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THE CONSTRUCTION AND POLICY OF THE NEXT
GOVERNMENT.

THAT the Unionists will be beaten at the next general election is now admitted by all but blind and unreasoning partisans. The Government might have survived their bad legislation and their administrative failures, but the Fiscal question has broken and ruined the Unionists as a political power. For ten years they have been paying a fulsome homage to Mr. Chamberlain and acclaiming him as the great Statesman of the age, and he has repaid their devotion by deliberately destroying the party. Whether the Government could have been victorious in any case in a general election is very doubtful. The mismanagement of the war, the Education Act, the Licensing Act, the Sugar Bounties Convention, and the Chinese Labour Ordinance, have brought upon them a load of unpopularity which would sink almost any Ministry. Another influence, though it has not figured largely in speeches, has produced an effect on the mind of the electorate which it is difficult to measure. The public are profoundly disappointed with the state of South Africa. They bore the strain and cost of the war with cheerfulness, in the belief that in the two new Colonies they had found possessions of great natural resources which would attract a large British population. This anticipation has been bitterly disappointed. The Colonies so far have been a burden to the country; the British population instead of growing, tends to diminish, and from both the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony come stories of stagnant industry and great discontent. In no case does it seem likely that the Transvaal will become a State with a predominant British population, and it is by no means certain that it will be able to meet all the obligations imposed upon it. The public do not forget that soon after Mr. Chamberlain's return from South

Africa, he made haste to distract the attention of the country by a new agitation, and took the earliest opportunity of quitting the Government. When to all these causes of unpopularity are added the Tariff Reform proposals of Mr. Chamberlain—for the shadowy retaliation scheme of Mr. Balfour will not count when the struggle comes—the result of the next general election is nearly as certain as anything in the future can be. Whether the Liberals will obtain a majority independent of the Irish Party, is another matter; if they do, and if their leaders act with courage and prudence, they may enjoy a long lease of office. If they are dependent for their existence on the Nationalists, the Parliament will probably be short-lived, but the signs of the times point to a solid Liberal majority.

For the success of the coming Liberal administration two things are essential, a Government strong and coherent in its constitution, and a policy at once bold, firm, and carefully thought out. The composition of the next Government is a matter of the highest importance, and the Prime Minister, whoever he may be, has an unusual opportunity of constructing a powerful administration. He enters upon his task with many advantages. The ministry must be, to a considerable extent, new, for death and retirement have removed many members of the last Liberal Government. Lord Herschell, the Earl of Kimberley, Sir William Harcourt, Sir F. Lockwood, and Mr. Woodall are dead. Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. Arnold Morley, and Mr. George W. Russell have gone into a retirement from which no one wishes them to emerge. Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth and Mr. Herbert Gardner have disappeared in the House of Lords. The new Prime Minister therefore possesses an unusual freedom of selection, but the process of elimination must be carried further than it has been done by death or retirement. There are several members of Lord Rosebery's Government whom it would be a blunder to include in the next administration. Age, for one reason, ought to disqualify. I do not think it is drawing a very sharp line, when I say that no man much above the age of seventy should be included. Lord Ripon is seventy-seven, and is besides a Statesman of the ordinary or Akers-Douglas type. Mainly because he happened to be a peer he has filled many of the great offices of State, but had he been in the Commons he would never have got beyond the rank of an Under Secretaryship. Besides the fact that he is a Roman Catholic renders it impossible that he can be a party to any large changes in the Education Act. Sir Henry Fowler is seventy-five. He is a much abler man than Lord Ripon, and still possesses considerable vigour, but it is obvious that a man of his years cannot bring

strength to a Government which ought above all things to be inspired with the freshness and the spirit of youth. If Sir Henry Fowler wants a peerage, let him have it. Then comes Lord Spencer, who is approaching seventy, and whose health is not robust. It is or was believed that in the event of a Liberal triumph Lord Spencer would be sent for by the King, and that he would be asked to form a Ministry. This idea has rather gone out of favour. Apart from the question of health, there are very grave doubts whether he is fit for the position of Prime Minister. He is a man of sound judgment and possesses considerable administrative capacity. While Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland he showed courage and tenacity, but he is without originality or force of character; and as a speaker he is painfully feeble and ineffective. It has become almost necessary in this country that the Prime Minister should be able to address and impress great popular audiences. For more than thirty-five years the head of every Government has been a speaker of commanding force and ability. Gladstone, Disraeli, Salisbury, Rosebery, Balfour were or are Statesmen to whom the public meeting was part of the business of politics. They could rivet the attention of great audiences of their countrymen, and their speeches formed part of the political education of the people. Lord Spencer, as all his friends know, has no capacity of this kind, and under his dry and frigid style the most enthusiastic meeting would grow cold. His oratorical weakness might be overlooked if he were otherwise a great Statesman, but, unfortunately, he does not belong to the leaders of men. Most of the other members of the Rosebery Government are becoming old men. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is sixty-eight, Mr. Bryce is sixty-six, and Mr. Morley is the same age. It would be useless at present to discuss the actual constitution of the next Government; much depends upon the man to whom the task of forming it is committed. Lord Spencer, I think, may be safely set aside. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would, in ordinary circumstances, be asked to construct the Ministry, but knowing the difficulties with which he will be met he may decline the task. Lord Rosebery still professes to be unwilling to associate himself officially with the Liberal Party, but this disposition may pass away. If he is prepared to undertake the task it will probably be entrusted to him; but on the whole the indications are that to Mr. Asquith may be given the duty of forming the next Liberal Ministry.

In one respect the new Government ought to be different from all its predecessors. Hitherto, Ministries have been not unequally divided between the two Houses. For instance, there were of the last Rosebery Government in the Upper House, in addition

to the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, two Secretaries of State, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Chancellor of the Duchy, and two Under-Secretaries. Altogether there are between thirty and forty Liberal Peers, most of them absolutely unknown, and it would be simply intolerable that a great number of places in the Government should be divided among this small group of obscure politicians. Most of them owe what distinction they possess to the fact that they are Peers and Liberals, but this combination does not give them any claim to share nearly half the offices of the administration. In the next House of Commons there will, say, be 360 Liberals, and that some thirty Peers should absorb as many offices as twelve times the number of Liberals in the House of Commons would really be a public outrage. Besides, the Peers have some valuable perquisites. They necessarily obtain most of the household appointments, and have almost an exclusive title to the Lordships in Waiting. The only members of the next Cabinet with seats in the House of Lords ought to be the Lord Chancellor, one Secretary of State, and possibly the Lord President. The Lords in Waiting are quite sufficient to represent all the other departments of the State. Unless something like this principle is observed in the formation of the Government, there will be much anger and irritation among the general body of the Liberal Party.

Let us see how the Government can be strengthened in the Commons. Here again, care must be taken to distinguish ability from mere Parliamentary loquacity. There are some young gentlemen on the Liberal side of the House who think that because they talk often and talk much they have won a title to a seat on the Treasury Bench. Let the head of the next Administration banish as far as possible loquacious dulness from its ranks. The entire exclusion of this element is impossible, but it should be reduced to the very smallest dimensions. There is one man of exceptional ability and experience who ought to be in the next Administration; this is Sir Charles Dilke. It is said that owing to the unforgiving austerity of Mr. Stead, and his puritan brigade, he is to be excluded. I hope the Prime Minister will have the courage to treat with disdain the rancorous bitterness with which Mr. Stead has pursued the member for the Forest of Dean. Whatever that gentleman's offences may have been he has been amply punished for them, and the country ought not to be deprived of the services of an able administrator merely to gratify puritan prejudice. If Sir Charles Dilke were appointed a member of the Government there would be an outcry from Mr. Stead and a howl from some pulpits, but the noise would soon die away. Sir Charles Dilke is perhaps the

only man on the Liberal side of the House who can reorganise our military system on economical and efficient lines. Of the *Novi Homines* who must be introduced into the next Administration, by far the most prominent is Mr. Lloyd-George. He has proved himself a very brilliant debater and a very taking platform speaker. He is one of the few men on the Liberal side who can boldly stand up and answer Mr. Chamberlain. These things are not in themselves proofs of Statesmanship, but they entitle Mr. Lloyd-George to a place in the Cabinet, and it will then be seen whether he possesses the higher qualities which are required for the work of Government. Some of the old Whigs coolly talk of offering Mr. Lloyd-George an Under-Secretaryship. He would, of course, refuse it, and such an offer would in itself be sufficient to drive half of the Radical Party into revolt. Then there is Mr. John Burns, a man of masculine mind and speech. Whether, however, he would run quiet in harness with colleagues who could not pretend to share all his views, is a problem yet to be solved. I should like to see him either at the Home Office or at the Local Government Board. He would throw an amount of administrative energy and force into these departments which would astonish and annoy the permanent officials, but do much to improve their efficiency. Of the future of Mr. Winston Churchill it is difficult to speak. He has proved himself one of the readiest, wittiest, and most dashing Parliamentary swordsmen ever seen in the House of Commons. He is a valuable accession to the Liberal Party, and is already one of its most popular and brilliant speakers. Whether he could yet settle down quietly into the humdrum of official life is open to question. He requires, I suspect, to spend some more time as a Parliamentary Free Liver, but he has a great political future before him. Of the other men who have never been in office, Mr. Samuel Evans has proved himself a very able and competent debater. Mr. John Ellis has won a considerable position as an authority on the business of the House, and would make an admirable Chairman of Committees. Dr. Macnamara is a great authority on matters of Education, but he has also handled other questions, such as Chinese Labour, with marked ability. Moreover, he never speaks on any subject until he has mastered the facts bearing on it. Mr. Perks, as a staid business man, may find a place in the Government, and there are a number of men like Mr. Herbert Samuel, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Emmott, Mr. Paulton, from whom a host of Under-Secretaries can be recruited. For the Law Officers of the Crown the materials are abundant. Who will be Lord Chancellor depends to some extent on who will be Prime Minister; but, assuming that Sir Robert Reid goes to

the Woolsack, Mr. Lawson Walton, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Robson, and Mr. Moulton are all available for the Attorney-Generalship and the Solicitor-Generalship. Mr. Robson has shown remarkable acuteness and power in debate, and his friends say that his ambition lies in the direction of political rather than legal promotion.

The materials therefore for a strong Government are abundant, but even more necessary than a strong Government is a good policy. There is much loose talk as to what the next Government will do, and if the leaders of the Liberal Party do not take care they will prepare for their followers some great disappointments. Many politicians talk on platforms about repealing Acts of Parliament, as if this were one of the easiest things in the world, and even more moderate politicians, who only speak of amending the legislation of the present Government, hardly seem to realise the difficulties before them. To repeal or even partly to reverse an Act of Parliament, is one of the most difficult of Parliamentary operations. A new Government can, if it likes, effect in a moment a change of policy in administration, but to reverse a policy embodied in an Act of Parliament is a very different thing. Take the Education Act. To repeal the whole of that Act is impossible even if we had no House of Lords to deal with. It must be largely amended, and to a certain extent the path of the Liberal Education Minister is clear. He must put all schools maintained at the public expense under popular control, and must prevent the imposition of religious tests in theory and practice. So far all is straight. This will not, however, settle the religious question, and if the Liberal leaders are not cautious they may land themselves in serious entanglements. The popular view seems to be that you may teach what is called undenominational religion at the expense of the ratepayers, but that it is a great breach of the law of liberty and justice to teach more dogmatic forms of belief. How can this position be defended? If it is wrong to teach the religion of the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, how can it be right to teach the religion that satisfies Dr. Clifford? It is true that the religious teaching which commends itself to the leader of the passive resisters may be more general, less dogmatic, and, to use one of the phrases of the day, less highly specialised than the religion of the others, but that is no answer to the objections of the denominationalists. The Anglicans and the Catholics are ratepayers as well as the Non-conformists. If a religion which satisfies the last is to be taught at the expense of the ratepayers, why not the religion which pleases the two former. This is an issue which the Liberal

leaders will have to face and solve. There is only one clear and straight way out of the difficulty, and this is to confine the function of the State to purely secular instruction; but if a Liberal Government proposes this solution of the question, they will, I fear, have most of the Wesleyans and many of the Nonconformists denouncing it as a Godless system of education. One suggestion is that religious difficulties should be handed over, as in Scotland, to the local authorities. I do not know whether the Nonconformists would be willing to allow County and Borough Councils to do what they object to the Central Government doing. If Rome is to be put on the rates by the Middlesex County Council and not by the Imperial Parliament, the scheme would still be exposed to the artillery of Dr. Clifford. The Nonconformists must themselves be beginning to see that the only logical solution is to confine the duty of the State to secular instruction.

The Licensing Act is another measure with which the Liberals will have to deal, but some of them scarcely appreciate the immense change that has been made in the position by the Act of last session. The holder of a license has now a legal interest in it, and the House of Lords will see that that interest is not taken away without compensation. Before the Act of last session, Parliament, when it approached the Licensing question, was dealing with a loose, undefined and uncertain equity. Now it has to deal with an actual legal right created by Act of Parliament. It is this fact which constitutes the great iniquity of the Licensing Act, and which has made the Prime Minister the favourite toast at every Licensed Victualler Society's dinner. The right, however, is there, and it cannot be conjured away by speeches or even resolutions of the House of Commons. It is easy to talk of a time limit, but a time limit is a qualification or diminution of the legal right which a licensed holder now enjoys. If a change of this kind is going to be introduced it will have to be paid for in some way or other. Probably the Liberals will have to consider whether the Licensing question should not be approached from another side. The compensation money is after all levied from the licensed holders, and if it were largely increased the reduction in licenses might be greatly accelerated. On the question of Chinese Labour, the course of the new Ministry will be tolerably simple. The moment the Liberals are in power the further importation of Chinese labour must be stopped, and then the whole question must be handed over to the Transvaal itself. If it is impossible to establish a complete system of responsible Government at once it will not be difficult to obtain the opinion of the whole white population on the question of

Chinese labour. A plebiscite of Boers and Britons would supply an authentic record of the views of the Colony on the question. If the majority of the people are in favour of importing Chinese labour it will not be possible for the Imperial Government to withstand their wishes, but on them and not on this country the responsibility will rest.

Another subject which the Liberals will have to face is the Agricultural Rating Act. After their denunciations of that measure it is impossible that they can allow it to remain on the Statute Book. In one way the task of getting rid of it will be comparatively easy. With malicious adroitness Mr. Balfour has never made the Act permanent. Had he done so the Liberals would have some excuse for letting it alone, but some years ago it was renewed for five years, and it now expires in 1906. If it be allowed to come to an end, matters will revert to the *status quo ante* 1897. This, however, though an apparent is hardly a possible solution of the difficulty. Since 1897 the farmers have been relieved of half of the rates on agricultural land. How much of the relief has gone to them, and how much to the landlord, is a point on which it is impossible to obtain exact information, but all parties are agreed that this part of the rate can never again be put on the farmer. If the State is to be relieved of the payment of that half of the rate which it now pays, on whom is it to be put? If the Liberals have the courage of their opinions and professions, when in opposition, there is a way of dealing with the matter, easy in principle, but difficult of execution. This is simply to apply the Scottish law of rating to England. Before the Act of 1896 the tenant paid the whole of the rates. At present he pays half, and the other half is paid by the State, but let that half now be placed on the landlord as is the case in Scotland. This solution is simple, but it would require great courage to propose and unflinching tenacity to carry it. The landed interest from Northumberland to Cornwall would be up in arms. We can imagine the shriek of indignation that would arise if this most just proposal were made to Parliament, and the larger and more opulent the landowner, the louder would be the cry. This mode of settling the difficulty would carry an immense mass of public opinion with it. The Government could allow the existing law to lapse, and then the representatives of the agricultural constituencies in Parliament would either have to support the proposal or be responsible for re-imposing on the farmers the half of the rates of which they were relieved in 1897. There could hardly be a better question on which to come into conflict with the House of Lords.

Behind all these questions, however, lies one more menacing.

more serious, and more far-reaching in its possible consequences than any of them. This is the position of the House of Lords. Many Liberals fail to understand or appreciate how much the events of the last twenty years have altered and strengthened the powers of the Upper House. Nominally they are the same as before; actually the House of Lords is in a position of greater strength than it has been at any time since 1832. During this period, except for a brief and unsatisfactory interregnum from 1892 to 1895, it has been in harmony with the majority of the electorate. In 1886, for the first time since the great Reform Bill, on a great issue put to the country, the people endorsed the action of the House of Lords and rejected the policy of the House of Commons. This was a fact of enormous political significance. If in 1892 the judgment of the House of Lords had been decisively reversed the position of the Liberals would have been more favourable, but the verdict given by the constituencies on that occasion was vacillating and uncertain, and as Lord Rosebery had the courage to point out, the predominant partner was still with the House of Lords. In 1895 and again in 1900, though of course the general election of that year was of an exceptional character, the country supported a policy in harmony with the views of the House of Lords. Does anyone suppose that all these events have not added greatly to the authority of the Upper House? I am surprised that this fact should have been overlooked in Mr. Sidney Low's interesting work on the "Gouvernance" of England. He appears to think that with the advent of a Liberal majority, the Peers will fall back into their old position of comparative weakness, and that though they may give some trouble they will not enter into a serious conflict with the Commons. This view I am afraid is entirely mistaken. For nearly twenty years the action of the House of Lords has been in substantial agreement with the views of the majority of the electors. At three general elections the party which is in general harmony with that assembly has been returned to power, and the Peers will not readily be driven from the position of advantage which they have obtained. They will argue, and argue with some plausibility, that a Liberal victory in 1905 does not imply a real and permanent change in the views of the constituencies. It may mean that they are dissatisfied with the present Government, that they disapprove of some of its legislation, and that they regret its administrative incompetency, but the Lords may say that this after all is a passing phase of opinion. If it is hoped that a great Liberal majority at the next general election will compel the Peers to accept proposals which they regard as Radical and revolutionary, I believe the anticipation will

be unfounded. The Lords will contend that a victory for Free Trade does not mean that the country is in favour of great legislative changes, or even that it wishes completely to reverse some of the legislation of the present Parliament. The Liberals will find the House of Lords more confident, more determined, and less open to the coercion of public opinion than at any period between 1832 and 1886, and if they are taking office without reckoning, not merely on a hostile House of Lords, but on a House that will stand on its right to reject, revise, and amend legislation more freely than at any time during the last three-quarters of a century they are profoundly mistaking the position. It is quite possible that before the Liberals are long in office all other issues will be swallowed up in a conflict between the House of Commons and the House of Lords, and if that be so it is to be hoped that the grounds of battle will be well and wisely chosen. The Lords are not likely to give trouble over comparatively small questions. After all a Liberal majority is a Liberal majority, and the Peers will humour it so far as to extend a contemptuous acquiescence to some of its minor measures. On schemes which involve great and sweeping changes they are almost certain to take a firm stand and to dare the Liberals to go to the country. The swing of the pendulum is as constantly in the minds of the Peers as it was in Lord Salisbury's. The Electorate, strongly Liberal in 1905, may change its mind before 1907, and relying on the mutability of public opinion the House of Lords will not be easily dislodged from the position which they have won, not by any exertions of their own, but by the growth of Conservative ideas in the constituencies. It is to be feared that two or three decisive Liberal triumphs at the polls will be necessary in order to reduce the House of Lords to the position which it held before 1886.

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REVOLUTION BY TELEGRAPH.

ST. PETERSBURG, *February 12th.*

On Sunday, the fifth of February, in the first and last year of the revolution by telegraph, four persons sat in the drawing-room of one of the St. Petersburg embassies watching the miracles being wrought by a fifth, a certain Colonel Novoselsky. Novoselsky is an inventor, a graduate of an American University, an administrator in Poland. He holds aloft a glistening nickel cone, and spills a mysterious pepper-coloured powder into the Ambassador's hand. The Ambassador walks to the grate and flings the powder into a saucer of flaming kerosene. The flame goes out. The spectators exclaim with astonishment.

The inventor has only begun. Putting aside the ignipotent pepper-caster, he opens what resembles a commercial traveller's album of patterns. It is full of cloths, crêtonnes, silks, muslins, cotton-wool, ordinarily inflammable materials. He extracts these patterns one by one, and holds them in a candle flame. They char and blacken. But they will not burn. He soaks them with oil; the oil burns; but nothing can extract from the material the pretence of a flame. He thrusts splinters of dry wood into a roaring fire, and withdraws them. The blackened ends smoulder a moment, and go out. Not even cotton-wool held in the flame of a candle will burn. M. Novoselsky tells us that he has soaked these inflammable materials in a fire-proofing chemical preparation which involves no mechanical change in the appearance or weight of the substance treated. He fireproofed, he adds, the whole of Rozhestvensky's fleet before it left Libau.

The analogy may seem far-fetched. But it seemed to at least one of those present, who had come to St. Petersburg to find a revolution and found not even a revolt, that there was a remarkable resemblance between the abnormal condition of Russian society and the abnormal condition of Colonel Novoselsky's non-inflammable muslins. A fortnight's inquiry in this capital, based upon some prior knowledge of Russian life, has convinced me that, though discontent with and contempt for the present governmental system is almost universal, that though society is smouldering with suppressed wrath and a suppressed sense of humiliation, the material is not inflammable enough to produce the fires of real revolution. The question, What alchemy has been used during past ages to procure the Slav's passivity under conditions which would yield genuine revolution in any other

European State? it is impossible to answer. Some, like Prince Mestchersky, tell us frankly the Russian wants Autocracy, and is discontent to-day only because he has not enough of it. Others, like M. Korolenko, pronounce the whole question to be one of historical evolution, Russia being destined to pass through the same phases towards Constitutionalism as all other European States. But, he adds, though the nation is ready to enjoy freedom, it is not ready to exact it. In other words, the recent attempt to terrify the Autocracy into submission failed simply because the people had no arms, and because the Army, which had, was not with the people. A third class wisely shakes its head, talks vaguely about Byzantinism, and quotes Turgenieff to the effect that the Russian is a failure as a man of action.

Whatever the explanation, the essential facts are perfectly plain to those who seriously studied events on the spot, unaffected by the tissue of incoherent sensationalism sent through the grace of the Tsar and the intercession of the Associated Press over the long-suffering wires from St. Petersburg to London. There was no revolution, no revolutionary movement, hardly any revolutionary feeling in the Russian capital. There was a high wave of Liberalism raised, partly by the abstract faith in the merits of Constitutional Government, partly by the last year's exposure of the Autocracy's inefficiency abroad. When war broke out with Japan, the already existing disgust with the present system was strengthened by a well-based feeling that a Government engaged in foreign strife would not face the perils of severe repression at home. On the top of this came the death of M. Plehve. Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, his successor, was a man of a type which Russia will not stand. He didn't think Russia was ripe for Constitution, but he had a temperamental dislike for the repression which non-Constitutional Government entails. The Zemstvos first saw their chance. Two years ago, in the famous Voronezh memorandum, their real tendencies had been voiced. They met in St. Petersburg in November in practical defiance of the law, and demanded the abdication of Autocracy. The *dumas*, the corporations of professional men, took courage. They issued demands, passed resolutions. The Government took no repressive steps. It had neither the courage further to offend educated society nor the wit to see that tolerance for nobles, lawyers, and municipal administrators implied tolerance of the discontented working-class. As usual it let things drift. To further fan the flame of Liberalism, the long-suppressed reforming spirit revived among journalists and literary men. A dozen new newspapers thundered against bureaucracy, administrative tutelage, and economic ruin. The Liberal daily *Nasha Zhizn*,

which started under the editorship of M. Khodsky on the 1st of January with 900 regular subscribers, by the end of the month had 34,000. These newspapers spoke almost as freely to the Government as newspapers do in England or America. Finally came the era of strikes. The strikes were the direct outcome of the new Liberal movement; economic discontent had brought on strikes before, but never on such a large scale. Gapon was merely an incident in the situation. "Everything is being tolerated," ran the working-class argument, "Let us march to the Palace and expound our grievances." On Saturday, the 21st January, the Government woke up. It determined, as any other Government would determine, that fifteen thousand men, all malcontent, many no doubt desperate, could not be allowed to march upon a palace and exact an interview with a sovereign who was not there. But it did not see, as any other Government would have done, that it had practically organised this procession itself; that had it intended genuine Liberal reforms it should have already granted them; that had it intended repression it should have practised it against the insubordinate *Zemstvos*, whose activity, unlike that of the strikers, might have been stopped at first by a few admonitions and police measures. It acted, therefore, too late, and acted in the way best calculated to disgust Russia and the world. After permitting the "intelligentsia" to set all Russia aflame with anti-governmental feeling, it turned upon and shot down the innocent underlings whose only offence was the adoption of the political programme of their betters. This anarchical policy was pursued to the end. Ten days after men and women had been slaughtered for no crime save that of taking their opinions humbly from above, representatives from the survivors were ordered down to *Tsarskoe Selo*, under the admirable arrangements of Governor-General *Trepoff*, and told by their sovereign that they had been guilty of crimes, and that he graciously forgave them.

In all this, there is no sign of revolution. There was nothing approaching revolutionary conditions in St. Petersburg on Saturday night or on the Sunday of the massacre. The correspondents who implied that there was were either egregiously misled by the small knot of literary men who were trying to save the situation or were suffering from that peculiar form of journalistic hysteria which makes its victims see everything through a microscope. M. Hessen, who was seized by the police for his supposed Jacobin activities, after his release told me that the supposed central revolutionary organisation had no existence: Madame *Pimenoff*, a brave and devoted lady, also arrested and released, ridiculed the idea that anyone expected a general revolt. M.

Korolenko, five of whose collaborators were carried off to the Petropavlovsk fortress, declared that a revolution was an impossibility at present, and could not be expected to come till the popular discontent had permeated the officers and soldiery. No one expected that the troops would not fire; no one expected a collapse of the Government; and no one, certainly no serious person, thought of issuing to the world statements of what he, or his associates, would do under the new *régime*. To clinch this point, it should be noted that the real revolutionary organisations of Russia, so far as they exist, were not at work at all. Not a single inflammatory proclamation had been issued against the Government. It was not until after the events of the 22nd that the capital was flooded with denunciations of the Tsar and calls to arms. In short, there was neither revolution nor even revolutionary spirit; and none were more astonished at the affirmations and deductions of the European Press than the imaginary leaders of an imaginary revolt against a throne which, feeble and paltry as it may be, was tottering only in imagination.

But that revolution has no prospect of immediate success does not imply that the Government's oppressive policy is based upon the confidence of strength. The one fact which neither party disputes is that Autocracy is suffering from the incurable weakness of senility. The reactionaries, in fact, are more wrath with the present system for its feebleness than the progressives are for its tyranny. To Englishmen not specially informed upon Russian affairs, the wickedness of a system which shoots down unarmed workmen, and hurries men and women from their beds at four in the morning to fortresses and gendarmeries, is so glaring that it obscures all else. Having for years associated the weakness of our own Governments with benevolence, by a natural process of reasoning we link malignity with power. Hence we have Queen's Hall meetings, Swinburnian poems, red star tyranniciding and much maudlin talk. Russian oppression continues to be depicted as Machiavellian in its wisdom as well as in its morals. In fact, however, as all Russians—Tories and Liberals—agree, there is no consistent oppression at all. The rigour of the St. Petersburg bureaucracy is like the rigour of the St. Petersburg climate. Yesterday the *katoki* were crowded with shouting skaters oblivious of revolution; to-day the housetops drip showers of thawed snow, and sledges crawl through inundations of watery mud. To-morrow it will freeze again. That is the method upon which Russia has been governed for the last two years. Plehves are succeeded by Sviatopolk-Mirskys and Sviatopolk-Mirskys by Trepoffs. Autocracy freezes and thaws on successive days, and as often as not Bureaucracy freezes on the day

Autocracy thaws. Those really familiar with Russian affairs have long recognised this fact. Two years ago, when a particular school of British Chauvinists was loudly calling for an alliance with Russia, not on the good grounds which truly exist, but on that bad ground that her Government was particularly efficient in wickedness, I attempted in this REVIEW to expose the truth. There was no efficient Government, I said, because in the strict sense of the word there was no Government at all. The Tsar was admittedly a weak and ill-trained ruler. He had one or two capable Ministers, who effected nothing. There was no collective, and—in default of a bullying Tsar—little individual responsibility. No two Ministers agreed. All had periodical audiences with their Imperial master, at which they could say what they liked. All had been trained in that atmosphere which Russians call *Chancelliarstvo*, the oxygen of which is the long-winded, argumentative, vituperative memorandum or *doklad*. Nicholas II. was a ship tossed in a storm of documents. He was fed on words, and expected to bring forth deeds. As any man not of exceptional capacity and will-power, he did nothing. "In his own hand," as the official statements say, "he was pleased" to express his opinion in the shape of brief, pathetically meaningless marginal notes. More than one State document annotated by the Emperor has been published by the exiled revolutionaries. I have to-day myself seen an original. It exhales on the Minister's side a profound belief in abstractions and an equally profound indifference to facts, and on the Tsar's side weariness, incapacity to appreciate the issues involved, and a desire to express benevolent sentiments rather than imperative commands. A tyrant who considers he has solved a problem by writing "Otchen petchalno" (Very sad!) on the margin of a document complaining of his subjects' wickedness is hardly a fit object for rhetorical vituperation.

If Nicholas II. merely relied upon his multitude of official councillors, he might find the proverbial wisdom, contradictory and incoherent as that wisdom would be. But the number of the Autocrat's advisers is not exhausted by his Ministers, his immediate family, his grand-ducal relatives. The Asiatic or Byzantine system, which at an hour's notice makes a slave or an eunuch sway the destinies of an Empire, flourishes at Court. Before this article appears the resuscitation as a statesman of M. Demtchinsky will probably be exciting comment all over Europe. M. Demtchinsky is the meteorologist whose weather forecasts in the *Novoye Vremya* three years ago attracted such Imperial favour that—I repeat merely what was generally stated and not denied—he became a more influential personage than

the Minister of Finance or a grand-ducal uncle. Some months ago M. Demtchinsky proceeded to Manchuria ostensibly as war correspondent. A fortnight ago he suddenly returned to St. Petersburg. The report quickly spread that he was preparing, at the request of the Emperor, a confidential report on the conduct of the war and the performances of the generals. Such a thing is conceivable—though not probable—at any other Court. But in Russia it is not only possible, but such an obvious, ordinary thing that no concealment whatever was made. The meteorologist was delighted to inform his friends. He advertised the fact to perfect strangers, and at the office of the *Rus* I heard the question, "Is it indiscreet to inquire into the truth of the report that his Majesty has commissioned you to draw up a report on the conduct of the war?" answered with every symptom of pride: "The report is quite true." Yet M. Demtchinsky is not a military man. He is not a professional war correspondent. He is not so far as I am able to judge, even a highly educated man, or one with any claim whatever to have his opinions set above those of his fellows save that he seems, in common with many cranks and quacks, to have his own system of meteorology. But under the present anarchical system of government it is apparently as natural that he should advise the Tsar on war as that Ministers of the Autocracy should read the forbidden constitutionalist journal *Osvobozhdenie*, and that the Minister of the Interior should affirm that there was nothing political in the action of the Putiloff processionists at the moment when his subordinates, the military, were stationing troops all over the capital for the purpose of shooting them down as revolutionists.

Where there is no order and no authority there can be no responsibility. Nicholas II. is no more responsible for the shooting of his subjects on January 22nd than he is for an eclipse of the moon. Not only do the well-informed of both parties admit that the Tsar cannot be called to account, but, being Russians learned in governmental ways, they agree that nobody else can be condemned. The Grand-Duke Vladimir personally denied that he had either planned or ordered the firing; and as in the same breath he affirmed that the firing was necessary and in no way to be condemned, his repudiation of the "Vladimir Day" legend may be taken as true. Nobody blames any Minister. The Grand Duke would not shift the responsibility upon General Prince Vassiltchikoff, who was in immediate command, but who executes orders and does not give them. Nobody censured any Minister. Everyone, indeed, blames the police, who lost their heads and telephoned ridiculous messages as to the menaces of the mob

and the imminent destruction of property. But it is impossible to make policemen responsible for State offences. In theory, the Minister of the Interior was responsible. Yet Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky as late as Saturday night, the 21st, imagined that there was no element of politics in the strikers' programme, and secured from the Tsar the withdrawal of his sanction of Baron Frederich's proposal, the proclamation of martial law. It is certain that the attempt to fix responsibility by the Commission now appointed will fail utterly save in so far as it results in the indictment of individual soldiers and policemen for individual acts of violence. The problem of the greater responsibility, as such problems always are in Russia, is insoluble. Everyone recognises the fact. But while reactionaries affirm that the shooting was done in accordance with the law, and therefore the law, or whoever made it ten, twenty, or a hundred years ago, is guilty, the reformers retort that there is no law worth speaking of, and that therefore no one can be punished for breaking it.

But as the Tsar is, at least nominally, the Government, it is impossible to write of Russian administration without touching upon his personal rôle in recent events. I am not here concerned to deal with all the remarkable stories as to Nicholas II.'s character which have been published so liberally of late in the English Press. These stories are within the capacity of anyone to invent, and not among the functions of anyone officially to deny. Some at least I have found to be false, so far as persistent inquiry among both the Tsar's friends and enemies qualifies one to affirm or deny anything. Nicholas II. did not run away from his subjects, or scuttle from palace to palace to escape the perils of a revolution which no one expected. He left his capital for Tsarskoe Selo immediately after the ceremony of Blessing the Waters of the Neva on January 6th (D.S.), and he did this in accord with precedent, and with the custom entailed by the St. Petersburg season; and, indeed, had he been as terrified as his slanderers declared, it is not likely that he would have exchanged the reasonable security of a guarded palace for the unknown perils of railway journeys and carriage drives. Still more absurd statements were made as to the manner in which the Tsar received the news of the Petersburg battues. My own personal inquiries confirm absolutely the statement made by the Grand-Duke Vladimir that Nicholas II. was appalled by the tragedy, though he regarded it—no doubt with entire wrong-headedness—as necessary, inevitable, and to be repeated should occasion recur. That the latter part of this statement was accurate is plainly shown by the reproaches the Emperor addressed to the ex-strikers' deputation. The former part, that

the Tsar was prostrated with horror, I have had from half-a-dozen different individuals, who, not being interviewed for publicity purposes, had no interest whatever in perverting the truth.

But, unfortunately, exculpation from the charge of cowardice and callousness does not set Nicholas II. right before his subjects and before the world. So far as Russia goes, the real indictment was drawn up long before January 22nd, and January 22nd was no freak of madness, malice, or savage repression, but the natural, logical end of a Greek tragedy in which the weakness and will-lessness of an uncommonly weak and will-less mortal were ranged against the immortal gods Bureaucracy and Corruption. The Tsar has failed as a ruler. He has made no fight. His subjects neither love him, as for a time they loved his grandfather, nor dread him, as they dreaded his father, as they dreaded the first Nicholas. His Autocracy is derided. He is, as Herzen said, a *Samoderzhets* (Self-Holder), who holds nothing. The convinced reformers hope nothing from him. The convinced reactionaries despise him, primarily, for what they are pleased to call truckling to the un-Imperial sentiment of peace. The unnumbered dumb men who have not yet learnt to discriminate between reaction and reform are not impressed by his personality. The merely stupid, unmoral world of society regards him with indifference. Even his domesticated life is a cause of offence. I have myself heard an individual familiar with every detail of Court life complaining bitterly that before his marriage and accession Nicholas II. did not "live" as *Tsarevitches* and other idle gentry well supplied with money are accustomed to do. The misfortunes, in fact, of their ruler and the unquestioned weakness of his character have so irritated the critical national consciousness that the Emperor's good qualities are lumped together with his bad in a general shout of opprobrium and contempt.

Impotence, not oppression, is the first cause of the present revolt. All thinking Russians, whether as retrograde as Prince Mestchersky or as licentiously Liberal as Maxim Gorky, are equally dissatisfied. There is confidence neither in Tsar, nor Ministers, nor officials, nor generals. The severest denunciation of the present system heard by me since my arrival in this city came from the lips of a man whose ideals of government are those of Metternich, the Holy Alliance, and Nicholas I. Both sides agree that the Empire is in a perilous way. And, what is stranger still, the longer-headed men of both parties agree that there is only one man in the Empire fit to face the peril. The ex-Finance Minister, M. Witte, never towered above his phrasemonger colleagues as he does to-day. True, he has not the

full confidence of either party. The majority of Liberals are still as incensed by his centralising policy as the majority of reactionaries are wrathful at his bitter, openly-expressed contempt for the babyish, paltry measures they have recourse to in order to suppress nationalities, faiths, and opinions. M. Witte's policy has not been abandoned by M. Kokovtseff. The economic system of no man for himself but the State for all; the system of State Ownership, State Monopolies, State Bounties, State Everything is, on the contrary, stronger than ever. I cannot give a better example of this all-embracing governmental enterprise than the following, from my own experience. A curious friend asked me to send him one of those unpleasant Cossack *nagaikas* which play such a large part in dispersing crowds, and a much larger part in the cables of imaginative correspondents. "What is the most convenient way to send it?" I asked at my hotel. "Take it to the Post Office as it is." I brought the naked Cossack whip to the G.P.O., where a polite official, smiling significantly, took down the address of the intended recipient, wrapped the whip neatly in paper, packed it in a box, and took all the labour off my hand for a fee of thirty kopecks. The system illustrated by this trivial incident was invented, say M. Witte's critics (in particular, M. Peshekhonoff, now in the Petropavlovsk fortress), for the purpose of multiplying the *tehinovniks* and bringing directly under the control of the State multitudes of individuals theretofore engaged in private enterprise. M. Witte's answer to this accusation, given sharply and angrily, is, "I am not a lunatic" ("Ya ne sumashedshii"). But the fact remains that the policy of economic centralisation has alienated most of the Liberals, who see therein a reinforcement of the system of State tutelage which has already reduced Russia to the nation of weak-willed, dumb serfs. Yet Russia trusts in and hopes in the ex-Minister of Finance. The rude, brusque manners, never laid aside save when there is an object to gain, the massive, awkward figure, the unconcealed irritability of speech and blunt denunciation of folly, all appeal to a people accustomed to the rule of the elegant weakling phrasemongers who have hitherto held the upper hand only because the vast bureaucratic machine, which they pretend to control, possesses sufficient cohesion and power to rule, though badly, by itself. During the last five years M. Witte has grown greyer, more morose in manner, and less inclined to the civilities of ordinary intercourse. But friends and enemies alike affirm that he is the same man, with the same miraculous power of work, the same resolute bearing towards opposition, the same invariable habit of doing what has to be done without hesitation or delay. And even among the Individualist reformers

the evil alleged to have been wrought by some of his measures weighs little against the consciousness of his unmeasured capacity and irresistible power. Nobody knows how far he sympathises with reform. He has in a brief term of years condemned Autocratic oppression, created an economic system which is the only mainstay of the Autocratic system left, and coquetted with the most advanced Constitutionalists. How he will act no one knows. But everyone feels that he will at least act decisively. He will not be a petty oppressor or a half-hearted emancipator.

Before this article appears the results of the project for limited popular representation entrusted to the great ex-Minister will probably be known. That it has ever been entered upon is the best evidence that Autocracy realises that it is standing upon its last leg. For the animosity of the Court to the man to whom it has flown for succour is fiercer than ever. M. Witte despises the Court, and makes little effort to conceal the fact. He knows that he was ousted from power, not because of his faults, but because of his virtues; and the "I am a private individual" with which he qualifies every expression of views is a fiercer denunciation of the whole feeble, wordy system of Nicholas II. than all the proclamations posted by Gapon's followers upon the walls of St. Petersburg. He speaks bitterly, wears his irritation and contempt on his sleeve, and plainly lets everyone see that he is quite conscious of his power to drag Russia out of the abyss into which she has sunken, and furious at the ingratitude with which he has been treated. And this plain speech alienates many who have no objection to his policy. Yet, despite his condemned financial policy, his unbearable manner, his doubtful Liberalism, there is not one intelligent Russian who does not mention his name with respect and awe.

Yet no one believes that the measure he is now preparing by the grace of, and within the limitations imposed by, the Court will clear the air. To-day the great Putiloff works and half the other factories of St. Petersburg are again on strike; the students of all the high schools have proclaimed a *zabastovka* until September; there are rumours of more processions, bomb-throwings, and political assassinations. In short, the popular protest is to be maintained; and no one doubts that it will continue even if M. Witte's semi-constitutional reform be accepted as a payment on account. But few expect that either working or student class will bring to bear upon the Government that leverage which will exact a great reform. The factory operatives and artisans have had their frail chance and been unable to use it. They have neither funds to sustain a prolonged strike nor arms to enforce their demands. The Government is not afraid of them, for two good reasons. The

first is that it can arrest any working-class leader without public scandal; it can control the employers; it can put into force the centralised economic machine created by M. Witte; and thus, despite sporadic outbreaks, keep a firm grip upon all individual units in the Empire's productive forces. The second reason is, that though society is strongly anti-governmental, it is not strongly pro-labour. There is a genuine, and not ill-founded, fear among the Liberals themselves that a working-class revolution would mean butchery and pillage. In most cities—in St. Petersburg less than elsewhere—the peasant factory-hand is inclined to account a stranger friend or enemy according as he wears what is here called *Erropeiskoe platie*—European clothing. European clothing implies that the wearer is one of the tyrannical upper or middle classes. Many moderate Liberals affirm that a successful working-class revolt would culminate in a general and infuriated attack upon everyone who wore the "European" garb of infamy. and did not cut his hair over the nape, wear bast-shoes, and a sheepskin *shuba*. Probably this dread is exaggerated, for the better class of metropolitan working-man—such as the Putilovtisi, whose homes I myself visited—do not wear the native clothing which is the badge of servitude, and in their dress and bearing are the equal of English skilled labourers. But the fear is widespread; and there is even greater dread of a jacquerie in the provinces on the lines of the Kharkoff-Poltava outbreak of three years ago, in which mansions were pillaged and given over to the flames.

Cultivated society therefore distrusts the working-man, whether artisan or peasant; and cultivated society, though it anathematises the crime and folly of the 22nd January, will support a Government which at any rate guarantees it against outrage. Unarmed and distrusted, labour will effect nothing by itself. The party that can, and probably will, effect something is the great Zemstvo and municipal party which now embraces nearly all European Russia. The Zemstvo Opposition has existed for years. It has defied the Government more than once without punishment. It controls a great part of the internal administration. It has the support of educated men. A Government which would not shrink from arresting, shooting down, or, were it profitable, hanging men like Gapon, would think twice before touching Prince Troubetskoi and Prince Galitzin. When certain much less notable *Zemtsi* of Voronezh two years ago addressed to the Tsar a bold demand for a Constitution, they escaped with a comic opera reprimand. Autocracy is timorous. The theory that it cares nothing for public opinion is based upon ignorance of recent history. If it cared nothing for public opinion it would have seized the Zemstvo leaders, and suppressed the Zemstvos themselves years ago at the time when M.

Witte—clear-headed as always—told the Tsar that local self-government was incompatible with the Autocracy. The working-men have been cowed for the time being. But the *Zemstvos*, the municipal workers, and the various professional corporations which follow them, continue to pass resolutions, issue unveiled threats, and organise passive resistance. It is true you cannot upset a Bureaucracy, stayed by a strong Army, by telling it in resolutions that it is corrupt and worthless. But you have progressed at least half way to that end when with all its Army, its spy system, its prisons, it takes your reproof meekly, and promises—even if with intent to break that promise—that it will mend its ways.

But the Autocracy has a double reason to dread its upper- and middle-class enemies. It is from these classes that its official supporters are recruited. It is from these classes that the cadres of the Army which at present sustains the despotic system are filled. The officers indeed remain sullenly loyal, for so far as can be ascertained the stories of individual detachments refusing to fire are untrue. But they have a loyalty also to their own fathers, brothers, cousins, who in Moscow, Tver, all over the Empire, are in undisguised revolt against Autocracy. The *Zemets* of Moscow or Tambof who is threatening to disorganise the machinery of local government unless his demands are conceded has as likely as not a near relative in the Corps de la Garde which shot down the strikers on the Nevsky Prospect and the Troitsa Bridge. The soldier and the local administrator may agree to differ until the real clash comes. But the time seems not far remote when Autocracy must either submit to the popular will or face the risk of suppressing the whole *Zemstvo* movement, the license accorded to which, as I have pointed out, was the fount and origin of the working-class revolt. If when that time comes Nicholas II.'s advisers decide upon repression, they will shake the fabric of society to its foundation. Nobody who knows the Russian aristocrat and his high views of personal dignity can imagine the officers of the Army remaining loyal if ordered to act the part of policemen against their own brothers.

Thus, though there is no revolution and no symptom of an immediate breakdown of the governmental machine, Autocracy has landed itself in an impasse. It can postpone the evil day by hurrying up the numberless talkative, inactive commissions which are now sitting on every imaginable subject from the abolition of the caste laws to the reduction of the railway tariffs on grain. But only the abdication of its irresponsible powers, either the mild abdication of the *Zemski Sobor*, or the drastic abdication implied by Constitutionalism, will save the Throne from a much worse fate than can result from either of these solutions. Without some

guarantee of permanency, no reforms will be accepted. Individual ameliorations are useless. Russia wants liberty of the Press, and is apparently about to get the customary grudging instalment. But complete liberty of the Press if granted to-morrow would set free such a tempest of complaints, menaces, and incitements that real revolution would break out within a month. It wants liberty of speech and meeting—not the liberty exacted practically by *force majeure* by the Zemstvos and municipalities—but liberty for the now inarticulate, unrepresented herd. It wants the abolition of arbitrary search and arrest, and the complete prohibition of administrative breaches of the law and of the whole system of “secretniye” and “confidentialniye” circulars by which the various Ministries and departments misgovern and corrupt. But any single one of these reforms would be sufficient to upset the Autocracy. So long, therefore, as the Russian people demand representative government, individual reforms are nothing better than levers to enable them to exact what they want.

That Russia is united on the question of some kind of representation is beyond all doubt. Conviction on the point is no longer confined to the old Liberal Party. Of over a score of well-known editors, authors, and practical Zemstvo workers with whom I conversed during my first week in St. Petersburg, I found Prince Mestchersky the solitary adherent to the Autocracy as it now exists. Prince Mestchersky has been for years at the head of a formidable reactionary party; he has had the Tsar's ear; his enemies even assert that his organ, the *Grazhdanin*, exists on the largesse of a grateful Government. But even he had no praise for recent policy. The Tsardom, he complained, by relying on the upper classes and tchinovniks and doing nothing for the workers, was losing its inestimable natural right, the affection of the people. Its duty was to legislate for the peasants and workers, to protect them against exploitation, and to appeal to their instincts of loyalty and affection. Thus it would preserve the autocratic principle intact for ever. The economic and agricultural development of Russia would continue; but it would continue in alliance with, not in opposition to, Autocracy. It is hard to see what criticism could be severer than this, that Autocracy had had its chance, and has hitherto lamentably failed.

M. Suvorin, the editor of the *Noroye Vremya*, is another “reactionary.” Events have cured him. Suvorin is not a theorist or a dreamer. He is a big, solid, practical man with leonine face, and a fierce energy of speech which admits no interruption and answers no question. He has seen more than one Russian outbreak. He has run Autocracy for all it is worth. To-day he declares nothing can save the Empire but popular repre-

sentation of some kind. "We don't want a Constitution at first. Parliaments are bad save for majorities. Our Parliament would be a Zemstvo Parliament, and the Zemstvos don't represent all classes effectively. They don't represent the poorest muzhik. The class from which our deputies would be drawn knows nothing of the peasant and his needs. But we must have representation." And gesticulating vigorously and repeating the sacred word "predstavitelstvo" (representation) half a dozen times, he declares that the convoking of the Zemski Sobor with noble, bourgeois, clerical, and peasant deputies is the only thing that can save Russia. "We do not want a representation of the muzhik. We want a muzhik representative." "Would not that end in a Constitution?" "Possibly. But the immediate need is a summoning of the estates."

The Liberals reply, not without cause, that though an advisory body may urge on reforms, it cannot guarantee them. The Zemski Sobor, they say, may be summoned to-day. Reforms accomplished at its instance may be withdrawn to-morrow. In fact, they use the same argument against the Zemski Sobor as they use against Autocracy itself. Autocracy, as it was in the early 'sixties, may be benevolent, but it gives no guarantees. The Zemski Sobor will be in the same bad way. A Constitution is essential, not necessarily because a Russian Parliament equipped with power will represent the nation better than a merely advisory collection of deputies, but because what it does will remain done. I know no more eloquent preacher of this gospel than M. Vladimir Korolenko, the brilliant novelist, and editor of the *Russkoe Bagatstvo*. When I saw M. Korolenko he was lamenting the fact that all his collaborators were in gaol. "Why not you?" "I was not in St. Petersburg on the 22nd. If I had been I should have been with them. If you write on the subject, say that. My sympathies are entirely with my colleagues, and with the workingmen. Say that there is no revolution in Russia, and was none on Sunday night. There was no provisional Government, no Jacobin club. At present, the Government is strong enough to put down all outbreaks. But it cannot do so indefinitely. The Army is discontented. Soldiers' letters from Manchuria unanimously express discontent. Many St. Petersburg officers are disgusted with Sunday's butchery. I give Autocracy two years' life at most. A Constitution is the only possible alternative to a revolution in the near future."

This view I believe to be absolutely correct, though to-day malcontent Russia as a whole has neither the real revolutionary spirit nor the material forces—arms and a mutinous soldiery—without which revolution is impossible. Yet, remote as the pros-

pect seems to-day, I regard the complete surrender of Autocracy to the people's demands as more probable than the enforcement of those demands by successful revolt. Russia unanimously believes that the present supreme opponent to sweeping reform is not the Tsar, who has no power, or his Ministers, who have no opinions, but a certain aged and highly-placed lady who adds to power and opinions an inflexible persistency and indomitable heart. Autocracy has no other supporter with both courage and will; and dull-brained as it is, it probably has enough wits to know that a black cloud foretells imminent storm. In other words, before the moment of real peril—a liberalised Army—arrives, the popular demands will probably be conceded. Although a genuine Constitution in the immediate future is unlikely, some form of representation will certainly be granted. It will be taken only on account, as are Irish Land-Purchase Laws, but it will undoubtedly ease the pressure for a time. Meantime, popular wrath will probably effloresce in the shape of bombs, revolver-shots, and train-wreckings, the obvious resort of the weak and individual against the strong and organised.

Of the conditions precedent of revolution, not one, save widespread anger and discontent, exists. There is not an armed people, or the possibility of getting arms. There is not a mutinous soldiery. There is not an exhausted Treasury. And lastly, and most important of all, there is little symptom of any great religious or philosophical awakening such as inspired and directed the successful popular revolts of Western Europe.

R. L.

RUSSIA'S SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CONDITION.

ONE striking effect arising from the struggle for supremacy in the Far East between Russia and Japan has been that the attention of the whole civilised world has been drawn to the comparative merits and demerits, both social and political, of the two combatants. To intelligent students of nationalities, both races in their widely divergent national characteristics cannot but prove a subject of special interest. Owing, it may be, to the startling revelations of her unpreparedness for battling with a State only recently emerged into modern civilisation, the Muscovite Empire has apparently attracted the greater share of public notice. Russia's translated literature, and the numerous works published within the last decade on her social, political and industrial conditions, offer, it is true, more accessible material for study than has hitherto been afforded us concerning Japan. Yet with all these apparent advantages in favour of a closer investigation of Russian affairs, we are nevertheless to-day at every fresh climax of events perplexed as to where we shall find really reliable and authentic information concerning the present actual condition of the country and all that is at present happening in its various centres. The native lines of communication are closed; our own are decidedly untrustworthy and defective. From a psychological point of view the great Slav country stands so widely apart from any of her neighbours that a logical discussion and an accurate deduction of facts upon her internal affairs for a foreigner is—yes, let us venture to say it, absolutely impossible—for a foreigner, that is, who has not lived the best part of his active life in the country itself; who has not acquired fluency in the language, and sojourned among the peasantry. It is the latter and its peculiar surroundings that one has to know and approach by the lanes and footpaths of Tourguèniev's Zapiski Ohotnika (Notes of a Sportsman) in order to qualify for the interpretership of Russia and her people. A careful study of the history of the country is also of course indispensable; and only when thus fully equipped might a fair-minded writer be able to discern the exceptional national characteristics of the Russian people, and their singular conception of and partiality for autocracy. Unfortunately the generality of writers who now undertake to explain matters have usually in mind some particular grievances of their own against the Russian Government or some other *ex parte* mission. It must be acknowledged, moreover, that the application of Western ideas and

principles as a remedy so volubly discussed by the Press of this country has little real bearing upon the present crisis. Russia, at the present moment, is, like our own country, suffering chiefly from the consequences of national myopy. On the surface this crude statement is perhaps liable to startle and offend our national self-esteem and self-consciousness. Yet few of us who have watched and studied the disastrous and far-reaching results to Russia of this war, and compared these with the outcome of our own recent struggle in South Africa, will, we think, venture to wholly deny the truth of this statement or the force of the comparison. But whereas, in England the root of the complaint is to be found in the nation at large, in Russia it is the Government and the official classes who are grievously afflicted with the malady. It was the sudden revelation of England's unpreparedness to grapple with an obstinate foe on grounds of comparative intellectual and military efficiency that brought about certain measures for reform in the barracks and schools of our country. We are discovering that it is training that we lack more than our so-called education : strategy in the field ; strategy in our political economy ; strategy in our everyday life more than our oft-vaunted bravery and intrepidity. England has been posing complacently on a waning prestige, whilst her Continental neighbours have been running the race of progress and commercial competition. Russia, on the other hand, is groaning and panting under the oppressive burden of bureaucracy. Her volcanic eruption of social and economic advancement observable during the last half-century has been altogether too near the surface to be the outward and visible sign of any wholesome and deep-rooted internal regeneration. The same may be said of the epoch of reforms of the 'sixties, which was only the work of a mere handful of men, a clique of inspired, if somewhat emotional, champions. Thus an array of sweeping changes followed the emancipation of the serf ; the two capitals resounded with the clash of literary arms ; the courts of justice re-echoed the eloquence of counsels' address to the jury. But away beyond the vale of sparsely scattered cities, in the depths of Russian emancipated rural life, where beats the heart of Russia's nationality—there, out of sight of the school-inspector there continued to reign, in dull silence, the slothful sleep of ignorance, the stolid, bovine, unreasoning endurance of want and misery. In most countries it has repeatedly been observed that small but intense minorities are the mainspring which sets in motion the potent issues and results of history. Russia's case, however, strikes us curiously enough as being a paradoxical exception.

The present portentous signs of an awakening rife throughout

the country come from a widespread majority. It is no longer the cry in the desert of the literary materialist, nor the clamour of a handful of students and agitators anxious to exploit "the excited state of the public mind." From slumbering, moribund corners of the vast, unwieldy empire; from insignificant provincial towns and hamlets comes the plea. Never in the whole history of the country has there been such a universal murmur of discontent. The entire empire from Finland to the Caucasus, from Poland to Sahalin, is saddened and oppressed with disappointment. War has been called "the most futile and ferocious of human follies." In the concrete, this is unhappily what it too often proves itself to be. But in the abstract, history has shown us that often, and that war may be productive of beneficial results and to the vanquished nation even more than to the actual conquerors. The Crimean campaign, for instance, was a striking object-lesson of such a hypothesis. Of the five nations engaged in this combat, Russia, the defeated in arms, was the sole moral gainer, since the war clearly revealed to Alexander II. the unsound condition of his country's internal polity, which he at once attempted to reorganise. Unfortunately the aims and objects which he had in view, as just hinted, were far beyond the grasp of one man, or the scope of an ordinary lifetime; and before his contemplated reformatory measures could be consummated his life was cut tragically short. The present conflict with Japan is a second revelation. But on this occasion it is the people themselves who have discovered what their rulers are too shortsighted to perceive. For the first time in their history the Russian people have been staggered and disillusioned by the disclosure that they are no match as a nation, either organically or intellectually in single combat, with a highly progressive nationality. Comparatively easy incursions and conquests in barbaric Central Asia had left Russia unheedful of the inadequate and defective system of her national organisation under the misrule of an obsolete oligarchy. The history of England from the time of the Tudors onwards may be roughly summed up as the record of the growth of constitutional government. In Russia, from the accession of Ivan the Terrible—or even earlier—we can trace the swift growth of the aggressiveness and influence on Tsardom of the all-absorbing bureaucracy, an aggressiveness and influence, indeed, which have culminated in raising an impenetrable barrier between the Tsar and his people. Such, in fact, is this governing body of absolutism ranking from the miserable bribe-levying scrivener (*pèesir*) of the village commune to the highest State official. It is this *tshinovnik* class that Gogol holds up to such humorous ridicule and subjects to such galling satire in

his famous comedy *The Revisor* (Inspector-General). At the same time we would readily admit as an extenuating circumstance, the well-known fact, that a large proportion of the salaries of the *tshinovniks* are notoriously insufficient as a mere living wage; hence the tacit concession of the State to the dominating system of official impositions and exploitation of the people. The very existence of the latter is in the hands of the *tshinovnik*, who either as chief of provincial police or governor-general of a province, has the power under the administration to deport without trial a man objectionable to him on private or public grounds to a distant province, and in some cases even to Siberia for a term of from one to five years.¹

The rapid territorial expansion of Russia and the consequent extension of the radius for independent action of the far-removed governor or civil administrator of a distant province has also largely contributed to an abuse of power on the part of the officials which is unknown in other countries.

Under the firm grip of such rulers as Ivan the Terrible or Peter the Great, and with the then existing social status of the country a *tshinovnitshestvo* of this kind could be brought under the Tsar's own control and work well enough. But since the reign of Nicholas I. the very loyalty of the people to Tsardom has more than once been rudely shaken, not by reason of the autocracy itself, but by the exasperating encroachments of the bureaucracy. The stronger the bureaucracy, the more imminent is the danger of the people drifting away from their inherent loyalty and the sentiment cherished in their hearts of the benign paternal trusteeship of their *batevshka* (little father) Tsar. *Do Bôga vyssôko ah do Tsariâ dalyôko* is nowadays the frequent ending to the peasant's plaint uttered with a sigh of helplessness—meaning that God is too high, and the Tsar too far.

That the bureaucracy has attained to its present dimensions has scarcely been the fault of any conscious policy of self-effacement on the part of successive sovereigns in Russia; rather is it due to a chain of unfortunate fatalistic, almost inevitable circumstances, with which the individual character of each Tsar has been powerless to cope. Thus Alexander II. began his reign with a solemn declaration of his intention to devote his life's energy to the work of reform, but in the end he had to succumb to the bureaucratic octopus, and deliver himself over to its power hand and foot. For on these terms alone would the bureaucracy accept the responsibility of guarding his personal safety.

(1) It should be mentioned that by his last decree the present Emperor has ordained that measures be at once considered by the council of Ministers for the abrogation of the codical of the Law Code which legalised this deportation by administrative means.

The state of terrorism brought about by the extremists; the ghastly sight of his murdered father's mutilated body; the rapid spread of Nihilism—had an overwhelming effect on his son coming to the throne. Alexander III. swore vengeance in his own heart on the perpetrators of the murder and on their revolutionary circle, and we can hardly be surprised at the repressive reactionary measures which followed. This Tsar besides was a man of somewhat limited mental endowments and requirements, at least for the Emperor of a country like Russia. With an elder brother for heir-apparent to the throne, he was bred and educated for a soldier rather than for a statesman. A pan-slavist and a Russian to the backbone, he combined an iron will and powerful physique with a lack of system and executive talent. His daily routine was to work hard and conscientiously, indeed, according to his tenets for the welfare of the people bequeathed to his charge. But his labour was to little purpose. His influence remained unfelt. The old paternal faith in the love of the people was shaken. The famous decree promulgating certain constitutional rights signed by Alexander II. on the day of his tragic death was—it is now an open secret—relegated to the Imperial archives, and a policy retrogressive to the hilt, with Pobedonostsev at the head, pulled the strings of government. Alexander III. died, bequeathing to his heir: "the undeviating maintenance of the immutability of the fundamental laws of the empire and the Divine inheritance of the autocratic power of the Tsar." Nicholas II. mounted the throne announcing his determination to follow in his father's footsteps. and on each occasion of addressing his people, he is at pains to repeat this intention. Taking into consideration his antecedents and the gloomy influences which surrounded his childhood and youth, there is perhaps small wonder that he too should be slow and chary in granting wholesale concessions to the reforms demanded of late by his people. To the present Tsar, as to his father, the fact has apparently never occurred, that the very machinery of government employed has worked and is working to estrange the people from the person of the Tsar, and that it is actually weakening instead of strengthening his autocratic power.

With all the present Tsar's benignant and benevolent aspirations, he is unhappily imbued on the one hand with too much sentimentality and vacillation, on the other with a nervous anxiety to be powerful and strong as the Tsar of all the Russias in the full sense of the words. Added to this anxiety is the hereditary ambition to bequeath in his turn to his lately born son an unimpaired autocratic dynasty. At every crisis these conflicting desires appear to be swinging his mind and the dictates of his reasoning powers at the base of his ministerial pendulum. That the autoeracy will

be superseded by a constitutional government in Russia even in the distant future seems scarcely feasible.

But if it be allowed to remain in its present unstable, equivocal attitude, it is not improbable that its life and reality will be gradually crushed out of it by the bureaucracy. Should the much prognosticated yet for all that unlikely revolution ever take place in Russia, it will not be an attempt to pull down the ancient tower of autocracy, but a struggle to disarm the hated and despised bureaucracy. If, then, the autocracy is ever again to become the potential factor that it was in the past, it is to the all-overshadowing bureaucratic tree that the axe, or at any rate the pruning-knife, should be rigorously applied. This, however, is easier said than done. To suggest that a growth of centuries can be suddenly uprooted would be a mere fallacy. Although the germs of the bureaucratic appendage to Tsardom constitute an alien importation into Russia, at the same time it is more ancient in its induction than was even that of serfdom, and the precipitate abolition of the latter has in many respects hardly proved to be an unmitigated blessing in the economic transfiguration of Russia. And granted that it were possible with a stroke of the Emperor's pen to remove the red tape government of bureaucracy, what is to take its place? The hypothesis of a self-governing *vox populi* constitution so freely mooted and glibly discussed by the Press of this country during the last few months is obviously untenable to anyone who knows Russia and her people with any degree of accuracy. The English Republic with its hereditary royal president cannot be made to fit into the Russian conception of orthodox Tsardom. Yet impossible as it would be to establish the ideal of a Western constitution in Russia, the paramount difficulties, it must be granted, are not at first sight patent to Western eyes.

The complex elements at work in her polity are altogether too heterogeneous to apply any Western ideas of reform. It would amount to a claim to crown an edifice, before its lower storeys shall have been built. To begin with, the peasant influence, which is that of two-thirds of the population, is out of the question. The claims of Poland and Finland are apart, and not entirely in sympathy with the rest of the empire. The wishes for autonomy expressed by the Baltic provinces would have to be satisfied. In opposition to all of these there is the Slavophil-Panslavist party clamouring to Russianise all the subjects of the Tsar, and for the russification of all the Slavs outside. Universal as is the discontent, the bulk of the nation is too ignorant to even formulate its reasoning, still less to suggest State measures for actual remedies.

With its constant aim of self-aggrandisement in view, the policy

of the bureaucracy has been sufficiently astute in the first place to enact measures for obstructing the ordinary channels of education, enlightenment and intellectual development of the people. In the second to conceal its own omissions and commissions by imposing a stringent muzzling of the Press. According to the latest Report of the Ministry of Education, primary education in Russia for the last years appears to have made no advances whatever. The number of schools has not only not increased, but has actually diminished from 95,073 in 1897 to 84,504 in 1903. The poverty of the rural population in the north and north-west and north-eastern provinces, and in some of the midland districts, as well as in the Caucasus, is so great that, among other privations, the primeval system of burning a wood chip stuck in the wall for lighting the cabins of the peasantry is still in vogue. The bulk of the village population must therefore cease at an early hour, in the long winter and autumn twilight, all kind of indoor work and cottage handicraft, and spend long hours in sleep and idleness. Intellectual improvement by reading is impossible for the most zealous, whether young or old, under such circumstances. Many cottage industries are at a standstill during the greater part of the year: hence laziness and insobriety, the forerunners of distress and starvation, are the prevailing and inevitable twin-evils to which the peasant succumbs. Yet as Dostoyevsky already remarked in his day: "The Russian people in spite of their apparently hopeless ignorance have nevertheless their religion, their language, and even their popular oral-literature, and any scheme for their improvement which is to be useful or acceptable must be founded on this culture and be in harmony with their religious ideas. We have not to create; we have rather to aid and foster the growth of what already exists. It is in consequence of the neglect of these elementary principles that so little success has hitherto attended the ill-organised attempts to raise the low level of their popular education. The people have no need to be told what they want, and if we wish their education to become a reality, and not simply a formal paper scheme—if we wish to overcome their stubborn indifference to learning and instruction which is the result of a suspicious fear that by forcing on them a system of our own, we are pursuing some selfish end rather than seeking their good—we must help them to conduct their schools after their own ideas, with as little interference as possible on our part, and in accordance with their own traditions and necessities." Were he alive to-day Dostoyevsky might have added that Russia requires economic stability more than Imperial expansion. It is the raising of the status of the peasantry by the withdrawal of restrictive measures and the influence of true education, as he de-

scribes it, that is wanting to enable her to meet the exigencies of her agricultural industry—the main asset in her financial resources. Further, the peasant is sorely in need of some system of providing him with material aid which would enable him to improve his antiquated methods of cultivating the land. He also requires some impetus which will instil into him a spirit of self-respect and self-reliance, and help to raise him to a point of equality as a citizen of the empire. Then and only then will there be time to talk of organising deliberative assemblies with executive power, but certainly not without a recognition of the supreme authority of the Tsar. Any scheme of reform in Russia which is to be lasting, must be based on the two great principles of obedience and love as represented by loyalty to the Tsar and fidelity to the Church. And this brings us to the subject, as yet untouched upon, of the Zemstvos. The Act of Emancipation of the serfs in 1861 was followed in the succeeding year by the establishment of the local governing bodies called by this name, which is derived from the word *zemlia* (land), *i.e.*, land-assembly. Hitherto the only assemblies at all comparable to the newly elected bodies were the Provincial Assemblies of the nobles, whose functions were mainly deliberative on local matters, and of very little significance. The governing bodies created by Alexander II. are of two grades—the smaller, District-Zemstvos, and the larger and more important, for whole provinces, called governments or counties, as we should style them here. The electors for the District-Zemstvos consist of assemblies of landed proprietors; rural communes, representing the peasants; and the municipal corporations. The members of the Government-Zemstvos are elected by those of the District-Zemstvos. The functions of the Zemstvo assemblies are somewhat analogous to those of our own county councils, with perhaps presumably greater prerogatives. They have control of the maintenance of roads and bridges; they can build and support schools, provide the rural population with hospitals and medical aid, and may impose rates on landed property. They have no voice in State affairs, and their liberty of action from the outset has constantly been curbed and hampered by the Minister of the Interior through the governor-general of each province. Yet naturally no body of men could be better calculated than the Zemstvos to know the exact needs of the people. It was, thanks to the liberal and impetuous, but much-abused and wing-clipped Sviatopolk-Mirski, that they were last year permitted for the first time in their history to send reform-seeking delegates to the capital. The eyes of the whole thinking world were at once attracted to the appearance of this new star in the administrative heavens of the empire. The Press correspondents flashed message after message from St.

Petersburg, watching eagerly for new developments, and all kinds of rumours of startling changes for Russia were in the air. Then came the *débâcle*. The Tsar remained obdurate and unconvinced. His wavering indecision and his "we shall see" policy of acting under difficulties drove him once more to fall between two opinions. He has neither braved the agitated elements of the reform storm by taking the rudder himself and steering the State ship into the calm waters of concessions recommended by the more conciliatory party of his Council who wished him to meet the demands of the nation by certain changes in the administration, nor has he actually bowed to the blandishing persuasions of the reactionaries who are said to have maintained that the oft-quoted "fundamental laws of the empire" and the interests of the orthodox faith alike forbid the Autocrat of all the Russias to lay down any shred of his absolute power. By this unaccountable and lamentable hesitation Nicholas II. has probably missed the one golden opportunity of his lifetime to establish his position as an autocrat *de facto*, when, as in the words of one of the numerous addresses laid before the Imperial throne, "the whole of orthodox Russia would have risen to defend the one and indivisible autocratic rule, her dearest heritage and the foundation of her power and prosperity." The climax of the Zemstvo appeal was the ominous address of Prince Troubetskoï, in which he declared that Russia is drifting "through a period of anarchy and revolution, and this time the movement is not merely a sign of disturbance on the part of the youth of the country, but rather a reflection of the existing social conditions. The present state of affairs is extremely dangerous and ruinous for every section of Russian society, and particularly menacing to the sacred person of the Emperor. On that account it is the duty of every loyal subject to prevent the explosion of such a catastrophe by every means in his power." Particularly ill-advised and precipitate was the last move of the extreme party of progressives, who, in order to further their own ends, tried to force the hand of the Government by taking advantage of the workmen's strikes, strikes of Government servants which amounted practically to sedition. Had the ringleaders in the St. Petersburg and subsequent riots calmly considered and taken a wider view of the situation, they could hardly have had reason to expect a different issue than the one that followed. In a country accustomed to be governed as Russia is, it would have been nothing short of abject pusillanimity on the part of the authorities to permit an enormous crowd of revolvers—for such they were in spite of the sacred emblems of peace prominently exhibited in their processions—to force their way into the palace. The consequences of such a lawless bursting of the barriers of bureaucracy and by violent means reach-

ing the person of the Tsar would have opened the locks of all the other centres of revolutionary waters, and burst the dams of State control throughout the whole country. The significant attempt to overthrow with one tremendous impulse of the people's will the centuries old bureaucracy was indeed a bold and intrepid act, but wholly impolitic. Desperate isolated efforts after reform have been tried in other countries and have always failed in the end, nor are they likely to succeed better in Russia. What will be the subsequent trend and tide of events it is difficult to surmise, much less to prophesy. Wilhelm II., on his accession to the throne of Germany, saw with the eye of a shrewd statesman that Bismarck was standing between him and the people. He felt that he was able to navigate the State ship himself, discharged the old pilot, and took the helm into his own hands, in spite of the outcry and opposition of the Junker party and its numerous powerful adherents. To steer Russia through her troubled waters both at home and abroad her ruler needs a steady hand of tremendous strength, and a mind and will of equal force such as Wilhelm II. thus displayed at the supreme moment of Germany's political transition.

ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

IBSEN IN HIS LETTERS.

HENRIK IBSEN'S letters, collected in two solid volumes under the careful editorship of Herr Halvdan Koht and Dr. Julius Elias, form the best possible substitute for that autobiography which he again and again thought of writing, but always put aside till it was too late. In a certain sense, the letters are more convincing evidence of his frames of mind than any reminiscences could have been; especially as the poet's declared intention was to make his life and his writings mutually explanatory, and weave them into a consistent whole. His work would have been in some sort an apologia, and open to the suspicion with which we regard all special pleading. Without doubting his sincerity, we should have doubted, now and then, whether his memory did not show him rather the man he wished he had been than the man he was. But letters—such manifestly unaffected letters as these—afford the best possible record of the mood of the moment. The insight they give us is fragmentary, no doubt; but at least it is not warped by the intervention of any refracting medium.

Ibsen was not a born letter-writer. The form was never congenial to him. His pen did not fly over the paper, but travelled over it slowly, laboriously, conscientiously. He did not shine in direct utterance of any sort, but was a dramatist to the marrow. Even his lyrics—the best of them, at all events—are either fables or dramas. In this respect he offers a curious contrast to Byron, whom in some other respects he resembles—notably in his voluntary exile, his passionate estrangement, from his native land. In direct self-expression Byron was always most at his ease—Ibsen, least. Byron tried to write drama and could not; Ibsen could scarcely write anything else. The bulk of these volumes would be considerably reduced if all Ibsen's apologies for his dilatoriness as a correspondent were cut out, along with all his expressions of distaste for letter-writing and inability to discuss this subject or that except by word of mouth. To his less intimate correspondents, too, his formalities of compliment are oppressive. He is too often the polite letter-writer, and little else.

Nevertheless, the book is extraordinarily interesting, and even fascinating. It throws a flood of new light on the poet's outward and inward life. Like many men who hate letter-writing, he could, when he worked himself up to it, or when a sudden impulse overcame his chronic distaste, express himself with

remarkable freedom and vivacity. All his letters to Björnson and to George Brandes are documents of the utmost value; and the same may be said of many occasional epistles to other correspondents. As he grows older, his habit of reticence gains upon him; yet even in the ceremonious letters of his later life there are many memorable phrases, and character-traits that one would not willingly let die.

The new knowledge conveyed in these volumes may be roughly marshalled in four divisions. It concerns (1) the outward conditions of the poet's life, (2) his artistic development, (3) his political and social ideas, (4) his personal character. I propose to glance at a few salient points under each of these headings.

I.

There is ample evidence in the early letters of the harassing poverty in which some of the best years of his life were passed. Not until he was nearly forty could it be said that his "bread-sorrows" were over. At Bergen his salary as theatre-poet and artistic instructor was under £70 a year. At the Norwegian Theatre in Christiania his nominal salary was £130, but when the theatre went bankrupt it was considerably in arrears. At the Christiania Theatre his nominal salary was about £6 a month, but it was never paid in full. From *The Vikings*, the most successful play he had written up to 1863, he made in five years just about £50. When it was produced at the Christiania Theatre, he was offered an "honorarium" of £6 15s., and told that if he was not content with that he should have nothing at all. What wonder that, with incomings such as these, and with a wife and child to support, he ran into debt! But even his debts bear witness to the narrow circumstances in which he lived, for in 1863 they did not amount to much over £100. It is pitiful to read his repeated applications to the Government for one of the miserable "stipends" which the Storting sometimes doled out to poets and artists. At last, in 1864, he is allotted a "travelling stipend" of £90, and with that he sets off to Rome. But he leaves debts behind him, and has to borrow here and there from wealthy acquaintances in order to eke out his travelling pittance. What these continual money-troubles must have meant to a man of Ibsen's proud and sensitive spirit, it is only too easy to imagine. His letters (which, however, are scanty during this period) show him less galled and humiliated than might have been expected. Even his first years in Italy were passed in direful straits. His original "stipend" was only a single dole, not a yearly allowance. In 1866 he applies to King Carl for an annual "poet-pension."

"It is not," he says, "for a secure income that I am here contending, but for the life-task which I immovably believe that God has imposed upon me—the task which of all others seems to me the most important and most necessary—that of awakening the people of Norway and inducing them to think greatly." His petition is granted, and he writes to the Minister who informs him of the fact: "My future is now assured, and I can pursue my vocation undisturbed." His future is assured by an allowance of £90 a year!

In the history of the pecuniary arrangements which enabled him to go to Rome and to support himself there, the most interesting feature is the enthusiastic and unwearied help afforded him by Björnson. It was not until 1859 that they formed any close intimacy, but for seven or eight years after that they were the warmest of friends. Björnson, though more prosperous as an author than Ibsen, had little enough money to lend; but he gave a more convincing proof of friendship in persuading other people to come to the aid of his brother-poet. Nor was Ibsen chary in his expressions of gratitude. For instance, in September, 1865, he writes from Ariccia:

The great thing—absolutely the greatest thing for me and my fortunes that has ever happened—is that I have met and really *found* you; and I can never requite you except by an affection which neither my friends nor your enemies shall ever impair.

I shall speak later of the vicissitudes this friendship underwent: they belong to the history of Ibsen's character rather than to that of his outward circumstances. The most enduring benefit Björnson conferred upon him was an introduction to the great publishing house of Gyldendal in Copenhagen. The publication of *Brand* by that firm preceded by about two months the allotment of the annual pension. The poem was a great success, and the pinch of need was over. A few days before *Brand* appeared, Ibsen added a postscript to a letter to Björnson: "For this once I avail myself of your suggestion that I should not prepay my letters. I do so by necessity, not choice." In other words, "My poverty, but not my will, consents."

But in spite of all troubles and anxieties, Ibsen's first years in Italy were probably the happiest of his life. His enjoyment of nature and art—of nature especially—was very keen, and his sense of liberation, in his escape from Norway, was ever present to him. He rejoiced in Rome itself. "Everything here," he writes, "is stupendous, but there is an indescribable peace over it all. No politics, no commercial spirit, no militarism, leaves its one-sided imprint on the population." It was a very different Rome

on which he turned his back twenty years later. In 1865 he wrote to Björnson : " I often lie for half a day among the tombs on the Via Latina or the Via Appia Antica, and I do not think this idling can be called waste of time. The Baths of Caracalla have also a peculiar attraction for me." Did he know, I wonder, that they had been one of Shelley's favourite haunts? For some time after his arrival in Italy he wrestled in vain with the idea of the play which afterwards became *Emperor and Galilean*. But at last, one day in the summer of 1865, business brought him from Ariccia into Rome. He strayed into St. Peter's, and there the idea of *Brand* flashed into his mind. " I suddenly saw in strong and clear outline what I had to say. I have now thrown overboard the thing I had been torturing myself with for more than a year, and in the middle of July I began something new which went as nothing has ever gone with me." He is now hard at work on it (at Ariccia), seeing no one, and reading nothing but the Bible—" which is strong and bracing." " I have a suspicion," he continues, " that my new poem will not ingratiate me with our legislators [on whom his pension depended] ; but God confound me if I either can or will strike out a single line of it, to suit the tastes of these waist-coat-pocket souls." In another letter (also to Björnson) he describes the state of exaltation in which, amid all his anxieties and distresses, he wrote *Brand*. " I felt," he says, " a crusader's rapture."

After *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* (which followed close upon it) had made him famous and assured his economic position, the course of his life ran very smoothly. Its main features were his many migrations, the gradual extension of his fame beyond the limits of Scandinavia, and the controversies aroused by his later works. These external facts have long been public property, and on them his letters throw little new light. I pass, therefore, to the glimpses of his artistic development which the letters afford.

II.

In the first place, it is interesting to note the literary influences to which he was subjected in the impressionable years of his early manhood. We know from one or two of his immature works that the sentimental romanticism of Oehlenschlaeger must have attracted him for a time ; but there is no trace of this influence in his letters. In 1852, when he was sent by the management of the Bergen Theatre to study the Danish stage in Copenhagen, he writes to his employers : " In respect to the repertory we have been very fortunate, having seen *Hamlet* and several other plays of Shakespeare, and also several of Holberg's." The other plays

of Shakespeare which he probably saw at this time were *King Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *As You Like It*. Of these, *Lear* and *As You Like It* must greatly have impressed him, for he cites them years afterwards; but it does not appear that his acquaintance with Shakespeare was ever wide or deep. On the other hand, Holberg, the great Danish-Norwegian comedy-writer of the eighteenth century, was throughout life his favourite author. His letters abound in Holberg quotations; he declares him to be the one writer he never tires of reading; and on the only occasion when I, personally, ever saw Ibsen greatly excited, a phrase from Holberg rose to his lips.

In a former article in this REVIEW, I have shown that his constant employment for several years in mounting the plays of Scribe and his school must have had a determining influence on his technique; but he clearly recognised, at an early period, that it was an influence to be outgrown. When some French critics tried, most absurdly, to class him as an imitator of Dumas fils, Ibsen wrote to Brandes: "I owe absolutely nothing to Dumas in respect to dramatic form—except that I have learnt from him to avoid certain glaring errors and clumsinesses of which he is not infrequently guilty." He could never rest satisfied with semi-realism of form; for that his sense of logic was too imperious. Before the appearance of *The League of Youth*, his first prose play of modern life, he wrote to Brandes: "I have been very scrupulous as to form, and have, among other things, achieved the feat of working out my theme without the aid of a single soliloquy, or even aside." This self-denying ordinance he somewhat relaxed on returning to historical drama in *Emperor and Galilean*; but when Mr. Gosse suggested that it had better have been written in verse, he energetically dissented. "The illusion," he said, "which I wanted to produce was that of reality; I wanted to give the reader the impression that what he was reading had actually happened. . . . My new play is not a tragedy in the old sense of the word; I have tried to represent human beings, and therefore I have not allowed them to speak 'the language of the gods.'" Ten years later, when a Norwegian actress, Fru Wolf, asked him for a prologue to be spoken at her benefit, he replied to the effect that a self-respecting dramatic artist ought to be chary of reciting even a single verse upon the stage, so much harm had metre done to the art of acting. This was no doubt the utterance of a momentary fanaticism; but it harmonises with the austere repression of every lyric impulse which reached its height, just about the date of this letter, in *An Enemy of the People*. In his later plays, as we know, poetry regained the upper hand, and more and more encroached upon realism, in spirit, if not in outward form.

The making of a play meant, for Ibsen, an extraordinary effort of mental concentration. He put everything else aside, read no books, attended to no business that was not absolutely imperative, and lived for weeks and months with his characters alone. He writes in June 1884: "I have in these days completed a play in five acts. That is to say, I have roughed it out: now comes the more delicate manipulation of it, the more energetic individualisation of the characters and their mode of expression." This play was *The Wild Duck*. A month or two later he writes: "The people in my new play, in spite of their manifold frailties, have through long and daily familiarity endeared themselves to me. . . . I believe that *The Wild Duck* will perhaps lure some of our younger dramatists into new paths, and that I hold to be desirable." In 1890, when he has finished *Hedda Gabler*, he writes to Count Prozor: "It gives me a strange feeling of emptiness to part from a piece of work which has now, for several months, exclusively occupied my time and my thoughts. Yet it is well that it has come to an end. The incessant association with these imaginary people was beginning to make me not a little nervous."

Of æsthetic theory, other than that which he himself constructed for his own use and behoof, Ibsen was very impatient. One of his first remarks on coming in contact with the art of antiquity and of the renaissance is that "as yet, at any rate, I can often see only conventions where others profess to find laws." Antique sculpture he cannot at first "bring into relation to our time." He misses "the personal and individual expression, both in the artist and in his work." "Michael Angelo, Bernini, and his school I understand better; those fellows had the courage to play a mad prank now and then." He afterwards saw deeper into the nature of antique art; but in 1869, after he had been five years in Italy, he wrote: "Raphael's art has never really warmed me; his creations belong to the world before the Fall." Yet of anything like pre-Raphaelitism, in the English sense of the term, he was entirely innocent. Florentine art, so far as we can see, had nothing to say to him. On his return to Rome in 1879 he bought a number of "old masters," partly from taste, partly as an investment; but he does not mention the name of a single painter. My impression is that the paintings he used to have around him would be but slightly esteemed by English connoisseurs; but, when I have visited him, I have had little attention to spare for his picture gallery. It is noteworthy, by the way, that at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 he found the English art-section to consist "almost exclusively of masterpieces." In his youth, it will be remembered, he had himself given a good deal of time to painting.

This, however, is a digression: I return to his views on æsthetic theory in general. When he has been a year in Italy, he writes to Björnson that the most important result of his travels has been the elimination from his mind of the æsthetic system, "isolated and claiming inherent validity," which formerly had power over him. "Æsthetics in this sense now appear to me as great a curse to poetry as theology is to religion. You," he continues, "have never been troubled with this sort of æstheticism, you have never gone about looking at things through your hollow hand." Some years later, when a Danish critic, Clemens Petersen, has tried *Peer Gynt* by his æsthetic standard, and pronounced it "not really poetry," Ibsen retorts (in a letter to Björnson) with a splendid arrogance that Dante or Milton might have envied: "The book is poetry; or if it is not, it shall become poetry. The concept 'poetry' in our country, in Norway, shall refashion itself in accordance with the book." In the same letter he continues: "If it is to be war, so be it! If I am no poet, I have nothing to lose. I shall set up as a photographer. My contemporaries up in the north I will deal with individually, man by man. . . . Nothing shall escape me—no thought or feeling lurking behind the words in any soul that deserves the honour of being noticed." This was written in a moment of hot indignation; but it can scarcely be said that when the indignation cooled the purpose had evaporated.

Of criticism in general Ibsen writes: "The majority of critical strictures reduce themselves, in the last analysis, to reproaches addressed to an author because he is himself, and thinks, feels, sees, and creates like himself, instead of seeing and creating as the critic would have done—had he had the power."

Ibsen is never tired of insisting that all his writings—even his romantic plays—stand in intimate relation to his own life. "I have never," he declares, "written anything merely because, as the saying goes, I had 'hit on a good subject.'" He repeats again and again, to different correspondents, a distinction of which the full force escapes me. Everything he has produced, he says, has its origin in something he has not merely experienced (*oplevet*) but lived through (*gennemlevet*). Perhaps he is here repeating in another form the definition of poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquillity"; but this seems scarcely consistent with an idea he more than once repeats, that poetic production purges the system of fermenting elements which would become poisonous if not expelled. A few examples may perhaps make his meaning clearer. *Catilina* was written in the little philistine town of Grimstad, where (as he seems to imply) he stood in very much the same relation to respectable, conservative society in which Catiline stood

to the ruling oligarchy of Rome. "*Lady Inger of Östraat* is founded on a love-affair, hastily entered into and violently broken off. . . . *The Vikings* I wrote when I was engaged to be married. For *Hiördis* I employed the same model who afterwards served for *Svanbild* in *Love's Comedy*. . . . The fact that everyone was against me, that there was no one in the outer world who could be said to believe in me, could not but give rise to the strain of feeling which found utterance in *The Pretenders*. . . . Brand is myself in my best moments—just as, by self-dissection, I have brought to light many of the character-traits both of *Peer Gynt* and of *Stensgaard*." In the latter character (the hero of *The League of Youth*) he was commonly accused of having drawn *Björnson*. Replying in advance to this accusation, he wrote: "People in Norway will perhaps say that I have depicted real persons and circumstances. This is not the case. I have, however, used models, which are as indispensable to the writer of comedy as to the painter or sculptor." Here again I must own that the distinction baffles me. I can only imagine the meaning to be that he takes "composite photographs," not individual likenesses. As a matter of fact, *Stensgaard* was doubtless intended rather as a warning to *Björnson* than as a portrait of him.

The confession that parts of *Peer Gynt* and *Stensgaard* are the result of self-dissection may be compared with Mr. Meredith's similar admission (to *Stevenson*) with regard to *Sir Willoughby Patterne*. Ibsen not infrequently insists on the sternness of his self-criticism. To a lady correspondent he writes: "You must not think that I am so unkindly disposed towards my countrymen as many people accuse me of being. At any rate, I can assure you I am no more indulgent to myself than to others." And, again, to *Björnson*: "You may be sure that in my leisure moments I probe, and sound, and anatomise pretty searchingly in my own inward parts; and that at the points where it bites the sorest."

III.

On his political and social utterances I need not dwell long, for the most important of them, occurring in letters to *George Brandes*, have long ago been quoted by that critic, in his *Ibsen and Björnson*. It was to *Brandes*, for example, that he expressed his lack of interest in "special revolutions, revolutions in externals, in the political sphere," adding, "What is really wanted is a revolution of the spirit of man." Familiar, too, is his remark that "he who possesses liberty otherwise than as an aspiration possesses it soulless, dead"; and, again, "I confess that the only thing about liberty that I love is the fight for it; I care nothing about the possession of it." These, and all his most noteworthy political deliverances, will be found in *Brandes's* invaluable essay.

A systematic political thinker Ibsen never was or could be. His views were full of incompatibilities, which he did not dream of harmonising. The one thing he consistently detested throughout life was opportunism. He was, if one may coin a word, an impossibilist. That a course of action was useless and hopeless was, in his eyes, the best reason for pursuing it. His bitter contempt for the inaction of Norway and Sweden when Denmark was crushed by Prussia was one of the forces that drove him into exile and kept him in estrangement from his country. It did not occur to him to inquire whether there would have been any use in their rushing into the quarrel. The humiliation which he then felt was, as appears from one of his letters, a main reason for his abandoning the field of national history and legend. He no longer took any pleasure in evoking the great past of his country, seeing that the men of to-day stood to the men of the sagas in the relation of a modern Levantine pirate to a hero of Homer. His impulse now was to hurl scorn at his degenerate countrymen through the mouth of Brand, and to embody in Peer Gynt their pusillanimity, their egoism, their "halfness." And of this feeling we find a curious echo in the very last letter included in these volumes. It is written in December, 1900, to a Dutch journalist who had upbraided him for some mildly pro-British utterance with regard to the South African War. Ibsen does not attempt to discuss the merits of the case, but answers: "You say that the Dutch are the Boers' natural defenders in Europe: why have not your countrymen chosen a point of more strategic importance for their defensive operations? I mean South Africa. And then, this method of defending kinsmen with books, and pamphlets, and open letters! May I ask, Mr. Editor, if you could not have found more effective weapons?" "Mr. Editor" probably thought the sneer very unreasonable; but it was precisely the reproach which in *Brand*, and in his lyrics at the time of the Danish war, the poet had flung in the teeth of his own countrymen.

One of the contradictions of Ibsen's political thinking lay (it seems to me) in the fact that he accepted the idea of definite national units, while he would fain have denied them all organisation. His hatred of "the State" appears over and over again in these letters. He does not shrink from utterances of sheer anarchism; but he does shrink from—or rather he never attains to—the idea of internationalism or cosmopolitanism, without which anarchism is surely unthinkable. Ibsen is always a tribesman, though as life goes on his conception of the tribe widens. In early life he was an ardent "Scandinavian"—a champion, that is to say, of the political union of the three northern kingdoms. "I began," he wrote to George Brandes in 1888, "by feeling as

a Norwegian, I developed into a Scandinavian, and have now come to rest in all-embracing Germanism. . . . I believe that national consciousness is dying out, and that it will be replaced by race-consciousness." This course of thought is not unlike that which Mr. George Wyndham set forth in his recent Rectorial Address at Glasgow. Much earlier (1872) Ibsen had told Mr. Gosse that the introduction of his works into England was one of his "dearest literary dreams" because "the English people stands so near to us Scandinavians." Without criticising the race-idea, from the point of view either of science or of expediency, one cannot but inquire how a race, any more than a nation, can maintain and assert itself in anarchic incoherence? The race-unit, no less than the nation-unit, must surely be an organism. Anarchism implies the negation of the unit, the absorption of all units in a homogeneous mass. How little Ibsen cared for consistency appears when we find him, in the 'nineties, acknowledging the benefits conferred on Germany by the drill-sergeant, and placing "discipline" in the forefront of the ethical requirements of his countrymen.

Inconsistency of thought need not surprise us in a poet who has so strongly emphasised the relativity and consequent impermanence of truth. "A normally constituted truth," says Dr. Stockmann, "lives—let us say—seventeen or eighteen years; at the outside twenty." But this estimate is only a flourish of the worthy Doctor's. Ibsen himself would probably have been the first to admit that, on the plane of expediency at any rate, five minutes may perfectly suffice to turn a truth into a falsehood. His mind was intensive rather than extensive. He did not profess or attempt to apprehend a thing in all its relations. He saw one aspect of it vividly and stated it forcibly, without denying that there might be other aspects of equal or greater validity. He evidently believed that ideas, like organisms, must be sifted through the struggle for existence, in order that the fittest may survive. Consequently he never hesitated to throw out the thought that for the moment dominated him, and let it take its chance among the rest; well knowing, at the same time, that it might one day be swallowed up by a larger and stronger thought, perhaps emanating from his own brain.

This intensiveness is a symptom or consequence of a slow-moving, brooding habit of mind which is manifest throughout his correspondence. He is not prolific of ideas; he ruminates on one or two at a time, until they embody themselves in dramatic form, and he "gets them off his heart." A letter to George Brandes, dated April 1872, contains the germs of two plays, published, respectively, ten and fourteen years later. "I hear," he says,

“that you have founded an association. . . . How far your position is thereby strengthened, I cannot judge: it seems to me that he is strongest who stands alone.” And again, with reference to some controversy in which Brandes was engaged, he thus apostrophises him: “Be dignified! Dignity [or, better, distinction] is the only weapon in such conflicts.” In these two utterances we have the root-ideas of *An Enemy of the People* and *Rosmersholm*; and similar germs of other plays may be discerned every here and there in his letters, at dates which indicate that he brooded over them for years. That he could, on occasion, warm into conversational brilliancy is proved by two witnesses: Professor Dietrichson, who was with him in Rome in the 'sixties, and the painter Grönvold, who saw a good deal of him in Munich in '77. But Dietrichson admits that these occasions were rare. Thoughts did not, as a rule, flash upon him as he talked; he was more apt to draw, with great deliberation, on the previously-formed ideas which were slowly revolving in his brain. I happened to be with him frequently at the time when the publication of *Ghosts* had raised a storm in Scandinavia; and I find his letters of these weeks studded with the very phrases which he used to me in conversation.

IV.

There can be little doubt that his slowness of mind and unreadiness of self-expression was a determining feature of his character. In his very first letter to Björnson, on the subject of some trivial misconception that had arisen between them, he says:—

I do not deny that I can understand your suspicion; and I lay the blame for it, not so much on you, as on myself. I know that it is a defect of mine to be powerless to draw near in intimacy to the people to whom I ought to be able to reveal myself wholly and entirely. . . . I feel that in personal relations I have at my disposal only a false expression for what is in my inmost soul—for my real self. Therefore I prefer to shut it away; and that is why we have sometimes stood, as it were, observing each other from a distance. But this, or something like it, you must certainly have seen; otherwise your friendship for me could not have remained so rich and warm.

He detested untruth, and he found it impossible to express the whole truth as to his inner self, except in poetic form; wherefore he shut himself up in an aloofness which to some people seemed morose and savage. “Do you know”—he writes to Björnson, in vindicating the “earnestness” which has shaped his course through life—“do you know that I have cut myself off for good from my own parents, from my whole kindred, because I could not be at rest in a relation of half-understanding?” As we read

this we think, not without a shiver, of Brand's refusal to bring comfort to his mother on her death-bed, and ask ourselves whether, after all, Peer Gynt was not wiser as well as kinder when he drove the dying Aase to Soria-Moria Castle, to the castle east of the sun and west of the moon? It is pretty clear that Ibsen sometimes put the same question to himself. To two members of his family he did write occasionally—to his favourite sister, Hedvig (the model for Hedvig in *The Wild Duck*), and to a half-brother of his father's. It is evident from these letters that he retained a warm feeling for his home and for the parents who had sent him out into the world at the age of fourteen. But his nature was, once for all, that of the uncompromising Brand, not of the pliant Peer Gynt; and there was probably not a little of the same unyielding mettle in the parents who had bred such a son. It is not for us to judge him, then, in this relation. He was very likely right in feeling that a half-understanding—an attempt to rub along together on the surface of things—would only have meant misery to all concerned.

It is in his relation to Björnson that his character can be best studied and will be most canvassed. Up to the end of 1867, their friendship is still warm, despite sundry interventions of "the devil in person" to make mischief between them. For instance, Ibsen seems to have thought Björnson remiss in not having averted Clemens Petersen's attack on *Peer Gynt*, alluded to in a former quotation; but Björnson explains his conduct, and all irritation vanishes. Ibsen writes:—

The thought of that cargo of rubbish which I unloaded in my last epistle has left me, in the interim, not a single hour of peace or self-contentment. The worst thing a man can do to himself is to do injustice to others. . . . I read your letter again and again every day, and read myself free from the torturing thought that I have wounded you.

But even in this letter a new cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, appears on the horizon; for we find Ibsen vindicating his own principles and conduct in the matter of accepting ribbons and crosses, which are anathema to the dogmatic republican, Björnson. The cloud soon gathers volume and covers the whole sky. Only a year later, Ibsen refuses to contribute to a magazine with which Björnson's name is connected; and six months later again, he writes to Brandes:—

What you tell me of Björnson does not surprise me. For him only two classes of people exist: those of whom he can make use, and those who may stand in his way. For the rest, though Björnson is an excellent psychologist in respect to his own creations, he calculates very badly where real people are concerned.

Though Stensgaard, in *The League of Youth*, was not intended

for Björnson, the play undoubtedly satirised Björnson's party, and he did not hesitate to denounce it as an act of assassination (literally, "sneak-murder"). In 1870, Ibsen thought of making a conciliatory move by dedicating to his brother-poet a new edition of *The Pretenders*; but some news (or gossip) from Christiania caused him to abandon the design. In 1872, Björnson's political action had become so distasteful to Ibsen that he wrote of the Norwegian Ministry: "People who can let Jaabæk and Björnson go at large are only fit to be locked up themselves." At that time Björnson was still an evangelical Christian, and religious as well as political considerations severed the former friends. Before the appearance of *Emperor and Galilean*, Ibsen believed (rightly or wrongly) that Björnson went about denouncing it in advance as "sheer atheism," though he had not read a line of it.

But towards the end of the 'seventies the orbits of the two stars gradually drew together again. On the one hand, Björnson abandoned his religious standpoint; and on the other, after the appearance of *A Doll's House*, the Conservatives could no longer pretend to make party capital out of Ibsen. When the controversy over *Ghosts* broke out, Ibsen wrote (January 24th, 1882): "The only person who in Norway has openly, freely, and boldly taken up arms for me is Björnson. That is like him. He has indeed a great king-like mind, and I shall never forget his action." In August of the same year, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Björnson's first appearance in literature, Ibsen wrote to him:—

Your works stand in the first rank in literary history, and will always stand there. But if I had to determine what should one day be inscribed on your monument, I would choose these words: "His life was his greatest poem."

Two years later, the two poets met at Schwaz, in the Tyrol, and their friendship was fully renewed. It would probably be too much to say that it has since been entirely untroubled, but malicious gossip has vastly exaggerated any little friction that may have arisen between them. In a novel published in 1889, Björnson paid an exquisite, though indirect, tribute to Ibsen's genius; and when he went to congratulate Ibsen on his seventy-fifth birthday, it is recorded that Ibsen said, with tears in his eyes, "Thou art, after all, the man I have most loved." ("Du er dog den jeg har holdt allermost af.")

Which was to blame in the years of estrangement? Both, no doubt, in some degree. Björnson was impulsive and reckless; Ibsen was suspicious and apt to brood, in his loneliness, over fancied, or exaggerated, wrongs. Björnson had too many friends.

Ibsen too few. The fundamental trouble was that Björnson, an ardent, almost fanatical, partisan, could not understand or forgive Ibsen's systematic refusal to cast in his lot with any party. Between two such men it was inevitable that misunderstandings should arise; yet one cannot but feel that, considering the manifold benefits Björnson had conferred on him, a little more patience and tolerance on Ibsen's part would not have been amiss.

One thing is clear—namely, that it was no petty literary jealousy that sundered the two poets. The people who love to read their own littleness into the minds of great men have represented that each of these two grudged the other his genius and the homage it brought him. There is not the slightest evidence of any such feeling on either side. The fact that Ibsen's fame overshadowed Björnson's in the world at large was resented by some of Björnson's Norwegian adherents; but there is nothing to show that the poet himself shared their resentment. Their rivalry in the literary field was never other than noble.

Throughout his letters we find Ibsen notably free from the characteristic foibles of the literary man. Clemens Petersen's attack on *Peer Gynt* is the one criticism that stings him into what may be called personal wrath. For the rest, though he is often indignant, it is with the indignation of the exasperated satirist, not of the fretful author. George Brandes criticised *Peer Gynt* on its appearance almost as unsympathetically as did Petersen; of *Hedda Gabler*, too, he wrote in the most disparaging terms; but neither criticism made any difference in Ibsen's friendship for him. No one could ever guess from these letters that their writer had been, for ten years or so, the most furiously assailed and reprobated of European authors. He resolutely acted up to his own advice to Brandes: "Be dignified!" It was, indeed, one of the contradictions of his nature, that while intellectually an ultra-radical he was temperamentally an aristocrat. This was the source of many of the seeming inconsistencies in his doctrine—inconsistencies which he would probably have said that it must be the task of the future to harmonise. His ideal was a democracy of aristocrats; and his moods of pessimism were those in which he feared that this must for ever remain a contradiction in terms.

In 1874, he wrote to Mr. Gosse that the delicacy of his (Mr. Gosse's) lyrics ought to be specially appreciated by "the English nation, whose practical efficiency is in such a wonderful way combined with a pure and noble habit of feeling, which makes it, as a whole, a nation of aristocrats, in the best sense of the word." Could he have foreseen even a few of the epithets habitually attached to his name by the English Press of the early 'nineties, he might have found something to modify in this panegyric.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE FUTURE OF AIR-SHIPS.

I.

SUPPOSE that I consider it quite possible to visit the North Pole in an air-ship? Suppose I predict that at no distant date aerial cruisers will threaten fleets, make war on submarine boats, and stampede army divisions?

Suppose I tell you that I hope, as early as the coming summer, to give something to the impetus remaining needful to the aerial effort that will bring such things to pass in Europe? That I fully expect, before the particular experiment be finished, to go cruising for a week at a time over Europe in an air-ship that will not need to touch earth each night because it will be in itself a floating house?

You might reply that such looking into the future is easy. But looking into the past is also a kind of looking into the future. When eight years ago I first proposed to attach an explosive petroleum motor beneath a balloon filled with inflammable gas, the world cried out against the project.

After I had proved the safety of the automobile motor in the air, I declared that I would build an air-ship capable of making steering-way against moderate winds. I was at once accused of being as ignorant of mechanics as of aeronautics; the elongated balloon would double on itself; and the system would be carried off by the first breeze. To add to the discouragement, the balloon of my second air-ship did double on itself, and I was carried by the wind from the Jardin d'Acclimatation to the Plain of Bagatelle.

Years passed. I built other air-ships. I navigated over Paris; I made evolutions above the Champ de Mars; I accomplished trips to points indicated in advance; I returned to my starting-points. In a word, I enjoyed great pleasure in my air-ships, which I saw to be practical. Yet the accusation that I would be helpless in the wind pursued me; and I heard it from so many authoritative lips that it is a wonder I did not come to fear it myself—such is the world's power of suggestion over the individual.

Then I navigated the air between St. Cloud and the Eiffel Tower against a time limit believed to be prohibitory—not once but twice; not twice, but three times. On October 19th, 1901, I made the eleven kilometres plus the turning of the Tower in 29 minutes 30 seconds. Was it done in a profound calm? No;

the Central Meteorological Bureau reported, at the moment of starting, a south-east wind blowing six metres per second—twenty-one kilometres per hour—at the altitude of the Eiffel Tower.

At Monaco in the early part of 1902 I dealt so continually with the wind that I was never able to make a satisfactory estimate of my speed. Up and down the Mediterranean coast I sped, sometimes accelerated, sometimes retarded by the wind; and so I came to look on the entire wind-problem as simply one of plus and minus as to speed and of the toughness of superposed silk and varnish with respect to pressure; and my strongest impression of those Mediterranean flights remains that I rejoiced, laughing to see how I outsped and left behind me the steam-chaloupes and petroleum launches that ought to have accompanied me to pick me up in case I fell!

Everything I have thus far accomplished has become commonplace. It is known, it has been seen, it seems natural, not unusual. But let us not forget that the commonplaces of 1902 were the impossibilities of 1898.

I said this to myself. I had tired of straining for speed to gratify the curiosity of others; and so I permitted myself to take some aerial amusement. I built my little "No. 9," in which, day after day, I hopped over the trees of the Bois, kept appointments to lunch, attended a review, and guide-roped down the Avenue des Champs Elysées to my door at the corner of the Rue Washington.

That was one kind of air-ship. Had I at that moment predicted that, within two years, I would go on aerial pleasure-cruises of a week's length, accompanied by friends whom I would lodge, feed, and keep warm, while they should sleep between the constellations and the earth, and exult through golden afternoons spent gliding over Europe, I should have heard all the old objections—and some new ones.

II.

Why is it that no balloon has ever been able to stay much longer than twenty-four hours in the air, and that the world's record, made in a recent sensational contest, is not quite thirty-six hours?

It is because ballooning has two great enemies—condensation and dilatation. Suppose that you are at equilibrium at five hundred metres. Suddenly a little cloud masks the sun. The gas in the balloon cools and condenses, and if you do not at once

throw out enough ballast to correspond to the ascensional force lost by such condensation, you will begin descending to earth. If you throw out too much ballast, you will become too light again and shoot up too high.

Imagine you have thrown out just enough. All goes well for a time. Then the little cloud ceases to mask the sun. Your gas will heat up again, and by its dilatation will regain its old lifting power; but, having less to lift by the amount of ballast just thrown out, it will dart higher into the air, where the decreasing atmospheric pressure will permit it to go on dilating until a lot of gas escapes through the valve with which every balloon is furnished. Otherwise the balloon would burst!

You have overshot your equilibrium and lost too much gas—because the balloon is an impetuous thing, always exaggerating. Therefore you will find yourself descending—to condense your gas again as the atmospheric pressure increases—when more ballast must be sacrificed, and the balloon shoots up too high again, and the trouble recommences!

The skill of the spherical balloonist consists precisely in maintaining his desired altitude with the greatest economy of gas and ballast; but, be he ever so exact, the time must come when repeated condensations have forced him to throw out his last gramme of ballast and repeated dilatations have lost him so much gas that the balloon sinks to earth—no longer spherical, but pear-shaped, with its lower part hanging flaccid.

From the earliest ballooning times, men have sought to combat condensation by means of heat. Montgolfier's first balloon was filled with nothing but hot air, which is lighter than the cool air of the atmosphere; and it has always been known that an adequate heating of one's gas would be equivalent to saving so much ballast.

Pilâtre de Rozier who, accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, was the first in the world to make a free balloon ascent, finally lost his life in an attempt to cross the English Channel by means of such a contrivance in which heated air was to reinforce hydrogen gas.

Many methods have been since proposed, the latest and most logical being a plan which would allow steam to freely mingle with one's gas—the theory being that such steam will condense in drops on the inside surface of the balloon envelope, to be caught again without loss as they fall into a proper receptacle below the open vent at the bottom of the spherical balloon.

Nothing could be more logical or beautiful than this plan in theory; and the only reasons I have for refusing to adopt it in practice come from my own small experiments, which I do not claim to be conclusive. Only, so far as I have been able to

experiment, the system would require me to take up too much water. The surface of the balloon is so great that the mass of the steam, instead of condensing and falling in drops as it ought to do, seems simply to disappear, to escape through the varnished silk, where gas itself cannot escape. At least this is what happened to me.

Yet such heating of one's gas is too tempting an idea to be abandoned, especially in these days of perfected petroleum fuel. With one kilogramme of petroleum I am promised by the manufacturers of my boilers and condensers that I can vaporise twenty kilogrammes of water. If I can devise a practical means for catching this water again as it ceases to be steam, the oft-studied problem will be solved. Imagine the balloon to be coming down—the result of gas condensation. Instead of lightening it by throwing out twenty kilogrammes of sand, I will have but to burn one kilogramme of petroleum! My twenty kilogrammes of water will become steam, itself lighter than the air, and whose heat will dilate my gas to such an extent as to produce *thirty* kilogrammes of new ascensional force!

At first I hoped that the thing could be accomplished by means of a small and very tight steam-bag sewed inside the balloon. I would lead my steam to it, there to condense and fall in drops which could be caught, by means of a tube. This steam-bag, expanding as it filled, would have at the same time served as an interior air-*ballonet* to aid in maintaining the balloon's form. Unfortunately no silk and varnish will resist steam, and after long experiments in which the steam reduced my steam-bags to a sticky mass, I hit upon my present condensers.

Why should I not lead from the boiler directly to a present-day aluminium condenser hung inside the balloon? It had never been done—but that is the distinguishing particular of all new things. Now I have done it. You can call it a condenser or a radiator: in fact, it differs little from the radiator of an automobile in construction or function, though its object is to heat instead of to cool. It consists of half a kilometre of very thin aluminium tubes disposed vertically in the form of a hollow cone, the whole being suspended inside the balloon from its top.

Now imagine the balloon to be in the air—and coming down as the result of gas condensation. I simply turn a faucet, and steam immediately generated by a remarkable little up-to-date boiler begins mounting to the condenser and rushing through its half a kilometre of tubes. This steam cannot possibly mingle with my gas, yet it heats it, re-dilates it, and gives new ascensional power to the balloon. Indeed, the radiation of the half kilometre of tubes is so complete that the steam ceases to

be steam before it has traversed their whole length. So it immediately drops out at the other end in the form of water again!

Now you see what happens. Interrupted at will by the play of the faucets, I keep my twenty kilogrammes of water in a continuous circular movement of water, steam, water, steam, water. The twenty kilogrammes (or more) of water remains always a part of the original weighing of the balloon; yet each time I send it round the circle, at the cost of one kilogramme of petroleum fuel, I gain temporarily thirty kilogrammes of ascensional force: and, thanks to the play of my faucets, I can graduate this force at will.

I repeat, I gain thirty for one—thirty kilogrammes of ascensional force for one kilogramme of petroleum ballast. Therefore—it seems clear to me—if the ordinary spherical balloonist can stay twenty-four hours in the air with a given quantity of sand-ballast, I shall be able to stay thirty days in the air with the same quantity of petroleum ballast.

III.

The balloon envelope of this aerial yacht—as I may call it—is being sewed. Its car is already built. Its boiler and condenser are being constructed. Its motor is ordered. Its propellers exist. And very soon the aerial yacht will start on its first cruise. In appearance it will more resemble the preconceived idea of a twentieth century air-ship than anything heretofore produced.

Beneath an egg-shaped balloon, slightly less elongated than the balloon of my "No. 9," will be seen hanging what looks like a little house with a balcony window running half its length on each side. The balcony window will characterise the open, or observation, room of the floating house, or car; and in it the motor will have its place. Behind it is the closed sleeping and reposing room; while in front of it you will see an open platform holding the steam-producing boiler. From it steam can also be led, by means of a pipe, to the open room for cooking and to the closed room for heating purposes when needed.

As the floating house is designed to remain for days at a time in the air, protection from the cold, even of moderate altitudes, may become important. Therefore the closed room can be made quite tight, to retain heat, it—like the whole of the car—being composed of a framework of pine, aluminium, and piano wire tightly covered with varnished balloon silk of many thicknesses. It will contain two cot beds. You may ask what will the guests do while the

captain sleeps? The whole idea of the aerial yacht is contained in the answer.

My guests may remain at ease while I take my turn at sleeping. The aerial yacht is not designed for high speed. Therefore its balloon need not be cylindrical. I am even making it egg-shaped; consequently the skilled labour and unremitting attention required for the maintenance of a cylindrical form by means of interworking ventilators and valves will not be needed. In this respect, indeed, the aerial yacht can, for hours at a time, be made to assemble very closely a spherical balloon, its motor being stopped, and the system being allowed to float gently through the night—or afternoon or morning—on a favourable air current. The labours of my guests will be limited to a common-sense opening and closing of a faucet as the balloon obviously falls or rises.

We shall do a great deal of such reposeful gliding on favourable currents, floating onward at no great height above the earth, but utterly free from the guide-roping nuisance. For us there will be no darting up into the frigid solitudes above the clouds, no falling into dank mists—after the fashion of spherical balloonists. Nor will there be the strain for speed, or the pressure preoccupation incident to ordinary air-ship flights. A proper handling of the faucets will secure us the level altitude we desire; and we shall float on, watching the great map of Europe unroll beneath us!

We shall dine. We shall watch the stars rise. We shall hang between the constellations and the earth.

We shall awake to the glory of the morning.

So day shall succeed to day. We shall pass frontiers. Now we are over Russia—it would be a pity to stop—let us make a loop and return by way of Hungary and Austria. Here is Vienna! Let us set the propeller working full speed to change our course. Perhaps we shall fall in with a current that will take us to Belgrade?

And now that it is morning again, let us ride on this breeze as far as Constantinople! We shall have time, and shall find means to return to Paris!

IV.

The obvious advantage of an egg-shaped, dirigible balloon under slight interior pressure, and furnished with my steam heating system is, of course, its ability to remain thirty days in the air where the ordinary spherical balloon can stay but one day.

Had André possessed it, he might have started off with serious

hopes of crossing the Pole on an air current, and being carried to civilisation in the opposite hemisphere ; therefore I see no reason why such an aerial yacht, built for the purpose, should not reach the Pole and get back safely. An Arctic exploration steamship could carry it to the farthest possible point North ; and there, on the deck of the steamship, it could be inflated and sent off to make the few hundred kilometres remaining between it and the great goal.

I have always been attracted by the idea of reaching the Pole in an air-ship. When one considers the very few hundred kilometres remaining to be conquered, it seems annoyingly unpractical that an aerial machine, capable of racing against a time limit in the teeth of a wind blowing twenty-one kilometres per hour, should be baffled by them. To have recourse to speed would have been my first idea, actually proposed by me in my book *Dans l'Air* :

"Some day explorers will guide-rope to the North Pole from their ice-locked steamship after it has reached its farthest possible point north," I said. "Guide-roping over the ice-pack, they will make the few hundred kilometres to the Pole at the rate of from fifty to sixty kilometres per hour. Even at the rate of forty kilometres per hour, the trip to the Pole and back to the ship might be accomplished between breakfast and supper!"

I would now, nevertheless, prefer to rely on time rather than on speed, and trust the adventure to one of these aerial yachts, built for the special purpose.

Experience that will have to be gained by many cruises in my pleasure yacht would teach us how to build, equip, and handle a stronger and more powerful one adapted to Polar exploration. The size of the balloon would have to be calculated in proportion to the long duration of the cruise, the thickness of the envelope, the quantity of petroleum and stores, the capacity of the steam heating system, and the force of motor and propeller.

I have said that my aerial pleasure yacht will have no great speed. Probably it will not exceed fifteen kilometres per hour. What propeller speed ought to be given to the Polar yacht would be a question for calculation with many elements ; but I concede in advance that it might be carried away from its course.

It might be carried from its course ; but having, let us say, from thirty to forty days in the air at its disposal, it could always start due north again with its propeller the moment it had found a region of comparative calm. Note, it would have no need to retrace its course after such a blowing aside—it would simply try to start due north again !

When it found a northerly air-current—either by accident

or by hunting for it vertically—it would immediately stop its motor, in order to waste no fuel. Indeed, its propeller-force ought to be exerted only in two cases, for two great uses: (a) to push on straight to the Pole in every period of calm, and (b) to modify the air-ship's course when riding on a more or less favourable air-current.

Such are the two vital advantages of the aerial yacht not enjoyed by André in his balloon—its ability to re-direct its course due north, and time to wait for opportunities to so re-direct its course again and again and again. I will not dwell on the vital comforts of a heated cabin: but to me it is obvious that the closed room of the Polar yacht ought to be constructed very close, to hold all the heat its captain could give it. Its walls of many thicknesses of varnished silk enclosing both motor and boiler might save the expedition; for, apart from the adventure of André, this would be the first time for men to affront the cold of the north without the resources of continual violent exercise. Indeed, I have often asked myself if André and his companion did not simply perish from cold!

Or—another supposition—did it never occur to you that the tragedy of the André expedition might have been due to his balloon descending to earth in those far northern regions? Who knows what practical effect of condensation the intense cold might have had on its gas? A single descent to earth might have occasioned the loss of a great deal of gas. To rise again might have cost André a dangerous loss of ballast: and he would have started off again crippled in both these vital means!

Should the aerial Polar yacht be obliged to descend to earth, its captain could accomplish the manœuvre by merely turning a faucet and allowing the intense cold to condense his gas. To rise again, he would simply re-heat his gas.

V.

When the secret history of the Russo-Japanese war comes to be known, the submarine-boat will probably be found to have played a decisive part in the destruction of the first Russian Navy.

It is astonishing how quickly we habituate ourselves to revolutionary inventions. Up to the moment they burst on us as successes, we condemn them; then we accept them nonchalantly, as something natural.

A few years ago the submarine-boat occupied the same category as the air-ship in our consciousness; and it is only yesterday that a British submarine-boat drowned its entire crew while under cautious experiment in protected waters! Yet there are few who

doubt to-day that hostile submarine-boats rather than inexplicable carelessness with respect to their own mines destroyed the Russians' men-of-war and cruisers.

So it will be with the air-ship in war. The first successful one has but to appear, and the world will forget all its unfavourable judgments. And should the first one to appear be accidentally unsuccessful? I answer that, in such case, the world will probably have to wait a little longer for the surprise. There are inventions that have luck, others that have less: or is it simply that we are prone to overlook the small beginnings of the successful ones? The submarine-boat has, for the moment, distanced the air-ship—but in the end it is the air-ship that will be its master!

I have no doubt of it—the twentieth century air-ship is bound to become not only the unique enemy but the sensational master of the twentieth century submarine-boat—and this for a very curious reason, depending on certain optical laws not at all taken account of by the inventors of either!

It is now a well-observed fact that the occupants of balloons and air-ships floating over the surface of the water are able to perceive bodies moving beneath the surface of the waves, to a depth and with a distinctness that is marvellous.

In view of this one fact, imagine the case of a fleet threatened by submarine-boats. Without the aid of an aerial cruiser, it must remain as helpless as were the magnificent Russian war-ships in the harbour of Port Arthur. Protected by an aerial cruiser, observe how its chances change! The air-ship will be seen moving over the waves in long, parallel lines. Beneath the surface of the water moves the submarine-boat. Its speed is little in comparison with that of its adversary in the air. It cannot even perceive that the air-ship is threatening it without rising to the surface at great risk; and it can profit by the knowledge so obtained only by diving to depths in which its usefulness becomes nil.

In a word, the submarine boat can do no harm to the air-ship; while the latter can discover the submarine's presence, indicate its position to warships, and hurl down on it long arrows filled with explosives, and capable of penetrating the waves to depths impossible to gunnery from the decks of men of war or cruisers.

In that day the nation that has submarine boats and no air-ships will find itself in a ludicrous position. Instead of being able to protect its fleet of warships with its submarine boats, it will be obliged to protect its submarine boats with its fleet!

Can you not see small air-ships used as scouts over both land and sea? You reply that they will be shot at by the enemy. Certainly

they will be shot at—and now and then be brought down to earth : such is the fortune and the cost of war, which sees costly artillery abandoned, stores deliberately destroyed—and war-ships sunk ! But other air-ship scouts will obtain information that may decide a campaign.

There will be air-ships and air-ships, small and large, for different uses. In my imagination I see one of the great aerial cruisers of the future ; and lucky will be the army or navy that is first privileged to use it as an auxiliary !

Being constructed with the resources of a nation, and designed for momentous uses, it will be enormously stronger and more powerful than my “ No. 7,” whose sharp elongated form it will nevertheless adopt for the sake of speed. I will suppose it to have a gas capacity of 77,000 cubic metres, to give it a lifting power of ninety-three tons. This is no fanciful picture. I have long and carefully calculated these specifications, and they are in due proportion to each other.

For example, there must be an intimate connection between the capacity, shape, and strength of its balloon, the speed at which it is to be driven by its motor, and the weight of the crew, fuel, munitions, and permanent furniture it is to carry.

The balloon ought to be two hundred metres long and twenty-eight metres in its greatest diameter. It would be propelled through the air by thirty propellers, each worked by a separate petroleum motor of one hundred horse power. This would give a total of three thousand horse power, sufficient to impart to the air-ship a steady high speed of as much as one hundred kilometres per hour. To withstand the exterior and interior pressure corresponding to such speed, the balloon envelope ought to be composed of twenty-six thicknesses of Lyons silk properly superposed and varnished.

With a balloon of such lifting power, enough fuel could be carried to make one thousand kilometres at full speed, or from three to four thousand kilometres at reduced speed, and there would remain enough lifting power to carry a crew of twenty men and a supply of explosives to be hurled at the enemy by means of one or two cannons *genre lance-torpille à l'air comprimée*.

Such an aerial cruiser would have nothing to fear from the wind. With its high speed of one hundred kilometres per hour it could make its way tranquilly in the stiffest breeze ; and when not in use it could be held close to the ground, practically out of the wind's reach, by a hundred cables.

Doubtless in future wars on land and sea the great aerial cruisers, with their crews, will be brought down like simple little air-ship scouts. It will happen less frequently because of their

speed, the vigilance of their numerous crew, and their terrible offensive power. But are not whole sea fleets destroyed in war? Did the Russians give up the sea because of the destruction of their warships in the harbour of Port Arthur?

I concede that air-ships may be shot at and hit; yet it will not follow because they are hit that they must fall like a stone; "full speed ahead" commanded after the fatal puncture will take the wounded aerial craft far from the scene of its wounding. I concede that they may be shot at, hit, and even be brought down; yet the French and English officers who watched the Boers shoot day after day at the captive balloon that rose above Ladysmith have ideas of their own about the practical difficulties of thus bringing down a bag of silk filled with gas.

I concede that air-ships may be destroyed in war; but, at the worst, remember that the crew of a great aerial cruiser will not contain a tenth of the crew of a war-ship; that its construction will cost far less than a tenth in both money and time. Yes, air-ships will be destroyed in war; but reflect also how quickly a 20,000,000 francs war-ship may be sent to the bottom of the sea by dropping a moderate quantity of dynamite on the middle of its deck!

VI.

How soon are we to enter on the Air-ship Age? Probably the great change will come rapidly: once let an air-ship reach the Pole, once let an aerial cruiser make some action *d'éclat* in war—and within an astonishingly short time you will see hundreds of air-ships gliding overhead. The great change will have begun!

Hundreds of engineers and mechanics will begin competing with each other in the improvement of aerial craft, copying from each other, improving on each other, racing with each other, exhibiting side by side in Air-Ship Salons. Factories will be devoted to air-ship construction, and the models of each succeeding year will be more practical—by reason of the experience gained by a thousand experts in every-day competitive experiment.

At the beginning it will be as it was with automobiles when they bore no numbers, when no *chauffeurs'* certificates were issued, and when the amateur going out for a spin was tolerated as an exception in one sense, and as a pioneer of French industry in another.

Month after month more air-ships will be seen manœuvring over Paris; but as they will not frighten horses, will not run over pedestrians, will not congest traffic, will not pollute the air of Paris with their odours, there will be less crying against them than you might imagine.

Oh, yes, there will be certain complaints against them. Now and again an air-ship, either by design or accident, will come down in the street—by preference in a wide avenue. Crowds will collect around it. Now and again—not often—one of them will fall with painful, but not necessarily fatal, results.

There will be discussions. A portion of the population and Press will take sides against the aerial movement. Others will defend it, if only in the interest of French industry and of Paris as the world's centre of novelties : for Parisians will be once again ready—as they have always been ready—to make greater concessions than other cities to maintain the reputation of their brilliant capital as the “ Ville Lumière,” the enlightened pleasure-city of the world, the capital of new sights and sensations !

Little by little these very accidents and interruptions of street traffic will force certain topographical changes on Paris.

The air-ship people will demand landing spaces.

They will say : We ask nothing of the street. We do not benefit by your expensively maintained avenues. If you will accord us landing spaces, we will keep to them ; and you will have no further trouble from us.

Thus the first landing spaces will be conceded—wide open spaces like parade grounds, free from trees, buildings, poles or fences, to which the air-ship captain may steer his craft in case of accident or desire to alight.

At the beginning they will probably be parts of already existing public squares ; but the topographical change will have begun. Little by little the landing spaces will have to be made in every part of Paris ; and when they begin to be constructed on the tops of houses, the second part of the topographical change will have begun.

Whether or not we who read these lines will ever mount in lifts to spacious platforms in the air to wait for the aerial craft to come and take us, will depend, I fancy, on how much the aeroplane principle will be found able to serve us. Dirigible elongated balloons, even when neither heavier nor lighter than the air, are accommodating craft, perfectly capable of mounting from landing spaces on the ground. Aeroplane air-ships, on the other hand, may find vital advantage in coming to, and especially in starting from, heights.

I have no objection to aeroplanes furnished with motors ; and there are even certain forms *plus lourds que l'air*, which I regard as eventually possible, if not probable. Indeed, were I, Santos-Dumont, to find myself at the head of a great experimental air-ship station with unlimited material and workmen at command, I would be immediately found constructing, side by side,

a dozen different types of aerial craft, being convinced—as I have ever been convinced—that practical experiment must be our only true guide in the air. If, in my own modest experiments, I have thus far held to the elongated balloon, it has been uniquely from my desire to navigate the air at once, without delay, for my own pleasure!

There may be aeroplane air-ships with great fixed wings, which will permit powerful motors to propel them, skimming through the atmosphere. The proportion between motive force and surface may be satisfactorily arrived at; the natural laws of the sizes of such aeroplanes, either simple or combined with balloons, may be discovered. And so quickly do we become habituated to new things, the day when aerial omnibuses begin carrying tourists and business men from Paris to St. Petersburg, you and I will take our places in them as naturally as our grandfathers took the first railway trains.

Then, in addition to the surface landing spaces and the elevated landing stages of the smaller aerial craft, new and highly-organised aerial line stations will complete the topographical change.

They will resemble the termini of railways only in so far as they must have waiting-rooms, restaurants, bars and cab-ranks on one side, and traffic halls, machine shops, gas plants, and a lot of parallel railway tracks on the other. The railway tracks will be for the accommodation of small trucks and locomotives used in the manœuvring of waiting air-ships—for an air-ship on the ground is as clumsy as an eagle!

As clumsy as an eagle! The other day I stood looking at an eagle flopping on his branch in his cage at the Jardin des Plantes. And as his clumsiness grew more and more apparent, I congratulated his Designer and Constructor that He had no mathematicians in frock coats and high hats at His elbow when He began His first experiments with the flying lizards. Their clumsiness and weight would have condemned them in advance as their clumsiness and lightness has condemned the first dirigible balloons!

SANTOS-DUMONT.

THE RUSSIAN NAVY FROM WITHIN.

If the value of a navy were calculated by the number and quality of its ships, the physique of its bluejackets, the smart appearance of its officers on shore, or, indeed, by the deeds of bravery of its members in past times, that of Russia would take a high place amongst the navies of the world. But all these things, though doubtless excellent, are not enough to win the way to victory. There must be in a navy, as well as in an army, what the Germans call *der Geist*, the spirit that gives life. I first had the honour of seeing the ships of the Russian Navy at the time of the death of the Grand Duke Cesarewitch, brother to the Emperor Alexander III. Two splendid frigates, perfect in symmetrical appearance, cleanliness, and apparently in the discipline of their crews, were anchored in the bay of Villa-Franca. It was their melancholy duty to convey back to Russia the remains of the heir to the Throne. Since then I have had frequent opportunities of observing the Russian ships and their crews. I have seen them at St. Petersburg, Kronstadt, Sevastopol, Kertch, Batum, Constantinople, Port Arthur, Nagasaki, and in the West Indies. The conditions governing their existence, whether under the sky of the tropics, or in the gloom of the North, were always the same.

Some nations obtain their sailors by an *inscription maritime*, which draws to a large extent on the fishing population. Others place boys for instruction upon training ships. The object of these methods is to profit by certain knowledge, either naturally or artificially, of ships and boats, of the sea, its tides, its aspects under various meteorological conditions : which comes only to those accustomed to the sight of the waves. In Russia no such system exists. A certain proportion of the recruits annually selected for service on attaining the age of twenty-one years, is told off to the sea service. The number taken for the navy in Russia has been some 7,000, out of a total which has varied from 240,000 to 310,000 in the last few years. It may have been thought that Russia would have drawn largely upon the Finns, who are sailors of no mean order, to man her fleets. But Finland, by a charter granted to her by Alexander I., and renewed, indeed, by each of his successors, had until quite lately an autonomous army recruited entirely for home service. Circumstances, that cannot be said to have increased the striking power of Russia, have arisen to modify this autonomy. But the Finns will no more now than in the past

be available to strengthen the navy. Many of the Russian naval officers are of this nationality. Amongst them may be numbered Admirals Kræmer, Avellan, Folkersaam, and others. Whether the Finnish upper classes will continue to furnish this useful *quota* to the State, remains to be proved. The treatment meted out to their nation has not been exactly such as is likely to encourage loyalty and devotion to what is at best but an alien Throne.

As soon, then, as Osip, or Alexei is drawn from the cart-tail in the Black Earth region, or the marshes of Poland, for the service of the Tsar, he may be designated for service afloat. That he has never seen a ship, or, in many cases, either a mast or a sail, does not matter. It may happen on the contrary that he has wielded an oar on the Volga or Dnieper for some years. In any case he is at once told off to one of the twenty or thirty equipages of which the Russian Fleet is composed. There is the equipage of the Imperial Guard at St. Petersburg, composed of good-natured giants with the right to wear the orange and black ribbon of the coveted Order of St. George. In the Baltic are ten others; the Black Sea numbers as many; Vladivostock and Port Arthur each possess one equipage. An "equipage" lives in barracks on shore. Its members march in rhythmical tread to the dockyard, or to divine service, on various occasions. In barracks their interior economy is conducted on the same lines as that of an infantry regiment, and they are similarly instructed in musketry and bayonet exercises. During their visits to the dockyards they are familiarised with the sight of ships in construction, and large accumulations of naval stores. Officers attend in very small numbers only at these performances. When a ship is commissioned in Russia she generally lies a long time alongside the dockyard before proceeding to sea. During that time the sailor no doubt becomes acquainted with her guns, ammunition-hoists, learns boat sailing, &c., &c. The place of his mess, how to stow his kit, and the way from one place to another on his new home, are matters with which he also becomes familiar.

Generally speaking a Russian hates the sea as the devil does Holy Water. A steamboat service between St. Petersburg and Peterhof, excellent in every detail, had to be discontinued for want of support. A well-known Minister, who was desired to accompany the Emperor to Copenhagen on board his magnificent yacht, begged his Imperial Master to allow him to make the journey overland. If you embark at Sevastopol for Yalta, thirty miles off, half the passengers bombard you with fearful anticipations as to the possibility of shipwreck on the journey! Nevertheless a certain number of gentlemen yearly elect to serve in the navy. As far as physique and education go they seem quite

satisfactory. They are first sent to the Imperial Naval School, in the Vassili Island, on the quay opposite the statue of Kruzenstern. There they receive an excellent theoretical education. But there are no boats for them to row or sail in, nor do they ever see a man-of-war, except those on the slips of the *Galernaya*, on the other side of the river Neva. Later on they pass to the full-rigged cruisers and sloops that form the naval cadets' training squadron. Nothing in these ships in any way resembles the surroundings that the young officer will find on his transfer to a battleship. There is a training school for gunners, and a torpedo school at Kronstadt, where is also the divers' school-hulk. Here the instruction afforded is of a practical nature.

It is usual in Russia to launch a ship in a less forward condition than that of those that take the water with us, and a crew is instantly told off to her. But it does not follow that the crew goes on board. In fact, it would be very much in the way of the carpenters, platelayers, riveters, and various other workmen. No, the crew, with *Diana* or *Pallada* inscribed in gold letters on its cap ribbons, and impeccable as to great coats, brass buttons, boots, &c., &c., continues to tramp about the streets of St. Petersburg, Kronstadt, or Sevastopol, living and learning with the other "equipages" in barracks. Then come the ships' trials. It is absolutely necessary that these should give the most favourable results. Consequently the trial is put off day after day, until the sea's surface is without a ripple, and not a breath of wind blows. The coal is all hand-picked, and special crews of stokers are told off who are intimately acquainted with the engines and boilers in all their bearings. And off starts the *Tri Svitlelia* or the *Drenadsat Apostolov*, to witch the world with the account of her noble seaworthiness. The minds of Russian naval officers must be cast in a truly Panglossian mould! Once the ship is in commission she must, if she remains at home, lie idle for six months. It is not the fault of Russian sailors if their seas are closed by ice for a considerable portion of the year. But in the south the record is no better. Ville Franche, Toulon, Algiers, are seldom without a Russian guest. I myself remember the old *Minin* for six weeks in the harbour of Port Royal. And after a three weeks' cruise, in which, of course, several other harbours were visited, back she came again for another month's stay. It may be that coal is too costly, or orders from home imperative, but still it strikes the stranger that the Russian sailor is inordinately fond of life in port. When there the amusements offered for his distraction are not always of a nature to promote his efficiency. In Sevastopol there is a splendid Naval Club, with an excellent library, and every comfort. But only old retired admirals are ever

seen there. At Kronstadt half a man's time is spent in the dreary old *Kotline*, struggling up and down to St. Petersburg at six knots an hour. At Sevastopol there is, or was until lately, a lawn tennis club, with several good courts, on the hill above the Nakhimovsky Prospect, where air and exercise could be enjoyed. But, generally speaking, it is in less agreeable or healthful resorts that the time of the naval officer on shore is passed. At Port Arthur were one or two places only too much frequented, a description of which might astonish, but certainly would not edify, your readers.

The whole conception of his profession by a Russian naval officer is intrinsically false. His idea is to preserve, not to risk, his ships. With this object in view he piles stone on stone, and ranges gun over gun in land fortresses surrounding his naval ports or dockyards. Under these his ships ride silently at anchor. I remember showing a series of articles of great value, that appeared in the *Times*, to a Russian officer of distinction some years ago. My remark to him after their perusal was: "Well, after all, the soundest strategy in naval warfare is to bring your ships alongside those of the enemy." The admiral, who had occupied the post of Minister of Marine for a time, made a truly characteristically Russian reply: "Yes; that is, if you have enough of them." If we consider the history of the Russian Navy we shall see that these vicious opinions have always prevailed. There have been victories at sea it is true. Hango, or Gangut, Hochland, Tchesme. Sinope. Sometimes the admiral in charge was a Scotsman. But this is a detail. Russia has had Nakhimoffs, Istomines. Kornilovs, Lazarevs. But their records have been, as a rule, on land. They were heroes of shore combats, not sea-dogs like Suffren, or Collingwood. The sailor should look on the sea as the mistress he loves, not as a fury to be feared. Success will never follow if we shut up ships in port in war, or teach sailors a soldier's trade in peace. Bravery no one will deny to the Russian officer or sailor. But he must alter his mode of living, his whole training in fact, if he wants to compete with the navies of to-day. He could not do better in this respect than take a leaf out of the book of his neighbour at Kiel. There the science of naval art is understood, both in theory and in practice. Constant use keeps a weapon in good order. But no matter how fine the temper of the blade it will rust if left too long undrawn. Indeed, when the time comes to use it, it will be found impossible to detach it from the scabbard.

CHERSONESE.

HOW PORT ARTHUR FELL.¹

PORT ARTHUR'S defences were laid out on the most approved theories. Nature cast the topographical features of the place on lines admirably suited to defence. The harbour is surrounded by two approximately concentric ranges of hills, the crests of which are broken by a series of successive conical elevations. The engineers took the suggestion thus offered, and ran two concentric lines of fortifications around the city, building massive masonry forts on the highest summits, and connecting them by continuous defensive works. The inner line of the forts lay at an average distance of one mile from the city, and constituted the main line of permanent defence; the outer line, at an average distance of a mile and a half from Port Arthur. Beyond these again were the semi-permanent defences. The positions of the various forts were chosen in such relation to each other that they were mutually supporting—that is to say, if any one were captured by the enemy it could not be held because it was dominated by the fire from the neighbouring forts; and, indeed, it often happened that the Japanese seized positions from which they were driven in this way.

In the majority of cases the slope of the hills was very steep, and, what was even worse for the Japanese, smooth and free from cover, so that if an attempt were made to rush the works, a charge would have to be made over a broad, steep glacis, swept by the shrapnel, machine-gun, and rifle fire of the defenders. Once across the danger zone, the attack was confronted by the massive masonry parapets of the fort, over which the survivors, cut down to a mere handful, would be powerless to force an entrance.

The defence of Port Arthur, however, did not stop at the outer line of fortifications, but extended no less than eighteen miles to the northward, to a point where the peninsula on which Port Arthur is situated narrows to a width of three miles. Here a range of conical hills, not unlike some of those at Port Arthur, reaches from sea to sea; and these had been ringed with intrenchments for troops and masked (or hidden) emplacements for artillery. Between Nanshan and Port Arthur the Russians had

(1) In one respect Port Arthur was peculiar—in modern times at least. It had few historians. For months the only news which filtered out from the peninsula came from Chinese refugees. A few correspondents were there, but held tight in the censor's grip. One of these—the only American there—tells above a part of what he saw.—[Ed. F.R.]

built four more lines of intrenchments reaching from sea to sea, all very strong and admirably suited for defence. Now it must be borne in mind that all this wonderful network of fortifications, strong by nature of the ground, strong by virtue of the great skill and care with which it had been built, was distinguished from all other previous defensive works by the fact that in this fortress, for the first time, were utilised all those terrible agencies of war which the rapid advance of science in the past quarter of a century has rendered available. Among these we may mention rapid-fire guns, machine-guns, smokeless powder, artillery of high velocity and great range, high explosive shells, the magazine rifle, the telescopic sight, giving marvellous accuracy of fire, the range-finder, giving instantaneously the exact distance of the enemy, the search-light, the telegraph and the telephone, starlight bombs, barbed-wire entanglements, and a dozen other inventions, all of which were deemed sufficient, when applied to such stupendous fortifications as those of Port Arthur, to render them absolutely impregnable.

The Russians believed them to be so—certainly the indomitable Stoessel did. And well he might, for there was no record in history of any race of fighters, at least in modern times, that could face such death-dealing weapons and not melt away so swiftly before their fury as to be swept away in defeat.

But a new type of fighter has arisen, as the sequel was to tell.

On February 8th the first blow fell upon Port Arthur in that famous night attack by the torpedo-boats. On February 9th occurred the engagement between the remnant of the Russian fleet and the Japanese fleet under Admiral Togo, which ended in the Russian retreat into the harbour and the closing of Port Arthur by sea.

On May 26th the Japanese Second Army, which had been landed at Petsewa Bay, attacked the first line of defence at Nanshan, eighteen miles north of Port Arthur, and gave an inkling of the mettle of the Japanese troops by capturing the position in a frontal attack. The Japanese pushed on to Port Arthur, and there followed, in quick succession, a series of bloody struggles at the successive lines of defence, in which the Japanese would not be denied. The fiercest fight took place at the capture of a double height, Kenshan and Weuteughshan, which Stoessel re-attacked vainly for three days, losing three times as many men as were lost originally in the attempt to hold the position.

On May 29th Dalny was occupied, and became the base of the besieging army. A railway runs from Dalny for three miles to a junction with the main line from the north to Port Arthur.

On August 9th to 11th the outlying semi-permanent works,

Taikushan and Shokushan, lying about three and a half miles from Port Arthur, were taken, and the Russians driven into their permanent positions.

The army detailed for the capture of Port Arthur was 60,000 strong. Stoessel, at the date of the battle of Nanshan, probably had 35,000 men.

Encouraged by their uninterrupted success in capturing Russian intrenchments by dashing frontal attack, the Japanese, particularly after their brilliant success of August 9th to 11th, believed that they could storm the main defences in like manner. They hurled themselves against the Russian right centre in a furious attack upon the line of forts stretching from the railway around the easterly side of the town to the sea. For seven days they battled furiously. But the wave of conquest, that had flowed over four lines of defence, broke utterly against the fifth, and after a continuous struggle, carried on day and night, beneath sunlight, moon, and searchlight, they retired completely baffled, with an awful casualty list of 25,000 men.

On September 1st the Japanese, finding that they could not take Port Arthur by assault, settled down to reduce it by an engineering siege. This latter was carried on by means of "sapping" and "mining," supported by heavy bombardment, its object being to shake the defence by terrific artillery fire, blow up the parapets and other defences by subterranean mines, and capture the fortress by fierce assaults delivered from concealed trenches close to the fortifications. Sapping and mining may be described as a method of attack by tunnelling. The Japanese found that they could not get into the forts by a rush above ground, so they determined to burrow in below ground. The main attack was directed against the line of forts to the east of the city, or the Russian right centre. The first operation was to cut a deep trench, not less than six feet in depth and a dozen or more feet in width, roughly parallel with the line of forts, and at a distance of about 1,000 yards therefrom. From this trench three lines of zig-zag trenches were dug in the direction of the principal forts of Ehrlung, Keekwan, and Panlung. These trenches were about six feet deep (deep enough to hide the sappers from view) and eight feet wide (wide enough to allow the troops to march to the assault four abreast). The zig-zag consisted of an alternate approach and parallel, the former extending diagonally toward the fortification, the latter parallel with it. The angle of the diagonal approaches was always carefully mapped out by the engineers, and was so laid with reference to the enemy's forts that it could neither be seen nor reached by shell fire. The digging was done chiefly at night, and the soil was carried back through the excavated trenches in gabions and on stretchers, and

dumped out of sight of the enemy. As the parallels were advanced across the valley or level spaces they were roofed at intervals with planks covered with soil and grass, so that as the Russians looked out toward the ravine in which the army was supposed to be encamped, there was nothing to indicate that the enemy was cutting a series of covered roadways right up to the base of the forts themselves. Of course in many cases the trenches were located, and desperate night sorties were made in the endeavour to break up the work. But it went remorselessly forward. When the foot of the fortified slopes was reached, a second great parallel, extending around the whole face of the fortified eastern front, was cut—this latter for the purpose of assembling the troops for the final dash upon the forts. From this parallel the Japanese cut tunnels straight through the hills until they found themselves immediately below the massive parapets of such forts as they wished to reach. Here cross-tunnels were cut, parallel with the walls and immediately below them, in which tons of dynamite were placed and the wires laid ready for the great explosion—much of this being done, it must be remembered, entirely unknown to the Russians, secure in their great fortifications overhead. The work of the sappers and miners was now complete.

It must not be supposed that while this slow work was being carried on the garrison at Port Arthur, or the city itself, or even the fleet in the harbour, was being left in peace, or had any respite from the harassments of the siege. For as soon as the investment was complete the Japanese erected hidden batteries in various carefully selected positions, until they had no less than 300 guns trained against the city. All the furious assaults that failed so disastrously were preceded by bombardments, the like of which had never been witnessed in the history of the world. These batteries consisted of regular siege guns of from 5 to 6-inch calibre, a large number of naval guns of 4.7-inch and 6-inch calibre, and the regular field ordnance of the three divisions and two independent brigades composing the Third Imperial Army.

By far the most formidable pieces used in the bombardment, however, were the powerful 11-inch mortars, which were mounted in batteries of from two to four in various positions behind the ranges of hills which effectually screened the Japanese from Russian observation. The pieces are the Japanese latest type of coast-defence mortars, such as are used along the Straits of Shimonoseki and about the Bay of Yezo. They were brought by sea to Dalny, carried by railroad for a distance of fifteen miles to the end of the track, and from thence were hauled by hand over special tracks laid direct to the emplacements. In some cases, indeed, the guns were dragged on rollers through the sand, as many as 800 men

being required to haul a single mortar, for the mortar barrels, without the carriage, weigh eight tons apiece. This task was accomplished under fire, in rainy weather, and in the night, to the accompaniment of bursting shrapnel and other discouragements which would have daunted a less dauntless race. Even when the selected site of the batteries was reached, every one of the eighteen mortars had to be placed upon a concrete foundation eight feet in depth and eighteen feet in diameter. In each case an excavation had to be dug, the concrete prepared and rammed into place, the heavy foundation-plates, traversing-racks, and the massive gun-carriage, weighing much more than the gun itself, erected and adjusted, and the whole of the heavy and costly piece put together with the greatest nicety. All through the long months in which the sappers and miners were cutting their trenches, the engineers were putting in place these huge mortars, which were not originally intended, be it remembered, for such field operations as these, but were designed for permanent sea-coast fortifications around the harbours of Japan.

The mortar itself has a bore of 28 centimetres, or eleven inches. The shells are designed to burst on contact. They are loaded with high explosive designed by the Japanese Dr. Shimose, and corresponding in its terrific bursting effects to the English lyddite, the French melinite, and the American maxinite. Each shell weighs 500 pounds. Its cost is about £40, and the cost of each discharge, including that of the impelling powder, is about £100. During the heavy bombardments each gun was fired once every eight minutes, and as the grand bombardments lasted in every case about four hours, the cost for these mortar batteries alone must have been over £50,000, and for the whole of the batteries, including naval guns, machine-guns, &c., the cost of each bombardment was approximately £125,000. The 11-inch mortar has a maximum range, with a moderate degree of elevation, of seven or eight miles, but as none of these batteries were more than three miles distant from the point of attack, they were fired at angles as great as sixty degrees, the huge shells hurtling high into the heavens, passing over two ranges of hills, and falling like thunderbolts out of the blue sky vertically upon the devoted city.

But if the batteries were located behind hills that entirely shut out the object of attack from view, how, it will be asked, could the guns be aimed with such accuracy as to sink, as they did, a whole fleet of warships one by one? It was in this way: For the attack of stationary objects, such as forts, docks, buildings, ships at anchor, &c., the artillery officers were provided with a map of the whole area of bombardment, which was laid out in squares, each square having its own number. The Japanese having, at the

close of the Chinese War, been in possession of Port Arthur themselves, and having possessed during the past few years an excellent bureau of intelligence, knew the exact location of every building or object of importance in and around the city. Consequently, when the artillery officers were directed to attack a building in a certain square, or a particular fort, they knew exactly what angle of elevation to give their gun, and how far to traverse it, so as to cause the shell to fall with mathematical accuracy upon the particular object to be hit.

The attack upon the warships, however, was another proposition, for they could be, and were, shifted from time to time. To make sure of hitting them, it was necessary to have some direct line of vision. The Japanese knew that such a line of vision could be obtained from the top of a hill to the west of the city, known as "203" Metre Hill. The Russians knew too. Hence that awful struggle for possession of this hill, which cost so many thousands of lives. The Japanese won the position. When they had taken it, they placed observers provided with the hyposcope—a telescope that enables the observer to observe the surrounding country without exposing himself above the surrounding parapet—upon the summit, in suitable position, and held the hill with sufficient force to prevent its being retaken. The batteries were then trained at the individual warships, and the effect of the shells was telephoned from "203" Metre Hill to the various batteries, and the errors corrected, according as they were long, short, or wide, until the huge shells commenced to drop with unerring accuracy down through the decks and out through the bottom of the doomed warships. The ships tried to escape observation by hiding on the outside of the harbour behind the Tiger's Tail hills, and in a cove behind Golden Hill; but there was no escape, and ultimately every ship of the squadron was sunk.

That was the beginning of the end. The 11-inch batteries, when directed at the forts, tore gaping holes in the parapets, and according to the testimony of General Stoessel they were simply irresistible. One by one, after furious bombardments, the walls of the great forts were blown up by the explosion of the subterranean mines that had been laid by the sappers and miners, and the Japanese, massed in readiness for the attack in the inner parallels, swept in through the wide gaps thus formed, and seized the fortifications, from which, a few months before, they had been swept back in terrible and crushing defeat.

RICHARD BARRY.

THE ROMANCE OF THE CENSUS.

"On the night of Sunday, 31st March, 1901"—to quote the phraseology of an official document that gave many of our fellow-countrymen no little brain-racking some four years ago—the eleventh Census of the population of England and Wales was taken. We have, therefore, elaborate statistics affecting each decennial period for exactly 100 years, the first English Census having been taken in March 1801.

Before examining either the results of the 1901 Census, the full report of which has just been issued as a Local Government Board Blue-book, or the contrasts which the Censuses of a hundred years render possible, it may be of interest to say a word or two about the history of census-taking. It was in 1753 that a proposal to count the people was first made. Mr. Thomas Potter, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Member for St. Germans, introduced in that year a Bill "for taking and registering an annual account of the total number of the people, and of the total number of marriages, births, and deaths, and also of the total number of the poor receiving alms from every parish and extra-parochial place in Great Britain." It was inevitable, of course, that directly this proposal was made, the precedent of King David should be quoted. And many were the jeremiads as to the alternative evils which would befall the country. Those submitted to David were mild in comparison. Mr. Thornton, Member for York City, said :—

I did not believe that there was any set of men, or, indeed, any individual of the human species, so presumptuous and so abandoned as to make the proposal we have just heard. . . . I hold this project to be totally subversive of the last remains of English liberty. . . . The new Bill will direct the imposition of new taxes, and, indeed, the addition of a very few words will make it the most effectual engine of rapacity and oppression that was ever used against an injured people. . . . Moreover, an annual register of our people will acquaint our enemies abroad with our weakness.

Mr. Matthew Ridley, another opposing Member, added that his constituents "looked on the proposal as ominous, and feared lest some public misfortune or an epidemical distemper should follow the numbering." However, the Bill passed the Commons, only to be promptly rejected by the Lords. Not until 1800 was the proposal again made, this time by Mr. Abbot, Member for Helston, and on this occasion it was brought to a successful issue.

The first Census of England and Wales was, therefore, as said, taken in March, 1801. (The Censuses for Scotland and Ireland were the result of later statutes.)

Although the fifty-three "County Parts" of the Census of 1901 have long since been issued, the "General Report" has only just been forthcoming. It is a bulky Blue-book, a discriminating study of which reveals facts of the utmost interest. Here, in the first place, is what I will call—

A BRITISH EMPIRE TABLE.

	Area of Square Miles.	Population 1901.
United Kingdom.....	121,392	41,609,091
Colonies, Dependencies, Protectorates, etc.:-		
In Europe	3,703	472,502
,, Asia.....	1,849,259	300,604,864
,, Africa	2,689,297	45,146,972
,, America	4,036,871	7,525,815
,, Australasia.....	3,176,223	5,184,469
British Empire	11,876,745	400,543,713

To this I may add that of the population, 358,934,622, of the Colonies and Dependencies, 1,652,050 are natives of the United Kingdom.

I turn now to what I will style—

A UNITED KINGDOM TABLE.

	Area in Acres.	Population 1901.		Total.
		Males.	Females.	
England and Wales	37,327,479	15,728,613	16,799,230	32,527,843
Scotland.....	19,459,155	2,173,755	2,298,348	4,472,103
Ireland	20,710,593	2,200,040	2,258,735	4,458,775
Isle of Man	145,325	25,496	29,256	54,752
Channel Islands	48,083	45,080	50,538	95,618
Army, Navy, and Merchant Seamen (natives of U.K.) abroad	—	367,736	—	367,736
United Kingdom	77,690,635	20,540,720	21,436,107	41,976,827

Still dealing with the United Kingdom, we find ourselves in a position to give some contrasts from 1821 onwards :—

Year.	Population.					Army, Navy, and Merchant Seamen abroad, (Natives of U.K.)	United Kingdom.
	England and Wales.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Isle of Man.	Channel Islands.		
1821	12,000,236	2,091,521	6,801,827	40,081	49,427	289,095	21,272,187
1831	13,896,797	2,364,386	7,767,401	41,000	62,710	260,191	24,392,485
1841	15,914,148	2,620,184	8,175,124	47,975	76,065	202,954	27,036,450
1851	17,927,609	2,888,742	6,552,385	52,387	90,739	212,194	27,724,056
1861	20,066,224	3,062,294	5,798,967	52,469	90,978	250,356	29,321,288
1871	22,712,266	3,360,018	5,412,377	54,042	90,596	216,080	31,845,379
1881	25,974,439	3,735,573	5,174,836	53,558	87,702	215,374	35,241,482
1891	29,002,525	4,025,647	4,704,750	55,608	92,234	224,211	38,104,975
1901	32,527,843	4,472,103	4,458,775	54,752	95,618	367,736	41,976,827

The deplorable decline in Irish population has been so often treated that I do not pause now to comment upon it. I come back now to

THE CASE OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

The population at midnight on Sunday, March 31st, 1901, was, as said, 32,527,843 (15,728,613 males, and 16,799,230 females). In the year 1801 the population was 8,892,536. The century, therefore, has seen the population of England and Wales nearly quadrupled. Put another way, for every 100 people in England and Wales in 1801, there were in 1901, 366. The estimate is that by 1911 the population will have reached 36,586,454.

Though the population increased during the last ten years by 12·2 per cent., it varied very greatly in different parts of the country, and in some parts showed an absolute decrease. In ten of the counties (five of them Welsh, by the way).

THE POPULATION ACTUALLY DECREASED.

whilst in a number of others the increase is imperceptible. The actual decreases were in Huntingdon, Rutland, Montgomery, Cardigan, Westmorland, Oxford, Hereford, Flint, Merioneth, and Brecknock. The counties showing the highest rates of increase mainly include those around London, as Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, Kent, and Hertford; counties in which the chief industry is coal-mining, as Glamorgan, Northumberland, Durham, Monmouth and to some extent Stafford and Derby; or counties which

are mainly manufacturing, as Nottingham, Leicester, Northampton, West Riding, and Lancashire.

Concomitant with this rural depopulation is, naturally, the urbanisation of the population. How this proceeds apace may be seen from the following table, *which deals with urban districts only* :—

Populations of Urban Districts.	Number of Districts.	Aggregate Population of areas in 1891.	Aggregate Population 1901.
Over 700,000 [London]	1	4,228,317	4,536,541
250,000 and under 700,000...	8	3,064,688	3,436,865
100,000 " " 250,000...	24	2,987,841	3,516,789
50,000 " " 100,000...	42	2,449,486	3,016,668
20,000 " " 50,000...	141	3,685,844	4,434,917
10,000 " " 20,000...	220	2,548,706	3,018,218
5,000 " " 10,000...	260	1,611,566	1,843,716
3,000 " " 5,000...	211	773,318	839,838
Under 3,000	215	395,520	414,803
Total "urban" area population.....	—	21,745,286	25,058,355

Of the seventy-five largest towns in England and Wales all show increases since 1891 (the aggregate increase in these cases is 14 per cent., as compared with 12·2 per cent., the percentage of increase for the entire population), save Huddersfield (95,420 in 1891, and 95,047 in 1901).

The following century table is of interest :—

Year of Enumeration.	POPULATION.	
	England and Wales.	London.
1801	8,892,536	959,310
1811	10,164,256	1,139,355
1821	12,000,236	1,379,543
1831	13,896,797	1,655,582
1841	15,914,148	1,949,277
1851	17,927,609	2,363,341
1861	20,066,224	2,808,494
1871	22,712,266	3,261,396
1881	25,974,439	3,830,297
1891	29,002,525	4,228,317
1901	32,527,843	4,536,541

To accompany this let me give—

A CENTURY " DENSITY TABLE."

Date of Census.	Persons per Square Mile.	Acres per Person.	Proximity in Yards.
1801	152	4·20	153
1811	174	3·67	143
1821	206	3·11	132
1831	238	2·69	123
1841	273	2·35	114
1851	307	2·08	108
1861	344	1·86	102
1871	389	1·64	96
1881	445	1·44	90
1891	497	1·29	85
1901	558	1·15	80

The degree of density of population differed widely, of course, in various parts of the country. Taking the administrative counties of England together with the associated county boroughs, the most sparsely inhabited counties were Westmorland, in which there were only 82 persons to a square mile, Rutlandshire (130), Herefordshire (136), Lincolnshire, the parts of Kesteven (143) Huntingdonshire (148), Isle of Ely (173), Cumberland (176), the North Riding of Yorkshire (177), and Shropshire (178); while, on the other hand, there were in London 38,795; Middlesex (3,410), Lancashire (2,346), and in Durham (1,171). In Wales there were five counties having fewer than 100 persons to a square mile, viz.. Radnorshire (49), Montgomeryshire (69), Brecknockshire and Merionethshire (74), and Cardiganshire (88).

One of the greatest values of the Census Returns of recent years is the indication it gives us of the extent to which

THE URBAN WORKING CLASS POPULATION IS OVERCROWDED.

The 1901 figures show improvement upon the figures for 1891, though the lack of proper housing accommodation still remains perhaps the most urgent of the many pressing social problems of the day. Space fails me to do more than put in the following table. It represents what may be described as the overcrowded part of the population :—

Rooms in Tenements.	With more than two Occupants per Room.		Total Occupants of such Tenements.		Percentage of Occupants of such Tenements to Total Population.	
	1891.	1901.	1891.	1901.	1891.	1901.
1 Room tenements	92,259	66,669	357,707	245,586	1.23	0.76
2 Rooms	184,231	147,527	1,124,056	884,672	3.88	2.72
3 Rooms	120,031	102,556	951,877	807,596	3.28	2.48
4 Rooms	85,132	75,662	824,404	729,652	2.84	2.24
Total under 5 rooms	481,653	392,414	3,258,044	2,667,506	11.23	8.20

This is a movement in the right direction, but far too slow, having regard to the grave national issues involved. We pass now to an examination of

THE POPULATION BY SEXES.

There were in 1901, as will be seen, 1,070,617 more females than males enumerated. (In England, by the way, the births of males invariably exceed the births of females, and the deaths of males as invariably exceed the deaths of females). In 1901 there were 1,068 females in England and Wales for every 1,000 males. The reasons why there have always been more females than males in the country are familiar. Firstly, the mortality of males is greater than that of females; secondly, there are always considerable numbers of native-born males temporarily absent from the country; and, thirdly, larger numbers of males than of females are lost to the population by emigration. The sex proportion of the population varies widely in different parts of the country, and these local variations are determined, in the main, by social and industrial conditions, independently of local variations in the sex proportions at birth. The following are the ten counties in which the proportions of females to 1,000 males were lowest and the ten in which they were highest in 1901:—

Radnorshire	890	London	1,118
Glamorganshire	937	Devonshire	1,119
Monmouthshire	947	Surrey	1,126
Durham	972	Middlesex	1,130
Northumberland	994	Bedfordshire	1,135
Denbighshire	996	Gloucestershire	1,150
Brecknockshire	1,000	Cornwall	1,151
Flintshire	1,000	Somersetshire	1,159
Staffordshire	1,009	Sussex	1,202
Rutlandshire	1,009	Cardiganshire	1,260

In Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire the males have exceeded the females at every one of seven consecutive Censuses; in Radnorshire, Durham, and Flintshire the males have been in excess at six, and in Staffordshire and Denbighshire at five, out of these seven Censuses.

The counties with the lowest proportions of females are, almost without exception, the seats of mining industries; among those with the highest proportions—London, Devonshire, Surrey, Middlesex, and Sussex—are to a great extent residential counties in which large numbers of domestic servants are employed; in Bedfordshire there are manufacturing industries which employ considerable numbers of women; Gloucestershire and Somersetshire contain large residential towns, and also industries in which females engage; while in the case of Cornwall, the large excess of women is probably due to emigration of men to South Africa and other mining countries.

The proportion of females, I may say, is appreciably

LARGER IN THE URBAN THAN IN THE RURAL AREAS.

(Urban, 1,086 females to 1,000 males; rural, 1,011 females to 1,000 males.)

In a few of the boroughs and other large urban districts, the proportions of females are even lower than in the rural parts of any of the counties; while in others the excess of females over males is very great. Below are lists of the ten boroughs or large urban districts which show the lowest, and of the ten which show the highest, proportions of females to 1,000 males:—

Rhondda	825	Stoke Newington	1,264
Barrow-in-Furness	828	Brighton	1,278
Merthyr Tydfil	869	St. Marylebone	1,303
Devonport	881	Hornsey	1,305
Woolwich	912	Paddington	1,336
St. Helens	935	Hastings	1,432
City of London	947	Bath	1,468
Middlesbrough	947	Kensington	1,557
Rotherham	948	Hampstead	1,586
Barton-upon-Trent	958	Bournemouth	1,709

All the towns quoted as having the highest proportions of females to males are of residential character; in Bournemouth, nearly 46 per cent. of the unmarried females between the ages of 15 and 45 are employed in domestic service either in private houses or in hotels or boarding-houses. I turn to the

GENERAL REPORT ON "AGES,"

and give one table only. It shows the number of our country men

and women who have well passed the Psalmist's three score and ten :—

Census.	Sex.	Number enumerated in 1901 as	
		75 years of age and upwards.	85 years of age and upwards.
1851	M.	109,945	—
	F.	143,198	—
1861	M.	119,040	13,004
	F.	154,850	20,587
1871	M.	135,163	14,499
	F.	174,369	23,208
1881	M.	145,680	14,662
	F.	190,540	23,486
1891	M.	161,692	16,221
	F.	221,048	27,505
1901	M.	—	17,971
	F.	—	30,528

From "Ages" I pass to

"CONDITIONS AS TO MARRIAGE."

Here I extract the following interesting table for 1901 :—

	Males.	Females.
Unmarried	9,566,902	9,835,286
Married	5,611,381	5,717,537
Widowed	550,330	1,246,407

From this I deduce that to every 1,000 unmarried males there were 1,028 unmarried females ; to every 1,000 married men, there were 1,019 married women ; and to every 1,000 widowers there were 2,265 widows. Further, the following general deductions are possible :—

(1) *Bachelor-Spinster Marriages.*—In more than half of these the ages of both parties are in the same five-year group ; in most other cases the bride is the younger. The proportion in which both ages are in the same group has shown a slight but not very definite tendency to increase during recent years.

(2) *Bachelor-Widow Marriages.*—In rather more than one-third of these the ages of both parties are in the same five-year group ; in most other cases the bride is the older. The changes in age-grouping have been irregular and indefinite.

(3) *Widower-Spinster Marriages*.—In the large majority of these the bride is much younger than the bridegroom. If the returns of ages in earlier years are correct samples, the disparity of age has increased steadily during the last half-century.

(4) *Widower-Widow Marriages*.—In about one-fourth of these the ages of both parties are in the same five-year group; in most other cases the bride is the younger. As in the preceding case, the disparity of age appears to be increasing.

THE "OCCUPATIONS" OF THE PEOPLE

present an enormous task to tackle, and I can only glance at it. In the first place, 83·7 per cent. of the male population and 31·6 per cent. of the female are given as "occupied," the remainder being without specified occupations, or, at the moment of the Census, unoccupied. Of the 31·6 of occupied females, 10·1 per cent. are engaged in domestic indoor service.

It is among those county boroughs in which textile manufactures are largely carried on that

THE HIGHEST PROPORTIONS OF OCCUPIED FEMALES

are generally found. Of fifteen county boroughs in which the proportions occupied over ten years of age were 40 per cent. or more, no fewer than thirteen are important textile centres, the two exceptions being Bournemouth and Bath, and in these the majority of the occupied females were engaged in domestic offices or services. In the thirteen textile towns the percentage of unmarried females engaged in occupations ranged from 76·5 in Blackburn to 67·7 in Nottingham. Blackburn, with the highest proportions of occupied unmarried females over ten years of age, also had the highest proportion (37·9 per cent.) of occupied married or widowed women. In Burnley, Preston, Bury, and Rochdale, the proportions of the unmarried employed ranged from 75·4 to 73·7, the proportions of the married or widowed being 33·8, 30·5, 25·6, and 23·0 respectively. In Bolton and Oldham more than 70 per cent. of the unmarried were occupied. In the Yorkshire towns of Halifax, Bradford, and Huddersfield the proportions of the unmarried who were engaged in occupations were 72·3, 71·5, and 69·4 respectively; but Bradford was the only one of these towns in which the proportion of the married or widowed who were occupied (18·1 per cent.) exceeded the average for England and Wales. The two remaining boroughs of the thirteen are Leicester and Stockport; in the former 69·8 per cent. of the unmarried and 25·2 per cent. of the married or widowed were occupied, and in the latter the proportions were 68·1 and 23·7 per cent. respectively. These

thirteen textile towns which had the largest proportions of occupied women also stand at the head of the list in regard to the proportion of occupied girls under fifteen years, and at the individual years of fourteen and thirteen. In England and Wales the average proportion of girls of from ten to fifteen years of age who were engaged in occupations was 12·0 per cent. Among the thirteen textile county boroughs under reference it ranged from 24·4 per cent. in Nottingham up to 39·5 per cent. in Halifax, 39·9 per cent. in Burnley, and 40·3 per cent. in Blackburn.

The highest proportions of occupied married or widowed women in the county boroughs are, however, exceeded by those in some of the smaller towns:—

Towns.	Proportion per cent. of Married or Widowed Women Occupied.	Principal Occupations.
Redditch	43·3	Needle, Pin ; Fishing Tackle, &c.—Manufactures.
Great Harwood	41·7	Cotton Manufacture.
Nantwich	40·1	Tailoring.
Luton	40·0	Straw Hat Manufacture (chiefly "working at home").
Darwen.....	39·1	Cotton Manufacture.
Barnoldswick	38·6	Cotton Manufacture.

AS TO "CLASSES OF OCCUPATION,"

let me take a typical 10,000 males of ten years of age and upwards. 8,370 would be occupied, 1,630 unoccupied. The 8,370 would be found to be thus engaged:—General or local government, 141; defence of the country, 139; professional occupations and their subordinate services, 257; domestic outdoor service, 148; domestic indoor and other services, 102; commercial occupations, 437; conveyance of men, goods, and messages, 1,029; agriculture—on farms, woods, and gardens, 883; workers in and about mines and quarries, 638; workers in metals, machines, implements, and conveyances, 942; building and works of construction, 859; workers in wood, furniture, fittings, and decorations, 169; workers in paper, prints, books, and stationery, 123; workers in textile fabrics, 330; workers and dealers in dress (including drapers, linen drapers, mercers), 397; food, tobacco, drink, and lodging, 638; general labourers; factory labourers (undefined), 357; engine-drivers, stokers, firemen (not railway, marine, or agricultural), 88; other workers, 455; other dealers, 238.

Now take a typical 10,000 females over ten years of age. 3.163

are occupied, 6,837 unoccupied. The 3,163 are thus engaged :—Sick nurses, midwives, and invalid attendants, 51; teaching, 131; other professional occupations, including general and local government, 61; domestic indoor service, 1,009; charwomen, 85; laundry and washing service, 149; others engaged in service, 39; commercial, bank, insurance, and law clerks, 43; shopkeepers, dealers, and others engaged in commercial pursuits (including assistants):—Dealers in dress (including drapers, linen drapers, mercers), 66; dealers in food, 87; others, 68; agriculture—on farms, woods, and gardens :—Farmers, graziers, 16, others 28; workers in metals, machines, implements, and conveyances, 45; workers in paper, prints, books, and stationery, 57; workers in textile fabrics, 450; workers in dress, 524; workers in food, 25; board, lodging, and dealing in spirituous drinks, 94; other workers, 135.

One of the most striking features of the "Occupations" tables is

THE DECLINE IN THE NUMBER OF AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS,

male and female. The following table will illustrate the point :—

Census Year.	Males.	Females.
1851	1,232,576	143,475
1861	1,206,280	90,525
1871	1,014,428	58,656
1881	924,871	40,346
1891	841,884	24,150
1901	715,138	12,002

At the same time it is a fact that the number of *holders of farms* has not appreciably declined in the half-century. (Of course, the decline in the number of labourers is partially compensated by the more general adoption of machinery.)

SOME MISCELLANEOUS POINTS.

Parliamentary Representation.

In view of a possible Redistribution Bill, the following facts respecting Parliamentary areas are interesting. Of the male population—age twenty-one and upwards—of England and Wales, 63 per cent. were registered voters. The number of members for the 468 constituencies in England and Wales (exclusive of the Universities) is 490. An equal numerical distribution of the popu-

lation would therefore give one member to 66,383 persons. How far the actual representation departs in either direction from this average will be seen from the following table :—

Constituencies having the following Population per Representative.	Total Population.	Number of Electors.	Number of Constituencies.	Number of Representatives.
100,000 and upwards	5,098,219	758,983	41	42 ¹
90,000 and under 100,000	3,310,690	515,057	33	35
80,000 " 90,000	3,770,451	584,260	45	45
70,000 " 80,000	5,193,455	839,440	66	69
60,000 " 70,000	5,204,854	852,466	77	81
50,000 " 60,000	5,760,025	1,028,434	102	106
40,000 " 50,000	2,614,826	505,037	56	57
30,000 " 40,000	1,016,171	166,115	23	23
20,000 " 30,000	351,727	58,899	14	15
10,000 " 20,000	207,423	63,472	11	12
	32,527,843	5,372,163	468	490

It will be observed that, while there are 77 constituencies in which the representation is approximately in conformity with the average, there are 206 in which the proportion of the population per member is more or less below the average and 185 in which it is more or less above the average. Of those constituencies which, from this point of view, may be said to be over-represented, there are eleven in which the population per member is under 20,000, viz., the County of Rutland (19,709), and the boroughs of Taunton (19,723), Salisbury (19,421), Whitehaven (19,167), Winchester (19,001), Grantham (18,001), Montgomery District of Boroughs (17,791), Penryn and Falmouth (16,312), Bury St. Edmunds (16,255), Durham (15,122), and the City of London (26,923 for two members). On the other hand, there are no fewer than 41 constituencies in which the number of inhabitants per member is 100,000 or more, extreme examples of such amongst boroughs being Wandsworth (179,877), Cardiff District of Boroughs (167,592), and the South Division of West Ham (161,639); and amongst counties, the Romford and Walthamstow Divisions of Essex (217,085 and 185,549 respectively), and the Harrow Division of Middlesex (167,392).

It may be further remarked that, taking 70,000 population as a dividing line, there were 112 constituencies in 1891 with populations above this limit, and 356 below it, the numbers in 1901 being 185 and 283 respectively. Seventy-five constituencies, by increase

(1) Where a constituency is represented by two members, each is reckoned as representing half the population.

of population in the decennium, have passed out of the category of the less populous into that of the more populous, while two, through decrease of population, viz., the Holborn Division of Finsbury and the South-West Division of Manchester, are now included in the less populous category. It is noteworthy that in 1901 there were 41 constituencies with populations exceeding 100,000, while in 1891 there had been only seven.

The Area—How Utilised.

The area of England and Wales is 37,327,479 acres—exclusive of 826,709 acres of tidal water or foreshore, but inclusive of 198,317 acres of inland water. The area of land alone, 37,129,162 acres, or 58,014 square miles, was thus apportioned to various uses in 1901 :—

	ACRES.
Corn Crops	5,886,052
Green Crops	2,511,744
Clover and Grasses under Rotation	3,262,926
Flax, Hops, and Small Fruit	120,683
Bare Fallow	336,884
Permanent Pasture or Grass	15,399,025
Mountain and Heath Land used for Grazing	3,556,636
Woods, Plantations, Nursery Grounds, Houses, Streets, Roads, Railways, Waste Grounds, &c.	6,055,212

Wales—Languages and Religions.

Of the population of Wales, 50 per cent. speak English only, 15 per cent. Welsh only (in 1891 the percentage was 30), and 35 per cent. both English and Welsh (in 1891 the percentage was 24). As a sidelight upon the relative strengths of Nonconformity and Anglicanism in Wales, we get the curious fact that the ministers of other religious bodies exceed those of the Established Church in every Welsh county save Pembroke and Radnor. Indeed, in Carmarthenshire, to every 100 clergymen there are 154·5 Dissenting ministers, in Carnarvonshire 183·7 and in Glamorgan 214.

Alien Immigrants.

An examination of the foreign population of England and Wales shows that 48 per cent. of the alien immigrants have settled in one or other of six metropolitan boroughs, and in the three cities of Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds. Foreigners in Stepney numbered 32,284 in 1891; in 1901, 54,310.

Counties and Towns, Big and Little.

There are sixty-three "Administrative Counties" in England and Wales. The least populous are the Scilly Isles (2,092), Rut-

land (19,709), and Radnor (23,281). Thirteen others have populations below 100,000, namely, the Soke of Peterborough, Merioneth, Anglesey, Huntingdon, Brecknock, Montgomery, Cardigan, Westmorland, the Isle of Ely, Holland (Lincolnshire), Flint, Isle of Wight, and Pembroke. By far the most populous are London (4,536,541), Lancashire (1,827,436), and West Riding (1,460,982). The county boroughs constituted by the Local Government Act of 1888 numbered sixty-one, each of which was stated to be a municipal borough which was either a county of itself, or to have had, on 1st June, 1888, a population not less than 50,000. By the date of the present Census, six additional county boroughs had been created, viz., Oxford, Grimsby, Newport (Mon.), Bournemouth, Warrington, and Burton-on-Trent, and accordingly sixty-seven county boroughs appear in the tables, the number having since been further increased to sixty-nine by the addition of Rotherham and West Hartlepool. Among the sixty-seven county boroughs dealt with in the tables, the following ten had not at the time of the last Census a population of 50,000: Bath, Bournemouth, Canterbury, Chester, Dudley, Exeter, Gloucester, Lincoln, Oxford, and Worcester. Included in the list of urban districts are five municipal boroughs, each of which had a population exceeding 50,000, viz., Smethwick, Stockton-on-Tees, Tynemouth, Rotherham, and West Hartlepool (the last two having, as just stated, been created county boroughs since the Census). There are also included twelve urban districts with populations also above 50,000, which were neither municipal boroughs nor county boroughs, namely, Aston Manor, Handsworth, and King's Norton and Northfield, all adjoining Birmingham; Wallasey in Cheshire; Merthyr Tydfil and Rhondda in Glamorganshire; and East Ham, Leyton, Walthamstow, Hornsey, Tottenham, and Willesden, within the Metropolitan Police District.

The Romance of the Census includes an endless array of figures from which contrasts, comparisons, and deductions vastly interesting to the statistician and the publicist may be instituted. I have only touched the fringe of the subject. But to go further would be but to weary.

T. J. MACNAMARA.

THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT IN ITS RELATION TO SOCIAL PROGRESS.

Few features of modern life strike the philosophic observer as more strange than the convention which, in a scientific age, forbids any discussion of the department of ethics that is concerned with the institution of marriage. Life being based on nutrition and reproduction, human progress must in the final analysis proceed along the channels through which these two processes are regulated. But while the activities directed towards the former have never failed to obtain attention from both the practical and the speculative reformer, reference to the latter is barely permitted. The history of this taboo would form an instructive chapter in sociology. A survival primarily of those mystic ideas which in barbarous societies are always found associated with the phenomena of sex, it has been strengthened in mediæval and modern times by the influence of Pauline Christianity, until at the present day clean thinking and decent speaking on this subject are almost impossible. Hence, although the view is now generally accepted that nothing in the universe has reached a final form, but that all things—whether organic, inorganic, or super-organic—are destined with increasing adaptation to environment to undergo change, an exception is drawn in favour of one department of human activity, in the case of which it seems tacitly to be assumed that as it is now it ever shall be, without change and without improvement.

This attitude of acquiescence is ill-justified by the facts that lie underneath. There is no need to indulge in the vocabulary of sensationalism. Here, if anywhere, there is required, not the hysterical horror of the "unco-guid," but common sense. Yet certain features of contemporary life afford melancholy comment on twentieth-century civilisation. The existence of what has been called "*the social evil*," with its results, direct and indirect; widespread clandestinity, inside and outside marriage; voluptuousness cheek by jowl with repressed instincts, point inevitably to the conclusion that society has not even begun squarely to face the sex question. Nor beyond these darkest patches are other unhealthy symptoms wanting. It cannot be denied that a large proportion of women regard marriage as a profession, and marry for wealth or position; that, when this is not so, anxiety to secure "board and lodging" for life often forms the principal motive; while in the case of the man the dominating impulse is often not

far removed, though disguised by a subtle ritual, from that which reigns in the Oriental slave-market.

The conspiracy of silence which suppresses this part of life has in late years shown signs of being broken. As a modern writer says, "now that the problem of religion has been practically settled, and that the problem of labour has at least been placed on a practical foundation, the question of sex stands before the coming generation as the chief problem for solution."¹ The growing attention paid by current literature to this question, in the works, not only of world-famous writers like Ibsen, Tolstoi, Maeterlinck, but of the rank and file of novelists, affords significant confirmation of this diagnosis. An important factor in pressing these matters into prominence is the change that is taking place in the status of woman. Herbert Spencer has pointed out that there is a direct ratio between militancy and the degradation of woman; but, as settled government and stable conditions supervene, woman tends to regain the position which she enjoyed in early societies, and which she lost at the time of the prehistoric revolution that introduced the institution of private property. To-day the froth of the "new woman" movement has evaporated. The demand for female suffrage has become subordinate to the prior necessity that woman shall be educated. Meanwhile, as a worker, competing with man in almost every branch of industry, she is making herself an economic unit. Economic liberty will lead to moral and intellectual liberty. Freed from the necessity of marrying in order to gain a roof and food, she will no longer be content to accept man's estimate of her as "half angel and half idiot," and the renaissance of woman will correlate itself with the general stream of progress so as to force on a readjustment of sex ethics.

For at the present time two chief tendencies are noticeable in our social organisation, due to the increasing complexity of life, which demand modification of the conventional code, and determine the direction in which that development will take place. Low types of society, like low types of organisms, consist of like parts performing like functions. But in the course of evolution there is a change from a state of simple aggregation to a state in which many unlike parts are mutually dependent. The first result of this in the psychical sphere has been an extension of the moral ideal. Whereas among primitive communities the range of mutual obligation is understood as embracing only members of the family or tribe—even the ancient Greeks did not conceive the idea of duty to a slave—in modern states there is a keen sense of responsibility on the part of the community for the condition of all its

(1) Havelock Ellis, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*.

members, and *increasing co-operation* with regard to matters that affect their life. But at the same time, change from homogeneity to heterogeneity implies increasing individuation. Two flowers of the same kind differ from one another less than do two members of the animal kingdom. These, again, are less differentiated than are human beings; and, as man evolves from the savage to the highly-organised product of civilisation, cerebral development causes multitudinous varieties in mental and moral qualities. There thus arises on the part of the individual a demand for a *widening sphere of freedom* with regard to those things which are most closely connected with him. The claim is advanced that, provided no injury is inflicted on others, a man's actions, like his belief, are the concern of himself.

Although these two tendencies seem at first sight to be antagonistic, the future progress of the race will depend on the success with which a higher synthesis is evolved that combines them; and the inadequacy of the present sex code is due to the manner in which, at various points, it violates the principles underlying both. Modern sentiment serves to obscure the simple fact, that all sex morality revolves round the central point of maternity. Life, indeed, from a biological standpoint, is a "tissue of births." It is, therefore, one of the first duties of the State to provide that the conditions on which children are born shall be favourable. Till this is done, society is obeying a sound impulse in viewing with disapproval any union of the sexes where the maintenance of possible offspring has not been assured; and a neglect of this consideration constitutes the weakest point in the advocacy of "free love." On the other hand, this object once accomplished, the phenomena of sex would no longer enter the field of ethics. Aesthetic considerations, and the laws of decency, would remain valid; voluptuousness would be culpable inasmuch as it implied neglect of other duties: to use Mr. H. G. Wells's simile, an excessive devotion to love-making would inspire the same contempt that is aroused by the sight of a grown-up gentleman spending the chief part of his life in hitting small balls over golf-links. But outside these considerations the claim of the individual to liberty would be supreme. Indeed, a proper system of co-operation, that protected the mother and provided for the children, would involve as a necessary result the freedom of the individual.

The method that society takes in these matters not only leads to a state of things subversive of freedom, but is in many cases inefficacious with regard to the essential condition, and brings in its trail abuses far worse than those which it attempts to avert. Society, in effect, says to women: "It is advisable that a woman and her child shall have the support of a legal father. If you

break this rule, thereby injuring yourself and your child, we will add to the injury by expelling you from the companionship of decent folk, and by branding the child with disgrace." A woman, whose error may have been only ignorance or a too trusting affection, finds the doors of respectable society closed upon her. Perhaps the worst accusation that can be levelled at her so far is, that she has shown herself lacking in business qualities, by which other women, who may be prepared to sell themselves from the beginning, are able to stand out for terms and the *imprimatur* of the church. But cut off from family and friends, possibly untrained to work or dismissed from employment, deterioration is almost inevitable.

It is lamentable that there should be men so selfish as to place a woman in such a position. The fact remains that the evil continues, and that the thunder of a thousand pulpits for centuries has not availed to stop it. Even if the two guilty persons alone expiated the fault, the plea might be urged that their suffering was necessary as a deterrent to others (and, indeed, the "fallen" woman is in several respects her sister's keeper). But apart from the consideration that the man often escapes, and that the punishment meted out to the mother reflects on an innocent child, the woman, in many cases, retaliates and exacts from society a terrible retribution. Not to invoke the names of justice and charity, it is at the lowest calculation inexpedient that it should remain in the power of an individual to sow the seeds of so much private and public misery. Moreover, the deterioration of character with any subsequent injuries inflicted on the State and posterity are not necessary results, but accidental complications, introduced by the attitude which society assumes towards the initial infraction of a law whose *raison d'être* is to protect women and children! A community is within its rights in trying to secure favourable conditions for the birth and nurture of offspring. But the means adopted to accomplish this object belong to the crude legislation of life, which employs the instrument of vengeance and crucifies the offender instead of removing the cause of the offence.

The source of the wrong is to be traced back to the circumstance of woman's dependence on a particular man. It must, therefore, be in the direction of removing this condition that a solution to the difficulty will be found. At the present day it is not unusual to hear concern expressed at the falling birth-rate, and apprehension at the spread of physical deterioration. Full statistics with regard to the latter are not yet forthcoming; in the case of the former, interpretations of the facts differ. But certainly our ideas of morality seem to be inverted, when it is regarded as respectable for worn-out women to bear large families of diseased children to

drunken fathers; while maternity "in the lusty stealth of nature" drives the mother to the river or the streets. As Mr. Bernard Shaw points out,¹ "Every woman who can produce a citizen, with efficient reason, sound organs, and a good digestion, should clearly be secured a sufficient reward for that national service, to make her ready to undertake and repeat it. Whether she be financed in the proceeding by herself, or by the father, or by the War Office maintaining her on the strength and authorising a particular soldier to marry her, or by a local authority under a by-law directing that women may in certain circumstances have a year's leave of absence on full salary, or by the central government, does not matter, provided the result be satisfactory." Maternity, that is to say, should be made a charge on the State. Every woman might draw an allowance in respect of her children, subject to their being brought up properly, and might herself be entitled to a pension on attaining a certain age. Prostitution would practically disappear, and maternity would gain in honour. With regard to the question of expense, no system could be as extravagant as the present wastage, involving the industrial idleness of thousands of women and the propagation of disease.

Moreover, such a measure would concurrently solve cognate problems. Owing partly to that increasing heterogeneity which is a concomitant of evolution, the chances in favour of happy marriages tend to decrease rather than increase. It is true that the modern substitution of personal choice for the old *mariage de convenance*, arranged by parents, has served to neutralise this; it may be hoped too, that in the near future sane instruction in matters pertaining to sex, and less restriction of social intercourse between men and women, will make for improvement. But in the best circumstances a large element of risk will never be eliminated. Unfortunately, the existence of passion does not afford a guarantee of happiness. The "Life Spirit," like a wave dashing two swimmers into one another's arms, blinds lovers to everything except their companion's face and the vault of heaven. When nature's purpose has been accomplished, the tumult of desire subsides, leaving them stranded on the bare realities of daily existence. Then comes the ordeal. Small differences, that hitherto were imperceptible, are intensified. Sometimes on the ground deserted by passion affection springs up; children create a new bond; compromise and habit blend into resignation. Then all may yet be well. If, however, the two characters are naturally antagonistic, the conditions of married life increase the discord.

Yet practically the sole circumstances in which the laws will

(1) *Man and Superman*.

grant release are infidelity on the part of the wife, or cruelty, in addition to infidelity, on that of the husband. (Moreover, in the case in which there are strongest reasons for assuming that two persons are unsuited to live together—where there is an agreement to provide grounds for divorce—a decree is refused.) A woman, suffering anything short of actual legal cruelty at the hands of an ill-tempered, drunken, and dissolute husband, cannot escape from her misery unless she commit adultery and undergo the humiliation of a public trial, the result of which is to deprive her of her children. Correspondingly, let a wife be everything else that is vile, but not lose her "virtue," and her husband is obliged by law to support her, to grant her conjugal rights *ad mensam et torum*, and to watch his children grow up exposed to her influence. These are extreme cases. But grant merely that the wife be frivolous and extravagant, or incompetent to manage her house and educate her children, or that the husband be indolent, or jealous, or miserly; nay, let each be good of his or her kind, but ill-mated—what endless possibilities lie here for sordid, wrangling unhappiness.

The interest of the offspring is the one consideration that would justify the continuance of co-habitation in these circumstances. At first thought, the disgrace that by reflection attaches to the children in the event of divorce seems to constitute such a consideration. But the disgrace is not essential. It is dependent on the fact that at present the divorce decree implies deceitful or cruel conduct on the part of the respondent. A modification of marriage until it were no more irrevocable than an ordinary commercial partnership would *ipso facto* remove this element from the situation. With regard to the injury caused a child by the loss of one parent, a home indeed where the complementary qualities of father and mother unite in a common effort, and where the inmates breathe an atmosphere of truth and cheerful affection, is the best environment for children. But where variance, discontent, and clandestinity reign, it is opposed to reason and experience to believe that the offspring will be better off with the two parents than with one.

At the same time, careful provision must be made for the custody and maintenance of the children. Various considerations mark out the woman as the natural guardian, except in cases when she can be proved unfit. The child belongs to her more than to the man. Not only is the parental instinct more closely associated with the amoristic impulse in the case of woman, but physiological facts produce in her an ante-natal cognisance of and affection for the child, while the father's love is of later growth. Moreover, up to the seventh or eighth year children's needs make

them more dependent on the mother's care, and after that age the male influence that a boy stands in need of is to a considerable extent supplied by school life. As to maintenance, the adoption of the view that the addition of a healthy member to the community is a public service which deserves recognition by the State would go far towards solving the question, especially among the poorer classes. When means permit, and circumstances demand, the court would impose an additional payment by the father, appropriate to the position of the parties concerned. A divorce suit would no longer take the form of plaintiff accusing respondent of infidelity or cruelty, and suing a co-respondent for damages: it would be a case of dissolution of partnership; and when disgrace were not attached to either side, neither party would consider it consistent with self-respect to force on a partner a continuation of an odious compact.

The objection commonly raised against those who venture to criticise the conventional code is based on the assumption that the only alternative to present conditions would be a polygamous system, which, it is pointed out, truly enough, has been rejected by all progressive nations. Indeed, a reversion of the civilised world to polygamy is as inconceivable as a return to the use of bows and arrows, or to trial by *compurgatio*, and the position which woman has already gained affords the surest guarantee against such a contingency. But from a subjective point of view, what reform does demand is, that love should be freed from the swaddling bands of taboos and formulas, and be transferred to its proper place as a private concern between two individuals. Since the interest of offspring is at stake, this freedom is only possible if woman be granted economic independence. A reform on these lines would span the abyss which has hitherto always divided man and woman, and would automatically cure many social diseases. Prostitution would die out, the chief motives to clandestinity would be removed, and an incalculable mass of private misery would be averted. Even voluptuousness would tend to weaken with the disappearance of restraints which at present stimulate it. Morally and physically the State would benefit, and life generally would gain by an added frankness and purity.

VERE COLLINS.

A FORGOTTEN SOLDIER-POET.

ROMANTIC periods of history make for romantic figures. A man is coloured by the times he lives in, as a player takes reflections from the lights thrown upon him as he crosses the stage.

Jean de la Taille, Seigneur de Bondaroy, and author of the first original French comedy and tragedy, possesses many salient characteristics of that stormy period between 1533 and 1630, in which he lived. Its story explains his qualities and his defects, as man and as poet. Ardent, impressionable, virile, swayed by the restless spirit of the age, impatient of control, generous, ambitious, at times all poet and at times all warrior, drawn by the mixed forces of hero-worship for a brave man and affection for a friend and king, he spent some years of his maturity upon the battlefield, fighting beneath the standard of Henry of Navarre, only to return to the pleasant valley of the Beauce and his old château, where he died to the echo of the "Requiescat in Pace" of the Catholic Faith.

Born in the reign of Francis I., Jean de la Taille "vit presque naïtre Louis XIV."¹ Contemporary of half a dozen English sovereigns—from Henry VIII. to Charles I.—he saw, in Italy, the passing of no less than sixteen Popes.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century a curious wave of paganism broke in Europe. The sudden influx of Greek manuscripts diffused in the more cultured cities; the general attempt in painting to imitate the old Greek masterpieces, may have accounted for its rapid spread. Even in Rome itself a man's highest claims to culture lay in his knowing Greek better than his mother-tongue. Until S. Philip Neri formed his Oratory, simple preaching, which the people could understand, had become almost a lost art amongst Italian "religious." The traditions of the Middle Ages were forgotten. More knowledge, not assured knowledge, was the universal cry. In their struggle after independent thought—a synonym in many cases of unbridled action—men overthrew all attempt at authority, arrogating to themselves the divine right of judgment in all questions of belief and morals. The stronghold of faith was challenged by an army of opposing creeds and the secret contests between the civil and religious life of nations ended in open warfare. In those pregnant days the throne of France passed from Valois to Bourbon, and.

(1) M. Gustave Bageunault de Puchesse. The exact dates of Jean de la Taille's birth and death vary in different chronicles: I have given those upon which two authorities agree.

nearer home, our own "dear land, Dear for her reputation through the world," first renounced and then reverted to, and then again renounced the faith under whose guidance she had fought her Crusades and earned her name for probity and strength. The saints of the day were many and they did their best to combat obvious evils. But it is only in looking back that we can gauge aright the worth of work accomplished. S. Ignatius Loyola, S. Philip Neri, S. Charles Borromeo, S. Francis of Sales, S. Francis Xavier, S. Vincent of Paul, and S. Teresa, gathered but few of the fruits of their labours.

War—even religious war—and song go hand in hand. The South African War was voiced by Rudyard Kipling; the Civil Wars of France were partially sung by Jean de la Taille.

The de la Tailles come from one of the noblest Gatinais families, dating from the early part of the twelfth century. The name has an evident origin in the Latin word *tallia* or *talleus*—a curious coincidence in view of the position held by an early member of the family, as Grand-Master of the Woods and Forests in France.¹ The appointment was one of grave responsibility. But the de la Tailles were ever to the front in war and peace. The ladies made marriages worthy of their rank and nobility. Of the sons, some fell upon the field of battle, while others held high positions in the immediate neighbourhood or at the Court. Many were renowned in the Church. In the fifteenth century, one Jean de la Taille gave up his rights as heir to the estate to become an abbot of S. Quentin and founded many charitable bounties with his nephew, Head of the Chapter of Pluviers, including a mass to be said each Friday, with the stipulation that a beadle should stand in the open square of Martroy and demand if any "gentleman of the house of Bondaroy" wished to attend it. Dom Morin, a famous Benedictine chronicler of a later period, writes with special devotion concerning a certain "Martin de la Taille, homme droiturier et devotieux, faisant célébrer la messe en sa maison et en toutes ses autres terres. . . de bon sens et d'un esprit desbonnaire." Concerning the race itself, he describes the family as "gens devotieux envers Dieu, qui ont fondé Eglises et Chapelles. . . Au reste, n'ont laissé passer occasiö de guerre, où ils n'ayent esté."

Such "ocasiö de guerre" were fatal to many. During the soldier-poet's lifetime eight of his relations died violent deaths. After the battle of Moncontour, Gabriel, a cornet in the army, was found dead upon his horse, his bugle in his hand. At Coutras,

(1) Different "*Tailles*," or notches, were made on the trees to denote rights of way, barriers, &c., as well as obvious directions as to clearing spaces by cutting down wood.

Valentin de Faronville, Mathurin des Essarts, and Charles d'Ossainville were all left dead upon the field. And Jean's great-grandfather, Martinet, had a dramatic history. Taken by the English as hostage and conveyed to England, pending the deferred payment of certain sums levied by them in Beauce and Gatinais (Province of Orleans), he was offered every inducement to change his flag. But no sooner had he got back to France than he raised a body of knights in defence of his country, and proceeded again to make war against his enemies, in reward for which action Charles VII. ordered that the lion of his arms should be crowned with gold. The device was slightly altered by Jean de la Taille, according to a manuscript record of the family, written by his son,¹ who explains how "à propos de son mérite," the poet took "ung lion rampant, tenant une espée nue en une de ses griffes et un livre en l'autre avec un rouleau où est escript pour l'âme, IN UTRUMQUE PARATUS."

Jean's great-grandfather, Etienne, Seigneur of Ossainville, as well as Bondaroy, showed a somewhat elastic affection for the opposite sex by marrying three times. By his second marriage with Phillippe de Poiloue, he had an heir, Louis, who married in 1532, Jacqueline de l'Estendart de Heurteloup, by whom he had four sons and one daughter. Jean, the soldier-poet, was his heir; then came Jacques, also a writer of distinction, who died at the age of nineteen; Pascal, who died at thirteen; Valentin, Sieur de Faronville, the head of another branch of the family; and Angélique, the devoted sister whose death at eighteen years of age inspired her brother to write a touching epitaph in "vers Gaulois," which may be still seen near the confessional in the church at Bondaroy, engraved upon a copper plate.

Part of the old Castle of Bondaroy stands to-day. Originally, it was a royal seat. But Philippe-Le-Bel exchanged it, with many other regal possessions, in 1303, and so transferred his own sovereign rights "de Justice haute, moyenne et basse, dont les appellations ressortissent directement à la Cour de Parlement. avec droict de peage, tribut, puissance de faire battre monnoye,² exemption de taille aux sujets, four à ban,³ rivière, pescherie, et autres droicts tels que le Roy les tenoit en souveraineté, s'en reservât seulement les foy et homage qui relève à ce moyen immédiatement à la Couronne du Roy." In Jean's day, the château was a rambling manor-house, of large acreage, with fine barns and sheds, good stables and sheepfolds. The rabbit warren

(1) This "Mémoire" has descended to the present holder of the title, Alexandre, Comte de la Taille des Essarts, son of Louis Xavier Adolphe, also Comte de la Taille des Essarts, and Garde-du-Corps de Leurs Majestés Louis XVIII., Charles X., &c.

(2) Right of coining money.

(3) Bakery.

and the farm-lands were enclosed in high walls, like a Scotch garden. And in the park itself, precise and trim as were the grounds of the period, under the shadow of the peaceful elms, and looking away from distant fields of ripening corn to where the river flowed out towards the mystery of the unknown, Jean and his brothers played as children. For him, too, there were visions and dreams. To him, too, came the stirrings of those vague desires of glory or nobility which move us, by ways seemingly inconsequent, to our appointed end.

Jean's dreams carried him far into a world of tumult. But in his maturity the poet came back, in search of the peace so seldom to be found in cities, excepting by those who have fought self and overcome. Amongst many jealous mistresses—ambition, pleasure, the quest of wealth or of forgetfulness—love of home seldom loses her sway upon a man's heart. He may travel far and try to stifle, in other countries and in other surroundings, the claims of his own lands and his own people, but their voices compel him so that at the last he is bound either to obey or else for ever cut himself adrift.

Louis de la Taille had travelled comparatively little. But his sons' instincts towards the wider life showed early, and at the impressionable age, the two elder boys were sent to Paris, "l'Athesne Francoise," as it was called. He wished them to be "instruits es arts liberaux, non que fust l'intention du père de transformer aucun de ses enfans en gens d'église ou de justice, mais avoit opinion que le scavoir est le seul parement d'un gentilhomme." The culture, the elegance, the independence of Paris charmed both lads. The men with whom they came in contact thought and read widely; but even amongst those whose bent of mind was avowedly literary the de la Tailles held their own. Talent discerns talent where ignorance would pass it by.

The literary standard of the day demanded intimate acquaintance with the classics, but the two lads steeped themselves as well in the heroic verse, the odes and elegies, of the period. Contemporary with Ronsard, his example inspired them. Before long, their own Muse escaped from its chrysalis. But death, in the shape of fever, claimed the younger brother, and to Jean was left the legacy of giving the works of Jacques to the world, and inscribing his epitaph:—

"Mort jeune, mort chétif, mort sans qu'on aye sceu,
Qu'il ayt sceu quelque chose, et mort sans qu'il ayt peu
Estre cognu sinon de luy et de son frère. . . .

Qui jure luy servir de vangeur et d'amy,
Et qui, vivant de pleurs, ne vivent qu'a demy,
Car tout deux ne vivoient que d'un esprit ensemble."

After three years of college life, Jean returned to Orleans to study law. Orleans was then one of the most famous universities. Some of the most remarkable and learned men of the day lectured there in turn. But the passive life was not suited to one of Jean's ardent temperament. A lover of the romantic, his pulses beat time to the note of war which was echoing through France. The call to sacrifice—under whatever standard—blinds men to other issues. For the time being, the knight-errant and adventurous spirit in this warrior-poet vanquished the contemplative and luxurious side which made for ease and pleasant living.

The religious belief—not of France alone but of all Europe—was trembling in the balance. There had been evils amongst Churchmen, many and terrible; they were recognised, not only in high places,¹ but amongst saints such as "the Apostle of Rome,"² and S. Ignatius Loyola. The Church herself had not wavered. But it is easier to destroy than to build. So the would-be reformers sought to destroy and lost sight of the real points at issue in their struggles for personal ambition and emolument. The root of the evil lay in the evil passions of certain members of the Church—not in the Church itself. All Englishmen are not heroes, nor are all Catholics saints. It was as illogical to call England unvalorous, for the sake of her few historic cowards, as to condemn the Church as sinful because of her few unworthy members.

How many years ago did the Athenians cry for "Something new—something new"? The cry re-echoed now, from empire to empire. New doctrines arose to meet it. The old belief was restricted and hampering. The new dogmas gave scope to men's acquisitiveness, for "large spoils were given to princes and nobles from the many possessions of the Church and of monasteries."³ A more elastic code—leading from slack tolerance to indifference, and thus eventually to lack of vital faith in Christ's Divinity—appealed to many. It condoned and excused so much; it laid so great a stress upon God's mercy as to omit remembrance of His justice: it robbed Hell of all terrors by slurring over such passages of our Lord's teaching as refer to it, allowing a man, to quote a witty divine of the Established Church in England, "to cheat God in his life and the devil in his death." According to the new doctrines the Landgrave of

(1) The Lateran Council, closed just before the world heard of Luther, made canons for the reform of discipline, &c., of the clergy.

(2) S. Philip Neri. Few of us realise how far his work has spread, and that there are more than one hundred and sixty-five congregations of the Oratory in Italy, England, Bavaria, Austria, France, Poland, Malta, Spain, Portugal, Flanders, Brazil, India, Ceylon, &c.

(3) Alfonso Capecepatro, a noted authority.

Hesse might have two wives at one and the same time and be accounted no worse in the world's eyes, under a license given by Luther and seven other leaders of the Reformation.¹ Or he could play tricks with the Missal with impunity, as Cranmer did in England, and change his front according to the hour's necessity, to suit the immorality of a King² who, for the authorship of a pamphlet against "the Protestant heresy," earned the Papal title of "Defender of the Faith," which is used in the present day by each succeeding British Sovereign.

In France, matters had come to a climax. A thousand conflicting emotions tore at men's hearts and left them bleeding. News travelled slowly. A man's hand was turned against his brother's in the new strife; family life was decimated. Jean de la Taille, himself of an old Catholic stock, had near relations who were Huguenots, and for Henri of Navarre, his friend, he bore a love less only than that which he had felt for his dead brother. He cast in his lot with the Huguenots for a time and fought with courage beneath their standard.

"Es premiers troubles il estoit a la bataille de Dreux," according to the manuscript record dated 1608. "Es troisieme trouble il estoit a la journee d'Arnay-le-Duc, avecq le Prince de Navarre, a present nostre roy, ou il fut blecé d'un coup de lance dans le visage: au retours du combat encore la salade en teste, tout couvert de sang et de poussiere, ce prince l'embrassa et luy fit l'honneur de le faire panser par ses chirugiens et le visiter.

Blecé d'un coup de lance au travers la visière
Eut son roy pour tesmoing de sa vailleu guerrière.

Il a sceu joindre les armes avecq les lettres; estant vaillant et sçavant, il a tesmoigné sa vailleu durant ces guerres, il a tesmoigné son sçavoir par les livres qu'il a faits, tant en prose comme en vers. . . . il a esté secourable et officieux envers ses parans et voisins, leur ayant fait durant ces guerres de bons offices tellement qu'ils sont abstraint de prier Dieu pour la prosperité de sa vie."

But it was not only with his sword that Jean de la Taille served the Huguenot cause for a time. He placed his pen at its disposal. The massacre of S. Bartholomew appalled him as it appals present-day Catholics, to whom the true facts of the case are at last made known.³ One of his most biting satires is

(1) William Cobbett.

(2) Clement VII. excommunicated Henry VIII. in 1530.

(3) The "Pope's joy" and the general Catholic rejoicing when the news was first heard, is often spoken of as "inhuman." Information at that time was slow in transit and truth hard to sift from falsehood. The Pope acted upon news

directed against "Les Singeries de la Ligue," that bond of Catholics (formed in defence against the Protestant organisation known as "the Common Cause") whose ostensible aims were "la tuition de la religion catholique et restauration d'icelle, et extirpation des hérésies," but which was unfortunately debased by its leader's ambition, in spite of the warning of the Popes.¹ A latter-day critic describes the poem as "warm, but true." Part of the "Satire Ménippée," it is certainly witty and caustic.

Our poet was nothing if not versatile. His books covered a wide range of thought. Pamphlets, satires, elegies, sonnets, epigrams, lyrics, tragedies, comedies—he wrote each in turn. After the fashion of Du Bellay and of Ronsard, whose school he followed, he made Latin odes too, though these are not especially notable. In 1574, two dainty volumes, *La Géomance Abrégée* and *Le Blason des Pierres Précieuses*, were published in Paris. "avec privilège du Roy." Their author, "Jean de la Taille, gentilhomme de Beauce," is at some pains to explain that he himself gives but a limited belief to the attempt to fathom "by means of astrology," "les choses passées, présentes, et futures." "Non que je te veuille induire d'ajouter foy certaine a ceste Géomance, inventée toutes fois par les Caldeens, Hebrieux et Indiens. . . ." he says, "ayant plutost dressé cest art qui nous a servy maintes fois d'adoucir et de tromper l'ennuyeuse fatigue des armes, pour le passe-temps des gentils esprits que pour aucune certainté. . . . En voyant ceste Géomance, tu te gaudiras ou t'emerveilleras de moy. . . . Mais quoy? Mon esprit ne peult estre non plus en repos que le ciel dont il est issu." The "Blason" is a rhythmic list of the virtues with which special stones are supposed to be endowed, preceded by a poem. "De L'Amour et Haine des Sept Planettes contre les Atheistes."

" Comme les Elements en leurs Cieux, les sept Corps,
Ont amour et discord : Mars porte a tous rancune
Fors qu'a Venus la belle; eux deux n'ayment Saturne:
La Lune et le Soleil ensemble ont graus accors;

forwarded by Charles IX., who with his mother, was in reality guilty of the massacre, saying that a "nefarious plot to murder" himself and the "Royal family, had been discovered, to upset the monarchy and destroy the Church," and that he had therefore inflicted "prompt and well-merited punishment upon the conspirators." The publication of the Papal Nuncio's secret despatches to the Cardinal Secretary at Rome for the information of the Pope, clears the massacre from the charge of premeditation, according to Lingard, Chateaubriand, Ranke, Soldan, &c.

(1) "Vous devez reconnoitre avant tout l'autorité et la dignité du Roi; si on y manquait il y aurait taute grave, et ni le royaume ni les catholiques n'y trouveraient profit" (*Bref de Sixte V.*, 15 Juin, 1585). Gregory XIII. praised the zeal of the "Ligueurs," but when they wrote of his "participation," "il donna à son representant l'ordre de démentir ce propos, car il 'n'était pour rien dane le mouvement'" (*Vatican Archives*, Letter of 9th April, 1585).

Mais Juppiter et Mars ensemble ont graus discours;
Tous ont en Juppiter, fors Mars, amour commune,
Saturne hait Venus et Mercure et la Lune;
Mais qui n'admiseroit ces discordans accors?

Tous font avec Venus, fors Saturne, en concorde.
Me-me au Soleil, Venus et Juppiter s'accorde,
Qui n'admireroit DIEU en tant d'astres divers?

Apprenez donc icy, vous, pourceaux d'Epicure,
Qui n'avez autre DIEU que Fortune ou Nature,
Que DIEU de leur discorde accorde l'Univers."

In the verse of the period there was a certain roughness and crudity which later singers polished and refined. The language of the time was less assured. Men's compliments were coarser if as frequent. The Seigneur de Bondaroy has been accused of lack of originality by some detractors. Ronsard and "the French Ovid," were undoubtedly his masters in poetry, while in his play-writing he followed Jodelle's lines. But his ideas often reached noble heights, and he had those robust moments in which, alas! so many modern versifiers are deficient. He never lost his individuality, and he was typically French. As you read his verses, you see the man grow visibly. Certain poems, indeed, are painstaking steps upon the ladder of eternity.

He was a man of moods, but generally virile. In the rhyme below, he shows himself in one manner. An artist has drawn him, but this is his own introduction to his readers:—

Tu peus icy me voir du tout, Lecteur,
Me voir en face, en l'esprit, et au cuer,
(A fin que mort, je puisse immortel vivre),
Par ce portrait tu peus voir mon visage
Tiré au vif, mon esprit par ce Livre,
Et par la Guerre, ou je fus, mon courage.

Later, in a moment of despair, he writes:—

"Si jamais gentilhomme ait eu part aux malheurs,
C'est moy qui n'eut jamais que misère et que larmes;
J'ayme à vivre paisible et faut suivre les armes,
J'ayme à vivre gaillard et faut vivre en douleurs;
J'ayme acquérir honneur et cèle mes valeurs,
J'ayme en seurté dormir et n'oy jamais qu'allarmes,
J'ayme à voir la vertu et ne voy que gensdarmes,
J'ayme à faire la guerre et ne voy que volleurs. . . .
J'ayme à voir mon pais et miserable j'erre,
Par divers temps et lieux, en une longue guerre.
Je n'ayme l'ignorance et fault l'ouir habler.
J'oy mille maux, et voudroye plus sourde avoir l'oreille!
Je n'ayme le pillage, et s'il me fault piller
Tandis je fais des vers dont chacun s'esmerveille."

It will be perceived that modesty was not his characteristic!

In love, Jean de la Taille followed the fashion of his day. He sings the charms of a dozen beauties and dedicates his verses to many reigning "toasts." Perhaps he reached his own highest point of sincerity on the eve of departure to the war, when he explained to his friend, "Au lieu de moy, je vous laisse mon cœur." His constancy was not imperilled. The lady died during the last months of his absence in camp.

Avant souffert autant d'ennuys et de malheurs,
Que pauvre gentilhomme onq souffrit en sa vie,
Comme un jour je pensois la fortune assouvie
Et posant le harnoys voir quelqu'une en tout heur
Voici pour m'achever, nouveau subject de pleur,
C'est qu'au camp j'ay sceu que mort me l'a ravie."

With mere *tours de force* in the shape of anagrams, he had a happy knack. In view of Mary Queen of Scot's tragic end, a pretty conceit dedicated to her on the death "du Roy François II., son Mary," strikes a prophetic note:—¹

Jeune à fin, las! que je fusse en la fleur
De mes beaux ans d'espoux, veufve et de mère,
Que j'eusse ici dueil sur dueil, pleur sur pleur,

Hors de ma terre, orfeline de père!
Las, ma devise est donc: *Tu as martire*,
Comme à l'emvers mon nom me scait bien dire.

But it is primarily as a dramatic author and satirist that Jean de la Taille takes his stand and deserves remembrance. Monsieur Viollet-le-Duc, author of *L'Histoire de la Satire en France*, quotes one of his works as being "non seulement une véritable satire, mais encore une excellente satire." M. Bagnenault de Puchesse, in an important paper read before three learned French societies, said: "Personne n'avait songé à examiner en lui la moraliste et le satirique. C'est à ce point de vue surtout qu'il se montre penseur original et de vrai mérite." In 1573 he published a volume called *Manière de faire les vers en François comme en Grec et en Latin*—"c'est à dire mésurés et sans rimes"), from which Voltaire himself borrowed the scheme of his own "vers blancs." *Les Corricaus* was the first original French comedy and *Saul* the first original French tragedy ever written. Modern French dramatists, whose fame has spread across Europe, may remember the neglected pioneer of their successes,² but it is

(1) The Queen herself acknowledged the receipt of this poem.

(2) M. Sainte-Beuve has written concerning Jean de la Taille, whose portrait is still preserved by his descendants.

doubtful if, until the present, English playwrights have heard the name of Jean de la Taille. Were his methods universally practised the English drama of to-day had not perhaps fallen so low. Of comedy, he says it should be "une comédie pour certain . . . non point une farce ny une moralité, car nous ne nous amusons pas en chose ne si basse ne si sotté." Concerning the theory of dramatic art, he describes its "vraye et seule intention" as being "d'esmouvoir et de peindre merueilleusement les affections d'un chacun, car il faut que le sujet soit si pitoyable et poignant de soy, qu'estant mesmes et bref et nument dit, engendre en nous quelque passion. . . . Il faut tousiours représenter l'histoire en un mesme jour, en un mesme temps et en un mesme lieu."

Playing as he did a part of some importance in the politics, the wars, and the literature of a day in which political changes were frequent and wars common and literature at a high level—the exact grade of the Seigneur de Bondaroy's religious opinions takes a special interest. French Protestant writers have ranked him high amongst their leaders. That he abjured Catholicism for some time is evident. Still, "nous pouvons affirmer qu'il n'y a pas dans ses ouvrages un seul mot qui soit une injure ou même une attaque indirecte contre la religion romaine," declared M. de Puchesse, at the Assembly General of learned Societies at Orleans. The only poem to which exception could be taken from a Catholic standpoint is "Le Prince Nécessaire," which was never published. In 1572 he had announced its forthcoming publication. But in 1575, "sous le giron du catholicisme," he married Charlotte du Mollin, daughter of the Seigneur de Bouville, Briecernon, &c. In 1611 their son Lancelot, a devoted Catholic, in turn married Antoinette du Monceau, daughter of Christien de Savigny, Seigneur du Rhosne, one of the most prominent members of the League.

"Le Prince Necessaire" is a long poem: its author ranked it high. The full significance of its remaining unpublished has passed unnoticed. The writer admits only two classes, the Nobility and the People: "he guarantees the interests of the nation by making the King nominate two Councils—one, the High, or Secret Council, formed of the flower of French nobility, to the exclusion of all ecclesiastical dignitaries: the other, a popular council, addressing itself to the King through the intermediary of the first council. In other words, an end to "bourgeoisie," parliaments and clergy; the people effaced, the nobility, sorted out by the king, according to his own desires. Above all, at the apex of the pyramid—should we not rather say, himself constituting the pyramid—the King!"¹

(1) René de Maulde.

The personal note sounds throughout this warrior-poet's verses. One sees it, very strongly marked, in what might almost be termed his challenge to Death.

Puis qu'au moins j'ay parfait ce mien petit ouvrage,
Je ne doibs plus, ô Mort, de toy me soucier.
Vien, vien quant tu voudras, je te puis deffier
Que tu puisses jamais à mon nom faire outrage!

Quoi? me pensois tu donc laisser sans tesmoignage
De n'avoir onc'veseu, et de moi trionfer?
Doncques me pensois-tu, ô meschante, estouser,
Comme mon jeune Frere, au plus vert de son age?

Maugré toi, nous vivrons! car, publiant ses vers,
Je le pourray vanger de toy, fausse Chymere,
Puisq'au moins par ta faulte icy je vis encor!

Maugre toy je diray tel meurtre a l'univers,
Departant ce que j'ay d'immortel a mon frere
Ainsi que fit Pollux à son frere Castor.

It is given to comparatively few to recognise the claims of affection so closely as did Jean de la Taille. Stern and rugged in appearance, his biting words companioned kindly acts. He grudged no man such praise as he had earned legitimately, in war or peace: he guarded his dead brother's literary honour with the utmost jealousy. In the dedication of "Daïre, Tragedie du feu Jacques de la Taille, du pays de Beauce," published at Paris in 1750, he writes, "Si vous l'eussiez cogneu autant par hautise, come vous pourrez faire par le peu de ses escripts abortifs, que vous eussiez jugé qu'il avoit desia en soy la gravité de Rousard, la facilité de Du-Bellay, et la promptitude de Jodelle. Il vous plaira donc en l'honneur de Noblesse estre protecteur de ce Daire, où je m'assure que voyant un si grand Monarque trahy, et bouleversé du haut en bas de son Empire, avec la perte de sa vie. et des siens, vous en pourrez au moins recueillir ce fruit. d'apprendre à supporter plus patiemmêt (par le malheur d'un plus grand), toutes nos adversitez ensemble, toutes les piteuses et sanglâtes Tragedies, qu'on a depuis dix où douze ans jouées sur l'eschaffault de France, et, durant le commun malheur de nos folles Guerres civiles, où les uns et les autres avons porté les armes malheureuses, teinctes en nostre propre sang."

Jean de la Taille's love for "Le Béarnais" led him to many sacrifices. But though the king showed him numerous marks of affection during his lifetime, and though his most intimate friends were all men and women in high positions at the Court, the poet always retained his independence of spirit. "Vous êtes entouré

de courtisans," he said, on one occasion: "Moi, je n'en suis pas." His conversion preceded that of Henry of Navarre.¹ The rôle of leader rather than follower appealed to him throughout. "Ever a fighter," he would have chosen rather to tilt at windmills than to remain passive and acquiescent.

Stormy as was his life—he battled, remember, not only against politics but poverty—its end was peace. His epitaph may still be seen at Bondaroy. He died in his own castle, at the age of ninety-seven, "fortified," according to his descendants, "by the rites" of the Church of which S. Augustine wrote, "Too late have I known Thee, O Thou Ancient Truth, too late have I found Thee, First and Only Fair."

MAY BATEMAN.

(1) Concerning Henry IV.'s conversion, it is not generally understood that he publicly declared that he had acted "pour la satisfaction de sa conscience," and that his conviction rested "sur les vrais et solides fondements qui est la parole de Dieu et l'intelligence qui lui a plu lui en donner" (*Bibl. Nat.* MS. f. fr. 3,988, Fo. 101, Letter of 22nd December, 1594 (?)).

WAS BACON A POET?

“ LORD BACON was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost super-human wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect. It is a strain which distends, and then bursts the circumference of the reader's mind, and pours itself forth together with it into the universal element with which it has perpetual sympathy. . . . Plato exhibits the rare union of close and subtle logic with the Pythian enthusiasm of poetry, melted by the splendour and harmony of his periods, into one irresistible stream of musical impressions, which hurry the persuasions onward, as in a breathless career. His language is that of an immortal spirit rather than a man. Bacon is, perhaps, the only writer who, in these particulars, can be compared with him.”

This eulogy on Bacon's poetical faculty was not written by a modern Baconian, but by no less a poet than Percy Bysshe Shelley, who had read the works of the philosopher, as certain of his modern critics have failed to do to any useful purpose.

Nor does Shelley stand alone in his splendid tribute. Macaulay, no general admirer of Bacon, declared :—“ The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind, but not, like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason, and to tyrannise over the whole man. . . . Much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world.” Bulwer Lytton held that “ Poetry pervaded the thoughts, it inspired the similes, it hymned in the majestic sentences of the wisest of mankind.” Coleridge asserts :—“ Bacon was not only a great poet, but a great philosopher ”—actually placing the “ poet ” first.

Is there any solid foundation for these statements? They certainly refer to Bacon as a prose poet. But what about his compositions in verse? In 1624—two years before his death—he published a volume entitled *A Translation of Certaine Psalmes into English Verse*, which, written on a bed of sickness, have been treated with a considerable amount of ridicule, the quotations given being the worst that could possibly be extracted to show that “ they do not give us a high notion of Bacon's poetic powers.” The fact is carefully forgotten that Bacon was translating Psalms, not writing original verse, and that the nature of the subject was against any extensive poetical flights. Still, Bacon could not help

himself falling into verse even in his philosophical works. The following is an extract from Bacon's translation of the 137th Psalm:—

When as we sate, all sad and desolate,
 By Babylon upon the river's side,
 Eased from the tasks which in our captive state
 We were enforced daily to abide,
 Our harps we had brought with us to the field,
 Some solace to our heavy souls to yield.
 But soon we found, we fail'd of our account :
 For when our minds some freedom did obtain,
 Straightways the memory of Sion Mount
 Did cause afresh our wounds to bleed again :
 So that with present griefs and future fears
 Our eyes burst forth into a stream of tears.
 As for our harps, since sorrow struck them dumb,
 We hanged them on the willow trees were near, &c.

Of this Spedding, Bacon's biographer, says:—"For myself, at least. I may say that, deeply pathetic as the opening of the 137th Psalm always seemed to be, I have found it much more affecting since I read Bacon's paraphrase of it . . . Of these verses of Bacon's, it has been usual to speak not only as a failure, but as a ridiculous failure: *a censure in which I cannot concur.*" Nor can any man who has an ear for poetry, he might have added, except Dr. Engel, perhaps, whose opinion was "made in Germany."

The Baconian translation of the third verse of the 90th Psalm reads:—

Thou carriest man away as with a tide :
 Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high ;
 Much like a mocking dream, that will not bide,
 But flies before the sight of waking eye ;
 Or as the grass, that cannot term obtain
 To see the summer come about again.

"The thought," writes Spedding, "in the second line could not well be fitted with imagery, words, and rhythm more apt and imaginative; and there is a tenderness of expression in the concluding couplet which comes manifestly out of a heart in sensitive sympathy with nature, and *fully capable of the poet's faith*

'that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.'

Of other Psalm translations, which are worth close examination, the same authority maintains:—"The whole of the 103rd Psalm seems to me grand in thought, autobiographic in certain allusive words, and sustained and sonorous in its versification. . . . Take, again, as a sample of versification, the opening of the 104th

Psalm. The heroic couplet could hardly do its work better in the hand of Dryden. The truth is that Bacon was *not without* the 'fine phrensy' of the poet; but the world into which it transported him is one which, while it promised visions more glorious than any poet could imagine, promised them upon the express condition that fiction should be utterly prohibited and excluded. Had it taken the ordinary direction, I have little doubt that it would have carried him to a place among the great poets." This is the testimony of a critic who studied the works and letters of Bacon more closely than those who maintain that Bacon's acknowledged verses are "unmitigated doggerel."

Another of the translations reads :—

Teach us, O Lord, to number well our days,
 Thereby our hearts to wisdom to apply;
 For that which guides man best in all his ways
 Is meditation of mortality.
 This bubble light, this vapour of our breath,
 Teach us to consecrate to hour of death.
 Return unto us, Lord, and balance now,
 With days of joy, our days of misery;
 Help us right soon, our knees to Thee we bow,
 Depending wholly on Thy clemency.
 Then shall Thy servants, both with heart and voice,
 All the days of their life in Thee rejoice.

Then we have other lines in the Baconian Psalms which are not altogether despicable poetry :—

The vales their hollow bosoms opened plain,
 The streams run trembling down the vales again.
 * * * * *
 Why should there be such turmoil and such strife,
 To spin in length this feeble line of life?"
 * * * * *
 The moon, so constant in inconstancy
 * * * * *
 Thou buriest not within oblivious tomb.

It is worth while comparing these much-abused translations of the Psalms with those of an admired English poet, who wrote :—

Thy gracious ear, O Lord, incline,
 O hear me I Thee pray;
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need and sad decay.

Blest is the man who hath not walked astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorners hath not set: but in the great
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight.

The author of these two extracts from translations of the Psalms

was John Milton, who composed *Paradise Lost* and *Lycidas*. It is fortunate that Milton's poetical distinction does not depend on his versions of the Psalms, as has been the fate of Bacon's reputation as a poet. Neither Vaughan's nor Sidney's translations are any better than Milton's.

Did Bacon ever acknowledge himself to be a poet? In his *Apology for Essex*, he writes:—

"It happened, a little before that time, that her Majesty had a purpose to dine at Twickenham Park, at which time I had (although *I profess not to be a poet*) prepared a sonnet directly tending and alluding to draw on her Majesty's reconciliation to my Lord, which I remember I also showed to a great person." This sonnet has never been found in Bacon's papers. The words "I profess not" are significant.

In 1603, on the accession of James I., in a letter to Sir John Davies, Bacon spoke of himself as "a concealed poet," an allusion which Spedding could not explain, except under the assumption that Bacon referred to his authorship of the *Devices* written for the Earl of Essex, among them *A Conference of Pleasure*, edited by Spedding, and re-edited by Douse and Burgoyne. In one of these masques, performed at York House in 1595, the following lines appear—acknowledged by Spedding to be the work of Bacon:—

Seated between the old world and the new,
A land there is no other land may touch,
Where reigns a Queen in peace and honour true;
Stories or fables do describe no such.
Never did Atlas such a burden bear,
As she in holding up the world opprest;
Supplying with her virtue everywhere
Weakness of friends, errors of servants best.
No nation breeds a warmer blood for war,
And yet she calms them by her majesty:
No age had ever wits refined so far,
And yet she calms them by her policy.
To her thy son must make his sacrifice
If he will have the morning of his eyes.

This poem is, in expression and idea, not unlike the famous eulogy of England by John of Gaunt in *Richard II*.

That there must have been poems written by Bacon which are not extant is proved by the fact that Bacon is included by Stow and Howes, his contemporaries, in their *Annales*, "among our moderne and present excellent poets." This statement could not be founded on Bacon's translation of the Psalms, as this translation was not published till many years later. What was the

poetry to which Stow and Howes referred? How can a man be a "poet" if he has written no "poetry"?

Then Waller, in the Dedication of his works to Queen Henrietta Maria, speaks of "Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Francis Bacon as nightingales who sang only with spring; it was the diversion of their youth." What were the nightingale songs Bacon sang in his youth? To what does Waller refer?

In 1629—three years after Bacon's death—Thomas Farnaby produced another poem by Bacon—and accepted by Spedding as Bacon's work—an expansion of a Greek epigram attributed to Poseidippus, which runs:—

The world's a bubble; and the life of man
 Lesse than a span.
 In his conception wretched; from the wombe,
 So to the tombe;
 Curst from the cradle, and brought up to yeares.
 With cares and feares.
 Who then to frail Mortality shall trust,
 But limnes the water, or but writes in dust.

Then follow other three similar verses respectively ending:—

And where's a city from all vice so free,
 But may be term'd the worst of all the three?
 What is it then to have or have no wife,
 But single thraldom or a double strife?
 What then remains, but that we still should cry
 Not to be born, or being born, to die?

To my ear these lines sound somewhat poetical.

So much for Bacon's efforts as a poet as displayed in his acknowledged *verse*. Can any poetry be extracted from his prose?

There are hundreds of passages in the prose works of Bacon which can be transposed into excellent verse, without the interpolation of a single word. For example:—

They even fly by twilight.
 Redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in half.
 It is as natural to die as to be born.

There is a peace or unity
 Grounded upon implicit ignorance.
 Faces are but a gallery of pictures,
 And talk but a tinkling cymbal where
 There is no love.

I have, though in a despiséd weed,
 Procured the good of all men.
 The south wind blows from presence of the sun.

They flocked about him as he went along :
That one might know afar off where the owl
Was by the flight of birds.

The ocean—solitary hand-maid of eternity.
It was a race oft dipped in their own blood.

And Perkin,

For a perfume before him as he went,
Published a proclamation.

Words are the footsteps and the prints of reason.

By kindling this new torch

Amid the darkness of philosophy.

Both knee and heart did truly bow before him.

If you listen to David's harp,

You shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols.

Religion sweetly touched with eloquence.

Have you ever seen

A fly in amber more beautifully entombed
Than an Egyptian monarch?

To procure the ready use of knowledge

There are two courses.

The sweetest canticle is 'Nunc dimittis.'

Truth may come, perhaps,

To a pearl's value that shows best by day,
But rise it will not to a diamond's price
That showeth always best in varied lights.

It is not death man fears
But only the stroke of death.

Virtue walks not in the highway
Though she go heavenward.

Why should we love our fetters, though of gold?

There is nothing under heaven

To which the heart can lean, save a true friend.

Why mourn, then, for the end which must be
Or spend one wish to have a minute added
To the uncertain date which marks our years?
Death exempts not man from being
But marks an alteration only.

He is a guest unwelcome and importunate,
And he will not, must not be said nay.

Death arrives gracious only

To such as sit in darkness,

Or lie heavy burdened with grief and irons.

To despairful widows, pensive pensioners, and deposed kings;

To them whose future runneth backward

And whose spirits mutiny.

Unto such death is a redeemer,

And the grave a place of retiredness and rest.

What rareness of conceit, what choice of words, what pace of
utterance.

These wait upon the shore, and waft to him
 To draw near, wishing to see his star
 That they may be led to him,
 And wooing the remorseless sisters
 To wind down the watch of life
 And break them off before the hour.
 Bud in the cells of gross and solitary monks.

In this theatre of man's life it is reserved
 Only for God and the angels to be lookers on.
 It is as natural to die as to be born.
 The breath of flowers is sweeter in the air.

A word inserted here and there would convert these passages into fairly good blank verse.

Bacon's *History of the Reign of Henry VII.* abounds in striking examples of metre, e.g.,

A great observer of religious forms.
 He was not without secret trains or mines.
 He would be but a king of courtesy.
 To beat down upon murmur and dispute.
 An act merely of policy or power.
 All eminent persons of the line of York.
 At which time Innocent the Eighth was Pope.
 Therefore during the Parliament he published
 His royal proclamation, offering pardon
 And grace of restitution to all such
 As had taken arms or been participant
 Of any attempts against him.
 So long expected and so much desired.
 So this rebellion proved but a blast.
 The dregs and leaven of the northern people.
 Thus was fuel prepared for the spark.
 And none could hold the book so well to prompt
 And instruct this stage play as she could.
 Their great devotion to the house of York.
 And her two sons deposed of the crown,
 Bastarded in their blood, and cruelly murdered.
 That if his grace be forced to make a war
 He do it without passion or ambition.
 But by the favour of Almighty God,
 Try our right for the crown of France itself;
 Remembering that there hath been a French
 King prisoner in England, and a king
 Of England crowned in France.

It came unto this priest a fancy,
 Hearing what men talked and in hope to raise
 Himself to some great bishopric, to cause
 This lad to counterfeit and personate
 The second son.

Stirring both heaven and hell to do him mischief.

This ambassage concerned no great affairs.

It was the two-and-twentieth of June.

And in this form was the law drawn and passed.
 Which statute he procured to be confirmed,
 By the Pope's bull the following year.

The wreath of three was made a wreath of five.

There was a subtile priest called Richard Simon,
 That lived in Oxford and had to his pupil
 A baker's son named Lambert Simnell,
 A comely youth, and well favoured, not without
 Some extraordinary dignity and grace of aspect,
 And for Simnell there was not much in him
 More than he was a handsome boy,
 And did not shame his robes.

As for the times while he was in the Tower.

There are much worse lines than these in the historical plays of Shakespeare.

The purely philosophical works of Bacon are not the soil from which poetry could be expected as a crop, but if we take the literary works, the verdict of Shelley and Macaulay can be more than confirmed that Bacon was "a poet."

The *Essays* especially abound in true poetic language. Take this from the essay *Of Adversity*:—

Virtue is like precious odours,
 Most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed;
 For prosperity doth best discover vice,
 But adversity doth best discover virtue.

Not a word here has been altered from the prose form in which it appears in the original.

Then in the essay *Of Simulation* we read:—

It is the weaker sort of politicians
 That are the great dissemblers.

Again:—

As for equivocations or oraculous speeches,
 They cannot hold out long.

Gone is the spiritual franchise of themselves;
 Nor know they freedom in their acts or times.
 How strange the passion which will seek for power,
 And yet lose liberty! and no less strange
 To seek for power o'er others, and to lose
 The nobler power over a man's own self!
 The rising into place is labour vast;
 By pains men rise and come to greater pains.
 Sometimes 'tis base, and by indignities
 The foolish climber comes to honour great.
 Slippery the standing on the height attained,
 And the regress is downfall or eclipse.
 Alas! that life should yet prolong its course
 When will from being severed is and torn!
 Nay, when they would retire they know not how,
 Nor will they turn when reason bids them cease,
 When age and sickness ask for shadowed rest.
 Still the tired placeman shrinks from privacy,
 Like some old townsman, sitting at his door,
 Though, seated thus, he offers age to scorn.

To anyone with whom time hangs heavy on his hands. I would advise its employment in paraphrasing in verse the prose *Essays* of Bacon. The task he will find an easy one, and the result will be a confession that Shelley clearly recognised in Bacon one of his own kindred when he made the deliberate statement, without qualification, that "Bacon was a poet."

GEORGE STRONACH.

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN.

WHEN a foreign writer of real and admitted excellence is nearly unknown in England, it is usual to express surprise and to search about for the reasons. In the case of Eugène Fromentin, the explanation is simple. His genius was of the sort that appeals to the relatively small public which cares for the work of a sensitive temperament and of a keen and thoughtful intellect. To make the matter worse, his best book is about pictures, and it is irksome for people who have not the visual imagination to read detailed criticism of pictures they have not seen, or, having seen, have forgotten. But the reason that accounts for not reading "Les Maitres d'Autrefois" does not apply to a novel. The neglect of "Dominique" was most likely due to its having appeared between two fashions, that of Octave Feuillet and the society novelists, and that of Zola and the naturalists. Feuillet and Zola do not fully represent the French fiction of the years immediately before or after the publication of "Dominique," but they probably do represent the contemporary English idea of it. All that, however, is a thing of the past. The English public is quite up to date with French fiction, and there is a drawback to that from which Fromentin has suffered. The date of a book is not necessarily the date of the author. It certainly is not with Fromentin, and that should be a good reason for bringing him to the notice of the English public who are reading French literature.

Happily, there is not much to say about him apart from his pictures and his books. He was born in 1820, and died in 1876. His father practised as a doctor at a village near Rochelle. Eugène was sent to Paris to study law, and he gave most of his time to writing poetry, till his other passion, the love of art, conquered literature, and he entered, too late, the studio of Rémond. His painting was always weak in drawing for want of the long study from the "life" which makes the great draughtsman. Fromentin was in the current of Romanticism, with Delacroix and Decamps as his idols. And he went romantically to Africa. His first visit was in 1846, his last in 1852. His Algerian pictures made him famous; he became the accepted painter of Arabs and the gorgeous East, and the public would not let him paint anything else. His most severe critic, who wrote a memoir of him, admits the excellence and distinction of Fromentin's work. That is all that can be said of it in an article concerned with his literary

work, which originated in the visits to Africa. In 1856 he published "Un Été dans le Sahara," and in 1858, "Une Année dans le Sahfel." In 1844, Kinglake had published "Eothen," his book of Oriental travel. It is curious to find that it is the Englishman who talks about himself, and the Frenchman who describes the people and the country. Not that we do not get Fromentin, but that he "comes out," as the painters say, and does not describe himself. And what most particularly comes out is the man of the wonderfully fine senses, the man who, as Fromentin said of himself, had such singularly keen perceptions and such a memory for physical impressions.

It is said that men are less willing to concede superiority in intellect than in anything else. They will more readily admit that other men are more beautiful, more virtuous, richer, or of loftier station, perhaps because these distinctions may be arbitrary, like rank, a matter of luck or succession, like wealth, the gift of heaven, like virtue, or something the man had nothing to do with, like beauty. Some of these objections apply to intellect, but there is no denying that every man has a great deal to do with the use of his intellect, and it is the use that demonstrates the superiority which men find disagreeable in other men. They search about for means to put themselves on the same level, and one of the best is a phrase that implies that every one, if he had the mind, could do what the intellectually superior man has done. One of the most current of these phrases is aimed at the novelists, a class whose services to the community might have given them exemption. But things are what they are, and not what we wish them to be, and we must make the best we can of the popular notion that "every one can write one novel." The terms are not exact, for if any one can write one "novel," he can write more than one. The saying is interpreted as meaning that any one can produce a formless, incoherent, and unoriginal account of a commonplace life and undistinguished emotions. For that is what would be, and must be, produced, if the eight million Parliamentary voters were each to write his novel. Moreover, it is unnecessary, for that kind of novel is written every year, and what "every one" reads is what "every one" would write. A very different statement—that most men of fine natures have in them the material for a book worth reading—is probably true. It was so with Fromentin, who wrote but one novel, "Dominique," which made an instant success in 1862, and has since acquired a permanent reputation in French literature for the sincerity and fulness of its revelations, and for the precision and delicacy of its style, though Fromentin, the *littérateur*, is better seen in "Maîtres d'Autrefois." "Dominique's" attraction lies in its intimacy.

Like all the books—novels, diaries, or letters—which express the emotional experiences of an individual under a conventional disguise, it is effective by exactly so much as it makes us feel that the passion and sentiments had been felt by the writer. The form in such cases is often badly managed; the novel has no plan; the letters are not epistolary, and the dates of the diary have been filled in to fit the story. But people who care for the real thing make light of these defects so long as they get the heart-beats. A false commonplace opposes the sensational, objective life to mere book-reading. Literature is the vast repertory of human thought, passion, and sentiment, and the true reader turns to books because they give life in its depth and fulness and at its height. And these readers have a fine scent for the living books, like Rousseau's "Confessions," "The Letters of a Portuguese Nun," and "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford." France has been fertile in such books; a racial gift for keeping the head while feeling the sentiments enables the French to discriminate more finely, to enjoy with more understanding, than those nations whose feelings are too violent for observation, and too little distinguished for recording.

"Dominique" has only story enough to present the people. M. de Bray, a country gentleman in a small way, who lives at Les Trembles, near Villeneuve, loses his wife soon after his son is born. M. de Bray is an invalid; the boy is allowed to run wild in the fields of Les Trembles, and to make friends of the village-children, till, when his father dies, an aunt comes to take charge of the house, and puts Dominique under the care of a conscientious tutor. Four years later Dominique and his aunt go to Ormesson for the sake of the school. There his friend is Olivier d'Orsel, and through him Dominique gets to know Olivier's uncle, and his cousins, Madeleine and Julie. The boys and girls associate after the fashion of their kind. Madeleine is a year older than Dominique. When she is nearly eighteen M. d'Orsel takes his family to some watering place, and in a few weeks Madeleine returns grown up and virtually contracted in marriage. Dominique finds that he is in love with her when she is Mme. de Nièvres. Madeleine, in time, makes the same discovery, and tries to cure him by friendship, the least effective and the most painful remedy in such cases. It fails with Dominique and with Madeleine, for through friendship she comes to love. Then the story ends; there is no intrigue, no separation, no scandal. Dominique marries, goes back to Les Trembles, and settles down to a life of usefulness and of never-silenced regret.

Such a bare abstraction is not fair to the book, and I have used it only to show that readers of "Dominique" must not expect

the kind of interest of the ordinary novel. It will also show that the interest of the book is emotional, firstly and mainly, and in the next place that it is moral, *un cas de conscience*. But the moral question is on the second plane, more than hinted, but not developed, and consequently impressive, but not deliberately made so by Fromentin. He had not set out to write a novel on a question of casuistry. He wanted to express a personal experience, or, rather, he had to express it. A dying convention ridicules the confidences of lovers and the confessions of men and women who have felt deeply and have not been happy. But expression is the natural relief for strong emotion. In the happy cases the love is expressed to the natural object, and usually goes no further. In the others the need is greater, so great, indeed, that people will confess to strangers, and that the old dramatists invented a whole class of characters, who had nothing to do but listen to confidences. It is scarcely saying too much to declare that the rule is no expression, no emotion.

With Fromentin there was added the artist's desire for the final form, and also the artist's wish to see whether his work had been well done, whether other people thought as well of it as he did. That, very likely, was the reason for the publication of a book so intimate and so frank. This does not derogate from the artist's dignity. An artist must think well of his work, and must want other people to like it, and will be disappointed or angry if they dislike it. The Stoics, who are founts of unconscious humour, condemn the artist's need for approval, and at the same time condemn his self-satisfaction. These judgments explain why Stoic art is not a success. Milton and Wordsworth, though one was Calvinistic and the other Pantheistic, are called Stoics, but as artists they had to the full the belief in their work and the delight in its appreciation which are almost invariably associated with the creative temperament.

This is why Fromentin made public a personal experience. He was a man whose delicacy of sense repeated itself in thought and feeling, and that is not always the case with men of fine sense perceptions. He doubted gravely whether it would be honourable to quote George Sands' praise of "Dominique." "Vendre la louange," he exclaimed, and had great trouble on the point. But the practical genius of his publishers settled it, and his readers get the profit of his delicacy of seeing, feeling, and thinking. Without those gifts the theme of "Dominique" is not particularly attractive, and it is as old as the institution of marriage. Fromentin gives the old story the impress of an individual experience. The boy Dominique lives, or rather grows up before us; he becomes the young man, the lover, and the man of maturity, not

that we expected him to be, but that we are convinced he would be. Sensitive, shy, clever, strong, dreamy and tenacious, he is a faithful and complete presentation of the character the author knew best. Fromentin writes about feeling without being sentimental or embarrassed. He is not ashamed of being in love, and he tells all there is to tell. It is, as the phrase goes, a boy and girl love affair, and for a love affair a boy and girl are the best. For a contract of marriage, a company director, an M.P. rising to an under-secretaryship, a Wesleyan solicitor, or something of that sort will do very well. But Fromentin was not a novelist, and he was treating the matter of poetry, and showing how the greatest of natural instincts is transformed by temperament. For, at the last, this is not the love affair of a boy who will become a company director. It is the passion of a fine and tenacious character of a man who has the nerves of an artist and the deep conservatism of a peasant. This sort do not take things lightly, and if they have known and loved a woman when she had just left the convent school, they will love her when she is married, and when they are married, like Dominique. He saw Madeleine first when she wore dresses that had the marks of kneeling on the convent floor: he had a great shock when she came back from a holiday and he saw her a young and beautiful woman, and he had a shock that lasted his life when she married. Natures like Dominique's take those shocks seriously, and not after the manner of an under-secretary. And that, as Dr. Smiles pointed out, is foolish. It is foolish also to expect poets to behave like Wesleyan solicitors, almost as foolish as it would be to expect the men of business to write the poetry and paint the pictures. They do write poetry, Lord Sherbrooke did, and if the pictures of that sort are like its poetry, then, in heaven's name, let the business men and politicians leave art and literature alone. Let them have the common sense to see that a special organisation is required for art and poetry, and that if we are to have pictures and poems, they must be produced by the men with that organisation. Fromentin's extreme sensitiveness would be out of place in Parliament or in the city, but it is that sensitiveness which perceives and renders the love, suffering, and trials of Dominique and Madeleine. Only a rare gift for refinements of emotion could have expressed and portrayed the growth and course of Dominique's passion, and only a sincere genius could have made it sympathetic. It is not the banal story of the other man's wife, nor the brief passion of puberty. It is a boy's companionship grown into a man's love, and the man's nature is strong and loyal with the strength and immutability of men whose fathers have lived close to the steadfast earth. And Dominique had found his right mate in Madeleine. At first a little abstracted

and remote, in spite of her *gracieuseté*, and a little of the saint enskied by a young lover, she is slowly revealed by the pressure of life. There are few women like her, but they are the women who would spend themselves to help their lover to endure his love. They would not know of their own danger, and they would suffer as she did. There is a true and singular pathos in the scenes where Dominique and Madeleine exchange their parts, where he has to strengthen her fortitude. The *mariage de convenance* has some admirable effects; it protects property and inspires comedy. But it is rather a tragic business when it leads to love instead of *galanterie*. That was never the alternative for Madeleine; she is, and always would have been, the *digne épouse*, the honoured mother, the woman who did not seek after love. But with these women it goes hard when love comes too late.

Fromentin has been as successful with Madeleine as with Dominique, perhaps more because she is individual, and there is a class for him. She is the kind of Frenchwoman who can make good sense charming, whose nature is kindly and gracious, who has principles and is intelligent. She belongs to the company of heroines who stay with us because they give the accent of their individuality to the general emotions. It is an achievement in any art to express truthfully the great passions, but the last distinction is to individualise the universal, to characterise emotion. It is so rare that it is seldom attempted where it is easiest, and that is on the stage. Whatever character the actor is playing has not only the same emotion but the same kind of that emotion. The jealousy of Leontes is the jealousy of Othello; Romeo's passion is like Antony's infatuation. It is a wonder if an actor knows there are degrees of the same emotion, but few actors know that the love or jealousy of Mr. Smith does not take the same form in him as in Mr. Brown. The stage seems to be limited to expressing the primary instincts and the obvious externalities, and it is only in the novel, where emotion is not separated from intelligence, that we find any instances of characterised emotion.

Fromentin is delightful, exactly because in "Dominique," as in "Les Maitres d'Autrefois," there is a constant interaction of feeling and intellect. His scenery is said to be too pictorial, addressed to the eyes instead of the mind. A painter who writes a novel must expect that sort of criticism, but if "Dominique" had been published anonymously, its pictorial precision would have been attributed to a novelist with eyes. Fromentin knew his country as Constable knew the valley of the Stour, and he expressed its calm, its homeliness, its grey skies, and grey seas with fond accuracy. The opening scenes have the breath of a Corot; the description of the *vendange* should be compared with

Mr. Hardy's apple harvest. The scene by the lighthouse shows Fromentin's talent for giving a memorable picture in a few lines, and for rendering the atmosphere of place and time. There are other scenes and characters, which will be enjoyed, if I achieve my object, which is to bring Fromentin to his English public, for there is a public in England who can appreciate his union of analysis and emotion.

In the books of travel, in the pictures, and in "Dominique," we get Fromentin as the observer and the artist, and as the man who has felt, and can present, an emotion. They do not entirely reveal him. In the last resort there are, with few exceptions, no complete revelations. The essentials of a personality do not incline towards an expressiveness which is in opposition to their function, the preservation of the individual character. There are a great many people who are communicative, as well as shallow, who, it is said, give themselves away. It is a mistake; there is nothing to give. Every one may have an immortal soul, but there are very few individualities. The other sort who give themselves away are the egoists with vanity, Rousseau, Châteaubriand, Byron, invaluable documents for the psychologist, if the vanity could be precipitated. Montaigne talks about himself a great deal, Rabelais expresses himself in figures made in his own fashion, and we say that we know them. They know better, they have told us much, but they kept back, they did not yield the essentials. No one was less likely than Fromentin to reveal himself entirely, and as for doing so publicly, he would rather have gone to the stake. Ultra-sensitive natures like his, which are at the same time sympathetic and intelligent and reflective, never give themselves away, but, having the malady of thought, they are driven to speech. Fromentin did, what people like him must do. he made confession to a few intimates whom he had tested and proved. If the opinion of these confessors, who were not directors, could be obtained, we should have the material for understanding Fromentin. As that is not possible, we must be content with the book which is, no doubt, to a large extent, a *résumé* of these intimate talks.

"Les Maîtres d'Autrefois" is a book of pure delight, and a god-send to the Anglo-Saxons, if, through the curse of Babel, it had not been written in a foreign tongue. There are few more saddening spectacles than the rush of the Anglo-Saxons through the galleries of Europe. Little has been done for them, we have been so busy producing artists that we have quite forgotten the people who are to appreciate and support the artist. The appreciation of art does not come by nature, and surely it would be worth while to smooth the path of the learner, and give him some idea of what a painter sets out to do when he puts paint on canvas.

In the meantime "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois" is at the service of any one who cares for art and French literature. It meets both tastes. It is written by a painter, so the technical knowledge is there; it is written by a man of letters, whose culture was sufficient, and by a critic whose judgment was fine, sound, and courageous. Fromentin visualises the pictures he has seen, and describes them so that they take form and colour, and become visible. There is no coarse word-painting in hot tones, no phantasmagoric confusion of colours, no forcing one part of the picture into false prominence and leaving the rest indistinct. Fromentin makes a palette of language, and it serves him to convey all varieties of tone, all qualities of values, the nature of forms, and the effect of mass. And he puts the words together so quietly, with a choice so discreet, that as we read, a picture we have never seen is before us, true and complete to its finest stroke, its softest touch. That is the test of such writing. Nothing is more tedious than descriptions of pictures where the enumeration of qualities is not composed, where the details are not related. To people who have not the power of visualisation they are almost unreadable. But these people can read Fromentin, and as this power of reviving the image of what has been seen is fairly common, he gets the readers who can see, as well as those who cannot see. Practically, we are determined by sense development, general or special. The strongest will in the world cannot make a man, without specially fine auditory nerves, into a great composer. The gift of visualising, which is not restricted to form, but includes colour, is the foundation of the pictorial imagination. Without other qualities, the gift of seeing images is the sign of the unimaginative, of the people who are positive and definite and limited. With them it is memory coming out through the best developed sense. Not until this memory is directed by the intellect, not until a choice is consciously made, do we get anything artistic, and not until emotion and thought have been brought to bear on the choice, do we get that union of the poetic and the philosophic which the word imagination now implies. The practical, literal imagination can reach a high degree of technical, and, indeed, of artistic, attainment, as it did in the art of Holland. Excluding Rembrandt, where he was most himself, most personal, it is scarcely too much to say that the craftsmanship of Holland was fine enough to produce the highest sort of imaginative art. Except for Rembrandt and Ruisdael and a few others, the Dutch practitioners painted themselves into a *cul-de-sac*, into a back alley, which they rendered with a brush worthy of Paradise. There, in that case at all events, was the end of the seeing eye. Take, for instance, the portraits of Hals,

with all their mastery and vividness. Nothing is left out, nothing slurred, nothing missed, and the man is alive. And too often the last impression, or, rather, the conviction, is that the man is so little important, so ordinary and trivial, that if Hals had not painted him he would never have been noticed. He is an exterior, and all his external qualities, his surfaces, his texture, his behaviour against colour, and under light, are, beyond question, accurate and vivid. And the man is alive. Not the man, the animal; the human animal who is called man to distinguish him from the wolf and the ape. The man who belongs to humanity is in Rembrandt's pictures, and perhaps the artist gave him his humanity, but it is there, he is separated from the wolf or the ape by something that is not a matter of anatomy or the nervous system, by a quality that escapes definition, by the spirituality that differentiates poetic and imaginative art from the other kind. Rembrandt may have seen what did not exist, Hals may have seen all there was to see, but the one had a spiritual and the other had a literal imagination.

The perception of that truth influences Fromentin throughout his æsthetic criticism. Artist as he was, prompt to seize every proof of artistry, frank in praise of it, he does not forget that the consecration comes from another source. His distinction is in the use of imagination, sentiment, and spirituality, which have been made the vehicle of so much that is extravagant, irreflective, and merely personal. He uses them sparingly and with a thoughtful sincerity. His criticism, like Sainte-Beuve's, persuades because it is meant, and because it is careful not to say more than is wanted. An eloquent writer would expand a page of Fromentin into a volume. But three hundred pages of Chateaubriand would be a bad exchange for the clear and exact summary of the man who thought. He has the kind of intelligence which is genius when it is French. Its keenness, its justness, its moderation, its impartiality, its vision without apocalyptic attitudes, are combined to produce a work of intellectualised art, which is as much genius as the works which rest upon an energy that seeks to display itself. Turn to Fromentin's study of Rubens, and the *exposés* of the "Descente de Croix" and the "Mise en Croix," to the study of Rembrandt and the "Ronde de Nuit," and see how the pictures and the artists and the critic are displayed. They have been quoted, and they are better read entire if only for the reason that they are to some extent and unavoidably technical. The use of technicalities in art criticism frightens, and bewilders, and revolts the ordinary reader, and has had very much to do with keeping him ignorant of much in art that can be learnt. The recipe for making any art, subject, or calling a mystery, is to shroud it in

technical terms. With religion it is a device, with science a necessity; literature has relinquished it, and in music it is only feasible because it is learnt with the rudiments. But the average man, who is ready to get all he can from art, will not learn a new vocabulary except for a new game. And so, until lately, he looked upon art as a mysterious affair reserved for its practitioners and professors, and lost a great deal by that mistake. The more serious objection Fromentin saw and stated. He hates us, he says, "parler métier," and scrupulously apologises if he has to do it.

"Si j'employais les mots du métier, je gâterais la plupart de ces choses subtiles qu'il convient à rendre avec la pure langue des idées pour leur conserver leur caractère et leur prix."

And on the question of manual dexterity, of craftsmanship, a difficult question because, like faith and works, it involves the reconciliation of necessary principles, he speaks the language of intelligence:—

"Le travail de la main n'est pas que l'expression conséquente, adéquate, des sensations de l'œil et des opérations de l'esprit. Qu'est-ce en soi qu'une phrase bien tournée, qu'un mot bien choisi, sinon le témoignage instantané de ce que l'écrivain a voulu dire et de l'intention qu'il a eue de le dire ainsi plutôt qu'autrement? Par conséquent bien peindre, en général, c'est ou bien dessiner ou bien colorer, et la façon dont la main agit n'est plus que l'énoncé définitif des intentions du peintre. Si on examine les exécutants sûrs d'eux-mêmes, on verra combien la main est obéissante, prompte à bien dire sous la dictée de l'esprit, et quelles nuances de sensibilité, d'ardeur, de finesse, d'esprit, de profondeur, passent par le bout de leur doigts, que ces doigts soient armés de l'ébauchoir, du pinceau ou du burin."

The two great parties among painters are made up of those who have not "les sensations de l'œil," and of those who neglect "les opérations de l'esprit." In the same key and with a note of personal experience are these sentences, which will be approved by every one who has worked in any artistic material.

"L'art de peindre est peut-être plus indiscret qu'aucun autre. C'est le témoignage indubitable de l'état moral du peintre au moment où il tenait la brosse. Ce qu'il a voulu faire, il l'a fait; ce qu'il n'a voulu que faiblement, on le voit à ses indécisions; ce qu'il n'a pas voulu à plus forte raison est absent de son œuvre, quoiqu'il en dise. Une distraction, un oubli, la sensation plus tiède, la vue moins profonde, une application moindre, un amour moins vif de ce qu'il étudie, l'ennui de peindre et la passion de peindre, toutes les nuances de sa nature et jusqu'aux intermittences de sa sensibilité, tout cela se manifeste dans les ouvrages du peintre aussi nettement que s'il nous en faisait la confidence."

Fromentin, skirting a commonplace, brings out a fact in painting which is æsthetically and psychologically worth bearing in

mind. He does not restrict himself entirely to the pictures. His summary of Rubens ranks with the *Caractères* that are so well done in French literature. He turns from the painter to the man, and says :—

“ Il est réglé, méthodique et froid dans la discipline de sa vie privée, dans l'administration de son travail, dans le gouvernement de son esprit, en quelque sorte dans l'hygiène fortifiante et saine de son génie. Il est simple, tout uni, exemplairement fidèle dans son commerce avec ses amis, sympathique à tous les talents, inépuisable en encouragements pour ceux qui débutent.

“ C'était une âme sans orage, sans langueur, ni tourment ni chimères. . . . il appartenait à cette forte race de penseurs et d'hommes d'action chez qui l'action et la pensée en faisaient qu'un. Il était peintre comme il eût été homme d'épée; il faisait des tableaux comme il eût fait la guerre, avec autant de sangfroid que d'ardeur, en combinant bien, en se décidant vite, s'en rapportant pour le reste à la sûreté de son coup d'œil sur le terrain. . . . Il imprime partout la netteté de son caractère, la chaleur de son sang, la solidité de sa stature, l'admirable équilibre de ses nerfs, et la magnificence de ses ordinaires visions.

“ Il a tous les caractères du génie natif, et d'abord le plus infaillible de tous, la spontanéité, le naturel imperturbable, en quelque sorte l'inconscience de lui-même et certainement l'absence de toute critique. . . .”

That is an analysis of Rubens, rather than a criticism of his pictures. Fromentin did not understand that a critic of art was to be limited to the work, and warned off the worker, nor did he dose his readers with the soothing syrup of infantile psychology. Study and reflection, and an intelligence naturally fine, made him exempt from serving at the altar of cheap morality, or from frequenting the side chapel of petty *personalia*. Throughout “*Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*” there flash from the pictures lights strong or faint, simple or composite, signalling at Fromentin's call the characters of the painters. Rubens hangs out a lamp of rich colour, of intense ardour, of renewed clarity. And if you group the interesting men you will place him in the class which includes Marlborough and culminates in Goethe. Marlborough had *le naturel imperturbable* when he was on his ground, the field of battle. It was no credit to him, it was not of his doing certainly: but there it was, and it places him in the class with the men of the same gift. He had not certain other qualities, so he is not high in the list. Fromentin, writing of Rubens as a portraitist, calls him “un homme qui s'occupait peu des autres, beaucoup de lui-même, au moral comme au physique un homme de dehors. . . . qui fait servir la vie des autres aux besoins de ses conceptions, subordonne ses modèles, ne prend d'eux que ce qui lui convient. . . .” Impersonal, dispassionate criticism, which is not trying to fit the subject into a ready-made shroud, which is not anxious about his agreement with established conceptions. But it brings

out "the man who troubled himself little about others," and who by that is linked again to Marlborough, and who, if he had lived in the eighteenth century, and had been a poet, might have been Goethe. Would that some one would do for the children of art what Herbert Spencer did for the races of man, and classify them by temperament also! Every one who cares for writers and for artists does part of that work for himself. The satisfaction of literature is in giving us the acquaintance and sometimes the intimacy of the finest spirits of humanity, and because Eugène Fromentin is among the finest it is worth while to know of him.

C. G. COMPTON.

HAS PAUPERISM DECLINED?

ONE of the stock arguments against Mr. Chamberlain's proposals is "the great decrease in pauperism."

Time after time, speakers who are opposed to tariff reform urge upon their audiences not only that our commerce is in a thoroughly sound condition, but that one of the things that prove our commerce to be in a sound condition is the decrease in the number of paupers relatively to population.

These speakers seem content to look merely at the crude fact that lies on the surface of our records of pauperism—the crude fact (and it is a fact) that there are now fewer paupers per thousand of our population than there were in former years. This bald fact suits their line of argument, and if they have looked below the surface of this fact these speakers are careful not to disclose the results of their closer inspection.

The official returns of pauperism, like those which relate to so many of the other features of the present controversy, have to be examined and analysed with considerable care if we wish to see the true meaning of the facts, rather than to score a mere political point.

My present purpose is to set out the condensed results of a full investigation I have made into the facts of pauperism in England and Wales during the twenty years 1883-1902.

I have chosen a clear run of the most recent twenty years, so as to get a broad fact-base, and to avoid the inevitable and misleading bias of statement that must result when individual years are picked out. Nearly all the controversial statements concerning this trade question that are thrust upon us are based upon the selection of this or that year, or years, the selection being carefully made with the view that it shall support the argument desired to be sustained by the selector of the facts. This "picking-out" process has always seemed to me to be utterly worthless, and I will have none of it.

I propose to observe my facts during two periods of ten years each. This will enable a comparison to be made in regard to progress or regress in pauperism that will be free from the fluctuations of individual years, and which will afford a convenient and strong condensation of the many facts that must be shown. My authority for the facts is the Thirty-first Annual Report of the Local Government Board.

But, first, I will show the crude facts that are used by the opponents of tariff reform. (These figures relate to the twenty years 1882-1901, as the table in the Blue-book does not give the ratio of pauperism for 1902.)

A.—NUMBER OF PAUPERS (EXCLUSIVE OF LUNATICS AND VAGRANTS) IN RECEIPT OF RELIEF IN ENGLAND AND WALES ON THE LAST DAY OF THE LAST WEEK IN JANUARY, 1882-1901. WITH, ALSO, THE RATIO OF PAUPERS TO POPULATION.

These crude facts are absolutely misleading.

The Ten Years 1882-1891.			The Ten Years 1892-1901.		
Year.	Number of Paupers relieved. ¹	Ratio of Paupers per 1,000 of Population.	Year.	Number of Paupers relieved. ¹	Ratio of Paupers per 1,000 of Population.
	No.	Ratio.		No.	Ratio.
1882	751,000	28·8	1892	704,000	24·2
1883	750,000	28·5	1893	714,000	24·3
1884	726,000	27·3	1894	741,000	24·9
1885	744,000	27·6	1895	789,000	26·3
1886	771,000	28·3	1896	752,000	24·7
1887	779,000	28·3	1897	755,000	24·6
1888	773,000	28·0	1898	738,000	23·8
1889	756,000	26·9	1899	723,000	23·0
1890	730,000	25·7	1900	705,000	22·2
1891	714,000	24·8	1901	707,000	22·0
Average ...	750,000	27·4	Average ...	733,000	24·0

(1) Stated to the nearest thousand.

These results are summarised from the official table, which, like so many more of our official returns, gives information that is absolutely and seriously misleading to persons who do not take the trouble to look beyond the bare facts stated.

One can hardly blame the opponents of tariff reform for thinking that the facts shown in Table A do really indicate a "great decrease in pauperism," and a corresponding increase in the welfare of the working classes.

But, as I shall proceed to show, it is, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful whether either of these two benefits is shown to exist when we look below the surface of the facts.

Here are some of the reasons why we may suspect the validity of the inferences that are drawn from the facts in Table A—from facts similar to them.

In the first place, pauper lunatics and vagrants are excluded.

B.—THE NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &c., IN RECEIPT OF RELIEF IN ENGLAND AND WALES ON THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1883-1892 AND 1893-1902.

Description of Paupers, &c.	The Ten Years 1883-1892.	The Ten Years 1893-1902.	Increase or Decrease in 1893-1902.	
			INCREASE.	DECREASE.
	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.
INDOOR PAUPERS, &c.				
<i>Able-bodied and their Children.</i>				
Males	126	209	83	—
Females.....	141	183	42	—
Children under 16	159	148	—	11
<i>Not Able-bodied.</i>				
Males	578	647	69	—
Females	378	418	40	—
Other Children under 16	384	379	—	5
<i>Insane.</i>				
Males	71	72	1	—
Females	92	89	—	3
Children under 16	10	12	2	—
<i>Vagrants.</i>				
All	53	111	58	—
			295	19
Total INDOOR PAUPERS, &c.	1,992	2,268	NET INCREASE.	276
OUTDOOR PAUPERS, &c.				
<i>Able-bodied and their Children.</i>				
Males	161	138	—	23
Females	609	535	—	74
Children under 16	1,673	1,440	—	233
<i>Not Able-bodied.</i>				
Males	774	798	24	—
Females	1,898	2,008	110	—
Other Children under 16	337	297	—	40
<i>Insane.</i>				
Males	237	315	78	—
Females	301	394	93	—
Children under 16	5	7	2	—
<i>Vagrants.</i>				
All	3	3	—	—
			307	370
Total OUTDOOR PAUPERS, &c.	5,998	5,935	NET DECREASE.	63
Total INDOOR AND OUTDOOR PAUPERS, &c.	7,990	8,203	NET INCREASE.	213

The above are stated to the nearest thousand.

Now, vagrancy has increased enormously, and the number of pauper lunatics has increased very largely.

In the second place, the facts in Table A tell us nothing as to where the decrease in pauperism has occurred. Has it occurred among outdoor paupers (these are distinct from vagrants) or among the more costly indoor paupers?

In the third place, these crude facts tell us nothing as to increase or decrease of the period spent in the workhouse by indoor paupers. Nor do we learn anything as to the increase or decrease in the amount of the relief given to outdoor paupers. For this information, we shall have to look at the cost of pauperism.

And, more important than all the other omissions of information, these crude facts do not tell us whether the decrease in pauperism has occurred among men, women, or children.

Also, these bare facts tell us nothing as to the increase or the decrease in the cost of pauperism, which is perhaps the most reliable single test we possess.

These are some of the things that must be examined if we wish to see how we are going in regard to pauperism.

Here begins my investigation of the facts during the twenty years 1883-1902. The first thing to do is to collate all the facts for each separate group of paupers, &c., and to throw the condensed results into a table that will enable us to get a bird's-eye view of them.

This is done in Table B.

Let us look at the condensed facts in Table B.

We get here *all* the leading facts that are recorded in the Blue-book under the head of Pauperism—with the exception of cost, which I shall deal with later on.

We see at once that the decrease has occurred in the number of outdoor paupers, there having been a large increase in the number of indoor paupers—who are the most important and the most significant class. Not the most important numerically, but the most important in regard to cost per pauper, and the most significant in regard to the incidence of pauperism.

Another important feature of Table B is the fact that the decrease is nearly all in children.

Regarding all paupers, &c., there were 7,990,000 in receipt of relief on January 1st, 1883-1892, as compared with 8,203,000 in receipt of relief on January 1st, 1893-1902, an increase of 213,000, or 21,300 per year.

Here is a summary, in regard to men, women, children under sixteen, and vagrants:—

C.—THE NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &C., IN RECEIPT OF RELIEF IN ENGLAND AND WALES ON THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1883-1892 AND 1893-1902. DISTINGUISHING MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN UNDER 16, AND VAGRANTS. [See Diagram 1.]

Description of Paupers, &c.	The Ten Years 1883-1892.	The Ten Years 1893-1902.	Increase or Decrease in 1893-1902.	
			INCREASE.	DECREASE.
	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.
Men	1,947	2,179	232	—
Women	3,419	3,627	208	—
Children under 16	2,568	2,283	—	285
Vagrants	56	114	58	—
			498	285
Total	7,990	8,203	NET INCREASE. 213	

Table C shows very plainly that the large decrease has occurred in children. Why?

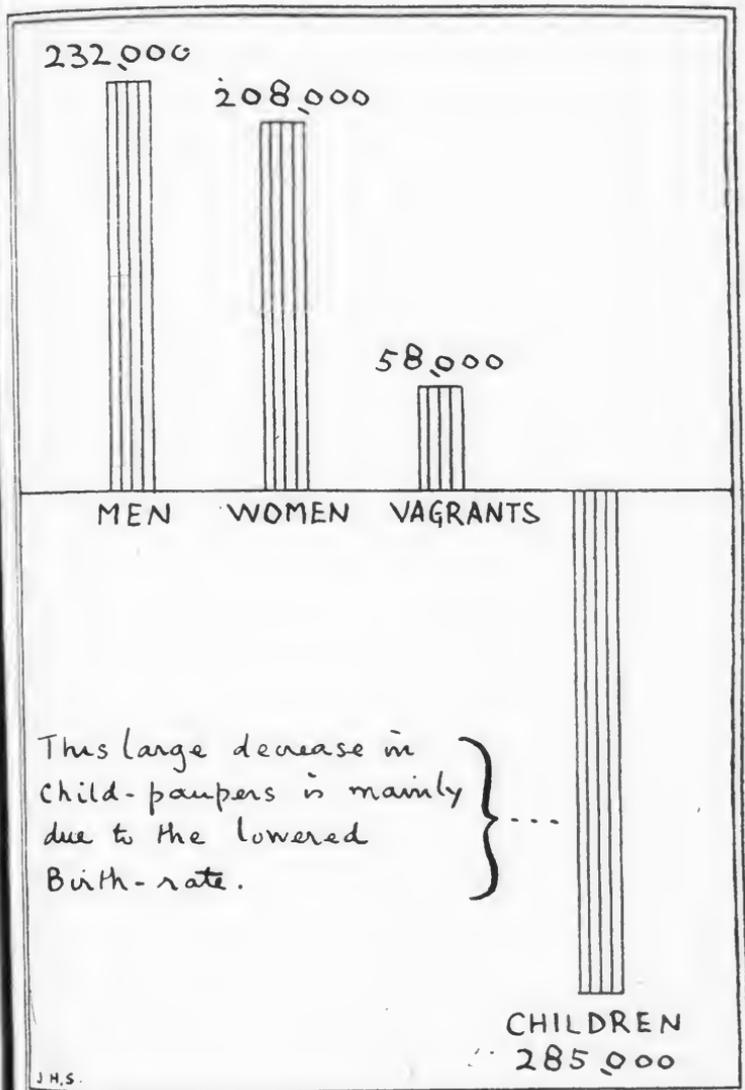
For some years past, I and other statisticians have directed attention to the considerable fall in the marriage-rate and in the birth-rate, facts that have resulted in a much smaller number of children being born, in relation to population, than would have been born if this decline in the birth-rate had not occurred.

It follows, as an absolute necessity, that during the last ten years there has been a much smaller number of children who could possibly become pauper children than the number who might have become pauper children if this fall in the birth-rate had not occurred. This is the leading cause of the decline in child-paupers shown in Table C, and this is also the leading cause of "the great decrease in pauperism" so much in evidence in the speeches of those who are opposed to tariff reform.

The thing is as plain as A B C when one takes the trouble to look into the facts; but even Lord Goschen, whose words are always worthy of great respect and attention, has been completely misled by observing only the crude facts set out in the Blue-book. His words in the House of Lords on June 15, 1903, were most misleading in regard to pauperism. Quite unintentionally misleading, of course.

There has been a large increase in men-paupers, women-paupers, and vagrants; the decrease has occurred in children, and for the reason just now stated—a low birth-rate.

But we must apply to the results in Table C the rate of growth of the population during 1893-1902 over 1883-1892. This has been a 12 per cent. rate of growth.



1.—THE INCREASE OR THE DECREASE IN EACH CLASS OF PAUPERS, &C., RELIEVED IN ENGLAND AND WALES DURING THE TEN YEARS 1893-1902, OVER OR BELOW THE NUMBER RELIEVED DURING THE TEN YEARS 1883-1892. [See Table C.]

By applying this rate of growth to the results of pauperism observed during 1883-1892, we can ascertain whether the actual number of paupers during 1893-1902 exceeded or fell short of the "expected" number of paupers during 1893-1902. This expected number being computed at the same rate of growth as the rate of growth of the population, without any account being taken of the lowered birth-rate, which would, of course, lower this "expected" number.

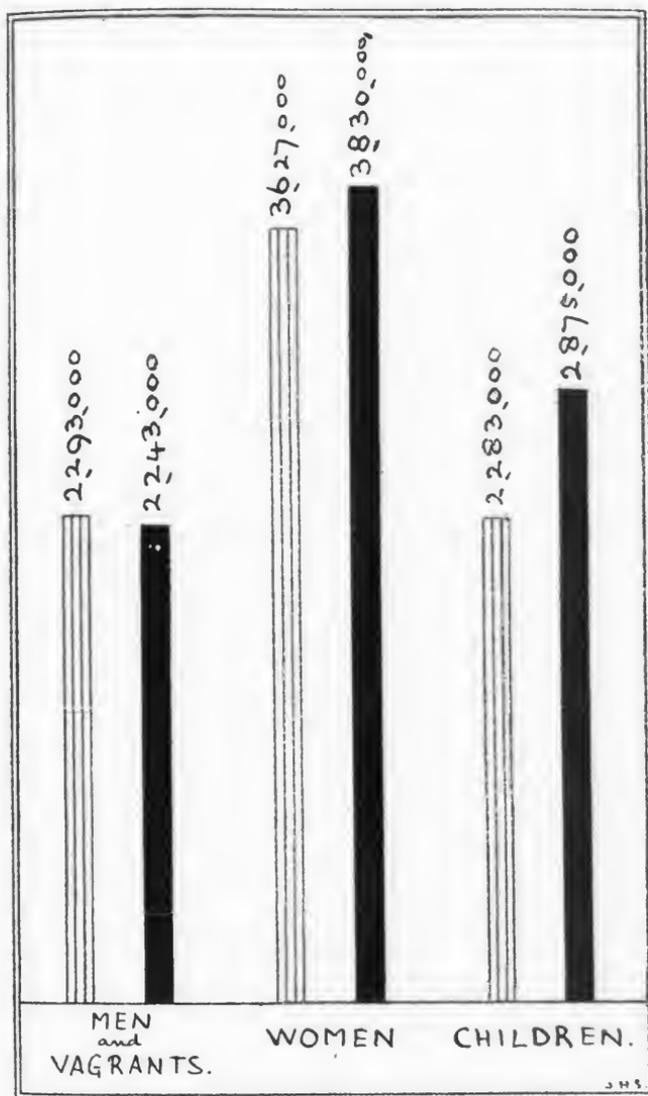
D.—THE ACTUAL NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &C., DURING 1893-1902, COMPARED WITH THE "EXPECTED" NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &C., DURING 1893-1902. DISTINGUISHING MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, AND VAGRANTS. [See Diagram 2.]

Description of Paupers, &c.	ACTUAL Number during 1893-1902.	'EXPECTED' Number during 1893-1902.	Excess of Actual Number over Expected Number.	Excess of Expected Number over Actual Number.
	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.
Men	2,179	2,180	—	1
Women	3,627	3,830	—	203
Children under 16	2,283	2,875	—	592
Vagrants	114	63	51	—
			51	796
			NET EXCESS OF EX- PECTED OVER ACTUAL Number.	
Total	8,203	8,948	—	745

Table D shows that as regards male paupers over sixteen years of age, there were 2,179,000 relieved during 1893-1902, as compared with 2,180,000 "expected" to be relieved during 1893-1902, upon the basis of growth of population. Practically identical results. There has been no decline in this, the most important group of our paupers, in relation to population, not even when we give full weight to the growth of population factor.

And let us bear in mind that as these males are those over sixteen years of age, a good many of them were very young males, scarcely removed from childhood, and thus subjected to an appreciable extent to the cause that rendered the total number of paupers actually relieved to be smaller than the expected number, namely, to the operation of the lowered birth-rate.

If it were practicable to measure the effect of this most potent cause of a diminution in the younger men-paupers, we should find that the "expected" number of 2,180,000 men in Table D would be materially smaller. However, let the facts stand as they are. They show to us very plainly that the growth of men-



Striped columns—Actual number relieved during 1893-1902.

Black columns—Expected number to be relieved during 1893-1902.

2.—THE ACTUAL NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &C., RELIEVED DURING 1893-1902, COMPARED WITH THE NUMBER "EXPECTED" UPON THE BASIS OF THE GROWTH OF OUR POPULATION. OBSERVE THAT THE DECLINE IN THE ACTUAL NUMBER HAS BEEN IN WOMEN AND CHILDREN. FOR THE CAUSE, SEE TEXT. [See Table D.]

paupers has kept pace with the growth of our population. There has been no decrease of pauperism in this—the most important—group of our paupers. And if we include vagrants—who are mostly able-bodied men—with the men-paupers, we see that there has been an actual excess of 50,000 men-paupers over and above the number to be expected, after giving full weight to the growth of our population in the computation of the expected number of men-paupers.

Table D not only adds emphasis to the important result disclosed in Table C, as to the decrease in child-paupers, but it shows that, relatively to population, the alleged great decrease in pauperism is also partly due to the decline in women-paupers.

Of these women-paupers, at ages above sixteen, 3,627,000 were relieved during 1893-1902, the expected number being 3,830,000. Thus the actual number fell short of the expected number to the extent of 203,000.

This falling-short in the actual number of women-paupers relieved during 1893-1902 is due in part to the operation of the lowered birth-rate in connection with the younger of these women-paupers, those aged 16-20. There have been fewer girls to become young women-paupers than there would have been if the fall in the birth-rate had not operated during many past years. Also, this falling-short is partly due, probably, to an increase in female employment. I cannot be sure upon this point, because there has been an important change in the census classification of women in regard to employment and non-employment.¹

We see that 2,283,000 children were actually relieved during 1893-1902, as compared with 2,875,000 expected. A falling-off of no fewer than 592,000. But, as I have said, this falling-off in child-paupers is due very largely to the lowered birth-rate. In relation to population, there are not so many children who can possibly become pauper-children as there were in the earlier years.

The analysed facts that are now being disclosed prove that if we are content merely to take the crude facts as they are shown in the Blue-book, we are led into very serious error in regard to the alleged great decline in pauperism.

Let us look now at the facts of pauperism in regard to able-bodied males, and vagrants, who are mostly able-bodied men. This is another important distinction of the crude facts which must be made if we wish to see true—if we wish to go beyond

(1) See the remarks on pages 76 and 77 of the General Report on the Census of 1901, qualifying the tables of employment there shown.

the mere clap-trap scoring of a political point based upon deficient information.

E.—THE ACTUAL NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &C., DURING 1893-1902, COMPARED WITH THE "EXPECTED" NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &C., DURING 1893-1902. DISTINGUISHING ABLE-BODIED MALES AND VAGRANTS, AND OTHER PAUPERS, &C.

Description of Paupers, &c.	ACTUAL Number during 1893-1902.	EXPECTED Number during 1893-1902.	Excess of Actual Number over Expected Number.	Excess of Expected Number over Actual Number.
	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.
<i>Able-bodied Males—</i>				
Indoor Paupers	209	141	68	—
Outdoor Paupers	138	180	—	42
Vagrants	114	63	51	—
			119	42
			NET EXCESS of Actual over Expected Number.	
Total Able-bodied Males	461	384	77	—
All other Paupers, &c.	7,742	8,564	—	822
All Paupers, &c.	8,203	8,948	—	745

The facts in Table E show that in regard to able-bodied males and vagrants, the number of these actually relieved during 1893-1902 was 461,000; the expected number being only 384,000. Thus, the excess of actual able-bodied males relieved, over and above the normal expectation based upon the growth of our population, was no fewer than 77,000, and of this number no fewer than 68,000 were indoor able-bodied male paupers.

Bearing in mind that the "All other paupers, &c.," in Table E consist of women, children, insane paupers, and non-able-bodied males, I suggest that this large increase in the number of able-bodied male paupers, relatively to population, is another strong fact that stands in direct confutation of the current statement as to the "great decline in pauperism," and as to this alleged fact being quoted as a proof that all is well with our trade. If our able-bodied men become paupers, and especially indoor paupers, to a materially greater degree than is to be looked for upon the basis of the growth of our population—a condition that has actually occurred during 1893-1902—then I say that

we are not justified in instancing the alleged "great decline in pauperism" as a proof that all is well with our trade.

I come now to the matter of the cost of pauperism during 1883-1902. The amount spent upon the relief of the poor is perhaps the best of all the single tests that we can have as to the increase or the decrease of pauperism. No one single test is adequate, as may have been gathered from the facts now shown, but as the money spent takes into the account a number of facts pertinent to the growth or to the decline of pauperism which are, as I have stated, wholly overlooked if we regard only the total number of paupers, the single test of cost is probably the best of all the single tests that are available.

Here is the cost of pauperism during 1882-1901, set out in a form similar to that used for the number of paupers during 1882-1901, shown in Table A.

F.—THE TOTAL EXPENDITURE ON RELIEF OF THE POOR, ENGLAND AND WALES, FOR THE TWENTY YEARS ENDED AT LADY-DAY, 1882-1901. WITH, ALSO, THE RATIO OF EXPENDITURE TO POPULATION. [See Diagram 3.]

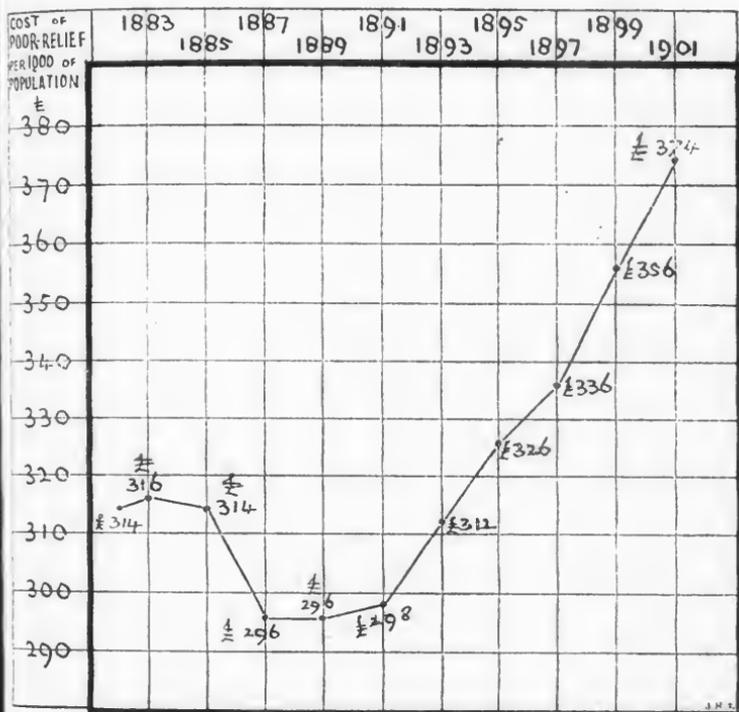
The Ten Years 1882-1891.			The Ten Years 1892-1901.		
Year.	Cost of Poor Relief.	Ratio of Cost per 1,000 of Population.	Year.	Cost of Poor Relief.	Ratio of Cost per 1,000 of Population.
	Millions of £'s.	Ratio. £		Millions of £'s.	Ratio. £
1882	8·23	314	1892	8·85	303
1883	8·35	316	1893	9·22	312
1884	8·40	314	1894	9·67	323
1885	8·49	314	1895	9·87	326
1886	8·30	303	1896	10·22	333
1887	8·18	296	1897	10·43	336
1888	8·44	302	1898	10·83	345
1889	8·37	296	1899	11·29	356
1890	8·43	295	1900	11·57	361
1891	8·64	298	1901	12·12	374
Average ...	8·38	305	Average ...	10·41	337

Table F tells us that the cost of pauperism has increased from 8·23 millions in 1882 to 12·12 millions in 1901. That the ratio of the cost of pauperism, per 1,000 of population, has increased from £314 in 1882 to £374 in 1901. And that there has been a constant rise in this ratio of cost during 1890-1901.

Compare these facts with those in Table A. Both are what I call rough tests. But the facts in Table F do at any rate take

in all the facts, whereas those in Table A omit many most important facts—as I have shown.

And yet, it is upon the facts in Table A, and upon those alone, that the opponents of tariff reform base their statements as to the great decrease in pauperism. I have been at some pains to show how utterly worthless the crude facts in Table A are, as an indication of our progress or regress in pauperism, and these crude facts serve as a good example of many other crude facts that are set out in Blue-books—like so many traps to catch the unwary.



5.—THE EXPENDITURE ON RELIEF OF THE POOR, ENGLAND AND WALES, 1882-1901, PER 1,000 OF THE POPULATION. [See Table F.]

Unfortunately, the unwary are content to be caught, especially when, as in this notable instance of pauperism, the crude facts seem to back up the argument they wish to enforce. But surely the immensely important question now awaiting our decision ought to be handled in something like a sound way. The solution of this question rests so largely upon matters of statistical fact, that it is an affair rather of scientific statistics than of politics—as politics are usually understood.

The great majority of the opponents of tariff reform—even

those from whom one might expect some attempt to handle their facts truly—seem to use the Blue-books for the purpose of picking out the facts of trade, &c., of this or that year for no better purpose than to score a platform point. What, for one example, could be more essentially misleading than the following words quoted from Sir Henry Fowler's speech at Glasgow on October 12th, 1903?

“What was the proportion of our trade per head of the population? In 1893 it was £17 14s. 3d. per head, and last year (1902) it was £20 18s. 4d. per head.” (Cheers.)

If you turn to page 55 of the fiftieth number of the *Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom*, you will find those figures quoted by Sir H. Fowler—which are, of course, absolutely worthless.

Here are the reasons why these figures are worthless.

In the first place, imports are added to exports—the old stock fallacy which will never be killed. We all know that our imports are rapidly increasing; it is our export trade that needs our attention.

Secondly, Sir H. Fowler has picked out the year 1893, for the reason that it happens to show the lowest total of any of the fifteen years mentioned in the book. And he then compares this one lowest year, 1893, with the one highest year, 1902.

Thirdly, as I have shown over and over again in my writings on statistical subjects, quite apart from this present controversy, no sound deduction can be drawn from a comparison of this year with that year. You must compare periods. Periods of continuous years, and preferably long periods.

One can hardly think that Sir H. Fowler could listen to the cheers that came upon his utterly misleading statement without a qualm of self-reproach. And yet this instance of the gross misuse of statistics is only one of hundreds that could be quoted.

Finally, I claim that the analysis of the pauperism records which has now been made renders quite unjustifiable the further repetition of the alleged “great decline in pauperism,” either as a fact, or as an illustration that proves our trade to be in a sound condition. And I appeal to all men who desire our country's welfare, whether they are on my side or on the other side, to have no traffic in the misuse of facts as an aid to the support of the opinions they wish to prevail. Let us all fight fair, and may the right side win!

JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING.

HARRISON AINSWORTH.

HARRISON AINSWORTH has been the friend of almost every critic's boyhood, so that one is glad to "judge him by the standards of his time," or make any other reasonable concession which may excuse him a portion of the responsibility for his limitations. His work is at once very good and very bad; but one of the reasons why it is just what it is may doubtless be found in the fact that he began to write before novelists in general—at any rate in England—had begun to take themselves seriously, or to view their art as anything more than a means of popular entertainment. The greater writers of his generation—the example of Dickens may serve—grew up to higher aims. From *Oliver Twist* to *A Tale of Two Cities* there is a great evolution, not only of the technique, but also of the point of view. There has been a similar, if a less complete, evolution between *Paul Clifford* and *Kenelm Chillingly*. But there is no corresponding development between *Jack Sheppard*—which was more popular than either *Paul Clifford* or *Oliver Twist*—and any of Harrison Ainsworth's later novels that the reader likes to name. Whereas Dickens and Bulwer Lytton evolved, Harrison Ainsworth went on as he began. Or perhaps one should rather say that, beginning as a precocious schoolboy, he grew up, not into an artist, but into an old fogey, confined by his limitations to the last, and also to the last unconscious of them.

He had, of course, his personal limitations: a lack, in the first place, of any sense of humour, and, in the second place, of any true perception of beauty; but these were defects which rather directed than obstructed his success. We will return to them presently, noting first the limitations which he shared in common with his group. What these were we can see easily enough by considering what have been the aspirations—we need not speak of the achievements—of novelists of more recent periods.

Matthew Arnold, it will be remembered, once prophesied that poetry would, in the course of time, take over the functions of religion. It is doubtless doing so for some of the few who read poetry, inducing in them a "feeling about the infinite," without making specific demands on their powers of belief; and the most representative of our modern novelists appear to feel that what poetry does in this regard for the few fiction should do for the many. They are not satisfied merely to interest their readers

by the relation of a string of incidents. They desire to interpret life to them—to illuminate its dark places, or to bring their darkness into relief—to see and show man in his relation to the world and to the universe—to climb, if it may be, a little way up the ladders which the infinite lets down, and, descending, to indicate, since they cannot precisely report, what they have seen. We see something of this sort attempted, if not always accomplished, in almost all the notable novelists since the rise of the Romantic School in France. We see it in George Sand's philosophy of love and Nathaniel Hawthorne's philosophy of sin; in Zola's optimism; in Flaubert's and Mr. Thomas Hardy's pessimism; in Hugo's and Tolstoy's humanitarianism. We see it even, to take the most recent instances, in Mr. Hall Caine's energetic endeavours to keep the Pope up to the mark, and in Mr. Robert Hichens' demonstration that the proper place for a Trappist monk is a Trappist monastery.

The first fact that helps us to "place" Harrison Ainsworth is the fact that, in all his long series of writings, he never achieved or even attempted anything of this kind. Not only did he never attempt it on purpose; he never even came near to attempting it by accident. Everything is a matter of course for him—even the supernatural. His "feeling about the infinite" amounts to no more than a general interest—not always a very intelligent interest—in ghosts and haunted houses. He is neither concerned to explain the ghosts away, nor to view them as links between the invisible and visible worlds. They are merely a part of his stock in trade, like his foundlings and his changelings. Like the foundlings and the changelings, they help to furnish incidents; so, finding them useful, he uses them and asks no questions. For a novel to him is a string of incidents and nothing more—unless it be perhaps a lecture on English history; and it is almost idle to attempt to criticise his work from any other point of view. Yet the fact remains that his work was once very popular, and, within its limitations, is quite good. Perhaps, building an epigram on a familiar model, we may say that he was the greatest of the commonplace and the most commonplace of the great.

His life was absolutely commonplace. One feels obliged to say that, even at the risk of seeming to reproach him for his virtues. The paucity of the gossip that exists concerning him, as well as the nature of it, is evidence that his individuality excited no remark. He was a lawyer who gave up the law for literature. He married young, and lived uneventfully; and the only fact about him that impressed his contemporaries seems to have been that he was vain of his personal appearance. A sketch

of him, written by a Manchester friend in 1823, speaks of "his handsome person, of which, by the way, I imagine Will is by no means insensible"; and Mrs. Byrne's *Gossip of the Century* strikes the same note, though not in admiration, comparing him with another notable contemporary, Count D'Orsay. This is the passage:—

Harrison Ainsworth had also (and with more reason) a strongly developed and practical fancy for modelling his style after that of the elegant French Count. It is true he was a fine, well-proportioned fellow, and possessed chestnut curls on his head, and hair on his face in sufficient abundance to adorn it after a similar fashion, but it was a mistake all the same. He spared no pains and no expense to get himself taken for D'Orsay; in the *flow*, and passing rapidly on a mount of the same hue, he actually did contrive now and then to get a hesitating recognition from some of D'Orsay's slighter acquaintances; and when wearing evening dress he arrived, by careful study, at the exact angle at which his coat should be thrown open, to display a gorgeous waistcoat *en cœur*, with a snowy, bediamonded shirt front beneath it; but somehow it wasn't at all the same thing, and only seemed to call attention to the vast difference between two individuals who, nevertheless, had so much in common. It was simply that grace, refinement, elegance, and *chic* were wanting in the imitation. Here was the illustration of another old fable—the ass donning the lion's skin.

Exact or inexact, this is almost the only graphic pen picture of Harrison Ainsworth that has come down to us. Allowance must be made for the malice apparently inspiring it; but descriptions which are based on malice are also as a rule founded upon fact; and this description rings plausibly, and suggests something more than it says. It is the picture of what Guy de Maupassant, in one of his short stories, calls *un chic de province—un chic de notaire*; and the appearance of this peculiar vein of vanity in the blameless life of a respectable family man speaks as eloquently of his limitations as of his ideals. It imperiously suggests the suburbs and the second rate. It carries instinctive conviction that when this blameless vain man takes to literature, he will tread its paths with an exceedingly flat foot. And this is just what Harrison Ainsworth does. His foot on the paths of literature is sometimes sure and firm, it is occasionally even swift; but it is always flat—fit only for progress on the lower levels.

This depreciation may seem excessive—may seem to prove too much—may even appear to be confuted by the fact that Harrison Ainsworth succeeded, and kept his success for a long time, and, to a certain extent, so far as the "general reader" is concerned, keeps it still. But that is hardly so; and depreciation may fairly go a good deal further before the critic pulls himself up, and turns round to face the question: How then did Harrison Ainsworth come to succeed? What was his secret?

As has already been said, he had no humour. What passes for such is the clumsiest knockabout farce: two scullions fighting a duel with bags of flour on the table of the royal kitchen at Windsor Castle, and that sort of thing. He never drew a character worthy to be remembered, like D'Artagnan and Private Mulvaney, apart from any particular exploit. Dick Turpin assuredly is not such a character; he is not distinguishable from any other rascal with a taste for disguises who might ride to York. Solomon Eagle, perhaps, is better; but even he is not so much a character as an opportune apparition. So let characterisation go. A still graver charge that can be made and sustained is of clumsiness in the telling of his stories. There can be few clumsier stories in the world than *Windsor Castle*. In the first place it is hardly a story at all, but only a disjointed series of historical tableaux. In the second place the author actually stands still in the midst of his story, such as it is, to relate the history of the Castle from the earliest times, and give particulars of its measurements and its cost. In the third place, he actually interrupts this superfluous description to inform the reader that he himself has been to Windsor, and seen Queen Victoria walking on the slopes, that her Majesty was "taking rapid walking exercise with the prince upon the south side of the garden terrace," and that "a thousand kindling aspirations were awakened by the sight." Nothing, one would say, could be more fatuous. It would be impossible to find a critic anywhere to approve. Yet, in spite of the fatuity, Harrison Ainsworth was conspicuously successful. He had his secret; and that secret largely resided in his personality, which it is so easy to cover with derision.

That personality, it is true, is not in the least interesting in itself. Harrison Ainsworth could never have posed before the world as the successor of the Werthers, the Renés, and the Adolphes. If he had tried to do so, he would have failed even more egregiously than Sainte-Beuve; and it never occurred to him to try—not even in the days when it was his innocent ambition to be mistaken for Count D'Orsay in the Row. But his personality was none the less a cause which produced effects, as causes will; effects profitable to Harrison Ainsworth to the extent, at one time, of about £2,000 a year. It is a personality, therefore, which we must endeavour to seize and define.

We have already said that Harrison Ainsworth was a clever boy who grew up to be, not an artist, but an old fogey. The definition, however, can be made more precise. He became a particular kind of old fogey, and he began by being a particular kind of clever boy; and, to a certain extent, though not altogether.

the terms of his boyhood and his fogeyhood ran concurrently. The truest way of putting it is perhaps to say that he was, with half his nature, the sort of boy who improvises blood-curdling tales in the dormitory at the dead of night, and with the other half a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. His reputation rests upon his earlier work, in which the boy was the predominant partner—upon such books as *Rookwood*, *Jack Sheppard*, *Old Saint Paul's*, and *The Tower of London*. The later books by comparison are tedious. That is really all that need be said; and it only remains to prove the statement.

The proof, in fact, must needs leap to the eyes of all who read. The first thing that one instinctively exclaims in reading is: "This is a boy's book." But there follows the second exclamation, not less instinctive: "This is a very different kind of boys' book from those of Ballantyne and Henty." They, and W. H. G. Kingston, were persons of adult, though limited, intelligence, consciously stooping to what they conceived to be the boy's point of view, confining their purview to subjects in which they thought it good for him to be interested, mingling instruction with entertainment, avoiding crime, avoiding even love, as if it were the unclean thing. There is, it is said, only one kiss in all the Henty series; and the author never ceased till the end of his life to receive letters of protest about it from parents, and guardians, and schoolmasters, and the ministers of all denominations.

It was excellent work of its kind that Henty and the others did within these limitations. But they are restrictions which, however desirable from the parents' and guardians' standpoint, by no means represent the true limits of a boy's romantic interests. Boys, beyond question, are interested in fur-trading, and marooning, and fighting, and scalp-hunting, and running away to sea; but they are interested in other things as well. Crime and its detection always interest them—they often want to be detectives. Love interests them—they do not usually think the better of a story because it is without a heroine. Of course they do not understand such matters. Of course they approach them fumblingly and unintelligently. But they do approach them, alike in the stories which they tell each other in the dormitories, and in the stories which they laboriously write for those manuscript magazines which pass from hand to hand in the school-room; not comprehending the things of which they speak and write, not swept by the passion of the most passionate situation, but vaguely perceiving that such interests make life richer and fuller, and are essential to it as a drama and a spectacle. And that is just the Harrison Ainsworth point of view. The voice

is never that of the grown man unbending to entertain the boys. It is the voice of the boy himself, endowed indeed with the knowledge of the Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, but handling his material with all a boy's limitations—realising, that is to say, his situations, but not realising the emotions on which they depend.

Perhaps the chief boyish traits are the lack of humour already referred to, and the surfeit of simple melodramatic surprises. A boy's humour, as we all know, is rather exuberant than subtle. The joke which he thoroughly enjoys is the joke of sitting down on wet paint, or rather of seeing someone else sit down on it. Harrison Ainsworth's jokes are all of that rough-and-tumble order, typified by the duel with flour bags in the kitchen; while his wit consists of puns, which are also a notable part of the jocular apparatus of youth. A boy's notion, again, of dramatic surprise in fiction is that somebody shall pull off a wig and turn out to be somebody else; and Harrison Ainsworth works that machinery with an untiring hand, and, if not with supreme skill, at least with skill sufficient to deceive the inexperienced. You always have to read his books to the end before you can be quite certain of the true identity of any character presented in their pages. For, if they are not wandering through the world in disguise, they have probably been changed at birth or stolen by the gipsies in early childhood. You soon discover that Jack Palmer is in reality Dick Turpin in *Rookwood*; but you are startled at a later stage to learn that the Sexton is really the younger brother of a baronet, lying low and vowing vengeance. The many disguises of the Earl of Rochester and Major Pillichody in *Old Saint Paul's* are penetrated almost as fast as they are assumed; but the secret of the identity of Nizza Macasree with Lady Isabella Argentine is reserved until the last. The disguises of Jonathan Wild are not of a nature to delude; but on the top of them comes the mystery of the birth of Thames Darrell, who is really the Marquis de Châtillon, and the disclosure that the mother of Jack Sheppard is really "heiress to the Trenchard property, one of the largest estates in Lancashire."

In so far as Harrison Ainsworth's stories can be said to have plots at all, these disguises and concealed identities constitute the machinery that works them; but, strictly speaking, they are plotless. It is not merely that, in the severely historical works, like *The Tower of London* and *Windsor Castle*, the plot is covered up by the tableaux taken from Hollinshed's and other chronicles. Even in the novels in which history is kept more or less in the background we find no plot in the sense of the gradual push of forces towards an inevitable close, but only a series of

exciting incidents, not linked as causes and effects, but strung together like beads upon a thread. The impression always is that the story was not thought out but improvised: that the author, at certain given moments, reflected, and said to himself:—"What shall happen next? It must be something startling, or the reader will go to sleep. Oh, yes. I have it. Suppose Mrs. Sheppard was really, &c. . . . That will keep them awake." And so the surprise is sprung, and is the more surprising because the author has not himself contemplated it or prepared for it, or led up to it, but has merely had a happy thought at the eleventh hour.

This air of extemporisation, not less than these disguises and these deceptions, suggests the dormitory. So do the machine-made ghosts, and the habit of handling the supernatural with no eye to anything but stage effects. But it is perhaps in the prose style that the suggestion is strongest and most striking. One has only to open one of the novels at random, and copy out a few sentences to make this point. For instance:—

"The important secret remained locked in my breast, but I resolved to be avenged. I swore I would bring your husband to the gallows. . . ."

"Consent to become my wife, and do not compel me to have recourse to violence to effect my purpose, and I will spare your son."

"It is my death warrant," said he, gloomily. And so it proved; two days afterwards his doom was accomplished.

"You know not as yet—nor shall you know your destiny; but you shall be the avenger of infamy and blood. I have a sacred charge committed to my keeping, which, hereafter, I may delegate to you. You shall be Sir Luke Rookwood, but the conditions it must be mine to propose."

"I am directed to provide for him—ha, ha! I will provide—a grave. There will I bury him and his secret. My son's security and my own wrong demand it. I must choose surer hands. The work must not be half done as heretofore. And now I bethink me, he is in the neighbourhood, connected with a gang of poachers—'tis as I could wish it."

"Never, vile traitor," shouted Dick. "'Tis thou art *sold*, not *he*: and almost ere the words were spoken, a ball was lodged in the brain of the treacherous ferryman.

Gathering together his remaining strength, he dragged himself towards the niche wherein his brother, Sir Reginald Rookwood, was deposited, and placing his hand upon the coffin, solemnly exclaimed, "My curse—my spring curse—be upon thee evermore!" Falling with his face upon the coffin, Alan instantly expired. In this attitude his remains were discovered.

One could multiply such extracts indefinitely. There is no need to search for them, for they bloom upon every page; and if the diction with its flat fall from the high falutin' to the conventional is not that of the story-teller of the dormitory, then the story-teller of the dormitory has no diction of his own. Nor is it a diction which he learned from Harrison Ainsworth, though

Harrison Ainsworth's influence may have perfected and confirmed him in it. It is the diction which is natural to the young when they are fumbling after style. All story-tellers began by writing like that if they began early enough; and Harrison Ainsworth never arrived at writing otherwise. His case is one of arrested development. He grew in knowledge of history; and it is inconceivable that he did not also grow in knowledge of the world. But the knowledge of the world which we are bound to assume him to have acquired never found its way into his books. The treatment of the subjects, far more than the subjects themselves, divorces literature from life. The conventions of Surrey side-melodrama lord it in his pages. They are not redeemed, as Bulwer-Lytton's use of the melodramatic conventions is sometimes redeemed, by the influence of the habit of contact with great affairs. The emotions, therefore, are to every critical reader, if not to every adult reader, as unreal as the situations and the characters.

For the critical reader, indeed, Harrison Ainsworth has one merit only, though he possesses that merit in an eminent degree. He can use incident—can compel incident, in fact, into vivid cinematographic pictures. However unreal the figures composing it, the pictures themselves, if we confine ourselves to the best examples, are real and effective. The picture of the burning of the Hot Gospeller in *The Tower of London* is hideously real. There has never been in fiction a picture at once so graphic and so well-sustained as that of the Great Plague in *Old Saint Paul's*. The story of Dick Turpin's ride to York is one of the finest stories ever written of a ride for life. The story of Jack Sheppard's escape from Newgate is the finest of all prison-breaking stories. It does not matter that Jack Sheppard, and Dick Turpin, and Leonard Holt, and Amabel, and the Hot Gospeller are the merest cardboard puppets. The picture is the thing—that and the press of incident. These appeal, in the first instance, to all boys, and in the second instance, to the eternal boy who lingers, however deeply buried, in the breast of every man. They are related as the boy himself would try to relate them—from the boy's point of view, and with the boy's methods, but with the grown man's greater knowledge and technical skill. That is Harrison Ainsworth's secret.

We must remember, moreover, that the unreality of which the critical reader is conscious goes unperceived by a large public. A large public, in fact, does not ask for reality as the critic understands it. It is not merely that it is well content to be confined with him within the four walls of the finite, careless of the more subtle meanings of life and of the relation of man to

the universe, letting its heart go out far more readily to the "raconteur" than to the interpreter. Instinctively it restricts the functions of the story-teller far more than this, feeling that psychology only gives the reader unnecessary trouble, and that elaborate characterisation only fetters the free play of his fancy.

Such readers like, of course, the externals of characterisation: red noses, cadaverous cheeks, strange oaths, gigantic or dwarfed stature, a Scottish or Irish accent. These things are convenient labels serving as aids to memory. And characters must also, of course, be broadly distinguished for them as young or old, virtuous or vicious, beautiful or ugly, attractive or unprepossessing. But that is all they want. Any deeper characterisation—any attempt to fill a book with definite individuals doing the things which it was inevitable for them to do, being what they are—is resented. It challenges intellectual combativeness instead of reposing the mind. A reader of the sort indicated does not want to be set wondering whether such and such a person—a person probably of a type outside his experience—would or would not act in such and such a way. He or she—perhaps more often she than he—prefers simply to be told that such and such things happened, and to imagine himself or herself, and his or her friends or enemies, playing their appropriate parts in the situation which the novelist provides. The boy likes to imagine himself breaking out of Newgate in Jack Sheppard's place. The tradesman's daughter likes to credit Amabel Bloundel with her own emotions—whatever she supposes that these would be—if some modern Earl of Rochester were to obtain access to her bedroom by a ladder and ask her to step round to Saint Paul's and get married. This particular emotional debauch, however, would be impossible if Amabel Bloundel or Jack Sheppard were too definitely individualised; and consequently for such readers the reality of the drama largely depends upon the unreality of the *dramatis personæ*. That is how their point of view differs from that of the critic. They ask the writer not for psychology but for situations. It is essential to their enjoyment of the feast of fiction that they should provide the psychology themselves. Harrison Ainsworth lets them do so—that is his second secret.

It is a secret, not a trick. The thing is not deliberately done, but happens. Harrison Ainsworth undoubtedly supposed himself to be realising his characters as clearly as he realised his tableaux. One can divine that from the care with which he describes their personal appearance. He writes as if he considered the whole art of characterisation to consist in saying that such a man had red hair and bandy legs, and that such a young woman had teeth like pearls and lips like coral. It was the

common delusion of the English novelists of his age. Even Dickens began with it, though his genius carried him beyond it. But it was a delusion which helped Harrison Ainsworth instead of hindering him. He was incapable of psychology, and if he had attempted it he would have stumbled clumsily. Avoiding it, he walked, as has been said, with a foot that was sure and firm, and sometimes swift, though flat. A limited man, writing for limited people, he never taxed their intelligence with intellectual subtleties, but merely shook the kaleidoscope, leaving them to do the rest. They did it, and were pleased with the result.

A writer so limited could not, of course, exert an influence or found a school. He might be imitated, since he was obviously supplying a commodity in great demand; but he could not hand on a torch, because he carried none. Smaller men might copy him, but greater men could not learn from him. The history of his followers must be a history not of growth but of declension. That is what the critical reader of Harrison Ainsworth's novels would expect, and that is what he finds. The true successor of the creator of *Jack Sheppard* is the creator of *Jack Harkaway*. In the evolution of the novel that is the highest place that can be assigned to him. That is the penalty which he was bound to pay in the end for being commonplace—for dealing not with ideas but with events—for seeing life as a picture without any particular meaning. But among commonplace men he ranks very high indeed; for he had the gift of expressing himself, whereas most commonplace men have not. He was a *raconteur*, and he was well-informed and well read, if not precisely learned. So that the epigram suggested at the beginning of this article may be justified, and he may be classed definitely as the greatest of the commonplace and the most commonplace of the great.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

FRENCH LIFE AND THE FRENCH STAGE.

"LA MASSIÈRE," BY JULES LEMAÎTRE; "HÔTEL DE L'OUEST,
CHAMBRE 22," BY JEAN LORRAIN; "L'ESCALADE," BY
MAURICE DONNAY.

AFTER seven years of "reactionary" politics, M. Jules Lemaître has resumed his former dignified and distinguished career of dramatist and literary critic. Let the Nationalist papers rage together, and M. Henri Rochefort imagine a vain thing: the public rejoices. And one cannot but believe that M. Lemaître rejoices also, and breathes with renewed enjoyment his natural air. For how could a true artist and humanist live at ease in the atmosphere of violence and vindictive passions where MM. Drumont, Millevoye, and Rochefort are at home? How could so robust an "intellectual" escape depression in the neighbourhood of M. François Coppée, who, having been converted by an illness some years ago, has been afraid to take healthy views of things ever since? How could a critic with a sense of proportion, a playwright with a sense of humour, keep up a serious and respectful attitude towards a chief so incoherent and unbalanced as M. Paul Déroulède, the exile of S. Sébastien; whose consuming preoccupation has ever been to dispatch, for no earthly reason, passionate telegrams of "Vive l'armée" and "Vive la patrie" to his followers in Paris. What a spectacle, what a position! Even when he held it, and was "cher maître" to the members of his party, his name, an occasional speech, and an occasional newspaper article, were all he gave them. And now the reaction has come—but not in a manner the "reactionaries" would have wished. M. Jules Lemaître, the "intellectual," has had enough of politics, and suddenly, with quiet dignity, he has stepped out of the fray.

Moreover, he has come through the ordeal unscathed, unscratched. If anything, his experiences in the Nationalist camp have made him simpler and gentler than of yore. Often, in his earlier plays, was a note of bitterness, of irony; but in "La Massière" M. Lemaître has given us a comedy above all remarkable for its tenderness; and for the subtlety and sympathy shown in the elucidation of a little drama enacted among artists: that is to say, within the enchanted circle where, by general consent, in France at any rate, a chosen people is permitted to live naturally, profoundly indifferent to, and independent of, the strife, vulgarity, and conventional restraints of politics, commerce, and the fashionable life. . . .

"Adorable"—to adopt the fair young art-student's favourite enthusiastic epithet—is the painter Maréze. Although famous, handsome, and grey-headed, he is nevertheless as simple and naïve

as a child; and he is the idol of a young ladies' atelier, which he visits twice a week. Not much genius among his pupils. Indeed, when first we meet him, Marèze is engaged in inspecting many a dreadful "study" of the patriarchal model who occupies the throne; and as he passes amongst the easels, he gives vent to exclamations, sighs, and groans. The atmosphere is perfect: you might be in Julian's atelier of the Rue Cherche-Midi. However, before the easel of Mdlle. Juliette Dupuy, Marèze pauses in admiration. She is the *massière*: the eldest and most accomplished pupil—the monitor as it were—who, in return for her small services, receives her instruction for nothing, and occasional special lessons in the professor's private studio. "Je n'ai rien à vous apprendre," says Marèze. And the pupils titter. They have noticed Marèze's sympathy and admiration for the *massière*. Invariably, when arriving at her easel, he declares, "Je n'ai rien à vous apprendre." Invariably, also, when the class is over, Marèze remains behind to gossip with the *massière*. In fine, a friendship between the two.

So, when the model and pupils have departed, Juliette and Marèze carry on an easy, a familiar conversation. Deeply interested is the painter in Juliette's circumstances. She is poor; has to give lessons; help her mother keep house; make both ends meet somehow or another. With his hands in his pockets, Marèze listens, sympathetically, paternally. A certain shyness about him, even a certain *gaucherie*. No less than three times does he inquire after Madame Dupuy's health; three times, also, does he inquire after the health of Juliette's young and quite uninteresting brother. But—the *tête-à-tête* is interrupted all of a sudden by the appearance of Madame Marèze, a middle-aged woman, and undoubtedly a bourgeoisie. Her acknowledgment of Juliette's bow is curt. And when Juliette leaves the studio, Madame Marèze, ere accepting her husband's arm, reproaches him sharply for his "singular" interest in the *massière*.

A suspicious soul is Madame Marèze. In the second act we find her fretting against Juliette's visits to her husband's private studio. Let the other pupils come, but not the *massière*. She is an intrigante, she is —. But Marèze stops his wife's harangue by impatiently leaving the studio, and without giving the promise demanded of him that Juliette's private visits shall cease.

A few minutes later, after Madame Marèze too has retired, her son, Jacques, enters in the student's eternal corduroys. A tap at the door, and then enters the *massière*. A very young and enthusiastic painter is Jacques. In the delightfully amusing scene that follows he airs his views on art. The painter sees more than other people; therefore, he knows more; consequently he should be greater, loftier, nobler than the rest of his fellow creatures. A torrent of the most naïve eloquence from Jacques—but again his mother appears to break a *tête-à-tête*. The spectacle is too much for her. The *massière* pursues both her husband and her son! Turning upon Juliette, Madame Marèze forbids her entrance to her

house. Jacques indignantly intercedes on Juliette's behalf; and the curtain falls as the *massière*, humiliated and confused, takes her leave.

A restless, short-tempered Marèze do we behold in the third act. His wife's treatment of Juliette he ignores; and so he cannot account for the *massière's* timidity and coldness, nor understand why she refuses to visit him in his private studio. The good Marèze is hurt. Angrily he tells his wife that Juliette is fickle and ungrateful; and still angrier does he become when he learns from Madame Marèze that Juliette and Jacques visit the Louvre and Cluny together, and even stroll about among the trees and statues of the public gardens. Dreadful to say; the excellent Marèze almost dislikes, is certainly jealous of, his son; and his reception of him a few minutes later is, to say the very least, surly. A veritable bear is Marèze. And a veritable fury is Marèze, when Jacques informs him that he loves the *massière* and desires to marry her. Stamping up and down the room, Marèze declares that Jacques has behaved basely, criminally. Poor Jacques is aghast at his father's outburst, begins to suspect his feelings towards Juliette, and finally asks him whether it can be possible that he (Marèze) loves her. "Oui, je l'aime," shouts the painter; but—from his passionate harangue one gathers that it is but the love of an artist for his favourite pupil, who has been the joy and pride of his life, and his consolation in troubled moments. Marèze cannot bear the idea of losing Juliette. She has been his *camarade*, his confidante. She has become necessary to him. The —. "Sortez," shouts Marèze to his son. "Oui, sortez."

And the solution?

In the last act we find Madame Marèze seeking the solution. She has sent for Juliette; and when Juliette, timid, confused, unhappy, appears, Madame Marèze informs her of the breach she has caused in the household. The most satisfactory solution is that Juliette shall disappear, shall give up her post of *massière*; but no sooner has this been suggested, than Juliette bursts into tears, emotionally shows that she has been in no way to blame, and finally succeeds in winning Madame Marèze's heart. So, another solution. Peace and happiness can only be restored by the marriage of Jacques and the *massière*. And this Madame Marèze announces to her husband, who comes sulking into the room. Yes; the simple, excellent Marèze sulks like a child. He speaks not a word, he refuses to be consoled; and only will he listen when his wife proceeds to explain that by marrying Jacques to Juliette he will win a daughter. Thus, she can still be his *camarade*, still be his confidante, still be his consolation in troubled moments, and still be the pride and joy of his life.

Appears Jacques; and Marèze's reception of him is friendly.

Then appear, all of a sudden, and with infinite commotion and fuss, the pupils from the atelier, with a huge bouquet and a lengthy address.

"Cher maître," begins the youngest pupil,—then, from nervousness, breaks down.

It is the *massière* who must proceed with the address, which congratulates Marèze, the "cher maître," on having been elected a member of the institute. But when she arrives at the passage that thanks the "cher maître" for his patience and devotion and kindness, the *massière* also breaks down.

Gently Marèze embraces her. Cheers are sent up by the pupils when he announces the engagement of his son Jacques and Mademoiselle Juliette Dupuy. And then does the simple Marèze good-humouredly shrug his shoulders, and pass out of the room with his wife on his arm.

Through dim streets, over cobbled squares, past theatres and brilliant *cafés*, past hovels and drinking dens, to the base of the Montmartre hill: the Hectic Hill, with its stifling *cabarets* and noisy night restaurants, its blaze of gas and electricity, its strong odours of *poudre de riz*, musk, and patchouli, its prevailing nervous condition of morbidness and acute hysteria. Much madness in Montmartre: but our mission does not take us into the midst of it. Half way up the Hectic Hill comes the Rue Chaptal, our destination: a dark little street, where one vivid light marks the site of the Grand Guignol. The light burns at the entrance to an *impasse*, something of an alley; and at the end of the *impasse* stands the Grand Guignol, studded with dull red lamps that cast a glow on the theatre boards and on the faces of the fashionably dressed people who gossip at the doorway. Here, one feels at once, is originality. Here, one feels, too, is the bizarre, the uncanny. And one's first impression is right: the Grand Guignol has a note—a *genre*—entirely its own, which sometimes amuses but more often appals and terrifies.

Only a small audience occupies the Grand Guignol. Says someone behind me, "It's like a chapel." And the comment is just. Not much of the theatre is there about this little *salle*; where the boxes resemble pews, where the attendants flit about silently, where the woodwork is severe and sombre, and where the whole atmosphere is simple and subdued. But the audience is fashionable. It has paid Comédie Française prices for its *fauteuils*; it has brought its smelling-salts and fans. And it has come to be amused and scandalised by *Petite Bonne Sérieuse*, and *Contrainte par Corps*, two audacious one-act plays; and to be appalled and terrified by M. Jean Lorrain's grim, sinister tragedy, "Hôtel de l'Ouest, Chambre 22." Actuality, at the Grand Guignol. Unadulterated realism, in this bizarre "chapel." Before us, single episodes out of the lives of the poor, the rich, the weird, the disreputable, the criminal. Before us the work of dramatists who desire no more than that the audience shall take away with it vivid imperishable "impressions." And of these particular dramatists, whose method is not to unwind a plot, but to reveal, in a sudden flash of light, unfamiliar experiences, unspoken emotions, and

the hidden abodes and strange forms that haunt the mist-shrouded terrain vague upon the outskirts of modern civilised life, none succeeds more triumphantly than the author of *Hôtel de l'Ouest, Chambre 22*.

The place is Nice, at Carnival time. The scene is a private supper room, in a fast night restaurant. And the characters we first behold are two men in dominoes who have finished supper and are about to leave the room. After paying the waiter, and without speaking a word, they hurry out.

Arrives, a few moments later, a gay supper-party,—three women in handsome dresses, *décolletées*, painted, and bejewelled; and two middle-aged men of worldly, cynical appearance. The women are ornaments of the *demi-monde*, who frequent the night restaurants of Paris, and are also to be seen at fashionable seasons at Monte Carlo, Aix-les-Bains, Vichy, Trouville, and Nice. The eternal champagne, the eternal *écrevisses*, the eternal cigarette, and the eternal loud, mirthless laughter. Also, the eternal familiar gallantry from the men. No real spontaneous gaiety in the *demi-monde*: all that revelry rings hollow, and, in the occasional lulls, there are yawns and sighs and weary exclamations, and faces look tragic and eyes droop, and grim truths reveal themselves. So, in this Nice restaurant, the men and women make a pretence of rejoicing—and welcome riotously the sudden appearance of a man disguised grotesquely as a clown, who comes romping into the room. An utter stranger—but then it is Carnival time and perhaps the Clown will make things livelier. Mockingly, however, he addresses the three women. Of course, they have read of the recent brutal murders in the *demi-monde*? Well, let them beware. Numbers of assassins are about. These assassins are here, there, and everywhere. Never were these assassins more watchful, more active, and more skilful. Thus, tauntingly, the Clown; but he vanishes as suddenly as he appeared, leaving the three women lost in terror. Their companions strive hard to reassure them, but in vain. The Clown, they declare, was only a practical joker—but the women regard his speech as an awful warning. Those recent murders in their own particular world! Mademoiselle Sylvie de Précourt found strangled! Mademoiselle Marguerite de Lancy discovered with a bullet wound in her head! And their rooms in disorder. And their jewellery and money gone. And no clue to the assassins. And so, the police baffled; and so, the prototypes of Mademoiselle de Précourt and Mademoiselle de Lancy stricken with fear. What if their jewellery and their money should attract assassins; what if they, too, should be murdered brutally, mysteriously, in their own homes, and even in a restaurant, an hotel. No security in the *demi-monde*. No real protectors, no one to trust. Danger on every side, at every turn. Ah, to be a courtesan is to be of all creatures the most isolated, the most lonely. Yes, often, in this half-world, a veritable reign of terror; and it is at its height, now, in this Nice restaurant. The three women are all

emotion. They tell how they will bolt and barricade their doors to-night. They will go home at once. They will search each room with their servants; but can the servants be trusted? Who to trust: from whom to expect true protection? Disregarding the remonstrances of their two companions, the women rise in agitation from the supper-table. From the street one hears the din and music of the Carnival—and then, all of a sudden, a scream from one of the women, who has gone towards the sofa to fetch her cloak. "There is some one under the sofa," she cries. Her scream brings the waiters running into the room. "There, underneath the sofa," she repeats hysterically. The hangings are lifted up. From underneath the sofa is brought forth the still, rigid body of a young woman in a rich pale blue domino. She has been murdered. But a few hours ago she was one of the most beautiful, brilliant, and notorious ornaments of the *demi-monde*. . . .

The place is Paris, also at Carnival time. The scene is room 22 of the shabby, sordid Hôtel de l'Ouest. And in the interval—an interval of a few days only—Paris, Monte Carlo, Vichy, Aix-les-Bains, Trouville, and Nice have been excitedly discussing the most recent murder in the *demi-monde*. As in former similar murders, jewellery and money had vanished and the assassin or assassins had once again escaped. So much we learn from the coarse, slovenly waiter of the Hôtel de l'Ouest, who is sweeping out room 22, occupied (according to the waiter) by two brusque, unamiable, unsympathetic men. These enter. They are the characters we first beheld in the restaurant at Nice: the two men in dominoes who had finished supper, and who left the room hastily, without speaking a word.

They have sharp, cruel, sinister expressions. They are restless and excited. When the waiter has left the room, they feverishly open and study a newspaper that contains a long and lurid account of—

Le Crime de Nice: Assassinat d'une Demi-mondaine.

Before us, the assassins.

They have returned to the hotel to recover an innocent-looking coil of silken thread they had forgotten on the mantelpiece. But how unrestrained, how infinite is their relief, at finding it still there! For the coil of silken thread is far from innocent. It served to strangle the woman who was discovered dead in a fast night restaurant, in gay, rich Carnival costume, at Nice.

But few words are exchanged between the men. Turning out the light, they leave the room, and for some moments it remains empty and in darkness. Then, the door opens, and into the room creeps the *rat d'hôtel*, or "sneak-thief." He scans the room—sees a port-manteau, already has his hands on it when he is startled by a sound on the staircase. Underneath the bed crawls the *rat d'hôtel*, and only in time—for again do the occupants of room 22 make their restless sinister appearance. Something wrong with them. One throws himself wearily on the bed; the other walks up and down

the room excitedly. And then the first breaks down: tells how he is haunted by the vision of his victim, pale, rigid, dead in her blue domino; how he is nervous, ill, shattered, and how he can only regain his peace of mind by parting with his accomplice who was the real culprit and whose presence has become loathsome to him. Closely and suspiciously does the other watch the cowering, wretched creature on the bed. He fears treachery: fancies his partner of yesterday making a confession before the *Commissaire de Police*: sees himself surrounded and arrested. And, suddenly, he hurls himself upon his companion; presses hard upon his throat until he is unconscious; covers the face with a handkerchief steeped in chloroform: looks fearfully about the room; then silently leaves it. Once outside, he turns the key. And no sooner has the key been turned than the *rat d'hôtel* scrambles forth from underneath the bed,—panic stricken, appalled, ghastly,—to find himself a prisoner. He is only a common, vulgar “sneak-thief.” But—the body on the bed! Discovered here, he will be taken for a murderer. Violently, wildly he wrestles with the door-handle. Says a voice, “Have patience, Monsieur, have patience; my key will open the door”—and into the room, after some manœuvring with the lock, step the landlord and a waiter. Horrified, they start back. Then, timidly, they approach the bed—touch the body—and, perceiving all of a sudden a movement behind the long, heavy draperies of the window, rush towards them, tear them aside, find, and seize the quaking *rat d'hôtel*. Passionately protesting his innocence he is dragged struggling from the room, and, above his shouts, are heard the din and music of the Carnival, as the curtain falls.

Thus the story breaks off unfinished. Only a flash of a lantern revealing terrible white faces in the night of crime. But M. Jean Lorrain has achieved his purpose: the impression remains vivid and imperishable.

After M. Jean Lorrain, M. Maurice Donnay—and what a change of method and of temper!

Ere reviewing the brilliant “Escalade,” a leading critic genially remarked: “It needed but a glance at the *salle* to know that it was a Donnay play: at least three-fifths of the audience were women.” What more natural? Donnay is woman’s most subtle, most sympathetic psychologist. And, in “L’Escalade,” the author of “Le Retour de Jérusalem,”—known before especially as the author of “Amants,”—illustrates the spirit and method, when dealing with this interesting subject, of a psychologist whose standpoint is the French sentiment towards women,—so different from, or rather so opposite to, the English sentiment.

Let us distinguish more precisely.

Outside of the circle of his domestic and personal affections—where, as son, lover, husband, or father, the average Englishman’s sentiments towards women are, to say the least, as estimable as the

average Frenchman's—the sentiment of the unspoiled typical Briton towards woman in general (towards “Everywoman,” to adopt Mr. George Bernard Shaw's expression) is one of contempt qualified with aversion: the aversion of the spiritual, intellectual, artistic man for what, in the uglier and darker domains of consciousness, he knows has a fatal attractiveness for him. But take the case of the average Frenchman. Outside of the circle of his personal and domestic affections,—his tender and almost religious devotion to his mother, his more ardent, perhaps, than unselfish passion for his mistress, his more amiable than amorous companionship with his wife, his loving and dutiful preoccupation with the paternal obligation towards his daughter,—the sentiment of the genuine Frenchman towards woman in general, towards the “Everywoman,” is adoration: in art, of her bodily beauty; in society, of her wit, and grace, and charm; in religion, of her legendary poetising and humanising influence as the symbol of unblemished purity and inexhaustible compassion: adoration of her, in brief, as standing to represent what consoles, gladdens, and embellishes life. English readers of that remarkable play, “Man and Superman,” have had the opportunity of discovering what are the spirit and method of even so brilliant a playwright and so skilful a psychologist as Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose standpoint is the sentiment born of the conviction that “in every case the relation between man and woman is the same; she is the pursuer and contriver, he the pursued and disposed of.” Spectators of M. Donnay's play enter into the spirit and method of a psychologist for whom there is neither pursuer nor pursued; but, around the spoiled heart of a woman of the world, and the impoverished heart of a man of science absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge, the operation of the invisible law of love, which, as Plato has it, “desires to become the possessor of those good or fair things of which it is in want.”

Cécile de Gerberoy, M. Donnay's heroine, has lost all faith in the honour of man; for the husband she adored betrayed her. He was killed in a duel. Cécile, believing the cause of the contest was political, went into the deepest mourning; lived alone with tender memories, was wretched and inconsolable. Then, one day she discovered that her husband's duel had been the result of his liaison with a married woman. After that, Cécile discarded her mourning, and became an elegant, a pleasure-seeking mondaine. In the worldly, feverish present she sought to forget the past. She can never love again, of that she is positive. That is how the case stands, when we meet her in the laboratory of Guillaume Soindres, a famous scientist and psychologist. We recognise in her only the vivacious, rather flippant Parisienne, who has come into this grave place out of curiosity and a desire for a “new sensation.” Grave, indeed, is the atmosphere; and terribly grave is Guillaume Soindres, a young man, very plainly dressed, and very awkward. The book that has made him famous expounds the proposition that love is a

disease; and proceeds to analyse it scientifically. You can be inoculated against love. Also, you can be cured of the malady of love. Are you attacked by that devastating complaint, hasten to Soindres' laboratory, and he will examine you and, moreover, prescribe a treatment for your special case. Entirely sincere is Soindres, and in earnest. His heart and soul are in his work; and he refuses bluntly to be lionised by society. "I go nowhere," he replies, at first, when Cécile invites him graciously to dinner. Her curiosity, questions, exclamations, cries, bore him. But, pressed by his old and dear friend, Gaston de Boisduvand, Cécile's brother, to accept the invitation, Soindres reluctantly consents, as he bows—clumsily enough—the elegant, worldly Cécile out of the laboratory.

"L'amour n'est qu'un mirage; c'est simplement une maladie cérébrale, qui peut se guérir comme toutes les autres;" here is still Soindres' conviction. And free from his visitors he proceeds to study the reports on the cases of Charlotte and Louise, two little modistes, victims of the disease of love.

An interval elapses. . . . In the second act we find the grave Guillaume Soindres in Cécile's drawing-room. But what has happened? Another, a new Guillaume—in outward appearance at any rate; sprucely, even elegantly dressed. Most certainly he has been in the hands of a fashionable tailor.

CÉCILE: "Mais vous êtes très bien habillé; vous avez renoncé à votre affreuse redingote et à vos nœuds tout faits. Vous faites de progrès."

GUILLAUME: "Ne vous moquez pas de moi."

CÉCILE: "Ne prenez donc pas cet air détaché; vous n'allez pas me faire croire que ce costume est venu là tout seul, ni ce gilet charmant, ni cette cravate distinguée."

But—Cécile has not the advantage entirely on her side either. Here, too, is a change,—not in outward appearance but in occupations and interests. For, on the frail, gilded chair by the side of the once idle and frivolous mondaine, are ponderous, grim-looking books, amongst them Soindres' tremendous scientific achievement *Prophylaxie et Thérapeutique des Passions*. And Guillaume is so secure of Cécile's acquaintanceship with his theories, that he begins to discuss with her the treatment of the little modiste Charlotte, who has confessed during a professional visit to Cécile that she is hopelessly, wretchedly in love.

"I advised her to work hard, to think only of her work," says Cécile.

GUILLAUME: "On la guérira. Le travail, en effet, est un merveilleux dérivatif. Et puis, pour les êtres comme Charlotte, la présence réelle, la possibilité de voir l'objet aimé, entretient la névrose. Que l'objet s'éloigne, l'influence cesse."

CÉCILE: "Croyez-vous?"

GUILLAUME: "C'est certain."

But if, in so far as the case of the little modiste is concerned, Guillaume's faith in his methods of healing remains unshaken, he is

troubled by symptoms of a mysterious restlessness, excitement, and discomfort in himself that he fears may signify a coming malady. And he cannot conquer the desire to confide these odd symptoms, and the uneasiness they cause him, to Cécile.

GUILAUME: "Oui, en moi-même. Ah! madame, je découvre tous les jours en moi des sensations que je ne connaissais pas et dont j'ai peine à me rendre compte. Jusqu'ici, à force de me pencher sur des cerveaux, sur des tissus, sur des muscles, sur des nerfs, sur tout ce qui constitue la matière vivante, j'ai cru qu'on pouvait tout expliquer et remonter sûrement des effets aux causes. Maintenant, je m'aperçois qu'il y a des choses qui échappent à l'observation la plus subtile, aux hypothèses les plus ingénieuses, au scalpel le plus délicat; et, quand nous disséquons, nous sommes peut-être semblables aux anciens sacrificateurs, aux vieux oracles qui prétendaient découvrir dans les entrailles des victimes la volonté des dieux! Oui, je constate en moi de grands changements. Ainsi, tenez, moi qui ai toujours travaillé comme un malheureux, comme un forcené, entassant des expériences, accumulant des documents, moi qui n'ai jamais pris le temps de rêver et qui ne savais même pas ce que c'était, maintenant, je rêve, je rêve, et des choses auxquelles je n'avais jamais prêté d'attention prennent un sens et me précipitent dans une rêverie profonde. Il y a surtout une certaine heure, quand tombe la nuit, et dont je ne puis vous décrire la tristesse infinie. Hélas! l'homme intérieur que l'on se sent dans ces moments-là ne peut pas s'exprimer: ou, ce qui est pire, s'exprime mal; l'homme extérieur ne le réalise jamais, et il demeure inconnu, même de celle pour qui il est ainsi.

"Autrefois, quand arrivait cette heure-là, j'allumais ma lampe et je continuais à travailler. Hier, je me suis accoudé à ma fenêtre et je vous ai guettée dans le crépuscule, espérant vous voir qui viendriez vers moi. Pourquoi seriez-vous venue? C'était insensé; et pourtant j'ai eu une grave désillusion. Quand vous êtes loin de moi, je ne pense qu'à vous et ma pensée attentive et inutile. Et, quand je suis auprès de vous, tout se confond dans une émotion indéfinissable, et je ne sais plus si c'est vos regards que j'entends, vos paroles que je respire, ou votre parfum que je vois."

Ah, my grave Soindres, where is your science, and of what use has it been to you? *Prophylaxie et Thérapeutique des Passions*, indeed! Why, you yourself are the living, glaring proof of the unsoundness of that amazing work. Possible to cure Charlotte, the little modiste. And now you, her doctor, find yourself in the very same plight; are wretched and haunted and sleepless, and passionately of the opinion that life is not worth living without. . . . Cécile.

"Que l'objet s'éloigne, l'influence cesse."

Recollecting this prescription, Soindres goes into the country; but two months later he visits Cécile's brother at Trouville, and there recognises that his malady is incurable. Alas! poor Soindres' case is hopeless. Never, indeed,—no, never,—was case more hopeless. Up there in the Jura Mountains, Soindres tried his hardest to forget Cécile. Vain attempt; failure of failures! And once again, at Trouville, does Soindres describe those odd, odd symptoms.

GUILAUME: "Attendez. Je vous voyais, comme la dernière fois que je vous ai vue, dans votre petit salon de la rue de Berri, avec la même robe. Je vous voyais d'abord, comment dirais-je? je vous voyais en grandeur naturelle... vous

allez comprendre pourquoi je dis cela... vous faisiez votre geste familier... celui-là que vous venez de faire précisément. Et puis, insensiblement d'abord et ensuite très vite vous diminuez, vous diminuez, vous deveniez de plus en plus petite, jusqu'à n'être plus qu'un point, un point blond, perdu n'importe où. Les étoiles une à une s'allumaient là-haut. Autour de moi, les arbres, les maisons, les sombres montagnes, tout se fondait dans le silence et dans la nuit, et alors, alors, j'ai eu la sensation très nette que vous n'existiez pas. C'est drôle, n'est-ce pas?"

CÉCILE: "C'est tordant."

Thus, wily for one short moment, does Guillaume seek to pique Cécile by telling her that she seemed no longer to "exist" as he sat studying the stars and the mountains in the silent, enchanting country. But Cécile, too, is wily. She retaliates by informing Guillaume that she is expecting the visit of Galbrun, most delightful and fascinating of men; and she even begs him be cordial to this incomparable Galbrun. Up rises Guillaume. All emotion is Guillaume, and he has just summoned up courage to speak when Cécile, dreading the declaration, skilfully makes her escape.

However, our grave scientist of yesterday will speak. Impossible to imagine a more ardent, determined lover than the author of that cold, stern *Prophylaxie et Thérapeutique des Passions*. Why, he becomes desperate: actually makes his appearance in Cécile's room at dead of night, through the window, by means of a ladder; and, refusing to retreat, delivers himself of a long, passionate speech.

GUILLAUME: "Je regarde autour de moi, les choses témoins de votre existence intime et dont je respire le parfum, toutes ces choses nouvelles pour moi et pourtant, à force d'y penser, familières. Tout ce qui touche à vous prend un caractère mystérieux et sacré. Ah! qu'une chose aussi connue que le corps de la femme, que les sculpteurs ont modelé, que les poètes ont chanté, que tant de savants comme moi ont disséqué, qu'une telle chose renferme soudain tout le mystère, tout l'inconnu et la volupté infinie, parce que c'est le corps d'une certaine femme, quelle folie! et c'est la mienne pourtant."

Nor does Cécile attempt any longer to stifle her feelings.

CÉCILE: "Donnez-moi votre main d'abord, écoutez-moi. Parce que, jadis, l'homme à qui j'avais apporté mon âme m'a trompé, parce que mes illusions déchirées, parce que mon cœur neutri, oui, pendant longtemps, j'ai été une coquette, par vengeance, par orgueil et aussi par prudence, par crainte de souffrir encore, comprenez-vous? Mais, au fond de moi-même, obscurément, j'attendais l'homme que vous êtes, un homme, pour redevenir la femme que j'étais... une femme, et c'est cette femme-là qui vous parle et qui vous aime."

And so, alas for the theory: "L'amour n'est qu'un mirage, c'est simplement une maladie cérébrale qui peut se guérir comme toutes les autres."

And alas, a thousand times alas, for that terrific masterpiece—*Prophylaxie et Thérapeutique des Passions*.

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

A MODERN UTOPIA.

A SOCIOLOGICAL HOLIDAY.

BY

H. G. WELLS.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

MY UTOPIAN SELF.

§ 1.

It falls to few of us to interview our better selves. My Utopian self is, of course, my better self—according to my best endeavours—and I must confess myself fully alive to the difficulties of the situation. When I came to this Utopia I had no thought of any such intimate self-examination.

The whole fabric of that other universe sways for a moment as I come into his room, into his clear and ordered work-room. I am trembling. A figure rather taller than myself stands against the light.

He comes towards me, and I, as I advance to meet him, stumble against a chair. Then, still without a word, we are clasping hands.

I stand now so that the light falls upon him, and I can see his face better. He is a little taller than I, younger looking and sounder looking; he has missed an illness or so, and there is no scar over his eye. His training has been subtly finer than mine; he has made himself a better face than mine. . . . These things I might have counted upon. I can fancy he winces with a twinge of sympathetic understanding at my manifest inferiority. Indeed, I come, trailing clouds of earthly confusion and weakness; I bear upon me all the defects of my world. He wears, I see, that white tunic with the purple band that I have already begun to consider the proper Utopian clothing for grave men, and his face is clean shaven. We forget to speak at first in the intensity of our mutual inspection. When at last I do gain my voice it is to say something quite different from the fine, significant openings of my premeditated dialogues.

"You have a pleasant room," I remark, and look about a little disconcerted because there is no fireplace for me to put my back against, or hearthrug to stand upon. He pushes me a chair, into which I plump, and we hang over an immensity of conversational possibilities.

"I say," I plunge, "what do you think of me? You don't think I'm an impostor?"

"Not now that I have seen you. No."

"Am I so like you?"

"Like me and your story—exactly."

"You haven't any doubt left?" I ask.

"Not in the least, since I saw you enter. You come from the world beyond Sirius, twin to this. Eh?"

"And you don't want to know how I got here?"

"I've ceased even to wonder how I got here," he says, with a laugh that echoes mine.

He leans back in his chair, and I in mine, and the absurd parody of our attitude strikes us both.

"Well?" we say, simultaneously, and laugh together.

I will confess the encounter is more difficult even than I anticipated.

§ 2.

Our conversation at that first encounter would do very little to develop the Modern Utopia in my mind. Inevitably, it would be personal and emotional. He would tell me how he stood in his world, and I how I stood in mine. I should have to tell him things, I should have to explain things—.

No, the conversation would contribute nothing to a modern Utopia. And so I leave it out.

§ 3.

But I should go back to my botanist in a state of emotional relaxation. At first I should not heed the fact that he, too, had been in some manner stirred. "I have seen him," I should say, needlessly, and seem to be on the verge of telling the untellable. Then I should fade off into: "It's the strangest thing."

He would interrupt with his own preoccupation. "You know," he would say, "I've seen someone."

I should pause and look at him.

"She is in this world," he says.

"Who is in this world?"

"Mary!"

I have not heard her name before, but I understand, of course, at once.

"I saw her," he explains.

"Saw her?"

"I'm certain it was her. Certain. She was far away across those gardens near here—and before I had recovered from my amazement she had gone! But it was Mary."

He takes my arm. "You know I did not understand this," he says. "I did not really understand that when you said Utopia, you meant I was to meet her—in happiness."

"I didn't."

"It works out at that."

"You haven't met her yet."

"I shall. It makes everything different. To tell you the truth I've rather hated this Utopia of yours at times. You mustn't mind my saying it, but there's something of the Gradgrind——"

Probably I should swear at that.

"What?" he says.

"Nothing."

"But you spoke?"

"I was purring. I'm a Gradgrind—it's quite right—anything you can say about Herbert Spencer, vivisectors, materialistic Science or Atheists, applies without correction to me. Begbie away! But now you think better of a modern Utopia? Was the lady looking well?"

"It was her real self. Yes. Not the broken woman I met—in the real world."

"And as though she was pining for you?"

He looks puzzled.

"Look there!" I say.

He looks.

We are standing high above the ground in the loggia into which our apartments open, and I point across the soft haze of the public gardens to a tall white mass of University buildings that rises with a free and fearless gesture, to lift saluting pinnacles against the clear evening sky. "Don't you think that rather more beautiful than—say—our National Gallery?"

He looks at it critically. "There's a lot of metal in it," he objects. "What?"

"I purred. But, anyhow, whatever you can't see in that, you can, I suppose, see that it is different from anything in your world—it lacks the kindly humanity of a red-brick Queen Anne villa residence, with its gables and bulges, and bow windows, and its stained glass fanlight, and so forth. It lacks the self-complacent unreasonableness of Board of Works classicism. There's something in its proportions—as though someone with brains had taken a lot of care to get it quite right, someone who not only knew what metal can do, but what a University ought to be, somebody who had found the Gothic spirit enchanted, petrified, in a cathedral, and had set it free."

"But what has this," he asks, "to do with her?"

"Very much," I say. "This is not the same world. If she is here, she will be younger in spirit and wiser. She will be in many ways more refined——"

"No one," he begins, with a note of indignation.

"No, no! She couldn't be. I was wrong there. But she will be different. Grant that at any rate. When you go forward to speak to her, she may not remember—very many things *you* may remember. Things that happened at Frognaal—dear romantic walks through the Sunday summer evenings, practically you two alone, you in your adolescent silk hat and your nice gentlemanly gloves.

... Perhaps that did not happen here! And she may have other memories—of things—that down there haven't happened. You noted her costume. She wasn't by any chance one of the *samurai*?"

He answers, with a note of satisfaction, "No! She wore a womanly dress of greyish green."

"Probably under the Lesser Rule."

"I don't know what you mean by the Lesser Rule. She wasn't one of the *samurai*."

"And, after all, you know—I keep on reminding you, and you keep on losing touch with the fact, that this world contains your double."

He pales, and his countenance is disturbed. Thank Heaven I've touched him at last!

"This world contains your double. But, conceivably, everything may be different here. The whole romantic story may have run a different course. It was as it was in our world, by the accidents of custom and proximity. Adolescence is a defenceless plastic period. You are a man to form great affections,—noble, great affections. You might have met anyone almost at that season and formed the same attachment."

For a time he is perplexed and troubled by this suggestion.

"No," he says, a little doubtfully. "No. It was herself." . . . Then, emphatically, "No!"

§ 4.

For a time we say no more, and I fall musing about my strange encounter with my Utopian self. I think of the confessions I have just made to him, the strange admissions both to him and myself. I have stirred up the stagnations of my own emotional life, the pride that has slumbered, the hopes and disappointments that have not troubled me for years. There are things that happened to me in my adolescence that no discipline of reason will ever bring to a just proportion for me, the first humiliations I was made to suffer, the waste of all the fine irrecoverable loyalties and passions of my youth. The dull base caste of my little personal tragi-comedy—I have ostensibly forgiven, I have for the most part forgotten—and yet when I recall them I hate each actor still. Whenever it comes into my mind—I do my best to prevent it—there it is, and these detestable people blot out the stars for me.

I have told all that story to my double, and he has listened with understanding eyes. But for a little while those squalid memories will not sink back into the deeps.

We lean, side by side, over our balcony, lost in such egotistical absorptions, quite heedless of the great palace of noble dreams to which our first enterprise has brought us.

§ 5.

I can understand the botanist this afternoon; for once we are in the same key. My own mental temper has gone for the day, and I know what it means to be untempered. Here is a world and a glorious world, and it is for me to take hold of it, to have to do with it, here and now, and behold! I can only think that I am burnt and scarred, and there rankles that wretched piece of business, the mean unimaginative triumph of my antagonist—

I wonder how many men have any real freedom of mind, are, in truth, unhampered by such associations, to whom all that is great and noble in life does not, at times at least, if not always, seem secondary to obscure rivalries and considerations, to the petty hates that are like germs in the blood, to dwarfish pride, and to affections they gave in pledge even before they were men.

The botanist beside me dreams, I know, of vindications for that woman.

All this world before us, and its order and liberty, are no more than a painted scene before which he is to meet Her at last, freed from "that scoundrel."

He expects "that scoundrel" really to be present and, as it were, writhing under their feet. . . .

I wonder if that man *was* a scoundrel. He has gone wrong on earth, no doubt, has failed and degenerated, but what was it sent him wrong? Was his failure inherent, or did some net of cross purposes tangle about his feet? Suppose he is not a failure in Utopia! . . .

I wonder that this has never entered the botanist's head.

He, with his vaguer mind, can overlook—spite of my ruthless reminders—all that would mar his vague anticipations. That, too, if I suggested it, he would overcome and disregard. He has the most amazing power of resistance to uncongenial ideas; amazing that is, to me. He hates the idea of meeting his double, and consequently so soon as I cease to speak of that, with scarcely an effort of his will, it fades again from his mind.

Down below in the gardens two children pursue one another, and one, near caught, screams aloud and rouses me from my reverie.

I follow their little butterfly antics until they vanish beyond a thicket of flowering rhododendra, and then my eyes go back to the great façade of the university buildings.

But I am in no mood to criticise architecture.

Why should a modern Utopia insist upon slipping out of the hands of its creator and becoming the background of a personal drama—of such a silly little drama?

The botanist will not see Utopia in any other way. He tests it entirely by its reaction upon the individual persons and things he knows; he dislikes it because he suspects it of wanting to lethal chamber his aunt's "dear old doggie," and now he is reconciled to

it because a certain "Mary" looks much younger and better here than she did on earth. And here am I, near slipping into the same way of dealing!

We agreed to purge this state and all the people in it of traditions, associations, bias, laws, and artificial entanglements, and begin anew; but we have no power to liberate ourselves. Our past, even its accidents, its accidents above all, and ourselves, are one.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE SAMURAI.

§ 1.

NEITHER my Utopian double nor I love emotion sufficiently to cultivate it, and my feelings are in a state of seemly subordination when we meet again. He is now in possession of some clear, general ideas about my own world, and I can broach almost at once the thoughts that have been growing and accumulating since my arrival in this planet of my dreams. We find our interest in a humanised state-craft, makes us, in spite of our vast difference in training and habits, curiously akin.

I put it to him that I came to Utopia with but very vague ideas of the method of government, biassed, perhaps, a little in favour of certain electoral devices, but for the rest indeterminate, and that I have come to perceive more and more clearly that the large intricacy of Utopian organisation demands some more powerful and efficient method of control than electoral methods can give. I have come to distinguish among the varied costumes and the innumerable types of personality Utopia presents, certain men and women of a distinctive costume and bearing, and I know now that these people constitute an order, the *samurai*, the "voluntary nobility," which is essential in the scheme of the Utopian State. I know that this order is open to every physically and mentally healthy adult in the Utopian State who will observe its prescribed austere rule of living, that much of the responsible work of the State is reserved for it, and I am inclined now at the first onset of realisation to regard it as far more significant than it really is in the Utopian scheme, as being, indeed, in itself and completely the modern Utopian scheme. My predominant curiosity concerns the organisation of this order. As it has developed in my mind, it has reminded me more and more closely of that strange class of guardians which constitutes the essential substance of Plato's *Republic*, and it is with an implicit reference to Plato's profound intuitions that I and my double discuss this question.

To clarify our comparison he tells me something of the history

of Utopia, and incidentally it becomes necessary to make a correction in the assumptions upon which I have based my enterprise. We are assuming a world identical in every respect with the real planet Earth, except for the profoundest differences in the mental content of life. This implies a different literature, a different philosophy, and a different history, and so soon as I come to talk to him I find that though it remains unavoidable that we should assume the correspondence of the two populations, man for man—unless we would face unthinkable complications—we must assume also that a great succession of persons of extraordinary character and mental gifts, who on earth died in childhood or at birth, or who never learnt to read, or who lived and died amidst savage or brutalising surroundings that gave their gifts no scope, did in Utopia encounter happier chances, and take up the development and application of social theory—from the time of the first Utopists in a steady onward progress down to the present hour.¹ The differences of condition, therefore, had widened with each successive year. Jesus Christ has been born into a liberal and progressive Roman Empire, that spread from the Arctic Ocean to the Bight of Benin, and that was to know no Decline and Fall, and Mahomet, instead of embodying the dense prejudices of Arab ignorance, opened his eyes upon an intellectual horizon already nearly as wide as the world.

And through this empire the flow of thought, the flow of intention, poured always more abundantly. There were wars, but they were conclusive wars that established new and more permanent relations, that swept aside obstructions, and abolished centres of decay; there were prejudices tempered to an ordered criticism, and hatreds that merged at last in tolerant reactions. It was several hundred years ago that the great organisation of the *samurai* came into its present form. And it was this organisation's widely sustained activities that had shaped and established the World State in Utopia.

This organisation of the *samurai* was a quite deliberate invention. It arose in the course of social and political troubles and complications, analogous to those of our own time on earth, and was, indeed, the last of a number of political and religious experiments dating back to the first dawn of philosophical state-craft in Greece. That hasty despair of specialisation for government that gave our poor world individualism, democratic liberalism, and anarchism, and that curious disregard of the fund of enthusiasm and self-sacrifice in men, which is the fundamental weakness of worldly economics, do not appear in the history of Utopian thought. All that history is pervaded with the recognition of the fact that self seeking is no more the whole of human life than the satisfaction of hunger; that it is an essential of a man's existence no doubt, and that under stress

(1) One might assume as an alternative to this that amidst the four-fifths of the Greek literature now lost to the world, there perished, neglected, some book of elementary significance, some other *Novum Organum*, that in Utopia survived to achieve the profoundest consequences.

of evil circumstances it may as entirely obsess him as would the food hunt during famine, but that life may pass beyond to an illimitable world of emotions and effort. Every sane person consists of possibilities beyond the unavoidable needs, is capable of disinterested feeling, even if it amounts only to enthusiasm for a sport or an industrial employment well done, for an art, or for a locality or class. In our world now, as in the Utopian past, this impersonal energy of a man goes out into religious emotion and work, into patriotic effort, into artistic enthusiasms, into games and amateur employments, and an enormous proportion of the whole world's fund of effort wastes itself in religious and political misunderstandings and conflicts, and in unsatisfying amusements and unproductive occupations. In a modern Utopia there will, indeed, be no perfection; in Utopia there must also be friction, conflicts and waste, but the waste will be enormously less than in our world. And the co-ordination of activities this relatively smaller waste will measure, will be the achieved end for which the order of the *samurai* was first devised.

Inevitably such an order must have first arisen among a clash of social forces and political systems as a revolutionary organisation. It must have set before itself the attainment of some such Utopian ideal as this modern Utopia does, in the key of mortal imperfection, realise. At first it may have directed itself to research and discussion, to the elaboration of its ideal, to the discussion of a plan of campaign, but at some stage it must have assumed a more militant organisation, and have prevailed against and assimilated the pre-existing political organisations, and to all intents and purposes have become this present synthesised World State. Traces of that militancy would, therefore, pervade it still, and a campaigning quality—no longer against specific disorders, but against universal human weaknesses, and the inanimate forces that trouble man—still remain as its essential quality.

"Something of this sort," I should tell my double, "had arisen in our thought"—I jerk my head back to indicate an infinitely distant planet—"just before I came upon these explorations. The idea had reached me, for example, of something to be called a New Republic, which was to be in fact an organisation for revolution something after the fashion of your *samurai*, as I understand them—only most of the organisation and the rule of life still remained to be invented. All sorts of people were thinking of something in that way about the time of my coming. The idea, as it reached me, was pretty crude in several respects. It ignored the high possibility of a synthesis of languages in the future; it came from a literary man, who wrote only English, and, as I read him—he was a little vague in his proposals—it was to be a purely English-speaking movement. And his ideas were coloured too much by the peculiar conditions of his time; he seemed to have more than half an eye for a prince or a millionaire of genius; he seemed looking here and there for support

and the structural elements of a party. Still, the idea of a comprehensive movement of disillusioned and illuminated men behind the shams and patriotisms, the spites and personalities of the ostensible world was there."

I added some particulars.

"Our movement had something of that spirit in the beginning," said my Utopian double. "But while your men seem to be thinking disconnectedly, and upon a very narrow and fragmentary basis of accumulated conclusions, ours had a fairly comprehensive science of human association, and a very careful analysis of the failures of preceding beginnings to draw upon. After all, your world must be as full as ours was of the wreckage and decay of previous attempts; churches, aristocracies, orders, cults . . ."

"Only at present we seem to have lost heart altogether, and now there are no new religions, no new orders, no new cults—no beginnings any more."

"But that's only a resting phase, perhaps. You were saying—"

"Oh!—let that distressful planet alone for a time! Tell me how you manage in Utopia."

§ 2.

The social theorists of Utopia, my double explained, did not base their schemes upon the classification of men into labour and capital, the landed interest, the liquor trade, and the like. They esteemed these as accidental categories, indefinitely amenable to statesmanship, and they looked for some practical and real classification upon which to base organisation.¹ But, on the other hand, the assumption that men are unclassifiable, because practically homogeneous, which underlies modern democratic methods and all the fallacies of our equal justice, is even more alien to the Utopian mind. Throughout Utopia there is, of course, no other than provisional classifications, since every being is regarded as finally unique, but for political and social purposes things have long rested upon a classification of temperaments, which attends mainly to differences in the range and quality of the individual imagination.

This Utopian classification was a rough one, but it served its purpose to determine the broad lines of political organisation; it was so far unscientific that many individuals fall between or within two or even three of its classes. But that was met by giving the correlated organisation a compensatory looseness of play. Four main classes of mind were distinguished, called, respectively, the Poietic, the Kinetic, the Dull, and the Base. The former two are supposed to

(1) In that they seem to have profited by a more searching criticism of early social and political speculations than our earth has yet undertaken. The social speculations of the Greeks, for example, had just the same primary defect as the economic speculations of the eighteenth century—they began with the assumption that the general conditions of the prevalent state of affairs were permanent.

constitute the living tissue of the State; the latter are the fulcra and resistances, the bone and cover of its body. They are not hereditary classes, nor is there any attempt to develop any class by special breeding, simply because the intricate interplay of heredity is untraceable and incalculable. They are classes to which people drift of their own accord. Education is uniform until differentiation becomes unmistakable, and each man (and woman) must establish his position with regard to the lines of this abstract classification by his own quality, choice, and development. . . .

The Poietic or creative class of mental individuality embraces a wide range of types, but they agree in possessing imaginations that range beyond the known and accepted, and that involve the desire to bring the discoveries made in such excursions, into knowledge and recognition. The scope and direction of the imaginative excursion may vary very greatly. It may be the invention of something new or the discovery of something hitherto unperceived. When the invention or discovery is primarily beauty then we have the artistic type of Poietic mind; when it is not so, we have the true scientific man. The range of discovery may be narrowed as it is in the art of Whistler or the science of a cytologist, or it may embrace a wide extent of relevance, until at last both artist or scientific inquirer merge in the universal reference of the true philosopher. To the accumulated activities of the Poietic type reacted upon by circumstances, are due almost all the forms assumed by human thought and feeling. All religious ideas, all ideas of what is good or beautiful, entered life through the poietic inspirations of man. Except for processes of decay, the forms of the human future must come also through men of this same type, and it is a primary essential to our modern idea of an abundant secular progress that these activities should be unhampered and stimulated.

The Kinetic class consists of types, various, of course, and merging insensibly along the boundary into the less representative constituents of the Poietic group, but distinguished by a more restricted range of imagination. Their imaginations do not range beyond the known, experienced, and accepted, though within these limits they may imagine as vividly or more vividly than members of the former group. They are often very clever and capable people, but they do not do, and they do not desire to do, new things. The more vigorous individuals of this class are the most teachable people in the world, and they are generally more moral and more trustworthy than the poietic types. They live,—while the Poietics are always something of experimentalists with life. The characteristics of either of these two classes may be associated with a good or bad physique, with excessive or defective energy, with exceptional keenness of the senses in some determinate direction, or such like "bent," and the kinetic type, just as the poietic type, may display an imagination of restricted or of the most universal range. But a fairly

energetic kinetic is probably the nearest thing to that ideal our earthly anthropologists have in mind when they speak of the "Normal" human being. The very definition of the poietic class involves a certain abnormality.

The Utopians distinguished two extremes of this kinetic class according to the quality of their imaginative preferences, the Dan and Beersheba, as it were, of this division. At one end is the mainly intellectual, unoriginal type, which, with energy of personality, makes an admirable judge or administrator and without it an uninventive, laborious mathematician, or scholar, or scientific man; while at the other end is the mainly emotional, unoriginal man, the type to which—at a low level of personal energy—my botanist inclines. The last type includes, amidst its energetic forms, great actors, and popular politicians and preachers. Between these extremes is a long and wide region of varieties, into which one would put most of the people who form the reputable workmen, the men of substance, the trustworthy men and women, the pillars of society on earth.

Below these two classes in the Utopian scheme of things, and merging insensibly into them, come the Dull. The Dull are persons of altogether inadequate imagination, the people who never seem to learn thoroughly, or hear distinctly, or think clearly. (I believe if everyone is to be carefully educated they would be considerably in the minority in the world, but it is quite possible that will not be the reader's opinion. It is clearly a matter of an arbitrary line.) They are the stupid people, the incompetent people, the formal, imitative people, the people who, in any properly organised State, should, as a class, gravitate towards and below the minimum wage that qualifies for marriage. The laws of heredity are far too mysterious for such offspring as they do produce to be excluded from a fair chance in the world, but for themselves, they count neither for work nor direction in the State.

Finally, with a bold disregard of the logician's classificatory rules, these Utopian statesmen who devised the World State, hewed out a class of the Base. The Base may, indeed, be either poietic, kinetic, or dull, though most commonly they are the last, and their definition concerns not so much the quality of their imagination as a certain bias in it, that to a statesman makes it a matter for special attention. The Base have a narrower and more persistent egoistic reference than the common run of humanity; they may boast, but they have no frankness; they have relatively great powers of concealment, and they are capable of, and sometimes have an aptitude and inclination towards, cruelty. In the queer phrasing of earthly psychology with its clumsy avoidance of analysis, they have no "moral sense." They count as an antagonism to the State organisation.

Obviously, this is the rudest of classifications, and no Utopian has ever supposed it to be a classification for individual application. a

classification so precise that one can say, this man is "poietic," and that man is "base." In actual experience these qualities mingle and vary in every possible way. It is not a classification for Truth, but a classification to an end. Taking humanity as a multitude of unique individuals in mass, one may, for practical purposes, deal with it far more conveniently by disregarding its uniquenesses and its mixed cases altogether, and supposing it to be an assembly of poietic, kinetic, dull, and base people. In many respects it behaves as if it were that. The State, dealing as it does only with non-individualised affairs, is not only justified in disregarding, but is bound to disregard, a man's special distinction, and to provide for him on the strength of his prevalent aspect as being on the whole poietic, kinetic, or what not. In a world of hasty judgments and carping criticism, it cannot be repeated too often that the fundamental ideas of a modern Utopia imply everywhere and in everything, margins and elasticities, a certain universal compensatory looseness of play.

§ 3.

Now these Utopian statesmen who founded the World State put the problem of social organisation something after the following fashion:—To contrive a revolutionary movement that shall absorb all existing governments and fuse them with itself, and that must be rapidly progressive and adaptable, and yet coherent, persistent, powerful, and efficient.

The problem of combining progress with political stability had never been accomplished in Utopia before that time, any more than it has been accomplished on earth. Just as on earth, Utopian history was a succession of powers rising and falling in an alternation of efficient conservative with unstable liberal states. Just as on earth, so in Utopia, the kinetic type of men had displayed a more or less unintentional antagonism to the poietic. The general life-history of a State had been the same on either planet. First, through poietic activities, the idea of a community has developed, and the State has shaped itself; poietic men have arisen first in this department of national life, and then that, and have given place to kinetic men of a high type—for it seems to be in their nature that poietic men should be mutually repulsive, and not succeed and develop one another consecutively—and a period of expansion and vigour has set in. The general poietic activity has declined with the development of an efficient and settled social and political organisation; the statesman has given way to the politician who has incorporated the wisdom of the statesman with his own energy, the original genius in arts, letters, science, and every department of activity to the cultivated and scholarly man. The kinetic man of wide range, who has assimilated his poietic predecessor, succeeds with far more readiness than his poietic contemporary in almost every human activity. The latter is by his very nature undisciplined and experimental, and is

positively hampered by precedents and good order. But with this substitution of the efficient for the creative type, the State ceases to grow, first in this department of activity, and then that, and so long as its conditions remain the same it remains orderly and efficient. But it has lost its power of initiative and change; its power of adaptation is gone, and with that secular change of conditions which is the law of life, stresses must arise within and without, and bring at last either through revolution or through defeat the release of fresh poetical power. The process, of course, is not in its entirety simple; it may be masked by the fact that one department of activity may be in its poetical stage, while another is in a phase of realisation. In the United States of America, for example, during the nineteenth century, there was great poetical activity in industrial organisation, and none whatever in political philosophy; but a careful analysis of the history of any period will show the rhythm almost invariably present, and the initial problem before the Utopian philosopher, therefore, was whether this was an inevitable alternation, whether human progress was necessarily a series of developments, collapses, and fresh beginnings, after an interval of disorder, unrest, and often great unhappiness, or whether it was possible to maintain a secure, happy, and progressive State beside an unbroken flow of poetical activity.

Clearly they decided upon the second alternative. If, indeed, I am listening to my Utopian self, then they not only decided the problem could be solved, but they solved it.

He tells me how they solved it.

A modern Utopia differs from all the older Utopias in its recognition of the need of poetical activities—one sees this new consideration creeping into thought for the first time in the phrasing of Comte's insistence that "spiritual" must precede political reconstruction, and in his admission of the necessity of recurrent books and poems about Utopias—and at first this recognition appears to admit only an added complication to a problem already unmanageably complex. Comte's separation of the activities of a State into the spiritual and material does, to a certain extent, anticipate this opposition of poetical and kinetic, but the intimate texture of his mind was dull and hard, the conception slipped from him again, and his suppression of literary activities, and his imposition of a rule upon the poetical types, who are least able to sustain it, mark how deeply he went under. To a large extent he followed the older Utopists in assuming that the philosophical and constructive problem could be done once for all, and he worked the results out simply under an organised kinetic government. But what seems to be merely an addition to the difficulty may in the end turn out to be a simplification, just as the introduction of a fresh term to an intricate irreducible mathematical expression will at times bring it to unity.

Now philosophers after my Utopian pattern, who find the ultimate significance in life in individuality, novelty and the undefined, would

not only regard the poetical element as the most important in human society, but would perceive quite clearly the impossibility of its organisation. This, indeed, is simply the application to the moral and intellectual fabric of the principles already applied in discussing the State control of reproduction (in chapter the sixth, § 2.) But just as in the case of births it was possible for the State to frame limiting conditions within which individuality played more freely than in the void, so the founders of this modern Utopia believed it possible to define conditions under which every individual born with poetical gifts should be enabled and encouraged to give them a full development, in art, philosophy, invention, or discovery. Certain general conditions presented themselves as obviously reasonable:—to give every citizen as good an education as he or she could acquire, for example; to so frame it that the directed educational process would never at any period occupy the whole available time of the learner, but would provide throughout a marginal free leisure with opportunities for developing idiosyncrasies, and to ensure by the expedient of a minimum wage for a specified amount of work, that leisure and opportunity did not cease throughout life.

But, in addition to thus making poetical activities possible, the founders of this modern Utopia sought to supply incentives, which was an altogether more difficult research, a problem in its nature irresolvably complex, and admitting of no systematic solution. But my double told me of a great variety of devices by which poetical men and women were given honour and enlarged freedoms, so soon as they produced an earnest of their quality, and he explained to me how great an ambition they might entertain.

There were great systems of laboratories attached to every municipal force station at which research could be conducted under the most favourable conditions, and every mine, and, indeed, almost every great industrial establishment, was saddled under its lease with similar obligations. So much for poetical ability and research in physical science. The World State tried the claims of every living contributor to any materially valuable invention, and paid or charged a royalty on its use that went partly to him personally, and partly to the research institution that had produced him. In the matter of literature and the philosophical and sociological sciences, every higher educational establishment carried its studentships, its fellowships, its occasional lectureships, and to produce a poem, a novel, a speculative work of force or merit, was to become the object of a generous competition between rival universities. In Utopia, any author has the option either of publishing his works through the public bookseller as a private speculation, or, if he is of sufficient merit, of accepting a university endowment, and conceding his copyright to the university press. All sorts of grants in the hands of committees of the most varied constitution supplemented these academic resources, and ensured that no possible contributor to the wide flow of the Utopian mind slipped into neglect. Apart from

those who engaged mainly in teaching and administration, my double told me that this world-wide House of Saloman¹ thus created sustained over a million men. For all the rarity of large fortunes, therefore, no original man with the desire and capacity for material or mental experiments went long without resources, and the stimulus of attention, criticism, and rivalry.

"And finally," said my double, "our Rules ensure a considerable understanding of the importance of poetical activities in the majority of the *samurai*, in whose hands as a class all the real power of the world resides."

"Ah!" said I, "and now we come to the thing that interests me most. For it is quite clear, in my mind, that these *samurai* form the real body of the State. All this time that I have spent going to and fro in this planet, it has been growing upon me that this order of men and women, wearing such a uniform as you wear, and with faces strengthened by discipline and touched with devotion, is the Utopian reality; that but for them, the whole fabric of these fair appearances would crumble and tarnish, shrink and shrivel, until at last, back I should be amidst the grime and disorders of the life of earth. Tell me about these *samurai*, who remind me of Plato's guardians, who look like Knights Templars, who bear a name that recalls the swordsmen of Japan . . . and whose uniform you yourself are wearing. What are they? Are they an hereditary caste, a specially educated order, an elected class? For, certainly, this world turns upon them as a door upon its hinges."

§ 4.

"I follow the Common Rule, as many men do," said my double, answering my allusion to his uniform almost apologetically. "But my own work is, in its nature, poetical; there is much dissatisfaction with our isolation of criminals upon islands, and I am analysing the moral psychology of prison officials and criminals with a view to some better scheme. I am supposed to be ingenious with expedients in this direction. Typically, the *samurai* are engaged in administrative work. Practically the whole of the responsible rule of the world is in their hands; all our head teachers and disciplinary heads of colleges, our judges, barristers, employers of labour beyond a certain limit, practising medical men, legislators, must be *samurai*, and all the executive committees, and so forth, that play so large a part in our affairs are drawn by lot exclusively from them. The order is not hereditary—we know just enough of biology and the uncertainties of inheritance to know how silly that would be—and it does not require an early consecration or novitiate or ceremonies and initiations of that sort. The *samurai* are, in fact, volunteers. Any intelligent adult in a reasonably healthy and efficient State may, at

(1) *The New Atlantic*.

any age after five-and-twenty, become one of the *samurai*, and take a hand in the universal control."

"Provided he follows the Rule."

"Precisely—provided he follows the Rule."

"I have heard the phrase, 'voluntary nobility.'"

"That was the idea of our Founders. They made a noble and privileged order—open to the whole world. No one could complain of an unjust exclusion, for the only thing that could exclude from the order was unwillingness or inability to follow the Rule."

"But the Rule might easily have been made exclusive of special lineages and races."

"That wasn't their intention. The Rule was planned to exclude the dull, to be unattractive to the base, and to direct and co-ordinate all sound citizens of good intent."

"And it has succeeded?"

"As well as anything finite can. Life is still imperfect, still a thick felt of dissatisfactions and perplexing problems, but most certainly the quality of all its problems has been raised, and there has been no war, no grinding poverty, not half the disease, and an enormous increase of the order, beauty, and resources of life since the *samurai*, who began as a private aggressive cult, won their way to the rule of the world."

"I would like to have that history," I said. "I expect there was fighting?" He nodded. "But first—tell me about the Rule."

"The Rule aims to exclude the dull and base altogether, to discipline the impulses and emotions, to develop a moral habit and sustain a man in periods of stress, fatigue, and temptation, to produce the maximum co-operation of all men of good intent, and, in fact, to keep all the *samurai* in a state of moral and bodily health and efficiency. It does as much of this as well as it can, but, of course, like all general propositions, it does not do it in any case with absolute precision. On the whole, it is so good that most men who, like myself, are doing poetic work, and who would be just as well off without obedience, find a satisfaction in adhesion. At first, in the militant days, it was a trifle hard and uncompromising; it had rather too strong an appeal to the moral prig and harshly righteous man, but it has undergone, and still undergoes, revision and expansion, and every year it becomes a little better adapted to the need of a general rule of life that all men may try to follow. We have now a whole literature, with many very fine things in it, written about the Rule."

He glanced at a little book on his desk, took it up as if to show it me, then put it down again.

"The Rule consists of three parts; there is the list of things that qualify, the list of things that must not be done, and the list of things that must be done. Qualification exacts a little exertion, as evidence of good faith, and it is designed to weed out the duller dull and many of the base. Our schooling period ends now about

fourteen, and a small number of boys and girls—about three per cent.—are set aside then as unteachable, as, in fact, nearly idiotic; the rest go on to a college or upper school.”

“All your population?”

“With that exception.”

“Free?”

“Of course. And they pass out of college at eighteen. There are several different college courses, but one or other must be followed and a satisfactory examination passed at the end—perhaps ten per cent. fail—and the Rule requires that the candidate for the *samurai* must have passed.”

“But a very good man is sometimes an idle schoolboy.”

“We admit that. And so anyone who has failed to pass the college leaving examination may at any time in later life sit for it again—and again and again. Certain carefully specified things excuse it altogether.”

“That makes it fair. But aren’t there people who cannot pass examinations?”

“People of nervous instability——”

“But they may be people of great though irregular poetic gifts.”

“Exactly. That is quite possible. But we don’t want that sort of people among our *samurai*. Passing an examination is a proof of a certain steadiness of purpose, a certain self-control and patience——”

“Of a certain ‘ordinariness.’”

“Exactly what is wanted.”

“Of course, those others can follow other careers.”

“Yes. That’s what we want them to do. And, besides these two educational qualifications, there are two others of a similar kind of more debateable value. One is practically not in operation now. Our Founders put it that a candidate for the *samurai* must possess what they called a Technique, and, as it operated in the beginning, he had to hold the qualification for a doctor, for a lawyer, for a military officer, or an engineer, or teacher, or have painted acceptable pictures, or written a book, or something of the sort. He had, in fact, as people say, to ‘be something,’ or to have ‘done something.’ It was a regulation of vague intention even in the beginning, and it became catholic to the pitch of absurdity. To play a violin skilfully has been accepted as sufficient for this qualification. There may have been a reason in the past for this provision; in those days there were many daughters of prosperous parents—and even some sons—who did nothing whatever but idle uninterestingly in the world, and the organisation might have suffered by their invasion, but that reason has gone now, and the requirement remains a merely ceremonial requirement. But, on the other hand, another has developed. Our Founders made a collection of several volumes which they called, collectively, the Book of the Samurai, a compilation of articles and extracts, poems and prose pieces, which

were supposed to embody the idea of the order. It was to play the part for the *samurai* that the Bible did for the ancient Hebrews. To tell you the truth, the stuff was of very unequal merit; there was a lot of very second-rate rhetoric, and some nearly namby-pamby verse. There was also included some very obscure verse and prose that had the trick of seeming wise. But for all such defects, much of the Book, from the very beginning, was splendid and inspiring matter. From that time to this, the Book of the Samurai has been under revision, much has been added, much rejected, and some deliberately rewritten. Now, there is hardly anything in it that is not beautiful and perfect in form. The whole range of noble emotions finds expression there, and all the guiding ideas of our Modern State. We have recently admitted some terse criticism of its contents by a man named Henley."

"Old Henley!"

"A man who died a little time ago."

"I knew that man on earth. And he was in Utopia, too! He was a great red-faced man, with fiery hair, a noisy, intolerant man, with a tender heart—and was he one of the *samurai*?"

"He defied the Rules."

"He was a great man with wine. He wrote like wine; in our world he wrote wine; red wine with the light shining through."

"He was on the Committee that revised our Canon. For the revising and bracing of our Canon is work for poetic as well as kinetic men. You knew him in your world?"

"I wish I had. But I have seen him. On earth he wrote a thing. It would run:—

" Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever Gods may be,
For my unconquerable soul. . . ."

"We have that here. All good earthly things are in Utopia. We put that in the Canon almost as soon as he died," said my double.

§ 5.

"We have now a double Canon, a very fine First Canon, and a Second Canon of work by living men and work of inferior quality, and a satisfactory knowledge of both of these is the fourth intellectual qualification for the *samurai*."

"It must keep a sort of uniformity in your tone of thought."

"The Canon pervades our whole world. As a matter of fact, very much of it is read and learnt in the schools. . . . Next to the intellectual qualification comes the physical, the man must be in sound health, free from certain foul, avoidable, and demoralising diseases, and in good training. We reject men who are fat, or thin and flabby, or whose nerves are shaky—we refer them back to training. And finally the man or woman must be fully adult."

"Twenty-one? But you said twenty-five!"

"The age has varied. At first it was twenty-five or over; then the minimum became twenty-five for men and twenty-one for women. Now there is a feeling that it ought to be raised. We don't want to take advantage of mere boy and girl emotions—men of my way of thinking, at any rate, don't—we want to get our *samurai* with experiences, with a settled mature conviction. Our hygiene and regimen are rapidly pushing back old age and death, and keeping men hale and hearty to eighty and more. There's no need to hurry the young. Let them have a chance of wine, love, and song; let them feel the bite of full-bodied desire, and know what devils they have to reckon with."

"But there is a certain fine sort of youth that knows the desirability of the better things at nineteen."

"They may keep the Rule at any time—without its privileges. But a man who breaks the Rule after his adult adhesion at five-and-twenty is no more in the *samurai* for ever. Before that age he is free to break it and repent."

"And now, what is forbidden?"

"We forbid a good deal. Many small pleasures do no great harm, but we think it well to forbid them, none the less, so that we can weed out the self-indulgent. We think that a constant resistance to little seductions is good for a man's quality. At any rate, it shows that a man is prepared to pay something for his honour and privileges. We prescribe a regimen of food, forbid tobacco, wine, or any alcoholic drink, all narcotic drugs—"

"Meat?"

"In all the round world of Utopia there is no meat. There used to be. But now we cannot stand the thought of slaughter-houses. And, in a population that is all educated, and at about the same level of physical refinement, it is practically impossible to find anyone who will hew a dead ox or pig. We never settled the hygienic question of meat eating at all. This other aspect decided us. I can still remember, as a boy, the rejoicings over the closing of the last slaughter-house."

"You eat fish."

"It isn't a matter of logic. In our barbaric past horrible flayed carcasses of brutes dripping blood, were hung for sale in the public streets." He shrugged his shoulders.

"They do that still in London—in *my* world," I said.

He looked again at my laxer, coarser face, and did not say whatever thought had passed across his mind.

"Originally the *samurai* were forbidden usury, that is to say the lending of money at fixed rates of interest. They are still under that interdiction, but since our commercial code practically prevents usury altogether, and our law will not recognise contracts for interest upon private accommodation loans to unprosperous borrowers, it is now scarcely necessary. The idea of a man growing richer by

mere inaction and at the expense of an impoverishing debtor, is profoundly distasteful to Utopian ideas, and our State insists pretty effectually now upon the participation of the lender in the borrower's risks. This, however, is only one part of a series of limitations of the same character. It is felt that to buy simply in order to sell again brings out many unsocial human qualities; it makes a man seek to enhance profits and falsify values, and so the *samurai* are forbidden to buy to sell on their own account or for any employer save the State, unless some process of manufacture changes the nature of the commodity (a mere change in bulk or packing does not suffice), and they are forbidden salesmanship and all its arts. Consequently they cannot be hotelkeepers, or hotel proprietors, or hotel shareholders, and a doctor—all practising doctors must be *samurai*—cannot sell drugs except as a public servant of the municipality or the State."

"That, of course, runs counter to all our current terrestrial ideas," I said. "We are obsessed by the power of money. These rules will work out as a vow of moderate poverty, and if your *samurai* are an order of poor men——"

"They need not be. *Samurai* who have invented, organised, and developed new industries, have become rich men, and many men who have grown rich by brilliant and original trading have subsequently become *samurai*."

"But these are exceptional cases. The bulk of your money-making business must be confined to men who are not *samurai*. You must have a class of rich, powerful outsiders——"

"Have we?"

"I don't see the evidences of them."

"As a matter of fact, we have such people! There are rich traders, men who have made discoveries in the economy of distribution, or who have called attention by intelligent, truthful advertisement to the possibilities of neglected commodities, for example."

"But aren't they a power?"

"Why should they be?"

"Wealth is power."

I had to explain that phrase.

He protested. "Wealth," he said, "is no sort of power at all unless you make it one. If it is so in your world it is so by inadvertency. Wealth is a State-made thing, a convention, the most artificial of powers. You can, by subtle statesmanship, contrive what it shall buy and what it shall not. In your world it would seem you have made leisure, movement, any sort of freedom, life itself, *purchaseable*. The more fools you! A poor working man with you is a man in discomfort and fear. No wonder your rich have power. But here a reasonable leisure, a decent life, is to be had by every man on easier terms than by selling himself to the rich. And rich as men are here, there is no private fortune in the whole world that is more than a little thing beside the wealth of the State.

The *samurai* control the State and the wealth of the State, and by their vows they may not avail themselves of any of the coarser pleasures wealth can still buy. Where, then, is the power of your wealthy man?"

"But, then—where is the incentive——?"

"Oh! a man gets things for himself with wealth—no end of things. But little or no power over his fellows—unless they are exceptionally weak or self-indulgent persons."

I reflected. "What else may not the *samurai* do?"

"Acting, singing, or reciting are forbidden them, though they may lecture authoritatively or debate. But professional mimicry is not only held to be undignified in a man or woman, but to weaken and corrupt the soul; the mind becomes foolishly dependent on applause, over skilful in producing tawdry and momentary illusions of excellence; it is our experience that actors and actresses as a class are loud, ignoble, and insincere. If they have not such flamboyant qualities then they are tepid and ineffectual players. Nor may the *samurai* do personal services, except in the matter of medicine or surgery; they may not be barbers, for example, nor inn waiters, nor boot cleaners. But, nowadays, we have scarcely any barbers or boot cleaners; men do these things for themselves. Nor may a man under the Rule be any man's servant, pledged to do whatever he is told. He may neither be a servant nor keep one; he must shave and dress and serve himself, carry his own food from the helper's place to the table, redd his sleeping room, and leave it clean. . . ."

"That is all easy enough in a world as ordered as yours. I suppose no *samurai* may bet?"

"Absolutely not. He may insure his life and his old age for the better equipment of his children, or for certain other specified ends, but that is all his dealings with chance. And he is also forbidden to play games in public or to watch them being played. Certain dangerous and hardy sports and exercises are prescribed for him, but not competitive sports between man and man or side and side. That lesson was learnt long ago before the coming of the *samurai*. Gentlemen of honour, according to the old standards, rode horses, raced chariots, fought, and played competitive games of skill, and the dull, cowardly and base came in thousands to admire, and howl, and bet. The gentlemen of honour degenerated fast enough into a sort of athletic prostitute, with all the defects, all the vanity, tricking, and self-assertion of the common actor, and with even less intelligence. Our Founders made no peace with this organisation of public sports. They did not spend their lives to secure for all men and women on the earth freedom, health, and leisure, in order that they might waste lives in such folly."

"We have those abuses," I said, "but some of our earthly games have a fine side. There is a game called cricket. It is a fine, generous game."

"Our boys play that, and men too. But it is thought rather

puerile to give very much time to it; men should have graver interests. It was undignified for the *samurai* to play conspicuously ill, and impossible for them to play so constantly as to keep hand and eye in training against the man who was fool enough and cheap enough to become an expert. Cricket, tennis, fives, billiards—. You will find clubs and a class of men to play all these things in Utopia, but not the *samurai*. And they must play their games as games, not as displays; the price of a privacy for playing cricket, so that they could charge for admission, would be overwhelmingly high. . . . Negroes are often very clever at cricket. For a time, most of the *samurai* had their sword-play, but few do those exercises now, and until about fifty years ago they went out for military training, a fortnight in every year, marching long distances, sleeping in the open, carrying provisions, and sham fighting over unfamiliar ground dotted with disappearing targets. There was a curious inability in our world to realise that war was really over for good and all."

"And now," I said, "haven't we got very nearly to the end of your prohibitions? You have forbidden alcohol, drugs, smoking, betting, and usury, games, trade, servants. But isn't there a vow of Chastity?"

"That is the Rule for your earthly orders?"

"Yes—except, if I remember rightly, for Plato's Guardians."

"There is a Rule of Chastity here—but not of Celibacy. We know quite clearly that civilisation is an artificial arrangement, and that all the physical and emotional instincts of man are too strong, and his natural instinct of restraint too weak, for him to live easily in the civilised State. Civilisation has developed far more rapidly than man has modified. Under the unnatural perfection of security, liberty and abundance our civilisation has attained, the normal untrained human being is disposed to excess in almost every direction; he tends to eat too much and too elaborately, to drink too much, to become lazy faster than his work can be reduced, to waste his interest upon displays, and to make love too much and too elaborately. He gets out of training, and concentrates upon egoistic or erotic broodings. The past history of our race is very largely a history of social collapses due to demoralisation by indulgences following security and abundance. In the time of our Founders the signs of a world-wide epoch of prosperity and relaxation were plentiful. Both sexes drifted towards sexual excesses, the men towards sentimental extravagances, imbecile devotions, and the complication and refinement of physical indulgences; the women towards those expansions and differentiations of feeling that find expression in music and costly and distinguished dress. Both sexes became unstable and promiscuous. The whole world seemed disposed to do exactly the same thing with its sexual interest as it had done with its appetite for food and drink—make the most of it."

He paused.

"Satiety came to help you," I said.

"Destruction may come before satiety. Our Founders organised motives from all sorts of sources, but I think the chief force to give men self-control is Pride. Pride may not be the noblest thing in the soul, but it is the best King there, for all that. They looked to it to keep a man clean and sound and sane. In this matter, as in all matters of natural desire, they held no appetite must be glutted, no appetite must have artificial whets, and also and equally that no appetite should be starved. A man must come from the table satisfied, but not replete. And, in the matter of love, a straight and clean desire for a clean and straight fellow-creature was our Founders' ideal. They enjoined marriage between equals as the *samurai's* duty to the race, and they framed directions of the precisest sort to prevent that uxorious inseparableness, that connubiality that sometimes reduces a couple of people to something jointly less than either. That canon is too long to tell you now. A man under the Rule who loves a woman who does not follow it, must either leave the *samurai* to marry her, or induce her to accept what is called the Woman's Rule, which, while it excepts her from the severer qualifications and disciplines, brings her regimen of life into a working harmony with his."

"Suppose she breaks the rule afterwards?"

"He must leave either her or the order."

"There is matter for a novel or so in that."

"There has been matter for hundreds."

"Is the Woman's Rule a sumptuary law as well as a regimen? I mean—may she dress as she pleases?"

"Not a bit of it," said my double. "Every woman who could command money used it, we found, to make underbred aggressions on other women. As men emerged to civilisation, women seemed going back to savagery—to paint and feathers. But the *samurai*, men and women, and the women under the Lesser Rule, also, all have a particular dress. No difference is made between women under either the Great or the Lesser Rule. You have seen the men's dress—always like this I wear. The women may wear the same, either with the hair cut short or streaming behind them, or they may have a high-waisted dress of very fine, soft woollen material, with their hair coiled up behind."

"I have seen it," I said. Indeed, nearly all the women had seemed to be wearing variants of that simple formula. "It seems to me a very beautiful dress. The other—I'm not used to. But I like it on girls and slender women."

I had a thought, and added, "Don't they sometimes, well—take a good deal of care, dressing their hair?"

My double laughed in my eyes. "They do," he said.

"And the Rule?"

"The Rule is never fussy," said my double, still smiling.

"We don't want women to cease to be beautiful, and consciously

beautiful, if you like." he added. "The more real beauty of form and face we have, the finer our world. But costly sexualised trappings——"

"I should have thought," I said, "a class of women who traded on their sex would have arisen, women, I mean, who found an interest and an advantage in emphasising their individual womanly beauty. There is no law to prevent it. Surely they would tend to counteract the severity of costume the Rule dictates."

"There are such women. But for all that the Rule sets the key of everyday dress. If a woman is possessed by the passion for gorgeous raiment she usually satisfies it in her own private circle, or with rare occasional onslaughts upon the public eye. Her everyday mood and the disposition of most people is against being conspicuous abroad. And I should say there are little liberties under the Lesser Rule; a discreet use of fine needlework and embroidery, a wider choice of materials."

"You have no changing fashions?"

"None. For all that, are not our dresses as beautiful as yours?"

"Our women's dresses are not beautiful at all," I said, forced for a time towards the mysterious philosophy of dress. "Beauty? That isn't their concern at all."

"Then what are they after?"

"My dear man! What is all my world after?"

§ 6.

I should come to our third talk with a great curiosity to hear of the third portion of the Rule, of the things that a *samurai* is obliged to do.

There would be many precise directions regarding his health, and rules that aim at once at health and that constant exercise of will that makes life good. Save in specified exceptional circumstances, the *samurai* must bathe in cold water, and the men must shave every day; they have the precisest directions in such matters; the body must be in health, the skin and muscles and nerves in perfect tone, or the *samurai* must go to the doctors of the order, and give implicit obedience to the regimen prescribed. They must sleep alone at least four nights in five; and they must eat with and talk to anyone in their fellowship who cares for their conversation for an hour, at least, at the nearest club-house of the *samurai* once on three chosen days in every week. Moreover, they must read aloud from the Book of the *Samurai* for at least ten minutes every day. Every month they must buy and read faithfully through at least one book that has been published during the past five years, and the only intervention with private choice in that matter is the prescription of a certain minimum of length for the monthly book or books. But the full Rule in these minor compulsory matters is voluminous and detailed, and it abounds with alternatives. Its aim is rather to keep before the *samurai* by

a number of sample duties, as it were, the need of, and some of the chief methods towards health of body and mind, rather than to provide a comprehensive rule, and to ensure the maintenance of a community of feeling and interests among the *samurai* through habit, intercourse, and a living contemporary literature. These minor obligations do not earmark more than an hour in the day. Yet they serve to break down isolations of sympathy, all sorts of physical and intellectual sluggishness and the development of unsocial preoccupations of many sorts.

Women *samurai* who are married, my double told me, must bear children—if they are to remain married, and in the order—before the first period for terminating a childless marriage is exhausted. I failed to ask for the precise figures from my double at the time, but I think it is beyond doubt that it is from *samurai* mothers of the greater or lesser Rule that a very large proportion of the future population of Utopia will be derived. There is one liberty accorded to women *samurai* which is refused to men, and that is to marry outside the Rule, and women married to men not under the Rule are also free to become *samurai*. Here, too, it will be manifest there is scope for novels and the drama of life. In practice, it seems that it is only men of great poetical distinction outside the Rule, or great commercial leaders, who have wives under it. The tendency of such unions is either to bring the husband under the Rule, or take the wife out of it. There can be no doubt that these marriage limitations tend to make the *samurai* something of an hereditary class. Their children, as a rule, become *samurai*. But it is not an exclusive caste; subject to the most reasonable qualifications, anyone who sees fit can enter it at any time, and so, unlike all other privileged castes the world has seen, it increases relatively to the total population, and may indeed at last assimilate almost the whole population of the earth.

§ 7.

So much my double told me readily.

But now he came to the heart of all his explanations, to the will and motives at the centre that made men and women ready to undergo discipline, to renounce the richness and elaboration of the sensuous life, to master emotions and control impulses, to keep in the key of effort while they had abundance about them to rouse and satisfy all desires, and his exposition was more difficult.

He tried to make his religion clear to me.

The leading principle of the Utopian religion is the repudiation of the doctrine of original sin; the Utopians hold that man, on the whole, is good. That is their cardinal belief. Man has pride and conscience, they hold, that you may refine by training as you refine his eye and ear; he has remorse and sorrow in his being, coming on the heels of all inconsequent enjoyments. How can one think of him as

bad? He is religious; religion is as natural to him as lust and anger, less intense, indeed, but coming with a wide-sweeping inevitableness as peace comes after all tumults and noises. And in Utopia they understand this, or, at least, the *samurai* do, clearly. They accept Religion as they accept Thirst, as something inseparably in the mysterious rhythms of life. And just as thirst and pride and all desires may be perverted in an age of abundant opportunities, and men may be degraded and wasted by intemperance of drink, display, or ambition, so too the nobler complex of desires that constitutes religion may be turned to evil by the dull, the base, and the careless. Slovenly indulgence in religious inclinations, a failure to think hard and discriminate as fairly as possible in religious matters, is just as alien to the men under the Rule as it would be to drink deeply because they were thirsty, eat until glutted, evade a bath because the day was chilly, or make love to any bright-eyed girl who chanced to look pretty in the dusk. Utopia, which is to have every type of character that one finds on earth, will have its temples and its priests, just as it will have its actresses and wine, but the *samurai* will be forbidden the religion of dramatically lit altars, organ music, and incense, as distinctly as they are forbidden the love of painted women, or the consolations of brandy. And to all the things that are less than religion and that seek to comprehend it, to cosmogonies and philosophies, to creeds and formulæ, to catechisms and easy explanations, the attitude of the *samurai*, the note of the Book of *Samurai*, will be distrust. These things, the *samurai* will say, are part of the indulgences that should come before a man submits himself to the Rule; they are like the early gratifications of young men, experiences to establish renunciation. The *samurai* will have emerged above these things.

The theology of the Utopian rulers will be saturated with that same philosophy of uniqueness, that repudiation of anything beyond similarities and practical parallelisms, that saturates all their institutions. They will have analysed exhaustively those fallacies and assumptions that arise between the One and the Many, that have troubled philosophy since philosophy began. Just as they will have escaped that delusive unification of every species under its specific definition that has dominated earthly reasoning, so they will have escaped the delusive simplification of God that vitiates all terrestrial theology. They will hold God to be complex and of an endless variety of aspects, to be expressed by no universal formula, nor approved in any uniform manner. Just as the language of Utopia will be a synthesis, even so will its God be. The aspect of God is different in the measure of every man's individuality, and the intimate thing of religion must, therefore, exist in human solitude, between man and God alone. Religion in its quintessence is a relation between God and man; it is perversion to make it a relation between man and man, and a man may no more reach God through a priest than love his wife through a priest. But just as a man in love may refine

the interpretation of his feelings and borrow expression from the poems and music of poetic men, so an individual man may at his discretion read books of devotion and hear music that is in harmony with his inchoate feelings. Many of the *samurai*, therefore, will set themselves private regimens that will help their secret religious life, will pray habitually, and read books of devotion, but with these things the Rule of the order will have nothing to do.

Clearly the God of the *samurai* is a transcendental and mystical God. So far as the *samurai* have a purpose in common in maintaining the State, and the order and progress of the world, so far, by their discipline and denial, by their public work and effort, they worship God together. But the fount of motives lies in the individual life, it lies in silent and deliberate reflections, and at this, the most striking of all the rules of the *samurai* aims. For seven consecutive days in the year, at least, each man or woman under the Rule must go right out of all the life of man into some wild and solitary place, must speak to no man or woman, and have no sort of intercourse with mankind. They must go bookless and weaponless, without pen or paper, or money. Provisions must be taken for the period of the journey, a rug or sleeping sack—for they must sleep under the open sky—but no means of making a fire. They may study maps beforehand to guide them, showing any difficulties and dangers in the journey, but they may not carry such helps. They must not go by beaten ways or wherever there are inhabited houses, but into the bare, quiet places of the globe—the regions set apart for them.

This discipline, my double said, was invented to secure a certain stoutness of heart and body in the members of the order, which otherwise might have lain open to too many timorous, merely abstemious, men and women. Many things had been suggested, swordplay and tests that verged on torture, climbing in giddy places and the like, before this was chosen. Partly, it is to ensure good training and sturdiness of body and mind, but partly, also, it is to draw their minds for a space from the insistent details of life, from the intricate arguments and the fretting effort to work, from personal quarrels and personal affections, and the things of the heated room. Out they must go, clean out of the world.

Certain great areas are set apart for these yearly pilgrimages beyond the securities of the State. There are thousands of square miles of sandy desert in Africa and Asia set apart; much of the Arctic and Antarctic circles; vast areas of mountain land and frozen marsh; secluded reserves of forest, and innumerable unfrequented lines upon the sea. Some are dangerous and laborious routes; some merely desolate; and there are even some sea journeys that one may take in the halcyon days as one drifts through a dream. Upon the sea one must go in a little undecked sailing boat, that may be rowed in a calm; all the other journeys one must do afoot, none aiding. There are, about all these desert regions and along most

coasts, little offices at which the *samurai* says good-bye to the world of men, and at which they arrive after their minimum time of silence is overpast. For the intervening days they must be alone with Nature, necessity, and their own thoughts.

"It is good?" I said.

"It is good," my double answered. "We civilised men go back to the stark Mother that so many of us would have forgotten were it not for this Rule. And one thinks——. Only two weeks ago I did my journey for the year. I went with my gear by sea to Tromso, and then inland to a starting place, and took my ice-axe and rucksack, and said good-bye to the world. I crossed over four glaciers; I climbed three high mountain passes, and slept on moss in desolate valleys. I saw no human being for seven days. Then I came down through pine woods to the head of a road that runs to the Baltic shore. Altogether it was thirteen days before I reported myself again, and had speech with fellow creatures."

"And the women do this?"

"The women who are truly *samurai*—yes. Equally with the men. Unless the coming of children intervenes."

I asked him how it had seemed to him, and what he thought about during the journey.

"There is always a sense of effort for me," he said, "when I leave the world at the outset of the journey. I turn back again and again, and look at the little office as I go up my mountain side. The first day and night I'm a little disposed to shirk the job—every year it's the same—a little disposed, for example, to sling my pack from my back, and sit down, and go through its contents, and make sure I've got all my equipment."

"There's no chance of anyone overtaking you?"

"Two men mustn't start from the same office on the same route within six hours of each other. If they come within sight of each other, they must shun an encounter, and make no sign—unless life is in danger. All that is arranged beforehand."

"It would be, of course. Go on telling me of your journey."

"I dread the night. I dread discomfort and bad weather. I only begin to brace up after the second day."

"Don't you worry about losing your way?"

"No. There are cairns and skyline signs. If it wasn't for that of course we should be worrying with maps the whole time. But I'm only sure of being a man after the second night, and sure of my power to go through."

"And then?"

"Then one begins to get into it. The first two days one is apt to have the events of one's journey, little incidents of travel, and thoughts of one's work and affairs, rising and fading and coming again; but then the perspectives begin. I don't sleep much at nights on these journeys; I lie awake and stare at the stars. About dawn,

perhaps, and in the morning sunshine, I sleep! The nights this last time were very short, never more than twilight, and I saw the glow of the sun always, just over the edge of the world. But I had chosen the days of the new moon, so that I could have a glimpse of the stars. . . . Once I went from the Nile across the Libyan Desert east, and then the stars—the stars in the later comes of that journey—brought me near weeping. . . . You begin to feel alone on the third day, when you find yourself out on some shining snowfield, and nothing of mankind visible in the whole world save one landmark, one remote thin red triangle of iron, perhaps, in the saddle of the ridge, against the sky. All this busy world that has done so much and so marvellously, and is still so little—you see it little as it is—and far off. All day long you go and the night comes, and it might be another planet. Then, in the quiet, waking hours, one thinks of one's self and the great external things, of space and eternity, and what one means by God."

He mused.

"You think of death?"

"Not of my own. But when I go among snows and desolations—and usually I take my pilgrimage in mountains or the north—I think very much of the Night of this World—the time when our sun will be red and dull, and air and water will lie frozen together in a common snowfield where now the forests of the tropics are steaming. . . . I think very much of that, and whether it is indeed God's purpose that our kind should end, and the cities we have built, the books we have written, all that we have given substance and a form, should lie dead beneath the snows."

"You don't believe that?"

"No. But if it is not so—. I went threading my way among gorges and precipices, with my poor brain dreaming of what the alternative should be, with my imagination straining and failing. Yet, in those high airs and in such solitude, a kind of exaltation comes to men. . . . I remember that one night I sat up and told the rascal stars very earnestly how they should not escape us in the end."

He glanced at me for a moment as though he doubted I should understand.

"One becomes a personification up there," he said. "One becomes the ambassador of mankind to the outer world.

"There is time to think over a lot of things. One puts one's self and one's ambitions in a new pair of scales. . . .

"Then there are hours when one is just exploring the wilderness like a child. Sometimes perhaps one gets a glimpse from some precipice edge of the plains far away, and houses and roadways, and remembers there is still a busy world of men. And at last one turns one's feet down some slope, some gorge that leads back. You come down, perhaps, into a pine forest, and hear that queer clatter reindeer make—and then, it may be, see a herdsman very

far away, watching you. You wear your pilgrim's badge, and he makes no sign of seeing you. . . .

"You know, after these solitudes, I feel just the same queer disinclination to go back to the world of men that I feel when I have to leave it. I think of dusty roads and hot valleys, and being looked at by many people. I think of the trouble of working with colleagues and opponents. This last journey I outstayed my time, camping in the pine woods for six days. Then my thoughts came round to my proper work again. I got keen to go on with it, and so I came back into the world. You come back physically clean—as though you had had your arteries and veins washed out. And your brain has been cleaned, too. . . . I shall stick to the mountains until I am old, and then I shall sail a boat in Polynesia. That is what so many old men do. Only last year one of the great leaders of the *samurai*—a white-haired man, who followed the Rule in spite of his one hundred and eleven years—was found dead in his boat far away from any land, far to the south, lying like a child asleep. . . ."

"That's better than a tumbled bed," said I, "and some boy of a doctor jabbing you with injections, and distressful people hovering about you."

"Yes," said my double; "in Utopia we who are *samurai* die better than that. . . . Is that how your great men die?" . . .

It came to me suddenly as very strange that, even as we sat and talked, across deserted seas, on burning sands, through the still aisles of forests, and in all the high and lonely places of the world, beyond the margin where the ways and houses go, solitary men and women sailed alone or marched alone, or clambered—quiet, resolute exiles; they stood alone amidst wildernesses of ice, on the precipitous banks of roaring torrents, in monstrous caverns, or steering a tossing boat in the little circle of the horizon amidst the tumbled, incessant sea, all in their several ways communing with the emptiness, the enigmatic spaces and silences, the winds and torrents and soulless forces that lie about the lit and ordered life of men.

I saw more clearly now something I had seen dimly already, in the bearing and the faces of this Utopian chivalry, a faint persistent tinge of detachment from the immediate heats and hurries, the little graces and delights, the tensions and stimulations of the daily world. It pleased me strangely to think of this steadfast yearly pilgrimage of solitude, and how near men might come then to the high distances of God.

§ 8

After that I remember we fell talking of the discipline of the Rule, of the Courts that try breaches of it, and interpret doubtful cases—for, though a man may resign with due notice and be free after a certain time to rejoin again, one deliberate breach may exclude a man for ever—of the system of law that has grown up about such trials, and of the triennial council that revises and alters the Rule.

From that we passed to the discussion of the general constitution of this World State. Practically all political power vests in the *samurai*. Not only are they the only administrators, lawyers, practising doctors, and public officials of almost all kinds, but they are the only voters. Yet, by a curious exception, the supreme legislative assembly must have one-tenth, and may have one-half of its members outside the order, because, it is alleged, there is a sort of wisdom that comes of sin and laxness, which is necessary to the perfect ruling of life. My double quoted me a verse from the Canon on this matter that my unfortunate verbal memory did not retain, but it was in the nature of a prayer to save the world from "unfermented men." It would seem that Aristotle's idea of a rotation of rulers, an idea that crops up again in Harrington's *Oceana*, that first Utopia of "the sovereign people" (a Utopia that, through Danton's readings in English, played a disastrous part in the French Revolution), gets little respect in Utopia. The tendency is to give a practically permanent tenure to good men. Every ruler and official, it is true, is put on his trial every three years before a jury drawn by lot, according to the range of his activities, either from the *samurai* of his municipal area or from the general catalogue of the *samurai*, but the business of this jury is merely to decide whether to continue him in office or order a new election. In the majority of cases the verdict is continuation. Even if it is not so the official may still appear as a candidate before the second and separate jury which fills the vacant post. . . .

My double mentioned a few scattered details of the electoral methods, but as at that time I believed we were to have a number of further conversations, I did not exhaust my curiosities upon this subject. Indeed, I was more than a little preoccupied and inattentive. The religion of the *samurai* was after my heart, and it had taken hold of me very strongly. . . . But presently I fell questioning him upon the complications that arise in the Modern Utopia through the differences between the races of men, and found my attention returning. But the matter of that discussion I shall put apart into a separate chapter. In the end we came back to the particulars of this great Rule of Life that any man desirous of joining the *samurai* must follow.

I remember how, after our third bout of talking, I walked back through the streets of Utopian London to rejoin the botanist at our hotel.

My double lived in an apartment in a great building—I should judge about where, in our London, the Tate Gallery squats, and as the day was fine and I had no reason for hurry, I went not by the covered mechanical way, but on foot along the broad, tree-shaded terraces that follow the river on either side.

It was afternoon, and the mellow Thames Valley sunlight, warm and gentle, lit a clean and gracious world. There were many people abroad, going to and fro, unhurrying, but not aimless, and I watched

them so attentively that were you to ask me for the most elementary details of the buildings and terraces that lay back on either bank, or of the pinnacles and towers and parapets that laced the sky, I could not tell you them. But of the people I could tell a great deal.

No Utopians wear black, and for all the frequency of the *samurai* uniform along the London ways the general effect is of a gaily-coloured population. You never see anyone noticeably ragged or dirty; the police, who answer questions and keep order (and are quite distinct from the organisation for the pursuit of criminals) see to that; and shabby people are very infrequent. People who want to save money for other purposes, or who do not want much bother with their clothing, seem to wear costumes of rough woven cloth dyed an unobtrusive brown or green, over fine woollen under-clothing, and so achieve a decent comfort in its simplest form. Others outside the Rule of the *samurai* range the spectrum for colour, and have every variety of texture; the colours attained by the Utopian dyers seem to me to be fuller and purer than the common range of stuffs on earth; and the subtle folding of the woollen materials witness that Utopian Bradford is no whit behind her earthly sister. White is extraordinarily frequent; white woollen tunics and robes into which are woven bands of brilliant colour, abound. Often these ape the cut and purple edge that distinguishes the *samurai*. In Utopian London the air is as clear and less dusty than it is among high mountains; the roads are made of unbroken surfaces, and not of friable earth; all heating is done by electricity and no coal ever enters the town; there are no horses or dogs, and so there is not a suspicion of smoke and scarcely a particle of any sort of dirt to render white impossible.

The radiated influence of the costume of the *samurai* has been to keep costume simple, and this, perhaps, emphasises the general effect of vigorous health, of shapely bodies. Everyone is well grown and well nourished; everyone seems in good condition; everyone walks well, and has that clearness of eye that comes with cleanness of blood. In London I am apt to consider myself of a passable size and carriage; here I feel small and mean-looking. The faint suspicions of spinal curvatures, skew feet, unequal legs, and ill-grown bones, that haunt one in a London crowd, the plain intimations—in yellow faces, puffy faces, spotted and irregular complexions, in nervous movements and coughs and colds—of bad habits and an incompetent or disregarded medical profession, do not appear here. I notice few old people, but there seems to be a greater proportion of men and women at or near the prime of life.

I hang upon that. I have seen one or two fat people here—they are all the more noticeable because they are rare. But wrinkled age? Have I yet in Utopia set eyes on a bald head?

And no one is grey-haired. The Utopians have brought a sounder physiological science than ours to bear upon regimen. People know better what to do and what to avoid, how to foresee and forestall

coming trouble, and how to evade and suppress the subtle poisons that blunt the edge of sensation. They have put off the years of decay. They keep their teeth, they keep their digestions, they ward off gout and rheumatism, neuralgia and influenza and all those cognate decays that bend and wrinkle men and women in the middle years of existence. They have extended the level years far into the seventies, and age, when it comes, comes swiftly and easily. The feverish hurry of our earth, the decay that begins before growth has ceased, is replaced by a ripe prolonged maturity. This modern Utopia is an adult world. The flushed romance, the predominant eroticisms, the adventurous uncertainty of a world in which youth prevails, gives place here to a grave deliberation, to a fuller and more powerful emotion, to a broader handling of life.

Yet youth is here.

Amidst the men whose faces have been made fine by thought and steadfast living, among the serene-eyed women, comes youth, gaily-coloured, buoyantly healthy, with challenging eyes, with fresh and eager face. . . .

For everyone in Utopia who is sane enough to benefit, study and training last until twenty; then comes the travel year, and many are still students until twenty-four or twenty-five. Most are still, in a sense, students throughout life, but it is thought that, unless responsible action is begun in some form in the early twenties, will undergoes a partial atrophy. But the full swing of adult life is hardly attained until thirty is reached. Men marry before the middle thirties, and the women rather earlier, few are mothers before five-and-twenty. The majority of those who become *samurai* do so between twenty-seven and thirty-five. And, between seventeen and thirty, the Utopians have their dealings with love, and the play and excitement of love is a chief interest in life. Much freedom of act is allowed them so that their wills may grow freely. For the most part they end mated, and love gives place to some special and more enduring interest, though, indeed, there is love between older men and fresh girls, and between youths and maturer women. It is in these most graceful and beautiful years of life that such freedoms of dress as the atmosphere of Utopia permits are to be seen, and the crude bright will and imagination of youth peeps out in ornament and colour.

Figures come into my sight and possess me for a moment and pass, and give place to others; there comes a dusky little Jewess, red-lipped and amber-clad, with a deep crimson flower—I know not whether real or sham—in the dull black of her hair. She passes me with an unconscious disdain; and then I am looking at a brightly-smiling, blue-eyed girl, tall, ruddy, and freckled warmly, clad like a stage Rosalind, and talking gaily to a fair young man, a novice under the Rule. A red-haired mother under the Lesser Rule goes by, green-gowned, with dark green straps crossing between her breasts, and her two shock-headed children, bare-legged and lightly

shod, tug at her hands on either side. Then a grave man in a long, fur-trimmed robe, a merchant, maybe, debates some serious matter with a white-tunicked clerk. And the clerk's face——? I turn to mark the straight, blue-black hair. The man must be Chinese. . . .

Then come two short-bearded men in careless indigo blue raiment, both of them convulsed with laughter—men outside the Rule, who practise, perhaps, some art—and then one of the *samurai*, in cheerful altercation with a blue-robed girl of eight. "But you *could* have come back yesterday, Dadda," she persists. He is deeply sunburnt, and suddenly there passes before my mind the picture of a snowy mountain waste at night-fall and a solitary small figure under the stars. . . .

When I come back to the present thing again, my eye is caught at once by a young negro, carrying books in his hand, a prosperous-looking, self-respecting young negro, in a trimly-cut coat of purple-blue and silver.

I am reminded of what my double said to me of race.

(*To be concluded.*)

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