with and recognition of the increased and increasing light thrown by science on nature and on man, to render them in the highest degree inspiring and illuminative, are either rejected altogether, or accepted in a narrow and formal sense which deprives them of all their power.

A striking illustration of the truth of this observation was given some months ago, to which, as it bears directly on our present subject, a reference will not be out of place. In an article which appeared in the *Spectator* of October 9, 1897, entitled "The Silence of God," and the tone of which throughout was one of mournful depression at the apparently unnecessary difficulties created by that silence in the path of believers, the remark occurred that man is ignorant of the purpose of his creation.\* The sentence was given no prominence; it was, indeed, merely parenthetical; yet, to the present writer, it seemed the clue to the whole despondency of the article, and to much of the uncertainty and doubtfulness characteristic of the mental attitude of modern Christians. They allow themselves an agnosticism, where it is neither needful nor wise, and consequently they are in no better position intellectually for facing the problem of existence than are

\* "Whatever the purpose of man's creation may be, a point upon which there is no clear revelation," &c.

other agnostics. But this should not be. However fully we may acknowledge, as, indeed, it is acknowledged by all the truest and deepest Christian thinkers, that, though the truth we have is "working and real truth to be thankfully accepted, yet [it is] truth surrounded by ignorance, founded on the unknown, conditioned by the unknown,"\* we must yet carefully guard ourselves against falling into the error that, because an element of the unknown enters into all our knowledge, therefore we know nothing certainly or surely. There can be no greater departure from the true Christian position than this, and, strange as it may seem, it is quite compatible with the formal and lifeless clinging to dogma which is the usual reproach cast against Christians by those who regard themselves as having emerged upon "the breezy plateau of free thought."

The purpose of man's creation is not one of those points upon which the Christian is left in doubt, and if he mistakenly assumes that it is, he shuts himself off from some of the clearest light which can shine upon this dark and perplexed world.

The central truth of the Christian revelation is the Fatherhood of God,—a Fatherhood not contingent on creation, but essential to the Divine Nature itself. As Father, therefore, God creates, and the ideal of creation is that which alone could satisfy Fatherhood,—Sonship. There is no doubtfulness or obscurity in New Testament language on this point. "There is one God, the Father, of whom are all things and we unto Him, and one Lord Jesus Christ through whom are all things and we through Him."† Elsewhere He "through whom" we are is spoken of as "the image of the invisible God . . . in whom all things were created,"‡ as the "Son whom He appointed heir of all things, through whom also He made the worlds,"§ as the "Word who was in the beginning and was with God and was God."|| The creation of "all things" in and through the Eternal Son shows clearly enough that the divine ideal for all, each according to its measure and capacity, is Sonship. To man, however, is given a special prominence, he is regarded as the representative and culmination of lower nature, and the whole tenour of New Testament language concerning him shows that the purpose of his creation is that in him the divine ideal may be consciously, intelligently, and voluntarily realised.

The object of the present essay is to consider in the light of this great truth the question which we have already twice approached from other standpoints—viz., the freedom of man; but before starting it will not be irrelevant to call attention to the stupendous difference which must be made in our mental attitude towards every problem of

\* Sermon preached at the Church Congress at Shrewsbury, by the Bishop of Rochester, 1896.

† 1 Cor. viii. 6.

‡ Col. i. 15, 16.

§ Heb. i. 2.

|| John i. 1.

existence if we are willing to take up this position—*i.e.*, if we are Christians. We assert that we know—not guess, or desire, or hope, but *know*—a great fundamental fact which apart from the Christian revelation is not known, the relation of the universe and of man to the power through which they came into being. There is no agnostic living who would not fully and heartily recognise that were such knowledge attainable, it would be of the first and last importance, that no branch of science, no period of history, no system of philosophy could be rightly viewed save in connection with this supreme relation; and that if the necessity for investigation and research compelled us to lose sight of it for a time, and devote ourselves to the accumulation and classification of facts, those facts would never be really understood till we had been able so to rise above them as to perceive their bearing upon the great central truth in connection with which alone they have any significance. But then to the agnostic the possibility of such knowledge is a wild and baseless dream. He accepts the position of being unable to penetrate the fundamental bearing of any facts of history or science, because he believes that there is and can be no insight whatever into the relation of the cosmos to the unknowable power by which it exists. The Christian, on the other hand, asserts that, despite the inadequacy of the human mind to grapple with the whole vast truth which is expressed in this relation, the *kind* of relation has been disclosed, can be apprehended, and illuminates the entire field of knowledge and experience. What then shall be said of those Christians who, holding such a belief as this, and possessing the intellectual capacity to aid in demonstrating its theoretical and practical bearings, yet allow in themselves such ignorance or such indifference that they make no single contribution to a work supremely affecting the mental and spiritual welfare of mankind?

It is surely time that we should rise to the height of our responsibility in this respect, and, if we indeed believe that we have the knowledge which we claim, spare no pains and no effort so to master the truths “not obviously Christian and accepted by many who are not Christians,” that their relation to “the most central and significant truth of the universe,” in whose light alone they can ever be rightly appreciated, may be made increasingly clear with every advance in science and philosophy.

Turning now from these general considerations to the subject of the present essay, we proceed to consider the meaning of human freedom as seen in the light of the divine ideal of creation—Sonship.

It may be remembered that in a former paper\* we approached the question of freedom of the will from the side of biology, laying down as our guiding principle that in order to understand what it means we must first gain a definite conception of freedom of life. This was

\* “The Law of Liberty,” CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for April 1897.

seen to be necessary because will, in all its manifestations, is the active expression of life. We further saw that perfect freedom of life is synonymous with full self-realisation, and that in a finite being this full self-realisation is doubly conditioned—from within by its own potentialities, from without by the environment, consequently that in order to be unrestrained, development (where development is the law of life) must follow a definite course. We must now notice that if there be an ideal of creation, in that ideal all conditions have their source, and the measure of its realisation in any finite life determines the measure of freedom which the life attains. If the ideal be Sonship no adequate realisation is possible save where, as in man, self-conscious intelligence exists in a high degree, because the ideal of Sonship involves on the part of the Son a clear consciousness and understanding of his relation to the Father, and of the Father's relation to him. Man, who (in common with all living beings of which he has cognisance) attains maturity through development, can, whether individually or collectively, only arrive at this clear consciousness and understanding *gradually*. Till he has attained it, however, he is a stranger to those highest prerogatives and privileges of Sonship ideally his. His only course of free development then is that through which they are rendered actual, and his life being pre-eminently self-conscious, this course must be consciously pursued. To this end, it becomes necessary at a certain stage of his progress that the ideal should be manifested to him, for he could not consciously endeavour to realise an unperceived ideal: and here we encounter one great claim made by the Christian revelation. It asserts that Christ is the realisation of the divine ideal of Manhood, of that which every man—because he is a man—has it in him to become.

There are important points to be noticed before we can at all justly appreciate the scope and significance of this claim, particularly in its bearing on the question of freedom. The first, and perhaps the most essential, is that the relation of Christ to man is not primarily dependent on his need of restitution and redemption. Though at more than one period this mistaken view has gained wide acceptance in the Church, it has never been universally held, nor is it that which best harmonises with the language and teaching of the New Testament. In our own day it is fraught with a great and special danger, for, at a time when man is learning, as he has never learned before, that he is not an isolated unit, but is bound by the closest ties to the rest of nature, so that he cannot consider the destiny of the one apart from the destiny of the other, the basing of his relationship to Christ on his own needs exclusively, places him in a solitary and self-centred position totally at variance with the rest of his experience and knowledge. It is hardly necessary to indicate, however, that such a self-centred view is quite untenable if the divine ideal of creation be Son-

ship. In that case the archetype of creation is the Eternal Son, and the source and centre of its life is the Father. Man has his own place, and a very high one, in the universe which is the outcome of these conditions, but it is not central, and no theory which makes it so can be true to facts or sound in practice.

At the same time, the fact that man does need restoration, power to return to the true path of development from which he has deviated, takes, in the light of what has just been said, a most profound and far-reaching significance. Anything which happens to mar man's own perception of the divine ideal, to realise which is the purpose of his creation, yet more, which hinders or precludes his attainment of it, must produce effects more extensive than with his present knowledge and under his present conditions he can possibly appreciate. These effects cannot be confined to himself. According to the Christian view of him, corroborated by science so far as science at present extends, he gathers up within himself—is an epitome as well as a development of—all lower nature. The consequences of a fall of man, then, if such fall there have been, embrace within their scope more than man: they include all creation known to him.

This appears a somewhat sweeping assertion, but a little reflection will show that it is well founded. Wherever there is organic connection the truth holds good that "if one member suffer all the members suffer with it." We see this exemplified in the case of all social relations, but perhaps in none more strongly than in that of members of the same family. If a son of the house rebels against parental authority, takes to self-willed, dissolute, ill-guided courses, the consequences are not confined to the injured father and the erring son: they are felt throughout the family. There is sorrow, pain, perplexity, straitened means very likely, and consequent material suffering. Even the little children, ignorant and innocent, do not escape the consciousness that some cloud overshadows their home. It is unwise to strain too far any analogy between things human and things divine. Nevertheless, science and revelation combine to tell us that there is organic connection throughout nature: and if the ideal of creation be Sonship, that connection must necessarily be better represented by the relationship subsisting between members of a family than by any other. Thus, though we can but imperfectly trace the fundamental details of man's connection with the rest of nature, and are consequently unable to state with any exactitude in what way his deviation from the true line of development has reacted upon it, we can nevertheless perceive that their lot is cast in together, and that his disordered relation to the Father of all in some measure affects all, so that not he alone suffers, but "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain with [him] until now."

These considerations are not a digression from our subject, as may



at first sight appear. They enable us, by the definiteness and scope which they give to our conception of man's place in the cosmos, to rise to a far more adequate idea of what full self-realisation—*i.e.*, perfect freedom of life—means in his case than we could otherwise do. For if, indeed, man, by virtue of his capacity for conscious Sonship, gathers lower nature up into himself and represents it to God, then we understand that his development must culminate in a relation towards it which we see but very faintly shadowed forth at present. Those conditions, which we call material, and which seem to have so much power to thwart and retard human progress, would appear in a very different light if they were so perfectly understood by us that we could render them unflinchingly subservient to the spiritual life of which they are the expression. Now they too often seem to militate against it, and the consequence is a limitation upon man's power of self-realisation which, could we suppose it permanent, is not compatible with what is made known to us of the divine ideal for him. In this connection it is important to notice that to Christ, who is the manifestation of that ideal, material limitations frequently appeared to be non-existent, though at other times they were unflinchingly submitted to. But in Him the spiritual and the material were evidently in their true relation to one another, and therefore He could and He did do whatever the life of spirit demanded. This is the explanation of all that is called "miraculous" in the Gospel records. It was the vindication of the liberty of manhood, the declaration that the sons of God were meant to be free of their Father's house; and therefore it was no contravention, but a revelation of the true order of nature.

In considering the ideal of manhood as presented in Christ, however, we have to remember that its manifestation took place under external conditions which were not merely those of immaturity (this must inevitably have been the case, because, as we have seen, the manifestation of the ideal was necessary in order to the attainment of maturity), but of imperfection—disordered conditions. We have observed before that an order contains an implied possibility of disorder, the kind of disorder depending, of course, upon the kind of order.\* The existence of a filial order, therefore, implies the possibility of just such disorder as is designated by self-will and self-centredness, just such as is characteristic of man and of the world as man sees it. But under these conditions all man's faculties are impaired, his reason clouded, his moral sense warped, his spiritual insight marred, and the revelation of the ideal cannot be to him what it would have been; he cannot see it in its power and beauty as he would have done had he never entered this abnormal state. It is not merely that he has to grow into adequate apprehension of the ideal revealed,—that must always have been the case, for, in proportion

\* "The Relation of Choice to Freedom," CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

as it became more fully realised in himself, he would appreciate more fully its perfect manifestation; but his difficulty is far greater and more radical than this. It is that his development has not proceeded upon the true lines, and therefore unnatural conditions have appeared. Under these the ideal had to be revealed, adapting itself to the needs not only of partial, but of abnormal development, for otherwise it would have been unintelligible.

In order to enter into the full significance of this fact, we must pause for a few moments upon a special aspect of the ideal itself. We have said that it is divine sonship. The archetype of the creature is the Creator, and therefore the being who sums up in himself the powers of the creature, in whom they reach a higher development, and exhibit a larger scope than at any previous stage, will reflect the creative attributes. As a conscious son of God man is associated in the work of creation. As proof of this, we need but refer the reader to what was said in the essay on "The Relation of Choice to Freedom," respecting the actualising of possibilities. Man can and does constantly and knowingly give reality to circumstances and events which without his intervention would never have had any existence. The face of the earth on which he lives, the history of his race, the very character of his individual surroundings, his own character, bear witness to this truth. That he is straitly limited in the exercise of his creative power is undoubted: any finite being must be. That he should *feel* himself to be so is proof that he has not entered upon his full prerogatives; that something prevents him from exercising them. What is this something?

Partly, no doubt, it is that he is at an immature stage of development. He feels in himself latent powers, capacities at present but rudimentary, which nevertheless awaken a feeling of unsatiated desire and but half-understood need. Being, because of his self-conscious intelligence, aware of this process of development to which he is subjected, he is restless and uneasy until it can be fully realised. But this is not the whole explanation needful. We have seen that God creates after an ideal, and that because Fatherhood is essential in the divine nature that ideal is Sonship. If man creates, he, too, must create after an ideal: it is the method of creation. Because he is finite, no ideal of his can ever reach up to the divine, can ever more than partially reflect it; but unless it does do this, unless it is—so far as it goes—in accordance with the divine and representative of it, it has no place in the true order of nature; to God it does not exist, it lives only in man's sick fancy and illusion, in the false order which, by wrongly wielding the prerogative of creation belonging to him in virtue of his divine sonship, he has brought into existence to and for himself and centred in himself. This self-centredness is, indeed, the vitiating element in the whole matter. The life of

Fatherhood and the life of Sonship, as seen in their divine and ideal perfection under those supreme conditions which we can but faintly apprehend, and yet which, because we are made in the image of God, are not altogether a mystery to us, are not self-centred. The life of the Father is a continual giving, the life of the Son is a continual rendering, not of this or that divine prerogative or attribute, but of the Divine Being itself. Thus both alike include, or perhaps we may venture to say, are expressed by, sacrifice; and since the life of creation is moulded on no lower an ideal than that of the Eternal Son, it, too, should be expressed by a continual rendering of all to Him from whom proceeds all—it, too, ideally, is sacrifice.

And, as we have seen,\* sacrifice does, in fact, play a very large part throughout the whole organic world. But, like everything else perceived through the medium of the false order, it is confused in its results, perplexing, regarded apart from revelation, morally incomprehensible. For though it does conduce to more perfect and higher life in species, though it does at the human stage become evidently a means, and the most satisfying means, to self-realisation, yet as we behold its working it bears undeniably hard on individuals, and in the case of man is frequently perverted to hurtful ends. The reason lies in the self-centredness which is the keynote to the existence of the false order. Man's creative power, instead of working with and in subordination to that of God, from whom it is derived, and so conducing to the reproduction of the one ideal in infinite richness and variety, has endeavoured to assert itself independently. The consequence is a multiplicity of ideals with no principle of unity, but conflicting and mutually destructive. Yet because the divine ideal of creation remains, the principle of sacrifice remains also, distorted by the false medium through which it is seen, and yet a perpetual witness that Sons of God, blind and fallen though they may be, yet cannot altogether tear themselves asunder from the divine life which is their birthright.

It was under the conditions as man had modified them that the ideal had to be manifested in order that their startling incongruity might be recognised and the one remedy known and followed. The "body of humiliation," the "perfecting through suffering," the "obedience unto death" have their explanation here. Speaking with all reverence, we may surely say that since the Son who is our archetype took upon Him the external conditions not of unfallen, but of fallen manhood, He submitted to limitations, to restraints upon the full prerogatives and privileges of created Sonship which would otherwise have been utterly uncalled for, just as the rejection of Him by those created in His image would have been inconceivable. Because of man's unnatural state there were certain things which Christ could

\* "The Law of Liberty," CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for April 1897.

not do, and at the same time be the Revealer of God and the Restorer of the true order. He could not escape rejection and suffering and death. But one thing, the one thing vital and essential to the restitution of man and the revelation of God, He could always do, because He was not internally, but only externally limited by conditions which He had no part in bringing about, which to Him were essentially false,—and that one thing was the Father's will. "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God," and despite the pressure of the false conditions, through humiliation, agony, and death *it was done*. The true order was vindicated, the accomplishment of the Father's will, the absolute self-surrender which it implies, were shown to be the one path to freedom and power. And thus sacrifice was revealed in its true meaning—not as synonymous with pain and loss, even though in the false order it so often seems inseparable from them, but in its essence the principle of life, and consequently the soul of the highest and strongest joy. How clearly this was apprehended after the Resurrection and Ascension of the Lord may be seen from the way in which St. Paul represents that consummation of all things which even inspired thought and language can so faintly conceive or express. He says: "And when all things have been subjected unto Him [Christ], then shall the Son also Himself be subjected to Him that did subject all things unto Him, that God may be all in all." \* It is evident from the context and from comparison with other passages,† that "the Son" is here regarded as bringing to its goal the creation of which He is the Archetype and the Representative, the goal itself being none other than such conscious participation in the Divine Life that actually, individually, universally the whole creation in the spirit and power of the Eternal Son may behold and yield itself utterly to the Father. "We shall see the Father no longer in the Son, *but as the Son sees Him*, in the day when God shall be all in all." ‡

This, and nothing short of this, is the goal of created life, the culmination of human development, and the realisation of the divine ideal of manhood. This, therefore, and nothing short of this, accomplishes human freedom, is the final stage at which all consciousness of restraint and limitation is abolished in the fulness of life and vision attained. So transcendent an ideal may well surpass all finite thought to conceive and all finite language to express; but not on that account is it rendered unattainable or unreal, or unpractical in its bearings on actual human life and actual human surroundings. We have now to view in its light the volitional element which is their most important characteristic.

\* 1 Cor. xv. 28.

† Col. i. 16-18 and 19-20. Heb. i. 2., v. 8, 9.

‡ Origen's interpretation of this passage as given in "The Christian Platonists of Alexandria." Bigg. 170.

By volition, as distinguished from the wider and more comprehensive term will, we mean will which is intelligent, foreseeing, and consciously purposive. It is in the exercise of such will as this that (as we have seen in a former essay),\* the necessity for choice arises. Choice is an inevitable consequence of a universe including alike possibilities and self-conscious intelligence. It does not preclude another necessity—viz., that only the actualisation of certain of these possibilities is in accordance with the divine ideal of creation, and consequently conducive to freedom of development. The ideal of creation is not only (if we may so speak) subjectively present to the Creator. He wills its actualisation. This, speaking from the Christian standpoint, we know because He has revealed it; and, inadequate as are all human analogues to portray the divine, still the nearest approach to what we under this aspect conceive the divine will to be, is that intelligent, consciously purposive volition which has reached so remarkable a development in man. The *intention* of the Creator is the Sonship of the creature.

We have seen that man has creative power, and, moreover, that he creates as God creates, after an ideal. We have seen further that owing to his disordered condition his ideals are not in accordance with the divine, and so are mutually contradictory and destructive. Yet he *intends* that they shall become actual; he directs all his energies to that end; his volition, therefore, is opposed to the divine volition. His ideal is not Sonship, nor his will the Father's will. We do not need any other explanation than this of the bondage in which man finds himself alike materially, mentally, and spiritually. For he cannot really create a universe which is not God's, nor bring into existence *save to and for himself* a self-centred order. To and for himself, however, he can do so, and the source of all the terrible anomalies and contradictions which confront him so continually, and which he strives to persuade himself are natural, is here, though we can but partially trace it.

Allowance must, of course, always be made for the fact that, besides being disordered, man is also immature, but that does not account for anything but ignorance, and the uncertainty arising from the tentative use of powers yet in the early stage of development. It in no way explains the actual condition of man and of the world as man sees it. That arises from the distortion and falsity due to self-centred ideals and self-centred volition. We may well here make use of the analogy of ordinary childhood. The child has neither the knowledge nor the powers of the grown man. It is impossible that he should enter into his father's councils, or understand, save in a very dim and imperfect way, their meaning when carried into effect. But if the father be a wise and loving father, and the child a trustful and unselfish child, his

\* "Relation of Choice to Freedom." CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, March 1898.

ignorance and immaturity do not make the home unhappy to him. There is no setting up of separate aims, or clashing of opposed wills. The child, though as yet undeveloped in intellect and character, still so far as his power goes, makes the father's aims and will his own, and thus materially contributes to their effectiveness so far as he himself is concerned. Man at however immature a stage of development might have so acted towards the divine Father, and he would not then have had to face the perplexities and agonising contrarieties which now burden him so sorely.

The remedy can be but one—a return to the Father's ideal, and a purposive co-operation with His will, so far as is possible at the actual stage of development and under the difficulties to which the establishment of the false order has given rise. How can such a return be made? How is the abnormal development to be arrested and the trammelled life to be set free?

Man was created "in" the Eternal Son, after His likeness, to live and to develop in His power and spirit. If, then, there is to be a restitution of his nature to its original possibilities, if the volition which in a self-conscious being must of necessity gather up into itself all the personal activities, and so be the most complete and comprehensive expression of life, is to be re-directed into its true course, and so become free: that can only take place through and in the same power and spirit. We see, then, how *orderly* is man's relation to Christ as Redeemer. It is no arbitrary intervention by which he is reinstated; his Restorer is the one who alone can restore, because He is the one in whom are the roots of the existence which needs restoration. Thus St. Paul exclaiming: "Not what I would, that do I practise; but what I hate that I do. . . . Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me out of the body of this death?" and answering: "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord,"\* is not giving thanks for a deliverance wrought against nature, he knows not how, but for the only natural deliverance conceivable, because the only one which sets him upon the path of natural and healthy development.

Just, however, as the co-operation of man's purposive and intelligent will with the divine will is required for the realisation of the ideal of Sonship, so when, owing to disordered conditions, the need for restitution arises the same co-operation is essential. Man cannot be reinstated against his intention. His self-centred ideals and volitions must be foregone, and his purpose, however far short it may yet fall of conscious fulfilment, be expressed in the language of his Archetype and Representative, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." We know how, under the pressure of the false conditions which He came to dispel, amid the gathering darkness and desolation to which He

\* Rom. vii. 24, 25.

submitted in order to accomplish His purpose, those words were modified on the lips of the Redeemer in the hour of His supreme anguish: "Not my will, but Thine be done."\* It is the typical expression of the Sons of God awake to the reality of their Sonship, but not yet entered upon its full prerogatives, and surrounded by the bewilderment of the false order. They cannot penetrate the meaning of the Father's will, but they are confident of its wisdom, its righteousness, and love, and therefore they take it for their own. They acquiesce in the absolute self-surrender which is the only road to liberty, and yet which seems at first to be the straitest bondage. The foregoing of self, which is life, takes in the false order the shape of death, and therefore we must die to live. But the words just quoted, which were the prelude to the shame and agony of the Cross, were the prelude also to the Resurrection and Ascension. To will as the Father wills—*i.e.*, to intend with all the power of intelligence and moral effort of which we are capable as the Father intends—is to open the way for the removal of all barriers, the abolition of all restrictions and limitations. It is the first and the most essential step towards being "filled with all the fulness of God."

If, then, the Christian ideal of liberty be the true ideal, and the Christian hope of its attainment well founded, it is impossible to set a limit to the freedom of life and of will which man may ultimately reach. There lies before him not the freedom of a life partially restricted in its power of self-realisation (as is all life that we see now), nor of a volition which can intend, yet is helpless to accomplish, but the freedom of a life utterly untrammelled and of a volition with which intention and accomplishment are inseparable, for the Christian ideal of liberty is in the measure to which a finite being can attain—participation in the liberty of God.

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

\* Luke xxii. 43. Comp. Matt. xxvi. 39, 42; Mark xiv. 36; Heb. ii. 10; v. 7-9.

## SHOULD THE STATE TO COVER MARITIME WAR-RISKS?

THIS is a large subject, into the inside of which it takes some time to get. It is not a question which affects shipowners only, or the owners of goods only, or underwriters only. These various parties to maritime adventures are usually able to take care of themselves, and no doubt would do so if the State should drift into the "leave-alone, don't-bother-me, wait-till-the-time-comes" policy, described by the late Admiral Tryon, writing on this subject, as inviting disaster. But the maritime traders have opportunities of seeing, more than any other class of her Majesty's subjects, how vitally this question affects our national interests. Like all nations, we are consumers, but unlike any other nation, we have become dependent on sea communication for about three-fourths of what we consume. Nothing comparable to this degree of dependence has ever happened in the history of the human race. As our population has grown, our production of wheat has diminished. When our numbers were half what they are now, we grew twice as much wheat. Fifty years ago our imports were insignificant: now we live on them to such an extent that it may be said that prices could not be much affected if we ceased altogether to grow wheat—always assuming peace and uninterrupted communication by sea. Then, too, our maritime trade was nothing compared with what it is now. Our national stake on sea communications was infinitely less. It is also to be remembered that our supposed enemies, aware of our feeding arrangements, and of the enormous advantages we have derived through being the sea-carriers of more than one-half of the whole world's traffic, have made no secret of their intention to strike at this vital point by the way of starving us into surrender, or taking care that after a war our maritime trade should be crippled, and, perhaps, never recover its present dimensions.



## THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

It is of very importance to prevent wheat rushing up to 100s. per quarter shortly after a declaration of war; if it is the national interest to see that a war does the minimum amount of damage to our trade as sea-traders—then we should may be less solicitous to secure these objects by armistice arrangements made before war is declared than we should be to defend our territories. Territory without food, or with our trade seriously injured, would be consequences of war only less serious than defeat itself. Our power of recuperation after war would largely depend in the degree in which war left our maritime position intact or otherwise. If our policy during war played into the hands of enemies and led to their growth at our cost, we may be quite sure that what we lost in that way would be lost for a long time, if not altogether.

On such grounds I have been led to the conclusion that, as part of our scheme of national defence, we should seek to limit the consequences of belligerency on our flag by taking as a national obligation all risk of loss through its capture or seizure by an enemy. Though this would be a new departure, it does not follow that it would be either impolitic, or unwise, or impracticable, or, I will add, unprofitable to the State, or to the individual trader; on the contrary, it seems to be exactly such a new departure as the very novel conditions of our food supply and our ocean trade suggests. I therefore proceed to enumerate some reasons why the State should take such war-risks:

1. I observe that the community bears the cost of this insurance now. Many times during the last half-century there have been war scares which have led to extensive insurances being done at Lloyd's and elsewhere against war risks. Most of these insurances have proved to be needless, but their cost has, of course, gone into the cost of the goods, and the consumers of the goods have paid it. The burden I wish the State to take would, therefore, not be new to the consumers, but it would be less than they have hitherto paid, for two reasons—viz.:

(1) That no unnecessary insurances of the kind would be effected from the mere fear of hostilities, as so frequently has happened; and

(2) That the loss would be the amount of actual loss and no more.

It often happens that fear dictates both the premiums asked and the desire to be covered; and we all know that insurance premiums fixed by fear—and possibly with some gambling elements mixed up—instead of by facts, are sure to be premiums far in excess of the amount needful to indemnify for loss; insuring war risks has been most profitable business to underwriters. If the State takes the risk the cost will be less, and consequently the burden on the consumer will be less.

2. It would prevent any necessity or excuse for our shipowners selling their vessels to neutrals before or during war. The United States lost their over-sea carrying trade during the War of Secession, and have never recovered it. We bought most of their ships. We cannot afford to risk such a calamity as the loss of our carrying trade would involve. On this point I may add, however, that the sale of our mercantile fleet is hardly conceivable. Who could buy it? Excluding our possible enemies, no other European States could find the money. The United States does not grant its flag to vessels not built within its territories, with rare exceptions, and during a war could hardly alter its laws to make such purchases possible without violating its obligations as a neutral Power in the case supposed.

3. It would prevent our vessels being placed at a disadvantage in the rates of freight compared with neutral ships, when it was found to be unnecessary to buy policies against war risks on British ships, seeing that our Government guaranteed them against capture and seizure.

4. It would give back to the taxpayers and consumers a just return for their ungrudged expenditure on the navy. The navy is sometimes spoken of as an insurance against disaster. I only wish to carry this idea one step further—where the protection fails, the State should pay. By the present arrangement the consumer pays twice—first through taxation for the navy, and second through whatever cost of war risk enters into the cost of what he consumes. What I urge would lead to the consumers paying once instead of twice; possibly the one payment through taxation might be a little heavier than now, but it would be far less than the two payments.

5. Whether, however, it cost less or more, it is so distinct an object of our public policy to keep the consequences of belligerency to our flag within the narrowest possible limits, to avoid encouraging our neutral competitors, and to keep intact the possibilities of rehabilitating our trade after war—that, even if it cost more, we should do it; but I think it would cost the consumers less.

6. There is a less obvious effect of our taking war risks which must also be borne in mind. The neutral nations are looking to make large profits out of our flag becoming belligerent. It is against our interest to give them any such opportunity. The announcement in advance, that in any future war we should guarantee our flag free of capture and seizure, would have a most important consequence on neutrals, and could hardly fail to help the growth of the feeling that the time has come when all sea fighting should be between the official fighting forces of the nations, and that private property should be as much respected on the sea as it now is on land by the civilised nations.

7. What we did during former wars ought not to settle this question, because our maritime interests are so incomparably greater,

and our food supplies are so deeply involved. Our stake is too high, in fact, so that what it might have been justifiable to leave to private insurance and enterprise in quite different circumstances is altogether unjustifiable now. Without suffering a naval disaster, the food question, either from prices or scarcity, might bring about a state of things which no Ministry should risk having to face.

I think I have said enough to show that this is a matter which demands immediate attention. Probably it would have had attention ere this, but for the fact that it is not quite clear whose duty it is to take it up. Though two admirals have urged it, the Admiralty seem to think that the protection of commercial shipping by insurance against capture and seizure in time of war is not their business. Probably they are right. They not unfairly think that their duty in protecting routes and fighting the enemy in time of war will absorb all their energies, and that, if the State does it, some other department should undertake this work. Other departments might, without any doubt, find excuses also. All such considerations, however, are beside the question. If, as part of our system of national defence, it is right to cover these risks, some means of carrying it out can easily be devised, so that this aspect of the matter may be dismissed until it is decided that the thing shall be done.

I have, of course, heard objections. Underwriters would prefer the profits on war risks, as heretofore, and think the Government better leave this business alone. Then, it is said, there would be frauds, in spite of any regulations which may be devised. No doubt there would be. It would be singular, indeed, if a great result like diminishing the effects of belligerency on our flag, and saving our position as the maritime carriers of the world, could be achieved without some incidental consequences which we would rather avoid. Such objections are frivolous. To all such reasons for doing nothing I only repeat Admiral Tryon's words, that that course is inviting disaster, and disaster of such magnitude as to justify the State taking these war risks and announcing their intention of doing so well beforehand.

I therefore most sincerely hope that the Government will institute an inquiry into the whole subject, without waiting until we are nearer to war than we may be now.

JOHN GLOVER.

## THE SUPPLY OF BRITISH SEAMEN.

THE sea power of Great Britain and the efficiency of our Royal Navy are perennial topics of public discussion, and this particular year are even more prominent than ever, partly because of the unusually large amount of £25,000,000 sterling being required for the Navy. Information directly bearing upon the subject of our sea power is therefore of unusual interest at present, and in this category must be included certain papers recently read before the Royal United Service Institution and the London Shipmasters' Society by practical sailors. These papers have other claims to attention. They are important, not only from the point of view of Imperial defence, but from that of people who, whether for themselves or for others, have to consider the sea services of the country as providing a career and a living afloat. On the grounds, too, of justice and humanity, these papers appeal, moreover, to the conscience of the country.

So much by way of preface.

From time to time it has been pointed out, more particularly within the past ten years, that the number of British seamen employed in British merchant ships is so steadily decreasing that their practical extermination is a mere question of time. That this decrease has long been going on has, indeed, been well known for many years to all who have paid attention to the subject. But even to most of these certain figures lately given by Admiral D. H. Bosanquet, R.N., on the authority of the Registrar-General of Seamen, can hardly fail to come with a shock of surprise.

Admiral Bosanquet called the figures "alarming," and that the term is none too strong a bare mention of them will amply suffice to demonstrate. Here the figures are: In British merchant ships the number of British lads under the age of twenty was 7009 in 1891; it fell to

4735 in 1896, and fell still further to 1452 in 1897. At this rate, if one were guided only by these figures, it would appear that before the end of the present year there will be no British sailor lads under the age of twenty left in British merchant ships. Happily these figures do not include midshipmen and apprentices, of whom there were 4394 engaged in sea-going vessels on March 25, 1896. Even so the facts of the case are sufficiently startling. These "officer apprentices," who included sixty "avowed foreigners," have entered the service with the object of becoming mates and afterwards masters, and may therefore be omitted from calculations of the number of lads who are being trained to become able seamen. Allowing for the number of foreigners employed in our merchant ships, whose places could, and probably would, be filled from other countries, Admiral Bosanquet says that "to replace the waste in the seamen and firemen class of British birth in the mercantile marine" 7000 British boys are annually needed, "of whom about 5000 are required for the seaman class and 2000 for the fireman class." As the fireman is comparatively unskilled, and does not take a third of the time to train that a sailor does, the firemen do not so much matter. A strong able-bodied man, once he has got his sea-legs, can soon be made a competent fireman, and as the labour is relatively unskilled, and the wages better than those either of sailors or of similar labour on shore, no great concern need be felt as to the fireman class. But the sailor class is a different matter. Although the duties of the "deck hands" of steamers largely consist of cleaning, yet even in steamers at least a few able seamen are required—if only as quartermasters—who know the compass, and can steer and heave the lead, &c.; while in sailing ships, of which there are still a good many left, able seamen remain indispensable.

Assuming that these figures are accurate, we have the fact that while about 5000 of the seaman class are annually required to replace the waste of the remaining British element in the Mercantile Marine, last year there were only 1452 British sailor lads under the age of twenty in the service. In other words, there were not nearly enough lads under training last year to replace the waste of even a single year. When we reflect that of these 1452 lads many must have two or three years at least to serve before they can be competent seamen, some idea may be formed of how very far short we were last year of the required number of lads under training. To calculate that 500 of these could be reckoned, by reason of their fitness, towards the 5000 seamen annually required would probably be a liberal estimate, from which it would follow that even to maintain the present proportion of British seamen to foreign seamen in our Mercantile Marine ten times as many British lads were required last year as were then being trained. There is, however, no necessity, in order to see how serious the case

is, to resort to estimates or anything in the nature of conjectural calculations.

Nor is this all. Sir George Baden-Powell, M.P., presided over a discussion at the United Service Institution, on April 20th last, on the "National Danger arising from the Disappearance of British-born Merchant Sailors," at which Commander W. Dawson, R.N., by request of the Council, read a paper based on recent Board of Trade Returns. The rate of disappearance of British A.B.s and Ordinary Seamen, in each of the five years preceding 1896, was shown to be 1300 per annum; so that in sixteen years British-born Able Seamen would cease to be employed in our long-voyage trade, leaving but 12,700 such A.B.s in the coasting and home trades. The British exodus from the merchant navy was being replaced by foreigners and by Asiatics, who each number at present about 30,000 men; whilst the Asiatic crews are rapidly increasing in British steamers trading with the Indian Ocean and the Far East.

It is not merely the case that we are not training more than a tenth of the lads required to replace the annual waste of the service, but that foreigners are taking the place of our competent seamen, and Commander Dawson says:

"We train upwards of 5000 sailors for Germany, 2000 for Russia, and 10,000 for the Scandinavian nations, who before now have been forced or brought to join a coalition against us. Viewed from a merely commercial aspect, in times of peace, little can be said against this co-operation of nationalities in conducting our carrying trade. The Northern Europeans generally come to us as excellent men, though they often become morally contaminated by the demoralising influences of service under our flag. Those shipping companies which discard British-born sailors evidently find that doing so pays well in dividends. We are here, however, regarding the disappearance of British-born merchant sailors merely as a matter of national defence."

From that point of view it is, as he says, a matter for the State, for the Mercantile Marine is the natural reserve of the Royal Navy, which would be but as "the point to the lance" in a great conflict for national existence, requiring all our sea forces and seafaring men, who, if they are to be animated by patriotism, must be British.

"It must not be forgotten," said Commander Caborne, R.N.R., in the course of an admirable paper read before the London Shipmasters' Society on February 17 last,

"that other countries *do* impose restrictions with regard to the nationality of the officers and crews of their ships. The French and Greek laws require that the masters, officers, and three-fourths of the crews should belong to their own nationality; the masters and two-thirds of the crews of Italian and Portuguese ships must respectively belong to those nationalities; the masters, officers, and three-fourths of the crews of Russian ships must be subjects of the Czar; and the masters, officers, and

four-fifths of the crews of Spanish vessels must be Spaniards. All officers of American ships must be citizens of the United States: about two-thirds of the crews of Scandinavian vessels must be Scandinavians, but, singularly enough, the masters and mates may be foreigners, if they hold national certificates: while there are few restrictions in the cases of Belgium and the Netherlands."

On the other hand, that this country, dependent for the greatest part of her food supply, for much of her trade—nay, for her very existence—on her sea power, makes up her Mercantile Marine service from other countries, not merely in the case of seamen, but in the case of masters and officers, the figures of the Registrar-General of Seamen prove. From them it may be seen that on March 25, 1896, of 27,446 "avowed foreigners" employed on British ships, 180 were masters, 512 were mates, 2657 were petty officers, 14,316 were able and ordinary seamen, 60 officer-apprentices, 153 boys, 5259 engineers, firemen, &c., 4309 "idlers (male and female)." \* In addition to these, there were 27,911 avowed Asiatics, of whom 1940 were petty officers, 8185 able and ordinary seamen, 12,249 engineers, firemen, &c., and 5537 idlers (male and female). Such are the official figures, regarding which we must bear in mind that they do not disclose the real number of foreigners and Asiatics employed, as it is well known that foreigners often pass and are classed as British in our ships, and that, as Commander Dawson says, "thousands of Chinamen employed under our flag are disguised either as Lascars or as 'British' subjects from Hong-Kong." Serious, therefore, as these figures are, it is certain that they do not disclose the full extent to which our merchant ships are manned, and even officered and commanded, by foreigners.

What, it may be asked, becomes of the British masters, officers, and seamen who are thus being displaced by the foreigners? A certain but unknown number find employment on shore in this country in the fire brigades, others in attending to overhead telegraph wires, others as riggers or sail-makers, and in various occupations. In 1895 death accounted for 2306 and desertion for 14,502 men of all ratings and nationalities who disappeared from the service. Of these 14,502 "deserters," most were probably "supplied"—practically sold—by the crimps, or so-called "shipping masters," abroad, where the "desertions" took place, to different British ships, while others found employment ashore, or in vessels belonging to other countries, chiefly the United States, in whose service 16,000 British sailors are alleged to be, and whose navy is known to contain such a considerable British element, largely composed of men who have served twelve years in our Royal Navy, that Americans question whether their sea forces could

\* "Idlers" means, at sea, people who do not keep watch, but are employed all day, and include carpenters, sail-makers, pursers, surgeons, stewards, stewardesses, waiters, cooks, butchers, bakers, smiths, and chief boatswains.

be relied upon in a war with this country. To quote Commander Dawson again :

“Seven deaths at sea out of every ten being sudden accounts for the disappearance of some seamen of whatever nationality from British ships. But there are a much larger, though unrecorded, number of disappearances from the sea arising from the permanent disablement from violent causes of merchant officers and seamen in their prime. Often landed penniless, far from their homes, dependent on charity for reaching their relatives, these young men are thenceforward dependent for subsistence for the remainder of their days on private charity or on the poor-law. The sight of these young crippled seamen is not helpful to recruiting purposes for the Mercantile Marine.”

It is further to be noted that British ships discharge from their employment 28,500 seamen at Continental ports in one year, and substitute for 3000 British seamen 3000 foreigners.

These figures help us further to see how the foreigner is replacing the British seaman, but they still leave much to be explained, and, seeing that the British seaman is so rapidly becoming extinct, so far, at least, as our foreign-going ships are concerned, while enough native lads are not being trained to the service, the question naturally arises, Is the traditional longing of the British boy for the sea dying out?

The answer must be an emphatic negative in view of the fact that every year sees, in round numbers, about 40,000 British boys seeking service in the Royal Navy, which on an average only accepts 5000, so that 35,000 boys are annually disappointed of a seafaring career—this, too, in the greatest maritime country of the world, which country, at the same time, stands in urgent need of opening a seafaring career to several thousands of her boys if she is to maintain a Naval Reserve. Why, then, is such a career closed to them? The explanation is not far to seek. In the Mercantile Marine it is not lads who have to be trained, but seamen who already have been trained, that shipowners consider they require, and the circumstance that an increasing number of these trained seamen are foreigners is rather in their favour with most shipowners than otherwise, because these foreigners are apt to be cheaper, more easily satisfied as regards food and quarters, and more docile than Britons; and the Mercantile Marine exists not for patriotism, but for profit. To lament that this should be the case, and inveigh against the shipowners, is to forget that sentiment has no place in business.

It is more to the purpose to ask how the shipowners can be induced to train lads. The answer is, by making it worth their while. How that is to be done is not so obvious. Admiral Bosanquet suggests that, in consideration of their accepting and training apprentices, the shipowners should be paid a premium for each, the State finding



the money, so that the youths might be available for the Naval Reserve. Commander Caborne, R.N.R., in the course of his paper, already quoted, mentioned that the late Sir Robert Hamilton and his then colleague at the Board of Trade, the late Mr. Gray, Commander Crutchley, R.N.R., Lord Brassey, Admiral Sir George Elliot, Commander McKirdy, R.N.R., Lord Charles Beresford, Commander Cawley, R.N.R., Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Freemantle, the late Admiral Sir G. Hornby, Captain Eardly Wilmot, R.N., and the late Committee on the manning question had all put forward different schemes roughly divisible into the following classes : those that would train up boys in the Mercantile Marine without any special reference to their employment in the Royal Naval Reserve or Royal Navy ; those that would train up boys for the Mercantile Marine in the merchant navy, and have in view that they should join the Royal Naval Reserve and serve for a period in the Royal Navy ; and those that would train up boys in the Royal Navy, and after a period of short service there discharge them to the Royal Naval Reserve with the intention of their entering the Mercantile Marine.

This is Commander Caborne's classification, and upon it he remarks :

"The first class can hardly be said to be in accord with modern thought, while the second and third classes, as might naturally be expected, are principally represented respectively by merchant officers and officers of the Royal Navy, and they have each considerable grounds upon which to found their opinions, when the matter is looked at from their own particular standpoint. Of course there are people who may say that the question of the manning of the Mercantile Marine is a matter that mainly concerns ship-owners and shipmasters, but that is by no means the case, and as the principal claim on the State to take action is based upon the score of national defence, the opinions of naval officers must, to a great extent, exercise a preponderating influence."

Commander Caborne suggested that, when the Government came to consider the question of relieving the shipowners in the matter of light dues, occasion might be taken to make some sort of compact with the shipowners by which the training of lads for the sea would be provided for. This suggestion found favour with the few members of Parliament who were present at the London Shipmasters' Society's meeting, when the paper was read, but when Mr. Ritchie subsequently introduced his Bill on the light dues these gentlemen seem to have failed to take any action in the House of Commons on the matter, although another member favourably mentioned some arrangement of the kind. Parliament is not, however, done with that Bill yet, and, whether in connection with it or not, more should be heard of suggested remedies. Sooner or later something effectual must be done, for sooner or later the country will realise that

"Fast will fall the nation's tears,  
If foreign hands should seize  
The flag that's braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze."

Meanwhile, quite apart from the question of a Naval Reserve, that there are reasons why British lads should be trained for the Mercantile Marine is apparent from the fact that the Charity Organisation Society, at whose request Admiral Bosanquet's paper was prepared, is concerned about it. What these reasons are it is not difficult to guess when we remember that most of the 35,000 boys annually denied employment afloat are the sons of poor—some of very poor—people; others are sons of criminals or paupers, and at the best the fate of most of these lads is to help to still further crowd the already overcrowded occupations on shore. Admiral Bosanquet says:

"If in the future the Charity Organisation Society, by stirring up the various public bodies interested, and inciting them to more vigorous efforts, can, and will, help to build up a system by means of which boys may be trained in habits of obedience, discipline, and self-reliance for entry into the Mercantile Marine, or help to establish an organisation for increasing the numbers and raising the character of the diminishing seafaring population of these islands, while at the same time providing the means by which boys whose home-surroundings are miserable, who themselves are in danger of contamination, and who have no one to help them, may be placed in a position to earn an honest livelihood on board seagoing merchant ships, then I say the Charity Organisation Society will have earned the deep and abiding gratitude of all its fellow-countrymen."

There is no doubt that any society that could accomplish this would render a most valuable service. But so great an undertaking seems rather to come within the functions of the State than of a society. In any case, the State would be called upon, under Admiral Bosanquet's scheme, to find the premium payable in respect of each boy. That his scheme has been very carefully thought out, and that it merits attentive consideration, the merest outline of it, which is all that space permits here, will suffice to show. The Admiral reminds us that

"The Metropolitan Poor-Law Amendment Act, 1869, enables Guardians of any union or parish, and managers of any school or asylums district, with the consent of the Local Government Board, to purchase, hire, or otherwise acquire, fit up, or furnish one or more ships to be used for the training of boys for sea service; every such ship shall be deemed to be a school, or asylum, as the case may be, within the meaning of the Metropolitan Poor Act, 1867. There is, however, only one such ship; this is the *Exmouth*, which is moored in the Thames off Grays, Essex."

As it appears that the *Exmouth* has been far more successful in sending boys to sea than any other training-ship for poor boys—for whom there exist, by the way, industrial as well as reformatory training-ships—it is, says Admiral Bosanquet, "strange that there

has been no legislation by which provincial Boards of Guardians could combine together to start and manage similar ships." He suggests the combination of Poor-Law Unions into districts, each district having a training-ship at the nearest convenient port, to which lads who come under the control of the Guardians could be sent, and there undergo a training for service in the Mercantile Marine, which such of them as were willing would join as apprentices to selected shipowners, precautions being taken to ensure the proper treatment, comfort, and well-being of the lads on board the sea-going ships, where their life "must be made as attractive as possible, and every inducement held out to the lads to continue at sea." These Poor-Law training-ships would supplement, rather than supersede, the existing industrial training-ships.

Admiral Field says that of the boys turned out by the existing industrial training-ships, 44 per cent. do not go to sea at all, and these ships, being in at least some cases dependent on charity, and in all having difficulties to contend with, are open to various improvements which Admiral Bosanquet points out. These it is not necessary to discuss, even if the exigencies of space permitted, in order to see that his scheme involves legislation. But Parliament having repealed the Navigation Laws, under which all trading ships were bound to carry apprentices, ought, he insists, to encourage the efforts of those who are trying to solve the problem of recruiting the British Mercantile Marine from the ranks of British boys by preparing them to earn a living on board ship. Whatever may be thought of his scheme, it is impossible to dispute his conclusion that

"at the present moment the circumstances are such that a willing boy who is desirous of going to sea cannot, by his unaided efforts, find his way to remunerative employment in sea-going ships except through the charitable organisations, which are limited in capacity and deficient in recruiting agencies. The training of boys for the Mercantile Marine on an organised system throughout the country is a vital and pressing necessity."

The wonder is that in these days, when so much is heard of technical education, so little is heard of this. Incredible as the fact may seem, this, the greatest maritime country of the world, has no national, nor even rational, system of maritime training for her Mercantile Marine, estimated, as it is, to be worth £126,000,000, while its services to the commerce, food transport, and stability of the Empire are of incalculable value. Some training there is for youths who can afford to pay for it and can discover the right quarter in which to look for it.

But youths who can afford to pay are not likely to be attracted in any large numbers under existing conditions, while youths who cannot pay are, generally speaking, debarred from entry. As Captain Blackmore has well said, to talk of the Mercantile Marine as one

service is a mistake. It is rather a series of services, the conditions of the life varying greatly with the ownership, class, trade, command, &c., of each vessel; so that what may be true of life in one ship would be quite false of life in another. Nevertheless, the part of Admiral Bosanquet's scheme which requires that life at sea shall be made as attractive as possible and every inducement be afforded to continue in it is essential. If life in the average merchant ship had been more tolerable than it has been, the country might have long ago taken care that her sons were not displaced in her ships by foreigners. Commander Dawson says:

"What was true in this matter of the Spaniards, when the great Tudor Queen and her immediate successors held sway in these islands, is true of Great Britain under a greater Queen than Elizabeth. Repeating, with a variation, the warning of Admiral Sir William Monson, I would conclude: 'Notwithstanding the necessity they have of merchant sailors, there is no nation less respectful of them than the British, which is the principal cause of their want of them; and till Great Britain alters this course, let them never think to be well served at sea.'"

"What!" it may be said, "the British not respectful of their tars? Why, there are no more popular heroes, for 'we all love Jack.'" Possibly—when in neat naval rig, or depicted in some heroic situation; but what says Mr. Clark Russell of the British public? "Though they belong to the greatest maritime nation in the wide world, they take not the slightest interest in the merchant sailor, and sicken at his name as they do over the billow that heaves him." Were there not too much truth in this, the conscience of the country—if such a thing there be—would long since have revolted against the starvation, brutal cruelties, robberies, mutilations, aye, and murders perpetrated with impunity upon our merchant seamen. Lest, however, a strong case should suffer by the use of strong language, let us look at simple facts as stated by Commander Dawson—who, be it remembered, is neither an enthusiast nor an agitator, but secretary to the Missions to Seamen, a society which is dependent upon the support of the "comfortable classes":

"Training sailors in the Royal Navy for the foreign-going section of the Mercantile Marine, or giving bounties for carrying boys, would simply be pouring water into a sieve, so long as no decent Briton can serve in many of its ships. A fore-castle crammed with a crew of mixed nationalities, with no leaven of good abaft the mast, is not a sweet place in a long voyage. How can a seaman keep a respectable wife and family unless the fruit of his labour is secured to him, and payment is made at reasonable intervals? The non-payment of wages for long periods is the fruitful parent of most of the ills of long-voyage crews.

"To earn secure livelihoods in the foreign-going trade for themselves, their wives, and their children is the principal object which takes grown men to sea. To maintain, by their labours, a home ashore and a home at sea is difficult enough, without having also to maintain ruffians in every seaport,

and to be kept out of their earnings for long periods, as no other body of workmen by sea or land are kept out of them. . . .

"In the early years of this century the Admiralty acted on the principle 'keep the men poor, and they will serve at sea.' To empty men-of-war-men's pockets was an exigency of the service. Driven by starvation, men shipped on board a man-of-war. The crimp, the publican, and the prostitute, in promoting poverty, became allies of the naval authorities, patriots providing crews for his Majesty's ships. The pay arrangements fitted into this abominable design. Continuous service, frequent payments, and just treatment have, however, banished the crimp from the Queen's service. But poverty is still a motive-power in manning a large section of the Mercantile Marine. The crimp, the publican, and the prostitute reduce many merchant seamen in the foreign-going trade to starvation, and are thus the merchants' recruiting agents, without whom crews could not be induced to serve under some employers. The pay arrangements in the foreign-going trade fit into this degrading and debasing system. Section 186 of the Merchant Shipping Act, which throws upon shipowners the duty of repatriating British seamen discharged abroad, appears to be in abeyance in the eight adjacent Continental ports of discharge. Over 26,000 seamen were engaged at the eight British consulates on board our long-voyage ships in 1896, receiving probably over £100,000 in advance notes; and 28,500 seamen were discharged at these consulates, receiving £274,691 arrears of wages, or an average of nearly £10 each. Hence self-styled 'shipping masters' and others can make a liberal livelihood by organised methods of fleecing seamen and their families out of a considerable part of these £380,000 wages."

The exact sum is £383,108, of which only £57,535 was remitted home, leaving £325,573 for the Continental crimps, &c., while a further sum of £80,000 went to American and other crimps abroad for the "reshipment"—virtually the sale—of "deserters," who left behind them in wages due £145,000, besides their clothes, &c., which forfeited wages and effects of deserters should have gone to the national Exchequer, but did not. These are the figures of a single year, showing £405,603 of the seamen's pay going to foreign harpies, without counting the receipts of the harpies at home, which may be roughly estimated at double that figure, or the £145,000 in wages forfeited by "desertion," so that about a million sterling of our seamen's earnings are annually lost to themselves and families by systematic and preventible robbery. The alleged "deserters" are sometimes driven to leave their ships by bad treatment, so that they may forfeit the pay due to them. No coroner's inquiry follows violent death at sea, where it is well known that many deaths from preventible causes occur. If a cargo pig and a seaman be lost overboard the law provides for an inquiry respecting the pig, as it is property, but not for the loss of the seaman, as he is only a human being, and the body cannot be produced to hold an inquest on. No compensation is payable to a merchant seaman injured in the execution of his duty, or pension when he is worn out. Skilled attendance in the case of accident is not forthcoming save in passenger ships where surgeons are carried,

even the first aid to the injured taught to the police not being a compulsory part of the qualifications of masters, officers, or seamen. The accommodation, food, and moral surroundings are too often loathsome. Needless work is exacted on Sundays; divine service is not held, and the British seaman is neither treated as a Christian nor a free-born man. Nearly the whole of his pay is withheld for long periods—sometimes for two years, and then paid him in a large lump sum at an office situated in the lowest slums, where thieves and harpies abound, and usually rob him in a few days of the hard earnings of many months. Continuous service is the exception, not the rule, in vessels going long voyages.

Such are some of the leading causes enumerated by Commander Dawson as accounting for the disappearance of the British seaman from British ships. By way of remedy, he suggests mutual consideration between employers and employed, continuous engagements, frequent payment of wages, improvement of food and general treatment, legal protection to life, inquiry into alleged "desertions," suppression of the crimps, and the payment by the State of a bounty to British seamen actually serving afloat, which bounty would, while acting as a subsidy to the shipowners towards the payment of the men's wages, be at the same time a retainer securing the seamen's services for the Naval Reserve, and an addition to their earnings.

Sir George Baden Powell suggests that a Government department should control the Mercantile Marine, at whose head there should be a Minister in Parliament. I have seen this suggestion before—in fact, I made it myself years ago, and I venture to supplement it by others, the adoption of which would not be inconsistent with carrying out the other schemes above referred to. Give every British seafaring man of and above the rating of A.B. a Parliamentary vote, without regard to residential qualifications, and furnish facilities to record his vote, even if abroad. Establish, on the lines of the Primrose League, an Imperial Nautical League, independent of any political or religious party, and open to all ranks of seamen, their wives, sweethearts, mothers, sisters, brothers, and other relatives, with a branch in every seaport where seamen might rely on finding guidance, welcome, amusement, and help.

ARCHIBALD COWIE.

## BACHELOR WOMEN.

PEOPLE who have a taste for abstract political speculation ought to read Signor Ferrero's book, "L'Europa Giovane," which is a study of Northern Europe as it appears to an observer who is of Latin race and a disciple of Lombroso. He pays us Anglo-Saxons the compliment of a particular attention; and one of his most amusing chapters is exclusively devoted to what he takes to be our most characteristic product—the emancipated woman. This chapter is entitled "The Third Sex" (*Il Terzo Sesso*), and from the observation of facts as they are it trends a good deal into the region of prophecy. Marriage is becoming daily more difficult, says Signor Ferrero, owing to a network of obstacles, mostly economical, and, as a consequence, the army of voluntary celibates increases. Now, the presence of any new class in society must ultimately make itself felt; and the class of bachelors, male and female, is assuming, in his judgment, alarming proportions. Of the two divisions into which that class falls, it is the women who will make themselves felt as a novel force: for obvious reasons there is not the same difference of character between the bachelor and the married man as between the married woman and the spinster. It is the increasing preponderance of the spinster in Anglo-Saxon society that strikes Signor Ferrero and fills him with apprehensions of the most formidable nature.

Women, he says, are gradually invading all the fields in which man had formerly no competition; and it is a new type of woman who is competing—women who have accepted the necessity of single life and who throw into their work all the energy which nature intended to meet the drain of maternity. Renan has somewhere laid it down that the highest intellectual development can only be attained by absolute chastity (in the Roman Catholic sense); as if there were a total fund

of nervous energy available which may be drawn upon solely for the intellect, or, as is the common case, both for the intellect and the emotions. (The idea seems absurd, but I am concerned at present merely to state Signor Ferrero's opinion.) Consequently the competitor who now meets man at every turn is a creature like the working bee, in whom the desire to be a wife or a mother has been atrophied, and the driving force of that desire is converted into a feverish hunger for work. Woman will count for more and more in the world; all careers will soon be open to her, for she will knock passionately at every door till she is admitted, and, once she is allowed to compete, this sexless creature, this working bee, has such an advantage in the struggle for life as a man would have who could live without eating. What will be the result? Till quite lately marriage has been the only profession open to a virtuous woman: it has been the one success within her grasp. That view is frankly recognised by women, for to every woman marriage in itself is still accounted a promotion. There may be counterbalancing circumstances, but to be married is in itself an object of desire and a subject of congratulation. With men the case is the other way. When a man marries, his friends will admit to themselves that there may be or there are compensations; but the position of a single man is in itself envied and applauded, that of a single woman emphatically is not. In England the single woman has always been able to secure a reasonable freedom, and she has never been accounted ridiculous as she still is in Italy, and to some extent in France. But till of late years she has not had a career open to her, as a single woman, except in works of charity, where there is neither the stimulus of competition nor the consequent intoxication of success. Nowadays there is an alternative to matrimony set before every ambitious woman: she has to choose between marriage and a career; and already, says Signor Ferrero, she chooses the career. He illustrates by an example:

"I knew a family which was composed as follows: the mother, widow of a Cambridge Professor, had devoted herself to politics and fought in the front ranks of the Radical party; the eldest daughter, unmarried and thirty, was a journalist and lived by herself in a flat, where she received her friends of both sexes; the second was a professor of history at Girton; the third had founded a model farm with the purpose of training ladies to earn their livelihood as gardeners; the fourth had become an artist and was studying sculpture. Not one of these four girls had the least desire to marry, nor troubled herself in the least to captivate a man. They might easily have found husbands, as all were well off, and the two youngest exceptionally good-looking; but they did not want to; they said that as things were they had more freedom, and that marriage would diminish their liberty and their pleasures in life. They had, in short, devoted themselves to sterility, not from religious motives, but from sheer calculation."

This family is, he admits, an exception; but it is for all that a



type, and will, on his view, be increasingly less exceptional. The desire for marriage is less in itself with woman than with man. *Dans le mariage il y a toujours celui qui aime, et celui qui se laisse aimer*; and it is in nine cases out of ten, says Signor Ferrero, the woman *qui se laisse aimer*. Offer her a substitute for marriage and she will not marry.

“When a woman has thrown herself into a pursuit knowledge exaggerates her egoism by strengthening her personality; why should she go in search of a different felicity without the certainty of success when there is already one to hand? Her life has gradually been absorbed by one pre-occupation; why risk herself in the vicissitudes of love and a family? The physical impulse is too weak, and seldom succeeds in leading a young woman away from her books; her intellectual preoccupation makes it difficult for a feeling of sympathy for a man to grow to the pitch of love; and consequently love is not born and marriage disgusts. English society will probably differentiate itself into two classes with different functions: one of women designed for the humble duty of preserving the species; the other of sexless creatures, intelligent, learned, industrious, but barren, living solely by the brain, with heart and senses petrified. Thus the higher education of women, far from completing man's felicity, and adding a new splendour to the solution of the problem of love, will be a cause of fresh disappointment, bitter conflicts, and worse complications. Already it frequently occurs that a young man wants to marry a pretty young woman, but finds her life taken up with a study of Roman coins, or devoted to a propaganda of universal suffrage. These cases will grow more and more frequent, and man will oftener and oftener have to supplicate hearts of ice for a love which they are no longer capable of feeling.”

This is indeed a black look-out. In England, Signor Ferrero says, we may be able to stand it; but imagine if it came to that in Sicily! However, it does not do to take this reasoner quite seriously; let us put his positions into a moderate form. In his opinion the result of woman's increasing emancipation is to give fresh openings for her activities; the alternative of a professional or literary career makes women indifferent or disinclined to marriage; and lastly, this increasing disinclination will give women more and more the whip-hand of us poor Anglo-Saxons. Are these things so? No one who knows anything of London can shut his eyes to the growth of such a class as Signor Ferrero talks of; everybody must number among his or her acquaintances several ladies who live entirely by themselves and work for their living, just as their brothers might do. It is certainly a new class, and will probably make itself felt in society; but in what way? By an aversion to matrimony? Frankly, one doubts it. Miss Clough, the late principal of Newnham, was not only a conspicuous instance of the woman who makes herself a career, but was a woman whose life-work consisted in turning out these independent young ladies—what one may call bachelor women. Yet in her biography there occur several passages where this very strong and self-supporting lady

expresses her desire for marriage—her wish to have some one to lean upon, some one to take decisions for her. But it is undesirable to discuss this matter with reference to definite individuals, who must either be living or only recently dead; and happily, other documents are not hard to come by. Many of these bachelor women live by literature, and almost without exception they write novels. If one looks at their books it is not hard to see how the problem of life and the ambitions of celibacy present themselves to the people directly interested in them. I take two recently-published novels, both of them decidedly clever, which study with an obvious familiarity the habits and adventures of the young lady who lives by herself and by her own exertions. One of them is "Among Thorns," by "Noel Ainslie"; the other, by Miss Evelyn Sharp, is called "The Making of a Prig." Noel Ainslie has written another novel, "An Erring Pilgrimage," where the chief character is again a bachelor woman, but to this I only mean to allude in passing. It is an unpleasant tale, and treats of circumstances which cannot fairly be regarded as typical. There is, however, this much in common between all three books: the heroine is a young lady who comes up to London to live by her wits. Veronica, of the "Erring Pilgrimage," belongs to a well-marked subsection of this class: those who make the endeavour because they have got to. Katharine Austen, Miss Sharp's heroine, exemplifies the more numerous body of those who come away from home because they are bored, or out of sympathy with their surroundings. The army of bachelor women—the modern "Legion of St. Ursula"—recruits itself especially from the girls who have been to school or college, and in the process of receiving higher education have acquired a distaste for monotony and a determination to "live their own life." As to Lesbia Meynell, the principal character in "Among Thorns," she is a lady journalist when the story opens, and Noel Ainslie does not make it quite clear whether she had no option but to become one. However, all three have made the choice in good earnest. Katharine has a home still open to her, but she runs her experiment to the verge of starvation, like the two others. And here one notes that, by the showing of these two ladies, the reign of woman is not yet completely inaugurated. The most useful thing a bachelor woman can find is a man who will help her to get work. All three heroines owe their success to a man. Paul Wilton gets Katharine her first engagement at a school; Lesbia Meynell is taken on the staff of the *Decade* because Wynyard Cuthbert thinks she has sympathetic eyes. Noel Ainslie and Miss Sharp, one perceives, do not paint the working gentlewoman's outlook in rose colour. Lesbia and Katharine are not endowed with genius; they have no preternatural talent for success; plenty of other women in the same position have as good abilities; but these are two of the lucky ones who get a chance and

profit by it. What becomes of those who do not get the chance? Their lines certainly do not fall in pleasant places. They lodge, a good many of them, at some such institution as No. 10 Queen's Crescent, Marylebone, which Miss Sharp has described so vividly. This is a home where working gentlewomen, to the number of sixty-three, live together, and its features are very interesting. There is, to begin with, a prospectus; there is always a prospectus. Then there is a common dining-room, where the inmates—well, they do not dine, but they eat together. The butter is not attractive, so the newcomer is advised to try the treacle. "You can't go far wrong with treacle. The jam's always suspicious; you find plum-stones in the strawberry, and so on." There are two reception-rooms upstairs, and there are sleeping-rooms partitioned off by curtains into cubicles. There is also a bath-room where the inhabitants can bathe in turns—by putting their names down beforehand; the turn comes about once a fortnight; and you clean your own boots. The ladies who live there are typewriters, shorthand clerks, and so forth; they are, most of them, not accurately described as ladies; but if one can believe Miss Sharp, there is a deal of human nature among them, and most of it pleasant. Lesbia Meynell is a rung or two higher up on the ladder than Katharine. She has rooms at No. 2 Carados Street, Bloomsbury, which, as the landlady's pretty daughter Peggy observes, is a halfway house where no one stays long. Lodgers go up, or they go down, but they do not remain at the level of Carados Street. Lesbia Meynell has enough to eat and drink, but she is never asked to houses; like Katharine, she visits nowhere; and she has no occasion to wear the evening frocks, in which she is aware that she always looks her best. Like Katharine, she is consumed with a desire for pleasure, and the only people of her acquaintance to whom the pleasures come get them from man. This way of life, whether for good or bad, does away with censoriousness. Lesbia meets at the office of the *Decade* ladies with either a past or a present; the pretty Peggy comes in with her eyes shining to tell how one of the lodgers has taken her to a restaurant and a music-hall. As for Katharine, she also lives among young women who only find a break in their bread-and-butter existence when some one takes them to dinner, and they do not all profess to be rigorous. Katharine herself finds the bright spots of life consist in the hours which she spends with one or other of her two adorers. Man, you see, still counts, even with the emancipated woman. Both Katharine and Lesbia are lavishly provided for in the matter of lovers, each has two, one simple and straightforward, who loves *pour le bon motif*; one worldly wise and subtle, who is chiefly bent on amusing himself. Needless to say, each of the girls loves the less deserving man; but the main point is that each of them is in love. The attraction of the bachelor existence, which is great—for even with its

privations, neither Lesbia nor Katharine would go back to stay-at-home ways—lies, no doubt, partly in the interest of work: Katharine is a born teacher who has found her vocation, Lesbia experiences the usual triumph of the lady journalist who gets into print. But the principal charm of their life is the intercourse with the other sex on terms which, under the old rules, would have been entirely impossible. Jack Graham, the artist, who also lodges at No. 2 Carados Street, comes in to smoke cigarettes with Lesbia in her rooms; Wynyard Cuthbert, the wicked hero, calls on her at nine o'clock. Katharine frequently visits Paul Wilton in his chambers at the Temple, and only objects to the concealment which he, as a man of the world, insists on keeping up. It is perfectly right for you and me, she insists; and he has to admit that it is, for she is the sort of young woman who is safe anywhere, even with the not too scrupulous man whom she loves. Then, says Katharine, if it is right, why conceal it? That is the logic of Bohemia, where everybody does things because they seem pleasant or right to do, not because society has decreed that they are right or pleasant. Paul Wilton declines to be convinced, but Katharine holds to it that the bachelor woman may do whatever is not immoral.

Everybody who knows the society which Noel Ainslie and Miss Sharp are describing will recognise that these facts are a faithful transcript, indeed now grown so common as to be hardly noticeable. What a change in a quarter of a century! But it is equally clear that this is something very unlike the state of things which Signor Ferrero predicts so ruefully. Man plays a much more important part in the life of these ladies than he used to do in that of their mothers. They depend on him very largely for their success in life, very largely for their pleasures, and he counts among their friends without any nonsense of Platonism. Katharine is quite honestly friends with Ted, the nice boy, who is the foil to Paul Wilton. One notices also that what appeals to them about man is particularly his masterfulness. Any of them would certainly have endorsed the pronouncement of a charming lady who is no longer a bachelor. She described the amusements of her bachelor life and the interests of an artistic career with such zest that one naturally asked if it had not been an effort to give it up. "Ah, but you get so bored with it," she said; "you do so want some one to tell you not to do things." This, perhaps, is an aspect of man which appeals to woman most strongly before marriage; and, in point of fact, both Lesbia and Katharine adore their wooers particularly when they find themselves ordered about; but when Jack Graham begins to tell his wife Lesbia not to do things, Lesbia finds it a bore. Katharine is left at the gates of matrimony, but I make no doubt that she asserted herself a little afterwards. This sweet submissiveness to masculine caprices is only characteristic

of the bachelor woman who associates with man as an equal, not of the lady in whom matrimony soon teaches him to recognise his superior. Upon the whole, then, it does not seem likely that the advent of the working gentlewoman is likely to rule man out. Man will continue to be as interesting to woman as woman is to man, in spite of the predictions of Italian professors.

But that does not alter the fact that there exists a new class, a new social type, and we may interrogate our witnesses about it. Listen to Miss Sharp :

“‘Think of the progress that has been made even in my time,’ says an enthusiastic lady to Katharine, ‘and in another ten years there will be nothing that woman will not be able to do in common with men. Isn’t it a glorious reflection?’

“‘I don’t think it will be so,’ persisted Katharine. ‘It has nothing to do with education or any of these things. A woman is handicapped just because she is a woman and has to go on living like a woman. There is always home work to be done, or some one to be nursed, or clothes to be mended. A man has nothing to do but his work; but a woman is expected to do a woman’s work as well as a man’s. It is too much for any one to do well. I am a working woman myself, and I don’t find it so pleasant as it is painted.’

“‘Tell me,’ said her aunt earnestly; ‘don’t you find women are happier if they have work to do for their living?’

“‘I suppose it is possible, but I haven’t met any who are,’ answered Katharine. ‘I think it is because they feel they have sacrificed all the pleasures of life. Men don’t like women who work, do they? Oh yes, they have lots of admiration for us, but they don’t fall in love with us, that’s all. I think it is because it is the elusive quality in woman that fascinates man; and directly they begin to understand her, they cease to be fascinated by her. And woman is growing less mysterious every day now; she is chiefly occupied in explaining herself, and that is why men don’t find her such good fun. At least, I think so.’”

One may say in passing that if the race of women stoned Miss Sharp and Noel Ainslie with stones for giving away their secrets no man could be surprised. But is Miss Sharp right in describing the working woman as one who gives up the pleasures of life? That is doubtful. The pleasures of idleness and prettiness, perhaps; but unless she has to work to the very pin of her collar, she has really a better time than her predecessors, only that she is not so easily contented. The woman who has lived in Bohemia has one distinguishing mark: she is intolerant of trivialities, and especially intolerant of boredom. This is how Katharine’s home struck her when she went back to it in her first holidays:

“‘Ivingdon seemed narrower in its sympathies and duller than ever; she wondered how people could go on living with so few ideas in their minds and so few topics of conversation; even the rector (her father) irritated her by his want of interest in her experiences and by his utter absorption in his own concerns.’”

Lesbia Meynell marries Jack Graham when a chance takes him from living on a pittance by his art into a good business position, and she emerges from Bohemia into a flat in Kensington. But she finds it dull; the routine of calls and callers bores her to extinction; and when she hears that the pretty Peggy has gone off with a rich young man to Paris, her first movement is one of envy. Peggy, at least, is getting some colour into her life. The fact is that the new denizen of Bohemia falls between two stools—two ways of life. The things which to her mother or grandmother would have seemed quite amusing and gay—a round of afternoon tea-parties, with an occasional dance—no longer amuse her. She wants stronger excitements. And, on the other hand, she is disqualified by her education for what used to be accounted the natural relaxations of Bohemia—the life that Henri Murger sketched, perhaps with more charm than realism. She has no desire to be respectable, she scorns the word; but she has not the least intention of being anything else. Now, the chief desire of all these lady bachelors, in the Bohemia where people work, is to get out of it—or so their authors testify—and there are only two ways out. One is marriage, the other is not. One leads into society, where people pay calls of ten minutes, the other leads to the Bohemia of champagne and supper-parties. Neither goal is attractive. Occasionally the Bohemian may hit on some half-way house; Lesbia Meynell's husband gives up business, and, having a little money, returns to his painting while she writes, and they live happily for ever after, somewhere in St. John's Wood, undisturbed by social duties. But that is the exception. For the most part the bachelor woman has either to grow old in her virtuous Bohemia—and it is not wholly a cheerful fate—or to marry and go into ordinary society.

There is, however, one thing to be said. If she immigrates in sufficient numbers into society she will probably end by modifying its conventions; and it is surprising what a number of women one meets who have, at one time or another, studied art in Paris, and lived on two or three francs a day when allowances ran short, or assisted in a bonnet-shop, or tried their hands at journalism. A good many, of course, have merely broken away from home for a few months in sheer desire of change, or have set up a studio chiefly in order that they may give tea-parties in it. But however little serious may have been the work they did in their effort to be self-supporting, yet the habit of independence is implanted and a rude shake is given to the old equilibrium. Working gentlewomen who are promoted to the dignity of marriage will probably by their combined influence modify social usages to a very considerable extent, though by no means in the direction that Signor Ferrero indicates.

But in the meanwhile they have pioneered the way for a class of

celibate women who, under the old conditions, would almost certainly have married. These are the people whom one may venture to call club-women, and they are in many respects the opposite of those about whom Miss Sharp and Noel Ainslie write. The working gentlewoman, as we have seen, wants to get married, in order that she may have less work and more comforts; the club-woman, who is often a widow, remains unmarried for the very same reason. Naturally, she is not a pioneer, nor an emancipator, nor enthusiast, nor theorist of any kind; she is simply the counterpart of the club-man; that is to say, a person who organises life on the lines of least resistance, and aims chiefly to save trouble and avoid responsibility. While it was bad form for a woman to live in chambers by herself these ladies would never have thought of doing so; but as soon as society accepted people who were either doing or had done this thing, they realised the possibilities open to them, and, though they were no theorists, contentedly put themselves in advance of humdrum people. And certainly they have gained enormously in the conveniences of life. The lady who has five or six hundred a year and no incumbrances used formerly to be obliged to take a house and have two or three servants; that condemned her at once to a cheap suburb, and made entertaining practically impossible. Now she has chambers somewhere in Piccadilly, her mind is free from the cares of a household, she has neither to engage nor dismiss servants, nor compose their quarrels; she has absolutely all the attendance she wants, and everything about her is well turned out; meals come for the touching of a bell, and instead of a carriage she has her pick of the hansoms. If she wants to see faces about her and avoid that sense of solitude which has driven so many women into matrimony, all she has to do is to step round to her club; it may be a club for women only, or, if she prefers it, one of the mixed arrangements which are becoming so popular.

The result certainly ought to be a great falling off in the number of marriages of convenience, since the ladies who take to this way of life are precisely those who used to marry for convenience. What is the middle-aged gentleman of the future who is tired of club life to say to the lady who is installed no less excellently than himself? Does he offer her the comforts of a home? "The comforts of a home," she will reply, "are for the husband." Will she contentedly take upon her the charge of an establishment and endure the daily tedium of eating dinners which she has ordered herself? In short, we seem likely to develop not merely the bachelor-woman, but the old-bachelor-woman, who will be a very different person from the old maid. But whether these new varieties will remain merely superficially distinct, or whether, as Signor Ferrero believes, they will fundamentally modify the nature of woman and the constitution of society—whether the Institute of Women Journalists and the creation

of Albemarle and Sesame Clubs will prove epoch-making institutions, or whether the world will go on much the same in spite of them—are wide questions which only a disciple of Lombroso feels able to answer out of hand. One thing seems clear; that since women have professed an ability to support themselves, the British paterfamilias, who always encourages self-help in his children and has the easiest views concerning parental responsibility of any father in Europe, will not hesitate to urge upon his daughters the desirability of doing so.

STEPHEN GWYNN.



## THE RUIN OF SPAIN.

"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!"

—LAMENTATIONS I. 1.

**I**N few decaying empires is the contrast between the glorious past and the sordid present, between fantastic dreams and repulsive facts, splendid possibilities and hateful realities, so striking and so cruel as in the land of Cervantes, Cortez, and Calderon de la Barca. That once mighty kingdom is now but the merest shadow of its former self; its cities, shrivelled and shrunken to the dimensions of mere villages, are noted only for their mouldering monuments of long-departed power, wealth, and glory; and the footsteps of the foreigner, as he crosses the broad public places and ill-paved streets, or moves along the mystically sombre aisles of the majestic cathedrals, echo and re-echo with a weird ultramundane sound, till he starts and turns to assure himself that the ghosts of the past, whose presence he distinctly feels, have not suddenly risen from the historic dust. In the period of its greatness the University alone of Salamanca numbered more students than the entire city possesses inhabitants to-day. And nearly all the other once famous towns resemble it in this: arrested development is the curse they have inherited from the past; decay and death the principal process visible in the present. Walking along the deserted streets of Valladolid, Salamanca, or the dead city of the Cid, the imaginative stranger seems to hear the very wind chanting the requiem of the warriors, statesmen, princes, and poets who built up the greatness of Spain, and who, having sighed in vain for the obscurities of happiness, rotted in prisons, hungered in garrets, or were burned at the stake, in the days when hope was buoyant and faith was strong.

But this century, of all others, has proved the most unlucky for Spain since her venturesome mariners first opened up America to the Peninsula and the world. The ills and misfortunes which formerly

followed each other at long intervals during a hundred years have been since crowded into the space of a single decade; colonial, civil, international wars, urban riots, provincial risings, national revolutions, have succeeded each other with bewildering rapidity, demoralising the rulers and exhausting the people. At home, agricultural, industrial, and educational progress was arrested, while monarchs were abdicating, being expelled and recalled, while constitutions were being couched in eloquent terms, solemnly sanctioned, and summarily abolished, while rights were ruefully doled out and gleefully suppressed again; and abroad, greater Spain shrank and collapsed like a punctured windbag, Chili and Colombia first gaining their independence, Florida passing by sale to the United States, Peru and Mexico severing their connection with the mother country, until now that Spain, about to lose her last and most precious possession beyond the seas, has virtually ceased to be an American Power. Nor does the evil end here: it has disastrously affected the Peninsula itself; Spain still has millions of noble sons who can display at will

"The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,  
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,"

but whose miserable lot it has hitherto been either to vegetate at home in ruinous ignorance, steeped in poverty to the very lips, or else to be drafted off to the Philippines or Cuba, there to perish ingloriously, the victims of fever, of treachery, or of war's vicissitudes; she still possesses heroic soldiers, worthy of olden days, but owing to the shortsightedness and negligence of her self-appointed leaders they have long since ceased to conquer and to triumph, and can now merely offer the vain sacrifice of their lives on the altar of their country; she still has artists, but they have ceased to create and are satisfied with humbly imitating; she is rich in statesmen, but they have lost the knack of thinking, planning, acting, and are contented to be ranked as artistic orators; she still possesses a race of noble peasants, heart-whole, simple-minded, and sober, who gladly pay their last peseta to be spent in the defence of abstract ideals, but they are indignant to find that it is squandered by self-seeking hidalgos, whose way is corruption and whose name is legion.

The causes of this calamitous breakdown of one of the mightiest nations of modern times are numerous, and, as some of them are open to controversy, it would serve no useful purpose to discuss them exhaustively. One of the principal evils which Spaniards themselves always admit and occasionally lament is the extraordinary lack of instruction which characterises the people as a whole. Out of eighteen million inhabitants the number of illiterates exceeds sixteen millions! It is only fair to add, however, that the difference between the two classes is one of form rather than of substance, and is contained

less in the greater number of ideas possessed by the educated than in the elegance with which they express the everyday notions and pathetic delusions which are common to all. Take university education for example, which in the palmy days of Salamanca University was fully abreast of the European times: we find that, in the opinion of friendly French experts, it is calculated to inspire, without justifying, the pride of superior knowledge which teems with the germs of every species of misfortune. The administrative authority possesses the right of regulating the lectures and programmes, and the printed text-book, which in every case must supplement the oral instruction given by the professor, is vetoed, or even directly chosen by the Government, in deference to considerations which have nothing in common with science. M. Paul Melon, a Frenchman who made a special study of higher education in Spain, writes: "The Bachelor who has terminated the course of the *institute* knows not one word of Greek, extremely little Latin, and, judging by the expositions which one hears at the university—even at the close of a year of study—he is utterly ignorant of contemporary history."

Modern languages are likewise unknown in Spain to a degree which has to be realised before it can be believed. Politicians, statesmen, physicians, journalists, courtiers, and even merchants are content with speaking their own sonorous language—and can very seldom express themselves in any other. I have seen Englishmen and Frenchmen in the Foreign Department of the Central Telegraph Office wandering disconsolately hither and thither unable to find a single official conversant, in any degree, with the French tongue. The Liberal Government of Señor Sagasta, having introduced censorship of foreign telegrams such as has never been practised in Russia,\* was at its wits' ends to find a censor capable of reading messages written in German, and finally it was decided that they should go as they were, unexamined. I frequently saw two identical telegrams, of which one was in French and the other in German, handed in at the Telegraph Office, and on the following day I learned that the French message had been suppressed by the Censor, and the German telegram transmitted without remark.

Monumental ignorance of contemporary history and modern languages has left its abiding mark on the ruling classes in Spain, and is to a large extent answerable for the irreparable calamities which have overtaken the brave, patient, and noble-minded people. It is dangerous for one blind man to lead another; but it is utterly calamitous when the sightless leader has visions, and is under the delusion that he can see. And these are exactly the relations which,

\* The Spanish Censor refused to allow the speech of the Marine Minister to be telegraphed to London even in the Minister's own words. If this prohibition could have assured the absolute suppression of that remarkable explanation, I should warmly approve the measure in the interests of the Spanish Government. As this was impossible it had merely the effect of a superfluous and damaging comment.

ever since the days of Queen Isabella, have subsisted between the rulers and the ruled. The results thereof are writ large in every page of contemporary Spanish history, in every step of successive Spanish Governments, in the dangerous mixture of wanton rigour and unpatriotic licence which was meted out to the colonies, in the paralysation of all healthy enterprise in the Peninsula, in the neglect of national interests, and the step-motherly treatment of the army and the navy.

The sixteen million illiterates and a majority of those whose modest literary accomplishments entitle them to rank with the "classes" care nothing for politics and have but one fervent wish: to be allowed to work in peace, to better their lot and the lot of their children, and to be permitted to enjoy as much as possible of the fruits of their own honest labour. For politics, domestic, colonial, or international, they have neither taste nor understanding. Cuba never affected this class of Spaniards in the least. The colonial wave never reached them in any form but that of a mighty destroyer, whose human victims were more numerous than those of Moloch, and whose cruelties exceeded those of the old Mexican gods. These peasants are of different races, they possess their own tribal customs and traditions intact, and the main links that bind them all in one more or less homogeneous whole are devotion to their religion and fanatic love of their native land. Their inborn mental and moral qualities are apparently of a high order, but owing to a deplorable lack of development have never been properly utilised and are, therefore, as the Schoolmen term it, *in posse* rather than *in esse*.

The minority of five or six hundred thousand are the politicians, the mighty Archimedes who intend to move the world, as soon as they themselves are cozily settled in snug little Government offices. For every petty post in the gift of the Government, which brings in but £30 or £40 a year, there are from eight to twelve candidates impatiently waiting for the moving of the waters, and ready to preach the Conservative, Liberal, Republican, or Carlist gospel according to the outlook at the moment. The number of these trusty followers is much larger than the loaves and fishes with which the triumphant party can hope to feed them, and amounts in all to about 420,000 men, with stentorian voices and minds open to political conviction. Heretofore the Liberals and Conservatives divided the spoils of office in a manner so refreshingly novel and simple that one wonders it was never hit upon in other countries. When one party had had a fairly good innings, and the other had remained long enough in the cold outside, the principle of live and let live was always appealed to and enforced, the Government resigning on a pretext, and the Opposition coming in for a share of the good things of office. To give an idea of the extent to which Parliamentary institutions have taken root in the country, I may say that it was the chief of the Conservative

party, Canovas del Castillo, who, desirous of acclimatising party government in Spain, actually and deliberately founded the opposition to his own Cabinet, and placed Señor Sagasta at its head! The Conservatives having had a long spell of power, and showing no signs of natural decay, Sagasta declared that unless he and his merry men were given a chance of partaking of the loaves and fishes they would have to organise a revolution. Thereupon Señor Canovas sought out the King, explained matters to him, and said: "Sire, I will furnish the necessary pretext. I will ask you to give me your confidence for ten years in advance, and you will naturally refuse to agree to the absurd request. Then my Cabinet will resign, and your Majesty will call in the Liberals." And the plan was carried out! This puerile play, the costs of which the wretched people must pay, is the substance of what is called "Constitutional Government" in Spain. It need hardly be said that the elections, which are "secret and free," invariably send a majority of the party which happens to be in power at the time. A brief description of how this "free and independent expression of the enlightened opinion of the country" was provoked a few weeks ago by the Liberal Cabinet of Señor Sagasta, which a Spanish writer later published as typical of all elections, may prove instructive if not edifying.

The Cabinet, and in this particular case Señor Sagasta himself, the Apostle of Liberal principles, who had been for years a revolutionist, decided beforehand how large a majority he needed, and this done, he considered how the seats of the minority should be distributed, for a Spanish Prime Minister, like Napoleon, leaves nothing to chance—when elections are in question. Not only had the adversaries to be counted but also weighed; for it is not enough that the Minister should resolve to allow a certain number of Republicans, of Carlists, of Conservatives, &c., to be returned, he must also determine which of them. It is a delicate task, but *noblesse oblige*, and a Prime Minister can only do his best; still, one would think he would severely draw the line at anti-dynastic parties. But not at all. During the recent debates in the Cortes, after the disaster at Cavite, Count Romanones taunted the Republicans with having been snugly installed in their seats by the Government of his Majesty the King, and with forgetting what they owed the Cabinet. Count Romanones is not a simple unofficial individual: he is the Alcalde of Madrid, who "presided over" the elections, carefully controlling them, and who occupies the position of right-hand man to the Minister of the Interior, which, as the *Nacional* puts it, is "the Central Manufactory of the Parliaments." "What will the country think of the Government?" asks that organ. "What will it think of the Parliament in which even the very anti-dynastic oppositional factions owe their seats to Government favour?"

This, however, is by the way. The manner in which the elections

are carried out is further described by the Spanish writer in a manner which suggests the question: Is it right, is it loyal, is it moral, for a party calling itself Liberal to preach Constitutionalism to the people, and, having acquired power by the advocacy of this doctrine, to drill and drive this people, in defiance of the fundamental principles of Liberalism, as if they were so many head of cattle? The critic declares that people who have no right whatever to record their votes are conducted early to the polling-booths, where they vote, of course, for the Government's candidates. The real voters, taught by painful experience, generally remain at home, their names being assumed by the others. If, however, a voter appears and insists on exercising his right, he is boldly accused of having already given his vote, and therefore of a criminal attempt to poll twice over, is hurried off to prison, and a wearisome investigation is begun. It may end in his favour, no doubt; but before it concludes he will probably wish he were at the bottom of the Dead Sea. Many deceased electors arise from their tombs in order to record their adhesion to the Government in office—or, at least, people assuming the names of defunct citizens come and exercise their rights without let or hindrance. The dead thus vigilantly watch over the welfare of the living, which, strange to say, is invariably and indissolubly bound up with the success of the Government of the day. Now it may be, and probably is, true that the people are not yet educated up to the standard which would qualify them to judge for themselves; but to an unsophisticated European mind it would seem that to act upon this supposition, and at the same time to discourse eloquently on the contrary assumption, is unworthy of any party calling itself Liberal or ethical. Nobody in Spain, however, has as yet declared or felt that tactics of this kind are at all out of keeping with the Liberalism of SS. Sagasta, Moret, and Gullon; and Spaniards are by far the best judges of the question.

Despite the doubtful ethics of politics and the low ebb of intellectual culture, if not precisely in consequence of these, the gift of tongues is possessed and cultivated by Spanish statesmen to a degree unknown in contemporary Europe. Eloquence of a high order is the one light visible in Spanish politics, as phosphorescence is the characteristic of decaying woods and forests. The Peninsula possesses some of the greatest orators of modern times, whose rich and varied imagery flows softly, smoothly, soothingly over the finest intellectual sand without a single original thought to break the pleasing monotony. Don Emilio Castelar, the eminent Republican, for instance, or Señor Moret, the Colonial Minister, who was the soul and brain of Sagasta's Cabinet, is capable of holding forth for hours and hours upon any subject under the sun in sonorous and musical periods which tickle the ears and hypnotise the minds of their mystically disposed hearers. Spanish politicians love eloquence as Midas loved

gold; and their taste is gratified as his was. They have never yet felt the want of statesmanship; and it may well be doubted whether at the present moment there is one statesman of even the third-rate order among the many politicians who claim to possess a panacea for the grave disorders of their ill-starred Fatherland and clamour for an opportunity of experimenting with it. There is, indeed, one strong man in the country, a *man par excellence*, one who knows his own mind, adjusts means to ends, sees things as they are without green spectacles or blue; and that man is General Weyler. Whether he also possesses the makings of a statesman it is as yet too early to say, but it is hardly too much to affirm that the very errors of such a man would probably prove more advantageous to his country than the thorough realisation of the deliberate plans of the professed politicians. Those great artistic talkers whose mellifluous phrases are to thoughts as the thinnest gold-leaf is to the most solid nugget of gold, have "governed" Spain for half a century, and to the stranger who desires to see the visible and tangible results of their administration, one may repeat the words of Teufelsdrückh's epitaph on the monument of Count Zähdarm: "*Si vis monumentum, adspice*"—impoverishment, stagnation, hunger, ruin. Doubtless other and more subtly solvent forces have likewise been at work, but a third-rate politician could and would have stayed their action; and the immediate and proximate causes of the national catastrophe are, without doubt, the polished rhetoricians who painted with their richest oratorical colours the sepulchres of mouldering bones.

Don Emilio Castelar is a perfect type of the political orator who would heal a nation's ills with magniloquent words, as Bishop Berkeley sought to cure all human disorders with tar-water. Like the once celebrated Pico de la Mirandola, he has written countless volumes in folio, in quarto, and in octavo, which might with average precision be labelled: "*De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," the numerous supplements being entitled "Paralipomena." History, poetry, romance, politics, theology, art, and science have all been whipped by this latter-day literary confectioner into oceans of sugary cream, an infinitesimal quantity of which cloy the critical palate.\* This professor, politician, and poet was for some time Minister of Foreign Affairs, and once attained the high dignity of Chief of the State, with results which will not soon be forgotten in Spain.

Señor Castelar is an out-and-out Republican, and he speaks of his

\* Among Señor Castelar's works I may quote: "Lucan: his Life, his Genius, his Poems;" "A History of Civilisation during the First Five Centuries of Christianity;" "Portraits of European Celebrities (Semblanzas);" "Souvenirs of Italy;" "History of the Republican Movement in Europe;" "The Religious Revolution;" "Historical Studies on the Middle Ages;" "The History of a Heart;" "Historical Gallery of Celebrated Women;" "The Formula of Progress;" "Political and Social Questions;" "The Ransom of the Slave;" "Letters on European Politics," &c. &c. His work on Russia contains more astounding errors in a comparatively small compass than could be conveniently corrected in two bulky volumes.

doctrine with the natural pride of a political Paracelsus, who has discovered an important truth which is destined to save and ennoble humanity. The one infallible nostrum for all the ills of Spain is the Republican form of government. Nor does Don Emilio mean a Republic like that of Sparta, or even after the model of that of Switzerland. By no means. His principle is, little causes and great effects. So vast and thaumaturgical is the virtue of the mere form that it alone would suffice to reform men, morals, and manners, and, to use a hackneyed Hibernicism, transform arid mountains into smiling valleys. He would change absolutely nothing but the form. Last year he explained his views on the subject to a French friend of his, who made them public shortly afterwards at the risk of their being plagiarised by others. He said: "Spain is a Republic already. If one day it should fall to our lot to bestow upon it this name, *we should leave everything as it is*, and would merely accord to the President certain executive rights over and above those which the King possesses." \* That is to say, Spain is suffering from misgovernment, from administrative corruption, from incompetent statesmen, from financial exhaustion, from the want of a clearly defined policy, from a vast nosology of political diseases; but they will all vanish as at the waving of a magician's wand if, instead of calling the country a monarchy, we give it the nickname of Republic, and speak of the ruler as President! And Don Emilio Castelar is one of the most brilliant lights among the contemporary politicians of the Peninsula!

Another eminent Spanish statesman is the famous Pi y Margall, whose ardent Republicanism is of a shade apparently very different from that which Señor Castelar advocates; but whether it is more or less radical is, I fear, a question that others must decide. Señor Pi y Margall has frequently assured his eighteen million fellow-countrymen, whose knowledge of technical terms and of Greek roots is presumably very limited, that the Republic which, in his opinion, could alone save the country ought to be based upon a compact which must be "synallagmatical, bilateral, and commutative." If it be all three, then his countrymen may sleep peacefully in their beds at night, confident that everything will prosper in the best of political communities. Pi y Margall was a member of the Cabinet at a very critical period of contemporary Spanish history, and one day coming into the council room, he announced to his colleagues, in a sad and serious tone of voice, that he had something of great urgency and transcendent importance to submit to their consideration. The Ministers looked anxious and listened. The orator then informed them that he had lately been forced to the unwelcome conclusion that the Mohammedan Mosque at Cordova belongs of right to the Moors, and ought in

\* Gaston Routier: "L'Espagne en 1897," p. 184.



common honesty to be restored to them by one of those spontaneous acts of justice which, however culpable at the moment, invariably redound in the long run to the credit of the Government which possesses the courage and the integrity to accomplish them. The State at that time not being founded on the symmetrical, bilateral, and commutative compact, turned a deaf ear to the proposal of its faithful servant, and went on to consider the current questions of the day. Another of the pillars of the Republican party is Señor Salmeron, who has played important parts in the grand political drama of Spain in the facile and fluid manner characteristic of most Spanish statesmen. This eminent orator was once called upon, in his capacity as Secretary of State, to sign the death warrant of a condemned criminal. Like another very famous Republican of Arras in France, Señor Salmeron hesitated, refused, tendered his resignation, and left his colleagues in a most embarrassing position at a very critical juncture. Robespierre, it is true, got over this morbid tenderness very quickly, and became as it were to the manner born; but Señor Salmeron, who has since had very little experience of affairs, is presumably of the same opinion still.

Statesmen of this calibre might successfully govern places like Pitcairn's Island, or possibly Plato's Republic, but a sorely afflicted country like Spain has little to hope from their principles or their practice. They know exactly what is going to happen to England, France, Europe, the world, in a hundred or a thousand years, but are stone blind to the imminent dangers that threaten their own country to-day and assume the form of national calamities to-morrow. I was especially struck with a curious instance of this abnormal short-sightedness just before the present war broke out. It was at the beginning of April. I called on Señor Castelar, whose eloquent articles in French reviews on the political situation were just then being spoken of as masterpieces of style. In the course of conversation I broached the subject of the coming war. Don Emilio started. "War?" he said. "War," I repeated. "Between whom?" "Between Spain and the United States," I answered. "Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. Then, growing suddenly serious, "Utter rubbish!" he exclaimed; "excuse me, but the thing is so absolutely impossible, so completely inconceivable, that I cannot give it another name. I refuse to entertain the notion even as an abstract possibility. A war between Spain and the United States is impossible. Take my word for it." Señor Castelar's feelings, a few days later, may have resembled those of the American general who, during the War of Secession, having sought to take a certain fortress in the South and failed, came back to the House of Representatives, of which he was a member, and there made an eloquent speech, showing very clearly that the fortress in question was absolutely impregnable. The highly

applauded discourse was only once interrupted, and that was for the purpose of reading a despatch, which had just been received by President Lincoln, announcing that the fortress was taken with little loss to the assailants. Paradoxical though it may appear, it is none the less true that the cause of the dynasty gains almost as much through the opposition of the Republicans as it loses through the advocacy of its friends.

The Liberal party in Spain, many of whose leaders graduated in the Republican or Revolutionary school, differ from the regular Republicans only in being much less unpractical, in being "wise in their generation," and in never refusing to make friends with the Mammon of Iniquity; and from the Conservatives they are distinguished in this—that they reject with holy horror the illiberal and old-fashioned principles preached by that party, while imitating and even intensifying the utmost rigour of their anti-Liberal practices. Anything more brilliant, humane, and hollow than the phrases of the Liberal party, anything more plausible or more dangerous than their diplomacy, anything more specious and ruinous than their financial schemes, anything more loyal and compromising than their defence of the dynasty it would be impossible to frame and difficult to conceive. A foreign diplomatist with whom I lately conversed characterised their work as follows: They assumed the reins of power at a time when the insurrection in Cuba was at its last gasp, when the means of trampling it out in a few short months were at their disposal, when it was still possible and even easy to confine the misunderstanding between Spain and the States within the limits of diplomacy, when not a suspicion of danger threatened the dynasty, when the finances of the country were capable of being placed on a sound and stable basis, and when a new and prosperous era might have been inaugurated. Yet within less than six months they had deliberately abandoned all these advantages without receiving anything in return; had submitted to what all Spain has unanimously characterised as unparalleled humiliations; had denounced the most loyal, devoted, and successful Spanish general as a cruel assassin; allowed a trusty and respected diplomatist to be insulted by the Yankees, and then punished him in order to please their country's enemies; had condemned the colonial policy of their predecessors as inhuman and rapacious; had prostrated themselves and the kingdom at the feet of the American war party till the statesmen of the Republic had good reason to expect from them any and every concession, however humiliating; they had laughed to scorn the idea of a war, and cracked daily jokes on the subject with lively correspondents; they had refused to listen to the advice of generals, admirals, and journalists to see to the defences of Manila; they had withdrawn large numbers of troops from the Philippines; they had declined to purchase coal till its cost rose to

over 250 per cent.; they had imprisoned Spanish citizens for shouting "Hurrah for Spain!" they had drifted into war while dreaming of peace; they had solemnly promised victory to the people, and when dire defeat was announced instead, they "doctored" up the official despatches causing the unsuspecting population to go wild with enthusiasm at the alleged defeat of the enemy; they remained listless spectators of the exportation of the people's food, and proclaimed martial law when the hungry wretches complained of famine; they sought to raise funds by ruining the finances for generations to come, and thus sowed the seeds of a future civil war which may seal for ever the fate of Spain. If the country had been in a state of utter anarchy it could not have fallen an easier prey to the enemy. The 700 brave Spaniards who lost their lives at Cavite remind one less of men killed in battle than of human holocausts hewn to pieces on the altar of an angry god. The sin of King David in sending Uriah the Hittite to the "forefront of the hottest battle," in order that he should be killed, was a trifling peccadillo in comparison with the crime of ruthlessly sacrificing the gallant Captain Gadarso and the best blood of Spain. The same view has been expressed over and over again, even by such Liberal organs of Madrid as the *Imparcial* and *Liberal*, to say nothing of the press representatives of the other parties.

What is absolutely certain, however, is that the Liberal Cabinet wholly reversed the policy of their predecessors, not on the merits of the case, but because of the overweening confidence they placed in the success of their own diplomatic action. The reasons for this childish self-trust are various, but chief among them is the exaggerated importance which Señor Gullon, the Foreign Minister, attributed to certain counsels and opinions offered him by foreign diplomatists. The Spanish "statesman," like all Spaniards, is endowed with a high degree of inborn tact, which is an invaluable quality in a professional diplomatist, but, imperfectly acquainted with foreign languages and peoples, and incapable of reducing the various "assurances" and "intimations" of French, Austrian, Russian, or other statesmen to a common diplomatic denominator, he is always tempted, and frequently led, to construe their words in the sense that best harmonises with his own thoughts and wishes. Undoubtedly Europe desired to avert the war—each country for reasons of its own—and Señores Moret, Gullon, and Sagasta concluded that where there's a will there's a way. Therefore they adopted the policy of carrying out Europe's suggestions. The question whether Europe could and would share the responsibility for the consequences, if the counsels proved inefficacious and the consequences disastrous, seems never to have been seriously considered. Yet it would have been only natural, statesmanlike, and patriotic to make ready for war. The United States were preparing with a

vengeance, and, to those who are acquainted with the United States, it was very clear, long before the *Maine* exploded, that the arbiter of peace and war was the people there, and neither General Woodford nor President McKinley, and that the feeling of the people was strongly in favour of war. The Spanish Government also lost much owing to the circumstance that certain of its diplomatic representatives abroad are just as unacquainted with the language, customs, and psychology of the people in whose midst they live as are the "statesmen" who have remained at Madrid.

I had the honour to converse with Señor Gullon on the subject of Cuba and the United States about a fortnight before the war broke out. He was optimistic, buoyant, and jovial. The impression he left on me was that of a very healthy, happy, and clever tight-rope walker who, when standing over the Falls of Niagara, allows himself to slip and hang down by his feet, just to give a further proof of the thoroughness with which he has mastered all the tricks of his calling, and to indulge in a pleasant laugh at the nervousness of his audience. He was still, of course, a firm believer in peace. Some days later—in fact, almost on the eve of the departure of General Woodford—the same exhilarating buoyancy prevailed at the Foreign Office, where, as I have reason to know, it was fully expected that in three or four days more, at the very outside, everything would be peacefully and satisfactorily arranged with the United States. I should not have believed it possible for sane men to entertain such optimistic views at that critical moment; but it is impossible to doubt the fact, seeing that it has since been publicly confessed by Señor Moret in the Spanish Congress, and has unfortunately also been vouched for by the massacre of over seven hundred brave Spaniards at Cavite, for whose efficacious defence no attempt at preparation was made.

The Government which thus firmly but groundlessly believed in peace and staked the national existence upon the correctness of this superficial forecast could hardly be expected to conduct war with much confidence or any success. It is psychologically interesting to note, however, that it was not the confidence which was lacking—merely the grounds to engender and the facts to justify it. Señor Sagasta's Cabinet actually expected victory in the war with the United States; and yet they knew much more about the lamentable conditions of the conflict than outsiders ever suspected. But they are firm believers in miracles. Take the defences of the Philippines as an instance. Foreigners knew little or nothing about them, but Señor Sagasta's colleagues, the Ministers of War and Marine, were well aware of the bitter truth. They knew, for example, having been told over and over again, that the approaches to the Bay of Manila were provided "with the same defences which the first discoverers of the

country had found when they arrived there 400 years ago. Down to last August," says Admiral Don Joaquin Lazaga, "there was not one single cannon, not the smallest defensive or offensive work there. Everything was and everything still is in its primitive condition: for nobody has given attention to this vital matter." \* Everybody who had studied the subject knew that the entrance to Manila could be rendered practically impossible by erecting heavy batteries on the coast of Mariveles, Corregidor, and Punta Restinga. "The defences of Cavite consist," says Admiral Lazaga, "in a weak and unfinished rampart, deficient in guns, and in a naval battery at the extremity of the arsenal, with four Armstrong guns. This is the best that we have to rely upon. At the extremity, Sangley, a battery is being constructed, which was planned at the time of the Carolines conflict, and is not yet finished." †

Letters had been written to the Government, articles had been published in the press calling upon the authorities to put the Philippines into a satisfactory state of defence. But in vain. The Government pledged their reputation that peace would be preserved—which was quite permissible—and they also staked the lives and fortunes of thousands of Spaniards on that event, which their fellow-countrymen hold to have been less permissible. The press, re-echoing the wishes of the country, then called upon the Prime Minister to part with his colleague of the Marine, whose perfect urbanity and childlike *naieté* are delightful and refreshing qualities in the *salons* of Madrid, but hardly sufficient to enable him to conduct a naval conflict with the United States. But Señor Sagasta only smiled with that curious smile of his suggestive of December sunshine in a Siberian wilderness, and held fast to the Minister of Marine.

Then came the news of the approaching naval combat at Cavite, at which, as the Government was well aware, Spain's squadron consisted of mere wooden shells provided with guns which were but toy pistols as compared with those possessed by the enemy. It was also aware that torpedoes could and should have been placed in the Bay of Manila; that mines should have been laid down to contest the approaches, but were not; that search-lights should have been provided, and that, none of these things having been done, the impending engagement would be less a naval battle than a ruthless, needless slaughter of brave men. It is difficult for the average European to fathom the winding depths of the official mind in Spain. What is certain is that when a Deputy, Señor Gasset, mentioned the defences of the Philippines in Parliament on the eve of the engagement at Cavite, the bland and good-natured Marine Minister arose and said that he had left nothing undone to render those defences what they should be, and that "very shortly the splendour of victory would

\* Cf. *La Correspondencia de España* and *El Nacional*, May 11, 1898. † *Ibidem*.

burst forth and illumine the country." And people believing him, were consoled, for they are more easily played on than a pipe. It cannot be doubted that the Minister himself was convinced that the Spanish squadron would triumph over the warships of the enemy, for we have his word for it. And on the fateful first of May, when the bad tidings were received in Madrid, the Ministers reading the telegram athwart the roseate spectacles of their hopes actually interpreted it to mean a victory over the Yankees! The two newspapers, *El Nacional* and *El Heraldo*, however, made the true significance of the dispatch perfectly clear. One Cabinet Minister then went off to soothe his suffering soul at a bull-fight, and another set about drawing up the "official" account of the engagement *in usum Delphini* for the edification of the provinces. The Censure suppressed private telegrams, and the ministerial dispatch was so cleverly worded that the people of Havana, as well as the inhabitants of many towns of Spain, ran wild with patriotic enthusiasm at the signal defeat of the Yankees! Why this was done nobody ever knew, but it can hardly be attributed to childlike *naïveté* on the part of the Ministers who are the official representatives of the political party which boasts its love of light and truth.

Forty-eight hours after having prophesied the victory of the Spanish squadron Señor Bermejo, the good-humoured Minister of Marine, rose in Parliament to tell his tale. He had been attacked by the Republican Señor Salmeron and the Carlist Señor Lloren because the "victory" which had resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish squadron was not quite up to what he had promised. And the Minister's explanations were very clear and exhaustive. He said that the Bay of Manila could not be protected at all, and his colleague of the War Department added that the ships fought at such a distance that the land batteries could not reach them, and that it would take long years to mount effective guns on the coasts. The Marine Minister also laid great stress on the important fact that it would have been worse than useless to lay down torpedoes in the Bay; and in his peroration he added that he had just sent 150 torpedoes, which were *now* on their way to the Philippines! "In jolly good time too!" exclaimed the Deputies. He and they seem to have forgotten to underline the fact that the torpedoes which were worse than useless before the "battle" was fought should have been dispatched after it was over and there was nothing more to defend. The Marine Minister publicly regretted that the entrance to the Bay is six miles broad, but he quite forgot that the island of Corregidor and the positions of El Fraile and La Monja shorten that width considerably. The Congress set to work then to discuss the question not of immediately hindering the recurrence of similar blunders during the war, but of distributing responsibilities: Señor Salmeron and the Repub-

licans accused the monarchy of having caused the disaster; the Ministers accused Providence or nature, which had formed the entrance to Manila Bay in a manner unfavourable to cheap and effective defence; Señor Romero Robledo asserted more truthfully than opportunely that the Liberal party was to blame; the Parliamentary majority declared that either nobody was to blame or else that it could only be Canovas del Castillo, who is mouldering in his grave. Meanwhile the average man thought and said that life in Spain will never again be worth living until all those parties and institutions which, having taxed the much-enduring peasant to the level of famine for the defence of the kingdom, and squandered the money in bribery and corruption, and brought the country face to face with political ruin, were themselves once for all swept away. A military dictator who would purge the land of politicians suffering from rhetorical catarrh and worse maladies, and would govern with a firm hand and a clear head, was often and often prayed for by honest men who cared nothing for politics or parties.

The Liberal party in general, and the Ministers Moret,\* Sagasta, and Gullon in particular, have, competent Spaniards affirm, succeeded in giving the *coup de grace* to parliamentary institutions in Spain by reducing them *ad absurdum*. As I have already pointed out, the parliamentary system was never seriously applied in the Peninsula, where it is said to have been little more than an agency by means of which some 400,000 hungry men were enabled to satiate their appetites and support their families at the expense of the hard-working population. Other knowledge and experience of the system the Spanish people has had none. Year after year youths fresh from the Universities, where sciences, modern languages and history are known as mere names, arrive in Madrid, nothing in their pockets but their hands, and nothing in their heads but clap-trap phrases; yet in a remarkably short time their pockets are filled with pesetas, and their heads crowned with parliamentary laurels. Most of the members of the Sagasta Cabinet, which drifted into this lamentable war, were men of talent and promise, who thus came, saw, and conquered fortune. Until they obtained office after Canovas' death, parliamentary government had been a huge farce; they speedily transformed it into a tremendous tragedy.

It was these pseudo-parliamentary institutions, and the statesmen who presided over them, that prepared the way for the rebellion. The rising of the Cubans had been foreseen. It was provoked by the home rule speeches of Spaniards like Maura, and fostered by the criminal laxity and licence, rather than by the severity, of successive Spanish Captains-General, who foolishly gave *carte blanche* to the restless natives to organise the movement with care and foresight.

\* Late Colonial Minister and the champion talker of the Peninsula.

Thus General Salamanca had allowed Maceo, the rebel chief, to return to the island, where he once forgot himself so far as to threaten General Chincilla that he would betake himself to the mountains with 10,000 rebel infantry and 200 mounted men, and proclaim the independence of the country, if a certain sum of money were not given to him. The General took no measures to prevent him, but connived at his seditious after-dinner oratory, which went on *crescendo*. General Polavieja, a soldier of the military school of Weyler, expelled Maceo in 1890, but was punished for his rigour by the Madrid Government, which recalled him at once. General Calleja reversed the policy of his predecessor, and allowed armed bands to shout, "Long live independent Cuba!" in the streets of Havana. His own physician, a native, assured him that the Cubans were about to strike a decisive blow for separation, but the good-humoured General still remained an inactive spectator, on being assured that the deluge would not come until he had shaken the dust of the island off his feet. These things seem incredible to foreigners who have been daily assured that Spanish oppression was intolerable. Oppression there was none, merely corruption, but neither was there any system. Abuses were numerous and disgusting, but they were zealously perpetuated by the Cubans themselves. It is an eloquent fact that, of all the officials in the island of Cuba, only 20 per cent. were Spaniards, while the remainder were natives. Force and the appearance of violence were what every Spanish Cabinet was morbidly anxious to avoid at all costs, and this was the ruin of the kingdom.

When the insurrection broke out a little over three years ago, everybody except the Spanish "statesmen" felt that the beginning of the end was at hand, and that, unless speedily suppressed, the rising would spread, thrive, and culminate in the loss of the last of Spain's American colonies. It was well known that the one energetic officer who could be implicitly trusted rapidly and effectively to stamp it out was General Weyler, the Marquis of Teneriffe. But the General was not a *persona grata* in the highest circles of Madrid, whereas Martinez Campos enjoyed their implicit confidence and favour. The latter, therefore, was despatched less to stamp out than to talk out the insurrection, somewhat after the manner of Browning's Ogniben, with gold as an aid to the arts of suasion.

That Weyler was never liked at Court is a misfortune for Spain rather than a discredit to the General. The reason is intelligible, and instructive, and characteristic of all parties concerned. When Spain was a republic, Martinez Campos, Weyler, and Daban were appointed to various commands by the Government, whose orders they solemnly bound themselves to carry out. When, owing to the agitation of Canovas del Castillo and the violence of General Pavia, it became obvious that the days of the Republic were numbered and



Prince Alfonso was likely to become king, many politicians turned their backs upon the setting, in order to worship the rising sun. But Martinez Campos, being a soldier, was not expected to take sides in politics. As a matter of fact, however, he did, suddenly proclaiming Alfonso XII. King of Spain, and having him acclaimed by the army. Weyler, who was no more a Republican than Campos, subordinating his "views" or sympathies to his duties, and adjusting his action to his promises, set out, in obedience to the commands of his superiors, to resist Campos and Daban and their adherents. He was well aware at the time that the Republic was doomed, and that he could not better serve his material interests than by imitating Campos and seceding to the Alfonsists, nor do his career more lasting harm than by remaining faithful to a Government that could no longer punish nor reward. But General Weyler is a straightforward, chivalrous, and resolute man, who would fulfil his promise faithfully to the archfiend himself, had he the misfortune to bind himself to that personage. Fortunately the Government disappeared before the two commanders met, and bloodshed was thus avoided. In all this Weyler behaved as an ideal soldier, whose first law is obedience to the commands of his lawful superiors and fidelity to his oath, and his conduct seemed to deserve the hearty approbation of all Spaniards, without distinction of party or class. He would have resisted the establishment of a republic under Alfonso XII. with the same determination, had he received the order to do so; for he is not a politician. The average monarch, however, being human, is more disposed to reward personal attachment to himself, whatever its underlying motive, than fidelity to an abstract principle, however disinterested; and Weyler's loyalty to his superiors and courageous discharge of his duties have to a large extent contributed to deprive his country of his services at a time when those services would have been inestimable and their loss has certainly proved irreparable.

Martinez Campos, on the contrary, has ever since been an official guide and a prophet laureate to the reigning dynasty, which has thus in some sort, acquired a claim to share the aureole of his possible successes, without, of course, contracting any of the grave responsibility attaching to his disastrous failures. Suave manners, considerable tact, a practical knowledge of the seamy side of human nature—of the fickleness of friendship when opposed to interest, and of the untrustworthiness of promises when their fulfilment involves self-sacrifice—he has ever prudently sought the triumphs of peaceful diplomacy rather than courted the doubtful victories of arms. Thus, at the close of the first great Cuban insurrection which lasted ten years, he turned the insurgent's love of gold and reluctance to undergo further privations to advantage, and readily arranged the Convention of Zanjón, by which the rebellion, already exhausted, was brought to

a seemingly definite end, at the cost of mere money instead of human lives. This success, had it proved as durable as it was brilliant, would have endeared the military diplomatists to all true friends of humanity throughout the world. But, unfortunately, in affairs of State no less than in trade, the cheap is generally the enemy of the good and lasting. By treating as friends the insurgents, who had destroyed millions of hard earned Spanish money, and tens of thousands of the youth of Spain, he lessened their respect for the mother country; by giving them rewards in money which were denied to the heroic and patient soldiers, he unwittingly put a premium on disloyalty and insurrection, and disheartened the professional defenders of the fatherland. It is not surprising, therefore that the great rebellion was speedily followed by the *guerra chiquita* (little war) which in turn was succeeded by the insurrection of to-day. All Spaniards naturally felt offended as soon as they discovered that the military system of Martinez Campos imposed enormous burdens upon the patient defenders of the State, and reserved all the prizes for the coloured rebels who did their very utmost to ruin Spain. The usually inarticulate soldiers complained that they were being treated like enemies of their country, while the unscrupulous insurgents were paid or pensioned as public benefactors.

Another example of this curious system was given during the Melilla troubles which arose between Spaniards and Moors. General Martinez Campos was also dispatched to Melilla for the purpose of arranging the matter peacefully. And he succeeded. His chivalry towards the enemy was unparalleled, and, many of his countrymen erroneously add, unpatriotic. An instance will enable the reader to form an independent judgment on the system. A Moorish spy was wont to visit the Spanish camp in the guise of a pedlar every day, taking note of everything he saw and inquiring about the things which he did not see. A Spanish soldier serving in a convict battalion discovered the rôle the Mohammedan was playing, and felt strongly tempted to deal with him as Ulysses and his comrades had dealt with Dolon; but, on second thoughts, he contented himself with lopping off the spy's ears. The Moor deserved, according to military rules, to be summarily shot, and General Weyler, had he been in command, would have unhesitatingly shot or hanged him. General Martinez Campos, however, for good reasons, no doubt, ordered the execution not of the spy, but of the Spanish soldier. And it was duly carried out, to the wonder and delight of the Mohammedans, and to the intense disgust of the Spaniards. In this and analogous ways General Campos got the better of all the enemies of Spain against whom he had been sent. It was in this way that he came, saw, and conquered Carlists, Cubans, and Moors. His services were naturally resorted to again.

Everybody felt that the present Cuban insurrection was bound to be the last, and that Spain's success or failure in quelling it must determine the future of the kingdom. Martinez Campos received *carte blanche*, therefore, to end it as speedily as he could, and the Conservative Government of Canovas del Castillo refrained from hampering him in any way, as he himself has since publicly acknowledged. It should have been stifled without a week's delay, or a trace of maudlin weakness. For there is but one way to put down an insurrection of any kind; and when the insurgents happen to be cut-throats, incendiaries, and dynamiters, over and above, it is neither opportune to delay nor wise to modify it. Martinez Campos, however, went to work with amnesties, palavers, parleys, appeals, promises, and all the stock-in-trade of his military diplomacy. If Marti, the white rebel chief, had lived, General Campos might possibly have succeeded in buying him over to Spain, for Maceo, the coloured chief, was jealous of Marti; but the rebellion would have gone on all the same. The insurgents were not seriously molested by the General, and therefore they increased and multiplied, received food and ammunition from abroad, organised a civil and military government in the island, appointed "prefects," compelled the peaceful inhabitants to contribute food, fodder, horses, lodging, medicaments, and even to serve as scouts, postmen and spies, and inaugurated the work of "reconcentration" for which General Weyler was afterwards made responsible. Martinez Campos himself confessed in writing: "The Government did not hamper my action, military or political, in the slightest degree; I have not succeeded in employing the means and the vast powers which were granted to me, . . . *nor have I hindered the war from spreading to provinces which remained quiet during the ten years of the former rebellion.*" \*

This is a very damaging avowal to have to make, whether the person pleading be a general or a diplomatist. But it is far too vague to convey to the outsider an adequate idea of the state of anarchy in which Martinez Campos left the island. His *interim* successor, General Marin, describing to the War Minister the weakness, confusion, and helplessness of the Spanish authorities, expressed himself as follows: "In the Province of Pinar del Rio especially, all officially organised bodies have totally disappeared." †

General Suarez Valdés, in a telegram dated January 6, 1896, gives a most lugubrious account of the situation and outlook in Cuba. Among other passages, the following is interesting:

"Further details which I intended to communicate to your Excellency have not arrived, owing to the difficulty of communications, which *in fact*

\* Extract from a cablegram addressed by Martinez Campos to the President of the Council of Ministers (Canovas del Castillo).

† General Marin's report to the Minister of War, January 22, 1896.

*do not exist in the island.* The telegraphs are all cut, and destined to be cut again as soon as repaired; they work with difficulty on the main lines, and little or not at all on the branch lines. Even the Southern Cable suffers interruptions owing to the wires being cut that connect Batabanó with Havana. . . .”

The rebels, practically masters of the island, established a civil and military government there, which, had General Campos remained a little longer, would have put an end to Spanish domination altogether. They divided Cuba into six provinces, with prefects, sub-prefects, governors, &c. &c., almost all of whose duties were identical with crimes. These officials were bound to extort salt, sugar, medicines, arms, ammunition, &c., from the peaceful farmers; some of them to issue passports to inhabitants desirous of going from one place to another, and all of them to incorporate in the rebel forces every man, armed or unarmed, who should dare to travel without such passport. Besides this, they had to burn down houses, wreck trains, and blow up harmless women and children.

At the prefectures, workshops were constructed for the manufacture and repair of arms, bombs, infernal machines, cartridges, saddles, sword-belts, shoes, &c. &c., and those inhabitants who were known to possess skill in work of this kind, were forced to give their services to the rebels. The post maintained spies and messengers in the towns occupied by the Spaniards, and many of the peaceful inhabitants (*pacíficos*) were pressed into the dangerous service. The country people, who for the most part cared only for their fields, their cattle, their harvests, and their agricultural produce, were forced, by means of the most barbarous kind, to ally themselves with the insurgents. Thus, they were not allowed to cultivate what paid them best, but only those kinds of produce which were calculated to serve as food for the coloured fighters: the farinaceous yucca, for instance, malanga, bananas, &c. The prefectures appointed a “body of victuallers,” whose duty it was to visit the farms of the neighbourhood in turn, and to collect tribute in kind. The losses of the insurgent forces in their skirmishes with the Spaniards had also to be made good by those same peaceful inhabitants, who were unceremoniously pressed into the rebel army, and horribly tortured to death if they refused to enlist, or deserted. And even when they obeyed all those orders with alacrity, as was generally the case, they were not by any means sure that their goods, their daughters, or their lives, were safe from the avarice, the lust, or the vengeance of the coloured men. Farmhouses, manufactories, huts, were frequently burned down by the rebels, not only because the occupants were supposed to be unfriendly, or even because they were suspected of being lukewarm in the service, but, in many cases, the dwellings were reduced to ashes solely because they were too near a Spanish fort or too far from a Cuban prefecture.\*

\* Cf. the “Memoirs of Antonio Gonzalez Abreu.”

The following extract from the instructions officially given to the insurgent prefects and sub-prefects by the Provisional Government will enable the reader to understand the determination of the rebels to force every inhabitant of the island to join in the revolt against Spain :

“Circular A 1. Republic of Cuba. Government-Council. Delegation. For the purpose of improving the service of the prefectures and sub-prefectures, and in order to introduce better order into the services of the Revolution, I hereby give you the following instructions: You will make clear to all the inhabitants residing in your zone the obligation imposed upon them of working for the Revolution, calling their attention to the fact that once they live under the protection of the Republic, *they are considered to be soldiers of the liberating army.* . . . At all times you are invested with the right of utilising the individuals of your zone in everything connected with the service of the prefecture or sub-prefecture, whereas no excuse whatever on their part is admissible. Sluggishness will not be allowed under any pretext, and all those inhabitants who, in your judgment are not desirable in this place, will have to leave in seventy-two hours, for which purpose you will give them notice in advance. . . . When the prefects or sub-prefects deem it opportune, they will form companies of inhabitants for the purpose of ‘*lighting the candles,*’\* destroying houses, granaries, railways, telegraphs, telephones, of lifting cattle, and of doing anything else that may seem serviceable for the Revolution.” †

The means by which the *pacíficos* or peaceful farmers of the interior were forced to become rebels are fairly well known by this time. The following letter will help to recall them, and at the same time to reveal one of the abundant sources of the stream of *reconcentrados* whose number and sufferings has been laid to General Weyler’s charge. The letter, be it remembered, was written by a rebel official named Rubio, to the Prefect of Sanidad on July 2, 1896 :

“My dear Luis,—Three days ago the wife of Benito Rabasa came here—Rabasa who was taken prisoner along with Rafael Gonzalez, *both pacíficos*, respectable and laborious. They were arrested by Enrique Perez, who accused them of *not serving the cause with enthusiasm.* The poor lady came to implore Brigadier Ducasse to release her husband. We here knew what their unenviable end had been. May God be merciful to them, *if they were guilty.*

“To return to this wretched lady, who is embarrassed with four little children. After having eaten all the animals on the farm there remained but two cows that had recently calved, and these were supplying the food for the children when Enrique Perez came and took them away. And as if all this were not enough to punish the faults of her husband—if he really committed them—on the following day the negro Flores came and took away her sewing machine. She has now no other remedy than to ask for alms, or to go to the enemy’s trenches to eat the biscuit of the Spanish soldiers.”

Such was the state of things in Cuba which General Martinez

\* “Lighting the Candles” means burning down farm houses and villages.

† This circular bears the date of March 20, 1896, and is signed Doctor Santiago Garcia Cañizares.

Campos bequeathed to his successor, and which the Prime Minister, Canovas del Castillo, resolved to put an end to. The Spanish Government had given General Martínez Campos full liberty of action, and the General had tried his hand at diplomatic arts only. They had proved not merely useless but disastrous; for the signal successes of the insurgents had led American jingoes to espouse the Cuban cause more warmly than ever before, and had induced or compelled more peace-loving Americans to contemplate independence as possible, and look forward to autonomy as absolutely certain. The relations between Spain and the United States became somewhat strained in consequence, for the latter country seemed resolved to make the insurgents' cause their own, to the extent at least of guaranteeing home rule. And herein lay the evil of diplomatically toying with a rebellion which should have been crushed out at once. The difficulty of neutralising its results was enormous, and was intensified by Spanish Liberals, who encouraged the rebels by their ill-considered speeches but the Government set about it in the right way. And the leading idea entertained by the Premier, which has never yet been given to the public, Spanish or foreign, was this.

Canovas del Castillo, the only Spanish Minister who had any serious claims to be considered as a statesman, perceived that Martínez Campos had let things go much too far, and so far indeed, that it was impossible to repair that General's errors, and that Spain could never again hope to recover her old position in Cuba. Home rule of some sort was, therefore, become a necessity, and indeed the only alternative to war with the United States. The Cubans were not ripe for autonomy, it is true, but then the question had to be considered, and solved, solely from the international point of view. And Canovas del Castillo resolved to grant the measure and avoid war with the United States. But, on the other hand, there was also the possibility of civil war to be provided against at home: civil war resulting from popular dissatisfaction at such vast concessions being made by Spain to Cuban rebels, just at the moment when the rebels were victorious, and also arising from the economic collapse which was to be feared after the war, when the Cuban debt, repudiated by the autonomous islanders, would exhaust the financial resources of the Peninsula, and result in bankruptcy and ruin.

The solution of the difficulty which suggested itself to Canovas del Castillo, but was known to very few even of his most intimate political friends,\* may be briefly sketched as follows: the insurrection must first of all be crushed out completely, and the rebels brought to their knees. Then the fullest degree of autonomy compatible with the suzerainty of the mother country would be offered to them, in return

\* Canovas del Castillo was assassinated in the month of August last year at Santa Aguada.

for a deed agreed to by the Autonomy Government whereby the islanders should take over the entire Cuban debt, leaving Spain with a financial burden which, however heavy, would at least be bearable. This was Canovas' plan in outline.

To General Weyler he confided the first half of the scheme, together with the arduous task of crushing the rebellion. And everybody knew full well what that meant, for General Weyler's name was a programme. He had taken part in every war waged by his country since he first donned the military uniform, and war conducted by him was worse than a plague, a famine, or an earthquake. Not that he ever overstepped the line of demarcation that divides wanton cruelty from legitimate war, but that he generally touched it. His vigour was invariably extreme; but I am assured even by his enemies that injustice never formed any part of it. Numerous instances prove that he was always fair to his enemies; and one or two curious stories make it clear that he has been extremely exacting from his friends and relations in matters touching military service. From what I personally know of the man, I honestly believe that if in war-time his son and a private soldier committed an act of disobedience, he would consider them both merely as military men, and the only difference he would make between them would be to punish the officer more severely than the private. This is no mere phrase, and one, at least, of the concrete facts underlying the statement has, to my knowledge, provoked the exclamation—on the part of a civilian—“That man has no heart, he is a cast-steel soldier!” It occurred to me at the moment, that if his country had many more such heartless soldiers, and if his Government possessed the wisdom to employ them, Spain would not be in the straits in which she finds herself to day.

Weyler accepted the mission, reached Havana on February 11, 1896, and energetically set about reorganising the Spanish forces which, to use his own phrase in his report to the War Minister, were “in need of a thorough reform.” He found Cuba in a state of demoralisation, the extent of which may be gathered from the following passage of one of his reports:

“On the day of my arrival I was unable to inform the authorities of the island that I had entered upon the discharge of my duties for lack of telegraph wires and of railways in working order—a train from Havana to Batabonó carrying rations and ammunition had just fallen into the hands of the enemy. The principal bridges on all the railway lines had been blown up with dynamite, and the stations burned down by the rebel masses on their rapid passage across the island. The patriotic spirit of the Spanish element was so crushed and broken that, despite my character, I doubted for a moment of my ability to raise it.”\*

Cuba, in fact, was a hell paved with the good intentions of Martinez Campos.

\* Weyler's letter to the Minister of War, dated Feb. 20, 1896.

Weyler's plan of campaign was at once comprehensive and effective. The frequent little skirmishes, which always worried and occasionally decimated the troops, were to be sedulously avoided; the insurgents were to be attacked wherever they were concentrated in considerable numbers, and when routed, were to be pursued with energy and perseverance. They were to be split up into three groups by means of the trochas,\* and at all costs hindered from combining. They were to be treated as the inhabitants of a city are dealt with during a siege, and prevented from receiving supplies from any and every quarter. Therefore the *pacíficos*, the inhabitants who at one time had been neutral, but from positive sympathy or abject fear had, as we have seen, become valuable allies of the rebels, and *reconcentrados* in the insurgent sense, were henceforth to be brought within the sphere of Spanish influence and rendered harmless. Assassins, train-wreckers, dynamiters were to be summarily put to death the moment their crimes were proven against them, and no mercy whatever was to be shown them.

In all this there is nothing inhuman, nothing barbarous, nothing more than every country and nation has done over and over again—sometimes, indeed, with accompaniments which smack of the traditions of Dahomey. I am not now concerned with the general question of the ethics of war, which most Churches are able to harmonise with the purest forms of Christianity, but am simply comparing Weyler's methods of putting down a rebellion with those in vogue among contemporary Christian peoples, such as the Belgians, the French, and the Germans. And so far as my knowledge goes—and I have slowly waded through whole reams of official Spanish documents, and taken other measures to enable me to form a judgment—Weyler's system is more strictly in accordance with the usages of civilised warfare, and far less cruel than any of the others. He found the *pacíficos* partly massed in places within the rebel sphere and wholly devoted to the rebel cause; and he resolved to bring them within Spanish influence, into which a variety of other causes likewise contributed to draw them, independently of his deliberate action. Mere rebels he did not shoot in cold blood, but sent before a specially constituted tribunal: assassins, dynamiters, and train-wreckers he summarily sent to the other world, without, however, causing even these the slightest needless suffering. In this way he undoubtedly put a good many coloured Cubans to death as murderers; but no European nation, in time of war or peace, would have hesitated to do the same. Coloured Cubans, when engaged in rebelling, are a curiously cruel and savage race, if one may judge them by their professed maxims and their deliberate acts. Without seeking to justify or excuse the lamentable lack of

\* The trochas which Gen. Weyler had practically to reconstruct were fortified lines running athwart the island from shore to shore.



system which characterised the Spanish government of that fertile island, it is difficult to peruse the following extract from the insurgents' "Journal of Military Operations" without wondering why men found it necessary to invent a personal devil, so long as such human beings live and thrive upon earth.

The journal which deals with the "operations" of the Northern Brigade of Matanzas contains a number of dry entries ranging from March 1 to October 19, 1896, is signed by the Secretary, Rogelio Roque Hernández, and bears the *imprimatur* of the Brigadier, José Roque:

"March 9.—Between Bolondron and Gijira volleys were discharged at the passenger train. The machinery of the plantation of Diana was completely reduced to ashes, and a great quantity of the sugar cane of Santa Filomena.

"March 11.—The sugar cane of the colonies of Olano, Atrevido, Trinidad de Hernandez, and part of the Central Santa Rosa, near the village of Union de Reyes, have been totally burned.

"March 12.—Have been wholly burned down the buildings and a great quantity of the sugar cane of the colonies San Benito and Dichoso, belonging to the plantation Flores.

"April 4.—Towards evening of this day, and with the previous distribution of the forces, measures were taken to set fire to the plantations of the following: Andrea, Diana, Atrevido, Dolores, Saratoga, Manuelita, Gabriela, and the village of San Miguel de los Baños.

"April 5.—With the exception of Diana, Dolores, and Andreita, where there were hostile detachments, the other plantations were destroyed. In Vieja Bermeja three establishments of victuals were pillaged and burned down.

"May 9.—Have been burned down the colonies of Garabilla in Navajos, and those of Santa Victoria in Gijira. Also burned to ashes the machinery of the plantation Maria, in Corral Falso, and all the green field of the east and of Lensa de Castañer.

"August 10.—At one kilometre from the station, 'Crimea,' were placed five bombs with dynamite for the train from Navajas to Jagüey Grande. Result: entire train thrown off rails, and passenger carriages damaged. Brigadier Roque made two charges against the derailed train without effecting its capture, because the armour-plated carriage\* was merely derailed (not blown up). Our losses: one killed, one dangerously and five slightly wounded, four horses killed and five wounded. The press estimates that there were fourteen passengers of the train wounded and hurt.

"August 12.—At 10 A.M., at the curve of Cantabria, placed one bomb with eight pounds of dynamite to blow up train from Navajas, throwing it off line, and causing considerable damage to it.

"August 24.—Brigadier Roque went to the workshops of Savana Grande in order to manufacture an automaton for explosive bombs.

"September 4.—Eleven automata manufactured—will be tried first time.

"October 2.—Brigadier Roque left workshop with ten automata and clockwork explosives."

On dynamiters of this stamp mercy produces the effect of oil upon fire. General Martinez Campos had tried it and discovered his error,

\* In Cuba every train had one carriage specially protected against "incidents" of this kind.

and his countrymen will have reason to deplore his blunder for generations to come. General Weyler, whenever he caught members of these dynamiting brigades, refused to consider them as prisoners of war, or anything but outlaws, and had them hurriedly executed. If he was wrong, then it was wrong to put down the rebellion, and it is immoral to resist any and every evil by means of force. If violence be ever permissible, and if capital punishment be ever defensible, it is under provocation and outrage like that described.

His method proved eminently successful. The insurgents were split up into three bodies, which were further dispersed into small groups, hindered from co-operating, defeated whenever they assembled in numbers, and deprived of the invaluable assistance of the *pacíficos*, who gradually drifted out of their sphere and became *reconcentrados*; the civil and military rebel government of Cuba became a mere paper scheme once more, the insurgents lost heart, quarrelled amongst themselves over morsels of food, horses, and even boots, and were speedily preparing for the worst. When Weyler arrived in Havana, in 1896, Maceo, Gomez, Sanchez, Banderas, and other rebel chiefs were the real masters of the island. They went practically whithersoever they wished, and found no army to offer them serious resistance—no let or hindrance anywhere; they provoked periodical panics in Cardenas, Cienfuegos, Sagua, Pinar del Rio, and Havana, destruction and bloodshed everywhere marking their passage. Havana itself was more like a city in a state of siege than the seat of government; the public squares were turned into drilling places, heavy guns commanded the avenues and approaches, the tramways after sunset could not move without military escorts, in a word, the capital of Cuba found it no easy task to defend itself and to maintain Spain's last footing in the island.

Weyler, having first reorganised the army, separated Gomez from Maceo, by means of the military line, "Mariel Majana," shutting up the former in Pinar del Rio, and then set about attacking them successively. Before a twelvemonth had elapsed after his arrival there was no longer a rebel army in the island, from Pinar del Rio to the Trocha of Jucaro, nothing, in fact, in the nature of an organised hostile force—a few groups of brigands, without cohesion, demoralised, disheartened, despairing. On the other hand, agricultural work had begun on large plantations and estates, the tobacco harvest bade fair to prove abundant, the peasants came in, asking for arms with which to defend their property from strolling brigands who have existed and thriven in the island from time immemorial, hospitals were founded,\* and the work of re-establishment of order was moving rapidly apace.

\* It is impossible in this article to discuss Weyler's treatment of the *reconcentrados*. I have done my best to get at the truth of the matter, but not having made inquiries on the spot, the data at my disposition were contained mainly in documents. I may

The rebels themselves confessed their defeat. I have before me a letter which the rebel Colonel E. Junco wrote to his General, dated May 25, 1897, announcing that he has taken over the command of the Brigade Columbus: "But the truth is that what I have received is not a brigade, but, judging by the paucity of armed men it contains, and the terrible demoralisation which I notice in them all, it is a little group of armed men." The once famous brigade of San José de Ramos, which inflicted terrible losses on the Spaniards, was reduced by Weyler to twelve crestfallen and hungry men; of the brigade of Trinidad its colonel wrote: "The demoralisation here is terrible. I for my part find no support in the chief of the brigade. Every day two or three men desert. The forces suffer enormous privations. There is no cattle, no victuals, and we are for days together without food." The brigade of Sagua consisted of a few fugitives hiding along the coast. Narciso Gomez del Olmo, the rebel Director of Las Villas, draws a vivid picture of Spanish successes and Cuban defeats, adding that he needs a pair of boots to enable him to put off blowing out his brains!

Triumphant, Weyler pledged his reputation as a soldier to the Government, that in March 1898, not only would the last lingering traces of the rebellion have disappeared, but that he would place at the disposition of the War Minister 50,000 disciplined troops for the purpose of taking the offensive in the war with the United States, which even then, he felt convinced, was unavoidable. He was not initiated into Canovas' plan of conceding autonomy to the Cubans in return for relief from the jointly guaranteed Cuban debt, but the work he was on the point of terminating would have cleared the ground for either and every honourable solution of the problem. Meanwhile, however, in the mother country events were succeeding each other with vertiginous rapidity, and a few eloquent politicians were making their mark by steering the Ship of State straight for the rocks, while the man who had undertaken to save the colony and the metropolis was being attacked more fiercely than the blackest traitor.

The truth is that Cuba had never had a day's tolerable government. And it was now a mere field for experiments. It was not even exploited intelligently. The best customers of the Cubans were not the Spaniards, but Americans and Englishmen. A Havana cigar cost less in Hamburg, New York, or London, than in Madrid or Barcelona. Spain invested practically no money in the country, all of which is undeveloped, and some provinces are still practically virgin soil. The Spanish Bank in Havana, desirous of raising two million dollars a couple of years ago, applied to the Bank of Spain in Madrid, and applied in vain. American capitalists, however, subscribed the sum say, however, that so far as they go, they show that Weyler was considerate towards those wretched people. Of cruelty I found no trace.

in one hour. But if Spanish enterprise was lacking, Spanish eloquence, nostrums wrapped up in first-class rhetoric, were to be had in abundance, and theories of model colonial government became as plentiful as blackberries. Reformists, assimilationists, autonomists, all had their pet schemes and ventilated them freely. Many persons, like Señor Sagasta and Martínez Campos, had adopted and rejected two, and even three, sets of opinions in succession, each one of which, while they advocated it, was calculated to regenerate the island and make it a paradise upon earth.

Suddenly Señor Moret, a cultured politician of remarkable power of expression, prepossessing appearance, and fine feminine intellect, attracted universal attention by an eloquent speech delivered at Saragossa, in which he laid it down that home rule for the coloured man of Cuba would instantaneously heal that colony of all its ills. Señor Pi y Margall would go further, and also confer the boon upon the Indians of the Philippines, who are meanwhile busy chopping off the fingers of their Spanish prisoners one by one in the leisurely way characteristic of the inhabitants of warm countries. Now the most enthusiastic home rulers of Great Britain, from whom Señor Moret drew his inspiration, would unhesitatingly admit that whatever other people may be ripe for autonomy, the inhabitants of those two Spanish colonies are decidedly not. They need a firm, inflexible, paternal government like that of Dr. Francia in Paraguay, which would treat them as boys are dealt with in reformatories; and not merely for a generation or two, but permanently. For degeneration, physical and moral, is one of the inevitable results of the climate, and home rule would be as baneful as the concession of full liberty of action to a colony of lunatics.

Señor Sagasta, who had built many a golden bridge between contradictory opinions and conflicting parties, and had fearlessly traversed them all, accepted this bold view which he had always vigorously combated until Señor Moret, whose judgment he highly valued, had made it his own. It was forthwith raised to the dignity of a fundamental dogma of the Liberal doctrine, from which practical consequences would be drawn as soon as that party returned to power. Meanwhile that same party made itself the echo of the series of terrible charges of wanton cruelty preferred against General Weyler by two organs of the Madrid press which, brooding over certain non-political wrongs unwittingly inflicted upon them by one of that commander's service orders, had inaugurated a terrible campaign against him.

The press of the United States has been severely blamed in Spain for inventing harrowing stories of General Weyler's "atrocities." I am unable to say how far American journalists are to blame, but I have no hesitation in affirming that the reproaches lavished on the

foreign press were more richly deserved by the Madrid journals which led the attack and supplied, not only the "yellow journals" of the States, but even the rebel leaflets, with abundant materials for the most damaging indictment against General Weyler in particular, and Spanish rule in general. If the charges advanced by the Madrid organs were untrue, then the circulation of those calumnies was more than unpatriotic, for it proved the most powerful and effective ally the insurgents ever had. If the accusations were well founded, then all the practical conclusions drawn from them by Americans, Cubans, and Spain's enemies throughout the world were convincing and unanswerable.

However this may be—and I have already stated my own conviction—Weyler, who was being daily compared with Don Pedro the Cruel, Ivan the Terrible, and Count Muravieff, the queller of the Polish insurrection, was thoroughly discredited. Everything he did and everything he left undone was alike a crime. The coloured Cubans needed affection, confidence, freedom to rule themselves and accomplish their "mission"; and Spanish Liberals alone could carry out the programme. Canovas' violent death having broken up the Conservative party, the Liberals received last autumn the reins of power which they had so ardently desired, and they at once set about realising the millennium. General Weyler, who had practically crushed out the rebellion, was recalled in disgrace. His return to Madrid, however, was symphonetic of the trend of healthy popular feeling in the Peninsula. When Martinez Campos had come back the year before, the streets of Madrid were lined by the municipal guards, whose duty it was to prevent the diplomatic General from being insulted and mobbed. And the effort was not accomplished without the effusion of human blood. Weyler, when he returned, although some of the most widely circulating journals of the capital had left nothing undone to decry him, found it difficult to escape from popular ovations which were organised in his honour all along the route.

Señor Sagasta, the Liberal Premier, left the conduct of the colonial policy entirely in the hands of the eloquent and prepossessing Señor Moret, who had delivered the soul-stirring speech of Saragossa on home rule for coloured men, while Spain's relations with the outer world were shaped by Señor Gullon, a first-class rhetorician of the same school. General Weyler besought the Government to bear in mind that war with the United States was already in sight, and to make the necessary preparations. But the Marquis of Teneriffe, being neither eloquent nor a politician, but merely a soldier and a patriot, was smiled down in the *ne sutor ultra crepidam* style. General Blanco was dispatched to Cuba to preach there a gospel of peace and goodwill to the rebels and train-wreckers, who soon became a power in the land again. Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish ambassador at

Washington, was recalled in disgrace, and treated as the unfaithful steward of the Gospel; the desires of the United States were granted almost before they were formulated, and Ministers at Madrid plumed themselves on the ingenuity with which they were checkmating the Government of President M'Kinley. Weyler alone persisted in his prophecy: "It is a question that will be settled, not over the green table of the Foreign Ministry," he used to say, "but over the breakfast tables of the Yankees who read the 'yellow journals' of New York." Above all things, Weyler implored the responsible authorities to prepare for war, however certain they might feel of peace. But Weyler's warnings were scoffed at like Cassandra's prophecies, while the Liberal Government went forward rejoicing—to the catastrophe.

Concession followed concession—for war was to be avoided at any and every price. Home rule was granted, without any provision having been previously made to relieve Spain of the burden of the Cuban debt, which amounts to £100,000,000 and is guaranteed by the Spanish Treasury. This was a woful mistake, fraught with terrible consequences to Spain, for the Cuban debt will weigh down the hapless kingdom like a millstone round the neck of a good swimmer who has fallen into the sea. Even repudiation cannot help the country, for the good reason that the debt is held principally in Spain itself. But war was to be avoided at all costs, and even the risk of civil war was overlooked. The United States set about seriously preparing for the conflict, but the diplomatic chess-players of Madrid were so certain of their superiority in the game, and so blind to the fact that the best diplomacy was powerless to arrest the march of events, that they refused to follow the example of their enemies and look to the defences of their colonies. No thought was taken of the defences of Manila, Cavite, or any other place of importance there or in the Antilles. Two days before the war the Government still believed in peace, and two days after General Woodford's departure it still hoped for European intervention.

The Cabinet, which had neither foreseen nor prepared for the war, remained in office after it had been declared, and even interrupted the sittings of the Cortes, and divided the attention of the country in order to make certain changes in the Ministry which are alleged by the Liberal press to be more agreeable to the party than helpful to the State. The journals, Liberal and Conservative alike, complain that while all Spain is breathless with anxiety, the Cortes are busy listening to most eloquent discourses on ancient history. It is very characteristic of Spanish politicians that Señor Moret should have become most obnoxious to them all, as soon as his home rule experiment proved a failure, and that when he arose and delivered a very eloquent discourse in its defence, its very enemies applauded and congratulated him. Such, however, is the curious temperament of the

Spaniards. One of their best writers, Martos, said with melancholy truth: "We belong to that impressionable Latin race which groaned under the lash of Nero the tyrant, and applauded and crowned with roses Nero the artist." And not even a Hebrew prophet would venture to forecast the horoscope of such a people in its present embarrassments.

The one thing certain is that Spain lacks a statesman. Had she produced even a second class politician at any time since the restoration, she might have attained enviable prosperity in isolation or, had she preferred it, might have played a considerable part in the politics of Europe. With her undeveloped resources, her respectable fleet, her admirably trained marines, her heroic soldiers, and, above all, her possession of the Philippines, she might have obtained powerful allies on infinitely better terms than Italy received, and would not have collapsed as the Italians have done. But all these natural and acquired advantages were thrown away, and she remained without active friends, without commercial, agricultural or industrial progress, vegetating from day to day, squabbling over wretched questions of parochial interest, never once utilising any of her numerous resources, and punishing those among her own sons who would have raised her up, until to-day she stands face to face with ruin.

In all probability Spain has lost for ever not only Cuba but the Philippines, the possession of which, if properly exploited, might have been made an Open Sesame to prosperity and political existence. Her credit is destroyed. She is saddled with the Cuban debt as well as her own, and no longer possesses the wherewithal to pay the interest on the coupons. The little industry and trade she had have vanished; cotton mills and flour mills are closed. Her money has lost nearly 50 per cent. of its purchasing power at the very moment when her people are deprived of the means of earning it. Breadstuffs are become scarce, the pinch of hunger is felt throughout the kingdom, dissatisfaction is being manifested in tangible and dangerous forms, and martial law has been appealed to. And at this moment, says *El Nacional*, "the Congress is enjoying the clever jokes of Señor Sagasta about the Ministerial crisis and roaring with laughter."

"On one side of the Atlantic," says another patriotic journal, "there is a Marine Minister who remains at his bureau day and night, and a head of the State who sometimes refuses to go to bed more than once in forty-eight hours, in order to await news of his country's fleet; and on the other side we have Ministers who, having received the terrible news of the holocaust of Cavite, go off to a bull-fight. This significant contrast contains the germs of the future history of these two States."

The question as to how all these difficulties will be met and solved is itself insoluble. Some press organs, like *El Nacional*, whose views are untainted by strong political sympathies, call for a military dictatorship, and consider as the future saviour of his country General Weyler,

who is endowed with firmness of character, actuated by genuine patriotism, and guided by common sense, which proved more far-seeing than the able diplomacy of professional "statesmen." Most journals seem to think that the days of all the "political" parties are over and gone. Some few individuals in the higher walks of diplomacy prophesy for General Martinez Campos the rôle of a Spanish Moses, who will lead his countrymen to the Promised Land. They laud his great political experience, pointing out the fact that he was a member of most parliamentary and non-parliamentary parties during the past quarter of a century. In truth, his experience is exceptional: in 1874 he suddenly opposed his Government; attempted to proclaim Don Alfonso King of Spain, but failed. On the point of being arrested, he was saved by the intervention of the War Minister, who pledged himself that the General would remain loyal in future. Towards the close of the same year, however, he repeated the offence, and was condemned to death. In the following year Don Alfonso arrived, ascended the throne, and soon afterwards promoted his champion to be Captain-General, and sent him to Cuba to make peace. A friend and supporter of the Conservatives, he supported Canovas del Castillo, the leader of that party, as Prime Minister in 1881. Soon after the fall of his Government he espoused the cause of the Liberals, and became a member of Sagasta's Liberal Cabinet, where he remained until August 1883. In 1890 he left the Liberal camp and joined the Conservative party once more, becoming President of the Senate. On his return from Cuba this year he again shook the Conservative dust off his feet and joined the party of Señor Silvela.

General Weyler, on the other hand, is only a soldier whose services to Spain are very great, and might have been infinitely greater. But not only was he recalled at the very moment when he had almost accomplished his task, but he has not since been permitted to serve his country during the war, although he publicly and privately requested to be allowed to draw his sword in the cause of Spain. And yet he is admitted by all parties to be the most experienced and vigorous general in the country! He has been accused of deep designs because he kept aloof from all political parties, and nothing that he does or leaves undone is exempt from the harshest censure. Many of his countrymen consider this treatment as one of the many symptoms of the dire political disease which has eaten into the nation, and will not breathe freely until he has obtained a position which will enable him at least to alleviate the terrible sufferings which his country is bound to undergo, and which he was deliberately hindered from averting.

E. J. DILLON.



### THE SOUTH DUBLIN UNION.

THE Editor has received a communication from the Guardians of the South Dublin Union challenging the accuracy of certain statements made by Mrs. Hogg and Mr. Innes in their article in the April number of this REVIEW, pp. 576, 577. The Guardians say it is not the case that 30 per cent. of the boys and girls are on the sick list, the explanation being that children in this hospital are admitted from their homes and discharged when cured. They say that the 136 children in the infirmary are under the charge not of a nurse and one pauper assistant, but of a nurse and three paid officials; that the 105 pupils in the girls' school are educated, not by "one certified teacher, a man, and 13 pauper assistants," but by four female teachers from the National Board of Education, and are taught sewing, knitting, cooking, and laundry work. They deny that 65 infants are instructed by a child and two pauper women; and quote the favourable report of the Inspector as to the teacher of these infants. They deny the statements as to the general character and appearance of the girls, and say they get good places and give satisfaction. With regard to the boys, they say that not only coffins but furniture are made by the boys in the carpenter's shop, and that many are taught agricultural work, tailoring, and shoemaking. The Editor cannot, of course, go into this matter, but thinks it fair to insert this denial.

↑







