

toward the community is the keynote of the great National societies which united in this remarkable meeting.

They discussed their own special topics, and it is an interesting fact that three of the four Presidents of the main societies warned their fellow-members against careless investigations and rash deductions; but the societies also put the results of their special studies at the service of the country at large. Throughout the meetings ran the note of obligation, of the interrelation of the universities, of State and local historical societies, of National organizations of every kind; and their duty to state ascertained facts and to make only measured generalizations.

Another characteristic of these meetings has been the good fellowship among the members. The main reason for the joint meetings of these various associations is in the ties of personal friendship which have been built up in the last quarter-century, and which are independent of the membership rolls of any society. Professors and students of economics are bound to know some history and to affiliate with those primarily interested in history; and the American Historical and American Political Science Associations are so near akin that even the officers are almost interchangeable, and the same man has sometimes been vice-president of both. The votaries of the historical societies in particular are, in the United States, singularly harmonious. Every economist has his own ideas on the general principles of his science, with which none of his brethren precisely agree; but the historians, while alike in their training, have many specialties, and even in the same fields are remarkably harmonious. In none of the scientific bodies of the world is there a more cordial interworking of large numbers of people.

One noteworthy result of these organizations is the considerable effect upon the public of the work of the allied societies. The annual meetings can, of course, be attended by only a fraction of the six thousand or more members of the various societies. In New York nearly twenty-five per cent were registered, but they all have a large influence which lasts throughout the year. Two of them, the Historical and Political Science Associa-

tions, keep up quarterly journals in their fields; all of them make an annual report; several have gone into the question of the teaching of their subjects in secondary and elementary schools, and three elaborate reports upon that question have been issued or are in preparation by the American Historical Association. They have established also a variety of committees and commissions, especially the American Historical Association, which has in active operation a Historical Manuscripts Commission, a Public Archives Committee, a Committee on Bibliography, and at the recent session appointed a committee to consider the question of a permanent Commission on Historical Sites and Memorials. In a word, these affiliated societies conceive that they are not only National in name, but that they have a duty to and a service for the Nation.



THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator has a vital contribution to make to the Bacon-Shakespeare unpleasantness. He flatters himself that he approaches the subject from an entirely original angle. Sweeping aside for the moment all nice and fussy points of scholarship, he puts to himself the practical question, "Is there enough left of Bacon to make a Shakespeare?" For manifestly it comes down to this. After centuries of neglect it would be poor fun for Bacon to wrest from the critics a frigid justice were it not followed up by fervid popular acclaim. And it is clear that to set up a popular literary deity you must have visible remains to worship, a liberal outfit of homes and haunts, of accessible and picturesque shrines. For a man whose life is so meagerly known, Shakespeare is in this particular singularly well furnished, starting with the birthplace, christening-font, grammar school, Shottery, and the grave. Can Bacon match him? The Spectator set himself last summer to find out. Truth to tell, he was materially strengthened in the resolution by Mrs. Spectator, at whom the Bacon bacillus has lately been nibbling. Certain from past experience that it matters little what you do in England so long as you go leisurely enough about it, he amiably consented to be

dragged about the circumscribed map of "Bacon's England."



It began in London. Mrs. Spectator's brow clouded when she looked up the question of a birthplace. "What a pity!" she exclaimed. "If only Bacon had been discovered a trifle sooner! Some of York House was standing as late as 1863, and now there's not so much left as would support a tablet. However, there's the grand old water gate designed by Inigo Jones. We'll go see that." An obliging bus rumbled the Spectators down Tottenham Court Road, dropping them at Charing Cross, the first of the consecrated sites lying near the mouth of the Strand. Passing the unlovely front of the Charing Cross Station, they came to Villiers Street, where they stood a while in thought. In view of the excessive modernity of the business buildings stolidly occupying the site of York House, they found it difficult to get up much thrill. Mrs. Spectator hurriedly led the way toward the river, where there was more room to dilate with the right emotions; and there, its feet embedded in the gardens of the Thames Embankment, they found York Stairs—a picturesque futility, a water gate on land. There was no denying the effectiveness of the rusticated columns, the ancient pediment flanked by couchant lions. Mrs. Spectator's loyalty flamed high. She bade the lukewarm Spectator reconstruct in imagination behind it the turreted old mansion in which Francis St. Albans first saw the light, the house where later on, as Lord Chancellor, he was wont to feast poets and scholars. She was sailing on famously. Despite the paucity of architectural detail, she had developed a whole spirit palace, aviary and all, with the Lord Chancellor leaning out of the window surveying the gay river life that swept past his lawn. Was not that Elizabeth herself shooting by in the state barge, on her way from the Tower to Whitehall Stairs?—and all grown out of a gate!—when the Spectator happened to take a peep into Baedeker on his own account. Pop went the palace!



"My dear," said he, "have you any tender affection for the first Duke of Buck-

ingham?" She shook her head. "Don't know anything about him." "Perhaps that's as well," remarked the Spectator. "But you'll have to give up your water gate. The sacred ruff and peaked hat and buckled shoes of Francis Bacon were never seen coming down these steps, upon which you have expended so much admirable rhetoric. This scroll above the gate bears the Villiers arms. It appears not to have been built until poor Bacon had lost York House and Buckingham had run up his own show place in its stead. So, if you must weep here, weep for 'Steenie.' These are his stairs."



But she was already turning away in high dudgeon. "Steenie, indeed!" cried she. But directly her spirits rose. "He was christened at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields," she said. "Anything wrong with that?" Now St. Martin's is a weakness with the Spectator. "Pure London," Lucas calls it, "with its whiteness emerging from its grime." So it was hard to tell which was the more zealous of the two as they passed under the tall columns done into startling chiaroscuro by centuries of fog. The Spectator was dislocating his intellect in an attempt to picture Francis Bacon an infant, "mewling and puking in its nurse's arms," this being the more difficult in that, try as he would, he could not succeed in divorcing the infant philosopher from his ruff! It was Mrs. Spectator who broke his reverie. "Have you any particular tenderness for the memory of Nell Gwynne? Because this is *her* church. It appears the church in which little Francis was baptized merely stood on this site. I don't like sites," she went on plaintively. "He used to leave his play to listen to echoes in a conduit in St. James's Fields. Doubtless that was a forerunner of St. James's Park, but that would be only another site, so don't let's go there."



However, the day being one of magical London mist, the park was a dreaming miracle of green and silver. The Spectators could not keep away. Manfully did they strive to image the boyhood of their hero. But surely Francis Bacon never was a human boy. They soon gave over trying to force him into the uncon-

genial rôle, turning instead to watch the sea-gulls swooping over the dim reaches of park waters. Somehow the reincarnation of Bacon didn't seem to be getting on.



"Never mind," said the Spectator, "tomorrow we'll run up to Cambridge and see if the scent doesn't lie thicker there." Accordingly, next day the pursuit was advanced to the crooked Great Court of Trinity College. Taken trustfully, Trinity made a glorious setting for young Bacon; but a somewhat particular inquiry into dates wiped out from the picture the Hall, the bridge across the mirroring Cam, the limes and chestnuts along its brink. And the chapel was so done over that every association had fled. And Bacon himself, Bacon at thirteen! If it had been Eton, now, or Harrow, one might have conceived the embryo philosopher being birched in good old English style. But this unconscionable little prig, this fledgling critic of universities, this intellectual snob in pinafores! how wake his image from the bloodless past? The stone Bacon in the chapel, the painted Bacon in the Hall, did but deepen the suspicion that the Lord Chancellor was born at least middle-aged.



"My dear," observed the Spectator, "perhaps we should get this elusive fellow better into range if we took him at a more humanly interesting period. I don't seem to recall his romance—" Mrs. Spectator looked doubtful. "He was forty-five," said she, "when he married an alderman's daughter." "No," she admitted hastily, for the Spectator's smile was derisive, "I don't think Alice Barnham is any match for Anne Hathaway. And the church where the banns were published is gone."



Why lengthen the tale? Bacon's Whitehall, where is it? Or Bacon's House of Lords? Or the house where his mature sweetheart lived? Or the house where he died? They do not so much as know where that latter stood, nor did a better fate befall the cottage of the old woman at Highgate who sold him the fatal fowl. Westminster Hall indeed might fill with crowding memories of

Chancery and the Lord Chancellor, only one never sees it without the mob of sightseers doing the Houses of Parliament. "But there's Gray's Inn," pleaded Mrs. Spectator. Gray's Inn sounded enticing. Was it not Bacon himself who planted the elms that shade that antique backwater of London? Were there not ancient rooks, descendants of those wise old birds who helped young Francis to pen his fragrant thoughts on gardens? Alas! the public is not admitted to Gray's Inn Gardens! Subsequently, having made strenuous representations, the Spectators got in. But, lo! of the trees the Lord Keeper planted not one remains. Fire has wiped out his lodgings in No. 1 Coney Court. Gone is his summer-house, gone the very mound on which it stood. Gone, too, are the rooks, driven out by benchers without souls. And the public not admitted! "There seems to be a conspiracy against Bacon," said the Spectator to his disappointed spouse. For though the noble old Gray's Inn Hall was as picturesque a shrine as man could wish, it was a blow to lose the softer, humaner relic of the garden. For here, if anywhere, in his love of growing things, Francis Bacon comes warmly within the ken of the plain man of to-day. If he might have left us some trace of his hobbies, those famous fish-ponds he paved so cunningly with colored pebbles "in figures as of fishes" seen through the clear water; or that fantastic pleasure-house at the Pondyards; or the noble old mansion at Gorhamsbury into which he built so much of himself—who knows? we might have forgiven all and loved the man. But flags and rushes choke the ponds, the pleasure-house is blotted out, Gorhamsbury House reduced to one ruinous entrance porch, and, worse, supplanted by the mansion of those modern Grimstones, Lords Verulam, not by blood, but by wealth and the whim of George III. No "Bacon's Walk" under the glorious old trees in the park! No treasured memories of favorite views and nooks. "Mrs. Spectator," the writer found himself saying, sententiously, "acrostics or no acrostics, and not forgetting the church, where Roman specters elbow Lord Verulam into a corner, it is simply *too late* for Bacon, anyhow."

Lords and Commons

The Most Dramatic Scene in the Battle of the British Budget

By Ralph D. Blumenfeld

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A SCENE beyond the power of descriptive writer or stage manager. A scene destined to go down in history, to be spoken of, read about, pictured on canvas, on panel, and on glass. A scene almost unequaled in the stirring story of the English people. Not since the formation of the House of Lords from the Witan of Saxon times, not even when the Barons at Runnymede forced King John to sign the Charter which made England free, has the House of Lords experienced anything more dramatic. Not in all that long period of strife and struggle and maneuvering for mastery, the debates by word of mouth and the sterner resort to the sword, has there been anything to compare with the scene which I am about to describe. The great crises of 1831 and 1860, when the Peers answered the challenge of the Commons and contemptuously flung back, first, the Reform Bill, and, second, the repeal of the paper duties, were almost mere incidents. To-day the Lords take up the cry: "Let the people decide. We trust them. You, the House of Commons, do not represent the will of the people. You represent an election cry, false, tricky, unscrupulous. Your majority is an accident. If the people want Socialism, if they demand that industry, thrift, and enterprise shall be spoliated, well and good. Their will shall prevail. But we, the Lords spiritual and temporal, will not assent to your demands until the people have spoken. Let the people decide!"

Thus the motive. Now for the setting of the piece. A long, narrow, vaulted chamber, gilded and emblazoned, lighted by magnificent electroliers, resembling no other room that I have ever seen, unless it be the chamber of the Commons across the corridor. Like its humbler sister, it is not capable of seating all its members.

At one end is the throne on a dais. In front of the throne is a round, sofa-like arrangement known as the woolsack, on which sits the Lord Chancellor, the presiding officer. On the right, long rows of red leather benches rise one above the other to the ceiling. The right is for the Ministerialists. On the left are similar rows of benches for the Opposition. At each end of the room and facing each other are half a dozen short benches. These are the cross benches, used by members of the royal family, the soldiers and sailors, and others who owe no allegiance to either party. Over and above all these, and right around the chamber, are the narrow galleries for peeresses, diplomats, distinguished and undistinguished strangers, and journalists.

Ring up the curtain and let the great drama begin. The Liberals call it "the Battle of the Peers against the People." The Conservatives call it "the Peers as the Champions of Liberty."

The chamber is crowded as it has never been crowded in all its history. The throne, which is outside the bar of the House, as signifying the King's constitutional severance from participation in the deliberations, is empty. But on its steps, packed tightly together, sits a motley crowd of commoners, Privy Councillors, Ministers, sons of peers, and other persons privileged to appear beyond the bar. Among these is Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, anxious, tired-looking, silently meditating on the turn of the wheel of Fate. Which way for him and his followers? Beside him sits Mr. John Burns, erstwhile demagogue, strike leader, workingman agitator, Member of Parliament, Cabinet Minister, Privy Councillor—a man no longer acclaimed by the mob as a leader. Office and responsibility, coupled with opportunities for intercourse with lords and dukes and landed gentry, have