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W. L. COURTNEY

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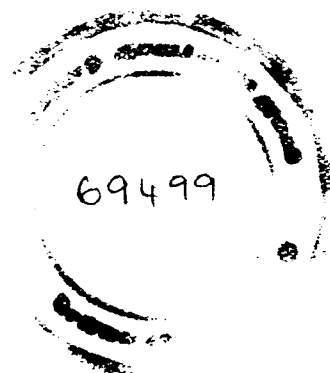
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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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BALANCE OF POWER

By AUGUR

It is unwise to pretend that a table is round when it has hard and sharp corners. The table at the sides of which European diplomacy forgathers just now is not round by any means. Unfortunately, the belief is widespread that the public must be told the truth in moderation, so as not to frighten it, or to start mental processes of a dangerous nature. This may apply to the case of the public on the Continent, but one cannot help thinking that British people have left the nursery, and not only are able but have the right to hear the full truth.

The truth about the political situation in Europe, as far as Great Britain is concerned, is that the Entente with France has ceased to be cordial. This fact, above all others, has to be taken into account by British statesmanship. To explain fully the reasons of this momentous event would necessitate a separate essay. The situation can be summed up in a few words as follows.

Powerful currents carry each nation towards its historical destiny. The statesmen of the day have at the best only an apparent control over them. These currents flow deeply in channels beyond the reach of written agreements and of conferences. It so happened that the currents carrying Britain and France along, for the taming of the German danger, became parallel and were even merged into one: the Entente Cordiale was born and achieved its object. At present the British and the French currents have again separated; they are running nearly parallel, but they are not one; possibly they have begun to diverge. Some things it is beyond the power of humans to alter.

But there are other things within human power which, if left undone, or if done badly, stir up trouble by bringing to a violent end a political process which, normally, should

have run smoothly to a painless finish. The disappearance of the Entente Cordiale has been hastened by inconsiderate action. All parties concerned committed the first mistake at the Paris Conference of 1919. The Treaty was built up in the presumption that the United States would remain associated with the Allies in the task of securing the peace, as they had been associated with them in the struggle to win the war. European diplomacy at the Conference ignored the fact that President Wilson, when he came to Paris, was already politically a defeated man in his own country. This was not generally understood, except by a few foreign journalists in Washington, for whom the politicians had too much friendly contempt to attach importance to their predictions.

President Wilson dominated the Peace Conference, and the stamp of his humanitarian views is all over the Treaty of Versailles. But his own people turned him down, refusing to accept not only the whole Treaty but also the League of Nations. In consequence the Pact of Guarantee for France, signed by Great Britain jointly with the United States, became invalid. Thus the demon of fear of a German revenge was let loose in the French mind and wrought havoc. This was the beginning of a series of heavy mistakes. France herself committed one, the consequences of which are with us now.

Instead of saying outright what was in its mind: that the American withdrawal had made the Treaty an insufficient guarantee of France's security, and that it was France's paramount duty to seek this security, Treaty or no Treaty, French statesmanship allowed two policies to run concurrently—one strictly based on the Treaty and on the co-operation with the Allies, the other directed towards rendering Germany harmless and on the principle that "*salus Galliae suprema lex*." The latter policy, although quite real, was to a great extent subconscious. To the average Frenchman, to the average French politician, the German Empire, created in 1870 out of the French defeat, has ever been a symbol of danger. In the eyes of the French the German Republic has not finally separated itself from the Hohenzollerns. The danger-

signal continues to fly, and, given the opportunity, a subconscious apprehension is transformed into an active policy.

For several years France has committed the mistake of not telling frankly her Allies what is really in her mind. The consequence was that many of us saw a perverse, obstreperous attitude where really there was only nervousness, and even fear. But if France committed the fault of not taking us fully into her confidence, we committed a fault no less disastrous to the continuation of the Entente Cordiale: we were slipshod in our methods and we were inclined to leave everything to time and much to luck. It is not here the place to speak of the Conferences at Cannes, Spa, Genoa, and at whatever were all the other nice places where statesmen and diplomats loved to forgather. We went there to compromise, and we compromised so well that the chain of live intercommunication between London and Paris has been broken, and remains so still. Chanceries continue to communicate with each other by Notes—written or verbal. This is like placing a couple of gramophones playing different tunes in the same room. The human element is absent.

So, from mistake to mistake, the destruction of the cordial element in the Entente was hastened. In January, 1923, France with Belgium went into the Ruhr. We did not immediately declare this high-handed action illegal, much less did we back it; we sulked; even worse than that, we allowed the Germans somehow to imagine that we would assist them against France. The encouragement came not from what we said but from what we left unsaid. Passive resistance went on through many weary months, ruining Germany, also spoiling our chance of getting paid for Reparations.

Meanwhile the economic situation in Great Britain was becoming serious. Again we made the mistake of not speaking frankly. The French needed political concessions; we stood in need of economic advantages. But both sides spoke of everything but the essential thing. The French discoursed on economics, we spoke of political principles. The Entente Cordiale was swiftly degenerating

into an anecdote. An effort was made to heal the wound: the interview took place between Mr. Baldwin and M. Poincaré last September in Paris. This interview was so satisfactory that it was possible to issue the famous *communiqué* which told the world that there existed no serious divergence of views between the two Governments.

Yet it is a tragic fact that this interview was destined to deliver a deadly blow to the Entente Cordiale. Mr. Baldwin and M. Poincaré had come together in free and direct conversation. M. Poincaré had expressed with frankness the French view, Mr. Baldwin had honestly described the British economic needs; M. Poincaré had pledged his word that the character of the Ruhr occupation was purely economic, and Mr. Baldwin had declared that this pledge had allayed his last doubts; hands were shaken cordially and then—then nothing happened.

Nothing was done to keep alive the seedling planted. M. Poincaré is particularly responsible for this. In a huff over Lord Curzon's retrospective speech at the Imperial Conference he preferred to remain dumb. In the speeches which he made every Sunday inaugurating war memorials he spoke as if the fateful interview had never taken place. No wonder that the British statesmen who had staked their reputation on the *Communiqué* became themselves doubtful as to M. Poincaré's real intentions.

And so a lamentable procession of mistakes has accompanied the Entente Cordiale to a premature end. The Entente without cordiality goes on living simply because it is needed by both countries alike. On this disappearance of cordiality hinges the inevitable change in British foreign policy. Our principle is that it is unwise to call a sharp corner round, and we say clearly that British policy is undergoing a great change. The change has been ripening for the last six months, and now it has arrived. British policy is reverting to the old tradition of the balance of power in Europe.

It is never profitable to play the prophet, and people will smile ironically and say that we have dug out an old theory with the idea that some day it may be resuscitated. The list of prophets has been closed in the Bible, and we

have no ambition in that direction. If we mention the policy of the balance of power it is not because some day it will come again, but because it has arrived already. Only people will need some time to distinguish its principal characteristics.

British policy in Europe has always favoured free trade in politics. For this reason we have opposed any State or combination, which by force of arms, or by geographical advantages, or by clever political moves, had obtained a preponderating influence. This is the essence of traditional British policy. Because of it we fought the Napoleonic wars, and because of it we entered into the great alliance against Hohenzollern Germany. In Queen Elizabeth's time we fought tooth and nail against mighty Spain to save the Netherlands and ourselves from a foreign yoke. Later we turned against the sea power of the same Dutch whom we had previously defended. British policy towards Russia has always been governed by the same consideration of balance of power in Europe. Through the years political action has varied, yet the main idea remained unaltered. Even during the war, when the whole world was divided into two camps, there were obscure moves which proved that the idea of the balance of power was only slumbering.

France is to-day the most powerful State in Europe. This not only because her Army is the strongest. The time has passed when power was estimated in terms of war—so many soldiers, so many guns, so many ships. The formula of power is now complicated by the introduction of the economic factor. The political preponderance of France lies in the economic plane. Not only because she is prosperously self-contained, but with greater reason, because she has put her hand upon the main source of power on the Continent—she controls the coal. See how Germany is situated: France controls the Sarre, she has sterilised the Silesian coal by giving it to the Poles, and she has grasped the mines in the Ruhr. Germany is delivered into her hands.

France has also been able to build up a system of friendly alliances and relations in Europe, which permit

her to encircle Germany with an iron fence from the North Sea to the Baltic. Poland and Rumania form a barrier from sea to sea between Russia and Germany. Across Central Europe lies the great corridor of neutral and friendly States from France to the Polish outpost on the Russian border. Going farther afield we find France occupying in Syria the key position between Turkey, Mesopotamia, and Palestine. In the Western Mediterranean she has built up her great and rich African Empire, reaching without a break to the shores of the Atlantic. The future is closed to our limited vision, but we cannot deny that, as she stands at present, France is the most powerful State in Europe. As a world State the British Empire is immensely more powerful in every respect. But we intervene in European affairs as the United Kingdom only, and we must understand our limitations. How these have been brought about, by what interlocking chain of inevitable happenings, by whose fault and through whose inadvertence? This is a question which we shall leave for the present unanswered. The only thing which concerns us just now is the undoubted fact of French preponderance.

The policy of maintaining the balance of power in Europe brings for us the necessity of finding out the strongest State and then either of attacking it or of coming to stable terms, which would restrict the possibility for it of playing with the freedom of European politics and of creating trouble. Except a few foolish militarists and a few even more foolish Socialists, nobody thinks of a war with France. Not only would this be a gigantic task technically, but, after all, the million of our dead are there lying near the million of the French, and their sentimental appeal has not lost its potency. Therefore we must come to an agreement with France. As things are at present our great drawback is that we have so few good cards to play against the strong French hand. This is why in our numerous squabbles we have climbed down again and again in a remarkable fashion. A return to the policy of the balance of power is intended to strengthen our hand for the inevitable conference with France at

which we will have to agree on courses on which to lay our ships of State so that they should not run into each other.

Clearly the policy of a political equilibrium implies the necessity of political groupings. When the League of Nations was created its founders imagined that the members would gravitate towards it as a common centre, the idea being that international action should run through the channel of the League. In real life the contrary happened and international activities continued to keep to the old channels, the League receiving only the leavings of the diplomatic chanceries. Germany and Russia not being members of the League, a major part of Europe is excluded from its purview, the part which really needs most the intervention of the Covenant. Europe is divided and subdivided by a network of political groupings. How does Great Britain stand in the question?

Let us examine the situation in Europe from the point of view of the possibility of finding elements which we could use to strengthen our hand in the coming friendly discussion with France. The most amiable discussion does not preclude the duty of providing solid arguments and favourable facts. Our greatest asset would be naturally if we could so transform the League that its authority would be enhanced. This could be achieved by bringing in the two nations which have been left out of it: Germany and Russia. The League would be improved and would lose the character which it has at present of an instrument of Allied pressure. But to bring in Germany, the ex-enemy, and Russia, the barbarian, is not an easy task. We cannot support a German demand for admission to the League until it has been abundantly made clear that the ex-enemy accepts the spirit of the Treaty of Versailles and has given up all thought of a physical revenge. The case of Russia is even more difficult, because the barbarians cannot apply for membership without giving up some of the most cherished points of the Communist programme and without terminating the activities abroad of the Third International. If one thinks of this, truly a colossal task awaits anybody who

thinks it worth while to work for the extension of the League so that it should embrace the whole of Europe.

The disagreeable side of the policy of balance of power is that it implies the necessity of co-operation in political groupings. This means that it would be impossible to maintain an attitude of judicious detachment from European affairs. One cannot have something for nothing. Great Britain would cease to play the part of arbiter and would have to become a partner in various combinations. What this implies can be seen from the following example.

Central Europe is now full of small States so situated that, in spite of their newness and of their relative insignificance, they are able to take a not unimportant part in European affairs. There is, for example, the Little Entente, whose influence, thanks to the chief partner, Czecho-Slovakia, is much greater than its intrinsic value. It is hardly a secret that some time ago our statesmen were investigating the reasons of the Little Entente's inclination towards France. It would have been expected that in the question of the Ruhr, for instance, the Czecho-Slovak view should have been nearer to our own ideas than to the French. For the industrial position in Czecho-Slovakia was considerably affected by the German disorganisation caused by the French action in the Ruhr. This was not disputed by the Czecho-Slovak leaders themselves. But it was made absolutely clear that if eventually we should desire to have them with us it would be necessary to give them something more tangible than mere words—for example, a pact of guarantee which would imply for us the duty of immediately occupying Hamburg if the Germans attacked their Czech neighbours. The case of Belgium is similar. Although partners in the Ruhr enterprise, the Belgians did not see eye to eye with the French in all details, and even on questions of principle. But to have them with us it would have become necessary to enter into some binding agreement of guarantee and assistance. An arbiter is expected to bring only a sentiment of justice, but a partner in a political combination must bring his share of the political capital and bear his

share of obligations with the perspective of being asked to pay it on demand.

Nevertheless, there is every prospect that we can improve our political position in Europe to a great extent. For example, the situation in Eastern Europe could be materially improved, with great advantage to ourselves, if we made a serious effort along the line London-Berlin-Warsaw-Moscow. Poland at present serves not as a connecting link between Germany and Russia, but as a barrier well nigh impassable. This creates a state of tension which is harmful to the interests of peace and which is favourable to militarist influences from outside. If one could bring about a *rapprochement* on one side between Poland and Germany and on the other between Poland and Russia—a thing not at all impossible—the advantages accruing to our policy would be considerable. Eastern Europe, returned to a normal state of affairs, would cease to be a warlike argument, not to speak of the economic advantages which would accrue to international trade and finance. But to bring about such a desirable state of affairs we would be obliged to go out of our way and give active assistance to the development of the political process.

In the basin of the Mediterranean there are interesting developments. The *rapprochement* between Italy and Spain, when deprived of its bombast and drum-beating, contains the grain of a most important political combination. An Italo-Spanish alliance, combined with economic co-operation, creates in the Mediterranean a new, powerful factor. But to make it capable of a healthy existence this alliance needs either the co-operation of France or our benevolent assistance. France lying across the Mediterranean, with her possessions in Africa, cuts across the line of Italo-Spanish reciprocity. Her entrance into the combination would enhance its power and vitality many times. If we desire to take her place we will have to give some palpable proof of goodwill and active co-operation. For here again the principle applies—you cannot get something for nothing. Italy would certainly desire a definite choice to be made between herself and Greece.

Turkey can be a valuable asset for maintaining the balance of power between the Ægean and the Black Sea. But she must be taken in hand, and the necessity of "bakshish" of some sort in that part of the world is well known and understood. And so the things lie all over Europe. But a grave warning is necessary.

The policy of balance of power in Europe is being discussed, if not by the general public as yet, then in the circles responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs in this country. There is a tendency to build all plans for future action on a presumption which may soon be found erroneous. At the base of all considered schemes there is always the idea that France and Germany will go on squabbling indefinitely. Here is the danger, for there is absolutely nothing to prove that this will always be so. To speak about the hatred of the Germans for the French is childish. One should remember that during the war the Germans wore trouser buttons with "Gott strafe England" on them, and not with "Gott strafe Frankreich." The Germans are an obstinate people, but they are no fools, and they know how to accept the inevitable. France has got them by the throat in the Ruhr and will not let go. This is an argument stronger than any we can produce. If France holds Germany by the throat we hold her only by the coat tails. It depends entirely on French statesmanship to alter the present relations with Germany in a manner which would bring about a sullen but inevitable acceptance by Berlin of the Paris tag. This should be always had in view as a possible *dénouement* to the Franco-German conflict, and we would look ridiculous if it was found that we had built up the whole fabric of our political action in Europe on the contrary assumption.

The ideal formula for a policy directed towards the establishment of real balance of power in Europe would be for us to do our utmost to create such a state of affairs in Europe that all danger of warlike conflicts should cease to exist. France would be under the moral obligation of disarming at last, and turning her attention to the economic competition in which we are well able to hold our own and even better than that.

THE COMING ELECTION FIGHT IN FRANCE

BY JOHN BELL

KEEN as was the election fight in England, an equally grim struggle is expected in France, where, about the middle of April, the electors will be called upon to choose their Parliamentary representatives. As the British electors had to decide on an internal matter, a question of fiscal policy, so, also, French voters will be invited to pronounce on an internal policy. And this notwithstanding that since the last Parliaments were elected the main preoccupations of the Governments of the two countries have been concerned with foreign affairs arising out of the execution, or non-execution, of the Treaty of Versailles.

But in France this is not surprising when it is borne in mind that the Reparations policy of the Government has had the support of Parliament and the country as a whole. In its anxiety to press the reparation claims of France, in its solicitude to obtain the justice to which France considers she is entitled, the French Government, though always reminded, and sometimes in a forcible manner, of internal questions, has not been unduly anxious about them. For it knew the temper of the country; it was well aware that its efforts should be concentrated on securing reparations from Germany; it realised that while the discussion of internal questions could not be burked, there was no immediate hurry for forcing solutions.

And yet since the elections of 1919 a strong feeling has grown up among certain parties of the Left on these very questions which will be the issues at the coming appeal to the electorate. These parties have long raised the cry of reaction, which has, perhaps, been more insistently heard in the towns than in the country districts. It is interesting to indicate the genesis of this opposition, and in order to do so it is necessary to point out some of the circumstances in which the last appeal to the country took place.

M. Clemenceau, the then Premier, considered that he had finished his work with the signing of peace. He gave an account of his stewardship in the remarkable speech he delivered at Strasbourg. He had appointed M. Millerand as High Commissioner for the regained provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and had designated him as his successor in the Premiership. M. Millerand readily accepted the heritage. His famous Bat-a-Clan speech was not only a declaration of policy, but it contained directions as to how the elections had to be won by the party he was to lead. It was a case of forming the Bloc National which has constituted the Parliamentary majority since 1919. M. Millerand wrote the election manifesto of the party. It was a forcible appeal; it pointed out the disruptive forces that were at work in the country, and called upon the electors to pronounce decisively against them.

The Russian Revolution was not without its effect on French Socialists. Communism was rearing its ugly head. The Peace Treaty had to be defended and executed; fruitful labour had to be the watchword of Frenchmen; the position created by the dearly won peace had to be consolidated; and, above all, a moderation which would bring about the unity of Frenchmen had to be exercised. The speeches of MM. Clemenceau and Millerand, which laid down a firm policy for the future, were delivered in the early days of November. The elections took place in the same month. They were held on a new system adopted by the Chamber in the same year. This was a combination of proportional representation and the election by majority plan. It served the purpose of the Bloc National admirably. A strong Centre and Right was the result. Well-known Socialists and Communists were routed, and other groups that came back to the Chamber revealed depleted strength.

M. Clemenceau kept his word and sank into political oblivion, and M. Millerand found himself at the helm. The new Premier set himself resolutely to the task of carrying out the mandate given to him by the country. It was not an easy task. Apart from the difficulties arising out of the execution of the Peace Treaty, the policy of

moderation was meeting with difficulties. In particular the new attitude adopted towards the Church gave great offence to the Left. The Catholics had proved themselves ardent patriots during the war. Young priests had fought and died in the trenches, and others who by age and infirmities could not respond to the country's call consoled and succoured stricken families. The Catholic community assisted the Government to the limit of its resources. For the Catholics the war had to be won at all costs, and no effort was spared either in assisting and encouraging the soldiers at the front or in strengthening the *moral* in the rear.

The great services rendered by French Catholics in the war were not forgotten. In order to bring about unity in the fulfilment of the tasks of peace something had to be done, and the new Government set to work courageously. A new spirit began to show itself in the relations between Church and State. This new spirit received official acknowledgment when Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, made his appearance at a Presidential reception at the Elysée. The religious communities, disbanded and banished by the application of the Law of Association, began to return. The acts of the Combes Government were practically disavowed. Religious tolerance was re-established by the resumption of contact between Church and State. What a change from the state of things which prevailed fourteen years earlier! Diplomatic relations with the Vatican were resumed. Evidently in the eyes of the Millerand Government clericalism was no longer the enemy in France. This same spirit continued when M. Millerand succeeded M. Deschanel as President of the Republic and M. Georges Leygues became Premier, when he in turn was succeeded by M. Briand and when M. Poincaré became the head of the Government.

All this was displeasing to the Left. Radicals, Radical Socialists, and Socialists had forgotten nothing, had forgiven nothing. They were roused to anger over what was going on. But they were helpless. They could do nothing in the Chamber, for in the rare debates on internal policy they were easily routed. The Bloc National was supreme,

taking no account of the allegation, persistently put forward, that it was a *bloc* of reactionaries. The Left could do nothing, for the reason that external policy was the main preoccupation of the Government. M. Briand is of the Left, but he was only permitted by the Centre and Right to govern because he adhered to the programme of the Bloc National. The reason he fell was because he showed a too generous spirit of concession at the Cannes Conference. For France, or at any rate for the Bloc National, the thing to be done was to carry out a policy as to which there is no manner of doubt the majority of Frenchmen are unanimous—the policy of obtaining just reparations from Germany. Internal questions had to wait for solutions; there was no immediate urgency for tackling them. And all through his Premiership M. Poincaré, whatever his views on these internal questions, which it has to be said have not been without interest for him in the past, has been loth to speak of them, for the reason that the most imperative task of the country, the exaction of reparations from Germany, has not been fulfilled.

It had been thought that M. Poincaré, possessing, as he certainly does, the confidence and support of the country for his reparations policy, would not have been slow to give his supporters a lead for the elections. It is a fact that many prefects and sub-prefects—and it is well known that these officials can exercise considerable influence—had been anxiously awaiting instructions. They had let it be known that it would not be difficult to induce the country to march with the Premier. But may it not be that M. Poincaré has decided to take a leaf out of M. Millerand's book and wait until the last moment before launching his manifesto? This method succeeded in 1919, and why should it not succeed in 1924?

Meanwhile the parties of the Left have for months past been very busy mustering the forces that are intended to vanquish the Bloc National. An intensive campaign is in progress, and Radical leaders profess themselves more than satisfied with the result. They declare that there are only a very few departments in which the Bloc des Gauches has as yet not obtained a sure foothold. They

are, in fact, very jubilant. For them the election is as good as won; they are certain that the Bloc National will be crushingly defeated. But on what programme? Here we are faced with a singular fact. Since the Peace the minds of Frenchmen have been concentrated on one thing—to make Germany pay. The Government has thought of that and very little else. Everything has been subordinated to the policy of Reparations. Therefore, in spite of internal questions, this policy is bound to be in the minds of the electors when the time comes for them to choose their representatives for the next Parliament. The Radicals and Radical Socialists are well aware of this. They know that if they fulminated against this policy the electors would give them short shrift. They would not only be beaten, but disgraced. So it comes about that they have decided not only to sustain the general Reparations policy as pursued by M. Poincaré, but to approve of the occupation of the Ruhr. They even go so far as to declare that a check in the Ruhr would be a disaster for France. And not only do they approve of the Premier's Ruhr policy, but they are dead against any reduction of France's credit on Germany without a corresponding diminution of the debts due from France to Britain and the United States. They approve of the pledges seized, only they consider that they should be mobilised by means of an international loan.

For the rest the Bloc des Gauches, or at any rate certain sections of it, will emphasise the old cry that clericalism is the common enemy. They will tilt against the Bloc National for permitting the return of the monks and nuns. They will insist on the retention of the *laïcal* schools so that there will be no chance of the priests and nuns regaining their hold of the educational machine. They will put it up to the electors that the Bloc National has been responsible for the economic anarchy in which they declare the country is plunged—a strange contention having regard to the fact that there is practically no unemployment in France—for dear living and for fiscal discords. They will also raise the slogan that the Bloc National has mobilised the forces of reaction against Republican

liberties, that it has tabooed all measures of amnesty and of social progress. What will the Bloc des Gauches promise the electors? A policy of bold reforms which shall be truly *laical*, democratic and social.

M. Edouard Herriot, who appears to hold the mayoralty of Lyons in perpetuity, is the leader of the Radical party, and as such he will play a prominent part in placing the issues before the country. He is assisted by M. Painlevé, a Republican Socialist, who during the war filled the offices of War Minister and Premier, and was not particularly successful in either, as many Frenchmen declare. One of the foremost mathematicians in France and enjoying a European reputation, M. Painlevé is an ardent politician. Studying him in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies you would not associate him with investigations such as are engaged in by Einstein. He has done much of the campaigning in the departments for the Bloc des Gauches. On the platform he forgets that he is a *savant*, and leaves no doubt of his antipathy to clericalism. But he is not having all his own way in his attacks on the Catholic clergy. There are priests who fought in the trenches, were wounded several times and given the decoration of the Legion of Honour for their bravery, who resent his attacks at public meetings and have the courage to answer them.

Another Radical politician destined to play an important *rôle* is M. Franklin Bouillon, who only recently returned to the Chamber after the crushing defeat he sustained at the election of 1919. His defeat was the reply of the electors to his bitter attack on M. Clemenceau, whom, he held, had assisted to make a peace treaty which did not give France her just rights. Since his return to the Chamber M. Franklin Bouillon has not always seen eye to eye with M. Herriot, the President of the Radical party, on the attitude to be assumed towards M. Poincaré's foreign policy. This policy has M. Franklin Bouillon's full support, and there can be no question that he will continue to uphold it if he is re-elected in April. He rendered M. Poincaré great service in the Greco-Turkish conflict which led Mr. Lloyd George to think of another

war. His negotiations with the Kemalists were decried at the time, for though the French negotiator had no official standing, there was no doubt about the powers given to him by the French Premier, and his efforts permitted M. Poincaré's policy to prevail and led to the fall of Mr. Lloyd George.

M. Franklin Bouillon will have to be reckoned with by the Bloc des Gauches. He will certainly not go the whole hog. A politician whose outlook is intensely French—that is to say Nationalist—can have no dealings with revolutionary Socialists or Communists. M. Herriot has said that for him it is not a case of either Rome or Moscow. His views on Roman clericalism are well known; but, though he visited Russia and wrote a score of articles giving his impressions of that country under Bolshevik rule, which he made it clear he did not admire, there was at one time a suggestion that for the purpose of beating the Bloc National he would not hesitate to include French Communists in the Bloc des Gauches. He has now stated categorically that there can be no alliance between his party and the Communists. If, however, the Radicals condemn Communism in theory, it is not forgotten that they assisted to secure the election of Midol, the railwaymen's Bolshevik leader who fled to Switzerland in order to escape judgment, to a seat on the Paris Municipal Council.

With the Radicals, as, indeed, with other political parties whether in France or in other countries, opportunism is never lost sight of. Events shape policy. At the last election there was no particular bone of contention between the Radicals and Radical Socialists and the parties of the Centre and Right. They had come to an understanding as to their future co-operation. A pact was signed. The aim to be achieved was to smash revolutionary Socialism and Communism. The arrangement worked very well at first. Radicals figured in the Government and the party voted for it on all important questions. But the Government's policy towards the Vatican, begun by M. Millerand and continued by each succeeding Premier, brought about a change. The Radicals broke with the Parliamentary majority and set to work to whip

up opposition to the policy of religious toleration. How far they can carry the country with them on this phase of their programme cannot as yet be indicated with any degree of exactitude. There are level-headed Frenchmen with no special attachment to any particular party and solely actuated by the desire to bring about internal as well as external peace, who believe that the electorate will not be much impressed by the anti-clerical cry. They remember the commotion caused by the expulsion of the religious congregations, the statements made abroad that France was no longer a land of religious liberty, that her Government, if it was not seeking to stifle the Christian faith, was bent on exercising tyrannical control over it, and they argue that the country will not tolerate a repetition of the agitation which marked the Premiership of M. Combes.

These same Frenchmen are quite clear in their minds that if the Bloc des Gauches emerges victoriously from the struggle in April one of the first things the new Government will do will be to rehabilitate M. Malvy and M. Caillaux, both condemned by the Senate sitting as the High Court for acts alleged to have been committed during the war. Then the possibility of the Radicals passing under the yoke of the Socialists is canvassed. But on this point some students of the actual state of parties are frankly sceptical, for the reason that the Socialists may lose a number of seats. It has to be remembered that since the election of 1919 the position has entirely changed for the Socialists. The Communists virtually captured the movement and took possession of its leading organ, *Humanité*. Making full use of the erstwhile Socialist machine and adapting it to their own uses, the Communists have carried on an intensive propaganda in the country. When he was Premier in 1920, M. Millerand dealt the trade union Bolsheviks a severe blow. But it was after the revolutionary strike fiasco of that year that the Communists seized the Socialist movement, and though their representation in the present Chamber is limited to about a dozen deputies, they are confident of winning a number of seats from the Socialists at the next election.

From this point of view the election struggle will present a special element of curiosity in that it will determine whether the doctrines of Moscow have made any headway in France since the last appeal to the electorate, whether the old Unified Socialists, who have consistently refused to bend the knee to the Russian dictators, are sustained in their attitude. There are strong suggestions that they will suffer, that the Communists will beat them hip and thigh—a bold prophecy.

If the Communists, who claim to have increased their hold on the industrial masses since the last election, win seats at the expense of the Socialists, the question of their attitude towards the Bloc des Gauches, in the event of a Radical victory, will arise. The Bolsheviks will be in opposition to a Radical *bourgeoisie*, just as they are opposed to the present Bloc National. This attitude would only be in keeping with the doctrines laid down by Moscow. Some political prophets, without having a particle of sympathy with the Bolshevik faith, predict that the Communists will have something like sixty-six seats in the next Chamber. If this prophecy is realised then the Communists will have repeated the trick they played at the famous Tours Congress, where they swamped the Socialists. For them that would be the logical outcome of their feverish activities during the last three years. It would virtually mean a snuffing-out of Socialism and would conceivably constitute a danger for the moderate Left, Centre and Right. We should have something like the present state of British political parties. In France the inevitable step to be taken against extremists who threatened to usurp constitutional authority would be a coalition against which neither Communists nor Socialists could prevail.

But what about the Bloc National? What steps is it taking to meet the onslaught that will be made upon it? Will it appeal to the country in the same form as in 1919, or will it enter the struggle after passing through a process of remodelling? There are hints of a new Bloc National, of checkmates to the moves made by the Bloc des Gauches. So far the Parliamentary majority has not given evidence

of anything like masterly activity. It has allowed the other side to do the talking, to indulge in pæans of victory before the fight has begun. While Radical spokesmen have been touring the country, seeing to the grouping of forces, making the Bloc des Gauches a reality, the leaders of the Bloc National have been singularly quiescent. It may be that the time is not yet come for them to show their hands. But there is no doubt that they mean to put up a fight, and there are hints that this will be waged under conditions that will surprise their opponents.

Perhaps the Bloc National will keep its secret until the last moment. But in the meantime more than one political organ has thrown out hints of Nationalist Republicans forming themselves into a new *bloc* for the purpose of upholding the policy of *detente* towards the Vatican. The idea of a combination of this kind is dear to the heart of M. Gustave Hervé, one of the foremost writers in the Paris Press. He sees in it M. Briand and M. Franklin Bouillon on the Left and General de Castelnau on the Right, and he believes that if it were realised it would be an easy matter to dispose of opposition to the policy of toleration practised towards the Catholic Church in France. All that it would be necessary to do would be to apply the laws on the religious congregations in a liberal spirit—to adopt the methods of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and to renounce those of M. Combes, which certain Radicals would like to restore. There would be a difficulty about education, but it is thought that this could be overcome by the application of the law of proportion in regard to *laïcal* and Catholic schools. It is a bold dream, this *bloc* extending from Left to Right. If it were realised government would be very easy in France, for the Opposition would be made up of Royalists, Communists, Socialists and those Radicals who have received their inspiration from Emile Combes and Joseph Caillaux—a noisy but not a formidable phalanx.

The British election results caused surprise in France. The strength of the Labour and Socialist vote created astonishment, and in some quarters something like a feeling of dismay. This was inevitable, since of the three

British political parties France counted on the Conservatives to assist her in unravelling the Reparations tangle, made more difficult to unravel by the acts of Germany, who has not hesitated to precipitate bankruptcy rather than make a sincere effort to meet the obligations imposed upon her by the Peace Treaty. France had little to expect from a Government in which Mr. Lloyd George would, sooner or later, seek to obtain mastery, and she had nothing at all to hope from a Labour administration. Frenchmen are seeking to deduce a lesson from the elections in Britain, and are asking themselves whether the unsatisfactory result will have its repercussion in France. The deduction they make is that if the Reparations policy of the Lloyd George, Bonar Law and Baldwin Governments had been more in keeping with that pursued by M. Poincaré, had been actuated with the desire to present a common front to Germany, as was the case during the war, there would have been no occupation of the Ruhr, no economic and financial dislocation in Germany, and consequently the beaten nation would have done more than it has done to make good the damages of war.

Further—and this point is specially stressed by French commentators on the British election results—Labour, instead of increasing its hold on the country, would have lost many seats. It would no longer be a menace. But the Labour leaders emphasised the impotency of the Governments to solve the German problem; they told the electors that they could not possibly do worse, that, indeed, they could do better than the capitalist Governments in restoring economic order in Europe.

A Labour success, such as has been gained in England, at the coming French elections is not feared. For one thing, the French Labour organisations could not put the same number of candidates in the field. For another, they are hopelessly divided on the subject of Communism. But even if they had the machinery and the financial means to run several hundred candidates, they could not survive the coalitions and cartels that would certainly be organised against them.

COLLECTIVE MARKETING IN AGRICULTURE

BY L. F. EASTERBROOK

THREE fundamental remedies, distinct from palliatives, have been suggested from time to time for the rehabilitation of British agriculture. These are Protection, subsidies and co-operation, and with the last "improved methods of cultivation" is sometimes coupled.

With regard to the first, it is not relevant here to discuss its faults or merits; it must suffice to say that its ultimate benefits to British agriculture are problematical, and it is dependent for its permanence on the existence of the Government that upholds it. The argument of increasing the price of the loaf, however, is common to all three remedies, since each aims at procuring for the farmer a better price for his wheat, and since we are not exporters of wheat, the increased price, whether it be through Protection, subsidies or co-operation, is eventually paid by the consumer in these islands.

Subsidies, like Protection, must also be of an impermanent nature, dependent upon the whim of Governments; the repeal of the Corn Production Act, 1921, in spite of the most definite guarantees, is a recent instance fresh in the mind of every agriculturist. A subsidy at best is the least of many evils, and the artificial bolstering up of any industry is not healthy economics, although under certain conditions it may be a necessity. There is also the difficulty of how to apply it. If paid on production per acre it helps most the man farming good land, who needs assistance least. If paid on acreage it can be argued that it helps most the bad farmer. A third suggestion is that it should be paid on wages on the following basis. Present and past agricultural history shows that the economic weekly wage for the industry is equivalent to the price of a sack of wheat. The subsidy, therefore, might be calculated each year on the difference between a fixed minimum wage and the average price of wheat for that year. In some years this might be costly to the

nation, but from the agricultural point of view it would be the fairest, since the incentive still remains to the individual farmer to sell his wheat at the best price possible, because the subsidy would be paid on the *average* price for the year. But even this scheme is not perfect, for in a bad year prices might be high but the yield small, so that the farmer gets the least subsidy in the year he needs it most, and *vice versa* in a good year.

The first two remedies, then, conceal many pitfalls, and when we come to the third we seem to be on more certain ground. Co-operation involves a healthy principle, based on the self-support of the industry; it is permanent, and seems founded on sound business lines. It does away with the often superfluous middleman, puts the farmer in a position to make a bargain, strikes a blow at "rings" and "combines" of dealers, and is able to buy in bulk and so sell at lower prices for small lots. Trading profit is kept within the industry, collection and distribution is made easier, and in one way and another the farmer should be saved a great deal of trouble and expense. Its success has been demonstrated in other countries.

In Denmark, for instance, the co-operative system was introduced when Danish agriculture was bankrupt. Since its introduction Denmark has become the most prosperous agricultural community in the world. Not only has co-operation made it possible for the Danish farmer to buy his requirements more cheaply and sell his produce to better advantage, but it has improved the quality of his goods, for since co-operation there is practically compulsory, the co-operative bacon factories, for example, can refuse pigs that are not of suitable bacon type, and the outside market is so limited that the Danish farmer has been forced to come to heel and produce what is wanted. The Danes attribute their success to co-operation more than to anything else.

In America some years ago the raisin-growers were in very sorry straits, with raisins at about 1½d. per lb. They adopted a co-operative system, employed far-sighted men of high business efficiency to run it for them, insisted on so heavy a subscription from would-be members that

loyalty to the society was ensured, and within eighteen months they created a permanent demand for an increased supply of raisins in the neighbourhood of 6d. per lb.

Even the Irish, surely the least co-operative of nations, combined successfully under Sir Horace Plunkett's scheme.

The value and efficacy of co-operation seem unquestionable, and yet the movement has so far failed in England.

The reasons for failure are many, and as yet no really successful solution to the problem of collective agricultural marketing has been found for England.

If we consider the instances given above of foreign countries, two facts stand out: firstly, that the loyalty of the co-operative members to their societies was made virtually compulsory; secondly, that in each case the goods in question are intended for export. In England co-operation is not compulsory, and so ceases to be co-operation at all, for the essence of the whole co-operative ideal is that members should send their produce unquestioningly to their society and accept the price the society gives. There is no question of competition or bargaining, and this is the most elementary and basic fact in the movement. But British farmers take the opposite course. It was only after the most strenuous efforts, fostered by the Government through the Agricultural Organisation Society, that they were induced to have any considerable dealings with co-operation at all. Amongst the majority there is not the least attempt at loyalty, for they do not hesitate to accept the offer of a slightly better price from a dealer. In many cases they inform representatives of their co-operative societies of what they have done with a mixture of reproach and misplaced glee, not realising that the society is their own, and is usually responsible for the better price ever having been temporarily offered.

It is this same lack of loyalty that has contributed to make the financing of these societies so difficult. There was a time, about five years ago, when the farmers were in a position to have contributed handsomely in taking up shares in their societies. This they did not do, with the

result that most of the societies are absurdly under-capitalised and depend upon large overdrafts from the banks for their working capital. These overdrafts are guaranteed by a few public-spirited individuals who find themselves in the position of investors in highly undesirable concerns from a financial point of view, with a return limited to that of a gilt-edged security. There is no co-operation in this.

The fact that agriculture in this country does not produce for export also makes the necessity for co-operation less obvious to the unthinking, for it becomes a matter of distribution rather than collection, and one of the chief uses of co-operative societies is for centralisation. In England a small dealer is always at hand, ready to buy stuff for immediate or local disposal.

In these two respects co-operation in this country is in direct contrast to the movement as practised successfully abroad. There is also the psychological aspect to be considered.

As a nation the English are individualists, they are not co-operators; and of every class in our community none is more individualistic than the farming class. For centuries they have fought a lonely battle with the land while events in the great world outside have passed by and scarcely touched them. Kings and Parliaments have stepped upon the stage, made their little bow and departed; we have risen from being little more than a collection of savage tribes to being the most powerful and the most highly industrialised nation in the world, and during all that time flocks and herds have fed on the hills and valleys and corn has ripened in the fields with scarcely perceptible change. Farms are bigger here than in Denmark, and farmers in lonely parts of the country have come to look upon themselves as small rulers of a tiny kingdom. It is an industry spread over such a wide area and so decentralised that it is difficult to get into touch with them, and the British farmer is inclined to resent interference. Co-operation to him is often only an attempt on his independence.

These, then, seem to be the causes for the failure of

co-operation in England. Apathy, lack of loyalty and distaste for it on the part of the farmers on account of peculiar conditions of trading and temperament.

But is this the whole story? Is it fair to assume that our farmers are so much more foolish than those abroad as to have rejected a perfect system of collective marketing purely for these somewhat unworthy reasons? Why are not the benefits of co-operation so obvious that all patronise it, if only for the most selfish reason of personal gain?

To answer this it is necessary to examine briefly the workings of co-operation in practice as well as in theory.

The agricultural co-operative movement in England is organised on the following lines. There is a central society, called the Agricultural Wholesale Society, whose business it is to buy farming requirements in bulk, a ship-load or so at a time, and sell them to the various agricultural trading societies throughout the country which are affiliated to it. These trading societies are administered by executive committees of farmers. Their purpose is to buy and sell agricultural produce and requirements. No member may own more than two hundred £1 shares in one of these; anyone may do business through them, but only the members are eligible for a dividend or bonus. Dividends are strictly limited. It was agreed when the Agricultural Wholesale Society was formed that the trading societies should take up shares in it in proportion to their membership, and take up further shares annually in proportion to their turnover.

During the war all went well. The agricultural industry boomed, prices steadily advanced, and it was unnecessary to call upon the trading societies to take up the shares on the annual percentage on their turnover. Then came the agricultural slump. Prices fell as quickly as they had advanced, many of the trading societies were left with supplies, bought at a high price, undisposed of and representing a heavy loss, while the Agricultural Wholesale Society suffered in the same manner. There were whispers of bad business management, both in shortsighted buying on a falling market and in unduly heavy management expenses. It had also been the practice amongst some of

the societies to refund to their members profit made when commodities rose in price after a bargain had been made and before the produce had been re-sold by the societies. The result was that money which should have been held back for meeting losses when prices were falling had already been distributed. The whole movement was also handicapped from the start by serious lack of working capital. But the real blow fell when the societies were called upon by the Agricultural Wholesale Society to take up some of the shares on the percentage on their annual turnover. Owing to the inflated prices of the war, these sums had become enormous, and had lost all relation to the actual volume of business, and the societies found themselves pledged to invest further money in a not very flourishing concern. The extraordinary lack of interest taken by shareholders who only have a nominal financial interest in a concern is shown strikingly by the fact that thousands of co-operative members had not the faintest idea that any such contract with the Agricultural Wholesale Society existed.

More than ever some of the societies were forced into relying upon heavy bank overdrafts, a form of investment which, from the bankers' point of view, is the worst and least profitable method of doing business. These overdrafts cannot be relied upon indefinitely.

Such is the financial position of the agricultural co-operative movement in England to-day. It is not surprising to find that, with farmers feeling the tightness of money, there is no rush to join a co-operative society and take up shares at their nominal value of £1 apiece when, in many societies, the balance-sheet shows them not worth five shillings. Unless some drastic reorganisation takes place, there is grave danger that the untiring effort and the fine public spirit of the men who have laboured, for no financial reward, to introduce the co-operative movement into this country will have been wasted.

In carrying on its business, co-operation has also failed to live up to the bright promise of its conception. Although it is true that many of the members deal elsewhere if a slightly better price is offered, yet the societies

are not blameless. It has become the rule, rather than the exception, for them to bargain with their members. It is often necessary to refuse the first price offered by them in order to get the best price possible. This is not co-operation. There are also more minor inefficiencies in organisation than one would expect in, say, a private company. Isolated instances are valueless in themselves, but they will serve to show the kind of thing suggested. Every farmer to whom I have spoken who has had dealings with a co-operative society has quoted one or more similar instances, and I give two. The first was a farmer who ordered some seed barley from a sample supplied by his society. When the barley appeared, it was very inferior to the sample and he refused to take it. His society agreed to take it back, and asked him to have it ready for them to fetch next day. He put it ready in his barn, but it was eventually six weeks before the lorry called, and when they came only eight sacks remained out of twelve. The remainder had been eaten by rats. The farmer had meanwhile bought his seed barley elsewhere.

The second instance, and it seemed a general one in that district, is of a farmer who bought a number of implements through his society and also had work done to some of the machinery on his farm by some of the society's employees. The bill came to some hundreds of pounds, and yet five months elapsed before he had any invoice. All this time the society was not only out of the money, but paying interest for it on the bank overdraft.

In themselves these incidents are nothing, and similar ones could be produced from any big business, but when they, and others like them, appear to be the general experience, one can only come to the conclusion that with all its advantages the agricultural co-operative movement is still very far from perfection, and although the farmers themselves are partly to blame for its want of success, there are considerations on the other side that cannot allow them to be laden with the full responsibility.

This article is not intended as an attack on the co-operative movement. It is realised that, in spite of its imperfections, the movement has done an immense

amount of good to British agriculture, and no worse catastrophe could befall the farmer than that it should collapse and be replaced by nothing else. Far-sighted men have worked hard to bring it about, for no remuneration whatever, not even their expenses; they have faced impossible situations with the greatest courage, and should they fail, it will be only because they are too idealistic in a material age. They are worthy of all possible praise. But in attempting to make an impartial survey of British agricultural co-operation, it is of no value if the facts are blinked at, and it has been endeavoured to put those that are unpleasant as leniently and fairly as justice will allow. It must be remembered that this country is six times as big as Denmark, involving a far more complicated organisation, and with the serious handicap of having to distribute rather than centralise.

Where the movement has failed, then, seems to be in higher finance and general business efficiency, and herein lies the great inherent weakness of co-operation.

In ordinary private enterprise a continual sifting action is always in progress, bringing the efficient men to the top and discarding those of less ability. In these days of big business it is the fittest who survive. It is a ruthless process, but it does make for efficiency. Co-operation, by its self-limited constitution, is robbed of this. It is true that there have been, and still are, men of high business ability connected with the movement, but their presence can only be regarded as fortuitous—there are no logical grounds for counting on a regular supply of first-class business men, because there are no plums in it big enough to tempt them to climb the tree. It may be argued that, if all farmers were true co-operators, the turnover would be large enough to pay the managers of societies, say, £4,000 a year, but a national movement so vast and complicated cannot be administered only by managers, however competent. The members, or shareholders, have so little financially involved that they show little interest and less loyalty, and the appearance of the host of minor inefficiencies remarked upon suggests a predisposition to many of the same ills as those to which nationalisation is

heir. It is sad to relate, but true, that so far nothing in our civilisation has yet been discovered that will produce business efficiency so well as the hope of individual gain. It must also be remembered that the farming instinct and the business brain are not often found together in one man, and the farmer as an amateur business man makes almost as sorry a showing as the business man turned amateur farmer. Directors of companies are not always so ignorant of their work as is popularly imagined, and it is not in the nature of things that a man with no business training can spring straight from the fields to dealing with intricate business matters, with no guiding hand to lead him through the maze of higher finance and office organisation.

The great test of efficiency in business enterprise comes when conditions change and firms or companies have to adapt themselves speedily or perish. A well-run business is something so pliable and elastic, however great its bulk, that it can meet altered circumstances with corresponding changes in policy or organisation. The brewing trade is an example of this. After the introduction of the Licensing Bill by the Liberal Government before the war, the big brewing companies seemed to have received their death-blow, and many of the most optimistic could see nothing but disaster. Steps were taken to combat this new state of affairs so successfully, however, that in a few years the brewers were again prospering. It was one of the most notable achievements of modern business. From the history of agricultural co-operation in this country there is nothing to warrant the assumption of similar elasticity of direction or powers of recovery.

Even if the co-operative dream were realised, with every farmer doing business only through his society, and the middleman but a ghost of the past wherewith to frighten lukewarm co-operators, there remains this danger of inefficient working from lack of the most expert direction. Any big trading concern must have a driving force behind it, and it cannot reach its highest efficiency under comparative amateurs and well-paid underlings. The very fact of having eliminated competition involves the

danger of slipshod methods and slack administration. Under such conditions the farmer would probably still be better off than before there was any co-operation at all, but he would be very far indeed from trading under the best possible conditions. Although the societies to-day are avowedly not concerned with making a profit, yet their prices are much the same (and in some cases consistently worse) as those of the private firms and individuals whom they seek to supplant, and still these individuals contrive to live.

To sum up briefly, the following conclusions have been made. That a system of collective buying and selling in agriculture is eminently desirable, and so far co-operation has come nearest to supplying this need; that with all its faults, the farmer is very much better off with it than without it. That response to it in England has been poor, partly for psychological reasons, partly from ignorance, and partly because the return obtained from investing money and energy in it is altogether smaller and less obvious than the possibilities offered by private enterprise. That where it has failed has been owing to lack of response on the one side and errors in administration on the other, some of which errors would appear to be inherent in all business enterprises in which direct personal gain is not the spur, and high efficiency not a necessity for continued existence.

Is there no alternative? Are we to leave it at this—that perfection is seldom found in an imperfect world, so we had better make the best of an institution that, on the whole, does far more good than harm?

This is surely a dangerous doctrine. Few things stand still in the scheme of universal evolution, and “Get on or get out” was never more in evidence than to-day. To be content with the second best is usually to be left high and dry amongst the discarded litter on the beach. The day may come when men are content to work simply for an ideal, but it is not yet, and it may well be that we have to accept the mass of materialism we have created and redeem it by applying practical idealism. It may be that we cannot merely run away and leave it in pursuit of quite

different methods. In our reaction from the commercialism of the last seventy years we are apt to swing to the opposite extreme of sentimentalism, and refuse to admit that service to the community is compatible with material profit. But the evolution of all the very big commercial undertakings to-day seems to point to the necessity of some ideal of service and consideration of those employed for making the enterprise a success. Many books have been published recently which seem to show that it is possible, and indeed essential, for a great business man to be an idealist.

This article is written to call attention to a great problem rather than to unfold a scheme for its solution, which must be left to men better qualified for such work than the writer. But two developments of the present situation suggest themselves.

The first is the formation of private companies for the sale and distribution of agricultural produce and requirements. Such an undertaking is the United Dairies, Ltd. This company buys milk from the farmers and distributes it amongst the consumers, and because of its excellent organisation and its size it is able to work at a commission of about one-sixth of a penny per pint. It provides the farmer with a certain market for his milk and solves the problem of trying to sell milk in small lots that can be refused by the retailer without inconveniencing himself. It stabilises the milk demand, and encourages regular production at a price at which the public will buy it, and by doing this it also serves the public, for it cannot afford to be idle with so much capital involved, and so it must do all it can to tempt the public to buy its goods, *i.e.*, by keeping the price as low as possible. Left to himself, the farmer is apt to produce milk as it suits him and expect the public to buy his product at what it costs him to produce, *plus* a small profit. By offering him a fixed economic price for his milk, however, the United Dairies has tended to make the farmers doing business through it revise and reorganise their methods of production on more economic lines. It has to encourage the farmer on the one hand by offering him the best terms possible for his milk, and

encourage the consumer on the other by offering it to him at the lowest terms possible.

It dare not profiteer, because it is too vulnerable to competition. Whatever the anti-combine enthusiasts may say, it is difficult to deny that such an enterprise does good service to the two parties in the community with whom it is concerned. As in so many big companies, profit or loss is entirely dependent upon expert or indifferent organisation, and it is improbable that a co-operative scheme would have resulted in the retailing of milk on any better terms either for the producer or the consumer.

The suggestion is that other departments of agriculture should be organised on similar lines. Business enterprises, for instance, that buy meat direct from the farmer and retail it in their own butchers' shops. The pork and bacon industry is already organised on lines resembling this, and they are able to be serious competitors with the co-operative bacon factories, in some instances offering the farmer a consistently better price. The mistake of the private bacon concerns, however, has lain in not making a big enough effort to encourage producers to turn out the most suitable type of bacon pig. They could afford to do this better than most co-operative bacon factories, who are not in a position to refuse to take unsuitable pigs.

There are two objections to such a scheme. The first is that for dealing with the whole agricultural industry such an organisation seems a little clumsy and involved for other departments than meat. It would necessitate a great number of different concerns, all engaged upon decentralisation, and the problem of selling to the farmer his requirements, when already so many agencies exist, presents considerable difficulties. The second objection is the question of wheat.

Wheat growing in England under present conditions is not an economic proposition from the purely business point of view, and therefore it might be found impossible to induce business men to deal with it on commercial lines. The possibility of a wheat shortage seems extremely remote; we are competing at home with foreign wheat grown on a much bigger (and therefore cheaper) scale than on the

ordinary English farm, and with virgin land that will grow a heavy crop at small expense. We have to buy most of our wheat abroad, and so cannot prohibit it from coming into the country. It is impossible to hold a pistol at the miller's head and say: "We shall not sell you our wheat at less than so-and-so," for he can always obtain it elsewhere, and there is the further difficulty of storing wheat without loss. It would be possible to go a step further and create wheat trading companies with their own mills, but even this is not enough, for at the moment the millers also are not prospering, and it would be necessary, economically, to go further still and set up bakeries everywhere. Such a scheme seems too vast for practice, based as it is on an unsound business principle of unlimited supply from elsewhere, produced under cheaper conditions. It is only necessary for us to grow wheat at all as a measure of national defence and national health and welfare. We must grow it for fear of another war, and in order to keep a healthy population on the land and the balance of rural and urban labour established. It is only on these grounds that a State subsidy for arable farming is permissible. All sorts of schemes have been considered, such as the establishment of national granaries, the control for foreign imports, the determination of an "index figure," and the State purchase of English-grown wheat, but it is doubtful if any of them would induce men to invest money for the organisation of wheat growing and wheat distributing as a business proposition.

But the bitterest opponent of co-operation must admit that it has performed real service to the farmer in marketing his wheat. It can offer wheat in large lots, thereby reducing the haphazard offering of small lots at bad prices; it is a weapon against the corn-dealers' rings, and has enabled the farmer to approach the dealer in a very different spirit to that of fifteen years ago, when he almost had to apologise for his existence. Some may suggest, therefore, that co-operation should be confined to the corn department, but it is surely unfair to leave co-operation with the most difficult and the least profitable branch of the agricultural industry to deal with, and it is unlikely that

co-operation would take on the task. It would argue, with some justice, that if co-operation offered the best method of dealing in a difficult and unpaying commodity, it must also be the best for articles for which there is a better market.

The other suggestion (and this, to the writer, seems the more promising) is to replace the co-operative trading societies with limited companies run on the usual business lines. They should be designed to offer special attractions to farmers to invest money in them, conferring voting powers on the farmer members that would give them some influence in the conduct of the business, but not to the exclusion of the business interests that created them. This could be managed through the usual organisation of the respective voting powers of debenture, preference, and ordinary shareholders. A place in the scheme could be found for the implement manufacturers, feeding stuff and fertiliser merchants and other firms whose clients the farmers are, whereby the interests of all branches of the agricultural community were made as one. It would be co-operation amplified and conducted on more strictly business lines. Since corn would be only a department of the enterprise, it would be more easy to devise an organisation for its collection and distribution with the minimum of risk to those concerned. The position would be very different from that of an enterprise dependent entirely upon corn.

Agriculture cannot continue going bankrupt indefinitely, and there must come a time when its followers will find an economic *modus vivendi*, even if it is to take the form of a process of elimination whereby a new race of farmers inherits the soil with a more highly developed business instinct. The history of agriculture is a history of succeeding booms and depressions, and it may justly be supposed that the time will come again for a farming boom. The farmers missed their chance five years ago to use their surplus profits to develop facilities for buying and selling their requirements and produce to better advantage, but it is not right to take the pessimistic view that an opportunity will never arise again. Hard as the British farmer is hit, farmers in America have suffered worse. During the

past farming year, 1,250,000 farms in the United States have changed hands, or one in every five. The Canadian Government has also recommended Dominion farmers to grow 15 per cent. less corn, and a revival in trade would immediately be followed by an increase in shipping freights to the advantage of the home producer. No industry, considered over a period of years, continues to produce at a loss, and of all industries none can count itself more essential than agriculture.

Even if there is too little capital left at the moment for farmers to take any part in a financial scheme such as that outlined above, the time must surely come when funds will be available, and it should not find the farmer again unprepared. To put them to use on lines such as those suggested would be not only an investment but a policy of insurance against bad times.

It may be that co-operation can be so much extended and improved that it will fulfil all the required conditions. If it can be, so much the better. But if it is superseded by a project with similar aims, but run on different principles, the successor will owe co-operation a debt that cannot be easily reckoned, the debt of the cautious follower to the hardy pioneer. It can safely be said that if any improved scheme of agricultural marketing comes into existence, it will have been the co-operative movement that has made its existence possible.

SPAIN AND THE BASQUES

BY A. MERVYN DAVIES

THE recent political upheaval in Spain has once more drawn attention to the affairs of that country. The broad general character of the Revolution is plain—it is a revolt against corruption and ineptitude in high places. But divers elements go to make up politics in Spain. There are cross-currents, parties with particularist and local objects or class distinctions as their basis, all having in common a great diversity of aim and a mutual antagonism that must largely discount their political effectiveness. These cross-currents do not appear to have exercised much influence on the recent course of events, but they cannot well be ignored, for the next turn of the political wheel may bring them into prominence and give them a decisive importance. It is impossible to foretell the future of the present military dictatorship. It is said to be a last effort to save the monarchy. If this is so, and the attempt fails, then anything from a Communist *régime* to national disruption might follow, and then would be the happy hunting time of all such particularist parties.

Chief among such elements in the background of the political life of Spain are the separatist movement in Catalonia and the less known, but similar, movement in the Basque Provinces. But, though less known, the Basque problem and the situation in the Biscayan provinces are of great interest, especially as there is so much that is curious and peculiar about the strange race which inhabits this part of King Alfonso's dominions.

Probably to most persons, even the well-educated, the Basques are little more than a name—a name signifying a small, obscure race speaking a strange and difficult tongue and inhabiting the mountain fastnesses of the Pyrenees—a race of the past, with little present, and still less future. Yet, if this were all, the Basques would possess for us but small interest to-day. It has been well said that “perhaps no other country combines so strikingly

the spirit of youth with that of a prehistoric antiquity." In fact, there is to-day no people more brimful of life and activity. In many spheres—commerce, shipping, banking, industry, art—the Basques are proving themselves well worthy of their historic past and of such illustrious forbears as Ignatius Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, Sebastian d'Elcano,¹ and the intrepid fishermen who founded the cod-fishery of our oldest colony, Newfoundland—men whose names are all writ large in the pages of the world's history.

The Basques are a race of whom it may truly be said that they have been baptised many times over with the spirit of liberty. Indeed, the love of liberty and independence has seldom exercised a more dominating influence over a people. And to-day that spirit is not dead, nor does it ever slumber. One had only to be present, as was my good fortune and privilege, at the biennial conference of the Society of Basque Studies which was held in September, 1922, at Guernica, to understand this fact. Few nations can possess a spot which is so completely invested with the odour of sanctity as is this little town, distant some thirty miles from Bilbao. To the Basque Guernica is not unlike what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, what Gya, with its "Tree of Knowledge," is to the Buddhist. The *guernikaco arbola*, the oak tree of Guernica, is the Basque holy-of-holies. To this famous tree—to which Wordsworth addressed a sonnet—the kings of Spain from time immemorial used to come to take the oath to observe the Basque liberties and *fueros*, and beneath its shade the deputies from every part of Biscaya met and settled the affairs of the province. It is indeed a feeling of treading on holy ground that one experiences when taken to see the offshoot of the old parent tree, whose trunk, hoary with age, still looks down on the stone seats where the deputies once sat, but sit no more. One marvels at the pride and dignity of this race, few, indeed, in numbers, who forbid any king of Spain to

(1) d'Elcano was Magellan's lieutenant in his great voyage of circumnavigation of the globe, and led the expedition after his death. The quatercentenary of this great Basque sailor was being celebrated—with the assistance of a British flag-ship—in September, 1922, during my visit to San Sebastian.

approach the shrine of the liberties unless willing to restore and maintain what were so basely torn away.

It must not be forgotten that only eighty-five years have elapsed since the Basques lost these liberties and, with them, the independence which had been theirs for centuries. On their memories those unhappy days of the Carlist War of 1835 have left a permanent impress. To regain some at least of those liberties is their great aspiration, and the chief aim of their nationalist movement.

These liberties, or *fueros* (Latin *fors*), amounted to a complete system of constitutional law, containing provisions regulating the exercise of the royal power, the constitution of the provincial parliaments, the administration of justice, the rights of the individual. They are chiefly remarkable for three things: for the complete way in which they restricted the exercise of the royal authority and upheld that of the provincial parliaments; for the completely democratic character of the Basque system of government; and for the full extent to which individual rights and privileges were safeguarded. They partook nothing in their origin of the character of concessions by a sovereign power to its subjects. They were the liberties of a free and independent people, cherished for centuries and imposed by them on whomsoever they elected as their Lord. The Basque provinces were, theoretically at least, as independent of Spain as Hungary was of Austria in the old days of the Austrian Empire, or as Scotland was of England before the Act of Union. The connection with Castile began in the latter half of the fourteenth century, when the Basques elected the King of Castile as their Lord. The subsequent kings always styled themselves Kings of Castile and Lords of Biscaya, and they confirmed the privileges of the Basques in virtue of the second, not the first, title—"not as monarchs graciously conferring a favour, but as lords exercising the office of first magistrate." The union was, from the first, conditional and dependent upon the fullest recognition of these rights. Every monarch in turn had to swear to maintain them, and almost invariably this was done without question. Occasionally there were kings, like Henry III., who, pre-

suming on their lordship, infringed the rights, but they uniformly failed in their purpose. Henry IV. was actually deposed for this offence. The same formal confirmation was continued on the accession of Ferdinand and Isabella to the united throne of Castile and Aragon. It was not until the Carlist War of 1834-40 that a successful attack on these *fueros* was made; and then the success came through an act of treachery, for it was only when the war had dragged on for several years through the heroic resistance of the Basques, and when the Spanish generals, at length worn out by this resistance, had guaranteed the liberties, and the Madrid Government had subsequently repudiated the guarantee, that the struggle to retain their independence at last ended, and the laws which had governed a race of freemen for a thousand years were abolished.

In the history, therefore, of the Basques (of which no fuller account can here be given¹) the *fueros* occupy a most prominent place. They were of paramount importance. And the years that have elapsed since they were lost have not greatly, if at all, lessened this importance in the estimation of their former possessors. The demand for their restoration may by some be regarded as merely the revival of an obsolete claim, as the disinterment of an old dispute better left to moulder in its grave. Biscaya may be the home of a lost cause, but its inhabitants do not by any means regard it as such. The matter is still with them one of the first magnitude and of vital importance. To some extent their honour and prestige as a distinct race are involved, and certainly their character, as revealed by their history, does not warrant us in supposing that they will continue indefinitely to submit to the Spanish yoke. This history tells of a high-souled race, hardy, tenacious, and courageous, full of pride of birth and an unquenchable love of their native soil, endowed with great capacity, and no little energy and enterprise,

(1) For a detailed, and also most sympathetic, account of the Basque *fueros* and their history, reference should be made to that given by the Earl of Carnarvon in his "Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces," which forms the last chapter of his book, *Portugal and Galicia*, published in 1848.

trained to habits of self-reliance by centuries of self-government. Freemen in spirit, not in name alone, they have been termed "the Tyrolese of Spain and the flower of Europe."

But the issue to-day is, for the Basques, one of greater moment than a question merely of wounded pride and self-esteem. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that their existence as a separate national entity is at stake. The strong centralising and unifying aims of the late Madrid Government are well known. That Government had little or no sympathy with local languages, customs and distinctions—with the attitude of the man who, when asked by me whether he was a Spaniard, replied, "No, I am a Catalan." The Catalans and the Basques, under the Spanish yoke, are having to fight hard to preserve their peculiar national characteristics.

That the Basques still maintain a strong, virile national life is obvious to all who are acquainted with them. Its main features are fairly well known. First and foremost, there is the language, the peculiarities and terrors of which have been a favourite theme with writers of all kinds. A recent French writer in *Le Temps* has well said that it has "neither brother nor sister, lacks parents, but yet is not abandoned." In fact this strange tongue is being retained with a tenacity and determination which must be reckoned with, though the Spanish Government seems strangely insensible to the fact and to what it involves. Secondly, they are more conservative even than the Celts (whom they claim to precede in the time-table of the world's history) in the retention of their ancient traditions and customs; they are, for example, unique among the peoples of Western Europe in that they alone have preserved throughout the ages every kind of known dance. Thirdly, they have attained a high standard of culture and a notable proficiency in the arts of civilisation. Lady Hardinge, in her "Glimpses of Spain" in the September number of this REVIEW, makes reference to their excellent roads. Equally deserving of mention are the up-to-date Basque hospital for tuberculous children at Gorlitz, the beautiful council chamber of their Provincial Assembly at

San Sebastian, and the range and attractiveness of some of their vernacular literature. All these features attest the high standard of civilisation reached by this remarkable little people.

The virility and scope of the national life were fully revealed at the Congress of the Society of Basque Studies. The nature of this congress, which is held every two years in different towns in the Basque Provinces and lasts for a week, can perhaps best be made clear to British readers by comparing it with a combined Welsh National Eisteddfod and a meeting of the British Association, the chief difference being that matters of general national interest, rather than the sciences and arts, form the subjects for discussion. The primary intention of the Society of Basque Studies in initiating, six years ago, these biennial gatherings, as also in founding the society itself, was to foster the national sentiment and to further the development of the Basque race. And the voluminous records of the conferences, of which three have now been held, bear eloquent testimony to the thoroughness with which both aims are being pursued. Problems and subjects of all kinds—social, educational, literary, antiquarian and scientific—are discussed. Lectures are delivered, papers are read, debates are held. Education and the native language and literature are subjects that receive close attention. But let no one suppose that these conferences are merely assemblages of professors and men of letters for academic discussion. They are grand national congresses of representatives of the whole Basque nation. Delegates come from all parts, even from the Basque Departments of France, and whilst the 1922 conference was in session the little town of Guernica was thronged with people representative of every class in the community, from rich Bilbao merchants to humble peasants. There one saw exhibition displays of the innumerable national dances and of the national game of *pelota*, contests in tree-cutting and in the crying of the old Basque calls (akin to the Swiss *jodelling*), as well as in a form of solo singing which bore a strong resemblance to Welsh *penillion*. The climax was reached at the close of the conference with an open-air performance of the

Basque opera *Amaya*, in a rural setting of perfect natural beauty. Great crowds were present for this delightful performance. The roughly constructed arena was full, and on every knoll of the upward sloping ground were clustered knots of peasants. *Amaya*, a native production, written and performed in the Basque language, was magnificently rendered, and, if a fair sample of Basque musical composition, it showed that the race has a talent for music of no mean order. At intervals during the performance troops of dancers drawn from every part of the Basque country, Spanish and French, performed an endless variety of national folk dances, from the sword dance to the hobby-horse.

Thus on all hands abounded evidence of the vitality of present-day Basque national life and culture. The keen appreciation displayed by the audience, composed in large part of peasants, was the most striking feature of the performance. Further, an exhibition of the works of present-day Basque artists revealed the existence of a flourishing native school of painting marked by a strong individuality all its own. Not the least pleasing feature of this exhibition was the way in which it was thronged each day with peasants in their simple, homely garb, whose keen, critical and appreciative air betokened something more than a merely conventional interest in what they saw. The art and culture of the Basques, in the form whether of dance or of music, of literature or of painting, are those of a peasantry. It is the peasantry who form the backbone of this country, and it is the peasantry who tell of a proud and virile race that once possessed, and still deserves, its freedom. Their erect carriage, their frank and manly greeting, their independent air, and their whole bearing speak of "liberty long enjoyed, well understood, and not abused." Their life, as that of most peasant races, is centred in the home, and the ancient games and pastimes of their forefathers still form their chief delights.

The character of the nationalist movement in all its fullness of meaning was, therefore, revealed in this conference. It must have been patent to the most casual

observer that there was an atmosphere of intensity and earnestness about the whole proceedings which raised them to an altogether higher plane than that of either of the two gatherings to which I have likened them. The air seemed charged with electricity. There was a spirit moving the ordinary placid atmosphere of art and literature which gave a deeper meaning to those pleasant pursuits. One felt, in fact, that here was a nation in the throes of a re-awakening. There was on every hand suppressed excitement and enthusiasm. The national movement, of which these were so many signs and symptoms, has of late years been steadily growing in volume and advancing in strength, revivifying the while the old spirit of liberty and independence. Old loves—and perhaps old hates too—have revived with the burning love of country that has ever distinguished the Basque, and the people of this ancient race are seeking an outlet for their pent-up hopes and aspirations in the varied forms of their national life. This was the reason why the peasant left his land, the shopkeeper his counter, the business man his desk, and the priest his missal, in order to flock to Guernica.

Something remains now to be said about the attitude of the late Spanish government towards this renaissance—for such it is. The administration was, to say the least, unsympathetic. If the abrogation of the *fueros* had led to better government, the Basques would have had less cause of complaint, but this would have been an unexpected result; for efficiency in matters of government and administration is not, as we know, a distinguishing feature of the Spaniard of to-day: Cuba, the Philippines, and Morocco sufficiently attest that. The Basque Provinces, like other provinces in Spain, have considerable powers of local administration; their roads and public works are the best proof of the excellent use to which these powers are put. In other respects, however, the Provinces are governed direct from Madrid. The officials, law courts, clergy, military forces, and the rest of the paraphernalia of government are Spanish. That condition of things entails many consequences. It is needless—and would be discourteous

to our Spanish friends—to remind them that the Basque people are not only an entirely separate race but are also their superiors in ability and enterprise, and that, in them, the political sense is more highly developed. But this fact helps us to understand how irksome the Basques must find their present state of subjection, and also accounts for the violent unpopularity amongst them of the Moroccan War. The Basques, when free, would never tolerate conscription; now their sons are conscripted into the Spanish Army and sent to Morocco, where they suffer for the gross incapacity and corruption of the Spanish politician.

Besides all this, however, the Basques have to endure a hostility which is actively directed against all that they hold most dear. Their native language is proscribed in the schools. The Basque, extremely tenacious as he is of his language and customs, very naturally wishes to rear his children to speak and honour their mother tongue. In pursuance, however, of its general anti-nationalist policy, the Spanish Government prohibits the language from being taught in the State schools. The mending of this lamentable state of affairs was one of the main objects of the last conference; and it says much for the zeal and broad outlook of the Society of Basque Studies that they requested the Board of Education to send one of the principal members of the staff of their Welsh Department at Whitehall (in whose company I made the journey to Guernica) to address the Conference and give it the benefit of the Board's practical experience of the bi-lingual problem in Wales. Another important problem—again in the field of education—that confronts the Basques in their efforts after self-improvement, though it is held in check for the present, is that of a national university, which they are bent on establishing. They claim to have the money, the students, the site and the learning, as well as the need; all that is lacking is the official permission of their rulers; this is denied to them. Surely there cannot be a more reasonable or irrefutable claim? The Basques are asking for no more than did the Welsh, when they sought to found the National University of Wales, and yet their demand is being resolutely, even rudely repulsed.

The attitude of the Spanish authorities to this particular national demand was clearly revealed by an ugly incident that occurred at the close of the Conference. King Alfonso had been invited to the final proceedings, and on Saturday, September 16th, he arrived with the usual large escort of Spanish guards and officials who, for the time being, displaced the red-capped Basque municipal guards, who were carefully removed to a distance. After delivering in the theatre a speech hardly calculated to encourage—or even to show any sympathy with—the national aspirations, the king, as he was leaving, was met by a small body of students bearing a placard with the words, “We want a Basque University.” The police interfered and began to hustle and disperse the over-bold youths. Bystanders tried to interpose, and a short scuffle seems to have taken place which led to the arrest of two men, both leading and influential Basque citizens—the one being the editor of a prominent Nationalist newspaper published at Bilbao, and the other a municipal official. After a night’s imprisonment in Guernica these men were ordered, on the morrow, to walk the thirty-five miles to Bilbao, notwithstanding that owners of private cars came forward and offered their use for the conveyance of the prisoners and their guards. It was a hot day, but food and drink are said to have been denied to the captives during their long march under escort. As I motored to Guernica that Sunday morning I passed the prisoners and their escort when they had covered about half the distance to Bilbao, on nearing which the men were released! This foolish act of the Central Government naturally aroused much indignation amongst those who witnessed it, and during that Sunday, when the final ceremonies of the Congress and the operatic performance of *Amaya* were taking place, an angry and dangerous atmosphere was plainly felt to prevail.

By various means, of which this incident is but a sample, the Government at Madrid has been trying to suppress manifestations of national sentiment. Sabino de Arana, the Nationalist leader and the initiator of the present movement, suffered for his devotion to the cause by dying

in prison. It was he who gave the name of Euzkadi to the whole Basque nation, and the motto, “For God and the old Laws,” to the Nationalist Party. A number of men are in prison at the present time for political reasons, the commonest offence being that of shouting in the streets, “Long live the free Basques,” to utter which is a penal offence, punishable with two and a half years’ imprisonment. Similarly, the Basque national colours—red, white, and green—are proscribed, and anyone wearing them is liable to have them torn off his person by the Civil Guard. The Press censorship was strict before the Revolution; one hesitates to think what it must be to-day. Elections to the Spanish legislature are (or were, before the Directory put an end even to such democratic assemblies as Spain possessed) carefully controlled. Clerical patronage, as may be expected, is the subject of not a little political wire-pulling in the interests of the Spanish domination, and clergy with pronounced nationalist leanings are removed and sent to other parts of the country. During the incident related above a bishop, on hearing a priest shout “Long live the Basque University,” sought to discover his identity in order to punish him. Finally, Basque troops are not allowed to serve in their own country, but are drafted off to other provinces, no doubt for fear of a national rising. It is quite typical of the present condition of things that nearly all the patients at a hospital established near Bilbao by the generosity of a prominent Basque shipowner specially for Basque soldiers wounded in the Moroccan War should be Spaniards, and that wounded Basques should be sent to be nursed where there is no risk of their hearing their mother tongue.

This, then, is the position in the Basque provinces to-day. That the Military Dictatorship of the Marquis de Estella is not likely to prove any more sympathetic to the Basque claims is sufficiently evidenced by the nature of the reforms that have already been introduced. Among the earliest decrees made was one which prescribes drastic measures against “Separatism”—a term which no doubt includes the nationalism of the Basques. Offences against the security and unity of the nation will be judged

by military courts. The display of flags, other than Spanish, may be punished with six months' imprisonment and fines ranging from £20 to £200. Persons guilty of offences committed by word of mouth or in writing are liable to six months or one year of imprisonment and similar fines. Penalties of from six to twelve years' imprisonment are prescribed for armed rebellion or armed resistance to authority. Nevertheless it appears that the display of ancient provincial banners and the use of the local language of a province are permitted, provided no anti-patriotic signification be attached to the act. (How extraordinarily generous to permit to a people the use of its native tongue—upon conditions!) A more hopeful note is struck by the preamble to this decree which explains that, following on this measure, which is devised "to neutralise the effect of the Separatist virus," the Directory will at an early date introduce measures to define and strengthen regional life and provide for its administrative development.

As the Directory has not yet fully disclosed its attitude toward the Basque demands, it is useless at the moment to speculate about the future. Should, however, this decree remain the last word spoken by the new Government upon the subject, then one can only consider it as sorry treatment of a people who have, throughout their long connection with Castile, and on innumerable occasions, displayed a touching fidelity to the Spanish Crown. (There is no need here to go into a discussion of the rights and wrongs of the unfortunate Carlist episodes.) And to-day the Government could evoke the same loyalty if it would but take the wise and statesmanlike course of at least granting such reasonable demands as those for a national university and the complete recognition of the native language, with perhaps a fuller measure of self-government. To concede nothing would be not only unjust, but foolish and possibly dangerous. The Basque is resolute and determined, and it is to be hoped that the Spaniard will see and choose the path of wisdom and justice, and so bring back contentment to the Basque Provinces.

THE ARAB CASE IN PALESTINE

BY CAPTAIN CHISHOLM DUNBAR BRUNTON.

ARABS form nearly 88 per cent. of the population of Palestine—663,914 out of 757,182—and they are profoundly dissatisfied with British Zionist policy and its administration. The situation is such that we must not be surprised if unrest and its repression culminate in loss of life, as well as in increased expenditure in Palestine. Zionists and their sympathisers have been wont to treat the Arabs as unreasonable people who have no real cause for complaint. A study of the Arab case will convince all impartial minds that, on the contrary, the Arabs have very serious grounds for discontent.

Let us first examine the historical aspect of the Arab case in Palestine. They contend that the promise made by the British Government to Sherif Hussein in October, 1915, to recognise Arab independence applied to Palestine. The British Government maintains that Palestine was excluded. It is a sterile controversy which need not detain us, but let it be remarked that, if Palestine were originally intended for exclusion, that fact was not made plain at a time when we were anxious to obtain the support of the Arabs there. If there is doubt as to the scope of the promise of Arab independence of 1915, there can be none as to the very explicit pledges contained in the Anglo-French Declaration of November 8th, 1918. That document states that the object aimed at by England and France was "definitive emancipation of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks, and the establishment of Governments and national administrations deriving their authority from the initiative and free choice of the indigenous populations." It was further emphasised that "far from wishing to impose on the populations of these regions any particular institutions," the Allies were only concerned to give adequate support to "Governments and administrations freely chosen by the populations." The terms of that Declaration have been flagrantly violated in Palestine, where the population has had no free choice of administration, but

has been forced to submit to a *régime* which it regards as more unjust than Turkish rule.

In the summer of 1919 the American King-Crane Commission visited Syria and Palestine to ascertain the wishes of the population regarding the future government of their country. Public opinion in Palestine was found to be overwhelmingly opposed to the Zionist policy of the British Government, but the report of the Commission was not made public and its findings were disregarded. The British Cabinet was hypnotised by Zionism, to the exclusion of other considerations. If the Arabs in Palestine have what we may term a strong historical case, their political case is even better established. The Balfour Declaration, which pledges the British Government to the establishment of a national home for the Jews in Palestine, contains a proviso to the effect "that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country." But why are the *political* rights of the non-Jewish communities ignored, when particular care has been taken to safeguard the "political status" of Jews in other countries? It must be remembered that these "non-Jewish communities" formed about 90 per cent. of the Palestine population and were the actual owners of the land. We now know that the Balfour Declaration was merely a modified version of a formula decided upon and drafted by the Zionist Committee.¹ Considering all things, it is hardly surprising that the Arabs distrust both the origin and intention of the Balfour Declaration, and refuse to recognise as binding upon them a pact entered into between the British Government and the Zionists, and to which the Arabs were not a party. The Arabs demand representative government. This they enjoyed under the Ottoman Empire, and it would be strange if similar liberty were refused them by the oldest patron of parliamentary rule. The Allied Declaration also promised free representative institutions. In spite of these considerations,

(1) See Political Report to the Twelfth Zionist Congress, page 12 (Labour Press, 1921).

the British Government did not attempt to set up elective machinery in Palestine until 1922, when an Order in Council formulated a Constitution with provision for a partially elective legislative Council. The measure was grudging and hopelessly inadequate. The elected members were to consist of 8 Moslems, 2 Christians, and 2 Jews, but as the Moslems form 77 per cent. of the population, this meant that they would be under-represented to the extent of over 40 per cent. The Arabs naturally boycotted the elections, participation in which would only have prejudiced their case by giving the appearance of acquiescence in a system of government which they regarded as unacceptable. In consequence of the Arab attitude, the elections had to be declared null and void by an Order in Council issued in Jerusalem on May 25th, 1923. The British Government has, by the Protocol to the Anglo-Iraq Treaty, recognised the Government of King Faisal as fit to manage its own affairs and to become a member of the League of Nations. The independence of Trans-Jordania under the rule of Emir Abdullah has also been proclaimed. The Arabs of Palestine are quite as capable and worthy of autonomy as their relatives in Iraq, and a great deal more entitled to self-government than are the semi-barbaric and predatory tribesmen across the Jordan. Yet the right of "self-determination" is accorded to the latter and refused to them. Let us dispose once and for all of the argument that we have given independence to the Arabs and so fulfilled our pledges, for the claims of the Palestine Arabs cannot be settled by concessions to Arabs elsewhere. The Palestine Arabs have long ceased to repose any trust in the Hashimite family, or to regard King Hussein and his sons as representing their interests and aspirations. The Sixth Arab Congress, which met at Jaffa in June, 1923, expressly passed a resolution repudiating the proposed Treaty between King Hussein and the British Government as far as it concerned Palestine, and declaring that no such Treaty would be recognised unless first approved by the Arabs of that country.

The Arabs of Palestine contend that they are treated

politically as the inferiors of the Zionists. The British Government settles the destinies of the country in conjunction with the Zionists behind closed doors. The Arabs might be so many sheep for all the voice they have been allowed in decisions affecting the future of Palestine. The Rutenberg Concession was of the greatest economic importance for the future of the whole country, yet the decision to grant it to a Russian Jew was taken without consulting the Arabs, who form nearly 88 per cent. of the population. The proposed Palestine loan (which has not matured) was discussed between the British Government and the Zionists without reference to the Arabs, who would have been called upon to bear the burden of interest without having had a voice either in the negotiating or the expenditure of the loan. The Arabs are living under a system of government which is in effect taxation without representation. In order to employ unabsorbed Jewish immigrants, the Government has given them contracts for road repair or other public works upon which their labour is slower, more expensive, and less efficient than that of Arab workmen. Thus the Arab taxpayer is actually made to pay for the immigration of people whom he regards as undesirable aliens, and to whose entry into the country he is bitterly opposed.

That the Arabs have all along been treated as on a lower footing than Zionist Jews cannot be disputed. The Zionist Commission arrived in Palestine in April, 1918, and was at once accorded facilities which had been refused to all Arab representative bodies. The influence of that Commission became such that it was very rightly described in 1921 as an *imperium in imperio*.¹ The Arabs became more and more discontented and irritated until their resentment culminated in the disturbances and bloodshed of April 4th, 1920, in Jerusalem. Had the report of the Palin Commission of Inquiry into the origin and causes of that outbreak been published, public opinion in England would have been seriously perturbed at the state of affairs in Palestine which it disclosed, and at the manner in which the Cabinet was permitting Zionist pretensions to develop. The inconvenient report was, however, sup-

(1) White Book on Jaffa Disturbances, May, 1921, page 51.

pressed; sentences passed upon Jewish agitators were quashed; the Military Administration, which was considered unsympathetic to the Zionists, was brought to an end; and civil government under Sir Herbert Samuel as High Commissioner was set up on July 1st, 1920. Sir Herbert, though an able and tactful administrator, was a Zionist and a nominee of the Zionist Committee, and as such could not be regarded by the Arabs as an impartial British representative. Arab grievances were not seriously considered, and the Zionists, tactless and arrogant, assumed the tone of dictators. The Arabs became thoroughly frightened as well as angry—a dangerous psychological condition. It was clear that trouble might be expected, and in April, 1921, I forwarded a memorandum to that effect to the General Staff in Cairo. Mr. Churchill as Colonial Secretary paid a short visit to Palestine at this time, and was not a little disconcerted at the hostile reception which greeted him at Gaza. Nevertheless, when he received a Moslem-Christian delegation in Jerusalem, which voiced the fears and grievances of the Arab population, he refused to examine their complaints and lectured them like naughty children. That ill-considered speech showed the Arabs that no redress could be expected from the British Cabinet. Zionist methods and the subservience of the Administration to Zionist dictatorship goaded the Arabs to desperation. On May 1st a Jewish Communist demonstration in Jaffa caused a disturbance which quickly assumed alarming proportions. The exasperated Arabs rose in several places and attacked the Jews. For days the country was on the verge of insurrection. Downing Street, inspired no doubt by a lively memory of the costly rebellion in Mesopotamia, now adopted a more conciliatory attitude towards Arab demands for a hearing of their case. An Arab Delegation was permitted to proceed to London, an open inquiry into the causes of the disturbances was authorised, and the High Commissioner was empowered to make a declaration on June 3rd, 1921, which purported to explain, and appeared to modify, the policy hitherto pursued in Palestine. That declaration stated that, if necessary, measures would be taken to convince

the Moslem and Christian population that the principles of justice would be adhered to in practice and that their rights were safe. "For the British Government, the Trustee under the Mandate for the happiness of the people of Palestine, would never impose upon them a policy which the people had reason to think contrary to their religious, their political, or their economic interests." As the vast majority of the people of Palestine certainly considered the Zionist policy contrary to their interests this declaration might be thought to foreshadow a change in that policy. The words of politicians are not so easily interpreted. The phrase "had reason to think" means that, whatever the Arabs might believe contrary to their interests, it could always be contended that they "had not reason" to think so, and so there would be no obligation to change the policy. The Arabs asked for bread and were given a stone which looked like a loaf. Arab grievances have too often been met by verbal gymnastics and debating cleverness. They have learnt to distrust official utterances, and the declaration to which they have found the least difficulty in according implicit faith was that of a certain official at the Colonial Office, who once candidly informed the Arab Delegation, in a moment of irritation with their demands, that "the Zionists are running this show!"

Arab distrust of the Palestine Administration is widespread and deep-rooted. It is considered as Zionist rather than British. The disproportionate number of Jewish officials is certainly remarkable, while no Moslem holds any important appointment, and the Jews do. A leading article in the *Egyptian Gazette* of March 17th, 1922, refers in the following terms to the selection of permanent officials then taking place:—

The Government of Palestine is not such as can claim that its past achievements justify any confidence in the method of selection it has employed. Capable officials in the past have "resigned," retired, or otherwise disappeared from the service of the Government under circumstances that suggest political intrigue. . . . The impartial observer in Palestine cannot shut his eyes to the fact that the net result of the "economies" effected, as they are understood by the Palestine Government, will be to increase the ratio of Jewish officials in proportion to the British.

The administration of justice has at times not been above criticism.¹ At the time of the Jaffa disturbances a Jew was arrested with a revolver and fifty rounds. He was fined 110 piastres by a Jewish magistrate. After the Jerusalem riot of November 2nd, 1921, a hand grenade was found in the house of an Arab. He was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. An English barrister (Capt. S. Richardson) has recorded his opinion of the trial of an Arab implicated in the disturbances of May, 1921, named Shaker Abu Kishk, in the following terms:—

I have never before seen any case in which the fixed principles of British military justice have been so much disregarded. This was due to the deliberate intrusion and influence brought to bear by the civil authorities, who succeeded in completely excluding the Military Legal Department, i.e., the Judge Advocate's Department, from any knowledge of the facts, charges, or procedure relating to the case. Throughout the case serious violations of British procedure were allowed, gravely prejudicing the defence of the accused.²

The land policy of the Palestine Administration is open to suspicion. The manner in which land concessions are granted to Jews requires investigation. Cases have occurred where the rights of the existing Arab cultivators would have been seriously compromised had not the Arab Executive taken strong action with the Administration. In spite of Zionist attempts to acquire large tracts of land, it is open to doubt if these will be successfully colonised. Zionist propaganda has created the legend of the Jew going back to the land in Palestine. It is not generally known that the seemingly prosperous Jewish colonies are often in debt and have been heavily subsidised. In an interview (published on December 9th, 1921, by the Zionist Press Bureau) Baron Edmond de Rothschild spoke plainly on the subject to Mr. Ben-Avi, editor of *Doar Hayom*. I quote some extracts:—

I am very disappointed with the colonies which I have established. . . . To this day I receive letters from the majority of the colonies with requests for money; for this person or the other for his personal needs; for the repair of a road, the building of a well, the construction of a hospital or a school. There is no end to these proposals—always loans of considerable

(1) Judges have no security of tenure to enable them to disregard political expediency.

(2) Quoted in *Egyptian Gazette*, December 6th, 1921.

sums to cover budget deficits in Galilee, Samaria, and even Judæa. . . . If, after years of work and effort, the colonists cannot attain to the situation of the Egyptian, Arab, or European farmer, the fault lies with them. . . . So long as their families will not become farmers, so long as their sons and daughters will not work with them on their fields, they will not succeed in living the life of independent persons.

One of the principal grievances of the Arabs is that Jewish immigrants have introduced Bolshevism into Palestine and sowed the seeds of labour unrest, and that, by the organised smuggling of firearms and the formation of the Hagonah, or Jewish Defence Force, they have become a menace to the Arab population. The facts speak for themselves. Early in 1920 Jewish Communist immigrants founded in Jaffa a branch of the Maflaga Poalim Socialim (Workmen's Socialist Society). In a speech there on May 1st Comrade Kossoy declared that the Government must be forced to recognise them as an official Communist party, and that their principal object must be to organise an armed body sufficient to overthrow the Government and the Army. Among documents seized by the police at the M.P.S. headquarters after the Jaffa disturbances were minutes of meetings of which the following is an example:—

The Conference sees in the victory of the Social Revolution in and outside Palestine the only guarantee for the creation of a Workmen's Centre in Palestine. The party must carry on a fight against the English Administration.

The members of the M.P.S. carried on agitation among workmen during the winter of 1920-21, with the result that strikes and intimidation caused stoppages of work, and on one occasion when the police arrested a ringleader they were attacked and he was rescued. The Governor of Jaffa and the Director of Public Security repeatedly warned the Government of the danger of allowing the pernicious agitation to go on unchecked. At last the authorities consulted an eminent Zionist leader, whom they perhaps considered as an authority on Bolshevism. He gave it as his opinion that the agitation was harmless, as Bolshevism would not flourish on the soil of Palestine. No action was taken, and the agitation culminated in the bloodshed in Jaffa on May 1st, 1921. Some of the Bolsheviks were arrested and deported, but most scattered

under false names, and neither the Zionist Commission nor the Jewish community as a whole would render any assistance towards their arrest. There is no doubt that many of the Jewish immigrants from Russia and elsewhere are impregnated with Bolshevist doctrines, and look forward to establishing a Communist State in Palestine. Arthur Golitscher, who is the author of a pro-Bolshevik book, is quoted by the Bolshevist Russian paper, *Novy Mir* (published in Berlin) of 24th February, 1922, as describing the new cultural life in Palestine and stating that "the more energetic and constructive elements of the newcomers are building up the fabric of life there on Communist principles." A Zionist-Bolshevik has written that "the Jewish people will get Palestine only when English imperialism fails. The colonisation of Palestine on a great scale is impossible without socialising the land. . . . It is here that proletarian Zionism encounters Soviet propaganda, with which it must co-operate with all its power. A socialistic Asia is a guarantee of a socialistic Palestine."¹ The Poale Zion is a revolutionary confederation of Jewish Labour movements to which the Palestine Achduth Havoda (Jewish Labour Union) is affiliated, and whose headquarters are in Vienna. The close connection between the Zionist organisation and the Poale Zion is shown by the negotiations for the establishment of a Labour Bank in Palestine (reported in *Forward* early in February, 1922). That both the Poale Zion and Zionist organisations have had a connection with the importation of arms into Palestine has been suspected. On December 15th, 1921, the chance breaking of a case of beehives at Haifa docks disclosed the fact that arms were being smuggled in wholesale. In false bottoms about 300 revolvers were discovered, some were labelled in Hebrew with the names of Jews for whom they were intended. The consignment was addressed to Rosenberg, the president of the Jewish Carpenters' Union. A storm of protest from the Arabs and a few half-hearted disclaimers from the Jews greeted this discovery. Rosenberg was

(1) J. Eberlin: *Our Task in the Country of our Fathers*, pages 131, 134 (Berlin 1920).

acquitted as he had not taken possession of the arms, but it is to be feared that the legal point was not appreciated by the Arabs. Now during the disturbances of April, 1920, the Hagonah, or Jewish armed Defence Force, first made its appearance under Jabotinsky. This body, though it was believed to have been disbanded, maintained its organisation in secret, and, at the time of the Haifa incident, its chief was Mr. Ben-Zwi, who is also the president of the Labour Union. On the 17th December Mr. Ben-Zwi, realising that the existence of the Hagonah could hardly be kept much longer a secret, made a speech at Jaffa emphasising the necessity of an armed Jewish force. The Administration requested the Zionist Commission to give an undertaking that the Hagonah would be disbanded, but, as this was not forthcoming, proposed to recognise it as a force of special constables. Surely a strange method of legalising an illegal body! We have yet to learn what steps have ever been taken to disarm the Hagonah, for on June 3rd, 1922, we find Mr. Ben-Zwi again advocating its necessity and Mr. Sloutz insisting that such an armed body was essential to build up the National Home, and referring to the success of the Red Army in Russia as an illustration of the utility of such a force. In the Zionist-Bolshevik book already quoted we read (page 146):

The Palestine Legions, the Red Jewish regiments in Russia, and the Jerusalem Militia are not merely facts, but the manifestation of a new state of things in Jewish life—a healthy sign of a national self-consciousness.

When we couple all this with the well-known Zionist claim to make Palestine as Jewish as England is English we must admit that the Arabs have some grounds for believing that the real aim of the Zionists is to set up a Communist Jewish state in Palestine and that the Hagonah is the nucleus of a Red Army destined to crush Arab opposition and establish Jewish supremacy.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has aptly remarked that "it might be worth while for England to take risks to settle the Jewish problem; but not to take risks to unsettle the Arab problem and leave the Jewish problem unsolved."

Are the claims of one Semitic people, who conquered Palestine and were in turn dispossessed more than eighteen centuries ago, so strong that another Semitic people, who also conquered that country and still own it after thirteen centuries of occupation, must be forced to submit against its will to the return and domination of the former? The British Government has recently re-affirmed its determination to uphold the Jewish claim to enter Palestine as of right. The terms of the Mandate and our responsibility to the League of Nations are arguments invoked to justify the coercion of the Arabs. Palestine is now under Crown Colony government and its administration is being carried on without Arab representation or co-operation. The offer to recognise an Arab agency on an equal footing with the Zionist Commission was unacceptable to the Arabs, since it would have put them on a level with an alien minority whose right to such a special representative agency they do not recognise. The Zionist claim that Arab opposition is confined to the upper classes and is not wide and deep, has been disproved by the clearest evidence. The Palestine Government maintains its somewhat precarious rule against the will of the great majority of the population, a position which history has demonstrated to be untenable in the end.

It has been argued that the terms of the Mandate cannot be altered. This is mere subterfuge. Those terms were changed to meet conditions in Trans-Jordania and can be changed again. If the British Government and the League of Nations believe that the foundation of a Jewish national home is an end so desirable and necessary that it justifies the coercion of the Arab majority in Palestine, then let us have it thus plainly stated—the end justifies the means. Surely a dangerous doctrine for the League to adopt!

Only by facing the problem with courage and making such timely changes in our policy as wisdom and justice demand, can we hope to restore peace to that venerable land whose shores are now resounding with the modern version of the World's Debate.

BYRON IN VENICE

By CECIL ROBERTS

THE most interesting chapter of Byron's life, either as artist or man, is enacted in Venice. It happens also to be the most disreputable. Two English poets have put their stamp upon Venice, not so much by their works as by their dwellings. As you glide down the Grand Canal, recalling the Venice of Byron, the dream has a basis in reality when the gondolier points out the Palazzo Mocenigo and murmurs "Bee-roon." On the other side of the canal he will also whisper another enchanted name as he passes the Palazzo Rezzonico, and you look up and wonder at Browning's stately death-chamber.

Byron first arrived in Venice on the 11th November, 1816, at the age of 28, and he spent the winter and early spring there, moving on to Rome at the end of April. It is singular that his first poetic expression of Venice, beginning "'Tis midnight—but it is not dark," should remain in manuscript for ninety years, though Byron's muse in this instance did not soar above such verse as any traveller feels impelled to write.

Byron is immediately aware of the great fund of material on which his inspiration may brood. He writes to Murray for a book containing certain historical facts. In wandering through the Palace of the Doges he had seen the blacked-out portrait of the traitor, Doge Marino Faliero, a dramatic footnote to history which to this day holds one in wonderment in that Great Council Hall with its portrait frieze of eighty-six Doges and the black tablet bearing the inscription:—

Hic est locus Marini Faletri decapitati pro criminibus.

Either the authorities consulted by Byron were inaccurate, or he was careless and trusted to the licence permitted the poet, but he blunders in his drama, *Marino Faliero*, inspired by the tragedy. He appears to have relied on

Italian historians, who wrote of a Palazzo prior to the one seen by Byron, which leads the latter into some singular errors in his setting. In the preface to the drama he soundly trounces Dr. Moore for the historical faults in his *View of Italy*, the requested volume sent out by Murray, but proceeds to state, with reference to Faliero: "The Giant's Staircase where he was crowned, and discrowned, and decapitated, struck forcibly upon my imagination." Imagination here appears to have ignored architectural fact. The drama closes with the following instruction:—

Enter on the balcony of the Palace which fronts Saint Mark's Place a Chief of the Ten, with a bloody sword. He waves it thrice before the people and exclaims,

"Justice hath dealt upon the mighty traitor!"

The gates are opened; the populace rush in towards the "Giant's Staircase," where execution has taken place. The foremost of them exclaims to those behind,

"The gory head rolls down the Giant's Steps!"

(The curtain falls.)

Splendid! It makes one wonder what Byron might have achieved in an age when authors are encouraged to write film scenarios. But facts play havoc with the setting of the drama. The Chief of the Ten could not have brandished his sword so dramatically on the balcony which fronts St. Mark's Place, for that façade was not built until nearly one hundred years after the execution. Nor could the gory head have rolled down the *Giant's*¹ *Staircase*, which did not then exist; and in a fine piece of rhetoric Byron causes Faliero to address a statue as that of one of his ancestors which actually was erected a hundred years later to a soldier of fortune. It is only just to Byron to state that he had some reason for confusion. Faliero was executed at the top of the stone staircase where he had sworn the ducal oath of allegiance, and the bloody sword was shown to the people from the loggia of the palace.

Within a few days of his arrival at Venice Byron was immersed in an affair with his landlord's wife, Marianna Segati. During the next three years he was destined to

(1) This is another error. It is, of course, the Giants' Staircase, *Scala dei Giganti*, as the Italian name and Sansovino's two statues of Mars and Neptune imply

live at an incredible pace, for his poetic gift rose to great heights, and an incessant output was accompanied by incessant amorous adventures. Simultaneously, assisting the latter, if not the former, his fortune was repaired by the generous income he now derived from his writings.

In the five years of his Italian residence he made from his works more than £12,000, an ample income in those days prior to income tax, when the English pound was a power in the world. His taste for palaces, mistresses, servants, horses, dogs, private doctors and travel was easily gratified. His palaces cost him little, his mistresses less. He rented the Mocenigo palace, the centre one of the three contiguous palaces pointed out as the "*casa di Bee-roon*," furnished, at a rent of about £190 per annum. It was still a fashionable mansion and had housed that Countess of Arundel of James I.'s reign who had made a Doge apologise to her for the false imputations on her honour in connection with the judicial murder of Foscari. A later tenant had been that blue-stocking, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Of the Countess Guiccioli, Byron writes with much satisfaction, "I can assure you that she has never cost me, directly or indirectly, a sixpence," and the bouncer adds to this remark of the parsimonious poet: "Indeed, the circumstances of herself and family render this no merit." He might well exclaim in the same letter: "Damn your delicacy! It is a low commercial quality," demonstrating how superior a man of low commerce may be to a genius of high caste.

The late spring of 1817 was spent in a visit to Rome, inspiring the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, and one to Ferrara, where he wrote *The Lament of Tasso*. It was a year of immense output, the finishing of the Third Canto and writing of the Fourth, of *Manfred* and of *Beppo*, not to mention fugitive pieces. His study of Italian authors, and of Pulci in particular, led him to the adoption of a metre and spirit in this latter poem which he never abandoned, and in which he achieved his greatest triumphs in *Don Juan* and *The Vision of Judgment*.

Almost the first news he receives in 1817 is from Shelley, who informs Byron of the birth of his daughter

by Clare, to whom Byron alludes later in correspondence with Hobhouse as "my bastard," taking satisfaction in its healthiness and the admiration evoked in the Italians when it was brought to Venice.

On his return from Rome in May, 1817, his conquest of Venice was undertaken seriously. The presence of the hated Austrians had robbed the city of its pride, but not of its gaiety. Forty years after the death of Baldassare Galuppi it was still the spendthrift city of Browning's matchless poem, perhaps the only great poem written by an English poet on Venice:—

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?
Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to midday,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

The ancient glory of Venice had departed when a terrified Council, under the menacing shadow of Napoleon, had declared a democratic Government on May 12th, 1797. The last Doge of a line illustrious for a thousand years, whose office had ruled the Morea, and Dalmatia and Constantinople, whose navies had humbled Genoa, and whose State had defied Popes and Emperors, handed his ducal coronet to a servant, saying he should not need it again. Worse humiliation was to follow. Napoleon proceeded to sell Venice and the Venetian territory to the Emperor of Austria, as if it had been a piece of old-fashioned furniture amid the trappings of his new empires, and, before he handed over the furniture, he stripped it of whatever decorations pleased his eye, of pictures and parchments and books, and also of those much-travelled four horses on the cathedral front, forwarding them to Paris.

Byron was fortunate to see those steeds, restored just two years prior to his advent. Let us hope they have made their last journey. It is said they adorned the triumphal arch of Nero and Trajan, that Constantine sent them to Constantinople, and gallant old blind Doge Dandolo, who captured the city at the age of ninety-seven, brought them to Venice in 1204. To Byron they were emblems of defeat, Napoleon having fulfilled the empty threat of Admiral Doria when he blockaded Venice with the Genoese Navy, and in a moment of vacillation the

Venetians sued for peace, to receive the retort, "Not until we have first put a bridle upon those unbridled horses of yours, that are upon the porch of your St. Mark."

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
 But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
 Are they not *bridled*?—Venice, lost and won,
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
 Sinks, like a seaweed, into whence she rose!
 Better be whelmed beneath the waves, and shun,
 Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
 From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

Infamous or not, Byron enjoyed her repose to the full. As if to compensate for the four unbridled horses restored to the platform on the façade of St. Mark's, but unusable, and the only horses in Venice, he imported four of his own to the Lido. That strip of sand which is one of the narrow islands separating the lagoons from the Adriatic was not then the honeymoon land replete with luxurious hotels filled with foreigners willing to be plundered. It was not even a populous bathing *spiaggia* where elegant ladies adorn themselves with elegant bathing costumes that are put to many uses except that of bathing. The Byronic tradition appears still to linger in one respect. Horses, for the purpose of riding, may be obtained at a riding school located there for the pleasure of horseless Venice. In Byron's time he must have had the Lido almost to himself. It was then a plain sea-barrier to Venice, holding little but a fort at each extremity, a few market-gardens, and a Jews' cemetery, which provided the light-hearted Venetians with an annual festival on which it was the fashion to go out to the Lido and dance and feast on the Jews' graves.

The great Lord Byron was a familiar figure towards evening on this strip of sand. His private gondola, with *gondolieri* in livery, would convey him across the lagoon from the Palazzo Mocenigo to the north end of the Lido, where his horses were stabled in the dismantled fort commanding the Porto. Here a servant would await him with horses saddled. Sometimes his lordship rode only with his servant, sometimes he brought a guest. The distance was usually the same. They would ride out along the

sand for the first part and then along the *murazzi* or embankment, as far as the middle of the island, at whose southern extremity they could see the fishing village of Malamocco.

On their right would lie the wide lagoon, stained with the hues of sunset and bearing on its iridescent face the fishing boats, their sails like butterflies' wings, spread with bright colours renewed in the water below. Afar would lie Venice with its campanili, its dim palaces in the shadow of evening, with the black outline of noble Santa Maria della Salute marking the opening of the Grand Canal, where it rose from the green lagoon, backed by the crimson sunset. And further, covering like a screen the flaming sky that lay westward, the dark Euganean Hills lifted their serrated crests, crimson-rimmed against the pageant. Here day departed in such glory as nowhere else might earth and sky be seen commingling, where man's ambition had built upon the water things of beauty that are as the fabric of a dream, temples of massive domes and noble columns, palaces of marble in glimmering marriages of Byzantine and Gothic, of East and West, welded in the craftsmanship of the Middle Ages.

The exiled poet riding there would turn from that vision, such as in a later day Turner immortalised on canvas, and eastwards would look upon the dark Adriatic Sea, the gentle bride of proud Venice, who yearly wedded her, symbolising the Republic's sovereignty in ancient and elaborate ceremonial. But this was not for Byron's eyes. The majesty, the sovereignty had departed. The gay ship of State, the *Bucentaur*, on which the Doge sailed to the Adriatic for the mystic rite, lay rotting, what was left of it.

Byron, lamenting the old ceremony, presumptuous as nearly all Venetian ceremonies, yet of more beauty and gaiety than our own civic ceremonials, probably saw only the fragments of the wreck, stored in the Arsenal, when he wrote—

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
 And annual marriage now no more renewed,
 The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
 Neglected garment of her widowhood!

But we left Byron riding on the Lido. Let us return and observe his companion. It is the summer evening of August 23rd, 1818. In the morning a young man and woman had arrived by gondola from Padua. They were in Venice on a delicate and peculiar mission. The young woman, Clare Clairmont, had been a member of that small party which Percy Bysshe Shelley, a young man of charming if wayward genius, had led over the Alps in the spring of 1816. Settling with his wife Mary, their son William, and Clare Clairmont at a cottage on the edge of the lake, about two miles distant from Geneva, they were separated by a vineyard only from that Villa Diodati where once young John Milton had visited his friend in 1639. Another famous English poet, self-exiled from England, now dwelt in it, and Shelley had for companion by night and day Lord Byron.

It happened that Miss Clairmont, unknown to Shelley and his wife, had already met Lord Byron, when she had called upon him in England to seek his aid in procuring for her an engagement at Drury Lane. It is not a little singular that the two poets, following their passions for sailing, encountered a squall in which they nearly lost their lives. Byron and boats seemed closely linked in Shelley's horoscope, to culminate in that final tragedy off Viareggio.

These excursions on Lake Geneva resulted in close intimacy between Byron and Miss Clairmont. Later she returned to England, and on January 12th, 1817, gave birth to Byron's daughter, Clara Allegra, called Alba or Ba. As we have seen, this child, with her nurse, were sent for to Venice by Byron, who later placed them in the house of Hoppner, the English Consul-General at Venice. The distracted mother appealed in vain to be allowed to see her child. Finally she followed the Shelleys on their second Continental trip, and leaving Mrs. Shelley behind, Shelley with the poor mother undertook the delicate mission to Venice. Shelley had promised to intercede on her behalf. They called at the Hoppners' early on the Sunday morning of August 23rd, where the mother was reunited to her child.

Shelley heard unpleasant accounts of Byron's mode of life, and in consultation with the Hoppners they considered it prudent to say nothing of the mother's presence in Venice. Shelley therefore proceeded alone to Byron's *palazzo* in the afternoon. After a long conversation nothing was settled in the matter, and towards evening Byron invited Shelley to take a ride with him on the Lido.

"So he took me in his gondola—much against my will, for I wanted to return to Clare at the Hoppners', who was anxiously waiting for me—across the lagoon to a sandy island, which defends Venice from the Adriatic. When we disembarked we found his horses waiting for us, and we rode along the sands of the sea, talking."

The incidents of that day inspired Shelley to write some of his best and certainly some of his worst poetry. The latter belongs to a tribute he paid to the child at the Hoppners', in which he tells us:

For, after her first shyness was worn out,
We sate there rolling billiard balls about;

which might enter a competition for the worst line in English verse.

His other poem, *Julian and Maddalo*, contains a magnificent passage on the sunset over Venice, as seen from the Lido. Byron becomes Count Maddalo:

I rode one evening with Count Maddalo
Upon the bank of land which breaks the flow
Of Adria towards Venice; . . .
. . . the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many folded hills; they were
Those famous Euganean hills which bear,
As seen from Lido through the harbour piles,
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles—
And then—as if the Earth and Sea had been
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
Those mountains towering as from waves of flame
Around the vaporous sun.

Such was the eventide reaching across that smooth lagoon. "The harbour piles" is the only false note. By these Shelley probably meant those *pali*, triple piles, black-headed, holding to each other like drowning persons in the water. They are an important feature of the lagoons,

marking the navigable channels, and they take upon themselves, and give in their reflections on the rippled water, a ceaseless interchange of delicate colour. In the preface to *Julian and Maddalo* we have Byron as he appeared, under fictitious disguise, to the observant Shelley:—

He is a person of most consummate genius, capable, if he would direct his energies to such an end, of becoming the redeemer of his degraded country. But it is his weakness to be proud.

Shelley then proceeds to draw a generous portrait. But as they rode along the Lido on that memorable evening of August 23rd the future was mercifully hidden. That very sand marked by the horses' hoofs was to be the burial place a month later of his child Clara, who died within a few hours of reaching Venice with Mrs. Shelley.

Byron appears now to have been radiant in his verse and in his amours. He had finished the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*. He had written that gay Venetian scena, *Beppo*, which catches the spirit of carnival, and appears to hold also the light of other eyes, belonging to the now forgotten Marianna:—

She was a married woman; 'tis convenient,
Because in Christian countries 'tis a rule
To view their little slips with eyes more lenient.

The passion of that encounter naturally waned. The sordid story of the lodger and the landlady is an old one, but in Venice it had its humorous aspect. The wife of the linen draper in whose house he lodged had been presented by her lover with a fine set of diamonds, and financial assistance had also been rendered the bankrupt husband. One day Byron was offered a casket for sale which, to his surprise, contained the veritable diamonds. He repurchased them and had sufficient humour to re-present them to the lady!

Before the expiration of a year he found his lodgings inconvenient and leased the Palazzo Mocenigo. Free from the restraint of jealous eyes, he plunged into debauchery. His house became a harem, and he was often embroiled in public brawls raised by his women, their husbands and lovers. The *palazzo* must have been bedlam

with screams, fights, knives and forceful eviction. Byron and the inmates descended to the language of the brothel in altercations, and yet, amid this pandemonium and excess, the inspiration of the poet rose to a steady flame and he began the opening stanzas of his masterpiece, *Don Juan*. Let us not forget his provocation, though small in comparison with his reaction. There was no diminution of the tide of abuse in England, and the attempted reconciliation with Lady Byron broke down finally. The fire of genius and robust young manhood drove him on, and his temperament had unhappily found the most dissolute city in Europe. Into that appalling house first went his child and her nurse, later transferred to the household of the compassionate Mrs. Hoppner.

Shelley, calling at the Palazzo Mocenigo, seemed little aware that it almost rivalled the infamy of Pietro Aretino's former palace. Writing to Peacock some six weeks later, after he had departed to a distant villa at Este, loaned by Byron, he recorded: "I saw Lord Byron and hardly knew him again, he is changed into the liveliest and happiest-looking man I ever met. He read me the first canto of his *Don Juan*—a thing in the style of *Beppo*, but infinitely better, and dedicated to Southey, in ten or a dozen stanzas, more like a mixture of wormwood and verdigrease than satire."

Byron's house, and apparently Byron, was ruled at this period by a creature who passed under the name of the "Fornarina," from the trade of her husband. Byron's inmates were chosen from the lowest classes because they had more beauty, and because they were less difficult of approach. Margherita Cogni,¹ to give her her proper name, a fierce-spirited, dark-eyed beauty of twenty-two, had been found by Byron during an evening ride on the Lido and taken to his house. She put such a claim on her association that almost forceful eviction was necessary finally. Even Mrs. Shelley, undertaking to copy Byron's manuscripts before they were subjected to the peril of the post, wrote "if the Fornanetta (*sic*) will permit" when

(1) Moore, in his "Life," confuses her with the supplanted Marianna Segati, left behind in Byron's old lodgings.

asking for the *Don Juan* by the bearer! Shelley, writing again to Peacock, corrects his mistake: "Our poor friend Lord Byron is quite corrupted by living among these people, and, in fact, is going on in a way not very worthy of him." "L. B. is familiar with the lowest sort of these women, the people his gondolieri pick up in the streets."

The truth of these words was confirmed in yet another manner vitally affecting the Shelleys. The observant reader of *Don Juan* will detect a desperate air of self-defence in the verve with which he narrates the irregularities of his hero. Shelley did not see Byron after October 29th, 1818, to whom he had delivered Allegra, at the close of the period permitted for Clare Clairmont, living with the Shelleys, to have the child. He left for Naples, and it was August, 1821, before he renewed his sight of Byron, who was then immersed in his new and last affair with the Countess Guiccioli, the sixteen-year-old wife of the wealthy old Count Guiccioli. Byron, whose conduct had shattered his health, was now almost a reformed character when Shelley joined him at Ravenna.

Political troubles had driven the Countess, with her father, Count Gamba, to Florence. At this time also the outraged old husband was seeking the aid of the Pope, and the faithless wife was being menaced with confinement to a convent. A divorce of a kind had been obtained, which gave the Countess the choice of a convent or living under the care of her father. This amazing state of affairs was increased by the fact that Byron, throughout the long affair, had courted the lady under the very eyes of the old Count, in whose palace at Ravenna Byron rented a splendid suite!

Byron's era at Venice was closed. Henceforth he was to love sincerely, to live decently, and find a death that made a fitting climax to the life of a man of such tempestuous genius and reckless spirit. He was thirty-one when he quitted Venice, famous throughout Europe, still handsome and of increased fortune.

But the evil that men do lives after them. One slander he permitted against Shelley. A dismissed servant informed the Hoppners that Clare Clairmont was Shelley's

mistress and had a child by him, with the result that the Shelleys found themselves ostracised by the Hoppners. Byron, assuming a sympathetic attitude towards Shelley in the matter, informed him at Ravenna of the charge made by the Hoppners. Yet it was only five months previous that Byron had used the hideous story to justify himself to the Hoppners for disregarding Clare's appeal against sending Allegra, their child, to a convent. To give Byron the benefit of excuse, he may have believed the story at the time, though such belief scarcely flatters his judgment.

In terrible distress, Shelley wrote beseeching his wife to refute the wicked slander. Immediately on receipt of his letter, Mary Shelley wrote a long and pathetic letter to Mrs. Hoppner narrating the dismissal of their servant and the cause of the slander. The letter was sent to Shelley, who placed it in Byron's hands, the latter volunteering to convey it to the Hoppners. It appears improbable that the letter was ever sent. It is a contested point, but all the evidence available leaves the Byron apologists a weak case. The letter was found among his papers after death, and the cruel calumny lived unchecked, for there is no record of the Hoppners' acknowledging receipt of the refutation.

Thus to the end Venice proved, in the moral sense, the evil genius of Byron. Yet it was Venice that brought him some measure of deliverance from his corrupt mode of life. One evening, on the 6th April, 1819, Lord Byron arrived at the *conversazione* of the Countess Benzoni. His handsome and famous presence at once made a stir in the chattering *salon*. One lady, however, when asked whether she wished to meet the lion, declined. Her reason was not based on morals but fatigue. Not yet sixteen and newly released from a convent to become the third wife of the wealthy old Count Guiccioli of Ravenna, the late festivities of the Venetian season had wearied her, and only in obedience to her gay spouse had she consented to attend the Countess Benzoni's *salon*. None the less reluctant, sick of tiresome affairs and wearied with his laurels, Lord Byron first declined his hostess's request to present him. Finally he consented.

The exquisitely noble head, the charm of voice and manner, and the glamour of his personality instantly hypnotised the young girl. Byron's agitation was no less. Her delicate beauty, the lustre of her dark eyes, the ivory pallor of her skin, worked their instant magic. The worn, disillusioned *roué* of thirty-one fell and worshipped before the fresh beauty of this girl-wife.

Even at that hour he cannot truly realise his character, or her effect on it. He is, perhaps, too soon from the mire, for he has just evaded the claims upon him of a Venetian family to make an honourable end of a low intrigue. "There was a scene, I having been found at her window at midnight; and they sent me a priest and a friend of the family's, to talk with me the next day, both of whom I treated with coffee." Straight from the eyes of the enamoured young Countess, he writes to Hobhouse, companion of many amours:—

I have hopes, sir—hopes, but she wants me to come to Ravenna, and then to Bologna. Now this would be all very well for certainties, but for mere hopes; if she should flaunt me, and I should make a "fiasco," never could I show my face on the Piazza. It is nothing that money can do, for the Conte is awfully rich. . . . What shall I do? I am in love, and tired of promiscuous concubinage, and have now an opportunity of settling for life.

As he jested the bonds were upon him. His sight was too unclean to see the real radiance of this new face, or to measure its potency. A fortnight later he records: "She is as fair as sunrise, and warm as noon."

They met each day in Venice, until her husband carried her off to Ravenna. The parting brought her to death's door, and in May, at her bidding, he set out for her house. He was to become the constant lover, the faithful shadow of his mistress, and from that hour a new Byron took birth. In the five years that remained to him he was often the prey of remorse and melancholy. His triumphs turned to ashes. Once during the Countess's absence he daily visited her house and garden. In a copy of one of her books he wrote:—

. . . You will not understand these English words, and others will not understand them—which is the reason I have not scrawled them in Italian. But you will recognise the handwriting of him who passionately

loved you, and you will divine that, over a book which was yours, he could only think of love. In that word, beautiful in all languages, but most so in yours—*Amor mio*—is comprised my existence here and hereafter. I feel I exist here, and I fear that I shall exist hereafter,—to what purpose you will decide, my destiny rests with you, and you are a woman, seventeen years of age, and two out of a convent. I wish that you had stayed there, with all my heart—or, at least, that I had never met you in your married state.

Sincere, or the artist in love with his pose? No, sincere at last, in a mood now repentant, whose last notable utterance, on the morning of his thirty-sixth birthday, confessed a life of errors, of abused youth and genius, and yet soared to a noble threnody which was also the prophecy of the end at Missolonghi on April 19th, 1824:—

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here;—up to the field and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

When that rest came both Death and Life revenged themselves on their jester. The one denied him the field of battle for his grave or any of those lovely places in which, from time to time, he declared his wish to be buried. The other weighed his achievement and found him wanting. His hectic, handsome personality towers over his dated facile work. It may be Time will yet redress the severity of modern judgment, but it will never restore the sovereignty he knew, yet professed to scorn.

Mute in the land that had roused him to fiery invective, the exile made the last journey along its Great North Road. Irreverent hands had unshrouded the withered feet of the dead Colossus; reverend hands excluded him from the nation's temple, hospitable to lesser poets if lesser sinners. To-day he lies in a dismal vault in the dismal colliery town of Hucknall.

When the tourist's gondola glides past the Palazzo Mocenigo at Venice the soft voice of the gondolier murmurs, "*Casa di Bee-roon, signore!*" and the living eyes

rest in a moment of curiosity on the sightless sockets of the dead house. Mean in the glaring noon, the plaster falling from its dilapidated front, with cracked lintels and boarded windows, the green water lapping its weeded steps, the old husk of former beauty drops into shameful decay. No gondolas congregate before its *pali*, no voices sound in its rooms, no faces appear on its balcony. Far away seems that day when two young men in the height of youth and fame swaggered on that balcony, and one of them, the great Lord Byron, seeing two typical Englishmen in a gondola below, exclaimed derisively before his companion, Thomas Moore, "Ah! if you John Bulls knew who the two fellows are, now standing up here, I think you *would* stare!"

The decrepit house is falling in upon its shameful memories and the wanton ghosts that cling to its musty rooms. Other palaces maintain their bold and beautiful faces, covering their centuries of lust and intrigue, of proud memories and vanished splendour. Not so the Palazzo Mocenigo. It commands attention by no beauty, it provokes pity in the sight, and sadness in the memory—the palace where the brightest mind and handsomest head in Europe stooped to the lowest pleasures. Let it fall, ruinous as all carnal things. Let those dark days of Venice be eclipsed by the remorseful years that followed, by the flame that blazed ere it was quenched at Missolonghi. Let another poet, dwelling in a palazzo on the opposite side, ask the final question of posterity:—

As for Venice and its people, merely born to bloom and drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop.
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

THE EAST IN REVOLT

BY ARTHUR MOORE

FIVE lean, long years have passed since the war ended, and three definite facts have established themselves about the period wherein we live; the economic paralysis of Europe, the persistence of the Soviet, and the intellectual and political revolt of the East against the West. Of these three the significance and reality of the third seems the least generally apprehended.

Yet the existence of a vast spiritual change in the relationship between East and West has been established in these five years. Before the war the prevailing theory was epitomised in Kipling's phrase, "the white man's burden." The superiority of the West in might, majesty, wisdom, science and religion was naturally never doubted by the West, and except in the field of religion was not seriously questioned by the East. Europe was respected, even to excess. For the Eastern student the highest ambition was to acquire its learning and its ways. In countries like India and Egypt, which were under European rule, there were naturally always some political malcontents, but even the Nationalist politician rarely asked for anything so sweeping as complete independence, or ventured to propound what would then have been thought a paradox, namely, that the East could do better without the West's interference in its affairs. Anyone who made such a statement was recognised to be "uneducated"—some old-time agrarian, perhaps, or a religious bigot.

The West, for its part, smiled benignantly on the East. The progress of Japan was admitted, and was held to be an example of what an Oriental nation could do by wisely remodelling itself on Western lines. But in general there was no breach in European self-satisfaction. It was considered a fact of nature that the favoured portions of the East were those which had already become colonies of European countries. Amongst these colonies the advantage lay with those belonging to the most progressive and powerful countries—let us say to England rather than

to Portugal—and it was believed that as, with increasing facility of communication, Europe's arm lengthened and the world shrank, the whole of the Eastern hemisphere, with the possible exception of Japan (a haunting note of interrogation here), must ultimately and "for its own good" pass under Western tutelage, and become absorbed in colonial systems.

For countries such as Morocco, Turkey, Persia, and China there existed a formula. For them the only hope lay in European assistance. They could not hope to reform themselves, and must therefore have foreign advisers commanding foreign capital. Out of the mouths of the Ambassadors of the Great Powers proceeded loans and railways, munitions and motors. These countries, once described by Lord Balfour as "areas of depression," were the scene of fierce and unedifying diplomatic and economic struggles between the Powers, but everyone was agreed that, however regrettable the scramble might be, the countries concerned would come better out of the scramble than if they had been left alone. Nor did any other wave sweep the brain of aspiring Orientals during the period of which I write than this of letting in the West by chartered stages, so as to extract the honey of progress from the busy bees of Europe without getting more than slightly stung in the centres of national pride.

But all that is now quite definitely changed. The East is no longer content to sit at the feet of the West. All the reasons for this can doubtless be resolved ultimately into one, namely, the spirit of the time; but it is possible to set forth a number of contributory causes through which it has manifested. First in importance came the almost blinding revelation that European civilisation, with its Christian gospel, its scientific marvels, and its luxurious refinements, had neither unity nor security, and was capable of destroying itself with its own wonderful weapons in a suicidal fury of destruction. Nor could it keep this horror to itself. The white super-men needed more and ever more soldiers to hurl at each other, so Indians and Africans by the hundred thousand had to be transported to Europe and thrust into the trenches. Beyond the borders of

Europe the war overflowed into Turkey, Persia (which vainly attempted neutrality), China, and East and West Africa. In the furious rough-and-tumble of this deadly dog-fight there came a fatal familiarity that could not but breed some contempt. The women of London and Paris, moved by emotions far from despicable, thought it shame not to shower on the brown warriors, who had come so far to brave such hardships for Europe's cause, a small share of the attentions they lavished on their own kinsfolk. Without the aid of yellow, brown, and black men the Allies could not hold the pass, and they were unable to conceal this from their coloured friends. Ministers and missions overran the East, their pockets bulging with gold, and begged and bribed for support wherever they could find it. The representation of the West in the East was no longer confined to *sahibs*, highly disciplined professional soldiers, highly educated officials, and merchants and traders of traditional types. Territorial garrisons replaced Regular garrisons, armies newly raised went where no armies had been before, and the canker of corrupt supply services, purchasing everything from mules to crops, spread itself malignantly from the Mediterranean to the Yellow Sea, and from the Caspian to the scented island whereof a hypercritical hymn-writer long ago complained that owing to the vileness of Man the odour of sanctity was an absent savour in the softness of its spicy breezes.

Side by side with the inevitable financial inflation which provided the West with money to burn at the very accessible altars of corruption in the East, went an equally inevitable political inflation. While the printers poured out paper money, the politicians dangled dreams and promises in all the "areas of depression" and amongst all the subject peoples. The Central Powers and the Allies sinned alike in this respect; but it is to the victorious Allies that the sins have come home to roost. The Armistice arrived amidst an orgy of proclamations and pledges sufficient in volume to have made this world, and possibly even the next, safe for democracy; and the East beheld arising in the West a fourteen-pointed star of hope, which ill-prepared them for the spectacle of the glorious game of grab

wherein the war-weary members of the Council of Ten subsequently unbent themselves.

But for Asia the most disturbing factor of all has been the new Russia, and the complete alteration in the relative positions of Britain and Russia. Although for the seven years that preceded the war these two Powers had masked their quarrel behind a working agreement forced upon them by fear of Germany, Asia remained aware that for the most part she preserved what independence she had by astute use of their fundamental opposition to each other. The phrase "the balance of power" had in the main only one meaning for her. On the Pacific slope America and Germany had arrived, to be reckoned with very seriously, and at Constantinople Germany's mailed fist lay in velvet on the table. But between these two regions Asia had for one hundred and fifty years, with admirable dexterity, maintained her own equilibrium at the point of balance between Britain and Russia. The accord, however precarious, arrived at between these two Powers before the war was the first serious shock to this simple system of see-saw; and Turks, Persians, and Chinese, seeing this coalescing Anglo-Russian front, began to turn increasingly to America and Germany in the hope of drawing them in as permanent factors in the great game of balance, wherein lay the only apparent hope for the survival of some substance of independent nationality in Asia. Long ago, when Napoleon's star was still climbing the skies, the East had thought to see France make a triangle of the Anglo-Russian duel for her prizes, and he revived hopes that had waned since Clive and "John Company" made nightmare of the brilliant dreams of Dupleix, Labourdonnais, and that gallant and unlucky Lally, whom France beheaded for an Irish traitor and Voltaire mourned for a leader lost. At the turn of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries a new star arose in the West, and the restless ambition of the House of Hohenzollern provided Sultans and Shahs with another pawn for their eternal games of chess.

All this crashed in the war. The East found itself confronted with an entirely new situation. The new

Napoleon, who might have provided the desired complications, had retreated in a motor car to Holland at an age which made it unlikely that he would ever make a brilliant return from his Dutch Elba. Russia in a military sense had temporarily ceased to count outside her own borders, and in a political sense had become the apostle of doctrines of liberty for Oriental peoples that left England, formerly regarded as the advanced and enlightened Power, somewhere near the post. At the same time, some Jingo devil seemed to have got temporary possession of Britain's body. The rôles of Russia and England were not only reversed, but were accentuated. Russia dramatically tearing up her concessions on the one hand, and British troops sprawled in thin khaki lines across the map of Asia on the other, caricatured the famous Liberalism of England and the notorious Imperialism of the Tsars.

Nothing keeps either nations or individuals from truth so much as their own personalities. For the British, so long successful in the East, it is unusually difficult to see things not as they normally see them, nor as foreigners or enemies see them, but as they are. An illustration may make clear my meaning. A friend of mine, who is British Resident in an important Central Asian post, told me that at critical periods in the last few years he had received messages from the ruling Amirs and Khans of certain principalities formerly in the Russian Empire, wherein they declared their allegiance to King George and asked that their countries should be included in the British Empire. These clearly genuine offers naturally afforded him the greatest pleasure, and he cited them to me as convincing proof that Britain's name and prestige stood higher in Asia than ever. But before we can justly appreciate this flattery, which natural loyalty to King and country prompts us to swallow whole, we have to picture the actual circumstances. This we can best do, in this instance, by first imagining them altered in an important respect. Let us suppose that it was in England that the Communist Revolution of 1917 came to pass, whereas in Russia the whole country had remained loyal to the Tsar Nicholas the Second, and had proclaimed itself the

champion of law and order in the world, the bulwark against the Communist propaganda with which the English were flooding Europe and Asia. Let us suppose that the London Soviet telegraphed to India a grant of complete independence, even as the Russian Soviet actually telegraphed "this freedom" to Bokhara, Khiva, and the other Khanates. To complete the parallel precisely we must go on to suppose that India formed a Communist Government in Delhi for the administration of British India, and that this Government in turn conferred independence on the Nizam's dominions and all the other Indian States, but at the same time flooded these States with agents and with their own troops, demanding the proclamation of Soviet republics and making the position of the rulers impossible. In such a case the result might be foreseen. The Indian Princes, deprived of the Sovereign to whom they had given their allegiance, and finding the world tumbling about their ears, would naturally have turned their eyes to the "friendly Northern Power" and to the great monarch Nicholas the Second, the protector of Eastern potentates, under the shadow of whose wing their friends and cousins the Amir of Bokhara, the Khan of Khiva, and the rest of the Central Asian rulers enjoyed security. Secret messengers would have gone through the Khyber Pass to Kabul and Bokhara, conveying through cousins and friends discreet but earnest invitations to the Tsar to send Russian troops to India and save it from anarchy.

But would the senders of such messages be animated by love of, or admiration for, Russia? And, above all, when Russia began to listen to the lure, and to send troops to the Himalaya and Kashmir, as the British unhappily sent troops to the Caucasus and the Trans-Caspian area, would the intervening independent countries, Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan, not tremble for their independence? Would they not prefer the Bolshevik fools and fanatics, who were looting Delhi and burning Agra, to the ordered legions of the friendly Northern Power?

Those who ponder this picture may get some light on the Oriental attitude to Russia and England to-day.

England's "mandates" have so far proved but Dead Sea fruit, and, urged partly by financial stringency and partly by belated realisation of the hostility which they attract towards her, she is now wisely seeking to whittle them down. But the East is awake as it has never been before to the meaning and dangers of the economic penetration of the West. After a long sleep it has itself become alive. Trade and industry, material progress, scientific development—all these things it wants and wants passionately. But whereas when first such ideas began to swim into its ken, and to stir it from an apathy compounded partly of a mysticism which despised the world of phenomena, and partly of popular sloth which flowed abroad from this attitude of the religious and intellectual leaders, there seemed nothing to do but to sit at the feet of Europe, all is changed in the post-war world. The instinct of nationality has been fiercely roused, and is aware that unless it exerts itself strongly the end of nationality cannot long be postponed. The benefits of Western civilisation must therefore be obtained without the direction of the West; and if in any instance this prove impossible, then the new East prefers to do without the benefit. It is bent on progress, but determined not to pay the price which before the war was considered inevitable, namely, submission to Western controllers in some form, open or disguised. The consequence is that the East at the present time gives an appearance both of renaissance and of reaction. In Turkey, Persia, China and India we see a new zeal for education and for material progress combined with a revival of religious ordinances, such as prohibition of wine and spirits, and with a desire to get rid of all foreigners employed in the Administration, and not infrequently with boycotts of European goods.

The political teaching and philosophic thought of Europe have played an important part in bringing the East to its present attitude. In every great tendency, revolutionary or evolutionary, while deep-seated economic forces are at work driving the masses powerfully in a certain direction, there are also intellectual forces which make a considerable show in influencing individuals,

and actually have an effect on the masses far greater than is often supposed. For though these masses have no comprehension of such ideas, they are swayed or led by men who at varying removes derive their inspiration from some intellectual fount. England made the bright youth of India read Mill on liberty, Carlyle on the French Revolution, Macaulay on Warren Hastings, and many other books wherein political and social theories, patriotism, law and love were handled in a way to stir the depths. All the intellectual East for some reason read Herbert Spencer, whose influence has been quite beyond calculation. French literature of all sorts has for long been absorbed by Turks, Persians and Egyptians, and of the Germans Nietzsche produced a considerable impression in Constantinople and in Tokio.

In Great Britain's case her policy of spreading education in the East through Western text-books, and of seeking to induce in it an appreciation of all the glories of her literature, steeped as it is in the praise of her own wide freedom, has proved largely disastrous. The well-known cocksureness of Macaulay, who expressed his views on this subject with his usual decision and eloquence, seemed justified for long, but has of late been made a reproach. Great Britain, an old sailor who senses that the wind sits no longer in the same quarter, is already seeking to sail on another tack.

The trouble is twofold. In the first place it is impossible by these exotic methods ever really to educate the Indian masses. A certain number of very fine products undeniably results, and there is a class of Indian gentlemen of the highest culture, practical temper, and genuine patriotic devotion, alike to India and to the British Empire, who would redeem the system from failure had it had any success with a wider public. Englishmen set before themselves the task of imbuing the Indian with the same ideals of duty, honour, fair-play and good-comradeship between fellow-workers as the best type of *sahib* is traditionally supposed to possess. But the object cannot be attained by putting the ordinary Indian boy through the same educational machine as the *sahib*. The two

raw products are different and require different handling. The character of the Sikh, the Mohammedan and the Hindu can only flower if it is not cut off from Sikh, Mohammedan and Hindu tradition and religion. There is more educational virtue for an Indian Mohammedan in the Koran, the Persian poets and philosophers, and the modern writings of such men as Dr. Iqbal of Lahore, and for the Hindu in the Upanishads of old and Tagore of to-day, than in English text-books. To say this is not to overlook the immense interaction of Eastern and Western thought. Western thought has been profoundly coloured from the East at its very sources, firstly through the great Greek thinkers and secondly through Christianity. The great modern writers, such as Iqbal and Tagore, have been incalculably affected by Western thought and civilisation. Nietzsche and Bergson at the present time occupy Dr. Iqbal's attention, and he is publishing in the Persian language a study of these two philosophers.

The second difficulty is that the best and most liberal thought of the West is just the thought which the speculative and mystically minded East absorbs most readily into its system, where it sets up an explosive reaction entirely different in degree, if not in kind, from that which it works in the West. The particular attitude to life which most frequently results is a philosophical anarchism, which in the case of many young students, or *esprits faibles*, leads to revolutionary societies, terrorism, and the worship of the bomb, the revolver, and the knife. For the great ideal of Freedom, the service of love which is perfect freedom, at once the most essentially human and the most divine idea known to man, finds itself at war with another deep-seated instinct, the instinct of racial self-preservation. The racial question is rooted in reality, and the foolish sentiment which would attempt to ignore it, because of the equal reality of human brotherhood, is foredoomed to failure. The essential basis of it is eugenic. The sound instinct of any race, as of every living entity, is to preserve itself.

It was to prevent the possibility of inter-marriage that

the small handful of Englishmen, alone in the vast sub-continent of India, which would otherwise quickly absorb them, set up strict social barriers, just as in England, in India, and in every country in the world each class or caste sets up social barriers between itself and the classes into which it fears absorption. It was a sign of inferiority of race strength in the Portuguese that when they created a great colonial empire they did not possess this feeling in the same degree, and the result has been an accelerated decay.

The racial strength of Indians is enormous. They do not, any more than Europeans, wish to mingle their stocks or to inter-marry with Europe. There are instances of Indians and Europeans who have natural affinities and have made most happy marriages, but these individual cases are the rare exceptions that prove the rule. In general no Indian, except a misguided snob, wishes to marry a European on principle. His racial instinct leads him to his own people. But the vastness of India's population puts it in a very different position from the Europeans who have hitherto ruled the country. By inter-marriage India could absorb the few English with little effect upon herself, whereas the English stock would be continually in course of extinction. The English would be in the same position as the young lady of Riga, and the smile would be on the face of the tiger.

But English educational policy in the East, more particularly in India and Egypt, has ended in accentuating racial hatred in a further way which America would do well to note for future reference. Yet perhaps the lesson is more especially profitable for France, which seems in danger of turning her country, and above all her capital, into a coloured salad where all ingredients are heartily welcomed. It is a policy which works well for a long time in a liberal country, such as both England and France can claim to be. But in the end the salad turns the stomach of the people, and assuredly the Africans and Annamites who at present bask in French smiles on sunny boulevards will some day complain bitterly of a cold East wind. They will then call Republican fraternity and

equality much the same names as are now applied to boasted British freedom by disillusioned Bengalis when eating their way to the English Bar amidst the cold silence of Englishmen, who allege that the ancient amenities of the historic Inns of Court have become no more than a theatre where the sons of Oriental rice-fields learn to wrestle with knives and forks.

It was part of the great liberal educational scheme of the nineteenth century to bring the promising students of the East to England, that on their return to their own country they might radiate light and learning. That, as at present, they should only radiate heat was an entirely unforeseen result. Eastern students were for long a totally insignificant minority in England, and therefore did not arouse the English sense of racial danger. At first they were received as interesting and welcome guests on terms of complete equality, and met with far better social treatment from the English in England than from English officials in their own countries. But as their numbers increased the sense of danger has increased. More and more they are considered as emissaries from a mysterious Orient containing hundreds of millions to a small country into which too many foreign strains are already seeking to pour themselves. This has been the fate of the Indian students in the Public Schools, the Universities, and the Law Courts. At first they were treated socially exactly as if they were Englishmen, but as their numbers have increased social barriers have arisen against them. It is the same with all foreigners. It is obvious from the British Press that anti-Jewish feeling is very strong to-day, whereas thirty years ago it was little known, and an Englishman would have felt a certain shame in owning to it publicly. And in so far as Latins or Germans, or even Americans, who are more akin racially than either, show signs of penetrating British national and economic life there is an immediate reaction against them.

Nevertheless Orientals still receive more social consideration in Britain than they do from the British in their own countries; and though in the last ten years a very

remarkable and hopeful advance in this direction has been made in India and in Egypt in the very midst of unprecedented clouds of hatred, it has been the failure of the English-educated Oriental to find a sufficient number of openings for an honourable career in his own country that has fed the revolutionary societies and fanned the East's new hatred of the West. All revolutions are directed by an *intelligentsia*. In the East the West has made an *intelligentsia*, which has inevitably turned against it with passionate hatred.

We have to face the racial issue squarely. As we progress we lose the stupid sense of social superiority, and realise more the plain fact of difference. Except in our own estimation, which has no objective validity, we Europeans are not superior to Asiatics; nor they to us. But we are different, and to preserve our type we cannot afford to inter-marry our races in Europe, or to inter-marry with Asia. And for the British Commonwealth of Nations, as for the American Commonwealth, it would be a mad conception of unity to seek to create a hybrid race, some impossible jumble of insular Britons, Australians, Canadians, French Canadians, Dutch, Indians, and Africans. If the Commonwealth is to have at its disposal the spiritual treasure of all its parts, neither must England be Indianised nor India Anglicised. The true ideal would seem to be a great Commonwealth of free nations, wherein all shall develop themselves to the finest flower of their own natures, and be held together by a common loyalty to a great conception of liberty in unity.

It is therefore essential to cease to centralise or standardise our educational systems for East and West. Certain schools, Oxford University, and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, are all at present suffering from an attempt to make them wells of culture for differing civilisations. Men forget that it is only the students themselves in every generation who can maintain these wells as fresh, sweet springs of their own traditions. Swamp them with alien students, and you instantly alter the taste of your well. Both the new and the old students draw out a compound, which is but a poisonous chemical

result of the mingling of two good things not meant to be poured together. Or to vary the metaphor, we can only hope to draw up a miraculous draught—of queer fish.

The scheme now launched by which India is gradually to provide an increasing number of her own officers for the Indian Army is right and just, but the present attempt to produce these officers by sending Indian cadets to Sandhurst in the hope of turning out Indian replicas of British officers is foredoomed to failure. One can teach Indian cadets to crease their "slacks," and to wear their "Sam Brown" belts with an air, but it is not by purely English methods and through the difficult medium of the English language that first-class commissioned officers can be made. Indian officers will have to be trained in India in an Eastern military and air college. Indian history, Indian literature, Indian culture, and Indian patriotism are alone the basis of success.

There seems no reason why the new cleavage between the East and the West need be permanent. The answer lies largely with Great Britain, who is at present the principal sufferer, and with America, who is the greatest moral arbiter of our times. Britain has not lost her old instinct of political realism, and already is in process of adjusting herself to the new situation. Peace with Turkey, and Turkey's own proclamation of a Republic, coupled with the reduction in the grandeur of the Caliphate, are already making a difference. When the results of Britain's liberal post-war policy in India and Egypt have begun to mature, when the Mesopotamian adventure has been finally liquidated, and when Russia has become a settled state and made accommodation with the rest of the world, the fact that the British people is utterly devoid of appetite for further territory will become clearly evident to the East, and should produce a change of heart in Central Asia. The moral influence of America is already enormous, and is clearly destined to grow. If Britain and America have the same vision of just dealing in the West's relations with the East, the inner sense of the East will not fail to recognise this. It is difficult to suppose that a great clash between East and West can be altogether

avoided. There is no rule of justice that can completely resolve an opposition of economic interests between races anxious to preserve themselves, and to find land for surplus populations. But if India stays with Britain the British Commonwealth of Nations, already old in experience of the East, will be in a position to mediate in that clash, and prevent it from being a mere barbarian and gigantic colour war, which would certainly end most of the civilisation of this planet. If, on the other hand, India and Britain were to part company, it would be an ill day for the British Commonwealth; but for the civilisation we know, which in Europe's present collapse rests only on a precarious balance between East and West, it would be most serious of all.

THE ELECTION: WHAT IS TO FOLLOW?

BY W. PERMEWAN

WHEN Mr. Bonar Law was returned to power only twelve months ago by a large majority over Liberals and Labour combined, it looked as if he were destined to hold office for four years at least, and to have the distinction of settling, as far as they are capable of settlement, the disturbed conditions of Europe. His aspiration for "tranquillity" seemed likely to be translated into fact. Fate, which cannot be foretold, has, however, "intervened darkly"—to use Thackeray's poignant phrase—and that quick brain is now inactive, and that noble heart stilled for ever. To him has succeeded Mr. Baldwin, a comparatively unknown and untried statesman. I could not foresee the death of Mr. Bonar Law, but I could, and did in fact, foretell, in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, that if he was driven by his supporters, or by his own initiative, to bring the issue of Protection again into the political field, "tranquillity" would be replaced by bitter conflict. What in these circumstances would have happened to Mr. Bonar Law has now happened to his successor. He has acted as an honest man. Though not technically bound by Mr. Bonar Law's well-known pledge, Mr. Baldwin considered that he was bound by it in honour; and he has now appealed to the people to set him free, and to allow him to take the course he thinks the only one which holds out any hope of improving the terrible conditions under which the country is labouring.

The issue he put to the electorate can really be summed up in one proposition—that unemployment is a fearful evil, and has reached such undreamt-of proportions that he sees no way of dealing with it except by a measure of Protection. Upon unemployment he has concentrated his efforts throughout his campaign; he has steadily refused to be drawn into the discussion of any other question, and on his remedy for it he has elected to stand or fall. Yet, in order to judge the meaning of the verdict of the con-

stituencies, it is necessary that his full programme should be here set forth. On the very eve of the election he issued an appeal to the electors, of which the following is a summary:—

“To-morrow you will be called upon to vote on an issue of the most far-reaching importance to the future welfare of this country and the prosperity of its people.

“It is unnecessary for me to draw a picture of the unexampled unemployment from which this country has been suffering during the past four years. You yourselves have seen the suffering which it has created. Indeed, many of you have borne the heaviest weight of the burden with a patience and fortitude which are characteristic of our people.

“The cause of the trade depression which has produced this state of unemployment is to be found mainly in the chaos created by the Great War, which has robbed this country of many of its pre-war markets. For the past three years successive Governments have done their utmost, by means of temporary remedies, to lessen the extent of the evil in the hope that European conditions might become sufficiently restored to effect a permanent improvement in our industrial situation. But during the past year events have made it plain that the restoration of Europe has been postponed for many years.

“Such was the position with which I was confronted when this winter began. There seemed to be little prospect of regaining the European markets upon which this country largely relied before the war. On the other hand, many foreign countries, owing to the low rate of wages prevailing and the depreciation in their exchanges, were able to export goods to this country at prices with which our industries were totally unable to compete. Thus our industries had to face not only the loss of many of our foreign markets, but also an unfair competition with foreign countries in our own markets. The inevitable consequence was unemployment on a scale hitherto unknown in this country. Over a million of our people are still unemployed; and behind them is growing up a younger generation, many of whom, in the absence of an improve-

ment of our industrial conditions, can have little hope for the future, and will be faced with the same hardships as those which now confront us.

“The Alternatives.”

“There were two alternatives open to me. The first was to continue to deal with the situation by means of palliative measures similar to those which had been adopted in the past. But, knowing as I did that these could not provide a permanent remedy, I decided that this was not an honourable course of action. There remained the other alternative—to appeal to the country without delay in order to secure a mandate for the only solution which appeared to me to go to the root of our troubles. The details of my policy have been laid before the country; but, in brief, the Government propose to protect our industries from the unfair competition of foreign countries, and thus to stimulate home production and enable our industries to give more work and more employment to the numbers of our own people who are out of work.

“In regard to staple foodstuffs which have been excluded from the scope of the Government’s proposals there can be no argument. Wheat, flour, meat (including bacon and ham), butter, cheese, eggs, will be imported into this country precisely as they are to-day.

“What we propose to do is to impose duties on imported manufactured goods where the circumstances of the case demand such action. As regards these, I do not believe that our proposals will result in any general increase of price to the consumer, in view of the fact that the growth of home production and the consequent development of normal competition will operate to keep prices at their former level. Moreover, the development of production will lead to a diminution of unemployment, an increase in the number of our wage-earners, greater purchasing capacity, and, consequently, a greater demand for our home products.

“Pending the full development of our policy, the

Government, if returned to power, will continue to devote their energies to measures of emergency relief which can help in the direction of giving increased work for the people of this country.

"They will also steadfastly persist in their attempts to promote a settlement of the problems which now beset Europe. They have welcomed the recent indications that this country and her Allies may have the sympathy of the United States of America in their task, and they hope that by means of friendly co-operation with France, Italy and Belgium, Europe may be gradually brought back to peace and prosperity. No other party in the State has shown greater anxiety or determination to preserve the friendship which unites this country to France. In our endeavours to promote a settlement we shall continue to be mindful of the ties of sentiment which unite our two great countries and seek to reconcile them with the interests of the British Empire, which must always remain our primary consideration.

"Aid for Agriculture.

"The Government at the same time have proposed as part of their policy to grant substantial assistance to Agriculture, the most important of our national industries, by the grant of a subsidy of £1 an acre on all holdings of arable land exceeding one acre, provided that the employer pays a wage to his labourers of not less than 30s. a week. This step should make the prelude to a period of greater prosperity for all workers on the land.

"These are the fundamental issues at stake in the appeal which I have made to the country."

The Liberal programme was a long and wordy document consisting mainly in a reiteration of the classical objections to tariffs and denying that in them is to be found any solution of the question of unemployment. Certain suggestions were also made as to the use of the national credit (to which I refer later) and attention directed to the Liberal measures for the relief of Agriculture, and to Housing, Temperance, and Land Reform. Liberal foreign policy was put into the forefront of the

appeal, because in the judgment of the Liberal leaders it was in the restoration of Europe that the key to the improvement of British trade was to be sought. That foreign policy consisted of the settlement of Reparations and "a due consideration for the position of interallied debts." The aid of America was again to be sought, and full support given to the League of Nations. "They would welcome the reopening of full relations with Russia."

As to any policy of Protection, "Trade restrictions cannot cure unemployment. Post-war conditions do not justify such restriction; they merely render it more disastrous." The Liberal policy on unemployment was quite different from Protection on the one hand, or Socialism and the Capital Levy on the other. It consisted in the bold use of the national credit on enterprises that would be of permanent benefit to this country and the Empire. These comprised the cheapening of transport both by land and sea, afforestation, cheap power, reclamation of waste land, railway building in the Dominions and Crown Colonies, and the "facilitation of oversea settlement under the British flag." The Insurance Acts should be overhauled with a view to providing a reasonable subsistence to a man and his family without aid from Poor Law Relief, and the cost of this should be not a local but a national charge.

Agriculture deserved special consideration. The farmer would only be injured by import duties on what he buys. What he required was stability of prices, greater capital resources, security of tenure, safeguarding against unfair rents, and improved transportation of his products to the markets. Smallholdings should be encouraged, and facilities for the purchase of his holding on reasonable terms should be effected by legislation. The labourer deserved a higher standard of living, and this also—it is not explained how—should be secured to him.

Finally the importance of Housing, as a national and not merely a local problem, should be recognised, and there should be at present no further decontrol of rents. Temperance would be promoted by a system of Local

Option; and reforms in Local Government, in the system of Rating and in Poor Law administration, should no longer be delayed.

It will be observed that many of these proposals involve very large increase in the national expenditure; what was not indicated was how the money was to be found, without adding intolerably to the present burden of taxation. Such, however, was the Liberal programme.

The main proposal of the Labour Party was a Capital Levy. As will be seen by a perusal of their manifesto, this suggested measure is now christened "a non-recurring graduated War Debt Redemption Levy," and is put rather inconspicuously in the middle of a paragraph, headed, attractively, "Relief for the Taxpayer."

The programme is worth reproducing at length:—

THE LABOUR PROGRAMME.

"After a year of barren effort the Conservative Government has admitted its inability to cope with the problem of unemployment, and is seeking to cover up its failure by putting the nation to the trouble and expense of an election on the tariff issue.

"Tariffs No Remedy."

"The Labour Party challenges the tariff policy and the whole conception of economic relations underlying it. Tariffs are not a remedy for unemployment.

"'Work or Maintenance.'

"Unemployment is a recurrent feature of the existing economic system, common to every industrial country, irrespective of whether it has Protection or Free Trade. The Labour Party alone has a positive remedy for it.

"Unemployment Programme."

"The Labour Party has urged the immediate adoption of national schemes of productive work, with adequate maintenance for those who cannot obtain employment to earn a livelihood for themselves and their families.

"The Labour programme of national work includes

the establishment of a national system of electrical power supply, the development of transport by road, rail and canal, and the improvement of national resources by land drainage, reclamation, afforestation, town planning and housing schemes.

"Help for Agriculture."

"Agriculture, as the largest and most essential of the nation's industries, calls for special measures to restore its prosperity and to give the land workers a living wage. The Labour policy is one that will develop agriculture and raise the standard of rural life by establishing machinery for regulating wages with an assured minimum, providing credit and State insurance facilities for farmers and small-holders, promoting and assisting co-operative methods in production and distribution, so as to help to stabilise prices, and make the fullest use of the results of research.

"The Land."

"The Labour Party proposes to restore to the people their lost rights in the land, including minerals, and to that end will work for re-equipping the Land Valuation Department, securing to the community the economic rent of land and facilitating the acquisition of land for public use.

"Peace Among the Nations."

"Labour's vision of an ordered world embraces the nations now torn with enmity and strife. It stands, therefore, for a policy of international co-operation through a strengthened and enlarged League of Nations; the settlement of disputes by conciliation and judicial arbitration; the immediate calling by the British Government of an International Conference (including Germany on terms of equality) to deal with the revision of the Versailles Treaty, especially reparations and debts; and the resumption of free economic and diplomatic relations with Russia.

"Relief for the Taxpayer."

"Labour condemns the failure of the Government to take steps to reduce the dead-weight war debt. Treasury

experts, in evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, expressed their view that a tax on war fortunes could be levied, and have therefore admitted both the principle and its practicability. A Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer, in consultation with Treasury experts, would at once work out a scheme to impose a non-recurring, graduated War Debt Redemption Levy on all individual fortunes in excess of £5,000, to be devoted solely to the reduction of the debt.

"The saving thus effected, with reduction of expenditure on armaments, other sane economies, and the increased revenue derived from taxation of land values, would make it possible to reduce the burden of income tax, abolish not only the food duties, but also the entertainments tax and the corporation profits tax, as well as provide money for necessary social services.

"Commonwealth of Co-operative Service.

"The Labour Party is working for the creation of a commonwealth of co-operative service. It will apply in a practical spirit the principle of public ownership and control to the mines, the railway service and the electrical power stations, and the development of municipal services.

"Labour's Practical Idealism.

"The Labour Party submits to the men and women of the country its full programme. It urges them to refuse to make this General Election a wretched partisan squabble about mean and huckstering policies. It appeals to all citizens to take a generous and courageous stand for right and justice, to believe in the possibility of building up a sane and ordered society, to oppose the squalid materialism that dominates the world to-day, and to hold out their hands in friendship and good will to the struggling peoples everywhere who want only freedom, security, and a happier life."

It would be impossible and, if possible, highly unprofitable, to attempt anything like a summary of the multitudinous speeches which were poured like a cataract upon the country during the fortnight's duration of the

election. Some idea of their number may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Lloyd George alone delivered sixty speeches. But it is useful here to note some features of the campaign which illustrate what is the real meaning of the decision to which the country has come.

The chief interest was, of course, concentrated on the utterances of the Prime Minister. Mr. Baldwin is not, in common parlance, an orator; he has none of the tricks of the trade. His speeches were plain, unadorned statements of facts and beliefs. They resembled more the speeches of a chairman at the annual meeting of his company than the ordinary run of political deliverances. There is not a word in them imputing unworthy motives to his opponents; they lay claim to no infallibility; but they were plain, easily read and easily understood statements of the evils of unemployment, and the remedies he proposed to apply. Nobody who read them could doubt that he was a sincere man, and opinion gradually strengthened that he was an able one. He was far away the greatest asset to the Conservative Party. The next most impressive speaker in very much the same vein was Sir Robert Horne. He spoke with the authority of an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and with the experience of a business man. Mr. Neville Chamberlain was almost equally effective.

Lord Birkenhead, by his series of speeches in Lancashire and elsewhere, proved that when he chooses to lay aside his own favourite method of invective he possesses a clear brain and a most powerful capacity of stating a case such as he has for so long displayed in the practice of his own profession.

The Liberal orators—I put them in the order of the violence of their speeches—Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Asquith and Sir John Simon, pitched their utterances in a high key. "Criminal," "crazy," "the act of a madman," were the least of the epithets applied to Mr. Baldwin's proposals.

Even Mr. Asquith fell into the temptation to use adjectives which were so strong that they ceased to qualify or to convince. As to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, one was irresistibly reminded of Disraeli's description of

two *prime donne* in one opera each endeavouring to out-scream the other.

Great as is the effect on the actual audience at the moment of the rhetoric of these two gentlemen, it is open to question whether the Free Trade cause really benefited by their campaign. As Mr. Baldwin put it: "It cannot have been an unmixed blessing . . . to Liberals . . . to read the rollicking speeches of their new leader, Mr. Lloyd George, and his reckless banter in the presence of one of the most intractable problems that have ever faced a British statesman." After all, the time has gone by to impute to opponents either lunacy or crime. Nor were some of the arguments used by the mass of Free Trade advocates anything more than matters of dialectics. Thus a favourite dilemma put to Mr. Baldwin was that if the duties he proposed kept out foreign goods there would be no proceeds from those duties from which to subsidise agriculture or reduce duties on tea and sugar, or, alternatively, that if there were proceeds from these duties there could be no protection. Of course the solution of the dilemma is that some goods would be kept out, thus protecting home manufactures, but that some would come in, thus producing revenue. Another plea much resorted to in shipowning and shipbuilding ports like Liverpool was that British shipping beat the world, and that the reason for the growth of German shipping before the war was that Germany allowed all materials in free of duties. Of course, as Germany herself produced the iron and steel necessary for shipbuilding, that freedom from duty was of more ideal than real effect, and in any case, supposing it to have been effective, it was only an example of the discriminating tariff which Mr. Baldwin was advocating.

The Labour leaders, it is only fair to admit, probably suffered from an insufficient reporting of their speeches. Yet those speeches which were reported did not carry great conviction with them. Their great panacea, the Capital Levy, seemed rather out of date. Mr. Snowden conceded that it would have been more appropriate and more productive if it had been practised four years ago, when

profiteering was at its height and war fortunes enormous and easily commandeered. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was eager in claiming that the levy was only to be used once, and was not to be recurrent. That, of course, was to promise more than he was in a position to make good, but the mere fact that he made the promise was eloquent of his feeling that the proposal raised the instinctive alarm of great masses of the electorate. Some Labour candidates went much further. Thus, one candidate, when asked what was the intention of the Labour Party, if returned to power, as regards the payment of interest on War Loan, War Savings Certificates and War Stock, said: "My answer to that question is that we should repudiate it." That was a bitter pill to swallow by the hundreds of thousands of small investors in these securities.

The result of the election was to destroy the predominant position of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons. Instead of the 346 members with which he went to the country, Mr. Baldwin came back with but 255. Obviously his appeal had not been answered by a mandate, or indeed with a possibility of putting into force the fiscal changes which he considered necessary. Obviously, also, he could be displaced by the united action of the Liberal and Labour members. All they had to do was to table a resolution condemning Protection, and the Government could not escape defeat. Still, his party remained much the strongest of all three. That was a fact that could not be got over. Though it is the fashion to talk of "gains" and "losses" by the various parties, that is an erroneous method of looking at the result of the election. At a General Election all members of Parliament cease to exist as such, and a new House of Commons must be taken to represent the views of the country at the moment that House is chosen. What emerged, therefore, from the appeal to the country was a body of 255 Conservative members, notably stronger than any of the other two parties taken singly.

The Liberals, although about 40 more in number than in the last Parliament, were not left in an enviable position. They were 100 fewer than their Conservative rivals and

were clearly unable of themselves to form a Government. They had in addition suffered losses in regard to some of their individual prominent men. Thus Mr. Winston Churchill had failed to find a seat; Mr. McCurdy, the lieutenant of Mr. Lloyd George, had been defeated; and Sir Donald Maclean, their leader in the Parliament of 1918, was not returned to the House. Practically the only first-rate Liberals who had seats in the new Parliament were Mr. Asquith, Sir John Simon, and, most important of all, Mr. Lloyd George. Sir Alfred Mond, in common with several others of the National Liberals, had lost his seat. The strength of the Liberal Party lay not in their numbers, nor in the quality of their members, but in the fact that on the main issue, that of Free Trade and Protection, they had been the chief protagonists, and, in most parts of the country, their views had prevailed. Their most notable victories had been in Lancashire. Thus Manchester, which before the election had returned nothing but Conservatives or Labour members, had now only one Tory to represent it. A more unexpected success was in Liverpool—the Tory Gibraltar—where two Liberals had beaten Conservatives, an almost unexampled phenomenon in the history of the city. The neighbouring constituencies had also forsaken the Conservative cause. The Southport division of Lancashire and the Wirral division of Cheshire both returned Liberal members. Not only so, but in Liverpool itself the majorities of the Conservative members fell to most exiguous proportions; and Sir Leslie Scott, though opposed by an Irishman who had been formally disowned by his own leader, only retained his seat in Exchange by 229 votes. Clearly Liverpool was afraid of Protection. Lancashire as a whole stood for Free Trade.

It is impossible here to analyse in detail the Liberal gains and losses, for they had defeats as well as victories. It was ominous for the future of the party that its losses were not merely nor mainly to Conservatives. They suffered defeat at the hands of many Labour candidates in straight fights between the two parties. That fact may well give them pause in the midst of their triumph. So,

too, may the fact that while they are only about 150 in number Labour has nearly reached 200. If the Conservatives are unable to carry on the government of the country, the Liberals are in a still more impossible position, and the Labour Party still remains, until the Government resigns or is beaten, the official Opposition. That is an ominous fact, and in the light of it it is difficult to maintain that Liberalism as such, apart from the Free Trade question, has a predominating hold on the country as a whole.

The increase of the Labour representation has come as a surprise to both Liberal and Conservative politicians. It seems to show that the Capital Levy has no terrors for the masses of the workers, and that they are cherishing hopes that Socialism and nationalisation and the rest of the Labour programme are becoming increasingly and rapidly the faith of great sections of the people. Another consideration which must be disquieting to thoughtful and old-fashioned Liberals is this: that although for the purpose of turning out the Tory Government Labour candidates professed their belief in Free Trade, there is grave reason to suspect that this attitude is far from being dictated by real conviction, and that at no distant date, when they no longer require Liberal support, they will jettison Free Trade and become as Protectionist as their fellows in France and Germany. It is only two years ago that the Trade Union Congress carried a Protectionist resolution by a large majority. That may well repeat itself, and if it does the Liberals will find that in giving help to the Labour Party, as they did at this election, they have cut the ground from under their feet and have put Labour into power. When that takes place, then Liberals will have to consider whether the dangers of an extension of the present protection we have under the Safeguarding of Industries Act are or are not greater than the far-reaching Socialistic, not to say predatory, measures which the Labour Party will proceed to put into operation. The Liberal victory may well turn out to be a Pyrrhic triumph.

What, then, is to be the immediate and the remote result of the General Election? One clear result is that Mr. Baldwin will be unable to carry out his scheme of

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Protection on which he appealed to the country. For the moment he has failed; and whether he resigns at once or waits for a defeat in Parliament his power has gone. Let us assume, as is to be expected, that he is defeated and his Government disappears. What Government is to replace it? It is a question which it is impossible to answer; precedent gives no help, for there has never been a precedent; but one thing is quite clear, viz., that with the present Parliament there can be nothing but a Coalition Government again. If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is called upon—as the leader of the next largest party to the Conservatives—he will still be in an enormous minority in the House. He might form a Government, but it would be an impotent one. The moment he tried to put into operation the Socialistic measures which his followers supported at the election, both Liberals and Conservatives would turn him out. The Liberal case is still worse: they have more able and experienced leaders and might patch up a Ministry, but it would be the very opposite of a Liberal Ministry, a mere *fainéant* association of men drawing salaries and doing nothing in return for them.

What, then, is to be the Coalition which alone can carry on the King's Government? The mention of Coalition at once directs attention to the name of Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Lloyd George's own personal following—the National Liberals—have nearly all gone from the scene. He has lost Sir Alfred Mond and Mr. McCurdy, and there are none to replace them. Nominally he has joined Mr. Asquith and has declared his readiness to serve under him, but it is not unfair to ask how far has that union really gone? And how far would it survive the promptings of ambition in the mind of Mr. Lloyd George? The possibility at the moment of a revival of the Centre Party seems absolutely remote. Both Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead have committed themselves irretrievably to Protection. Lord Derby has gradually been led on to adopt item after item of the Protectionist programme, which Mr. Lloyd George regards as "unutterable folly." There seems not the slightest probability of any of these politicians joining hands with Mr. Lloyd George in a fresh Ministry.

There remains a Coalition, or an understanding, or a working arrangement with the Labour Party. I cannot believe that Mr. Asquith would lend himself for the sake of office—and uneasy office at that—to any such course. If the Premiership is offered to him he would find it impossible to accept it. But with Mr. Lloyd George it is quite different. His objection to the Labour Party has always been not so much that it is Socialistic as that votes given to it were necessarily withheld from the Liberals. His inclinations are always to the Left, and it seems to me that it is quite a reasonable possibility that the eventual issue of the Parliamentary deadlock that now exists will be to see Mr. Lloyd George at the head of a Government partly Liberal, partly Labour, whose programme would not be very far removed from that which the Labour Party put forward at this election.

Conditions are so unprecedented, as I have said, that it seems useless to argue as to what is the constitutional course for his Majesty to pursue in the event of Mr. Baldwin's resignation. But I should suppose that as the Conservatives still remain the largest party in the House, the first thing to do will be to try to induce some other Conservative leader to form a new Government. That possible Prime Minister will have to be one who abandoned Protection as a present issue. If so, he would find it impossible to secure the support of a large number of his followers. It seems very unlikely that any responsible Conservative Minister would consent to try such a hopeless task.

We then come to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He is the leader of the Opposition. Would he find it possible to undertake the reins of office? Clearly the only other party with which he could associate himself would be the Liberal Party. Could he get the support of a sufficient number of Liberals if he were to undertake to drop some of his extreme proposals, the Capital Levy for example? And has he enough able men in his ranks to fill what posts he would retain for his supporters in his Government? And if he did water down his programme, would he keep the adhesion of his own extreme followers? It seems unlikely that any of these contingencies would in fact occur.

Then, too, from his own point of view he may think that time is with him; that another election would increase still further the number of his party, and that if, as we must suppose, he is really determined to carry out the Labour programme, he will do well to wait. All these questions are to the last degree problematical. Time alone can show; but personally I am inclined to predict that after a period of disturbed political adventures, Mr. Lloyd George may find himself joined up with Labour in an administration.

Beyond the immediate future there arises the still more important question as to how the continuance of three parties not overwhelmingly differing from one another in strength is to be made to fit our constitutional methods. Liberals in this election have professed a horror of minority rule. Can any alteration of electoral methods, *e.g.*, the Second Ballot, Proportional Representation, or any other device get over the difficulty? I doubt it exceedingly. The necessity for a strong Government was never more urgent than in these times, when foreign politics are of the first importance. That necessity, to my mind, formed the greatest objection to Mr. Baldwin's adventure, and a strong, homogeneous, authoritative Government can alone cope with the problems of Europe to-day.

So, too, if, or when, the Labour Party becomes powerful enough to assume the Government and put into practice its proposals, then will probably emerge a party—no matter by what name it is called—which will act in opposition to it. And probably that time is not far off. Then the Liberals will see that they have been wanting in prevision in making Free Trade a matter of faith, and not, as it is, merely a matter of economics. For assuredly they cannot trust the Labour Party to maintain it.

THE ANSWER OF DEMOS

By J. A. R. MARRIOTT, M.P.

THERE is an antique story—internal evidence dates it as pre-democratic-flood—of an Oxford undergraduate who, after enlarging upon the merits and demerits of the “working classes,” candidly confessed that he had been guilty of the logical fallacy of generalising from a single instance—his own scout. A politician who, having barely emerged from the political fray, is suddenly called upon to comment on the general result is only too likely to be entrapped in the same fallacy. My standpoint shall, however, be as detached and impersonal as possible.

At the General Election just concluded a single question was put to the electorate. This tendency to ask for a mandate on a single, and, as far as possible, a simple issue grows with the growth of “democracy” and with the extension of the suffrage. Sound or unsound, it is inevitable. There was no such clear issue in 1832 or in 1835; still less in 1837, in 1841, in 1847 or in 1852; but the election of 1857 was as much a vote of confidence in Lord Palmerston as was that of 1918 in Mr. Lloyd George. When Lord Derby went to the country in 1859 the issues were as blurred as they were in 1865. In 1867, however, Disraeli shot Niagara; household suffrage was established in the towns, and in 1868 the election was fought definitely on the question of the Irish Church. The Conservative triumph in 1874 was due less to the emergence of any single question than to a growing mistrust of Gladstone; to the essential conservatism of the English people; to their craving for tranquillity and a horror of forcing the political pace. Similar considerations contributed to the Liberal victory in 1880; but this time it was Disraeli's personality and policy which had aroused the mistrust of this conservative people. The New Imperialism which was the essential mainspring of Disraeli's foreign policy might inspire the few and dazzle the many, but it had not yet convinced the

majority. In 1880 Disraeli paid the penalty which in English politics always awaits the statesman who is ahead of public opinion. The 1885 election, coming immediately after the extension of household suffrage to the counties, was only a bouquet thrown by the agricultural labourers to the man who had just enfranchised them. That of 1886 turned on the single and definite issue of Home Rule for Ireland; and that of 1895 hardly less clearly; but that of 1892 was more ambiguous. The election of 1900 was coloured by khaki and was interpreted—not untruly—as a vote of confidence in Lord Milner and Mr. Chamberlain. Perhaps to the latter's undoing. From a triumphal progress in South Africa Mr. Chamberlain returned in March, 1903, only to find, to his chagrin, that his colleagues had decided to repeal the registration duty of 1s. per quarter on imported wheat—a duty which had only been revived in 1902. The duty had already produced £2,000,000 of revenue without affecting the price of bread; but the strict Free Traders were up in arms. They were afraid lest even so minute a duty should open the door to a revival of Protection. Nor can it be doubted that the advocates of an inter-Imperial trade policy, both at home and in the Colonies, did regard the 1s. duty with the gratitude born of the expectation of preferences to come. *Principiis obsta* was the retort of the Free Traders.

Mr. Chamberlain promptly took up the challenge. In a speech at Birmingham (May 15th, 1903) he unfurled the flag of Tariff Reform and boldly declared himself in favour of a complete reversal of the fiscal policy pursued for the last half-century, of preference for Colonial products, and of the imposition of retaliatory duties against those foreign countries which had erected tariff barriers against British goods.

Thus was the campaign inaugurated which ended in the Leipsic of 1906, in the Waterloo of 1923. Mr. Chamberlain displayed untiring vigour in attack, but the Free Trade citadel was not to be taken by storm; still less could it be mined by the philosophical dexterity of Mr. Balfour. Hopelessly divided on the Tariff question, the Unionist Party secured in 1906 only 157 seats. The issue was not,

indeed, quite so clear in 1906 as in 1923, for the Radicals were smarting under the Education Act of 1902, and, moreover, made great play, for electoral purposes, with the somewhat disingenuous cry of "Chinese Slavery." Still, the temper of the electorate on the question of Free Trade and Protection was manifested in a fashion which none could misinterpret.

Not less clear was the issue submitted to the constituencies in the two elections of 1910. The electors then decided that financial control and the power of taxation must rest exclusively with the House of Commons, and that even in respect to ordinary legislation the House of Lords must henceforward take a strictly subordinate place. Eight years later a greatly enlarged electorate, including for the first time some 9,000,000 women, gave a vote of confidence to the statesman who during the war had displayed high courage and incomparable energy, and entrusted him with the task of making terms of peace, as the representative not of a party, but of the nation.

A further four years of Coalition government served to reveal the inconveniences (to use no stronger or harsher term) attaching to that species of administration, and in 1922 the nation manifested a decided preference for a return to party government, and indicated with no uncertain voice its desire for a period of tranquillity and repose. But the fates were unkind. Death robbed the victorious party of a singularly sagacious leader; Europe refused to be tranquillised; while at home the problem of unemployment, which during the last three years had become acute, proved unexpectedly obstinate. Instead of yielding, as had been hoped, to the application of palliatives, the disease showed ominous signs of becoming chronic. A Prime Minister, of conspicuous courage and unquestioned honesty, came to the conclusion that the powers he possessed were inadequate for the solution of so grave a problem, and that he could no longer be responsible for the conduct of the Government, unless, on a direct appeal, the electorate was prepared to release the executive and the legislature from the pledge given by Mr. Bonar Law that no drastic change in the fiscal system of the country

should be proposed to the Parliament elected in 1922. The majority given to the Conservatives at that election was rightly interpreted to mean that the nation, weary of strife, excursions and alarms, craved a period of rest and recuperation.

What hope, however, could there be of social tranquillity or of economic recuperation, so long as one in ten of the wage-earners of the country were wholly unemployed or were working on short time? In close contact with statesmen from the Dominions who were habituated to the idea of high tariffs, whose minds were bent on the development of inter-Imperial trade by means of preferential duties, above all profoundly impressed by the gravity of the disease of unemployment, and convinced that it would yield only to drastic treatment, the Prime Minister appealed to the country for a mandate.

No election has ever been fought in this country on a more direct issue. By general consent the industrial situation was grave; more than a million acres of arable land had gone out of cultivation since the Armistice; over 45,000 agricultural labourers had lost their jobs; the depreciated state of many foreign exchanges made it difficult for some of our best customers to buy from us, and easy for them to sell to us; some of the staple industries were gravely menaced by competition which, under prevailing conditions, might bring a temporary advantage to the English consumer, but were certain in the long run to penalise him. On the other hand, there was an ever-increasing body of evidence to prove that the McKenna tariff on light motor cars and the operation of the duties imposed under the Act for the safeguarding of industries—an Act warmly commended to the country by Free Trade Liberals of such unimpeachable orthodoxy as Sir Alfred Mond and Mr. H. A. L. Fisher—were yielding unexpectedly favourable results. Free Trade logicians have never tired of propounding the time-honoured dilemma as to the incompatibility of revenue and Protection. A tariff, it is admitted, may give you a revenue; but if it does, it will fail to afford protection to home industries; it may protect the manufacturer, but it will not then give you a revenue. *Solvitur*

ambulando. The fiscal reformer has refused to be impaled on either horn of the dilemma, and has appealed to the teachings of experience. An English audience is never greatly impressed by foreign examples. It is apt to suspect that the positions are not comparable, perhaps not wholly without reason. To the arguments that the United States of America derives the bulk of its revenue from indirect taxation, and that it, nevertheless, contrives to protect its own industrialists; that it can reconcile high wages with high profits; that behind a tariff wall, recently raised, the unemployed have been rapidly absorbed into industry, the Englishman is apt stolidly to retort that America is not England.

Nor is it. An appeal to insular experience is on an entirely different plane of effectiveness. If it can be shown by native examples that the imposition of a tariff on imported articles of foreign manufactures has simultaneously yielded a revenue and protected the home producer; has extended the area of employment without increasing prices to the consumer, the argument can be driven home. Fortunately for Tariff Reformers such an illustration was provided by the recent experience of the motor car industry in this country.

The McKenna duties, as every elector in Great Britain has been made aware, imposed a 33½ per cent. duty on motor cars and their parts, excluding tyres and commercial vehicles. The import duties collected during the years 1919-1922 amounted to a total of £7,500,000—a sum which, if not imposing, was far from negligible. Foreign cars have not, therefore, been excluded from the English market, but foreign manufacturers have been compelled to pay a licence for the privilege of selling in this country. Nor have they recovered the cost of those licences from the English consumer. Taking six of the best-known American cars, prices in the United States have, on the average, decreased since 1919 by 12 per cent. Prices of the same cars have decreased in England by approximately 25 per cent. To take only one famous illustration. Before the imposition of a tariff, a two-seater "Morris" car cost approximately £250, whereas to-day, on Mr. Morris's

own showing, a car larger and better equipped is being sold at £198. Nor has this dose of Protection resulted, as was frequently predicted, in a diminution of the export trade in the protected commodity. On the contrary, the export of British cars during the past nine months shows an increase of 83 per cent. over 1922.

The truth is, of course, that the enlarged output at home decreases costs and thus gives the English manufacturer a better chance of competing on favourable terms in neutral markets. The famous Oxford Company already quoted is now turning out over 500 cars per week as against an output, before the imposition of the McKenna tariff, of some 500-750 per annum.

But the statistics of the motor car industry leave the average English housewife cold. Motor cars do not enter into her weekly budget; though it is otherwise, as Mr. Henry Ford has lately taught us, in the United States. When English audiences were informed from numberless platforms that the wholesale selling price of an aluminium German teapot was 1s. 8d., as against 3s. 2½d. for the corresponding English article; of foreign stove brushes was 5s. 9d. per dozen against 10s.; of Belgian blacking brushes was 4s. 6d. against 10s.; of Belgian brooms 5s. against 10s.; of French suède gloves was 66s. against 114s.; of German hosiery (silk) 48s. per dozen against 120s., they asked themselves, perhaps selfishly but not unnaturally, why they should not avail themselves of the advantages which, however precariously, they do for the moment enjoy. The advocates of Protection are, in short, too apt to forget that of any given audience 100 per cent. are consumers, while only a relatively small proportion are directly engaged in production.

The urbanisation and industrialisation of England during the last hundred years has in truth resulted in a highly artificial situation. The war brought the truth home to every housekeeper. The cost of living, hitherto a matter for statistical experts, provided a subject for discussion on every doorstep, and over every counter in the land. Wages were adjusted to the rising or falling scale. Such a popular education in economics had never before formed part of

the general curriculum. Hence the emphatic repudiation of an intention to tax essential foodstuffs imported from abroad. The repudiation was, however, received with a considerable degree of suspicion and incredulity.

Nor was it quite an easy task to expose the fallacy which underlay the conundrum propounded by the advocates of free imports. Why, they asked, are you afraid to propose an import duty on foodstuffs if it be true that such duties do not raise the price of the commodities to the consumer? Even to the initiated the "incidence" of taxation is a problem not devoid of difficulty, and I often noted an expression of bewilderment, if not of incredulity, when I attempted to translate into the simplest terms a rather intricate economic argument. The better instructed could, of course, perceive that the incidence depends on the circumstances; that in the case of necessities or monopolies the tax will as a rule be paid by the purchaser, while in the case of goods which can be produced in practically unlimited quantities in half a dozen competing countries (including your own) the foreign competitor will generally be willing to forgo a portion of his profit in order to gain access to your market. Nevertheless, when candour had compelled the admission that a tax on foodstuffs would (things being as they are) increase the price to the consumer, the Man in the Street—and still more the housewife—accepted with hesitation the assurance that a similar effect would not be produced by a similar duty on tin kettles or brooms.

To those who are themselves near the margin of decent subsistence the argument against "dumping," however economically sound, must necessarily appear somewhat hollow and unconvincing. And there can be no question that it was upon the "cost of living"—not of *food* only—that the issue in the vast majority of constituencies turned. Working-class folk are far from lacking in compassion for those who have genuinely sought work and cannot find it; but the shrewder among them suspect that had the "dole" been administered more strictly there would be fewer unemployed to-day, while the more tender-hearted are of opinion that it is the business of the State (*i.e.*, of the direct

taxpayer) to provide maintenance for the workless, instead of running the risk of a general rise of prices against those who, though employed, have little margin to gamble with.

War experience, so recent and so painful, has produced curiously contradictory results: on the one hand it has implanted in the mind of the consumer generally and the housewife in particular a dread of high prices, and has suggested to them a causal connection between such prices and the restriction of imports; on the other hand it has given many hardened Free Traders cause to think furiously and to reconsider their position. After all, no Free Trader need be ashamed to find himself in the company of Adam Smith, and no one has stated the limitations to the general policy of Free Trade with greater lucidity or more emphasis than the father of English economics.

"There seem," writes Adam Smith (*Wealth of Nations*, Bk. IV, c. ii), "to be two cases in which it will generally be advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign for the encouragement of domestic industry. . . . There are two others in which it may sometimes be a matter of deliberation; in the one, how far it is proper to continue the free importation of certain foreign goods; and, in the other, how far, or in what manner, it may be proper to restore that free importation after it has been for some time interrupted."

The first clear case is where national security is concerned: "Defence is of much more importance than opulence." This argument covers the whole field of "key" industries, and its validity is now so generally acknowledged as to demand no further illustration. It constitutes a virtual admission that the sphere of the Economist is strictly limited, that the validity of his conclusions is conditioned by the Economic hypothesis, and that where his function ends that of the statesman and the legislator begins. To the latter belongs the task of determining policy. His duty is to take a large view of the situation, and to balance the narrow or Economic considerations, if need be, against considerations suggested by the necessities of national security, and the moral and physical well-being of the people as a whole.

"The second case," says Adam Smith, "in which it will generally be advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign for the encouragement of domestic industry is where some tax is imposed at home upon the produce of the latter. In this case it seems reasonable that an equal tax should be imposed upon the like produce of the former." Adam Smith had primarily in mind, no doubt, Excise duties, but the argument plainly covers the case of the comparative burden of taxation. Nor is there any single argument which applies with greater cogency to the situation to-day. It is an intolerable handicap upon production in England that the rate of taxation should be nearly £16 per head as compared with about £6 in France, £5 11s. 5d. in the United States, and only £2 15s. 8d. in Italy, and that local rates should have gone up from £1 18s. 11d. in 1913 to £4 3s. 4d. in 1922. Adam Smith would have been the first to resent and resist such an enormous protective advantage conceded to or enjoyed by foreign competitors.

Of the two cases which, according to Adam Smith, afford matter for deliberation, one is hardly relevant to the present situation; the other, which raises the whole principle and policy of retaliatory duties, is very strictly and specially relevant. No Free Trader can consistently object, on principle, to any device which is designed to secure freer trade. The advisability of "retaliation" is not a matter of principle, but of policy, and in no connection does Adam Smith display more conspicuously his economic sanity, his superb common sense, and his complete detachment from that *a priori* dogmatism which is so often, but so erroneously, associated with his name. "Don't start the game of retaliation," he says in effect, "unless you can do so with a reasonable expectation of winning. Don't retaliate merely for fun; don't cut off your nose to spite your face; but don't hesitate to use this potent weapon if it is likely to be effective." In this case, "the recovery of a great foreign market will generally more than compensate the transitory inconvenience of paying dearer during a short time for some sorts of goods." That even this "transitory inconvenience" must

necessarily ensue cannot, be it said, be admitted; but the question remains: Who is to decide as to the probabilities of success? That function, says the learned doctor, belongs not "to the science of the legislator," but rather to "the skill of that insidious and crafty animal vulgarly called a statesman or politician." In other words, it is a question not of economic principle but of practical business.

The same truth holds good of the whole fiscal problem, and needs to be emphasised. The Economist may be properly called in for consultation; but the last word rests with the general practitioner, or rather with the patient himself.

The patient has, for the moment, decided that he will not undergo the operation advised by one of his many surgeons. He prefers to await further developments of the disease or to see whether it will not yield to ameliorative treatment.

If, however, he has decisively rejected the prescription suggested by the tariff reformer, he has with much greater emphasis refused to consider the Socialistic remedy. The statisticians tell us that while there is a majority of votes amounting to over $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions against Protection, the majority against a Capital Levy is nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions.

That is the unmistakable moral of the whole business. Might not the result have been reached with far less effort and expense by the employment of another democratic device? Would not a *Referendum* or Poll of the People have evoked an answer equally clear with infinitely less dislocation of public and private business? Personally I have always held that the *Referendum* is a device more appropriate to Direct than to Representative or Parliamentary Democracy; and that its adaptation to a Constitution where the Executive is responsible to and sustained by the Legislature presents obvious difficulties. Yet it is undeniable that the case for it has been strengthened by the purely negative results achieved by the recent appeal to Cæsar. Cæsar, as at present advised, wants neither Tariff Reform nor the Socialistic panacea, but he has failed to express himself against either the

constructive or the destructive prescriptions with sufficient emphasis to assure a working majority to the party whose programme is mainly negative. A simple "No" to the question: "Will you release the existing Parliament from the Bonar Law pledge?" submitted by Referendum would have produced, at less trouble and expense, an equally decisive and much less embarrassing result. I am far from ignoring the inconvenience and even danger which might attend the introduction of such an innovation into a Parliamentary Democracy; but if the present situation should be protracted or repeated it may be necessary to take the risk.

I have insisted upon the success with which all parties in the recent conflict contrived to concentrate attention upon a single issue. Demos has declined to avail himself either of fiscal reform or Socialism as a solvent of his immediate difficulties.

There was, however, a third topic which in my own constituency I kept well to the front throughout the campaign, and I learn that it played some part elsewhere. I refer to the scheme for an "all-in" comprehensive insurance policy which I briefly adumbrated in this REVIEW (September, 1922) and expounded in greater detail (also in this REVIEW) in November of that year. I have since had an opportunity of discussing it with one or more representative bodies of employers as well as with business men individually, and also with a considerable number of trade unionists. That the scheme, originated as far as I know, by Mr. T. T. Broad, late M.P. for Clay Cross, presents many points of difficulty is a truth which I have never concealed from myself nor from those with whom I have been in consultation. But the underlying idea of it is, I am convinced, sound, and it was with great satisfaction, therefore, that I noted in the Prime Minister's Election Address to his constituents these sentences: "I should like to repeat my conviction that we should aim at the reorganisation of our various schemes of insurance against old age, ill-health, and unemployment. More particularly should we devote our attention to investi-

gating the possibilities of getting rid of the inconsistencies and the discouragement of thrift at present associated with the Old Age Pensions Act."

These words admirably describe the purpose of the scheme to which I refer. At present the State is expending enormous sums upon objects which are officially summarised as the "Social Services." Some statisticians put it as high as £400,000,000. The "Drage" Return (July, 1922) put it at over £300,600,000. Making every possible deduction, I estimate it at £190,000,000, out of which, for the year 1920-21 (before unemployment had become so acute), nearly £69,000,000 was spent by the *State* (apart, of course, from employers and employed) on health and unemployment insurance, Old Age Pensions and Poor Relief. Yet, despite the large contributions of the Exchequer, the local rates, employers and workmen, the benefits secured are in all cases miserably inadequate; in the case of young widows and dependent children they are non-existent, and in the case of pensions for old age they are at once inadequate and accompanied by irritating, inquisitorial and illogical concomitants, deeply resented by the worthier recipients and by the great benefit societies—by all, indeed, who have regard to social health. Is it not possible to devise a scheme which shall cover all the ordinary risks incidental to industrial life, shall include all wage-earners (men and women), shall give them that sense of security, the absence of which is contributing immensely to industrial unrest, shall give them adequate benefits during sickness, unemployment and on superannuation, and shall at the same time remove the most powerful of all inducements to limitation of output? I have expressed both to my constituents and in the pages of this REVIEW my belief that it is not beyond the wit of man to devise such a scheme; though criticism and investigation have revealed difficulties which had not occurred to me when I was writing twelve months ago.

To these I hope to recur in a subsequent article. I refer to the insurance scheme now because I found that, even when jostled by fiscal reform and the capital levy, the scheme aroused great interest during the electoral

campaign. Moreover, it is a scheme on the promotion of which all three parties might in the new Parliament usefully and without sacrifice of principle co-operate.

Meanwhile one conclusion, and one only, can be drawn from the response of Demos to the recent appeal; it will, as at present advised, have nothing to say either to fiscal reform, to State socialism, or to predatory finance. Not for the first time a people essentially and even stolidly Conservative has refused to abandon an attitude of immobility. However disappointing this result may be both to ardent Imperialists, like the present writer, and to red-hot Socialists, it contains at least a crumb of comfort for those who had feared that the new electorate would plunge into the abyss of revolution.

THE CASE FOR A LABOUR GOVERNMENT

By H. W. MASSINGHAM

THE General Election has set a rude task to the British Constitution. It has presented it with three parties, when it is accustomed to deal with two; has administered a shattering blow to the existing Government without providing an obvious substitute; and has made it impossible for any of the resulting forces to govern according to its idea of public policy without the alliance or the tacit consent of one of its rivals. These are hard conditions, and unless some enlightened thinking, and more or less disinterested feeling, be applied to them, the problem of how to run the British Empire may prove to be an insoluble one. Nothing can be gained by ignoring the cause of the confusion. It was by the act of a Conservative Ministry, in full possession of power, that a well and recently interred policy was revived, and the country forced to pass an almost unconsidered opinion upon it. The result, decisive as to Protection, has proved to be decisive of nothing else. The election has produced two Free Trade Parties, whose combined vote ensures the continuance of Free Trade. But it is impossible for either of these parties to combine with the other. The country has regained the right to conduct its industry, as it has been conducted for over seventy years, on the basis of free imports. But who is to govern? Clearly not a Ministry which sought a mandate and was refused it. Then the Labour minority, or the Liberal minority? A union of Liberal Free Traders and Conservative Protectionists to keep Labour out? On these points the augurs speak, after their wont, with divided breath. But, in the absence of a direct sign from Heaven, there is always the British Constitution. If the Government fails at an election, or by a vote of the House of Commons on a critical issue, the custom of the Constitution bids the King have recourse to "His Majesty's Opposition." And this is precisely the point on which the election happens

to have thrown a clear ray of light. As the second strongest party in the House, the Labour Party took the place of the official Opposition in the Parliament of 1922. For the same reason it occupies that position in the Parliament of 1924.

Unless, therefore, the Liberal and the Tory Parties unite to upset it, the constitutional order would seem to have opened a fairly unobstructed path to a Labour Government. But that again is impossible without Liberal help. Liberalism can both make a Labour Government and mar it, or it can bring routed and discomfited Toryism back to office and power. Its hand governs the balance, and it can be used to repress the new and living activities in the political thought of the nation, or stimulate them up to the point to which its principles allow it to go. But there is one thing it cannot do. Partly by a series of accidents and misfortunes in its history, but more particularly as the result of an inevitable evolution in politics, a really commanding gesture is denied it. Liberalism can help, can criticise, can restrain, but it cannot govern. With the help of its star artist, or, as many Liberals contend, in spite of him, it has, for the third time in succession, climbed back to the exhilarating position of the third party in the House of Commons. If the successors of the proud victors of 1906 can do no better than this, there is proof that virtue has gone out of Liberalism. In conjunction with Labour it has, indeed, won a second, maybe for this generation a final, success for Free Trade. But Free Trade is a conservative doctrine, which a false Conservatism has chanced to abandon. It was also part of the scheme of liberation of which the great Liberals were the authors, and its firm rampart of common sense remains too strong to be overthrown.

But with the enfranchisement of the workers and the women, this emancipating task came to an end, and that of organising and humanising the ensuing Capitalist State began. It is enough to say that for this duty the Liberal qualification does not suffice. The early Liberal thinkers were individualists. Their pioneering was done in the sphere of free production, and their ideas were handed on

to the master-builders and moral reformers of an individualist society. These men accepted industrialism for what it was, and for the most part ignored the literary and religious protest against its inhumanities. They allowed the enlightened Toryism of Shaftesbury to struggle almost alone for the health of the workers and the lives of their children. They had a gospel for trade and finance, for despised classes and nationalities, for Jews and Dissenters, for Parthians and Elamites, but, save for Free Trade and the vote, they had none for the Lancashire worker. Unemployment, the curse of the worker, the enemy of his home and of his standard of life, they simply passed by. It was too "deeply rooted" in the "existing economic organisation,"⁽¹⁾ and to that organisation the Liberalism of Manchester and after-Manchester stood pledged.

Nor has the Liberal Party been true even to the later ideas of betterment which flitted, with so many visions, across Mr. Lloyd George's inventive brain. The capitalist reaction of 1921 and 1922 makes a shabby chapter in the story of British statesmanship. And it can never be forgotten that its instrument, if not its author, was a Liberal Prime Minister. No such paradises as Mr. George's fancy built up in a day and a night could, indeed, have arisen from the wreck of the war. But Mr. George proceeded to demolish the modest gains which that disaster had yielded to the work of social reconstruction. Of promises, indeed, there had been enough and to spare. The Prime Minister had taken a long step to the nationalisation of mines; Mr. Churchill, not to be outdone, had plumped for railway nationalisation. Short was the shrift administered to these policies. But the workman was not even allowed to keep what he had. Under the sweep of the Geddes axe, the ameliorative State services—housing, education, child welfare—were all cut down. Wages fell, as the sustaining barriers, moral and material, were weakened or removed. The experiments in model industrial cities were allowed to go to waste, and the attempts to steady prices and stabilise production were abandoned. The control bodies were

(1) Mr. J. M. Keynes' address to the Liberal Summer School at Cambridge.

dispersed; the large stores of State goods broken up, and the still richer stock of social and administrative experience thrown away.

It would be unfair to fix upon the Liberal Party the responsibility for this wastage. But for the most part it was content to look on while social reform was sent to the scrap-heap, as if the reversion to unrestricted capitalism were either a good thing in itself, or were consonant with the social Liberalism of the 'nineties. All this the people have remembered. The elections of 1922 and 1923 have witnessed the passage of the entire body of organised workers into the Labour camp, accompanied by a steady flight of Radical intellectuals. Liberalism, indeed, has by no means disappeared. Something of its earlier discipline has been restored. Its prodigal has come back to it, bringing with him, after a new fashion in prodigals, both money and votes. But its position in our politics has vitally changed. It has emerged from the election in the form of a critical, a medium, party, possessing, as I have said, the power of the balance in Parliament. But it has lost its main source of recruitment, no less than its character as a living and renewable force, a refuge from Tory Philistinism, and a centre of enthusiasm and moral energy. *Bourgeois* parties, like *bourgeois* kings, are unattractive objects, and it is not to the group-conscience or the group-organisation, however large and experienced and full of talent, that a country commits its affairs. Parties must be national parties; and only two such bodies remain to our politics. The one is Toryism; the other is Labour. They contain the ideas which attract or repel the great mass of their countrymen, and between them, therefore, the mental fight of our times must go on.

But it would be an error to suppose that in committing its fate to the Labour Party the country encounters an element alien to its genius and institutions. The Labour Party is an international one in the sense that it represents the one bond of sympathy that unites a great mass of citizens in all the countries which took part in the Great War. In the existing state of Europe that is a good omen, not a bad. The Labour Party is a member of the Inter-

national in exactly the same sense that this country is a member of the League of Nations; and if Mr. MacDonald becomes Prime Minister in the course of this month, he will be as free to act for his own country as Lord Robert Cecil himself. The Labour leaders are personally better known, not merely to Socialists, but to the representatives of progressive thought in every capital in Europe, than are Mr. Asquith or Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. MacDonald has a rather closer first-hand acquaintance than either of these gentlemen with the direction and the character of contemporary European statesmanship. As Prime Minister he will compare, in culture and personal distinction, in the gift of speech, and in charm of manner and address, with the long line of famous men who have preceded him. Most, though not all, his associates want experience in the arts of Imperial government. But their first rank is of good quality and varied attainment. Mr. Webb is the ablest committee man in England, as well as one of her greatest social historians, while the abilities of men like Mr. Clynes, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Hodges, and Mr. Smillie have been tested in encounters with the quickest brains in the country. These men are of the soil of Britain, trained in its schools of trade unionism and local government, leaders and members of its chapels and friendly societies, and widely removed in character and experience no less from German idealism than from the autocratic and irreligious temper of Moscow. The intellectuals of the party learned their economics, not from Marx, but from Jevons, and they hold the Fabian Society's doctrine of progressive as opposed to catastrophic Socialism. On the political side they are constitutionalists and Parliamentarians to a man, and their development from Radicalism is as natural and as characteristically English as was the transition of the Liberals from the Whigs in the early half of the nineteenth century.

There is, therefore, no reason in the world why, in the special circumstances of its accession to power, a Labour Government should find itself at bitter war with the "directing" classes. Let me take an example. Capital, like Labour, has learned something from the experience of

years of continuous unemployment on an unprecedented scale of hardship. A measure of unemployment, a "margin" of hard-pressed workers to play with, does indeed come within the capitalist theory of production. But not so much and such long-continued unemployment as this. And an early appreciation of the change came, not from the Reds of the Labour Party, but from so respectable a source as the Sub-Committee of the Industrial Group in the House of Commons, under the able chairmanship of Sir Allan Smith. In a very remarkable letter to the Prime Minister this body presented a view of the crisis in British industry which, with the change of a sentence or two, might have come from Ecclestone Square itself. The Group, it said, had arrived at certain conclusions on the industrial situation. The time had come to propound a "*definite policy of productive employment*," in substitution for the method of doles and palliatives. With this object in view, the Group submitted a comprehensive scheme, with the approval of the railway groups, for the electrification and extension of certain railways, the development of canals and waterways, the building and extension of tunnels and docks, and the promotion of "revenue-producing" municipal enterprises. These reforms the Group pressed on the Prime Minister in urgent terms, concluding with the warning that his "failure to act" would entail "irreparable harm to the *moral* of the workers and a grave menace to the social and economic stability of the country." Unfortunately Mr. Baldwin did not act. The initiative has now passed on to the Labour Party, and there is no reason why in a few months Capital, under the vigilant direction of a Labour Government, should not be engaged in a great joint operation for the revival of British industry.

And if the circumstances under which Labour may assume power forbid a violent breach with Capital, still more do they point to a reasonable understanding with other great forces in the State. Of the Civil Service there is no need to speak. By character and tradition it is an adaptable, almost an automatically progressive body, and its services will be quite as much at the disposal of Mr. MacDonald as of Mr. Baldwin. The war gave its best

members opportunities of constructive work which they had never enjoyed before, and many of these schemes yielded results which a Labour Government will be eager to conserve and to extend. Much the same consideration applied to the banking class. The emergencies of the war and the peace have turned the banking community into a semi-official annexe of Government, and it is obvious that they will play both a creative and a critical part in the resettlement of Europe, the grand objective of all British Governments, and of a Labour Government most of all.

There remains the problem of the Capital Levy. The attack on Labour for its policy on the National Debt has proved an excellent election "stunt." But the Debt itself is something more than matter for a political ramp, or a headline for the Rothermere Press. "I have left," said Napoleon at the end of his career,¹ "in her (Great Britain's) flanks a poisoned dart. It is I who made her National Debt, that will ever burden, if not crush, future generations." But compared with the injury that a Debt of £7,800 millions, carrying an annual burden in interest of £7 per head of the population, inflicts on a great industrial community, Napoleon's "dart" was a fleabite. Year after year, decade after decade, this burden must continue, increasing with each fall in prices, and virtually irredeemable by a sinking fund. It is astonishing, therefore, that of the three competitors for power last month, only one party devoted a constructive thought to the overmastering problem of finance. The Capital Levy is not, indeed, a new idea, and it has no specially Socialist origin. It is rather an adaptation of the death duties, differing from them chiefly in being a toll on the going instead of on the realised estate. It would be quite possible to combine the two taxes in one, so as to constitute a fair and by no means crushing impost on wealth. But the Levy is an expedient rather than a principle, and in this world, at least, expedients are subject to the claims of time and opportunity. At such a moment as this, no sane Government would dream of taking a revolutionary step in finance without consulting the Treasury on the problem

(1) Quoted by Mr. Somervell in his *Studies in Statesmanship*. (Bell.)

of the Debt and assuring itself that its plan of relief was a feasible one. Mr. MacDonald indicated this form of procedure when the election was not yet concluded, and its result acclaims his wisdom.

Should, therefore, a Labour Government emerge from the toils and intrigues of the hour, its policy will be no march into a Communists' dreamland. It will be a step-by-step dealing with the grey world of realities that the capitalist system created, and that the war and the peace have left behind them. The problem of the hour is unemployment. Of all the parties Labour is in closest touch with the devastating effect of doles on the workman's character, and suffers most from it. The disposition of a Labour Government will, consequently, be to seek an alternative to that fatal remedy, and this they can only find in the scheme of "productive employment" which Mr. Baldwin turned down, as well as by a considered use of their administrative powers to correct their predecessors' niggardly and unimaginative use of the State services. That may be called collectivist politics. But it will be largely collectivism by consent, and that in itself will be a great gain. The enlightened capitalist cannot resist, for the proposal is his own. And the workman will feel that the success of a new impulse to British industry depends peculiarly on him, for it comes directly from a Government of his friends.

For Labour itself is real—by far the most real thing in our public life. The fundamental questions—peace, disarmament, production, exchange and currency—dominate its politics even more completely than they rule the politics of bankers, employers, merchants, and trades-folk, for through their right solution alone can the workmen live, and their representatives hope to solve the problem of poverty. It would, therefore, be a denial of the uses of Parliament to refuse to a constitutional Labour Party, under moderate leadership, the chance of working, as statesmen, for such a solution.

THE NEO-GEORGIAN:

BY ALEC WAUGH

I.

IN those days so distant now as to belong seemingly to another century, when in every month and in every seventh periodical we read articles on "The War and Literature," we encountered rarely enough the note of prophecy. No one seemed to be more than casually concerned with the effect of peace on literature; no one was seriously wondering what would happen when the immediate intoxication of war conditions was removed, when the electric battery that had maintained at such a high pitch the nervous tension of the country was disconnected. No one appeared to realise that peace would exert as profound and as disturbing an influence on modern literature as had previously the war. The Neo-Georgians (the men who were unknown or unnoticed before the war and had reached prominence in the course of it) were expected confidently and unreasonably to take the peace in their stride, carrying into new conditions the manner and temper of their earlier work. "If they can achieve so much," the critic wrote, "during the stress and discomfort of army life, what may they not accomplish when peace restores to them that leisure which is requisite for big work?"

Well, they have got that leisure now, have had it for the last five years, and it is doubtful if there is, with the exception of Mr. Aldous Huxley, a single Neo-Georgian who stands as high in popular and critical esteem as he did six years ago. The four most vital and most robust of the later war poets have not repeated the successes that came so quickly, if so deservedly, to them in 1917. Siegfried Sassoon was not represented in *Georgian Poetry, 1920-1922*, and since *Counter-attack* has published nothing except in private and limited editions. Robert Graves has abandoned his fusiliers for his fairies; W. J. Turner has become exceedingly abstruse; Robert Nichols

is apparently in a sort of halfway house between two manners; and of the others—those whom the chance of things withheld from service, those whose work, as in the case of Edmund Blunden, did not receive recognition till 1919, and those again who, though serving, wrote little, if any, war verse, of them in an equal measure. When the last volume of *Georgian Poetry* appeared a number of critics deplored in it a general absence of life and vigour. Individually the poems were good enough, but collectively they presented a curious and distinctly tedious homogeneity of style and matter. The book contained a considerable amount of pastoral poetry, some of which tended to become a mere cataloguing of place names, a type of poem that Clifford Bax parodied in *Midsummer Madness*:—

I have seen Laister Dyke and Langley Hill,
Old Meldrum, Ollerton and Orchardleigh,
Manningtree (Essex), Manton, Martin Hill
(Kent), and the spirit of England breathes in me.

The material was in the bulk uninteresting. It was impersonal. It was undramatic. It limited the capacities of the universe to a number of natural objects, and to the poet who observed them. There is little if any recognition of the existence of other personalities.

Mr. Edward Shanks, for example, concludes with the following very beautiful lines a poem called *Memory*:—

This is life's certain good,
Though in the end it be not good at all
When the dark end arises,
And the stripped, startled spirit must let fall
The amulets that could
Prevail with life's but not death's sad devices.

Then, like a child from whom an older child
Forces its gathered treasures,
Its beads and shells and strings of withered flowers,
Tokens of recent pleasures,
The soul must lose in eyes weeping and wild
Those prints of vanished hours.

But "these amulets," "these prints of vanished hours" that have been described in the earlier stanzas of the

poem, are every one of them remembered pictures of natural scenes and objects, and when the reader has realised that he is to encounter not only in Mr. Shanks's other poems, but also in the poems of Mr. John Freeman and Mr. Edmund Blunden and Mr. Francis Brett Young, a further and slightly varying series of such pictures, it is not surprising that he should complain that there is something more in life than rivers and sunsets and branches against moons.

"Poetry," we can imagine him to assert, not unjustly, "is the expression of the hopes and fears and instincts of mankind. And how much of the stress and turmoil of the modern world is expressed in these admittedly graceful and melodious but equally admittedly unemotional exercises in pastoral poetry? Would the last volume of *Georgian Poetry* be of the least value to the future historian as a guide to the mentality of post-war England? To what a limited extent, surely, is this poetry the mouthpiece of its generation. Rarely, perhaps, has the world passed through a period of intenser action. Rarely has a literature been more divorced from action. One purely nature poet in a generation would be welcome, but to have seven such! And to open the Georgian book at random, such lines as these:—

I will ask primrose and violet to spend for you
Their smell and hue,
And the bold, trembling anemone awhile to spare
Her flowers starry fair;
Or the flushed wild apple and yet sweeter thorn
Their sweetness to keep
Longer than any fire-bosomed flower born
Between midnight and midnight deep,

might have been really written by any one of them."

Nor (and this is considerably more important) is it common to find these pictures of natural objects raised to significance as they are raised in Mr. Shanks's *Memory*—an extremely lovely thing—by their juxtaposition with some eternal process of decay and change. Mr. Freeman is, it would seem, content simply to describe and set on record the various sights and sounds that have brought him pleasure; he sets them on record very sincerely and

directly and harmoniously, but he does no more. He not only does not use them as a medium for the expression of a philosophy—and there is no reason why he should—but he does not bring them into relation with any eternal process. There is in Mr. Freeman's work no discernible attitude to life; his poetry is a delicate instrument of appreciation, and though

there are fifty ways to town
And rather more to heaven,

the cumulative effect of such poetry is not exhilarating. It is impersonal, colourless, thin blooded.

Some critics have, with extreme injustice, blamed for this calm-toned atmosphere of the last two volumes of *Georgian Poetry* the taste of their editor. E. M., they have contended, is only interested in the placid poetry of contemplation. No contention could be more absurd. It was E. M. who twelve years ago presented to the public, in "a challenging and manageable form," the poetry of Rupert Brooke, of Gordon Bottomley, of D. H. Lawrence, of James Elroy Flecker, of Lascelles Abercrombie and Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. And what robust, vigorous poetry is being written now, as that of Mr. Prewett, E. M. has recognised and published. There can be only one explanation for the preponderance in these last two collections of impersonal unemotional poetry, namely, that the poetry of personal passion and experience is being no longer produced with the rich abundance of the war and pre-war years.

II.

It would be not difficult to find in explanation of this characteristic quality of post-war literature a multiplicity of persuasive theories; it could be attributed to a reaction from the machinery that had made war possible, the reaction towards those calm beauties of the English countryside that have alone remained unsullied by the war. It could be attributed to the exhaustion after the artificial strain of war conditions, to the unprepared absence of stimulation. And, undoubtedly, these two factors are to be considered in their relation to the choice of material

and the manner of its presentation. But a nervous reaction is not a movement. And there is more than a nervous reaction in the Neo-Georgian's quiet, unstated, but resolute refusal to promulgate a philosophy or define an attitude. That is the mark of a very definite conviction, of the post-war æsthetic point of view. It is the protest of a generation that has put all its eggs, such as they were, into one basket and has seen them smashed; a generation that has been exploited once and is resolved not to make that particular mistake again.

It would serve small purpose now to recapitulate the nature and details of that disenchantment in words that would necessarily be far inferior to those of Henri Barbusse, of C. E. Montagu, and of Siegfried Sassoon. It is a story so familiar now that in our unquestioning acceptance of it we are in danger of disregarding it; and we cannot afford to disregard it if we are to appraise rightly the qualities and characteristics of this post-war literature.

The Neo-Georgian is detached in self-protection. He is weary of panaceas, of the millennium, of facile enthusiasms. He smiles when his elders talk of leaving the world better than they found it; to him it can seem hardly likely that the existing state of things is to be altered appreciably by the written word, certainly by anything that he may have to say. He has watched a number of his predecessors sacrificing themselves in the cause of social service, and on the whole unprofitably, or so it would seem to him. The world is no better than it was before they began to write; quite possibly it is a little worse. He recalls the confident reaction in the early years of the present century from the art for art's sake doctrines of the 'nineties, how the Edwardians set out quite definitely in their fiction and their verse to get something done; and how they defended or attacked the status of woman and the industrial machinery of the realm, and he realises, now that those fires have burnt low, that nowhere were the Edwardians more effective, nowhere more endurable, than when they lost that sense of mission, when they put aside the prophet and the reformer and became the artist.

He has lost faith in panaceas. He is inclined to doubt

whether any society can be constructed that will not contain the fallibility of the persons who construct it, and he has no illusions about himself. He sees all forms of social life as arrangements of temporary convenience, and is able consequently to regard the maintenance and safeguarding of those conveniences as a labour of relative importance. Either way he is inclined to think it does not matter very greatly. The structure of life is as impermanent as the hands that build it. He can view without dismay the crumbling of the fabric. He wonders whether a certain cycle of civilisation is not about to close. In *The People of the Ruins* Mr. Edward Shanks has drawn a picture of the England that may be two hundred years from now, after the revolution, with the machinery of modern life destroyed, and sheep grazing among the ruins. Cicely Hamilton has told in *Theodore Savage* the story of a similar collapse in wartime when terror falls from the skies, and within a few months England has become a collection of small tribes living separately and brutishly, tilling the soil and building hutments; small tribes who retain only as a vague legend the memory of a world that has passed for ever; tribes for whom that world is only a living force in the persisting dread of science, in their eyes "devil's knowledge" which the wreck of that world has handed down to them. In *R.U.R.* there is the same presentiment of ruin, the foreboding that after a certain point life returns to primitive forms and customs, and an identical note is struck in J. D. C. Pellow's *After London*.

London Bridge is broken down;
Green is the grass on Ludgate Hill,
I know a farmer in Camden Town
Killed a buck by Pentonville.

I have heard my grandam tell
How some thousand years ago,
Houses stretched from Camberwell
Right to Highbury and Bow.

Down by Shadwell's golden meads,
Tall ships' masts would stand as thick
As the pretty tufted reeds
That the Wapping children pick. . .

And to the Neo-Georgian such a prospect is the subject

of intellectual curiosity, of detached conjecture. "These things may very well be," he seems to say, "but that is none of my business."

In the work of Mr. Aldous Huxley, at once the most brilliant, the most characteristic, and the most articulate writer of this generation, in whose poems and stories the historian of the future will find more clearly than anywhere else the mentality of the 1920's, there is to be detected nowhere the note of approval or condemnation; he presents his troop of characters with the whimsical deference of the showman of the Blue Bird company, and watches from the wings with a smile of detached amusement their fantastic humours. No one has revealed more to the modern mind than he has. But his investigations and his discoveries have left him with no disturbing speculations as to whether "all this is right or not." He has been untouched by the tantalising feeling that "something ought to be done about it."

Modern life is to the post-war writer a spectacle; a harrowing, a diverting, a depressing spectacle as you may choose to look at it, but a spectacle, nothing more; it is the material out of which he makes up his books. He is a recorder and, on occasions, a commentator, and it would be quite foolish in his view for him to attempt to define and pigeonhole his beliefs. There is implicit in every good book an attitude to life; implicit in the choice of subject and the manner of presenting it. If his book is good that attitude will be there, and if his book is bad, well, then, it is of no importance what he thinks or what he says; these things lie outside his province. He is not here to advance the millennium, he is here to write.

For this is the one thing that has survived, namely, that faith in the value of good writing, that conviction that for its own sake writing is a thing supremely worth the doing well, the one thing relatively permanent in a world of flux, the one thing worth defending.

There is in the whole of *R.U.R.* only a single moment, perhaps, of personal revelation, personal, that is to say, from the viewpoint of the creator; the moment when the head Robot utters his impeachment of the human race,

"You do unnecessary things." It is the most dramatic moment in the play. It is an expression of fear; fear for the efficiency that demands a purpose of all activities, that cannot tolerate what is not directly serviceable, that has no use for flavour, for decoration. To Capek as to Samuel Butler, the thought that one day machinery may assume control of its inventors, is an ingenious intellectual toy, a thing to play with. But it is a personal menace, that presentiment of a society that will have no time or use for the one thing that seems to him to matter. And as a corollary to that conviction has come inevitably the unstated but firm belief that good writing is an end in itself, an end to be pursued independently of any other interest, a thing apart and worthy.

III.

You will hear modern literature described widely enough as formless, especially by the dull and conventional poet who has failed to attract attention. "My own book?" he will say, in reply to a friend's enquiry, "I've had some very nice letters about it, but oh—well, you know what it is. My stuff rhymes and it scans and it's no good writing like Wordsworth nowadays, one's got to describe in irregular lines and ungrammatical English the sensations of waiting for a 'bus at Piccadilly Circus on a wet night. Unless there's a stunt about a book it doesn't get reviewed—a bad time."

That is the attitude adopted to modern literature by a good many people who are content to read the reviews of books and not the books themselves. But it is a position worth maintaining that there has rarely been an age more concerned with questions of technique than this present age: this age which has, in the face of its own experience, come to believe that what one has to say is of small matter in comparison with the way in which one says it.

There was much talk of "art for art's sake" in the eighteen nineties. But with them it was a slogan rather than a principle, a justification for a freedom in their lives and work otherwise unjustifiable. A number of Mr. Arthur Symonds's poems are mere exercises in special

pleading. "Art for art's sake" was preached with the relentless fervour of the missionary; it was a social challenge to a smug, over-fed, self-satisfied society, and so busy were its advocates with what they had to say that they forgot with deplorable frequency in what fashion they were saying it. The eighteen nineties, for all their worship of "the impeccable" Flaubert and the inevitable word were prodigal enough of sloppy writing, and there is very little sloppy writing in the last two volumes of *Georgian Poetry*.

You will find in W. J. Turner's poetry no backboneless sentences, no inversion of language for the sake of rhythm. The rules of good writing are the same for the poet as for the novelist. Because a man is writing in rhyme and rhythm there is no reason why his sentences should become less firm and compact. Were one asked what is the immediately obvious quality of these lines which J. C. Squire sets in dedication to his first series of poems—

Lord, I have seen at harvest festival
In a white lamp-lit, fishing village church,
How the poor folk, lacking fine decorations,
Offer the first-fruits of their various toils;
Not only fruit and blossom of the fields . . .
But gifts of other produce, heaped brown nets . . .

one would answer "good writing."

When you meet a weak line in a poem by John Masefield, who belongs to the pre-war generation, you assume that the presence of that line is due to slackness on the author's part. When you detect in a Pre-Raphaelite portrait a piece of inaccurate draughtsmanship, you say at once, "That's bad, that's careless." But when you see a picture of a horse by C. R. W. Nevinson that bears only a distant resemblance to the photograph of one, you know perfectly well that Mr. Nevinson has drawn his horse in that particular way for very good reasons of his own, for reasons of which the critic may not approve, but which are the result of much thought and are based on a definite aesthetic.

Equally when we meet in a poem by J. C. Squire a harsh, unscannable line we know that he placed it there

on purpose, that he deliberately discarded the conventional line that he could have written had he wanted; we know it because familiarity with his work has taught us that Mr. Squire never writes slackly, that whatever he does he does on purpose.

A bad wicket-keeper stands back to fast bowling because he cannot stand up to it; a good wicket-keeper stands back because he knows that from a fast bowler he will receive ten catches for every chance of a stump, and that for the sake of that one stump it is not worth while making eight simple catches difficult and two difficult ones impossible. He could stand up if he wanted. *Ulysses* has been described, not unwarrantably, as the greatest outrage that has been ever committed on the English language, but few writers have been possessed of a more clear, a more rhythmical style than James Joyce has at his disposal on those rare occasions when he chooses to employ it.

A veiled sunlight lit up faintly the grey sheet of water where the river was embayed. In the distance, along the course of the slow-flowing Liffey, slender masts flecked the sky, and more distant still, the dim fabric of the city lay prone in haze. Like a scene on some vague canvas as old as man's weariness, the image of the seventh city of Christendom was visible to them across the timeless air, no older nor more weary, nor less patient of subjection than in the days of the Kingmote.

There are few writers who would not be proud to have written that paragraph, and it is by the author of *Ulysses*.

It was from the strictly technical point of view that *Ulysses* was, in the majority of cases, discussed; in its realism, in its crudity, in its obscenity it is perhaps the most startling document that has ever been presented as a serious piece of literature to a civilised community. But it aroused none of the controversy that is regarded as inseparable from such productions. People did not sit in circles and discuss James Joyce's message, or wonder whether men and women "really were like that." A new way of writing had been invented; the question to be decided was: was it a good way or was it not? Its notoriety is due undoubtedly in a large measure to its realism. But had there not been in *Ulysses* a single

indecent phrase, or scene, or sentence, the extent and quality of its interest to those interested primarily in letters would not have been diminished. No sensational book ever owed less to its sensationalism. It is an exercise in a new technique; that is its value, that is its significance. It could not have achieved such a success in a period that was not passionately concerned with the carpentry of writing.

IV.

That a period of action should so culminate in a literature that is the apparent antithesis of action could have been hardly foreseen seven years ago by the shrewdest prophet, and yet it is not of cowardice, it is not of surrender that this literature is the expression. Rebellion is a process relative to environment, that does not necessarily involve a frontal assault upon the social fabric. The son of a Trades Union official who announced his intention of voting for the Conservative candidate in the municipal election would be, in his own environment, as complete a rebel as the fourth daughter of an archdeacon who should declare at the breakfast table a disbelief in personal redemption.

A rebel is not a person whose views are opposed to those of the existing Government, but a person whose views and behaviour are such as to surprise and shock the immediate circle of his acquaintance; in a coterie of conscientious objectors a militarist would be a rebel, and by the mere fact of his acquiescence the extreme modern has achieved rebellion. Acquiescence was the last thing that was expected of him. What exactly was expected of him in those days of hazy optimism it is not easy now to say. Something vibrant though, something vibrant and intolerant and hard. The world was prepared to forgive him innumerable mistakes of taste and judgment provided they were made with sufficient vigour.

It would have been much easier for him to indulge in jeremiads and panegyrics, to take his stand upon one platform or another and employ his pen as a weapon of social dialectic. It would have been much easier and much

pleasanter, and very much more popular than to stand aside, to let others pass him, to say, "That is not my business, I am here to write."

So far, perhaps, the advantage of the decision is not immediately obvious. When a writer refuses to define his own attitude to life, and is content to leave it implicit in his work, and when his emotional response to the objects and subjects that have attracted him is weak, the result may well seem to the reader insignificant. To that extent, at least, has the texture of much post-war literature been bleached by the exhaustive nature of a post-war reaction. But its effect is a temporary, an incidental effect. It will pass, it already perhaps is passing. It is as inconceivable that the Neo-Georgians should continue to write solely of fields and hedges as that their absorption in them should remain so unemotional. The main drive of the movement will continue: will continue through the expression of a generation that has come in the face of its own experience to believe that good writing for its own sake is the one thing that matters.

OPEN SEAS AND CLOSED PORTS

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

THE world is very sick: its economic blood is flowing sluggishly owing to a variety of causes: and yet many nations—in particular, the United States, Italy, France, Portugal, Chile, Peru, Spain, Yugo-Slavia, Roumania and Turkey—are indulging in policies which must impede the smooth working of the great arteries of international trade. Shipowners of all nationalities can send their ships to sea with the assurance that the seas are free to all, but knowing that in many ports in the ocean and coasting trades they will be treated unfairly in contrast with vessels under the national flags, even where they are not absolutely excluded from the coasting trade. That condition does not conduce to efficient and cheap transport, and in the long run international commerce is handicapped and the economic recovery of the nations, disorganised and impoverished by war, is delayed.

The chaotic state of things which now exists can be illustrated very briefly by a few examples of what is called "flag discrimination." If a British ship, or, for that matter, any ship other than one under the Portuguese flag, puts into Lisbon, dues in gold are demanded, which means that the foreign owner must pay anything from forty to forty-five times as much as a Portuguese owner. The Spaniards have decreed that any vessels calling at Spanish ports, which have not sailed from a Spanish port of origin, must pay double tonnage tax. Roumania imposes an export tax on freights from her ports, from which the Roumanian State Line is exempt. Yugo-Slavia and Italy are engaged in a reactionary policy with reference to shipping which checks their own trading and injures trade generally. Nothing required by the French Government departments, governmental contractors, or French utility companies can be shipped in a foreign vessel unless the *Office des Renseignements*, which has been established, is first satisfied that equally good terms are not offered by a French vessel. Again, Moroccan produce imported into

Algeria in a foreign ship is regarded as "foreign" unless it is carried under the French ensign, and it is then treated as "colonial" and exempted from duty.

Chile and Peru, on the other side of the Atlantic, are also embarked on a restrictive policy of a most irritating and costly description. Within five weeks of the first Portuguese Decree, Chile reserved the coasting trade to national vessels, a restriction which, originally applying to the vessels of countries outside South America, was by the Regulations of August, 1922, extended to operate against other South American countries. The immediate result was the withdrawal of foreign lines and the monopoly of the one Chilean Line in existence. This line promptly proposed an increase of 100 per cent. in its freights. About four weeks later, Peru retaliated with a measure, restricting Peruvian coasting trade to national vessels, which openly avows indignation at the Chilean policy as its incentive. The effect of such flag discrimination may be illustrated in a sentence. A ton of wheat can be carried from any Chilean port to a port in the United Kingdom, a distance of 7,000 miles, for 30s., but it costs 36s. to carry a ton of wheat 700 miles from one Chilean port to another.

And then we have the spectacle of the United States resorting to artificial means of supporting American shipping to the injury of all other shipping. President Coolidge has recently announced¹ that until the State merchant fleet, built during the war, can be sold "advantageously" to private interests "it must be operated as economically as possible under such plans as may be devised from time to time by the Shipping Board"—which means that it will be exempt from taxation, that losses incurred will continue to be found by the American taxpayer, and that various means will be adopted to favour these State ships in ocean trading if public interest can be sufficiently aroused in support of such a policy. Nor does that complete the record of folly, for most countries—and in particular France, Spain, Belgium, Japan, Russia, Portugal, Brazil, Argentina, and the

(1) Presidential Message, December 6th, 1923.

United States—persist in reserving their coasting trade to their own vessels. It is even suggested in the United States that a voyage from any American port to the Philippines, on the other side of the Pacific, should be regarded as coming within that narrow definition. Again, the doctrine of coasting trade has been interpreted by some nations in Europe as extending to “inland seas.” The Mediterranean is consequently regarded as “an inland sea,” and a voyage from Marseilles to Tunis, both ports being under the French flag, is treated as a coasting voyage, and all but French ships are penalised. The application of the same principle to the British Empire would shut out foreign ships from trading between Calcutta and Rangoon, Singapore and Sydney, and Suez and Aden, or making such a coasting voyage as Bombay-Karrachi-Basrah. An additional check on freedom of sea transport is due to the practice of collecting income tax from foreign shipowners on freights, though, in fact, those freights may yield no income but a loss.

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It cannot be surprising in the circumstances that, quite apart from the feelings entertained by shipowners generally, the International Chamber of Commerce at its Conference at Rome last year should have entered its protest against “a growing tendency on the part of some nations to view the exports from and the imports to their countries as national commerce and so to claim the right to discriminate in favour of vessels of the national flag against vessels of an alien flag in regard to the marine transportation of such goods and passengers.” The Congress put it on record that it considered that “such action is contrary to international rights because international commerce is not, and cannot be, the exclusive concern of any individual nation, and that, while every nation is entitled to subsidise its own shipowners or traders, and to regulate and restrict the amount of its exports and imports, emigrants or immigrants, no nation is entitled to claim exclusive rights in connection with its international commerce, or the transport of emigrants to or from the countries.” In those circumstances this important

assembly, representing thirty-six countries, recommended that “any attempt to restrict the carriage of goods or passengers between different countries to vessels sailing under the national flag of any nation by discrimination in any form should be strongly opposed as being contrary to international comity and disastrous to international commerce.” It was added that “the establishment and maintenance of commerce between the various nations on a sound basis can only be secured by equal opportunity to all ships under all flags in all parts of the world.” That is the judgment, not merely of shipowners, but of shippers of goods, and it comes from an international organisation.

It is a happy augury that the Advisory and Technical Committee for Communications and Transit of the League of Nations should have taken up this matter of flag discrimination with a serious determination to endeavour to bring the whole world to a realisation of the injury which is being done by all measures which restrict the free movement of ocean commerce. The freedom of the seas is valueless unless the ports are also free. A ship puts forth in anticipation of reaching a harbour in which it will receive equality of treatment with all other ships. If that condition is denied, either it will not put to sea or it will increase its freight charges to cover the extra expenditure which has to be incurred. In either event, the smooth flow of maritime trade between nation and nation is impeded. In the last analysis, it is not so much the shipowner who suffers, but the producer or consumer, or both, of goods. National shipping, in which a comparatively limited number of persons are interested, may appear to profit by a policy designed to favour national tonnage, but to the extent to which a country's inhabitants—denied unrestricted access to the international freight market—have to pay more for the carriage of goods or passengers, whether on the oceans or coastwise, they are penalised, and trade and industry are prejudiced in the keen competition with other States.

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It is a strange commentary on the hope that the Great War was “to make the world safe for Democracy,” a

happier and pleasanter place in which to live, that the struggle should have stimulated a narrow nationalism which, in shipping and other matters, makes it more difficult for men and women to exist in comfort. We stand, indeed, in the presence of a policy of reaction which was denounced in the early years of last century in most countries, and in none more wholeheartedly than in the United States. Sir Norman Hill has recalled in a most interesting historical summary the sequence of events which led to the repeal of the British Navigation Laws. So long as the American States were dependencies of the British Crown their ships could trade with all British dependencies, but when they became independent their ships, like those of any other foreign Power, came under the Navigation Laws. One of the results was to shut out from the carrying trade of the British West Indies all vessels under the flag of the United States, even on voyages between the Islands and United States ports. From 1783 down to 1849 the enforcement by Great Britain of its Navigation Laws led to constant friction between Great Britain and the United States. Restrictions were answered by prohibitions on commercial intercourse, until when the position had been rendered intolerable both the restrictions and prohibitions would be temporarily suspended; but only to be renewed after a short interval by one or other of the nations. This form of commercial warfare was disastrous to commercial intercourse between Great Britain and the United States. Every ton of shipping driven from the ports lessened the volume of commodities which might have been available for exchange, because ships are the adjuncts only of commerce.

The British policy with reference to shipping was peculiarly repugnant to the feelings of the sparse population of the United States. The Americans were all for freedom of navigation, and in 1828 Congress passed an Act concerning discriminatory duties. In the first section of the measure it was declared:

That upon satisfactory evidence being given to the President of the United States by the Government of any foreign nation, that no discrimin-

ating duties of tonnage or impost are imposed or levied in the ports of the said nation upon vessels wholly belonging to citizens of the United States, or upon the produce, manufactures, or merchandise imported in the same from the United States or from any foreign country, the President is hereby authorised to issue his proclamation declaring that the foreign discriminating duties of tonnage and impost within the United States are and shall be suspended and discontinued, so far as respects the vessels of the said foreign nation, and the produce, manufactures, or merchandise imported into the United States in the same, from the said foreign nation or from any other foreign country; the said suspension to take place from the time of such notification being given to the President of the United States, and to continue so long as the reciprocal exemption of vessels belonging to citizens of the United States and their cargoes as aforesaid shall be continued and no longer.

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The ports of the United States were thus opened freely to the shipping of all countries which would accord equality of treatment to American ships. But so far as the United Kingdom was concerned there was no immediate response to this gesture. The British Navigation Laws were repeatedly challenged by other nations, but without result: they were still being applied when it began to be whispered that this form of protection, instead of promoting the welfare, was contributing to the decay, of the British mercantile marine. "Between the signing of peace in 1815 and the close of the year 1830 the British Merchant Navy not only did not increase, but was thought to have declined slightly both in numbers and tonnage." At last a Parliamentary Committee in 1836, when considering the causes of wrecks, reached the conclusion that British ships "were faulty in design and as sailors so slow that British shipowners feared free trade because they knew that successful competition on equal terms with foreign ships was impossible." This Committee issued what amounted to a serious indictment of British ships and their owners, as well as of the majority of officers and men. The evidence went to support the opinion which Mr. Joseph Hume had repeated time and again in the House of Commons that "the Merchant Navy was losing its place among the mercantile marines of the world."

The conviction was steadily growing that all was not well with British shipping when, in 1843, the Foreign

Office, at the request of the Admiralty, addressed letters to British Consuls abroad, asking them what they thought about the matter from personal observation. Their replies left no doubt that the British mercantile marine was decaying. "These reports fully confirmed the widespread anxiety which was entertained as to the decline of the character of the British mercantile marine." Mr. James Murray, the official of the Foreign Office who was specially concerned with this inquiry, summed up the general purport of the replies of the British Consuls in these words:—

It is stated from various parts of the world that persons placed in command of British ships are so habitually addicted to drunkenness as to be unfitted for their position, and it will be seen that His Majesty's Consuls allude specially to the notorious and gross intemperance, and to the ignorance and brutality of British ship-masters, many of whom are totally void of education.

In several reports it is stated that there are honourable exceptions to the unworthy class of masters, thus showing that among British masters frequenting foreign ports bad conduct and ignorance is the rule, and intelligence and ability the exception; that, on the other hand, foreign masters are educated, sober, intelligent men, capable of commanding their ships, and that foreign seamen are consequently more orderly.

This inquiry sounded the death-knell of the Navigation Laws. In 1849 the last vestige of protection of British shipping in the foreign trade was removed, to be followed five years later by the sweeping away of the legislation restricting the coasting trade to British ships. As this country had championed the freedom of the seas, suppressing piracy and charting them in order to promote the safety of navigation, so it made its ports free to all comers, offering complete equality of treatment.

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The American offer of 1828 was still open when the policy of freedom of shipping in British ports was being considered, and it is interesting to recall the influence which America's challenge eventually had on British action. In 1847, when the matter was being discussed by British Ministers, Mr. Bancroft, who was the American Ambassador in London, informed Lord Palmerston that the American Government, believing it was the disposition of Parliament to make a large and liberal alteration, was

anxious to co-operate with the English Ministers in that great work, and, in conjunction with them, to set an example which he hoped would be productive of important and salutary effects. At one of his interviews with the British Minister, Mr. Bancroft said: "We are ready to do anything you like; if you can do but little, we must do little; if you can do much, we will do much; if you shall do all, we shall do all." In a formal communication, dated the 3rd November, 1847, made by Mr. Bancroft to Lord Palmerston, he said:—

Universal reciprocity in the widest sense, is held by the American Government as the only thoroughly appropriate basis for intercourse between two great nations. The prohibition of the indirect trade has but restrained enterprise; it has done good to neither country. To abrogate it would at once set free dormant commercial wealth without injuring anyone.

Should Her Majesty's Government entertain similar views, the undersigned is prepared on the part of the American Government to propose that British ships may trade from any port of the world to any port of the United States, and be received, protected, and, in respect of charges and duties, be treated like American ships, if, reciprocally, American ships may in like manner trade from any port in the world to any port under the Dominion of Her British Majesty.

The removal of commercial restrictions, while it would be of mutual advantage to the material interests of both countries, could not but give openings to still further relations of amity between them, and, by its influence on the intercourse of nations, create new guarantees for the Peace of the World.

About two years later, when action in the direction desired by the Americans was still under close consideration, the American Secretary of State in Washington confirmed all that had been stated by the American Minister in London, adding that "this proposal was not intended to embrace the coasting trade of either country." This declaration merely emphasised, so far as the United States were concerned, the statements which had been already made to Lord Palmerston in reply to a questionnaire which he had sent out to all the Powers of the world. Everywhere freedom of ports was desired. But the United States took the lead. The Secretary to the Treasury, writing from Washington, remarked that "Arbitrary restrictions upon navigation or trade are as adverse to the liberal spirit of our institutions as they are opposed to our

true interests." He recalled that America "had passed a navigation law with a view to counteract the restrictive policy of other nations, and mainly in reference to that of Great Britain, operating, as was alleged, to the prejudice of our own shipping and trade." He welcomed reciprocal action by the British Government, holding that it would be "*in consonance with the enlightened views and spirit of the age, tending to unfetter navigation and trade, and throwing them open to free and honourable competition, thus reducing the charge for freight which is deemed a tax upon industry and its products*, and hence any act whereby such charge is diminished is highly advantageous to all parties."

From all quarters evidence flowed in on Lord Palmerston that other nations, besides the United States, would welcome the final repeal of the British Navigation Laws, believing that such action would stimulate international trade and promote peaceful relations between nation and nation. In face of a good deal of opposition from ship-owners and others, the Parliament at Westminster in 1849 finally expunged this legislation from the Statute Book.

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Many persons believed that this decision would doom the British Merchant Navy, if not to extinction, to something not far removed from it, particularly as the House of Commons was placing on shipowners year by year fresh responsibilities with reference to the seaworthiness of their ships, the safety of passengers, and the treatment of their crews. The gloomiest forebodings were entertained, but they were all falsified by events. Competition with the shipping of the world proved to be a tonic. In 1875, as has been recalled elsewhere,¹ Sir Thomas Farrer (afterwards Lord Farrer), then Secretary to the Board of Trade, prepared a memorandum with reference to the "state of British shipping and seamen." He pointed out that "the actual increase of our Merchant Navy is a most remarkable fact," and in order to illustrate the progress gave a series of figures.

(1) *The Merchant Navy*. Vol. I. (London: John Murray.)

PROGRESS OF BRITISH SHIPPING.

Years.	Ships belonging to the British Empire at the End of Each Year.		Ships belonging to the United Kingdom at the End of Each Year.	
	No.	Tons.	No.	Tons.
1818 ...	25,507	2,674,468	21,526	2,426,969
1820 ...	25,374	2,648,593	21,473	2,412,804
1830 ...	23,721	2,531,819	18,675	2,168,916
1835 ...	25,511	2,783,761	19,737	2,320,667
1840 ...	28,962	3,311,538	21,983	2,724,107
1842 ...	30,815	3,619,850	23,207	2,990,849
1850 ...	43,281	4,232,962	25,131	3,504,944
1852 ...	34,402	4,424,392	25,228	3,698,004
1860 ...	38,501	5,710,968	26,764	4,586,742
1862 ...	39,427	6,041,358	27,525	4,860,191
1870 ...	37,587	7,149,134	25,643	5,617,693
1872 ...	36,804	7,213,829	25,083	5,681,963
1873 ...	36,825	7,294,230	24,873	5,736,368
1874 ...	36,935	7,533,492	24,828	5,912,314

Commenting on those figures, the Secretary of the Board of Trade remarked that they gave a very imperfect reflection of the increase in the quality and quantity of the work done by the Merchant Navy. "The quantity of that work is to be measured by the number and length of voyages made and the nature of the freights carried." He entered into a detailed examination of the position on the basis of the available statistics, and added that "if complete returns were available for the coasting trade and for the trade carried on between foreign ports by British ships, an even more remarkable indication of the progress of British shipping would have been possible, since the coasting trade has been carried on almost exclusively by British ships." On the evidence in his possession, Sir Thomas Farrer was convinced that, whilst British tonnage nearly trebled between 1835 and 1874 and more than doubled between 1842 and 1874, the tonnage entrances and clearances of British ships in the foreign trade of the United Kingdom in 1872 were about six times what they were in 1835, and more than four times what they were in 1842. The explanation, it was pointed out, was to be found in the increase of steam vessels, making many voyages where a sailing vessel makes but one. Statistics were quoted by the Secretary to show the great growth of

steam tonnage and the increase in the number of men, exclusive of masters, in spite of the introduction of labour-saving devices. The number of men in 1852 was 159,563, and in 1874, 203,806.

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That glance backward into the past is of interest for two reasons. It reveals that the United States was in large measure responsible for the repeal of the British Navigation Laws, and, in effect, made a bargain, promising equality of treatment in her ports to all British ships. And the second consideration, mainly of domestic interest to us, but not without significance to others, is that, under restrictive legislation, British shipping was decaying, and that it was under the influence of world-wide competition that British shipowners were spurred to action to save their property and their fortunes as well as to support the prestige of a national service which had already declined and was still declining at an accelerated pace. They have never had cause to regret that change of policy in 1849, for British shipping has, in subsequent years, gone from strength to strength, although it has had no protection, no subsidies, and no preferential treatment even in the coasting trade. The majority of British shipowners, as the Chamber of Shipping has reiterated time and again, ask only for fair play on the high seas and in the ports of the world, and for nothing more.

At present they are, however, greatly handicapped by the reactionary policies adopted by some other countries to their own injury, but also to the injury of the shipping of the world and to the injury of the smooth flow of international trade on the seas, which is the highest interest of every State. As has been remarked by the International Chamber of Commerce¹: "All general measures of discrimination owe their origin to the monopolist conception of trade. When Great Britain threw off the fetters of discrimination in 1849, that conception stood confessed a

(1) *Historical Survey on Flag Discrimination*, Prepared by the Sea Transport Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce for Presentation to the Second General Conference on Communications and Transit Assembled at Geneva, Nov. 15th 1923, by the League of Nations.

barren principle in the universal acclamation with which the British change of policy was hailed. Modern developments have rendered overseas trade essentially international."

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The League of Nations, it is sometimes forgotten, has presented the case against all acts of flag discrimination, and the extent to which its members respect its resolutions may prove a test of its value. Article 23 of the Covenant provides that, "subject to and in accordance with the provisions of international conventions existing or hereafter to be agreed upon, the members of the League (*inter alia*) will make provision to secure and maintain freedom of communications and transit and equitable treatment for the commerce of all members of the League." That enunciation of principle has since been reviewed at the Conferences at Barcelona and Genoa, and at the meeting at Geneva which opened on November 15th last the matter was carried a stage further. A draft convention was eventually adopted with the express object of "guaranteeing in the maritime ports constituted under their sovereignty or authority and for purposes of international trade, equality of treatment between the ships of all the contracting States, their cargoes, and passengers." Every contracting State undertakes "to grant the vessels of every other contracting State equality of treatment with its own vessels or those of any other State whatsoever in the maritime ports constituted under its sovereignty or authority as regards freedom of access to the port, the use of the port and the full enjoyment of the benefits as regards navigation and commercial operations which it affords to vessels, their cargoes and passengers." In these most specific terms direct flag discrimination is tabooed. By subsequent provisions of the Convention, indirect discrimination by means of preferential customs duties based on considerations of the flag of the vessel is forbidden and, further, "in order that the principle of equal treatment in maritime ports may not be rendered ineffective in practice by the adoption of other methods of discrimination against the vessels of a contracting

State using such ports," all discrimination in respect of railway facilities and charges based upon the flag of the importing or exporting vessel is prohibited.

It now remains to be seen whether that Convention will be accepted and acted upon in letter and in spirit. It is, of course, true that the United States is not a member of the League of Nations, but it would be discourteous to the American people to suggest that they will go back upon the bargain of 1849, for they are not, as their history attests, accustomed to ignore their plighted word.

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The shipping industry is unlike all other industries in that it cannot be regarded as national. The seas are one and are open to all on terms of equality, but that freedom has no value unless the ports are also free. Every act of flag discrimination, whatever its object, inevitably leads to retaliation, as history attests, and in the long run all the nations concerned, as well as other nations, suffer. The British peoples, though they believe in free ports, having made their own ports free to all and having no faith in restrictive measures, are not defenceless, if the emergency demands action. When the Navigation Laws were repealed, in sympathy with the sentiments entertained very generally at the time by the maritime nations, provision was made that the Government should retain full power to retaliate, without waiting to consult Parliament. That power has never been surrendered. It is the pistol which is kept always loaded and ready for use. Some day it may go off.

It is significant that, in face of the acts of flag discrimination abroad, the President of the Board of Trade should have referred more than once to the possibility that a change of the present policy may become necessary as a measure of defence. It is also significant that at the Imperial Economic Conference the dangers which threaten British shipping, owing to restrictive measures abroad should have been discussed and a resolution passed which is in the nature of a warning to all and sundry of the consequences which may flow from any development of

policies of flag discrimination abroad. The Prime Ministers of the Empire declared in the most specific terms that:—

In view of the vital importance to the British Empire of safeguarding its overseas carrying trade against all forms of discrimination by foreign countries, whether open or disguised, the representatives of the Governments of the Empire declare:—

(1) That it is their established practice to make no discrimination between the flags of shipping using their ports, and that they have no intention of departing from this practice as regards countries which treat ocean-going shipping under the British flag on a footing of equality with their own national shipping.

(2) That in the event of danger arising in future to the overseas shipping of the Empire through an attempt by a foreign country to discriminate against the British flag, the Governments of the Empire will consult together as to the best means of meeting the situation.

It is the peculiar characteristic of the Convention just adopted at Geneva that it contains a practical guarantee for its observance in that the equality of treatment which it offers is made subject to reciprocity and the right of retaliation. Under its provisions, if any signatory nation discriminates against its co-signatory, the latter is expressly given power immediately to retaliate, while either party may thereafter refer the matter to the Permanent Court at the Hague for summary judgment.

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The world is confronted with a grave menace to its economic welfare. Of all means of transport that by sea is far and away the most important. The ship fulfils its mission quickly and efficiently if it is not interfered with, and competition, open and fair to all flags, prevents excessive profits being made by those who provide the ships. A ton of goods can be carried at less cost from New Zealand to London than from Liverpool to London, so great is the disparity between the charges of ships and railways. That contrast has been illustrated by Sir Ernest Glover, the President of the Chamber of Shipping. He has pointed out that wheat can be carried from Australia to the United Kingdom, a distance of about 12,000 miles, for 30s. a ton, and from New York to Liverpool, a matter of about 3,000 miles, for 14s. a ton, but the railway charge from Liverpool to London over the 200 miles of railway

costs no less than 26s. 8d. a ton. Such disparities exist throughout the world, because railways are expensive to make and maintain, but the ship has no such charges to meet. At very low rates, varying from route to route according to the distances covered by the voyages, every producer, merchant, and consumer can obtain transport for the goods he sells or buys or consumes as the case may be, as long as he has access to the international freight market. The effect of every measure of flag discrimination, whether in the ocean trades or the coasting trades, is to raise the cost of sea transport. The majority of the nation concerned are, in effect, required to suffer for the minority concerned with its national tonnage; and the evidence available suggests that in the long run even the shipowners whom it is desired to protect are not gainers. Defended against competition, they do not enjoy the stimulus that promotes efficiency. That was the experience of this country in the later years of the application of the Navigation Laws, and if those laws had not been abrogated the industrial prosperity of this country in the latter half of the nineteenth century would have been checked and the growth of the Empire overseas arrested. For shackles and chains, particularly in the case of such an international trade as shipping, do not make for healthy growth.

The more carefully all the arguments which are sometimes advanced in justification of flag discrimination are examined the more unsound they are found to be. A great deal can be pleaded on behalf of protective tariffs for ordinary trade; in so far as they shut out foreign goods they may, it is urged, stimulate production in the home market and provide an increased volume of work, and, as the Americans have proved, provide a sure foundation for mass production, which is cheap production, thus creating the basis of an export trade. But if that protective tariff be associated with the policy of flag discrimination, with the object of restricting competition with foreign shipping, the effect is to penalise producers and consumers by raising the cost of transport and thus, in enhancing the price at which the exported goods can be sold in competitive markets, conditions may be created rendering it

impossible to sell them. Flag discrimination is equivalent to tying a tourniquet on the main artery of a nation, and in the long run every member of the community suffers. Whatever may be the virtues of Protection and Free Trade in the domestic sphere, it is certain that flag discrimination, since it affects an international industry, is an act of folly which recoils on those who practise it.

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Now that the arguments of the International Chamber of Commerce, representing thirty-six nations, have been supported by the Second Conference on Communications and Transit of the League of Nations, attended by the delegates of 40 independent States, what can be urged in justification of flag discrimination? An interesting situation has been reached, rendered all the more interesting by the resolution passed at the Imperial Economic Conference. For if the pleas of neither the International Chamber of Commerce nor the discussions which have just been concluded at Geneva suffice to arrest the movement, the next event may conceivably be a conference of all the nations of the British Empire with a view to deciding "as to the best means of meeting the situation." The British peoples are numerically and economically strong; they number 450,000,000, and, distributed over the seas and oceans of the world, they inhabit nearly one quarter of the earth's surface, the resources of which have been only very partially developed. It must be obvious that their co-operation in any form of retaliation would be economically disastrous to other nations which own shipping, quite apart from the influence which it might have on political relationships.

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In his evidence before the Imperial Shipping Committee, when that body, under Sir Halford Mackinder, was investigating the problems of taxation of shipping—in particular as regards double taxation—Mr. H. M. Cleminson, General Manager of the Chamber of Shipping, set forth considerations which have the widest implications. The shipowner, he pointed out, in considering a freight necessarily takes into consideration all charges

which experience shows he must anticipate, whether they be in actual payments like income tax itself or a due proportion of standing charges, including professional assistance, and he must reserve a sufficient margin for uncertainties. If the countries of the Empire desire to develop their shipping communications, they must take advantage of the freight market of the world by attracting the shipping of the world at the lowest freights that can be obtained, irrespective of flag. "Shipping is not, and cannot be, carried on on a national basis. A country, therefore, that puts hindrances in the way of the supply of shipping services at the lowest possible rates puts itself at a disadvantage with the rest of the world in overseas commerce. The whole of such burdens, whether in the form of high port charges, light dues, quarantine fees, commissions or taxation, must go to diminish the inward flow of capital or capital services, thereby hampering Imperial development. The whole of such burdens must go to increase the cost of marketing the produce of the Empire."

Arguments which apply to the British Empire apply obviously to every country, large and small. It is to its interest that the most efficient and cheap transport shall be available in its ports, so that it may get its goods carried by sea at the lowest competitive rates. Whatever may be said for tariffs for the protection of national industries, nothing can be said in defence of any attempt on the part of any country to hinder the inward and outward stream of shipping, for by so doing it is handicapping its own population in their industrial and commercial, as well as social, relationship with the rest of the world, and doing itself an injury cumulative in its far-reaching influence.

SECURITY

By F.R.H.S.

Nor only must he who goeth to war count the cost thereof, but he also who guaranteeth another from war. In such case the counting includes much more than an estimate of the actual cost—the pounds, shillings and pence involved in the despatch of an Expeditionary Force to the assistance of the party guaranteed. The wise guarantor is bound to consider whether the burden is one which the taxpayer will be able to bear; what the prospects are that he will be called on to bear it; whether the people will willingly answer the call to arms. The "mercenary" is a thing of the past. The system pressed allegiance to the Sovereign to its ultimate limit, and is inconsistent with the spirit of free peoples.

It is obvious that there is in these three considerations an unexpressed common factor—the time within which it is likely that the demand for fulfilment of the guarantee may be made. Political vision is short, and in these days no Government dare pledge the country to warlike enterprise too far ahead. It is for this reason that in Treaties of General Alliance provision is, or ought to be, made for periodical review; and the technique of drafting has devised a clause under which each of the High Contracting Parties has a right to "denounce" the treaty on giving a year's notice before the expiry of every such period, otherwise the Treaty to continue in full force for another period. The periods are conveniently fixed at ten years. The advantage of this negative provision is that it avoids the necessity of the positive action involved in express renewal. A provision that a treaty shall not lapse unless notice of denunciation is given at a certain time is more practical than one providing that it shall lapse unless notice of renewal is given.

Defensive Alliances are entered into because the parties to them have in their minds some definite peril,

the *casus fœderis*, which may befall one or both of them, and from which it is the interest of the other party to protect him, or of both to protect themselves. A State has no human feelings; it cannot afford to be, as men are, generous, for it is dealing with the lives and property of its citizens. A small State, whose existence is likely to be threatened, cannot expect another State to espouse its quarrels, but must seek security in the co-operating protection of several friendly States.

These are truisms of statecraft. Whether they were fully recognised when England and the United States promised to assist France against unprovoked aggression by Germany remains to be seen. France had just emerged, with the aid of her Allies, from the terrible ordeal of the War, was nervous lest she should be subjected in the future to another, and still more terrible, ordeal. She asked for a guaranteeing Treaty of Safety; and, generosity then governing the hearts of statesmen, she was promised what she asked. In the refusal of the Senate to ratify President Wilson's promise, criticised at the time as much as the lack of foresight of our own statesmen in not foreseeing the obvious possibility, we can now see calm reflection taking the place of spontaneous generosity.

In regard to this Treaty there is one point which is not intelligible. England and the States were to have been joint guarantors of France. But, assuming the aggression by Germany, we may be quite sure that she would have learned the lesson of 1914. Her attack would be instant and overwhelming. Assume England, in fulfilment of her obligations, again springing to arms. There might be a new battle of the Marne. But America! Assume everything: her troops mustered, her transports ready, there would still be the Atlantic, and the inevitable delay. Putting the case, therefore, in its crudest form, the conditions applicable to the two joint guarantors would not be the same, and things which ought to be equal were left remarkably unequal.

The Treaty has passed into the limbo of forgotten things, and has never been carefully studied. Yet, seeing

that France still demands "security," and reproaches the two Powers with their broken promise, some features of it may profitably be examined.

The English Treaty recited that there was a danger that the stipulations relating to the left bank of the Rhine contained in the Treaty of Versailles might not at first provide adequate security and protection to the French Republic. The American Treaty was more explicit. The United States and the French Republic were fully persuaded that an unprovoked movement of aggression by Germany would not only violate the letter and the spirit of the Treaty of Versailles, thus exposing France anew to the intolerable burdens of an unprovoked war, but would be regarded by that Treaty as a hostile act, calculated to disturb the peace of the world by involving inevitably and directly the States of Europe, and indirectly, as experience had amply and unfortunately demonstrated, the world at large. The English recital was then adopted, but with a variation: the fear was expressed that the stipulations referred to might not at first provide adequate security and protection to France, on the one hand, and to the United States, as one of the signatories of that Treaty, on the other.

It is curious that the recitals of two Treaties creating a joint guarantee intended to be simultaneously invoked should differ in their recitals. But the terms of the guarantee itself require serious consideration.

The stipulations "relating to the left bank of the Rhine," as to the prospective efficacy of which fears were expressed, were set out in Article 1. They were—

art. 42, by which Germany was forbidden—*scilicet* for all time—to maintain or construct fortifications on the left bank, or on the right bank to the west of a line drawn 50 kilometres to the east of the Rhine;

art. 43, by which the maintenance and assembly of armed forces, either permanently or temporarily, and military manœuvres of any kind, as well as the upkeep of all permanent works for mobilisation, within that area, were forbidden; and

art. 44, which provided that in case of violation of these

articles Germany would be regarded as committing a hostile act against the signatory Powers of the Treaty, and as calculated to disturb the peace of the world.

Surely these were not *all* the provisions of the Treaty devised for securing France from the aggression of her neighbour! There were those, for example, which dealt with the disarmament of Germany. Nor were they *all* the provisions relating to the left bank of the Rhine—for there was the occupation of the Rhineland! The story of these projected Treaties of Guarantee is only half told. The half which is not told is to be found in M. Tardieu's article in *L'Illustration* of May 29th, 1920, cited in Vol. II. of Mr. Temperley's History of the Conference.

On March 31st, 1919, the negotiations as to the provisions to be inserted in the Treaty of Peace then being in progress, M. Clemenceau wrote a memorandum pointing out that the existing suggestions were inadequate. They amounted to definite and total guarantees for the Maritime Powers—the cession of the German colonies, the surrender of her war fleet and most of her commercial fleet, etc. For the continental countries, however, there were only “partial solutions,” *e.g.*, the reduction of frontier for Poland and Bohemia; *the defensive engagement to protect French territory offered to France*; the *régime* proposed for the Saar coalfields, etc. From these arrangements would result an inequality which must imperil the relations of the Allies after the war. Discussion followed; and in the second fortnight of April, 1919, M. Clemenceau “*obtenait les garanties essentielles jusqu'alors vainement réclamées.*” These consisted of the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine, cession to France of the Saar mines, creation of the territory of the Saar valley, etc.

I suppose that, with the appalling mass of new facts which the Peace negotiations imposed on men's memories, it was inevitable that some should be forgotten, that their due co-ordination should have slipped and relative positions have become inverted; but I confess that, after all we have heard about the connection between the broken promise and the persistent claim for “security,” it comes

as a shock to learn that the offer of England and America was made *anterior* to the decision to occupy the Rhineland, and was not considered as one of the essential guarantees of France's security: to find that the occupation of the Rhineland was one of these essential guarantees, and was considered so important that when M. Clemenceau succeeded in obtaining it it was specially linked on with the danger of unprovoked aggression by Germany in the last clause of the occupation article, 429:—

If at that date [the expiration of fifteen years] the guarantees against unprovoked aggression by Germany are not considered sufficient by the Allied and Associated Governments, the evacuation of the occupying troops may be delayed to the extent regarded as necessary for obtaining the required guarantees.

Certainly France may still say that she accepted that provision having in mind the promised Treaties of Guarantee; but instead of the rope's end of assertion with which she belabours her faithless Allies—“We signed the Treaty because of your promise”¹—what a tenuous thread of argument remains! The tiniest needle-eye would suffer it to pass through.

Yet even this does not exhaust the reflections to which the perusal of the guarantee itself gives rise. We are accustomed to hear it talked about as a guarantee not subject to periodical review, as if our statesmen in sheer good nature made a promise in perpetuity which only the sagacious Senators of the West prevented from taking effect. But in fact the guarantee was limited in duration. The danger was that the recited stipulations relating to the left bank of the Rhine might not *at first* provide adequate security and protection to the French Republic.

(1) How deeply this idea has sunk into men's minds is shown by this passage from General Smuts's speech on October 23rd: “I recognise that the French agreement to the Treaty of Versailles was only obtained by the promise of the Treaty of Guarantee by Great Britain and America, and that the breach of that promise let the French down badly, and made them feel alone in the world. No wonder that they were in consequence led to adopt a policy of force as an alternative.”

I cannot fit M. Poincaré's version of what took place on to M. Tardieu's precise statement:—“The Treaty has reduced the period of occupation of the Rhine to one far short of the time necessary for the liquidation of the debt. In return for that reduction a pact of guarantee was promised to us. Nothing up to the present has taken the place of that still-born pact.” (Speech at Brive November 4th.)

At first! Not too precise perhaps to indicate exact limitations of time—perhaps of purposeful generosity—but, if words have any meaning, these refer to a France staggering under the blows of a terrific war, to a France undefeated yet dismayed at the prospect of being exposed anew to the intolerable burdens of an unprovoked war: uncertain whether there might not still be in the huge body of her defeated enemy some powers of recuperation which would enable her to strike once more. “*At first!*” in contradistinction to, but not synchronous with, the fifteen years of the occupation; but certainly until the Commission of Control had accomplished its work, the fortifications of Germany dismantled and blown up, and her arms and munitions surrendered. *At first!* The words can have no application to the present time, when France maintains her armies at full strength, when she considers herself strong enough to flout the advice of her Ally, to stamp on the body of her prostrate and unarmed enemy, and to exercise her will regardless of injury done to the rest of the world. For the fulfilment of the guarantee conceived to be necessary because of the fear which obsessed men’s minds in the early days of the Peace, the time has already passed; and, even had the Senate ratified the American Treaty, the *casus foederis* could never have arisen!

This, then, is how the question of an unprovoked aggression by Germany against France stood when the Treaty of Peace was signed, and for some period afterwards. But the fears which the three Powers had felt when the Treaties of Guarantee were drafted must have been quieted, if not set at rest, by the incorporation in the Treaty of Peace of the “essential guarantee,” the occupation of the Rhineland. In no other way can the omission to include the occupation articles among the “stipulations relating to the left bank of the Rhine” in article 1 of the drafts be explained. The fears have been set at rest by the military ascendancy which France has assumed in Europe, in disregard of the “general limitation of the armaments of all nations” which it was hoped the disarmament of Germany would render possible; and they

will remain quiescent so long as that ascendancy lasts. With regard to the future, the effectiveness of the guarantees in the Treaty of Peace against unprovoked aggression will not arise for consideration until fifteen years after it came into force, for it is so expressly decided by Article 429, and M. Poincaré is a great stickler for rigid adherence to the terms of the Treaty.

All this, however, may be as I have endeavoured faithfully to interpret word and action in the past; the question now raised by France does not relate to some “unprovoked movement of aggression” by Germany within the measurable future; she has herself taken steps to reduce the possibilities of such a movement to a minimum. What she now demands far transcends anything necessary to sterilise such a movement; it is “security,” and all that that word connotes: security for all time, especially for such time when a diminishing birth-rate on the one side and an increasing birth-rate on the other shall have so altered existing conditions that she can no longer maintain her present ascendancy, even with the aid of her black troops; for such time when, all her obligations fulfilled, Germany shall have once more become “free.” The case may be very simply stated. In the future the position of France, with a fully armed enemy on her flank, must be one of grave danger, and it is the duty of her statesmen to-day to take all measures to avert it.

There was a time, not very remote, when the possibility of having a hostile enemy on her flank put England in a like danger. France forgets how little consideration she gave to England’s fears. But let that pass; the picture she paints of her own distant future may be accepted as true; only she needs to be reminded that it is a picture which does not concern herself alone; it must, if the events which she foresees arise, “disturb the peace of the world by involving inevitably and directly the States of Europe, and indirectly, as experience has amply and unfortunately demonstrated, the world at large.” Therefore, the question she raises concerns all the States of Europe and the world at large; and the premisses being unfortunately true, the danger must in some way or other be averted. But how?

Events are showing day by day how fallacious were the hopes that the Treaty of Versailles had brought peace to the world, for M. Poincaré himself has invoked it to justify *la Guerre dans la Paix* which he has been busily waging. Events are showing, too, that although "security" has become one of the paramount questions of the day, "security for France" is only one aspect of it, though undoubtedly if the explosion should come it may, as she rightly fears, overwhelm her. She knows how potent the feeling is which inspires a War of Revenge, for she cherished it herself for forty-seven years. The point, however, which France does not yet realise is that there are other aspects of the question of "security" than those which affect her, and that, therefore, she cannot be the sole judge of the measures essential to ensure it. This is the vital principle "consecrated" in the last paragraph of Article 429—these measures are to be determined by the Allied and Associated Powers.

There are some who still advocate a Treaty of Alliance with England in lieu of the lapsed Treaties of Guarantee. The answer is to be found in one of the truisms with which I set out: the time when fulfilment is likely to be called for is *ex concessis* too remote; conditions in England may have so completely changed before that time arrives as to render armed assistance impossible. But time apart, that question is not now within the range of practical politics. It is a hard saying, but, alas! it is only too true, that all that has happened since the beginning of the year in the Ruhr and the Rhineland has negated the possibility of our fighting on the side of France should the dreaded War of Revenge break out. As she has made her bed so she must lie. Correspondents innumerable have told what has been done by order of the French. The time has not yet come for the writing of the history of these months of terror; but people are beginning to realise gradually, though still unwillingly, that there are forms of barbarism which do not involve killing and burning; that banishment from a village home without time to put together the barest necessities of life, old men and women, the children and the sick included in the orders, is barbarism adapted to

the sentiments of the present day; that the control of a white population by Spahis may be the logical result of the pure tenets of Republicanism, but shocks the duller senses of ordinary people. Generalities do not much help belief; I therefore particularise with one example. The village of Gerolstein, a railway junction in the Eifel, corresponds in size and importance to Horsham. The offence was that its people, of their own mere motion, declined to take service under the *Régie*; the punishment was exemplary; the Council and three-fifths of the inhabitants were expelled from their homes and dropped in motor lorries over the border, the homes being subsequently made specially comfortable for the "P.L.M." officials by requisition of furniture on those who had escaped eviction. Whether or not such a thing comes within the French official definition of "barbarism" or not, they are, in relation to the question of "security," amazing. M. Poincaré must be as deficient in human psychology as we used during the war to think the Germans, if he believes that "security" is to be attained by enraging the people he is trying to subjugate. He ignores the very elementary proposition that only traitors to their country willingly serve the invader. "Enraging" is too mild a word; the proper term is sowing in the hearts of men and women and their children the seeds of an everlasting hate, the more enduring because of the fantastic penalties which have followed the expression of it.

The sordid tale of the attempt to repress and coerce the free people of a sovereign State, signatory to the Treaty of Peace, because its Government has evaded the financial obligations of the Treaty, has led me away from the point on which it is necessary to insist: that the inversion of what are for convenience called the "dictates of humanity," having made a War of Revenge as certain as the detachment from France of Alsace and Lorraine made it in 1870, France has put military assistance by England in the event of deliberate aggression by Germany out of the question. No Minister of the Crown would dare to give the promise; if he did, the third of my truisms would make it of no effect—the people would not fight.

There is one other possibility which would give France the security she wants: the dismemberment of Germany, or, to put it less crudely, the disappearance of a homogeneous *Reich*, one of the first steps towards which would be the establishment of an independent Rhineland Republic. We may accept M. Poincaré's assurance that the dismemberment of Germany and acquisition of her territory form no part of France's policy. We may even go so far as to believe, what is also stated in other quarters, that the establishment of the Republic is no concern of hers. But the wish is sometimes father to the act, and the "passive assistance" which has been given to the Separatists lends ground for the belief that their success would not be unwelcome to France; it would create a buffer State actuated by feelings of gratitude for the *Régie* trains put at the disposal of bands of demonstrators on Sunday afternoons. It would certainly have been kinder had France reminded the Separatist leaders that no amount of "declaring" will make a Republic; that it cannot exist for a week without recognition, and that certain well-recognised conditions of success and stability must be fulfilled before that recognition is given by the Great Powers. It would have been wiser, too, to warn the Separatists that the armed parading of their "storm-troops" was a violation of Ordinance No. 3 of the Inter-Allied High Commission. Life would have been saved at Düsseldorf, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and elsewhere. It should not have needed a British reminder of so elementary a fact when they appeared in Coblenz. It would have been supremely ridiculous if the march of the "Republican Forces," bent on the "capture" of Cologne, had fizzled out in the British Summary Court.

In spite, however, of the criticisms which the action of France has made inevitable, we are directly concerned to ensure her security, and, correlatively, the security of Germany. The consequences which have followed the invasion of the Ruhr show how greatly the world is interested in maintaining this also. The peril to her security lies in the possibility of dismemberment. The assurance that France intends no permanent occupation of the Ruhr is

a step in the right direction. But there are those who seriously believe that the threat to remain in the Ruhr till the last penny of reparations is paid is for all practical purposes equivalent to annexation. And there are others who find it difficult to look on the occupation as an isolated act, legitimately resulting from Germany's defaults in regard to her Treaty obligations. They are disposed to look on Raymond Poincaré, not as the First Minister of France, but rather as the embodiment of her spirit, which since the days of Louis the Fourteenth has yearned towards the Rhine. For them the invasion of the Ruhr by France, assuming to act as bailiff for the Powers to whom reparations are due, does not differ fundamentally from the invasion of the Palatinate. For having received no mandate from those Powers to act in that character, the excuse appears to be *in pari delicto* with the claim on behalf of the Duchess of Orleans to the Electorate. Something in the spirit of France seems to yield unconsciously to the *Schrei nach dem Rhein*—the call of the Rhine—whether it acts through Richelieu, or a Napoleon, or Poincaré; and it is in this that Germany sees the peril to her security. It must be confessed that history is on her side. The devastated regions of the Eifel—where Kaisersesch, a walled city of equal civic dignity to Frankfort, once stood on the upper plateau of the *Maifeld*, there is now only an agricultural village; the crosses still standing here and there in the fields to the memory of the victims of Louis the Fourteenth's atrocities; the ruins of the castles in the Palatinate, all bear her witness. For Germans who know their country's history, the war-cries of Louis, "*Brulez le Palatinat*," "*Heidelburga deleta*," are not forgotten; "*Le Roi le veut*," which was always on the lips of his Marshals, finds an effective Republican substitute to-day in "*Poincaré le veut*"; and the spirit of Richelieu a home in the brain of General de Metz, the gallant proclaimer of the Palatinate Republic.

Finally, there is the "security of England," and all that that stands for in the world. The key to that security lies in the Channel ports. It is essential that they should belong to a friendly Power. The spirit which goaded the allied

armies to win the race to the coast in 1914 is the same spirit which inspired England's insistence on the destruction of the fortifications of Dunkirk two hundred years before. It is the root principle from which the *Entente* has grown. *Potestas finitur ubi finitur armorum vis* is a truer saying now than ever it was. The Channel ports in the hands of an enemy is the peril which would put England's security in jeopardy. The *Entente* is her safeguard.

But the *Entente* is at best no more than the expression of a mutual hope that disturbing questions will be discussed with friendliness and desire of amicable settlement, instead of inimically and with *arrière pensée*. It is the only working agreement possible between two races so different in temperament as the Saxon and the Latin. Much has happened since the Armistice to make one doubt whether that difference of temperament might not, as the foolish saying is, "Smash the *Entente*," were it not for other things which show that it lies deeper in the hearts of the people than in the minds of politicians and journalists. But the fact must be realised that on some grave matters there are likely to be divergences of opinion so serious that by itself the *Entente* can achieve little to settle them. It is but a part of a larger *Entente* for which the world is impatiently waiting. To achieve in some fashion which shall be lasting, as the ways of this world go, the security of England, of France, and of Germany is a problem whose solution would lay the foundations of a world peace. That it cannot be solved this year, or next, may be admitted; but it ought also to be admitted that it could be solved by a "Treaty of Good Understanding" between the three countries, which I have called the Larger *Entente*. To adopt a policy is to fix some goal ahead towards the ultimate winning of which all minor considerations are subordinated. To work by all means in the power of Ministers, by removing grievances, dissipating prejudices, establishing cordial relations, towards such a goal, would be worthy the traditions of British statesmanship.

THE COST OF BOOKS

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

THE late Rev. William Dyce, of Shakespearean fame, was accustomed to hunt among the bookstalls of London and elsewhere, and not infrequently to find seventeenth-century quartos for which he paid but a few shillings. Nowadays the reverend bibliophile would, I imagine, seek in vain for such *trouvailles*, whether his "pitch" was the Charing Cross Road, Farringdon Street, or Lower Marsh. Even the most unsophisticated of second-hand booksellers (if there be any who are unsophisticated) realises by sight, as Sheridan, by the by, knew Greek, the lineaments, so to call them, of rarities, and knows, if not the value, at least the price of such things. Indeed, the possibilities of picking up bargains are growing less and less, owing to the larger diffusion of knowledge concerning old books; the activity of the Press in making known the discovery (when it does occur) of rarities of this kind, and their gradual absorption into public libraries or the private shelves of transatlantic collectors.

But the mania for collecting becomes ever more and more insistent, and must be catered for; and seventeenth- and eighteenth-century plays, early topographical books, first editions, in parts, of Dickens's works, or French illustrated volumes of that amazing eighteenth century, must be sought for in Dover Street or Conduit Street, Piccadilly or Bond Street; although occasionally a few stray specimens may be secured in less exalted areas. The auction rooms annually produce their quota, of course, but that is rather like a *battue* where there is plenty of game, but also generally many other good shots; and the spirit of adventure is blunted by publicity; the joy of attainment somehow vulgarised by being shared; the chance of a miss being made more poignant and humiliating by the knowledge that others are witnesses of the failure.

There remains that form of book-hunting which may be called the arm-chair method, which possesses the charm

of secrecy as well as the advantage of leisured consideration of the quarry; and in which the only drawback is the risk that some other sheltered hunter may be on the same track and may get in the first shot. This form of the sport is the collecting of books through the medium of book catalogues. All *amateurs des livres*, as the French call them, know the delight of casting an eye down the orderly alphabetical lists of second-hand books, and, with pencil in hand, marking down the *desiderata*; the sober excitement of subsequently writing to the bookseller (with or without an enclosed cheque), and the fearful joy of awaiting the result. The method has many attractions. In the first place, one never quite knows what is going to turn up; one does not realise, in the initial stage, whether one has brought down the bird. One is firing, so to speak, in the dark. And only when the victim lies before one, unwrapped from its neat brown-paper covering, can one tell if its condition be good, bad, or indifferent; whether, in a word, it is a sound bird or whether it has been riddled by many previous sportsmen. For, careful as the description may be, it never *quite* answers all one would like to know before expending one's shot.

But to discard this sporting metaphor, which I feel in danger of overdoing, I may say that I have been, for many years, a deep student of book catalogues, and I have seen many and curious changes in such things. Always have they appeared to me one of the most fascinating of the lighter forms of reading. Their study is as good, at any rate, as that praised and ensued by the great Doctor, of perusing the titles on the backs of books on library shelves. There are many strange things to be learned in the process. Sometimes it is as good as reading the books described; not infrequently it is, for a variety of reasons, better. Jokes, too, are not absent, like the classic "Mill on the Floss, Ditto on Liberty," "Prometheus, unbound, by Shelley," and so forth. Above all, it makes one acquainted with at least the names of books and writers, in various literatures; and I feel certain that anyone giving careful attention to a book catalogue might talk confidently, maybe brilliantly, on *belles-lettres*, and

gain an enviable reputation for a knowledge which would be superficial but varied.

In recent days, however, a curious change has come over such lists. Formerly, the second-hand catalogue really contained second-hand books—books, that is, which, having passed through the hands of at least one previous owner (how numerous must have been the possessors of some, however!), had come by way of auction or private sale to the book-shop. Here and there a former meticulous owner had preserved the volume so carefully that its pristine condition was almost unimpaired, and although technically second-hand, the book could be, and generally was, described as being "as good as new," just as an old postage stamp is sometimes catalogued as "in mint state." But this was not usually the case, and the second-hand bookseller was really retailing second-hand books; such things as remainders, or new books whose editions had not become exhausted so soon as the patience of their publishers, were to be found in lists wholly reserved for such items; lists, by the way, which your true collector promptly consigned to the waste-paper basket, or, in the dearthful days of matches, converted into spills.

When, however, you now receive a second-hand book catalogue, although it may contain much that fully justifies its title, it is more often an *olla podrida* of the old and the new. For, in recent years, there has sprung up a habit of investing the works of certain living, or but quite recently dead, writers, with a value which cannot but be regarded as largely fictitious.

Before saying a word as to prices—in every sense a large subject—it may be worth while to try to find some solution as to the choice of the literary names which have been selected for this present attempt to settle posthumous values. In some instances the cause is obvious enough. A man writes a book or several books; they get themselves published; meeting with a relatively small sale, they are for a time forgotten, and figure as remainders or encumber, in unbound sheets, the warehouses of optimistic publishers. The author subsequently makes a hit with a new work. He becomes famous or notorious, or at least his

name is bandied about; he has arrived, and anything from his pen is welcomed. The small edition (the publishers never think in thousands about a first book) is speedily sold out, and the prices of copies of the erstwhile neglected work become larger and larger in ratio with the author's growing reputation. It is a perfectly reasonable result.

Early Kiplings and Barries and Stevensons may be instanced as examples of such a natural tendency. Such books find their way into the second-hand catalogues, and legitimately take their places as rarities beside the scarcer kinds of earlier books.

Nowadays, however, cheek by jowl with such as these, there appear first editions of the current works of men who have long since made their names, and whose books may reasonably be supposed to run into editions of thousands, at prices as ridiculous as one must suppose those to be who are willing to pay them. There are certain writers whose works are hardly cold from the press, and piles of which may still be seen on the counters of their publishers and first-hand booksellers, before they appear under greatly enhanced prices in the catalogues of the second-hand purveyors of literature. Indeed, I could instance a case where I was actually asked more for a certain book of this kind in one of the latter emporiums than I need have paid for it in one of the former. In a word, the second-hand bookseller was charging a large percentage of profit on an article still obtainable at first hand at its original published price.

The works of Mr. Conrad are a case in point. I yield to no one in admiration for the achievement of this great writer. He has become a classic in his own lifetime, as have Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Sir James Barrie, to mention but two outstanding names; and if one were assured that he personally gained by the excessive prices demanded for his works in second-hand book catalogues no one would, I imagine, in view of the delight he has afforded all who can recognise great literature when they see it, grudge what is asked. But are these fancy prices a proof of admiration or merely examples of the exploita-

tion of a pre-eminent reputation? Is the fact that double as many guineas is set down as the value of his stories, than the shillings of their published prices, a true test of his popularity as a writer and his mastery as a stylist?

Let me give a short list compiled from various second-hand book-catalogues which have recently come before my notice, of some of these prices now being asked for first or early editions of Mr. Conrad's books, as well as of a few of those of others selected, as it would seem, for special monetary expansion:—

	£	s.	d.
Conrad: <i>The Nigger of the Narcissus</i> ...	14	14	0
„ <i>Almayer's Folly</i> ...	10	10	0
„ <i>Tales of Unrest</i> ...	7	10	0
„ <i>Typhoon</i> ...	3	10	0
„ <i>Youth</i> ...	6	0	0
„ <i>Within the Tides</i> ...	2	2	0
„ <i>Lord Jim</i> ...	5	10	0
„ <i>The Secret Agent</i> ...	2	10	0
Walter de la Mare: <i>The Listeners</i> ...	3	10	0
Masefield: <i>Pompey the Great</i> ...	4	10	0
Yeats: <i>Cathleen ni Hoolihan</i> ...	2	10	0
Max Beerbohm: <i>Yet Again</i> ...	6	6	0
„ „ <i>And Even Now</i> (1920) ...	1	0	0

I need hardly say that this list could have been largely amplified, and that any reader of book-catalogues will be able greatly to add to it. All the above works are, of course, first editions, but none of them is of any special or limited issue.

Now, allowing for the present depreciation of money, these prices appear to the plain man not merely excessive but rather absurd. Most of the works, certainly those of Mr. Conrad, mentioned here have been reprinted, and for mere reading are available in quite a cheap form; while recently a collected edition has been issued, limited in number and bearing, in the initial volume, the author's autograph signature, for £27, a sum exceeded, as it will be observed, by three alone of his books at the above inflated prices.

Sir Walter Scott has left a well-remembered gibe at collectors of first editions, as most of us know, but something may be said for them (i) when the work in question

is only obtainable in that form; (ii) when, as happens in some of Meredith's novels, the author has subsequently altered or re-written his earlier text; and (iii) when, as in the case of Dickens and other contemporary writers whose works came out in parts, such works contain illustrations the earliest impressions of which are the clearest, sharpest and in all respects the best, in the first issues of the books.

But whether one believes in first editions or not, my point is not that the collecting of such things is in itself indefensible (far from it, for I am such a collector myself), but that the organised attempt to create a market for contemporary works at top prices has nothing to recommend it, except the advantage it may conceivably bring to the lucky owners of copies or the second-hand bookseller who obtains them. One may ask, how do they obtain them? Well, I could make a shrewd guess. For instance, were I a second-hand bookseller (and I wish I were), directly a new work by one of these selected authors appeared I should immediately proceed to purchase a considerable number of copies. These I should hold for a few months, and then—why, they would gradually appear in my catalogue at a big figure, with the certainty on my side that they would be snapped up by those who are apparently always ready to purchase anything if it be priced high enough, or if it carries with it the implication that it will shortly become rare and sought after.

There must, however, be many a collector who has been bitten when engaged on this pursuit. I remember when tremendous prices were asked for Norman Gale's first editions; and where are they now? I recollect the rise and fall, from a monetary point of view, of Richard Jefferies. There was a time when Mr. Kipling's early books fetched more than they do to-day in the second-hand book market. Anyone who has watched the fluctuations of the book world will be able to add many instances where undue inflation has been followed by startling collapse. Indeed, it is one of the most interesting and significant of studies to try to estimate the cause of such variations in the literary barometer.

Having seen what, in the past, has happened in other cases, can one help wondering if in the modern instances recorded above a like slump will not take place?

Unlike the lovely productions of the French illustrators of the eighteenth century, which gave the books they adorned an intrinsic value of real artistry; unlike the wonderful typographical productions of great printers of an earlier day, from Aldus and the Elzevirs to Foulis and Baskerville; unlike the novels of our grandfathers' time whose "plates" were often remarkable for their technique if not always for their pictorial merit, the books for which great prices, rivalling those paid for such things, are asked can be said to be neither rich nor rare (setting aside their literary merit); they are, indeed, from a typographical point of view, generally of very mediocre character. In fact, they are the ordinary old four-and-sixpenny novel, to which, for some recondite reason, a value has been assigned out of all proportion, it would seem, to their intrinsic worth. Nor, in many cases, can the fact that they are issued in a limited edition be urged in extenuation. This thing has grown to such a proportion that it may almost be regarded as a craze, not dissimilar from the tulipomania which once raged in Europe, and even bearing some slight analogy to those many "schemes" with which a credulous generation was fed in the eighteenth century.

Apart from this consideration of the subject, there is another. What effect have these inflated prices on the author (for even an author must sometimes be considered), the publisher, and the regular book-seller—the purveyor to the public of a book in its first-hand condition? Personally, I think a bad one.

Take the author first. If, as is generally the case, he is a man whose reputation has become established, the *kudos* of great sums being paid for first and early editions of his works is not necessary to him, and is, in a way, a positive disadvantage. For there is a natural tendency to reject later issues of a book which has come largely to rely for its intrinsic value (apart from literary merit) on its being a copy of the sought-after and highly priced first

edition. For the author, be it remembered, has no monetary interest in these enhanced prices. His royalties are not increased by them; no publisher will on *this* score seek another work from his hands. The publisher, too, obviously suffers. He will feel himself handicapped in issuing other editions of a book when examples of the first or early editions are, so to speak, held up, and spoil the market by standing in the way of future sales. It might be argued that such a process of inflation is actually harmful to an author's reputation, and consequently to his pockets and that of his publisher. Nothing proves so good an advertisement as a successful book. The more a book is circulated, the more successful is it and the sale of subsequent works by its author likely to be. It is obvious that if prohibitive prices are placed on books, only the few will be able or willing to purchase, and thus a writer's public may easily become circumscribed by the very cause which makes certain of his works a prey of the practice I here reprehend. The loss to the ordinary bookseller follows as a matter of course, and is due to the same reasons which hit adversely the author and the publisher.

There are, of course, cases where excessive prices are charged for the works of living authors when such works are first published; but these are arrived at by arrangement between the author himself and his publisher, as in the case of Mr. George Moore's recent productions, which are purposely brought out in limited and expensive issues. To this there is no objection, if the writer and his publisher see none. It is a perfectly legitimate proceeding; and if the public is willing to pay in guineas for what erstwhile it was able to procure for shillings, in a word to expend ten times as much for the self-revelations of the writer as it had to give for that writer's masterpiece, well and good. But this case may be regarded as exceptional, just as when, years ago, Ruskin taught a sort of socialistic theory and, in the matter of his own book publication and prices, practised an autocratic and prohibitive method.

There is yet another aspect of the matter. When the writers selected for the inflation treatment are recognised as pre-eminent practitioners in their art, this habit which

has grown, and seems to be still growing, to such undue proportions, is sufficiently bad, but there is a tendency to pitchfork into undue prominence, by such methods, writers who are not of first-rate calibre. For instance, Mr. de la Mare is a fine poet, but so were Robert Browning and Lord Tennyson. You can, however, obtain almost any first editions of the two latter at an infinitely lower price than you are asked to pay for those of the former. Many people, again, still regard Byron, in spite of his limitations and his almost fatal fluency, as a pre-eminent bard, greater even, perhaps, than Mr. Yeats; but where are the Byronic first editions, in point of money valuation, compared with those of our delightful contemporary?

Is it fashion, or is it a pose, which is responsible for these monetary vagaries in literature? Why do you have to pay more for one volume by Mr. Wells than you do for three or four by (say) Wilkie Collins? Why is George Gissing, that rather myopic misanthrope, rated, in this respect, on a higher plane than George Meredith? Why is Mr. Arnold Bennett a greater favourite with those who cater for collectors than Bulwer Lytton?

One wonders if America, shrewdly interested as she has always shown herself in the literatures of other countries, has here revealed her fostering care for living reputations by automatically raising prices, through the desire to possess in their earliest form the outcome of contemporaneous *belles-lettres*. We know how that land of Freedom gathers unto herself the first editions of our older writers; the vast sums she is prepared to pay for them. Can it be that, solicitous for the purses of her descendants, she is now trying to make a corner in modern works at high prices, indeed, but yet at not such exorbitant charges as she may conceive later generations will be asked to pay for them? This anticipatory policy, if it be such, may have much to recommend it from a transatlantic point of view. If one projects one's mind into the future—a future when excited auction rooms will struggle over the possession of a Conrad *Nigger*, of the right year, or a Max Beerbohm, in original yellow cloth and label (as issued), Boston and other book-collecting centres will be able

calmly to point to shelves groaning with examples, and the days of the fights for quarto Shakespeares or folios of 1623 will have no need to be repeated.

Seriously, however, this, as it seems to me, absurd raising of prices for contemporary books is outstepping the bounds of sanity. It has become something analogous to a craze, a craze which is taken advantage of by those who not unnaturally cater for any public phantasy whatever it be. If the public generally refused to pay the prices asked, we should soon find those prices diminish until they had reached a reasonable limit. In the meanwhile, such is the effect of a movement that I am quite prepared to pick up, if I get the chance, a copy of *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, of which I know the whereabouts, and to pay for that first edition (although I have read and re-read the story) a price if not so high as those I have quoted, at least high enough to make my non-book-buying friends open their eyes with astonishment. I shall feel an idiot for doing it, but the ruling passion rises dominant, and, as Wordsworth once phrased it, "overpowers the soberness of reason."

* * *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written.*

The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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BALANCE OF POWER: A REPLY FROM FRANCE

BY GALLUS

DEAR AUGUR,—The British policy of balance of power in Europe, as set out by you in THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for January, does not appeal favourably to us Frenchmen. Before explaining this let me praise you for the straightforward way in which you tackle the main issue and avoid the entanglement of secondary questions. This is exactly what is needed.

The public is displeased with the Press for its obstinate habit of supplying trivial information about things of secondary importance. The daily budget of petty intrigues and squabbles is compiled by diplomatic correspondents and observers who are blind to the broad horizons of political knowledge. Poor fellows, they cannot say more than they know, and they know so little.

A friendship solidly established will not be injured by straightforward discussion. French and British have compromised now for quite a long while and have told half-truths to each other, with the result that they are more estranged than could have happened after an honest dispute. We, who believe in the necessity of an Entente, can but welcome the tone of your article. What you say is not pleasing, but it is a palpable fact and not a gelatinous mass of spineless platitudes.

The merits of your article do not make the policy you recommend more attractive. From our French point of view, the theory of balance of power in Europe is antique and unreal. A policy should never be an object in itself. Reasonably it must be directed towards a definite aim. You do not tell us positively what is the object of the balance of power policy. From the context it is clear that you desire Great Britain not to have a single competitor

in Europe worthy of the name. This means that European States are to be played off, one against the other, and group against group, to achieve a general deadlock. In a word, you strive to create impotence all round and call it peace.

But the balance you desire to establish is fragile. You recognise quite rightly the necessity, if power is to be balanced, for Great Britain to come out of the aloofness of an arbiter and to become a partner in political combinations on the Continent. It looks, though, as if in this matter there would be all the more reason to apprehend a sudden collapse of your policy, because, once engaged in the *mêlée*, it would be difficult for you to overlook the whole political arena. The peace you aspire to establish is not worth having, because "*cette paix ne durera que ce que durent les fleurs—l'espace d'un printemps.*"

France wants peace—a profound, lasting peace. And we say, therefore, that your way is not good. Your intention is, by the play of international relations, to reduce Europe to a peaceful debility. We want a peace maintained by strong protectors, and therefore lasting. Without any false shame we confess our conviction of the necessity of power for the maintenance of an international settlement, however just it may be—and, perhaps, the more just it is, the more is power needed to protect it. So necessary is force for the fruition of any political scheme, that the idea of balance of power cannot be carried out itself without real strength to back it. On this aspect of the question you maintain a discreet silence. Is this because you are convinced of your strength, or do you, on the contrary, know that lack of force makes your plan impracticable?

True, we do not forget that the positions of France and Great Britain are not the same. You are seeking to prevent the possibility of a danger arising in Europe; we have to deal with a real menace. The essence of your policy is to hold level the scales of the political balance; we are all the time, and since all time, building a barrier against the menace to our Eastern border. Forces more powerful than written treaties and political conferences are

carrying the destinies of nations along the current of time. For us the Teuton menace has existed since the time of Cardinal Richelieu and King Gustavus Adolphus, and even earlier than that.

We had found in Russia a powerful ally against Germany. This asset was lost to us, though the war was won. Then, instead, we asked you and the United States for a Pact of Security. It was withdrawn before it became effective. So we have set out to find a new combination against the menace on our Eastern border. But, first, it would be useful to mention the question of our fear of Germany.

There are foolish persons, even in France, who see a contradiction in the statement that, while we are now the most powerful military nation in Europe, we continue to fear Germany. A Parisian journalist pretends to have discovered a flaw in your argument because, while on one page you speak of our fear of Germany, on another you recognise the military preponderance of France. But you are perfectly right and there is no contradiction. Only our fear of Germany is not physical—it goes deeper and further than that. Let me quote what M. Jacques Seydoux—a master-mind that—wrote a few days before the Ruhr occupation was decided upon:

If one looks back to the time of the Armistice, and if one remembers the plaintive cries of a famishing Germany, and if one compares that situation of yesterday with what one sees to-day, one cannot help being penetrated with admiration and fear even in view of the results obtained.

Germany is the only European State which has contrived to profit marvellously by an unprecedented state of affairs. With a weak Government which could wield only a precarious power over active and powerful parties, Germany has found it possible to adapt herself to her position with a suppleness which is remarkable. In 1918 many more people, than now are ready to confess, firmly believed that Germany would inevitably fall a prey to Bolshevism. They did not know that people's love of order, its congenital discipline. Very swiftly calm prevailed and work was resumed. With it returned economic and industrial prosperity.

Germany had to sacrifice something: in the general disruption of Europe, in the economic crisis of the world, she could not hope to save both her economic and her financial riches. It did not take her long to make a choice. Her business men have always been known for their bold enterprising spirit. They refused to restrict themselves, to live in privation and economy. They preferred to follow the advice of Nietzsche and to live "dangerously" and to pretend that the paper notes of the

Reichsbank were real gold. Financial bankruptcy followed in consequence, because it was necessary to pay abroad for the materials to renew the stocks exhausted by five years of war. But nothing mattered. Money, said the Germans, is but an instrument and not a real indicator of riches. What is important is that the order books of the industrialists should be full, that German ships should again quarter the seas, and that German capital should be employed abroad to prepare the bases of a new and swift fortune.

Such a situation would have undoubtedly brought about in the end a total collapse. There always was this risk: the mark would have fallen so low that Germany would not have been able to buy abroad. This policy could have been dangerous in an indifferent Europe. But such was not the case. The mighty German organism cannot crash without doing harm to its neighbours. The German calculation was therefore that Europe and America would intervene in their favour, not only for considerations of political economy, but also to save a debtor from whom one expects good things in the future. At the moment when Germany is about to go down in a financial crash the whole world will come to her assistance and in the result Germany will have weathered the most dangerous crisis in all her existence; her riches will be saved by her clever and bold policy, and she will have escaped the permanent weakening which the Reparations blood-letting would have brought about.

These well-pondered words explain the depth of our anxiety, the necessity for the French march into the Ruhr, and the relentless demand for Reparations. When M. Seydoux wrote these words, Germany, defeated in the field, had not recognised yet the fullness of her defeat in the economic plane. Our victory in the Ruhr has brought a great change in this respect: Germany has capitulated, and we are ready to assist her to become a peaceful and valuable partner in the concert of European nations. But we cannot leave anything to chance. Our fear of Germany at present is according to the time-honoured formula: *Garde toi et Dieu te gardera*. Germany, we hope, has become sensible, but, to use a good English word, we will jolly well see that for generations to come she does not get a chance of falling back into her old wicked ways.

It pleases us that, together with our friends, we have the power necessary to build solidly and well. Why should we divest ourselves of this advantage in favour of your balance of power, which can only mean that we are asked to surrender the reward of hard work and of cruel privations? This cannot be! Why should this be?

As I have said, France wants peace. Peace means

lasting security, but it also means disarmament—in any case, a considerable reduction of armaments. Reduced armaments are compatible with security only if sufficient force is left to insure against attack. This brings us to the conclusion that disarmament, which is the necessary corollary of peace, must be accompanied by a rational distribution of the forces one has decided to leave.

We want to create a community of interests in Europe which will bring about a block of States sufficiently powerful to maintain peace on the Continent and to permit of a reduction of armed forces, so as to relieve the financial pressure on the Budgets of the respective nations. This end can be achieved, not by lowering oneself to the level of weaker States, but by remaining more powerful than any possible competitor or potential enemy.

Taking an objective point of view, is there anything in this formula to prevent Great Britain from joining us in the noble task of promoting concord and regeneration in Europe? Is there anything to prevent a chastened, democratically minded Germany from coming in? Is there anything to prevent the whole of Europe uniting in a real Pact of Guarantee? I can see only one objection you can really make: it is that our formula is first of all selfish, and admits the happiness of Europe only after the needs of France and of her friends have been satisfied. Well, we know that British policy has always aspired to be called unselfish, but in reality has it ever succeeded in being so? As far as we are concerned, we frankly approach international questions from the point of view of our national interests. To speak of unselfishness is sheer hypocrisy. To be selfish is human, and the merit is to know how to maintain this natural feeling within reasonable limits.

Do not imagine that we cannot play the game of balance of power in Europe. If I were indiscreet, for every political combination you mention I could propose a similar one, only based on Paris and not on London. Your line London - Berlin - Warsaw - Moscow could be matched, for example, by a line Paris - Prague - Warsaw - Moscow, with Berlin stuck on as a branch line. This game can be carried on so as to cover the whole Con-

tinent with the criss-cross of your lines and ours. The result can be inevitably only the one—tension and danger of war as a consequence of an unstable equilibrium.

Your concluding sentence is the following:—

The ideal formula for a policy directed towards the establishment of real balance of power in Europe would be for us to do our utmost to create such a state of affairs in Europe that all danger of warlike conflicts should cease to exist. France would be under the moral obligation of disarming at last and turning her attention to the economic competition in which we are well able to hold our own and even better than that.

My dear Augur, your pacific formula is really a bold assertion of the right of Great Britain to play the part of arbiter. Instead we would do well to accept the following: Great Britain and France must come to a full agreement, which will permit them to bring about lasting peace in Europe by uniting their forces, so as to deprive all potential trouble-makers of the slightest hope that, by diplomacy or war, they can upset established conditions. If Germany desires to share in the agreement she is welcome, as well as any other State, on condition that the sanctity of existing treaties and the respect for elementary conditions of civilised society are recognised without reservations.

One more remark before I conclude this letter. You have said that M. Poincaré bears a great share of the responsibility for the unfortunate way in which his interview with Mr. Baldwin has been allowed to become the *coup de grâce* of the *Entente Cordiale*. Knowing your personal admiration for our President of the Council, I am sure that you are only loyally voicing the view of other statesmen. M. Poincaré is but human, and therefore liable to commit mistakes as well as anybody else. But judgment should be withheld until the full story of the interview and of the period which immediately followed it is made public. And yet another thing. The *Entente Cordiale* is gone. But so went the famous *Bonne Entente* of the Crimean war. And yet, in spite of our constant quarrels, we remain neighbours, and we somehow manage to get along without a final breakage. Therefore: *L'Entente est morte, vive l'Entente*.

THE BALDWIN CATASTROPHE AND AFTER

BY CURIO

MR. BONAR LAW was, in the Tacitean phrase, "fortunate in the occasion of his death." He did not linger as a helpless invalid bound to look on from his sick-bed while his successor with unparalleled swiftness and recklessness squandered his hard-won majority. He was spared the reflection that the infinite patience, labour and wisdom which had turned the hopeless and distracted minority of 1911 into the triumphant majority of 1922 were all to go for nothing, and that a few raw and inexperienced Cabinet Ministers, influencing an equally inexperienced leader and Prime Minister, would undo his work as soon as he was in the Abbey.

The dead are indeed happy. It is the living who have to mourn the cruel straits to which the Conservative Party, and with it their best hopes for the country, have been reduced.

There are things which are beyond forgiveness, and the last General Election was one of them. Ethically it was indefensible; practically it was inexpedient; in policy it was not necessary.

Mr. Bonar Law's majority was given him for tranquillity—that is to say, for letting British business work out its own salvation from the aftermath of the war under a system of gradually lightened taxation. It was to be free both from foreign adventures and from revolutionary fiscal experiments, either in the Labour or Protectionist sense. Mr. Bonar Law deliberately put Tariff Reform outside his purview, with the unquestioning assent of his whole party. The men who worked and voted for him in 1922 did so in the assured belief that this policy of his would endure for the normal length of a Parliament, that is to say for four or five years. The tragic accident of the late Premier's death in no way absolved his successors from carrying out the policy in which all the Conservative

leaders alike had been elected. If they objected to the shelving of Tariff Reform, their time to speak up was in November, 1922, not in October, 1923. They inherited the majority the electors gave Mr. Bonar Law as a trust, and they gambled with trust funds.

That the election was inexpedient has now been proved beyond all doubt. But what reason had the men who precipitated it to think that it might conceivably prove expedient, *i.e.*, that there was any chance of retaining the Conservative majority intact, or even in workable shape? No reason whatever which would have convinced any intelligent man of political experience who was trying to weigh the evidence. Governments must expect to lose support by degrees, especially in bad times. If Mr. Bonar Law had thought it prudent to drop Tariff Reform in order to make sure of a majority, was it not probable that he was right and that a reversal of his judgment would spell the loss of the majority it had secured? Was it not known to everybody that a considerable group of Conservative seats in the North were definitely Free Trade, and that Conservative members returned for those seats would not help to carry a Tariff Reform Budget? Thus even the loss of 25 or 30 seats, which nine men out of ten anticipated, would imperil the Government without ensuring the passage of a Tariff Reform measure as a cure for unemployment.

And with hardly an exception all the elder statesmen and the great leaders and organisers of Conservatism were dead against the General Election on these and kindred grounds. Lord Balfour and Lord Younger have said so publicly. Sir Archibald Salvidge, the leader of the Tory democracy of the North, has complained bitterly that he was not even consulted on the issue, and that Mr. Baldwin and his entourage might as well have introduced a few stocks of dynamite into the Conservative organisation of Liverpool! The Unionist ex-Ministers were of the same opinion. One of them who fought hard for his party corner when the fatal decision had been taken wrote down long before the polls his estimate of the Conservative members who would be returned. The number he gave

was 250! The newspapers, which often, and for very good reasons of business, understand their Conservative constituencies far better than the politicians, were either timid and lukewarm or definitely hostile. The *Sunday Times* and the *Glasgow Herald* went out and out for Free Trade. The *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail* protested vigorously against the whole idea of an election. The rest of the Conservative Press in London, and nearly all the provincial newspapers, were simply dragged into the struggle by the hair of their head. The only whole-hearted backers of the adventure were the *Morning Post* and the *Yorkshire Post*—and they were mouthpieces of the Chief Whip's office.

In the face of all this vast mass of testimony, what had the opposing section to show? Nothing but the opinion of a well-known cricketer who had ten months' experience of managing the party, and of a retired admiral who had entered politics in 1918. And there were a few enthusiastic Tariff Reformers in the Cabinet, all of them entirely new to office and obviously not yet inured to that sense of responsibility which long years of office bring. Balancing the weights of these two alternative opinions, Mr. Baldwin unhesitatingly chose the lesser. He seemed to be obsessed by some kind of fanatical and mystical faith in his own judgment, or at least in that of "The Boys." When he found that all the experienced were against his view, he ceased to consult the experienced. He believed because it was impossible. Great parties cannot afford to be led by men who are subject to such illusions.

The Baldwin and pro-election group in the Cabinet—for there were many Ministers who registered a silent dissent to the whole of these proceedings—put forward one single plea. They had been converted to the belief that the protection of home industries was the sovereign cure for unemployment. They were honest men: they had to act on this belief. The Bonar Law pledge and its understanding by the electorate had to go by the board under this supreme necessity of the industrial population. "*Salus populi suprema lex.*" Such a plea is, of course, irresistible and overrides all other considerations where it

can be proved valid. But since such an argument lends itself very easily to self-deception and to courses not particularly consistent with the actions of "simple honest men," public opinion requires that the policy of throwing over such understandings should be proved up to the hilt to be practicable, efficacious and necessary. A statesman who merely gives his own opinion that such a course is advisable or honest justifies himself in no way.

For instance, if a dissolution on Tariff Reform was likely to end, not in a cure for unemployment, but in its intensification by the introduction of the Capital Levy, would that probability justify a dissolution on Protection? Obviously not. If Mr. Baldwin had said, "I believe Protection will cure unemployment, but I know that the result of an appeal to the people will result in a Conservative defeat and in a panic about the Capital Levy which will increase unemployment, yet I intend to force a dissolution," would he have been justified? Clearly not. It would be like the case of a surgeon who said, "I can cure this serious disease by an operation; but, of course, the patient will die—therefore I propose to operate."

Now, all the best judges in the Conservative Party told Mr. Baldwin that he was going to be so badly beaten that, at the least, he would not be able to carry a Tariff Budget. So far from his being able to prove up to the hilt that there was a good chance of carrying Protection, the whole weight of authority and evidence lay on the other side. Ethically, therefore, Mr. Bonar Law's successor had no excuse for throwing over the tranquillity policy unless he believed he could carry Protection. And if he really believed that in the face of the evidence before him, his judgment must be of a character which quite unfits him for Premiership or leadership.

Sir Frederick Banbury is another old hand who complains that he was not consulted. The complaint has in it something of the ironic, for Sir Frederick, more than any man, by one of those side winds of personal accident or figure which influence great matters more frequently than we are apt to allow, was the primary cause of the developments which permitted the disaster. Mr. Baldwin,

that fanatical Protectionist, wanted Mr. McKenna, that confirmed if rational Free Trader, as his Chancellor of the Exchequer. If Mr. McKenna had gone to 11, Downing Street, as he was ready to do last August, the Tariff Reform campaign of last autumn would have been inconceivable. But Mr. McKenna could not go to the Exchequer unless Sir Frederick Banbury would go to the Lords and make the new Chancellor's way smooth before him in the City. This the sitting City Member refused to do, and so Conservatism lost its majority. Sir Frederick does not seem quite the right person to complain of the *dénouement*. None the less the episode throws a lurid light on the rapidity with which the Conservative Cabinet were converted to insular Protection as the panacea for unemployment. There has been nothing like it since Paul made his journey to Tarsus. When Sir Frederick declined the Lords the true illumination came like a flash of lightning. Now that he has accepted a peerage will the Conservative leaders re-embrace Free Trade?

But admitting even that there was a fair chance of carrying the Protectionist programme, it remained to show that that programme was the cure for unemployment. That case again had to be proved up to the hilt. Apart from personal honesty, there is such a thing as intellectual honesty—which means not accepting or advancing opinions for which you cannot show good reason. To say that insular Protection was a remedy for unemployment was to incur a serious intellectual responsibility. Yet Ministers made a miserable failure of the attempt to substantiate this claim. Writing as a Tariff Reformer of the old guard and not as a Free Trader, I should say that the Ministers responsible had not even begun to think the matter out, except as an electoral move, before they pushed their Prime Minister into the Plymouth speech, or the Cardiff speech—or whatever speech it was that compelled him to appeal to the country. They were utterly crushed at the outset by Mr. Asquith's Paisley deliverance, which showed how comparatively small were the number of unemployed in the industries affected by foreign competition. Sir William Beveridge later substantiated these figures in

greater detail in a letter written to *The Times*—which evoked the very feeblest of replies from Mr. Amery and Sir A. D. Steel-Maitland. Furthermore, some time before the Election Mr. McKenna had shown in a speech delivered at Belfast that Britain held a greater proportion of the world market than she had in 1914—and that the trouble in British industry was due mainly to the fact that the world market had shrunk tremendously in scope.

In reply no serious effort was made to prove that British home industry was suffering on a great scale from dumping due to the depreciated exchanges of Europe. And the Safeguarding of Industries Act existed, in any case, to deal with this special evil. At the most all that was needed here was an amendment and strengthening of that Act—which could have been effected perfectly well under the Bonar Law pledge, and without dissolution. The men who engaged to change our entire fiscal system were bound to put forward a case so far proof against counter-arguments that it might hope to convince any intelligent and impartial critics. They did not do so. For weeks Tariff Reformers looked to Mr. Amery to produce the kind of logic-proof theory by which he did so much to substantiate the pre-war case for Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's policy. They looked in vain. Is it to be wondered at if they doubted whether such a proof existed at all? On both sides the fiscal argument, which had reached a high level of knowledge and efficiency in the two General Elections of 1910, sank to the lowest depths of mere assertion and counter-assertion in the General Election of 1923. The Free Traders were apt to repeat the old shibboleths, as though there had never been a war. The Protectionist leaders showed quite clearly that they had not bothered to get up a case suitable to the new conditions—if such a case existed.

On the contrary, it became more and more clear as the campaign proceeded that unemployment and our economic difficulties in general were mainly due to three causes.

(1) The general restriction of world markets; (2) the disturbed conditions of Europe; (3) the immense taxation levied on British industry, due partly to the inflationist

policy of successive Governments since 1918, which saddled the generation with a burden it cannot possibly bear without crippling its industrial enterprise and so removing all hope of regained prosperity and full employment. It will be observed how little reference any of these causes have to the issue of Free Trade *versus* Tariff Reform as the controversy was understood in pre-war days. The first cause alone, the development of markets abroad, could be dealt with by means of Tariff Reform—and that only by a sweeping policy of Inter-Imperial Preference which Ministers deliberately excluded from their programme, in deference, not to conviction, but to fear of a popular outcry against food taxes.

In a word, neither the moral nor the intellectual honesty of Mr. Baldwin's dissolution are very impressive, for intelligence and morals alike compel the inclusion of the Empire in any defensible measure of Tariff Reform to-day.

So much for the past. The Tory jug has been upset, and any attempt to lick the Protectionists' milk off the carpet will be a disastrous loss of time. The only course wisdom dictates is to fill the jug up again until it brims over as it did in 1922 with a real Conservative majority.

This is a task demanding supreme caution and foresight. Nor is it likely to be successfully undertaken by the rash schemers who wrought the overthrow of 1923. For one thing the safety of their own positions demands that they shall adhere to old errors and practise new ones. This was manifest the moment the polls had been declared. The path of prudence and political decency obviously demanded that Ministers should follow the precedent set by Beaconsfield in 1881, and resign rather than wait to be humiliated in the House of Commons after being beaten in the country. There was, indeed, a special reason for this course in 1923. The Government had declared that unemployment was a crying evil, and that in their opinion it could only be cured by Protection. This was the sole plea for the dissolution. Their cure was denied them. Yet they held on to office with the tears over the men walking the streets still wet on their eyelashes, thus denying to any new Government weeks of valuable time

to prepare their own schemes for dealing with the unemployed. Part of the Conservative Official Press said quite nakedly, that so long as Mr. Baldwin was Premier he could not be extruded from the leadership by a defeated and indignant party, and that by holding to office till the House met in January he would give time for this feeling of indignation to subside. By so temporising he would be tried by a panel reconciled to its fate, whenever he chose, as he must finally, to summon a party meeting to decide the leadership.

At the time of writing it is uncertain whether the King's Speech will contain a justification of insular Protection or not, though it is believed that it will not do so. In any case the vital decision will be reached only at the very last moment and after a heated struggle in the Cabinet. Any sane Conservative can see how vital it is, in view of all the possible and quite unknown developments of the year 1924, that the Tory Party should have an absolutely free hand in this matter. But the section in the Cabinet which would like to tie the Protection label round the Tory neck is not a fair judge of the expediency of the act. Its motives are suspect because it has too much to lose if any other course is adopted. It would be a frank victory for the men in the Cabinet who were against the election and the issue on which it was fought to leave Tariff Reform out of the King's Speech. It would compel the authors of the disaster to retire more or less into the background and leave the road clear for wiser colleagues and leaders. But if Toryism has been pinned to Protection on January 15th the act will have been one of condonation for past offences—no matter at what ruinous cost to the future of the country and the party. The people having rejected Protection, it would be possible for the party to drop it with dignity. But if Toryism reaffirms its Protectionist character in spite of the verdict of the polls, it could only make a composition with Free Traders in order to fight Socialists by a manifest surrender of principle. In fact, if Tariff Reform is in the King's Speech it may prove impossible to make any such compact at all. In a word the domination of Mr. Amery and Sir

Philip Lloyd-Greame and Mr. J. C. C. Davidson over Mr. Baldwin is not only a guarantee that the feeblest kind of prudence will be exercised in facing a series of highly complicated and dangerous situations in the coming Parliament, but that the party will be impelled time and again to take the wrong course in order to whitewash each successive past error of its dominating group. In a word, Conservatism will never have a fair show until it gets a new leadership.

The new leader's difficulties, whether he were Lord Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Robert Horne, or anyone else, would be formidable enough, but in spite of the barriers to be passed he would be free to take a road leading in the direction of success. He could retrace his footsteps to the point where Mr. Baldwin diverged from Mr. Bonar Law's path with such fatal consequences, and hope to prosper as Mr. Bonar Law did.

For the rest one must assume in dealing with the future that the Conservative Party will be led with some ordinary common sense. This is a very large assumption.

It is easy enough to define in broad outline the position that Conservatism has to face. There are three parties, not only in the House of Commons but in the electorate, no single one of which commands an absolute majority, so that the Government of any single party is at the mercy of a combination between the other two at Westminster.

There is, of course, in this general situation of Government by minority, by coalition or compromise, nothing very new in British political life. The two-party division with dominant Governments succeeded by equally single-hearted and powerful Oppositions is the exception rather than the rule of our history. The new aspect of the situation of 1924 consists in the fact that the split transcends Parliament, goes beyond Westminster, and is rooted in the minds of the electorate itself.

There is not much need to search the records of the past carefully for long periods of coalition or minority Government in the Commons. For an absolute division of the House into three parties of anything like equal strength the nearest parallel must be sought in the reign of

George III. when the King's friends, the holders of the Royal boroughs and offices, were nearly always strong enough to decide the issue between Whig or Tory, Minister and Minister.

But such a mobile force moving at the sole instance of an individual from side to side is not comparable to a third party which may, indeed, hold the balance at Westminster, but is directly responsible to millions of voters in the country who cannot be persuaded hastily into forming casual alliances.

The nineteenth century between the fall of Peel in 1846 and the predominance of Gladstone in 1868 shows an unvarying record of group or minority Governments. During those twenty-two years no Minister ever held power by virtue of an unquestioned and subservient majority. Governments constantly fell without General Elections, and new administrations were formed by a regrouping of the Whig, Liberal, Radical, Peelite and Conservative elements at Westminster. But, as Sir William Anson has pointed out, the electorate of that period, before the Reform Act of 1867, held a very different conception of the functions of Members of Parliament to that of the elector of to-day. The Victorian voter of the age of Palmerston did not regard his member as a delegate strictly tied to support a Prime Minister and his Whip, or as a man who should be punished by a dissolution if he entered into some new regrouping of forces in order to carry on His Majesty's Government. So long as there appeared to be reason to suppose that no great change had come over the mind of the people, Members of Parliament were given a pretty free hand to change Ministers according to fancy or necessity.

The attitude of electors to members was in Bagehot's phrase "a deferential one," and that of members to Cabinets anything but deferential. Russell, Aberdeen, Disraeli and Derby, all had the experience of being turned out of office without a dissolution. But here, again, a great extension of the franchise, coupled with an increase in the power of the party machine and of Cabinet authority over the Commons, has made an

enormous difference. Just as a Crown party has vanished, so a group system dependent purely on the action and wishes of Members of Parliament, little controlled by their constituents, has also ceased to be practicable—unless the voter himself signifies his adherence to an idea of party combination and permutation without continual dissolutions.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has published in the *New Leader* a statement in which he suggests that such an arrangement will in the future make the Cabinet more dependent on the Commons and the Commons less the slave of the Government, and that the change would be an advantage to the community. Mr. MacDonald, who is a far-seeing statesman fully capable of assuming the manifold responsibilities of a British Prime Minister, is undoubtedly right in the method he suggests for solving the triangular duel of Liberalism, Toryism, and Socialism—so long as the three-cornered party system exists. But he would be the first to agree that the electorate must be a consenting party to the new plan by which Governments are put in and out without persistent and recurrent dissolutions.

Now, the present electorate has been brought up on a totally different theory to that of the generation which flourished between 1846 and 1868. It lives, largely through the reiterated folly of unhistorical journalists, in an atmosphere of parties with overwhelming majorities supported by stringent party whips and cemented by tremendous theoretical pledges of policy given to the constituencies. Under these circumstances to deviate to the Left or to the Right is to incur damnation, so long as the people cling to this idea of national politics as the one in which they have been educated from youth upwards. It is this hard fact which makes nonsense of the aims put forward by amiable or frightened people of all parties of "fusion" or even coalition, or, again, even of "modified support" between Tories and Liberals or Labour and Radicals. No party leader dare touch any such conception of politics in February, 1924, although every party leader knows perfectly well that some such accommodation may in the long run prove necessary in order to carry on

His Majesty's Government from time to time. All these party leaders are absolutely right in declaring emphatically that they will not touch this unhallowed necessity before the hour strikes. If they did so, they would not only ruin themselves, but disgust the electorate with the whole idea of politics and civic life as they know it.

The electorate themselves must realise the new conditions of party government under a three-party system, and give it, if not blessing, at least concurrence, before leaders or parties can respond with safety or propriety to the altered state of affairs. And the electorate can probably only be educated by what will be to them a series of penal dissolutions, none of which will give them a thoroughly stable Government unless they revert to Conservatism in an overwhelming mass out of a feeling of sheer despair. And this might happen at any time under sane Tory leadership.

Exactly the same set of considerations apply to the attitude of the Crown in granting or withholding dissolutions. It is a matter of common sense rather than of precedent. Obviously the Crown must do the best it can for the people, but only in a way which the people will appreciate and understand. If, as appears certain, Mr. Baldwin has fallen, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is in Downing Street when these pages appear, it is Mr. Asquith's contention that the Labour Premier would have no claim to a dissolution in the event of his rapid defeat at the hand of a Liberal-Conservative combination in the Lobby, and that the Crown could, and should, refuse such a dissolution. Instantly on Mr. Asquith's statement the depths of the historical underworld were stirred and the ghosts of Sir William Anson and Professor Dicey began to walk in Fleet Street. From each of these worthies could be culled single sentences declaring that the right to refuse a dissolution had lapsed from lack of use. In each case a further study revealed that the premises of the writers hardly warranted such a sweeping conclusion. Sir William Anson explains how Queen Victoria three times in her reign questioned the propriety of granting a Premier a dissolution if asked for, but since

in no case was the claim pressed, the matter never went to the final issue.

Professor Dicey thought that no dissolution was warrantable unless the Premier could show reason to think that a change had come over the opinion of the country since the previous election. He thus shifts the onus of avoiding dissolution from the Crown to the Prime Minister. This is in effect Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's own position as stated in the *New Leader* last month, and it is a much more constitutional and sensible one than that adopted by Mr. Asquith in the unsought, previous, and public advice he gave the King. Mr. MacDonald says in effect, "I am unwilling to revive the dormant or discarded power of the Crown to refuse a Prime Minister a dissolution, but I can only avoid this by not making requests which fly in the face of reason and the public interest."

What emerges from all this discussion seems perfectly clear. The Crown in the ultimate resort has the right to refuse a dissolution, just as it has the power, and would use that power, to dismiss a Ministry which followed the advice of Mr. Maxton, of the Clyde, to refuse to resign though defeated in the Commons twenty times running. That the power to refuse dissolution has not been used since 1832 is due to two facts. That Prime Ministers have been sensible and patriotic, and that Governments (excepting Mr. Baldwin and his friends) have had no passion for unreasonable and unseasonable dissolutions. But the right of the Crown would be revived in the midst of universal public approval if a series of Prime Ministers under a three-party system ignored Mr. MacDonald's sage advice to himself and began to demand dissolution after dissolution whenever they suffered a defeat in the Commons.

This is a totally different statement from Mr. Asquith's, which refers simply to one possible claim of this sort to be made by Mr. MacDonald, say, next March. I agree with Sir Robert Horne that it would be most unwise of the Crown to refuse such a demand. It would be instantly said that the right of the Crown had been revived after a hundred years simply to smite the Labour Party—that

Mr. Baldwin had only to ask for a silly dissolution to get it, but that a Labour Minister with the excuse of a defeat in the Commons got a refusal. Such an inference, however wrong, might prove fatal to the constitutional development of this country. That Mr. Asquith, of all people, should make the suggestion shows the pure blindness of Liberal partisanship. When the public wants the Crown to move in its defence it will show the way plainly enough, but it will not be this time. When the nation wants an anti-Socialist fusion to save it from the horrors of confiscation it will tell the older party leaders in double quick time, but that time is not now.

There are those who think that all these difficulties will be resolved by the disintegration of Liberalism, its Right elements joining the Tories and its Left the Socialists. It may be so. But Liberalism, though apparently in a permanent minority, has a hard core of resistance to outside permeation. While that exists there is a chance that some turn of events might restore to it part of its pristine glory. For the present the three-party system exists, and Conservatism must make the best of it.

Insular Protection must be dropped. The whole forces of Conservatism, dissipated by ceaseless vendettas, must be re-united under some leader like Lord Balfour—a Prime Minister over twenty years ago—under whom everybody, Baldwin, Curzon, Birkenhead, Chamberlain, or Horne, could all alike serve without any derogation to their dignity.

Or if Lord Balfour is not available some other “neutral” leader must be found. If a reasonable accommodation is come to between all the personalities, sections, and forces which represent Conservative opinion in the country, the greater part of the damage of 1923 can be undone in 1924, and an assured victory in the constituencies might be attained by 1925. On the other hand, if Toryism prefers to be Mr. Baldwin plus Birmingham, plus the Die-hard Under-Secretaries, it will remain a powerful minority force, but will not attain independent office so long as it preserves this limited character. It is for the Conservatives to choose which alternative they prefer.

THE THIRD PARTY'S PROGRAMME

BY HOWARD LITTLE

THE Labour Party came into being eight years before the outbreak of the Great War. Ten years ago our Press, Conservative and Liberal, was asking, generally in heavy type, “Is there a Labour Party?”

To-day most certainly there is a third party known officially as the Labour Party. While a very bad third chronologically it is second in order of strength, if strength is proportionate to elected membership. Upon what does that strength rest?

The so-called Labour Party does not represent either the majority or the best of Labour, is hampered by the doings and pronouncements of the Independent Labour Party, and might with at least equal reason be called the Socialist Party. Consideration of these three outstanding facts suggests two grave doubts: Has the Party a well-defined policy, and, if so, is that policy likely to be of benefit to the State upon which the Party may very soon be in a position to experiment?

No one who has had opportunities of studying the methods of working-class politicians at close quarters will dispute the fact that, whatever strength may seem to be indicated by numbers, the actual solidity will almost invariably be something much less. Men have become Labour leaders because of and by means of the block vote and the ballot which is not secret. And Labour leaders, having become Members of Parliament, are now quite possibly about to become Cabinet Ministers. For years past a number of items in a possible party programme have been, as it were, in the air. These particular items have in many cases been forced upon a Labour constituency by methods which are not generally understood. Before the war a practice had grown up whereunder wandering wire-pullers went from Labour club to Labour club acting as units in a species of more or less revolutionary “cells.” The method was simple and made

fatally easy for its practitioners by the legal affiliation of workmen's clubs. The insidious working of the scheme may be thus explained: A particular club is entered by a stranger who need only prove membership of a similar institution, say, in the remote North. He makes a casual and possibly diffident remark concerning something he hears. This is probably picked up and commented upon by some regular member of the club; and the visitor, in spite of seeming reluctance, is prevailed upon to say a little more. Perhaps all he has to say is that in the North, where he is still "at the tools," men are not putting up with that kind of thing. This stranger will be followed by others, at reasonable intervals, from (according to their statements) South, East or West, and all simple workmen whose presence here is easily explained; yet all, and separately, telling the same story from different parts of the country until the majority of the members of the club visited are led to believe that they are less progressive than the artisans of other districts. While it is certainly true that there are Labour leaders who are above this kind of thing, it is much to be feared that such leaders form the minority among their colleagues. Labour's ostensible support of the proposed Labour Government, then, is far from being solid even to the extent of the numbers often glibly quoted. It is also to be remembered that neither block vote, open ballot nor subterranean wire-pulling will influence the best of Labour against its own better judgment. Therefore, such support as there is is drawn very largely from those sections of Labour which cannot be regarded as the most intelligent.

We have to remember, also, that the Independent Labour Party is simultaneously professing to speak on behalf of Labour. At present one of the main objects of this latter party appears to be not merely recognition of the Communists, but also active support for a communistic programme, such support to be drawn from the ranks of Labour, ostensibly for the not too remote benefit of Labour.

Up to this point we can only conclude that the position of the Labour Party in the House of Commons is probably

less secure than it has been made to seem—and this literally before (as a responsible Government) it is committed to the declaration of any homogeneous policy. Like every other Government, it will have come into power on the strength of scattered pledges and supposed pledges. The real testing time of a Government commences when both supporters and opponents are busy co-ordinating its promises or attacking it for the neglect of particular promises. How much of such treatment will the leaders of the Third Party be able to sustain without collapse?

We know that it is not every politician who will consistently honour his own pledges, while the majority do not exert themselves very strenuously to redeem those given by their leaders. Few, indeed, abide by those given by their predecessors.

The leaders of the Labour Party coming into office will be free from any undertakings given by former leaders of that Party when in office—for the obvious reason that there has not yet been a Labour Government in this country. There, however, it seems that the advantages due to their unique position begin and end. While in opposition and while seeking to obtain office, it is hardly unreasonable to assert that these leaders have created for themselves many difficulties with which they will have to contend as responsible Ministers of the Crown.

Sophisticated politicians have often argued that the Minister is in no way pledged by his own speech or action while in opposition. If this be a sound political principle then clearly honesty is no policy at all. For our present purpose, however, the important consideration is simple, and in no way concerned with matters ethical. It is abundantly clear that the first Labour Government, whenever it may come into power, cannot abandon the more important of its actions and principles while in opposition immediately before taking office.

So much for a general principle. How does that principle apply to the Labour Ministry which may be formed early in 1924? What are the actions and pledges which have already committed the Party? As it is obviously impossible to consider this question in detail we must be

content with some reference to four items which it will probably be agreed have bulked most largely in Labour's programme hitherto. The nationalisation of the more important means of production, the capital levy, provision of employment, and the building of sufficient houses are all matters in connection with which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his immediate supporters have left no room for doubt. Not only have they sought to get measures calculated to further all these ends upon the Statute Book while in opposition, but they have also been urging that each and every one of these proposals is to be regarded as an essential to the continued welfare of the community. In spite of this we cannot avoid observation of the fact that since the declaration of results in December, 1923, responsible members of the Third Party have said little or nothing with reference to either nationalisation or the capital levy. These two changes, if brought about, would be not merely the most spectacular but also the most far-reaching which any Government could at the present juncture compass. As window attractions they have certainly done their work, bringing many thousands of the less thoughtful to declare themselves whole-hearted supporters of Labour in the House of Commons. Not yet, however, are we justified in the assumption that the work of these two adumbrations has been done. Though very little has been heard concerning them in the utterances of Labour men throughout the past few weeks, it hardly follows that the ideas conveyed have been abandoned by the leaders of the rank and file.

The difficulties confronting Great Britain's first Labour Government are great indeed, and accentuated by the fact that the formation of such a Government has become a probability of the near future, in a manner not generally anticipated, and before leaders or members of the party have had any appreciable time wherein to consider probabilities. One may take leave to doubt whether Labour in opposition would have brought forward a motion for nationalisation had it been realised that within twelve months that same Labour might be in power. This one question, to nationalise, or not to nationalise, may prove

not merely the downfall of the party at an early date, but also such a discrediting of both persons and motives as has seldom been witnessed in this country. Mr. MacDonald's Government, when formed, may at once reaffirm its position with regard to nationalisation; or may shelve all reference to that particularly thorny subject. But a declaration of policy here will alienate support, so also will avoidance of the question. At present there is a great body of artisan voters whose members do not desire that their superiors at work shall also be Government officials. For them it is more than sufficient that their trade union officials have already become their political "bosses." Already many thousands of working men, having a somewhat wider vision than that of the majority, are restive under trade union conditions which compel the individual to devote a very great deal of his leisure to the union, or to see the vote he has not cast counted against him. On the other hand, shelving the question of nationalisation, or even apparent lukewarmness in connection with it, will mean for the party leaders very serious trouble indeed, from those who have been attracted to the Party by the proposal, and from those who have all along looked to their leaders for the quickest possible cutting up and sharing out of certain valuable properties.

As regards the proposed capital levy: here, again, the first Labour or Socialist, or Third Party, Government will find many difficulties, not all of which can by any possibility be overcome. For a very considerable period they will be unable to afford the luxury of openly disavowing the suggested policy, their position being very similar here to their quandary concerning nationalisation. Ministers will find that either they must proceed with legislation to enforce the levy or they must rest under the imputation of being half-hearted (using no more uncomplimentary phrase) in the matter of one of their own suggestions which may or may not have been made and talked of as possible merely for the sake of influencing votes. It seems probable that quite a number of honest people would be willing enough to share in the spoils if only the course were sanctioned by Act of Parliament.

Let us assume that the dangers lurking in those two words, nationalisation and levy, have been either successfully encountered or diplomatically postponed by our first Labour Government. Even so, the political atmosphere is by no means clear. By no possibility will the new Ministry be able to avoid coming definitely to grips with both unemployment and housing. This, we may assume, is clearly recognised, because throughout December, and the beginning of January, 1924, we find men who will probably become members of the Cabinet (if a Labour Government is formed within the next few months) speaking with undiplomatic candour upon both these questions. Possibly it is thought that the two difficulties taken together will tend to mutual solution. Therein, however, lies a danger fraught with sinister possibilities. If need of houses is seized upon as a step towards the solution of the unemployment problem, then immediately the prolonged existence of the Labour Government is threatened; possibly even the Labour Party may find its ranks seriously reduced.

In 1919 it was proposed to train 50,000 ex-service men to take the place of builders who were much needed but could not be found. The Government was then at great pains to point out to the building trade unions that the proposed scheme was not dilution. But builders, and in particular bricklayers, very strongly objected. Nor was their attitude unreasonable. They said in effect: "Whether you call it dilution or not, it means that very soon there will be more than fifty thousand cats too many for the mice available. We have not forgotten the condition of things in our trade for the few years before and after 1910." If it is considered unreasonable for a section of Labour to resent dilution in its trade, then it would seem at least equally unreasonable for the capitalist to resent the proposed levy. In all these cases it is the point of view which counts; and one need not be a Socialist to assert that the labourer has as clear a claim to work as the capitalist has to capital.

The Labour Cabinet which is believed in certain well-informed circles to be almost upon us cannot postpone

those two questions, unemployment and housing. It was perhaps with an eye to this double-barrelled compulsion that dilution was openly advocated at the conference of the Scottish Labour Housing Association. Yet the Labour Government which attempts anything of this kind will certainly find itself in an unenviable position. Not only will the support of a considerable section of Labour be lost, but the leaders will in all probability be accused of having, for their own ends, taken steps to destroy that very Trade Unionism upon which they rose to Cabinet rank.

Thus we have the position of the first Labour Government. Nationalisation, the capital levy, unemployment, and housing shortage are four matters any one of which would be sufficient to turn out an experienced Ministry under normal conditions. All of these must be dealt with by the inexperienced Labour Government unless some are to be abandoned. And the times will certainly not be normal when this Third Party Cabinet takes office, if only because its members have in great measure queered the pitch for themselves by their methods when in opposition. It is to be remembered that while the duty of an opposition may be to oppose, it has never been suggested that another of its functions was the hampering of an existing Government by clamour for what could not possibly be accomplished in the time available, or by suggestion that the humanly impossible should be a simple matter to goodwill and intelligence.

The Labour Party must not rely over-much on the proverbial shortness of memories. Political memories have a queer way of being among the longest. Therefore, a Labour Cabinet neglecting to accomplish any one of those far-reaching and often impossible reforms which its members have not hesitated to describe as first essentials (and have been competing one with the other to bring to the notice of the Proletariat as the things in store for the electorate as soon as they are placed in authority) will probably have a short life in which there is not likely to be a great deal of mirth.

Mad as the world may be it still insists upon a certain amount of logical sequence. Our third, or Socialist, or

Labour Party is very, very young, and has many of the faults of extreme youth. Its over-confidence is surpassed only perhaps by its lack of logic. For example, if it is correctly named "Labour Party," then what a condition of things have we here! Labour is a section of the community, a worthy section, and a section probably often deserving of better treatment than it obtains. But why should the government of the country be entrusted to any one section of the community? If it is just that there should be a Labour Government, then surely it is equally just that there should be a Capitalist Government. If, on the other hand, it be contended that we are upon a false scent here, and there is no want of logic because the party is incorrectly described by its name, then once more are we face to face with an apparent inability to reason on logical lines.

To the thick-and-thin Labour man black-legging is always a crime if committed here by his fellow-countrymen; but it is something to be encouraged if committed in another country for the benefit of the foreigner. A man may not undersell his fellow-workman in circumstances where this country would obtain some benefit from the cheaper labour. But he is not merely allowed but actually encouraged to undersell his fellow-countrymen, and put a number of them out of work, always provided that the cheaper labour brings profit to the foreign country. This is but one aspect of that curiously illogical mental attitude which is eager to be the friend of any nation but its own.

Similarly, we have Labour clamouring for more employment and for disarmament. But perhaps the situation is adequately explained if we remind ourselves that not yet has Labour been called upon to govern, while hitherto it has been in great measure shielded from the consequences of its own reckless actions and proposals.

The Labour Party's programme has not yet been announced, but, recognising the danger of attempting to prophesy before one knows, it is yet fairly safe to say that some of those matters with which the first Labour Cabinet will be compelled to deal promptly are more than likely to bring about the downfall of that Cabinet, while there are

other matters where either masterly inactivity or any attempted action will be fraught with grave danger. From these considerations it seems obvious that the life of the first Labour Government will be very short.

Consideration of Labour and economic questions generally, and a moderately close study of the trend of events, may embolden one to yet another assertion. The first Labour Government to leave a permanent and useful mark on the history of the nation will be that one whose members aim, whether in opposition or in power, at the stable foundation of a widely circulating paper which shall strive towards fairness in comment, reason in argument, and generosity rather than bitterness in judgment.

AMERICAN INTERVENTION IN EUROPE

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

THE United States has consented to be represented quasi-officially on the international commissions to be appointed to consider the state of German finance. The appointment of these commissions is another move in the direction of futility. The original plan suggested by the United States Government for a commission with full powers was a gesture in the right direction, but it failed because it did not go far enough and was not made with an air of authority. There are two methods by which approximately normal conditions can be restored to European industry, and these, once achieved, will result in a large measure of stability for social and political affairs.

One of these methods is now being tried, and the appointment of more commissions with limited powers and subordinate to existing authorities is but a part of it. It requires no great powers of deduction to realise that little progress is being made under this method; that it will take many years for natural laws to overcome the artificial barriers now in force against their operation, and that in all probability matters will become much worse before they even begin to get better. It cannot be denied that under this method the condition of a great many people in Europe has grown rapidly worse and that there are no signs of much improvement in the near future.

In the meantime the *moral* of great nations is being destroyed to no apparent or avowed purpose. The standard of life for all the European peoples is being lowered in every particular, spiritual as well as material, through the crumbling away of previously established conditions, these being destroyed by the unintelligent and immoral formulæ employed by the victors in the recent war in their administration of internal and external affairs. This condition in Europe affects the people of every country of the world in one way or another, directly or indirectly, and nearly all the ills from which the material affairs of

many nations are suffering can be traced in their origins to present conditions on the Continent of Europe.

The second method has yet to be tried, and to put it into operation would take more courage and initiative than has yet been shown by any of the great nations in their administration of foreign affairs. This is nothing more or less than an international receivership for Germany with headquarters at Berlin, with full authority to make an accounting of German assets and liabilities and to operate the whole of Germany politically, financially and industrially until such time as it was agreed that the purpose of the receivership had been fulfilled. As in all receiverships, the business of the plant would proceed under the immediate direction of the regular staff, or, in other words, the Allied control would retain the usual political machinery of Germany and depend largely upon voluntary or enforced German co-operation to make it effective.

German assets are in excess of liabilities, hence it needs but authority and absolute power to put German affairs in order. Under such a plan the avowed French objectives could be attained completely and within reasonable time, and by no other method can French claims ever be satisfied. Germany could be made to pay her debts, the nation could be effectively disarmed, and the necessary guarantees could be secured for the future military safety of France. Other creditors of Germany could be paid in full, and the German people would secure almost at once all they ask, that is to say, a stable currency, full industrial freedom and political safety. The co-operative government of Germany by such a receivership would have no such element of humiliation in it as is to be found in the present armed occupation of German territory by alien forces. The Government of the receivership would of necessity be absolute and unquestioned. The complete obedience of the German people would be exacted and the Allied Governments would be bound by the decisions and the acts of the official receivers.

Such a receivership would have to be in the form of a small commission, on which there would be only one

member from each of the Allied and associated Powers, and it would be presided over by a chairman elected by the Commission, the French member if needs be, though that position would, perhaps, fall more appropriately to the American representative. This receivership would bear no likeness to any reparation or other council that has yet been tried, for it would be a super-government, internationalised, and its course of action would not depend upon the approval or disapproval of any other Government. It would be a temporary dictatorship established for a beneficent purpose and with the agreement of the governed. That some change would have to be made in the Versailles Treaty is quite possible, and not of much importance, as the same parties who were signatory at Versailles would be responsible for allowing Germany to make a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in order to straighten out the almost hopeless confusion which now prevails.

What makes it possible for this plan to provide beneficial results almost immediately is the fact that there is no such thing as a devastated Europe. Europe has long ago not only recovered from all material damage done, but has enormously improved her position over that of November, 1918, and even that of 1913. It is humanity which is devastated and not the region itself. Europe is to-day more populous, richer, more highly developed and better able to carry on the usual activities of industry and commerce than it was ten years ago, so far as material, plant, and labour supply are concerned.

It is the conventional system of life which is in ruins, and the mind and spirit of millions of people have become abnormal, partly as an effect of the war, but even more through the conditions which have prevailed since the war. Hate, misery, and greed are universal, and the problem of keeping body and soul together from day to day absorbs the energies of a large part of the population. Abnormal mental conditions are not confined to the impoverished classes, however, for the rich are more unscrupulous than ever in their efforts to get richer, for the opportunities which come to them now are bred in the

unusual needs and distress of their unusually wretched fellow men. Among those whose future is safe the lust for revenge and the craftiness of the miser induced by the misery of many about them swamp all other emotions.

The soul of Europe is submerged under a sea of ignoble passions and material ambitions, or is starved into a shadowy existence by actual hunger. These are the fruits of present conditions brought about by the timidity, cowardice, selfishness, and criminal culpability of the Governments of all the Powers, for which the nations behind them must stand responsible. These are the results of the method adopted by the five greatest and presumably most civilised nations in the world for the reconstruction of devastated Europe.

A thousand objections will immediately be presented to the plan suggested. They will come from Germany, where politicians will prate of German sovereignty and freedom, but to the mass of the people the suggestion would come as a promise of deliverance from a bondage more cruel than any other conceivable, and they would force their Government to consent. They will come from France, where politicians will talk of the possibility of reduced German indemnities and of military dangers from which no one but themselves can assure protection; but if the people of France were given a bill of acceptance for what is justly owed to them, this bill to be endorsed by all the great nations, and a super-Government sitting in Berlin undertook to give them better sureties against aggression than their own Government could possibly secure, they would agree to abandon a policy which so far has brought them nothing but trouble, more fears, no guarantees of future safety, and more taxation. The British, Italian, and Belgian Governments are already well on their way towards an agreement along such lines as would only have to be extended to include the proposed receivership.

The suggestion could not be carried into effect without the aid of the United States, for otherwise it would not have that convincing assurance of success and the necessary means to carry through any programme decided upon

no matter how colossal. Also it would be an injustice to the people of the United States were they to be excluded from participation, for it is as great a cause as that which brought over two million American soldiers and sailors to Europe in the recent war. It would be a morally weak leadership that would keep them aloof.

There is no doubt but that Germany can pay in full all just claims against her arising out of the war if some such plan is put into effect. There is equally no doubt as to her inability and lack of will to pay under present conditions. As matters now stand the reparations bill of the Allies will never be paid by Germany, and her ability and will to pay decrease with every so-called pledge taken over as hostage. The principle now employed is utterly wrong and entirely contrary to the principles so solidly built into the American policy of Government and the conduct of foreign relations. It would not be permitted by the United States on the North or South American Continents, and to act in concert with the other Powers to provide for an extension of the principles employed in American affairs of State to other parts of the earth is consistent and legitimate, for when another country, however remote, has attempted to follow American example, sympathy and sometimes actual aid has been extended without question.

Under present conditions in Europe, and in view of the present French position, it does not seem possible; but it is probably the case that to obtain American consent and participation in such a receivership for Germany would be more difficult than to secure the agreement of any other country. The principle of isolation or "safety first" has been so long preached and practised that the idea of an American official becoming a part of a super-average American citizen. Given time to consider, however, and he will have difficulty in stating the difference between what the Government of the United States has already proposed to do and what is here suggested. An international commission with full powers, on which the United States would be represented, would really be more

dangerous from the point of view of the timid isolationist than an international commission or receivership which was given the job outright of putting the German concern on a paying basis. There could be no political entanglements with European Powers, for there would be no treaties, no agreements which committed the United States Government to anything beyond the loan of American skill, prestige, and possibly money in working out a plan for the salvation of Europe and carrying it into effect without interference.

To appoint such a commission to sit in Paris, Brussels, London, or some other non-German city to make a report containing recommendations which must pass the legislative gauntlet in each and every country concerned before they could become effective is a waste of time and effort. And in the meanwhile things, if not getting worse, are certainly not getting any better. The Belgian estimate as to the time it would take such a commission to report is two years, and the state of Europe is not a matter of years but one of weeks or even days. There is no need to attempt to determine Germany's ability to pay. The face value of her assets and her productive power under favourable conditions are already known. The amount of her indebtedness other than the war debt is smaller than that of any other country in proportion to population and effectiveness. To indulge in such a commission as has already been considered by the Powers is at this time a cowardly device to escape immediate responsibility well known to practical politicians and often employed by them as a matter of expediency. To appoint a commission to report upon what is already common knowledge is a comfortable way out of a more or less dangerous controversial matter.

What the Allies want is their money and security against an armed Germany. What Germany wants and must have if she is to live is permission to live normally and regain her wonted industrial strength. What the world wants is to have these things brought about as quickly as possible. What humanity needs is to be rescued from the Slough of Despond into which it has fallen. These things cannot

be accomplished quickly, if at all, by such an economic commission as has yet been proposed even if it was given wide scope. They can be accomplished by a voluntary act of bankruptcy on the part of Germany, and the appointment of joint Receivers by the five great nations of the world which are now most concerned with the collapse of Germany. If Germany hesitates over a voluntary admission of inability to carry on, the five nations referred to have it in their power to force her into an official bankruptcy which would merely be a recognition of what is already in effect.

No halfway measures are of the slightest use. Such a step, if taken, would have to be made boldly and with firm confidence as to its necessity and righteousness. No reservations on the part of any Power taking part could be permitted. Everything would have to go into the pot to be boiled together that the result should be of uniform quality. For five years the experts of all countries have been collecting data, auditing accounts, adjusting claims, and making reports, and while they were doing this confusion increased, and at the end of the five years the whole problem has become so bemuddled with talk, argument, and recrimination that the people of the world are entirely adrift not only as to the facts in the case and the real merits of the different arguments, but as to the absolute simplicity of the whole problem if firmly grasped. The only threats and penalties yet devised have been the occupation of more German territory, which decreases the power of the Germans to live up to their obligations, or the imposition of a fine which merely goes to swell the amount Germany is in default.

The taking over of Germany as a going concern which needs putting in order would be no more or less than that, and it is believed the German people would welcome any plan that gave promise of bringing their country back to a semblance, at least, of what it was industrially ten years ago, even if they knew that toll was to be taken of their earnings for many years to come. They would also be freed from the present state of uncertainty, the foreigner would leave their territory, and their own industrial magnates would lose their power of exploitation.

The United States Government is entirely justified in not taking part officially in any international economic commission upon which there are any limitations placed. It would be nearer right if it refused to take part in any such international body unless it was given absolute power. The full duty of the United States is not satisfied, however, with this negative attitude. In agreement with the British Empire, which agreement can be secured, the United States should unquestionably, as an independent and the least interested party, be the one to put forward a comprehensive plan for an international receivership for Germany. It is an opportunity for the display of such statesmanship as has not been offered to Washington in recent years. It is the opportunity presented for American participation in the affairs of the world commensurate with the power, wealth, and aspirations of the American people without incurring reproach from the shadows of departed statesmen who warned the nation against entanglements in European political quarrels.

The European Powers have all been so mixed up in the discussions and quarrels over German reparations, and have got themselves into such an apparently hopeless tangle, that it is only the United States which is able successfully to come forward with a clean cut and novel plan for settling matters. England has attempted to bring about some solution, but has been unable to see eye to eye with France. Her course has been more or less consistent, however. The tendencies of succeeding English Governments has been to be fair to all, and if any sacrifices have been proposed it has been England who offered to make them, allowing her former Allies on the Continent their full mead of reparations. There has been no give and take shown by all the Allies, for at all times has England offered to give while the others were to do the taking. What has prevented an agreement has always been the demand of France that she should get more than was offered. There was a point reached in 1923 when England, in justice to her own people, could offer no more, hence the apparent parting of the ways between British and French policies at that time. As a matter of fact, the British Government incurred the displeasure and active

criticism of a considerable element in Great Britain for the offers of concessions made from time to time to the other Allied peoples.

The international jealousies and suspicions of Europe are at fever heat, and as all stand to win or lose largely by any arrangement with Germany, they are deeply interested parties. The United States is in an enviable light as a possible intermediary. America is not an active party to the Versailles Treaty and is not even a member of the League of Nations. There are no American claims for reparations against Germany of any comparative size, and the only motive that could be attributed to her people for an expressed willingness to assist in the arduous and not entirely pleasant task of the reconstruction of Europe is that of a general desire to assist all the peoples of the world in getting back on to their feet, and such benefit as would accrue generally to American interests if this could be accomplished.

Any plan now suggested must be simplicity itself. It must begin at the beginning and create a new order. Its foundations must be laid anew and be those of practical justice, common-sense, and a passionless consideration of facts—something Europe has not indulged in for several long years past. There is no business so large or so disorganised that it cannot be brought back into a reasonable state of order and productiveness, not to say profit, when the assets are greater than the liabilities, and in the case of Germany this is notoriously true.

The United States has many advantages possessed by no other country which would give the voice of her people authority and weight. They have the money and the material needed by Europe, and these would be speedily forthcoming if it was considered that the situation warranted their contribution. To feed the starving people of Germany gets nowhere. It satisfies the sentimentality of those who contribute, but that is all. It is another case of the dole for the unemployed—rights no wrongs, advances the interests of no nation. On the other hand, it helps to support a people in idleness and inculcates the pernicious doctrine of dependence upon the State instead of upon

individual effort. By all means feed the starving and take care of the children, but while this is being done, let constructive statesmanship have its way and make sure that this is only a temporary condition which will disappear under the magic of honest and fearless handling of international problems.

It is not suggested that the United States should take any part in political quarrels in Europe. There is no need for such interference. That America should take part in the settlement of those affairs resulting from a great war which her people helped to win at considerable cost to themselves is another matter. These are the affairs of justice, common-sense, economics, and the welfare of all humanity, and to stand aside is to make a cowardly retreat from a battlefield over which have been strewn more corpses in civilian clothes during the past five years than were found upon it in khaki in the four years of war. It is not only the dead that tell the tale in all its gruesomeness, however, it is the living. The shattered lives of young and old; the anæmic childhood that has made its appearance since the last gun was fired; the drifting, purposeless population deprived of all ordinary standards, and concerned only as to the problem of life from day to day; the ghouls of business who have preyed upon the misfortunes and necessities of their fellow-men, gambling in their money, their food, their clothing and their right to labour. These are but a few of the results of the delay in settling the affairs of Europe immediately following the Great War.

To say that America has come to the door and found it closed, and is therefore impotent, is a confession of weakness unworthy of a great nation. The truth of the matter is that the door is not closed and never has been; but the United States has never yet discovered, or had the courage and initiative to use if known, the *open sesame* which would admit her to the concert of nations as an influential guest whose advice would be given respectful consideration, and whose proposed aid would be gratefully received. The way was open for the immediate operation of an effective plan for the rehabilitation of Europe the first year

after the war, but the Allied and Associated Powers could not read the signposts. It is not a question of the United States taking any part in the political quarrels of Europe, for the people of Europe would resent any such officiousness. The whole matter, when cleared of rubbish, has no political element in it. It is purely economic. All the political squabbling heard in connection therewith is the by-play of those who are really more concerned with their own affairs than they are with the realities.

Let the bill stand against Germany as it is if needs be. It is not a question of the amount that is now troubling Europe; it is a question of securing the will and the power to pay, and the actual beginning of the payment upon an adequate and dependable scale. It is not a question of the military danger threatened from Germany to-day, it is the possible danger of a time ten, twenty or thirty years from now, and in the meantime the will and power to pay grows less with each passing week, and each and every day a new contribution is made to the secret store of hate which will bear its fruit in the time to come, no matter how many military commissions travel to and fro among the German people in times like these, or how much arms and ammunition are now confiscated. When that time comes, if it ever does, the weapons of to-day will be preserved in museums as antiques and not for use.

It is doubtful whether anyone can realise the startling change that would come over the face of European affairs with the initiation of the idea for an international receivership, and few Americans have any conception of the enormous prestige that would come to their country if this plan was put into operation. The American army came to Europe to help save the world from Prussianism. The American people are now given the opportunity of helping to rescue humanity from the morass in which it is now struggling with rapidly failing strength. This is the one plan whereby the affairs of Europe can be quickly righted; the one plan whereby the United States can be instrumental in making the miracle come to pass without taking part in any European political quarrels or committing the American people to future wars.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INSANE

BY JOHN WARNOCK, M.D.

THE recently published Report of Lord Justice Atkin's Committee, appointed to consider the existing law as to the trial of persons suspected to be insane, revives the long-standing dispute between the lawyers and medico-psychologists as to the responsibility of the insane before the law.

The view contained in the McNaghten "rules" that, to acquire irresponsibility, the accused must be shown not to have been able to appreciate the wrongfulness of his act, roughly represents the legal attitude. The opinion of medico-psychologists is, in plain words, that insanity and irresponsibility are co-extensive. Their view, however, is usually expressed in a somewhat modified form, apparently in an attempt to effect a compromise with the legal view, with the inevitable result of inconsistency and difficulty of defence in argument.

The disagreement appears to be an example of the contrary conclusions, produced by different logical methods. It is indeed comparable with the more recent dispute between orthodox theologians and Darwinians. On each occasion an *a priori* generalisation was laid down; by the theologians as to the Creation, by the lawyers as to the Responsibility of lunatics to the law unless *irresponsibility could be proved*. While by the inductive method of collecting thousands of instances, and formulating a law that would cover all observed cases, the Darwinians urged the theory of evolution; and the medico-psychologists came to the conclusion that *in practice* all lunatics should be considered to be irresponsible. Indeed, on this latter principle all mental hospitals are to-day conducted; while in the Law Courts the legal view as to responsibility rules, more or less.

Having acted as expert adviser in many hundreds of cases of criminal lunacy, I venture to give my views on the subject.

The Practical Difficulty in Demonstrating Responsibility in the Insane.

I may point out that the theory of "partial delusion," mentioned in the McNaghten answers, has long been discredited and discarded, as being contrary to the observed facts. It is as absurd as the idea of partial chastity!

The mind is not a collection of separate functions, memory, perception, will, etc., but an elaborate synthetic whole, in which the various parts react on one another in the most complex fashions. No function of the mind can be disordered without the other functions being possibly affected to varying degrees, often to a most delicate degree, so that we cannot measure it. The theory of partial or limited insanity is thus untenable. In practice we find that *all* lunatics reason insanely, some to a greater extent than others. A person cannot hold a delusion limited to one subject, and be otherwise rational. To hold even one delusion proves a loss of reasoning power, which really affects his views and conduct in various ways; just as *all* a person's visual impressions are altered by looking through coloured glass. The fact that we cannot see the relation between the delusion and the act, may be merely due to our ignorance of some of the lunatic's morbid ideas. To rule that unless the crime is shown to be the direct result of the insane delusions, or that unless you can show how his power of moral appreciation was affected by his delusions, the person should be held to be responsible, presupposes a far greater insight into what goes on in each individual lunatic's mind than we possess. There may, indeed, be no *rational* connection between the delusion and the crime; but there may be some *irrational* connection (*e.g.*, merely of rhyme) unknown and perhaps inconceivable by us. We do not know either (1) all that goes on in a lunatic's mind, all his insane ideas on all sorts of subjects, all his hallucinations and perverted feelings and emotional changes, or (2) what the mental processes are that go on in his mind, *i.e.*, what peculiar form of ratiocination takes the place of sane reasoning. Sane persons use ordinary logic instinctively; but even

well-educated lunatics use some perverted form of logic, and so reason falsely. Indeed, if they did not reason falsely, they could not harbour a single delusion. For a delusion is not in harmony with the real facts. A sane person in possession of the real facts can, by using his reasoning power, test the quality of a false idea presented to him. A lunatic's perverted form of reasoning fails to perceive the contradictory quality in the false idea, and accepts it as true; and it becomes his delusion.

It may be noted here that a delusion is not merely a mistaken belief, numbers of which we all harbour. But a delusion is a mistaken belief, which the person should be able to correct (but is, in fact, unable to correct), by using his reasoning powers on the material existing within his knowledge. Thus, the belief of some ignorant races that the world is flat is a mistaken belief, not a delusion; because they have not got the knowledge necessary to correct their mistake. But when you present a lunatic with the facts, which are logically sufficient to prove to him the falsity of his delusion, he is unable to apply them. I remember weighing a lunatic who believed that he weighed many tons: after reading the scale, which showed that his weight was only 10 stone, he said: "But I *know* I weigh hundreds of tons!"

Psychologists know that a delusion is merely an outward sign of an inward concealed mental disorder, just as the spots on the skin in scarlet fever are an outward sign of an inward concealed physical disease. We know, nevertheless, by experience that in the latter disease the pathological process affects the whole body; and we are similarly certain by experience that the mental disorder impairs the functions of the mind generally, and is not really limited to one portion. In scarlet fever, the spots are of little importance compared with the pathological process going on inside the body generally: they are only useful in forming a diagnosis. Similarly, a delusion is only of importance as enabling us to diagnose a far more important pathological process in the person's mind, *viz.*, the loss of perfect reasoning power. It is as absurd to attempt to measure a man's responsibility by reference

to his delusions, as to measure the condition of a case of scarlet fever by counting his spots, instead of taking his temperature, estimating his albuminuria, and so on. In both cases the test is too superficial to justify a moment's consideration.

In the face of these considerations, I think it impossible to declare that any act of a lunatic may not be related to his insanity, or that his appreciation of right and wrong may not have been affected by his insanity. Such a declaration is even more difficult, when we remember that any one of the other mental symptoms found in varying degrees in most cases of insanity—*e.g.*, intense irritability, impulsiveness, exaltation, depression, and many others—may, without any delusion, of itself, result in insane and anti-social acts. For, our feelings, whether normal or perverted, are the mainsprings of our conduct. As, then, it is not practicable in every case to show how or whether the insanity affects the lunatic's views about his act, (as the lawyers require, in order to settle the question of responsibility), the only safe course is to fall back on a practical rule based on experience, offered by the medico-psychologists, that insanity and irresponsibility should in practice be considered to be co-extensive. For, it would be unjust to condemn a lunatic, merely because we cannot follow his thoughts. Indeed, if the members of this Legal Committee had studied for a few years in mental hospitals, I think they would have accepted this conclusion. Medico-psychologists, who know most about insanity, are sure that the present legal rules are often contrary to the observed facts, and should be altered. It is to be regretted that the opposite opinion is held by the majority of the legal profession, who know little about the insane or insanity,—*e.g.*, I doubt whether most lawyers could define offhand a delusion, or a hallucination, or an illusion. If tuition in insanity were included in the law course, as I have heard is the case in at least one German university, the lawyers would soon agree to be guided by the observed facts, and would condemn the McNaghten "rules" as strongly as the medico-psychologists do; and they would see that the lunatic should no more be held responsible for his acts,

than would be a patient suffering from St. Vitus's dance, whose involuntary choreic movements had resulted in injury to a neighbour, the patient well knowing that it was illegal to damage his neighbour. If he had been unaffected by the chorea, the patient would not have committed the injurious act. So the question in the case of the lunatic should be: "If unaffected by insanity, would he have committed the crime?" No one experienced in lunacy would have the temerity to reply in the affirmative; and, if the answer is doubtful, in the late Mr. Justice Stephen's words, "the lunatic should have the benefit of the doubt." The saying of the old divine about the criminal: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford," is applicable here, and drives home the fact that, if struck with the scourge of insanity, any one of us might be in the accused's position.

Criticisms of the Present Procedure.

(I) Table IV of Appendix C of the Report shows that 61 persons have been sentenced to death, apparently as sane, who later on were either (1) sent to Broadmoor as insane (31 cases), or (2) condemned to imprisonment (30 cases). Thus of the 110 cases enquired into, because apparently some suspicion of their mental condition had arisen, more than 50 per cent. were found to have been sentenced to death, to say the least of it, unnecessarily, and certainly in many cases unjustly. Was it fair to these 61 human beings to make them undergo the torture of expecting a disgraceful death? For lunatics often feel as deeply as we do, not to mention the agony and distress of their relatives. Does it tend to make English legal procedure respected, when sentences gravely pronounced in the most solemn way are stultified by subsequent ampler enquiries? Surely this way of doing things is illogical, and is merely "muddling through," at a terrible cost to the poor wretches involved. The admission that 61 sentences of capital punishment were wrongly pronounced, and that 6.1 per cent. of the total number (1,001) condemned to be hanged proved on further enquiry not to

require that severe measure, will be a strong argument in the hands of those who favour the total abolition of capital punishment.

(II) It is a maxim of the law of England that no man should be tried in his absence; the logical corollary of that principle is that, whenever the suspicion of insanity is raised, the Court should make sure that the accused is "all there," to use an apt colloquialism. If he is not mentally sound he is virtually absent, in spite of the fact that his body is in the prisoners' dock; and he should certainly not be sentenced. It is illogical even to try him under these circumstances; but, as the declaration of his insanity may entail a life detention in Broadmoor, it is in his interest that the maxim should be neglected, so as to find out, if possible, whether he committed the act or not, in order that he may be classified, for administrative purposes, as an ordinary or as a criminal lunatic. It is, however, neither just nor humane to try a person in virtual absence when a sentence of death may be the result.

(III) Although it is a legal maxim that everyone is presumed to be sane unless the contrary is proved, I desire to point out that in some cases it should be disregarded. I remember being a witness at the trial of a woman at the Old Bailey who, suffering from acute melancholia, had burned her children, to whom she had been devoted. When an act so contrary to normal human nature is committed, the common-sense presumption is that the person was mad.

Further, in Table II of Appendix C of the Report I find that out of 1,445 persons tried for murder between 1901 and 1922, 485 were found to be insane. Thirty-two other murderers were also certified as insane before trial. Thus 517 of the 1,445 persons accused of murder were insane; or, deducting those acquitted (375) from the total, we find that out of 1,070 murderers 517 were insane. However, in Table IV it appears that, besides the above cases, further enquiry was held *after* sentence in 110 murder cases out of 1,001 murder convictions between 1885 and 1922, with the result that 31 convicts were found to be insane and 30 others were commuted, I suppose for reasons of mental impairment. If the proportion in both

categories was the same in the 585 convictions between 1901 and 1922 as in the whole period 1885-1922 (1,001 convictions), there were between 1901 and 1922 approximately 18 murderers found to be insane *after* sentence; and 17 others had the penalty commuted, apparently owing to insanity. Thus altogether, out of 1,070 murderers, 552 (517 plus 18 plus 17) were found to be impaired mentally; and 535 were actually found to be insane, *i.e.*, exactly 50 per cent.; while the probability of there being some mental impairment was as 47 to 43. So, from the point of view of probability, there is no justification for presuming that a murderer is sane.

(IV) The existing practice of leaving the decision as to the accused's sanity to a jury is patently absurd. The jurymen know almost nothing about insanity; and even if they possessed the necessary expert training, they have no proper opportunity of examining and observing the accused's mind. Indeed, to form an opinion merely on the accused's conduct in the dock, or on his conduct as shown in the evidence, would be dangerous; and no psychologist should declare an accused person to be sane or insane on such a superficial examination. Moreover, the evidence of mental experts is often given *ex parte*, and is therefore suspect.

Medico-psychologists should, as scientists, demand as neutral a position as that of the judges; and until it is accorded them, they would be wise to refuse to give *ex parte* evidence, as some eminent experts do refuse. Their present willingness to appear for the defence, has betrayed them into the false position of being considered by public opinion as apologists for murderers (*vide* daily Press).

It may here be pointed out that the delay in certification, which is the chief cause of the long list of tragedies committed by the insane at large and of the low recovery-rate in mental hospitals, is ultimately due to the similar fact, that in civil actions for mis-certification the jury decide the question of sanity. Medical men are loth to certify in the early stages of insanity, knowing that their opinions may not be approved by an inexpert tribunal, and one often swayed by appeals to sentiment.

Presumably the jury, in both criminal and civil trials of the insane, guards the liberty of the subject. If so, we might exclaim with Madame Roland: "O Liberty, what crimes are done in thy name!" Yet hundreds of thousands of persons in mental institutions have been deprived of their liberty on the opinions of ordinary medical men. Why should not medico-psychologists be entrusted with the same duty in the case of accused lunatics?

(V) The statement on page 20 of the Report that "the present system has been proved to work satisfactorily, vindicating the law with firmness and humanity," is very open to question. I cannot imagine what credit the law gets from its long succession of contradictory procedures towards the insane. On the contrary, justice is degraded by the repeated indignity of having its sentences on insane murderers reversed by the Home Secretary's action. It is certainly not humane to compel persons to suffer the agony of the death sentence unnecessarily. To the insane justice is not done—at present. If the law is at present vindicated, it is done at the expense of the insane. After all, justice is more important than the vindication of the law; and when the law promotes injustice, it should be changed.

I can never read the report of the death sentence on a lunatic without a sense of indignation and a feeling of anxiety, lest by some oversight the mock tragedy should become real and end in his execution. The reprieve often appears to depend on the action of the public, who sign an appeal for the case to be re-investigated. Justice should not even seem to depend on such a fortuitous and capricious intervention.

In Conclusion

I am sure that the repeated misunderstandings and uneasiness, experienced in England, about murders committed by persons alleged to be insane, will never be prevented by any minor change in the law or in the rules, until it is laid down that, whenever a reasoned suspicion of insanity is raised by either side or by the Court in a criminal case, the accused *shall be*

examined by a commission of experts *in a mental clinic*, where the case can be observed by the medico-psychologists. The latter must be entrusted with *all* the evidence and documents in the case, and it must be *their* duty to decide whether the accused is insane and irresponsible or not.

The observation and eliciting of symptoms of insanity are an expert's business, just as much as, *e.g.*, the analysis of food. In the latter case the incriminated food is not superficially examined by jurymen ignorant of chemistry, and possessing no apparatus to apply to the food, even if they did know how to analyse it, *but in a laboratory by a chemical expert*. The report of the latter is made to the jury, whose duty is limited to the question of fact, as to who was responsible for the adulteration. The jury does not even decide whether the adulteration was harmful or not. The expert tells it, *e.g.*, what percentage, of boracic acid, is consistent with healthy food; and his word is accepted. A similar custom of examination by an expert in his laboratory is observed in poisoning cases; and should be the rule in cases of suspected insanity.

Possibly a time limit should be fixed for the observation in a mental clinic. I think that only a month is allowed in Germany. In any case, hurry is not permissible in murder cases.

The question should be put to the experts in the form: "Was the accused insane and irresponsible for his actions at the time of the alleged crime?"

It will be expedient to have a decision given thus in each case, where insanity is diagnosed, that the lunatic is also not responsible: not for legal reasons, but for the practical reason that the 126,000 certified lunatics in mental institutions, and thousands at large, should not be told that they cannot be punished no matter what crime they do. Just as it would be inadvisable to tell all small children the fact that if they kill their playmates they will not be hanged. If they were told so, an epidemic of juvenile murders might result. Thus, though it should not be laid down in a law that lunacy connotes irresponsibility, procedure should be invariably guided by that dictum.

The mental examination should not take place in a prison. I have had to examine cases in each kind of institution, and found that an examination in prison is not to be compared for thoroughness with that in a mental institution.

In the prison the man feels in a hostile environment, and is on the alert and secretive; and therefore it is difficult to discover his real ideas. His liberty is so restrained that many of his usual reactions to his environment perforce cease. Also, the warders are not like trained mental attendants, who, after an experience of hundreds or thousands of cases, know what to observe. Nor are the medical officers of a prison to be compared in experience and knowledge of lunacy, with those who spend all their time in its study; and, be it remembered, this question is one of lunacy only.

The more sympathetic and freer atmosphere of a mental institution tends to make an insane person act more naturally, and show his real feelings, and express his beliefs. The feeling that anything he says may be used against him no longer exists; and experience shows that in a few days he is often no longer secretive,—and to detect simulation, it is most important to get the patient to talk. If a simulator keeps absolute silence, it is difficult to prove that he is sane; and in all these cases one has to keep in mind the possibility of simulation.¹

The decision of this commission should be binding on the jury, whose duties should be confined to deciding the fact as to whether or not the accused actually committed the alleged act.

The same solemn farce of sentencing a prisoner to death, though the judge knew the sentence would never be carried out, was enacted for many years in another category of murders, viz., infanticides. Quite recently the law has been altered, so that the penalty of capital punishment need not be pronounced where mental disorder is present. Thus the revengeful Mosaic maxim of a life for a life has been thrown over in the case of infanticides.

(1) 295 out of 1454 criminals examined by me between 1906 and 1921 proved to be sane, most of them being simulators.

It would be humane, and in the interests of the dignity of justice, to go even further in the case of insane murderers.

As stated above, in mental institutions lunatics are treated as being irresponsible by medico-psychologists, who have studied insanity profoundly. There the insane are never punished, although they commit many crimes, knowing well that their acts are wrongful. Public opinion nowadays would indeed be shocked if lunatics were punished in mental hospitals, as they were in the old asylums a few generations ago, and as outside they still are by the law. The knowledge of insanity, gained inside mental hospitals, should be used to remedy the unfair treatment of the insane beyond their walls. The difference in treatment in the two cases at present is paradoxical. Both procedures cannot be right. If it is right to punish lunatics outside mental institutions, it must also be right to do so inside them—a *reductio ad absurdum*!

Our age regards as barbarous the conduct of judges who, not long ago, sentenced witches—many of whom were probably lunatics—to be burned. Future ages will no doubt take the same view of our present law, which results in sentencing lunatics to death. Indeed, it ill becomes us to criticise the folly of our forefathers—who solemnly tried in court and condemned as criminals, other creatures devoid of reason, viz., animals. Our procedure in sentencing the insane to be hanged is uncomfortably like theirs, but infinitely graver. The necessary scientific knowledge to remove this slur on our humanity lies at hand. Why not use it?

A STUDY OF JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

How is it that letters one reads in print have so strange a fascination? It seems to me that, in reading letters of Keats, Lamb and Byron, one feels something one has never felt before, and that this something is like a magnetic current flowing subtly from them to us, and that this can only be compared with that other magnetic current which makes one shift one's centre when one loves a woman; when the centre itself is shifted, is put outside one's self. It was with a curious sense of shifting my centre when, after having finished reading the *Letters and Papers of John Addington Symonds*, collected and edited by Horatio F. Brown, these sentences I had written on Keats recurred to me: "It is to call in a passing stranger, and to say: 'Guard all my treasures while I sleep.' For there is no certainty in the world, beyond the certainty that I am I, and that what is not I can never draw one breath for me, though I were dying for lack of it."

So, in a flash of memory, the last words in the last letter Symonds wrote—*Addio. A rivederci mai?*—evoked a vivid image of the man as I knew him. We met in London in July, 1892. What struck me then, and afterwards, were his varied aspects: the morbid, disquieting, nervous, contorted, painful expression of his face; the abnormal, almost terrible fixity of the eyes, as restless as the man himself. Of this he was evidently aware. "I should like to go down to posterity," he wrote, "with that apprehensive yet courageous look upon the wrinkled features." I saw in his violent activity, in his vehement vitality, another aspect, that of one whose spirit, that abode so uneasily within a body its inner fires were so rapidly consuming, desired nothing more than the one impossibility—eternal youth: *L'Amour de l'Impossible*, that mystery of mysteries, Nirvana, Medusa, Hecate, Astarte.

So, not only in the book I had read but in Horatio Brown's *Life*, the actual record of this "chequered, confused and morally disturbed existence" quickened my senses in its revelation of the nobility and the endlessly thwarted endeavour of a human spirit "to live resolvedly in the whole, the good, the beautiful"; but, to those who knew and loved the man, it calls up not merely the blithe companion of any hour's adventure, but the real sympathetic, suffering individuality that lay ever so much deeper, and it recalls that memory with almost intolerable vividness. He was like Rousseau in one thing only: an indefinable taint of death clung always about him, and living always under sentence of death, knowing that he was stricken by mortal disease, he asked himself how he might make as much as possible of the interval that remained, and so, aware of what Victor Hugo says—"Les hommes sont tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis"—he spent all that remained to him of this "indefinite reprieve" with a feverish intentness upon opportunity which caused him to do many things hastily that would have been done better with more leisure, and to attempt a universal conquest of literature where limitation would have been an act of wisdom.

On his arrival in London, Symonds asked me to lunch with him. His exquisite charm and innate courtesy soon put me at my ease. It seemed to me wonderful—I think it seemed so to him—to have met finally after all our correspondence. We had much in common; and yet with what singular differences! In any case, two men of letters were face to face, with some of the world's enigmas to discuss, together with those men and women we knew, the books we had read, the cities we had seen, some of our travels, our sensations, our instincts, our aversions; and, as we grew more intimate, our conversation turned, naturally enough, on our prose and verse. After I had referred to some of my adventures with Verlaine, I quoted this line of Baudelaire:—

Nous avons dit souvent d'impérissables choses;

which excited him; it incited him to tell me many

of the details of his Autobiography, which he had very much at heart.

I asked Symonds to visit me whenever he liked in Fountain Court, The Temple, where I was living. One morning—it was fairly late, as I had returned in the early hours—I heard a knock at my door. I jumped out of bed and saw in the court below Angelo, that magnificent gondolier, who was his lifelong friend, who always travelled with him. I opened the door and apologised for the state of undress I was in—the strange situation pleased him and amused him—and I asked him to wait for me in the study. After some time he signalled to Angelo, who came up and joined us. Never shall I forget the impression Angelo gave me then, and afterwards in Venice: a man so utterly alive and, just then, so utterly out of his surroundings, whose vivid and passionate glances, whose wild gestures, whose intense excitement, whose rapid interchange of words sent waves of sensation over me. It might almost be said that he spoke with his eyes. I said to Symonds that I had invited some of the ballet-girls of the Empire to tea on the following afternoon; I asked him if he would join us. There sprang from his lips: “Certainly, I shall be most delighted!”

I was certain that he knew that his world could never be mine. I had lived in the world of art from my youth onward; I had just then begun to live, not only in the world of art, but in the world of the music-halls. One, I was certain, was almost a form of religion; the other, I knew, was a form of depravity. I told him then that I was one of several men of about my age who worshipped the ballet. As for Dowson, neither the stage nor the stage-door had any attraction for him; he came to the tavern because it was a tavern and because he could meet his friends there. I never could get him to see that charm in coloured and harmonious movement, like brilliant shadows seen through the flashing gauze of the music, which held me night after night at the two theatres which alone seemed to me to give an amusing colour to one’s dreams.

On the following afternoon Dowson turned up, then the ballet-girls one after another, whose laughter and whose

youth always enchanted me; then Symonds, whose entrance seemed to disturb them; they began to be curiously nervous, and he by being for a few minutes nervously shy. Yet when, with the gravity of a Doge, he handed round the tea, and I the cakes and the cigarettes, we suddenly became quite at home. Later on we tried the effect of haschisch—that slow intoxication, that elaborate experiment in visionary sensations, which to Dowson at Oxford had been his favourite form of intoxication, which, however, had no effect on him, as he sat, a little anxiously, with, as his habit was, his chin on his breast, awaiting the magic, half shy in the midst of that bright company of young people, of which I was the host and the gatherer, whom he had seen only across the footlights.

After the others had left Symonds and I remained alone. That night he dined me at the Café Royal and I took him with me to the Empire. He admitted to our mutual excitement, to the entire novelty of that situation; he ended by saying—over our dinner—that he would never forget that afternoon, that it was one of the most amusing and successful of his various adventures. He said to me then that he never feared anything so much as his own self—in spite of the means he tried, again and again, to escape from that self of his; never “truly reconciled either with himself or with life,” he intimated to me that he had chosen to write his *History of the Renaissance* rather than the impossible one of writing the history of his own soul; yet, there and then and always when I was with him, I felt, with a certain reciprocal heat, that it was the personality that gave him his real interest, his extraordinary fascination: strange, contradictory as he was in all things.

II

With the permission of Horatio Brown I am printing one of Symonds’s letters:—

March 21, 1889.

Dear Mr. Symons,

I have been very bad toward you, shut up here in this mountain valley of oblivion, and you have been very good toward me in many mindful ways. Last of all, you have sent me your volume of poems, some of which, you know, I already possess in your handwriting. I have been

reading them slowly through during the last days and now I should like to say something to you about them. But the older an old critic grows, worn with the continuous flowing over him of floods of literature, the less can he rightly say to a young eager poet. It is best, I think, for such a man as I am, not to utter opinions upon this or that of your poems, but to tell you that the net result left upon my mind after sympathetic and critical reading of your book is—that you *are* a poet.

If I were to pass from this generality to particulars, I should tell you that I rate highest in the scale—looking at the poems of *Days and Nights*—the transcripts from life; realistic and penetrated with strong human emotion; next the sonnets (the form of which in many cases seems to me of admirable quality); afterwards the translations from the French. I have no hesitation in urging you to go forward in the path of poetry. It seems to me that you might take a great stride on that path, if you were to concentrate your powers of sympathetic intuition, analysis, dramatic presentation, and poetical treatment, upon some central theme—viewed by you as artist more objectively than you have as yet viewed anything. This is tantamount to saying that I believe you have the gifts to produce a substantial work of art, if you will gird your loins up to what is the supreme adventure. I speak in all humility, knowing that what I indicate is the touch-stone of attainment in our art of writing, and confessing that such an adventure would have always been beyond the scope of my own faculty. But I think you have the stuff in you to make it worth your while trying to gather all your forces together for some comprehensive deeply meditated poem.

I do not believe that much can be done with the drama in this age. Yet there are forms which serve as substitutes for the drama. And I submit as a mere opinion that you would find yourself braced up to the best by attempting some work planned upon a big scale—a large canvas.

Do not think ill of me because of my long silence. Distance only. Diurnal drudgery deadens. Besides, we have not yet touched hands or exchanged the magnetism of spoken words.

Believe me very sincerely and unforgettably yours,

J. A. SYMONDS.

There is an intense honesty in many of Symonds's letters. I admire him the more for the "crudity of his expressions"; nor do I wonder that he began to yawn over my immature productions and some of his own he least cared for; and as he yawns remembering those lines of Byron:—

And that which after all my spirit vexes,
Is, that I find no spot where man can rest an eye on,
Without confusion of the sorts and sexes,
Of beings, stars, and this unriddled wonder,
The world, which at the worst's a glorious blunder.

So I can imagine him in Venice, in Davos, anywhere, puzzling his soul out over the perplexing facts of our most

bewildering universe: in which, indeed, we can, with Byron in Florence, "get drunk with beauty," cry out with him—as Dante and Shakespeare cried—for life, life in its entirety, for the naked contact of humanity, as the only warmth in the world; or, as it were in vision, become lost among throngs of spectral beings as real as those Blake and Shelley believed in—whirled from the actual contact of the world itself somewhere into void space between loneliness and utter darkness.

This sonnet must serve my purpose:—

Hath Sin then force to ripen and unfold
The soul's flower to the light of nourishing day,
Disclosing potencies that slumbrous lay
Clasped in the bud, a mine of anthered gold?
Nay, listen! In some parable 'tis told
How that a serpent, weary of his grey
Life 'mid the dust upon the world's highway,
Devoured a toad sweltering with venom cold!
Swift through those viperous rings the poison ran;
With pain he writhed; his bright scales changed their hue;
Swelled round his stiffening neck the monstrous hide;
Till with a gradual growth from either side
Sprouted keen claw and light-embattled van:
Then through clear air aloft a dragon flew.

In *Stella Maris* there is something inebriating; it is the only self-expression Symonds fused out of living coal into a consuming fire that smokes and consumes itself; in some of these sonnets passion justifies its intoxication by revealing the mysteries it has come to apprehend, and with an elaborate subtlety which renders mood after mood of the fevers and colds of love, of the terrible satiety that follows Hedonism. These lovers— islanded as it were in Venice, in Venice where godless men and wanton women can act out their brief love tragedy, where, against the walls of the palaces, the stagnant water of the lagoons laps, where a few steps this way or that way will plunge them into darkness—must succeed nobly or else fail ignobly. And, just as the flesh cleaves to the bones, and since there is beauty in evil, so the beauty of woman allures us, a beauty which, on one's peril, we dare not avoid. So, in these sonnets, woman is the lure of souls, the modern Lilith.

Spare me not thou! I would not have thee hide
 The furnace of that fierce imperious gaze,
 Nor pray thee for love's sake to veil the rays
 Streaming from thy white soul, thou deified
 Dream of lust intellectual, carnal pride!
 What though I swoon on the world's stony ways
 Desiring thee, though 'wildered in thy maze
 Of loveliness I roam unsatisfied:
 Though thou shouldst be for me incarnate Hell,
 Damnation palpable, a living flame,
 Grave of mine honour, murderer of my name;
 Nay, though thy love be thirst insatiable,
 Want unassuaged and passion without aim;
 Thine am I, thine, thou irresistible!

This sonnet burns inward and outward with the heat of desire unsatiated, with that carnality which is to the senses so provocative, with that inner hell on which the heart of love forsaken feeds for ever with that damnation which causes the weeds in a witch's naked hands to turn to livid flames. The next sonnet I quote gives me a more peculiar sense of sin that shudders, of the huddled body which crouches like a wild beast in that adorable and at the same time abject abandonment of a woman, than in any modern sonnet after those of Rossetti.

And then she rose; and rising, there she knelt;
 And then she paced the floor with passionate tread;
 And then she sank with that imperious head
 Bowed on bare knees: her broad arms made a belt
 To clasp them; dark rebellious hair was shed
 In tempest over fixed ardent eyes which dwelt,
 Searching my heart's heart; yea, my manhood felt
 From that tense huddled form intensest dread.
 Nerves quaked, veins curdled; thin compulsive flame
 Thrilled through her crouching flesh to my couched soul
 Expectant; lingering minutes winged with blame
 Swept over us with voiceless thunder-roll,
 While the vast silence of the midnight stole,
 Merging our sin, a shuddering sea of shame!

Inevitably one feels the snare of Meredith's *Modern Love* in the last line, and something of his crudity comes to the surface in such lines as these:—

Who reads may wonder that so crude a fact—
 Mere love 'twixt man and maid, lawless, unwed—
 Should by sheer force of scrupulous thought be led
 To such fine issues. 'Twas a trivial act.

From the bare natural feast of sense and tact
 Springs healthy flesh newborn, exhilarated:
 Why should the heart then starve? Why prowl, unfed,
 Lion-like, through wild waste, cave, cataract?
 Verily, there's the problem.

I find hard logic—cruel and concentrated—even when the writer of these sonnets deals with physical love; logic that lacks passion—that is to say, lacks what is most essential in poetry; and yet with this a curious complexity that can betray—perhaps as unaware of that controlling ardour which weds in “frightful nuptials” the Snake and Dove as those forms of Evil and Good are unaware of their creative or destructive potentialities—an unholy depth of acquaintance with the delicious, hidden, tortuous ways of sensation.

III

Some time before I left London I wrote to Horatio Brown—who had been from 1872 to 1893 the most intimate friend of Symonds—asking where I could stay in Venice. He asked me to call on him, advising me to go to La Calcina, 782, Zattere, opposite the Guidecca Gautier and Ruskin made famous, which, besides being a hotel, is a *trattoria*. On the next day after my arrival I asked some of the Venetians to show me the way to Cà Torresella, where I was kindly welcomed by its host, who showed me the *mezzanino* where Symonds always stayed when he was in Venice.

The idea of beginning an Autobiography occurred to Symonds in March, 1889. He wrote:—

But, such is the oddness of man's nature, I have chosen this particular moment to begin a new literary work of the utmost importance—my “Autobiography.” It is interesting work but I see that it tends *ad infinitum*, and that it will be hardly fit to publish. According to my conception of such a work, the years of growth are the most important, and need the most elaborate analysis. It is a fascinating canvas, this of a *Lebensschilderung*, for a man who has been hitherto so reticent a writer, and who is so naturally egotistical and personal as I am. Heaven knows what will come of it and what will be done with it.

“What has been done with it?” has often been asked. Symonds himself knew; he told me, he mentioned in his letters, that the MS. in its entirety could only be privately printed: yet that he was anxious to have it published.

This Autobiography of Symonds, the original manuscript of which has been preserved, intact, by his literary executor, Horatio Brown, would, if it were ever given to the world, be not only his self-defence, his self-confession, but his defence against the world—and chiefly against that minor part of the world which, as he supposed, was at watch on him, and with no very favourable intentions. He did not wish to explain himself like Rousseau: he must have felt, with Cellini, that it shocked him to think of going down into his grave without having made the whole world hear those inner voices of his.

It seems evident, from all we know of him, and from all we have read of him, that Symonds was physically very sexual; that he was to a certain extent abnormal; that those morbid and neurotic strains in his vigorous personality became more obvious year by year. He knew himself to be, neither finally nor fatally, an *homo duplex*; unlike Rossetti, who was the slave of his imagination—an imagination of a power and dominance never equalled—over which he had not the slightest command. As restless as Rossetti, Symonds at Davos would begin to talk with some intimate friend who was staying with him; he would begin to sip his favourite wine at ten o'clock, then steadily into the early hours of the morning; and all the while wandering from topic to topic, interminably, passing from Aretino to Aristophanes, from Petronius to Rabelais, until the very senses of the listener began to reel. "I was a very nervous child," he wrote, "and subject to many physical ailments, which made me no doubt very disagreeable to the people around me. Being sensitive to the point of suspiciousness, I imagined that I inspired repugnance in others, and my own condition not unfrequently made me noisome to myself. I became unreasonably shy and timid. Dreams and visions exercised a far more potent spell. Nigh to them lay madness and utter lack of self-control."

In regard to the question of pathology, some have wondered whether Symonds was altogether sane. Abnormal he was: much of his finest work is abnormal, as in *The Age of the Despots*; where he dwells on the question

of the blood lusts of those ferocious and insane tyrants—Alexander VI., Cesare Borgia, the Malatestas, the Medici, the Orsini—and on that age which makes the history of it the fountain head of tragic motives. In regard to these questions I must refer to a significant incident in the youth of Symonds. In January, 1863, when he was at Oxford, an incident happened which proved of most serious consequences to one whose temperament was febrile and sensitive: a certain friend sought, by means of garbled letters, to damage Symonds's character at Magdalen. He entirely failed in his object. "But," writes Brown, "the unexpectedness of the blow, and the treachery of a man he had trusted, the annoyance at home, the odious necessity of defending himself, so preyed on his nerves and brain, worn by a perpetual internal conflict, and excited by the strain of two fellowship examinations, as to precipitate a physical crisis which was already imminent. After three weeks this crisis arrived, Symonds's health gave way suddenly, and, as he said, 'I have never been such a strong man since.'"

The meaning of this is quite evident. It has been said, or supposed, that he might have had a dangerous influence; that he may have subconsciously used other men's vitality for his own excitement: a mere supposition. In 1888, it is curious to note, he was dining with Browning at Venice, in the Palazzo Barbaro, when some tedious person interrupted the conversation by talking to him of the dearth of young poets. "You must ask God who made them," said Browning; "I don't know." This leads me to the certainty that an artist lives a double life, in which he is for the most part conscious of the illusions of the imagination, of the illusions of the nerves; so, before any of those common disturbances which might jangle the toneless bell of his nerves, might not any artist descend into his own proper hell, taste hell's venom, and from thence arise with an immense effort, a changed man, as Dante was, when

Hell's reek

Has crisped his beard and singed his cheek,

and, without so much as lifting one finger, become an instrument of God's vengeance? Did not Symonds

himself desire "such a message as makes one feel what are the solitudes of the womb and of the grave"? Did he not write, as one who cries aloud, "Passion, nerve and sinew, eating and drinking, the coarsest forms of activity, come, in my reckoning, before culture"? Did he not write, "I am dizzied by the dance of personalities so diverse. I want rest and reaction, but where to find it, face to face with these inexorable hills, or in the company of peasants who inflame the brain with wine and noise"? Did he not write in 1890, "And out there—on the void infinite, the unexplored, unexpected, intangible—what is to become of a soul, so untameably young in the old ruined body, growing hourly more impassioned as life wanes"?

IV

Pater's interest, such as it was, in Symonds's prose was relative: yet, as far as I know, no critic gave him such just praise as Pater in his review of *The Age of the Despots*:

One by one all those highly coloured pieces of humanity are displayed before us, those stories which have made Italian history the fountain-head of tragic motives, all the hard, bright, fiery things, the colour of which Taine has in some degree caught in his writings on the philosophy of Italian art, and still more completely Stendhal, in his essay on Italian art and his *Chroniques Italiennes*. The book presents a brilliant picture of its subject, of the movements of these energetic personalities, the magnificent restlessness and changefulness of their lives, their immense cynicism. As is the writer's subject, so is his style—energetic, flexible, eloquent, full of various illustrations, keeping the attention of the reader always on the alert. There is one quality which I think in this book is singularly absent, the quality of reserve, a quality by no means negative.

The last book written by Symonds was *The Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti*; it was printed in 1893, the year in which he died. These sentences of his are worth quoting; it is perhaps his last confession:—

The abrupt finish is rather trying to my nerves. How can a writer escape from being neurotic? He has such tremendous changes of mental climate and revulsions of emotion. If genius is connected with insanity, this must be due in many cases, not only to a congenital disease, but also to the abnormal vibrations set up in the nervous system of an author by the conditions of his labour. A pendulum has rhythmic action only so long as the motive force lasts, but here the creative rhythm is suddenly suspended just when the nervous energy is over-stimulated to its utmost.

Take, for instance, this sentence of Pater on Michelangelo:—

And of all that range of sentiment he is the poet, a poet still alive and in possession of our inmost thoughts—dumb inquiry, the relapse after death into the formlessness which preceded life, change, revolt from that change, then the correcting, hallowing, consoling rush of pity; at last, far off, thin and vague, yet not more vague than the most definite thoughts men have had through three centuries on a matter that has been so near their hearts—the new body; a passing light, a mere intangible, external effect over those too rigid or too formless faces; a dream that lingers a moment, retreating in the dawn, incomplete, aimless, helpless; a thing with faint hearing, faint memory, faint power of touch; a breath, a flame in the doorway, a feather in the wind.

Now this of Rossetti's:—

The quality of finish in poetic execution is of two kinds. The first and highest is that where the work has been all mentally "cartooned," as it were, beforehand, by a process intensely conscious, but patient and silent—an occult evolution of life: then follows the glory of wielding words, and we see the hand of Dante, as that of Michelangelo—or almost as that quickening Hand which Michelangelo has dared to embody—sweep from left to right, fiery and final.

Now these sentences of Symonds on Byron:—

In *The Vision of Judgment*, inspired by so trivial a passion as spite against Southey, Byron displayed in short compass the range and scope of his peculiar powers. Like some elemental substance taking shape beneath a spirit-touch, the metre obeys his will, and from the slightest bias of his fancy assumes imperishable form. Satire, which at the outset of Byron's career crawled like a serpent, has here acquired the wings and mailed panoply of a dragon. Yet he was extinguished when his genius was still ascendant, when his "swift and fair creations" were issuing like worlds from an archangel's hands.

It seems to me that those sentences are all but, if not absolutely, creative prose.

MY LADY BOLSHEVIK

(A Historical Parallel and Two Essentials for Russian Reconstruction.)

BY JAAKOFF PRELOOKER

It is, perhaps, correct to say that the history of no other country has supplied such an endless series of human tragedies on political grounds as that of Russia. Of some of these tragedies it was my misfortune to be a helpless witness, whilst others affected me indirectly either as a relative or as a personal, intimate friend of the victims. But in no case did I feel such poignant distress as in that of the family of my dearest friend and schoolfellow, now entirely wiped out of existence by the combined destructive forces first of Czarism and then of Bolshevism.

It is a long story, both romantic and tragic, full of pathetic episodes and "human elements," but here I intend chiefly to draw attention to its political aspects bearing on the burning problems of to-day.

Perhaps my statement, given wide publicity, may be taken seriously to heart by those concerned, and some practical good results may follow. Anyhow, the incidents are of sufficient general interest in themselves.

In 1882 my newly married friend—no names need be mentioned here for my purpose—came to reside in Odessa to begin there his career as a barrister. The young couple invited me to live with them as a paying guest, and I gladly accepted the invitation. I was thus present in the house at the birth of their first and only child, christened Nadezhda (Hope), and became her affectionate playmate during her early happy childhood. Then one day both her parents were arrested as suspected revolutionists, her mother dying shortly afterwards in prison, whilst her father was exiled to Siberia for an indefinite period. Little Nadezhda remained with me, and I practically adopted her as my own, she clinging to me with all the affection of her nature. Then, after a time, her uncle residing in the Caucasus arrived and, to my great grief, took her away with him. Years passed on, Nadezhda became a doctor of medicine and married a medical practitioner. Together

they attempted to organise the escape of Nadezhda's father, but it failed, he being shot at the very moment when everything seemed to have passed off quite successfully.

The couple then hurriedly left Russia for America, and soon established a prosperous medical practice in New York. For a number of years Nadezhda was my confidential correspondent in Russia, and our frequent communications continued after they settled in New York. Shortly after the first Russian revolution in March, 1917, I received one day from Nadezhda the following laconic post-card: "Am returning to Russia, and alone. Will write more fully at first opportunity." She did not write, however, or her communication did not reach me. The Bolsheviks usurped the ruling power, concluded a separate peace with Germany, the Allies blockaded Russia, and for a long time the country became quite isolated from the rest of the world. But I had a long letter from Nadezhda's husband explaining that, republican in theory as he was, he nevertheless was convinced that the Russian people were far from being educated enough for such a sudden transition, especially to Communism, not yet tried anywhere else on a large scale. He therefore foresaw a great misfortune. Nadezhda thought differently and resolved to return to Russia, objecting to his offer to accompany her simply for her sake, as he, with his ideas, would be more of a hindrance than a help.

Then, early one morning in August, 1918, when at breakfast with my family, a ring of the bell announced an unexpected visitor.

It was Nadezhda! She had arrived in England under an assumed name, her mission being to investigate the chances of a vigorous Bolshevik propaganda in England and a successful proletarian revolution on Russian lines. She took my sympathy and co-operation for granted, and wished me to direct her movements and introduce her into the right circles.

I need scarcely say how agitated I felt at this appearance of Nadezhda. My thoughts turned back to the lovely child, now a strikingly attractive woman looking many years younger than her age, and bringing back to me a crowd

of happy and sad memories. Naturally, I wanted to ask at once endless questions, and was particularly eager to hear all she had to say about the ideology and principles of Bolshevism, but, of course, had to wait till she had breakfasted and rested. Then she spoke at great length, with all the enthusiasm and self-assurance which make the Bolsheviki the fanatical anti-dogmatic dogmatists they are. As Bolshevik lore is by this time common knowledge, easily obtained from its widespread propaganda literature, I will limit myself here only to our discussion which followed. Towards the end of her long discourse Nadezhda evidently began to feel instinctively that I was not the fully converted "comrade" she had believed me to be. For she stopped abruptly, gave me a scrutinising look, and asked me what I had to say.

I replied:

"Well, Nadezhda, I have listened to you most attentively and sympathetically for nearly two hours, and now you want to hear my views of the whole question. Before I say anything you must promise me that no difference of opinion will in any way affect our old friendly, indeed affectionate, relations. Remember what your lamented father and mother were to me, and how they entrusted you to me in their hour of distress when you were but a mite of seven. So let not the divergence of our political outlook stand between our personal relations, as it happened between you and your husband. Are you agreeable?"

"Oh, *Dyadya dorogoi*,¹ do you take me for such an ungrateful and ignorant bigot? As to my husband, you are quite mistaken, I love him still; but at such a historical moment as the greatest Russian Revolution I could not find it in my heart not to sacrifice my personal happiness to the infinitely greater cause of the Russian people, as did my beloved parents when they were young and happy. My husband may still return from America and join me in Russia, or in two or three years, when things have settled down in Russia, I shall certainly go out to him again. Anyhow, I do not expect in the least my gods to be your

(1) "Uncle dear," the name she called me by from her childhood.

gods, and certainly our past is too sacred for me to be affected by any ideas you may have on a purely political question."

"Ah, now you are the same dear and sensible Nadezhda, and I shall speak to you as I did in the old days of Odessa. I would, of course, rejoice with you in the fact that the days of the Czar's autocracy have gone for ever, were it not for the other fact, that they have gone, only to be succeeded by the more disastrous dual autocracy of Czars Lenin and Trotsky, with their new Tchinovnik-Commissars.

"There is this to be said, that the Czars at least had some traditions and experience as rulers of men, were eager to keep their thrones and continue their dynasty, were checked to some extent in their selfishness by strong religious influences, feared public opinion at home, and were especially sensitive to foreign public judgment.

"Czars Lenin-Trotsky grew up as rulers of nations, like mushrooms, during the night, and usurped power by their mere dare-devil recklessness which overwhelmed an utterly exhausted and helpless long-suffering people.

"The old Czars claimed that their divine rights came from the Almighty Himself, who anointed them and put into their hands the destinies of the millions of their subjects, nay, of other peoples too.

"The new Czars claim that they have been entrusted with their world mission, no longer by the abstract unknown God in heaven, but by a concrete and infallible human prophet, whom some of them have known even in the flesh, and whose authorship of the new gospel is indisputable—Karl Marx, to wit.

"The old Czars invoked on every occasion the blessings of Jehovah, who certainly never revealed himself to them in any shape or form.

"The new Czars appeal to a new deity, on earth, Human Reason, on whose altars they sacrifice millions of human beings, as if they themselves, its self-appointed high priests, know exactly what human reason is, as if there were not as many 'human reasons' as there are human beings in the world, and as if the present Age of Reason

is not sure to become the Age of Folly in the eyes of future generations.

"Czars Lenin-Trotsky fear not the people's opinion at home, for are they not themselves from the people, for the people, *the* people?"

"Nor can they heed public judgment abroad, for are they not themselves and all their Commissars, in wisdom, knowledge, honesty, humanity, and good intentions generally, far above all those foreign 'bandits and robbers' or simply fools of the capitalists and bourgeois classes?"

"The old Czars censored the public and private press in order that it might not shake the people's confidence in the goodness and efficacy of the established order of things, but gave perfect freedom in all matters of non-political tendency.

"The new Czars have shown far greater ingenuity and foresight in defending their own rule by forbidding altogether the publication of any private or public periodical, an act unparalleled in the whole history of the world's press, even under the worst form of monarchic autocracies.

"The wisdom and honesty of Lenin, Trotsky and the Commissars must suffice for all the Russians, who should be satisfied with newspapers published by the 'State' and distributed gratis all over the vast republic.

"The supporters of the old Czars numbered only a couple of millions of noblemen, landlords, capitalists, military, officialdom, and priesthood, as against some 160 millions of the general population.

"The new Czars derive their strength from a far smaller minority of about a couple of hundred thousands more or less conscious Communists who impose their autocracy upon the rest of the population.

"The old Czars said: 'The Russian people are not yet ripe for a constitution and political freedom; they could not make good use of them and would abuse them. When they become fit we will grant them both. Meanwhile we must imprison, shoot, hang, or expel all revolutionists, all enemies of God, of the Throne, of the People.'

"The new Czars say: 'The Russian people are too

ignorant at present to comprehend the sublimity and practicability of the Communistic ideals; they would abuse their freedom and help the counter-revolutionists to overthrow our all-munificent, all-magnificent Communistic rule. So, in the transition period, until they all become educated and ripe for the blessings of the new freedom, until their characters have become so angelically good and innocent that no compulsory measures are necessary, no freedom, even in the measure they enjoyed under the old autocracy, can be granted to them. So we must disperse the Constituent Assembly they have elected to frame the new Constitution for the new Republic, and, in the name of pure reason and of the glorious freedom of the future, we must imprison, shoot, hang, or simply expel all those who dare to think and believe differently from us, showing no mercy to enemies of Communism, enemies of the future happiness of the people.

"We have asserted our right to rebel against the old autocracy, and even against the Constitutional Provisional Government immediately succeeding it. But who dares to rebel against ourselves, against our revolution, against the proletariat, against Karl Marx himself? Death to all traitors in the name of proletarian freedom and justice!"

"And what is one to say of the very political ideal bequeathed by Karl Marx of the 'Dictatorship of the Proletariat,' which the new Czars of Russia have now realised to the full in practical life for the first time in history, and with a vengeance and tragic consequences that would surely make its protagonist turn in his grave, could he but wake up and see with what fanatical zeal his disciples carried out his behest? All agriculturists, gardeners and cattle-breeders do their best to eliminate the inferior seed and weak specimens, and to preserve for future propagation the very highest types possible, the 'pedigree stock' always fetching the best, frequently even fabulous prices. The Eugenic wisdom alone of the new Czars of Russia discovered that for the future regeneration and improvement of the Russian race all the intellectual elements, all the best types of mind, character, talent and genius, largely inherited from a high-type

ancestry, must be ruthlessly eliminated in order to make room for the manual labourer, for the man with strong muscles and undeveloped brain, for that backward, stagnant, inert mass of people, whom, it would seem, Providence itself left abandoned to their fate, who by themselves, without the initiative, infinite devotion and self-sacrifice of the intellectual classes, would have remained still in their lethargic slumbers, never hearing even the sound of the words Liberty, Constitution, Republic, and even worshipping their old autocratic Czars as their only true saviours and best friends. When the necessity arose to ration the daily food of the people, they were divided into four classes, the manual labourer with his lower standard of living and more inured to hardships being placed at the top to receive the largest ration, whilst the intellectual workers were placed at the bottom to look after themselves, to starve both physically and mentally, and to die in their thousands not only from hunger, but from the additional unaccustomed and exhausting manual labour which was suddenly thrust upon them in the name of the ideal of Equality of all classes.

"‘The revolution has no need of scientists,’ pronounced a French revolutionary tribunal more than a century ago, when sending one of them to the guillotine. The Bolshevik Czars have improved upon their French masters, and have pronounced: ‘The revolution has no need of any intellectuals, for Tom, Dick and Harry, and all the mediocrity and the unfit beneath them, to the very lowest, shall be enthroned, and they alone shall reign for the future glory of Proletarian Russia.’

"Truly said the observant French philosopher *re* the change from Monarchy to Republicanism: ‘*Plus ça change, plus c’est la même chose.*’ The modern Russian philosopher, alas! must improve upon his French predecessor, and say: ‘The more things change, the worse they become.’

"Well, Nadezhda, I have not touched on many another point of Bolshevik ‘reforms,’ as, of course, the subject is endless, but I have said enough and quite frankly what I think of the ‘blessings’ of the new *régime*. The bare fact

remains that the Bolsheviks have ruined the nation, and to an appalling extent, unprecedented in the whole history of Russia or of any other country. I shall be glad if you can convince me that this is not the case, and that I am wrong."

Nadezhda was listening to me all the time with concentrated attention, and was evidently much agitated, for now and again she buried her face in her hands, and at certain points gave signs of wishing to interrupt me. She now replied:

"It is certainly true that Russia is ruined to an appalling extent, but the responsibility for that lies firstly with the Czarist *régime*, which brought about the terrible war for the aggrandisement of the throne, and against the best interests of the Russian people at large; secondly, our present aggravated misfortune is certainly due to the Czar's allies, the foreign imperialists and capitalists, who are now blockading us, cutting us off from any communication with the outer world, and are arming against us all our internal foes, our own monarchists, landlords and bourgeois classes generally. Instead of attending to the ravages of the war and proceeding with internal improvements, we have to concentrate all our attention upon organising our fighting forces to defend the conquests of the revolution, in fact the very independence of Russia. Instead of helping us to beat our swords into ploughshares and pruning hooks, the so-called Christian nations of Western Europe and America are doing the very opposite, forcing us to turn our last agricultural implements into cannon and bayonets. No, Dyadya, you surely are capable of seeing things in their true perspective, and have not become a reactionary."

I could perceive in the expression of Nadezhda's eyes, looking straight at me, a real fear lest her suspicion of my having become a "reactionary" was only too true. I replied:

"Bless your heart, Nadezhda, I have certainly changed both physically and mentally since I was quite a young Communist enthusiast of the age of nineteen, for I am now nearly sixty, which means that I have studied

more, observed more, examined more, thought more, and experienced and learned more. So naturally I consider myself now more capable of seeing things in their true perspective than some forty years ago in the days of my all too trusting and impressionable youth. This is exactly the reason why I so strongly oppose not so much the theories and ideals of the Bolsheviks, as the reckless, cruel, and mad ways in which they try to force them upon an unwilling and unprepared world. Every thinking man or woman has theories and ideals, good, bad, or indifferent, and everyone is entitled to his or her honest opinions on any subject. But no individual, or group, or section has the right to impose their opinions upon others by sheer brute force, for by this means it is no longer ideas and ideals that we are spreading, which can be done only by convincing arguments, but purely and simply our arbitrary will and wishes, frequently even mere caprices. It is absolutely the same as when the Spanish and other Inquisitions 'converted' the Jews to the Christian faith by means of the screw and other tortures. The Bolsheviks were fully entitled to disagree with Kerensky and the Provisional Government who wanted to continue the war, but they had no right whatever to disperse by force the Constituent Assembly, which certainly represented the Russian people infinitely more than the handful of the self-chosen Bolsheviks.

"You are mistaken also, Nadezhda, in believing that the Bolsheviks are not responsible for the present misery of the Russian people, which must be attributed to the attack of the Allies externally and of the Whites internally. Firstly, were the Bolsheviks under the impression that in destroying all of a sudden the whole economic basis of society at home, and the politico-economic relations abroad, in driving out wholesale and murdering large numbers of landowners, confiscating their land and numerous factories of the industrial and commercial classes, confiscating capital generally, and declaring even that any man's house, large or small, was no longer his own, but at the disposal of 'The Proletariat'; yes, declaring a war of extermination against the Church and

Priesthood and against the intellectual and professional classes, and repudiating national debts to foreign Governments and private investors, could they imagine for a moment that they would not meet with the most desperate violent opposition of their victims at home and of foreign States, but that on the contrary they would be petted and encouraged by their opponents to carry out the work of destruction?

"Of course, the strongest armed opposition was only to be expected, with all the terrible consequences of a fratricidal war intensified by the participation of foreign powers, but the Bolsheviks recklessly threw the gauntlet in the face of the whole world, defying any counsel of moderation and practical wisdom, and bent only upon the immediate carrying out of their full communistic programme, and experimenting with their surgical weapons upon the bodies of scores of millions of people. It is in this lack of all prudence, foresight and moderation, and in the headstrong, neck-breaking haste with which they started upon their work of remodelling Russia from top to bottom, at a moment when the nation lay helpless and prostrate from long suffering and exhaustion, that the responsibility of the Bolsheviks lies. Secondly, I say that even if there were no interference on the part of foreign powers, the ruin of Russia at the hands of the Bolshevik reformers and administrators was a foregone conclusion, for the simple reason that practically none of them had any previous training and experience of government, of administration, or knowledge of industry, commerce and the numerous other things pertaining to the complex organisation of such a huge and heterodox State as Russia. You know yourself the character of the *personnel* of Bolshevik rulers: youngsters mostly, some university undergraduates, neurasthenics nearly all. Truly the classical saying applies to the present Russian rulers:

" 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' "

"You, Nadezhda, may think that I speak as a reactionary, but why should I be a reactionary now, I of poor parentage, of a persecuted, long-suffering race, I whose whole life has been an incessant hard struggle for

humane ideas generally, and for the emancipation of the Russian people especially? I have only changed in some ideas, and simply come to the conclusion that extreme violent methods will not do, that force is no argument and leads to no settlement, for sooner or later it is sure to be superseded by another and greater force, and the strife commence all over again. I know some who have really become reactionaries, but they are your greatest friends, whom I suppose you even worship and faithfully carry out their instructions."

At these words Nadezhda's face became flushed, and she almost shouted at me angrily:

"Who are they? To whom do you refer? Speak out, Dyadya!"

"Of course, I shall speak out, as I have done all my life. They are none other than Lenin and Trotsky and all the leading Bolsheviks, and I base my charge on simple, bare facts. Before the Revolution, when they were the helpless victims of persecution by the Czar's Government, they all shouted against political tyranny, absence of free meetings, of a free press, and advocated the absolute abolition of capital punishment for any crime whatsoever, even for murder, treason, or spying. But the moment they got the supreme power into their own hands, or, as I would call it, ascended the throne of the Romanoffs, they hastened without delay to adopt exactly all the measures they so vehemently decried in the despotism they pretended to have deposed, nay, with a vengeance too. For not only was capital punishment re-introduced into the army, but also in civil life and for quite trivial offences, such as simple drunkenness, executions for which were never heard of even in the darkest days of Czarism. Again, the Czars had common sense enough to execute only their enemies, the Republicans, and knew how to reward the supporters of the monarchy, and listened to them even when they disagreed with them on certain points. The Bolsheviks declared a war of extermination against their own allies of yesterday, against all Republicans and Socialists who do not subscribe to the Bolshevik programme in its entirety. They have executed

numerous members of the Socialist Revolutionary Party with a bloodthirstiness that evoked the horror even of anarchists, Russian and non-Russian, and for the crime only of having conducted an anti-Bolshevik propaganda. They have 'improved' upon the Czar's passport system, which allowed everyone to leave or enter Russia on paying so many roubles, by practically abolishing passports altogether, and not allowing anyone to leave or enter Russia, except on rare occasions, as quite a special privilege. They have organised their *Cheka*⁽¹⁾ on a scale and with a cunning that excites the envy of the Intelligence Departments of all other States and puts to shame even the ex-Czar's Secret Police.

"In a word, to all intents and purposes the Bolsheviks have proved themselves more reactionary than the Czars they supplanted, and all in the name of Communistic ideals, which are as old as civilisation itself and prove as invariably a failure whenever and wherever attempts at their practical realisation have taken place. Why, apart from the numerous Communistic colonies established at various times and places in America which have always collapsed sooner or later, perhaps the most striking case is that of the colony organised in Russia in the 'fifties of the last century, viz., in the Caucasus. Here was a group of cultured men and women, some with families, all thoroughly convinced Communists, imbued with the same principles and ideals and committed to the same detailed programme of common property and common daily labours. As they did not meddle in politics, did not attack the Church, paid obediently their State taxes, and made no propaganda of their ideas, even the Czar's Government did not see any reason to interfere and left them severely alone. The local police did watch them, but more from sheer curiosity. So, for several years the colony seemed to make some progress and prospects looked more or less promising. But—and here, alas! is the eternal 'but,' so fatal in many other human enterprises—as years went by, the members of the colony, of course, changed physically and mentally, as inevitably it must be so, with the result

(1) Secret Police.

that differences of opinion begun to develop in small and in important matters, and things gradually came to a serious *impasse*. In addition, the young generation, for whose happiness and bliss the parents prepared at great hardship and sacrifice to themselves this future earthly paradise, grew up and repudiated their parents' best intended gifts, and preferred careers of their own choice in the orthodox bourgeois manner. So after some twenty-five years of existence, first in tolerable and then in intolerable conditions, the Communist colony in the Caucasus collapsed and went the way of all its sister colonies elsewhere. Were you not, Nadezhda, familiar with all these historical facts and happenings before you made up your mind to join the Russian Communists? But, indeed, we had better stop for to-day any further discussions, as really I am getting tired, and besides I have yet some other matters to attend to."

"All right, Dyadya dear, I am sorry I have tired you so much, but to-morrow, when you have rested, I hope you will tell me, after all the negative and destructive criticism you made of the present *régime* in Russia, what your constructive policy is, and what you would do, taking things as they are now shaped there, if you had the power to rearrange matters?"

I took this proposition as an indication that Nadezhda at least had her mind still open and had not said her last word. So I could not withstand the temptation to follow the wise rule not to postpone for to-morrow what you can do to-day, all the more so as I did not really feel too tired to continue the discussion for a few minutes longer. I therefore replied:

"What I would do, or suggest to do, can be expressed very briefly in a few sentences and need not be postponed till to-morrow.

"In the first place, my general philosophic view is that, in the Scriptural utterance, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' which is a very deep and a very true maxim of universal application. This teaches us not to make plans, nor dictate courses of action in every-day life too far ahead for future generations, but to go cautiously

and with due circumspection in our work for progress and reform. The fundamental mistake of the Bolsheviks is their belief that by transferring the land from its former owners to the peasants, and capital, factories, and simply houses to the 'proletariat,' they have on the one hand destroyed capitalists and the bourgeoisie, and on the other, at one stroke, made Communists of millions of peasants and factory hands. Now, I am fully convinced that the peasants in driving out or murdering the 'pomieshtchiks' and appropriating their land, and the factory hands having similarly helped themselves to the factories, have not in the least acted so in the name of any Socialistic or Communistic theories and ideals for the good of humanity at large, but solely and exclusively in their own personal individual interests, essentially like ordinary thieves and robbers. The simplest proof of this assumption is the fact that while acting in harmony in the process of expropriation of the former owners, they immediately quarrelled and violently fought one another in the process of appropriation when dividing the spoil between themselves, numerous cases of bloodshed and downright murder having taken place in the villages, as you no doubt know even better than I do. So the Bolsheviks have only created a new bourgeoisie, a far larger solid mass of landowners, who are sure to keep their properties to themselves, and turn against their benefactors, the Communists, at any attempt of the latter to pursue further their ideas of Communism. Why, the peasants have already turned against Bolshevism by refusing to pay taxes in kind and hiding their surplus grain, which the Government demands from them for the support of the Red Army, so much so that military expeditions to the villages have become necessary to confiscate by force the requisite corn. Here is truly the irony of Bolshevik history making, at which one might feel inclined to laugh, were not the whole thing so overwhelmingly tragic.

"Now, Nadezhda, my constructive programme, or what I consider right, reasonable, desirable, in fact, most urgent to do in the present circumstances to save the

Russian wreckage and inaugurate a new era of stability and prosperity is this: Before anything else it is necessary to put Russia right with the world by acknowledging all Russian national debts, especially those to foreign nations, and this for four specific reasons. Firstly, as long as Russia remained an absolute monarchy and the Russian people voiceless and helpless, Czarism was the only Russia with which other nations could officially deal, could make treaties with and loans to, much as they might have preferred to deal with a free Constitutional Russia. Secondly, the enormous funds other nations have invested in Russia have benefited the Russian people at large, though a good deal of it went to benefit the throne and all its supporters. For the bulk of the foreign loans went for the development of Russian industries and commerce, ways of communications, mines, etc.

"Thirdly, if we accept the principle that a new Government has the right to repudiate the debts of its overthrown predecessor, then the same principle applies to the new Government, too, when overthrown in its turn. The Bolshevik Government is already attempting a foreign loan, but how can it expect that nations or private financial groups will give it credit when the next Government may repudiate any engagements entered into by the Bolsheviks? Or can the latter persuade the outer world that Russia will now for ever remain Bolshevik? And, fourthly, quite apart from the right or the wrong of the case, in which the Bolsheviks claim to have simply followed the precedent of the French Revolution, the repudiation of the Russian national debt is an unwise policy, an economic and financial blunder, as Russia stands to lose more than to gain by this repudiation. To make this quite clear I shall tell you an actual incident told me only the other day by a shopkeeper, a highly honourable business man, owner of large provision stores. A lady customer of his thought on one occasion that an item in her monthly bill was overcharged. He proved to her that she was mistaken, but she remained obdurate, and would not listen to any argument. The issue was losing her as a permanent customer, and the wise merchant preferred to let her have her way in a few

shillings than to lose systematically pounds from the loss of her custom.

"The case of the Russian national debt is of the same nature. No matter to what enormous sum it amounts, the losses to Russia resulting directly and indirectly from repudiating it are infinitely greater. For its direct result is, of course, the loss of foreign confidence and financial credit, and practically the cessation of foreign imports. This means stagnation in all departments of Russian life, in all productive national activities, in industries and commerce, in educational, scientific and artistic progress. I have read the astounding official statistical statement that in the village schools there are neither books nor writing material, only one pencil being available amongst 150 pupils during a whole year. And a teacher of a village school in South Russia, who reads English, informs me that the various newspapers I am sending her are a great boon also to her pupils, who are using the white margins for their exercises, as they are absolutely lacking ordinary paper for this purpose. These facts alone are sufficient to give an idea of the general *razrukha*¹ all over the enormous country, of the lack of agricultural tools and implements, of machinery generally, of the state of factories, mines, railways, navigation, etc. The stagnation, even retrogression in education, means incalculable economic losses for years to come, educational and scientific progress always and everywhere leading to greater productivity of labour, both physical and mental, to greater fertility of the soil, and to the saving of time. I say, therefore, that Russia, depending on foreign imports of all kinds of manufactured articles, without which she is doomed to stagnation for an indefinite period of time, it is to her own advantage to re-establish foreign confidence and credit as soon as possible by recognising national debts, even if there were some grounds for their repudiation. This should be done all the more willingly, as the foreign creditors are not pressing for immediate and full repayment of debts, but are prepared to compromise and to accept a settlement extending over a number of years. Such, in my conviction, is the first practical step for the

(1) Ruin.

reconstruction of Russia, which, had I the power, I would make not in the least in the interests of the poor foreign capitalists, but in the interests of the Russian people themselves. As for the internal reconstitution of the country and various social, economic and religious reforms, my conviction is that the best, equitable, sensible, practical, and expedient, indeed, the only way to alleviate party strife and bring about a general satisfactory settlement, is to summon again a Constituent Assembly to be elected by a universal suffrage system, and to invest it with absolute authority to prepare and establish the new Constitution.

"Such a Constituent Assembly, freely elected by the nation at large, would undoubtedly enjoy the confidence of the whole world, and its authority be accepted as legal for all its enactments. If the Bolsheviks really believe that they serve the best interests of the people and represent the people's will, they should have no fear of such a freely elected Constituent Assembly, for since the people form the overwhelming majority of the electors, the Constituent Assembly could not be anything but a true representative body of the people's interests and will. If such a Constituent Assembly declares for nothing less than a full programme of Communism at all risks and costs, well and good, let Russia have it, and I for one would say that nobody from the outside has a right to interfere in the internal arrangements of Russia, or of any other country. Now, Nadezhda, I have stated the main points of my constructive policy, and have only one thing to add. I have spoken perhaps bitterly about Bolshevism as a system, but you must not conclude that I share the general ignorant prejudice against Bolsheviks personally, as simply villains, robbers, and murderers. You have read my book, *Heroes and Heroines of Russia: Builders of a New Commonwealth*, and know with what unbounded enthusiasm I wrote of those who underwent an endless martyrdom in the cause of the Revolution. I never doubted their honesty of purpose, and certainly it ill behoves the Governments of the Capitalist countries,

steeped as they are in endless aggressive wars, to throw stones at the Bolsheviks and sanctimoniously use the stereotyped phrase of feeling loath to 'shake hands with murderers.'

"The men and women of the Bolshevik Revolution have a clean record of their past life, and history will forgive their crimes, as crimes of all wars and revolutions. But they have committed something worse than crimes; they have committed blunders more terrible by the extent of their harmful consequences. It is time the Bolsheviks realise and have the courage to confess that they have blundered in many ways, and all may yet be forgiven, if not forgotten. They are indignant, and wonder at not being recognised as a Government by other nations. But surely it was the Bolsheviks who started their career by not recognising any other nation and the existing forms of Government anywhere. Nay, they repudiated their own nation, the Russians, by dispersing by force the Constituent Assembly, which was freely and legally elected by the whole people. Other nations have therefore the right to say to the Bolsheviks: Recognise us first, and the standards of existing civilised government, and we shall be only too happy to recognise you and give you all the assistance in our power. This is all I have to say, Nadezhda, and I can only hope that you will sooner or later see things in their right perspective and be guided in the future by wise common sense judgment as you were guided in the past chiefly by the impulses of your generous and loving heart."

Nadezhda's faith in the righteous cause of Communism and in the justice of Bolshevik methods seemed to remain unshaken by my arguments, but she failed in her mission to effect any Bolshevik movement in England and returned to Russia disappointed and almost heartbroken.

Her subsequent thrilling career of doubt and perplexity, new visions, disillusionment, recantation, protests, and final fatal defeat in a fight with elements stronger than herself, is altogether a too long, intricate and tragic story to be told here, and requires a volume all to itself.

SYNGE AND TRAGEDY

BY HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

I

THERE is a natural tendency among men who are more interested in speculation than in practice to impose standard theory upon art, instead of continually abstracting theory anew from the actual matter before them. Such a predisposition has led a number of critics to attribute echoes of French literature to the language of a man who wove into his art the very sounds of the winds and the waves of his own country and the colour and smell of its gorse.

For even if Synge was discovered in Paris, studying, sadly enough, Racine, Villon, and Rabelais, yet when a poet of his intensity awakes to positive creation, he puts off the superficialities of learning or of criticism, which may have occupied his mind, like an indolent pose supplanted by a vital gesture. Critics were encouraged in their error by the fact that on a first glance Synge appears to be a realist. In truth, like every great artist, he is as romantic, or, in other words, creative or imaginative in idea, as he is certainly realistic in method, and it was this that shocked the bourgeois mind until it had adapted itself to a candour which, following a century-old custom, it could only associate with the "poisonous honey of France."

Synge first realised himself in the West of Ireland, and whatever discipline in artistic theory he had undergone assisted him only in the control of highly mutinous material. But the material also he found there: and many are suspicious, as towards someone practising a rather discreditable deception, and one which diminishes his claim to individual artistic achievement, when they read the *Journal* which Synge kept in the Aran Islands, and find there the original stuff of much of his drama copied down, not out of some old folio of fables, but out of the book of life itself.

He was honest enough himself. He tells us in his

preface to *The Playboy of the Western World* that all art is a collaboration, and how, to write *The Shadow of the Glen*, he got more aid than any learning could have given him from a chink in the floor of the old Wicklow house where he was staying.

And indeed the tale of this play is set down clear enough as Old Pat told it him between his mourning over ill-health or the death that drew upon him and those touches of grotesque humour so native to the Islanders; while the oldest man on Inishmaan talked to him time and again of a Connaught man who in a passion killed his father with the blow of a spade; and that man in a new life we know as the Playboy.

Moreover, the great grief and peril of the sea and the breathless hazard of the currachs with their freights of horses or of turf pulled desperately from island to island between wave and wave, and the wail of a woman left without a son to give form or credence to the future, is only condensed into *The Riders to the Sea* out of a store of everyday episodes garnered in the *Journal*: likewise such sudden furies of abuse in *The Well of the Saints* as:

"Your hair, and your big eyes, is it? . . . I'm telling you there isn't a wisp on any grey mare on the ridge of the world isn't finer than the dirty twist on your head.

"There isn't two eyes in any starving sow isn't finer than the eyes you were calling blue like the sea."

Such vituperation could never have achieved so poetic a form (a kind of heightened Cockneyism) had he not learnt what an intense drama, what a battle of tongues a mere street quarrel might prove, when he saw in Aran men gathering to the rumour of it and watching it for hours, as they would two that wrestled for a famous prize. Similarly the story of Patch Darcy in *The Shadow of the Glen* and the whole whimsey of *The Tinker's Wedding* are transferred direct from his notes in Wicklow and Kerry. Indeed he seems to have had a passion for note-taking, and when he was under ether, the chief pain he remembered himself to have suffered was his inability to make use of his tablets.

Little incidents, too, of the life are transcribed and absorbed into the language of the plays, as the cruelty of the natives who pluck ducks while still alive, studiously noted in the chronicle, and recurring haphazardly on the lips of Martin Doul; or the stage direction "with a sad cry that brings dignity into his voice" which we fancy Synge taking down from the very tones of some man as he told a sorrowful tale over a turf fire. But to reflect adversely upon such a process is to blame all art which steals the uncut stones of life and shapes them into jewels. Synge was merely more fortunate than others in mingling with a primitive, poetic people, many of whose stones therefore came more than half cut to his hand. And Yeats tells how later, as he taught the players to speak his words, he would chant them with a strange and subtle rhythm, a blend, as it were, of turbulence and resignation, universal and yet broodingly personal, of which the fascination grew upon the ear with a charm almost liturgical, and a rhythm as distinct from the obvious regularity of rhetoric, as from the irrelevant eddies of journalism. As a people we have lost touch with those old nature rhythms now, which, when religion was still half pagan, half protestant, gave such a brave dignity to prayers, wooing men even from the deep tones of the Latin and by which our modern invocations of the Deity sound generally as flat and thin as some formal address of welcome offered by a provincial mayor to a distinguished visitor.

Synge came to learn them by forgetting himself in the desolation of the earth, and by living amongst people whose voices were literally mastered and instructed by the wind storming through the hills and the wave churning the sea. He tells in one place of a young man who brought him a copy of the *Lovesongs of Connaught*, some of which he persuaded him to chant. "When he had read a couple," he says, "I found that the old woman knew many of them from her childhood, though her version was often not the same as what was in the book. She was rocking herself on a stool in the chimney-corner beside a pot of indigo, in which she was dyeing wool, and several times when the young man finished a poem she took it

up again and recited the verses with exquisite musical intonation, putting a wistfulness and passion into her voice that seemed to give it all the cadences that are sought in the profoundest poetry."

It was the rhythm of that oldest passion of the world, the zeal and the sorrow of earth, that Synge learnt to speak in Aran, and at the same time to modulate, as only the conscious artist can. For through the discipline of criticism he was supple and wary enough to enforce upon an agitated material and too diffuse and spendthrift a music that interrelation of elements, that significant limitation of parts, that intended beauty and calculated reality, which distinguishes a work of art from nature's florescence.

Synge was never profoundly egotistic—not sufficiently so, we can imagine, for the criticism that he fancied himself cultivating in France. He was a receptive man who sought for impressions, much as the fiddle he carried craved the guidance of the bow and the moving hand before it could sing. His love of the road, his easy acceptance of strange company, his diverse watchfulness reveal well the unassertive, all-susceptible temperament, ready to absorb and more prepared to mark the postures of men than to quell their significance by playing the actor himself. Only when his being was surcharged with the sounds and the sights and the voices of nature, and of man at his most simple, could he overflow into utterance, his personality being, so to say, sufficiently primed for expression. Most artists may indeed be divided into the two classes, denoted in our modern jargon by the terms "introvert" and "extrovert": those, namely, who are too self-assertive to absorb adequately, and so whose substance is apt to be tenuous, and those who are too sensuously absorbed to assert, and so whose individuality of idea is submerged in a purely passive reproduction of experience. Doubtless the greatest artist combines the two, being as creative as he is impressionable. Synge, if he errs at all, errs on the side of impressionability. So far as the great rhythms and essentials of nature and human life go, this is all to his profit. Of the earth and the sea his temperament seems to have been as absorbing

as Whitman's was of mills and pavements, and as there are shells which the ebb and flow of many tides have filled with the sound of the sea's sauntering footsteps, and on high mountain tops stones which seem instinct with wind and rain and sun, so with Synge was there "a warm sun in him and a kind ear."

"For what good is a bit of a farm with cows on it and sheep on the back hills, when you do be sitting looking out from a door the like of that door, and seeing nothing but the mists rolling down the bog, and the mists again and they rolling up the bog, and hearing nothing but the wind crying out in the bits of broken trees were left from the great storm, and the streams roaring with the rain?"

Or again,

"You'll be hearing the herons crying out over the black lake, and you'll be hearing the grouse and the owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm."

In these two passages a misty and a shining day have passed with all their populous solitude through skin and flesh into his blood, whence, renewed by consciousness, they have issued again in words. And consequently these words reflect the very tones and echo the very heart-beat of nature herself; the drooping cloud, the bird with its hovering cry affect them, by some strange intimacy of communion, with their motion. Synge's men and women, too, are not detached from their natural environment in the smallest degree. They are like infants as yet unweaned, and yet with intelligence enough to report the secrets of the breast, upon which they hang. Their passions are changeable as the sky's, pitiful as rain at sundown, lamentable as wind in the night. They quarrel with the ruthlessness of waves returning upon each other, are wistful and whimsical as the moods of twilight, impetuous as clouds running before the wind. The human being is so folded in the natural world as often to be scarce distinguishable from it, so that when nature has to be distinctively invoked or specifically contrasted with man it can only be done by endowing her with divine attributes, as in the stern exhortation of the Saint to

Martin and Mary Doul to discard the personalities of abuse and look on "the spirit of God, you'll see an odd time shining out through the big hills, and steep streams falling to the sea."

"In a good play," Synge says, "every speech should be as fully flavoured as a nut or apple, and such speeches cannot be written by anyone who works among people who have shut their lips on Poetry." The only great dramatic period in English history drew its matter from just such a robustly poetic source, from people still unpenned by city walls nor deafened by the discord of the streets; but with the Elizabethans scholarship and European influences pampered and pruned and tended the emotion of the vernacular, and except in the hands of the greatest the compromise was by no means an entire literary or lingual success. Men had grown self-conscious enough to be gross and too world-wise to be simple.

But Synge left behind in Paris all his scholarship and all pretensions to modern knowledge and allowed the primitive poetry of a people still untainted by modernism to soak into his soul, and then by the art only of one trained to observe little things of dramatic intensity, the essential contrasts and coincidents of everyday life, he took passionate but haphazard matter and condensed it into significant drama.

II

We may do well, however, in estimating Synge's achievement to consider briefly the nature of tragedy. Mere suffering is pitiable, but need not be tragic. For tragedy is a province of æsthetic, and must submit therefore to the laws of æsthetic. In tragedy we seek to exult with the heroic rather than lament the pathetic. Our idea of that in which the heroic consists has, of course, undergone continual refinement from the physical to the moral, the objective to the subjective, a conflict of action to one of subtle spiritual discrimination. But whatever values the heroic has acquired, tragedy must still show us strength justifying itself and intensifying our conscious-

ness of its reality by its very downfall; and not mere weakness mauled by a cruel world.

Thus Beauty in itself, the finest realisation of strength, physical, spiritual, or intellectual, can to many modern minds seem, at least for moments, intensely tragic, simply for the conflict it suggests between the ideal and the real by its mere existence; and there can be few of us who have not at some time known tears in our eyes to see a lovely body poised unconsciously in some perfect, precarious attitude, although in fact no peril should be threatening it. In tragedy therefore life is so heightened that anguish and delight approach each other in some strange neutral exaltation: the great gulf that seems to divide trivial joy and sorrow contracts as emotions rise to the level of ecstasy, until the intensest pain and the intensest joy thrill to an identity.

Weakness we expect to fail, and while we render it our sympathy, our reason accepts the sad but just logic of the process. The only weakness then that we can associate with a tragic figure is the unguarded spot, the Achilles' heel, against which fate and the world in joint conspiracy can wing their detestable and cowardly shaft. For there our reason acquits the heroic of discreditable failure, as it would a fighter who should fall to a blow in the back. The issue is logical enough to conform with reason, but the disaster is so out of proportion with the hero's merits as to excite our agitated sympathies to violent revolt against it.

A figure then must be heroic as a necessary condition of his tragic worth; for unless he be so he cannot excite a sufficient degree of that pity and pride and terror which translate a fortuitous spectacle of disaster into a pure and poignant idea, through pain, of life. He must, in short, be positive, whether in action or desire. A negative or purely passive figure has no tragic significance in the truest sense. This potency, as Synge knew, should reveal itself in a man's speech as well as in his action, and it must do so all the more vividly as his action lacks large and obvious consequence. For intense and heightened speech removes us from the momentary terror of fact on to a plane

of disinterested vision. We escape from the physical, which merely shocks us, into a condition almost of trance, in which we apprehend a pure conflict of idea, an ecstatic revelation through the material of the spiritual. And it is this ascent from the physical which explains the fact that in the intensest crises of great tragedy we are both agonised and serene. Moreover, positive assertiveness begets that conflict upon which all drama, as every form of play, depends. A presumption of power in an individual, an excess of it, of whatever nature, as though by some strange chemical law which would redistribute elements in equal proportion, tends always to excite resistance in the tamer and cruder elements about it, which conspire together to work its overthrow. It was the recognition of such a law that set "nemesis" on the heels of "hubris."

The existence in all tragedy of a conflict between the hero and his world led Hegel, who wished to fit everything into his scheme of reason, to adopt the theory that the tragic hero must always be responsible for his own fate; that, through some error of judgment or defect of quality, he violated the abstract and incontrovertible justice of the universe, and that his consequent ruin was the inevitable punishment of his guilt. Such is doubtless the metaphysic of many tragedies, but by no means of all. The interplay between the individual and his universe is far less simple and constant than Hegel would have us believe. Great tragedy has often enough been created in which the individual was essentially right and his environment essentially wrong. Indeed, the *Antigone*, which Hegel misinterpreted to suit his theory, is a pre-eminent example of this. Here Antigone, through being loyal to a religious duty, transgresses a legal regulation. She suffers accordingly, but her action, if it transgresses political justice, conforms to something higher. Creon represents political, not moral, power, as Hegel insists, and the tragedy is so moving just because the higher justice is defeated by the lower. This conception that the tragic hero need not necessarily be culpable, but may be defeated by the injustice of the world, or even by some

mysterious malignancy in the nature of things, has grown more and more prevalent as man has come increasingly to criticise the laws that govern the universe, and to oppose human to natural values. We have, in fact, surrendered successively the idea of a malicious external Fate, scheming light-heartedly the ruin of man, and the conception of a universe which is always in the right. But the distinctive feature of Synge's tragedies or tragi-comedies is that they are a return to the simplest form of conflict, that of the poetic imagination and the cruel processes of nature—the dream and the fact. His people are not sophisticated enough to experience any subtle moral entanglements. They have the ideal beauty and wisdom of earth, but it is upon the facts of earth that they are broken; they stand, as it were, for the grace of Nature, and like Nature's own flowers they are mangled and tossed aside, but not before they have expressed the tragedy of illusions shattered by realism, of beauty buried in the mire from which it aspired. Like Nature, therefore, they are both romantic and realistic: they have her dignity, but they are also conscious of her degradation. She instructs them only to destroy her pupils.

And because there is no deep cleavage between his characters and nature, few of Synge's plays are pure tragedy. They offer the same variable succession of storm and sunshine, desolation and whimsicality, as the days and the seasons. Like life, they blend the comic and the tragic, and the one serves to heighten the other.

Much of his tragedy is rendered poignant by the careless jest, by that high and nonchalant frivolity with which the natural no less than the cultivated aristocrat endures the worst convulsions of fate. "It's a pitiful thing to be getting old, but it's a queer thing," says Nora in *The Shadow of the Glen*, and this blend of pity and humour is typical of so many of his characters, who, like weary, wilful children, laugh softly in the face of catastrophe.

Nevertheless it is not true of all his plays. Such a one as *Riders to the Sea*, for example, is unrelieved darkness, desolate as a night in winter, when the wind moans round the house. It belongs rather to those in which the hero

is "a big boast of a man," a figure of brilliant self-deceit, and romantic only by virtue of a lavish imagination. Such is the Playboy, such is Martin Dougl, more even in his fantastic than his physical blindness and disillusionment. He achieves the heroic despite his frail and decrepit stature, because self-pity excites his fancy to the point of romance. The tragedy lies in the contrast between the self-generated fiction and the fact; his dream so cruelly outsteps both his bodily and spiritual capacity.

There is an intolerable pathos, crossed at the same time with exquisite humour, the pathos of a dreamer suddenly confounded with realism, in Martin Dougl's words to Molly Byrne, when his impossible poetic vision of love and great songs and the wide heath is trampled out of existence by the grimy feet of Timmy the Smith:—"Let you not put shame on me and I after saying fine words to you, and dreaming . . . dreams . . . in the night." The tragedy is so real because none but a potentially heroic spirit could have conceived in a moment of ecstasy that life of love in the open world, forgetting so magnificently the insufficiency of the flesh, which punished with such immediate cruelty the presumption. And yet, we are tempted to say, the presumption was nearer truth than the actuality; it is the idea which is real, the fact, which denied it, irrelevant. Such impassioned utterance as this is not mere "fine words." It bespeaks an inner conviction:—"Though it's shining you are, like a high lamp would drag in the ships out of the sea," and "For I'm seeing you this day, seeing you maybe the way no man has seen you in the world."

That the coiner of these phrases should have to yield place to the sturdier claim of a lusty smith is indeed a defeat of spirit, and is therefore the essence of tragedy.

For the heroic may be the striking of an impossible attitude and the tragic a failure to sustain it. In the hands of Synge such confounding of romance is as deep tragedy as it is admirable comedy in Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*.

Moreover, with these primitive people the pleasant tongue is not without honour, nor, as with us, degenerated into artificial compliment. It is accepted as the index

of a generous, vital and poetic personality. "But you've a fine bit of talk, stranger," says Nora, "and it's with yourself I'll go," and if their mood is changeable as the wind, and may turn in a moment from tender, florescent lyricism to the spit and the snarl of abuse, with all the surrender to instinct of the animal or the child, yet their expression never falters from the high passionate note which makes even of a curse a proud and significant thing. We can question its reality as little as the surf riding the waves of the sea.

Synge, then, as a tragedian, has only the philosophy of nature. His characters reflect nature even in their imaginative creativeness. They have no human detachment, and for lack of critical perspective are as cruelly crushed by nature's destructive forces as they are inspired by her creative. In *The Shadow of the Glen* he may hint at a metaphysical truth: "I'm thinking by the mercy of God it's few sees anything but them is blind for a space," but such philosophy is absolutely unsophisticated. It is the unconscious wisdom of the simple. These men in the West, blind or seeing, turn naturally from the desolate aspect of life to the bright country of their imagination, and, like Martin Dougl, they often discover that the rapture of dreams is paid for by the disdain of a world that christens dreams deceptions. If, too, we wish to generalise, we might see in Martin Dougl's defiance of the gift of sight something of the willing darkness of Ireland to the false light of much modern instruction. Nowhere has imagination, which concentrates on essences, preserved itself so inviolate against the assaults of knowledge, logic and opinion.

In *Riders to the Sea*, perhaps the most relentlessly melancholy and yet the least tragic of his plays, destiny is neither a deity nor the flaws in human character, but simple natural forces, and what drama exists in it is that of undisputing weakness, whose only heroism is to hold out despairingly against the challenge of the elements, and to accept defeat when it comes. Such a one-sided conflict is pitiful beyond words, but humanity is too dwarfed a participater in the contest, the ideal is too

slenderly opposed to the natural for tragedy of a high significance.

Nor did Synge, as others, seek to suggest through tragedy any final reconciliation between man's aspirations and a callous universe. But while his plays deal with humble persons and what might seem trivial situations, their characterisation is so real and their language so intense as to universalise what are petty, personal, and often absurdly pretentious claims and conceits, and to reveal to us even behind apparent farce what a profound drama may exist in the life of tramps and tinkers, if they are dowered with imagination.

For there is no tragedy greater than failure in an attempt to assume a braver part in the sordid play of life, and the humble people of his plays represent a creative but captive egotism, pursuing the phantom of some ampler being, and the breath of a more magnificent life. He proves to us, in fact, that whether a man is a pauper or a prince, he is only romantic in virtue of his imagination, of his capacity to vision an ideal, and only truly tragic in his ideal defeat.

It is a proof of Synge's æsthetic purity that no secondary moral is to be drawn from the errors which his characters commit and the punishments which they endure. They violate no conventional code of virtue. Their fault is only to conceive and follow for a time an unattainable star. They are the misplaced victims of creative imagination—they who should have been artists, devoting their lives to the embodiment of their ideal in some adequate medium, or to living it in some vivid, cultivated society. Their tragedy is to have been born poets on a plane of life which refused the poetic faculty active expression. But the fault lies with their environment rather than with them, who consume the moral distinctions of good or evil in an ultimate spiritual flame, an excess of desire, which would have earned the highest praise from William Blake.

Men who cannot look for material success stake all on spiritual vision, only to learn that the want of a material backing to their aspirations is as fatal as, and considerably more painful than, an acceptance of sordid fact. Certainly this is profoundly moral. It advertises the

ultimate morality of art and so the ideal morality of life; postulating that for the serene attainment of creative beauty, of perfect expressiveness, an equilibrium must be achieved and preserved between spirit and body, the idea and the substance, and which punishes any exaggeration, whether of the physical or the spiritual, with discord and disillusionment. But such a morality is too universal to have any kinship with that commercial system of rules and formulas, which was created in the last century by a prosperous middle class to sanctify their material well-being, and which, usurping the name, has driven so many disgusted critics into the error of saying that art has no morality at all. Ireland, where most material things have failed in the past, has at least been spared a utilitarian morality, and Synge's characters are the forlorn, fiery, and fantastic formulators of an æsthetic one.

III

Life, then, for these men and women of the West is the constant dream and the constant awaking. It is "a bad black day when I was roused up and found I was the like of the little children do be listening to the stories of an old woman, and do be dreaming after in the dark night that it's in a grand house of gold they are, with speckled horses to ride, and do be waking again, in a short while, and they destroyed with the cold, and the thatch dripping, maybe, and the starved ass braying in the yard."

A sense of that cold inevitable awaking accounts for much of the desolation of the Celt, as it is loneliness or the fear of it that deepens the wail of the women over the dead in *Riders to the Sea*, and a dread of exposure to actuality that drives Martin Doull to beg for the blindness which might help him to forget his naked shame in a grossly scrutinising world; that, in *The Shadow of the Glen*, sends Nora out, her husband scarce cold, to seek a man to spin dreams about, although he cares for naught but her money; that put music on to Christy's tongue and the blind, buoyant zest in his heart necessary to sustain a playboy's part; and, perhaps saddest of all, it is a fear

est the perfect flower of love, once plucked, should droop or wither that, relentless, drags Naisi and Deirdre back to their cruel doom. Better is physical death to the dreamer than spiritual disillusionment.

"It's a heartbreak to the wise that it's for a short space we have the same things only. . . ." Only pain can be trusted to be constant to her wooers: for, as Conchubar too wisely says it, "There's one sorrow has no end surely—that's in being old and lonesome;" or elsewhere, "And then I got happy again—if it's ever happy we are, stranger,—for I got used to being lonesome." It is their passion for the essential in feeling, their hunger always to be living in intense moments, that enslaves them to a perpetual consciousness of the passing of joy and the coming of sorrow. To such even the moment of realised glory is felt to be so precarious that its ecstasy is crossed with despair. The insinuating, pervasive gloom of the West, with its roaring as the tide is turned with the wind, and its quiet melancholy as the mists drift and settle about the bogs, has fostered not a little of this. So have the primitive conditions under which the men and women have been reared, of whom Synge's characters are an exact reflection. The poorer a man's world is, the less his mind is filled with knowledge or busied with active projects, the more prone is he to create a fair image of himself in his own mind, so to redress the balance of a world that would degrade him, and assert in fiction the grace and dignity which he lacks in fact. It is such an image which the Celt, deprived of the outlets of political and social aggrandisement, so satisfying to the pride of other peoples, has, like a pure artist, exclusively cherished. It is the source alike of his inspiration and his despair. And although to impute temperament either to climate or political conditions is to do less than justice to native originality, the Celt's fear of loneliness and of the passing of beauty have certainly been intensified by the long nights and the protracted rather than violent chastisement of his environment. Against the continual, subtle suggestiveness of nature the unsophisticated spirit has no protection. It resigns itself, like the earth in autumn, to an inevitable

desolation, save for moments of passionate protest, when it would create a land of the ever-young, an island of forgetfulness, there to live in a condition of gregarious happiness, as passionately divined as that of a modern Socialist is rationally conceived.

Unfortunately, the spirit that would be continually pursuing beauty and fine living and appreciating it in the moment is not sufficiently emancipated from life to see anything in the moment's passing but a terrible finality. And so old age is ugly for all it has lost rather than beautiful for all it has won, and the strange dependence of these people on those who have shared joy and sorrow with them is not only due to the strong sense of family and the ties of blood, to the ruinous dispersion of the young and the cruel harvest of the sea, or to a desire for decent burial and their own kindred to raise the keen, but it is the cry of a spirit lost in an angry or simply callous world, of men and women that would huddle together like sheep in a storm, who crave the comfort of a homely, familiar hand, or of a tongue that has shared in the song of a youth long shorn of pride. Similarly their devotion for youth, so passionately, so wistfully attested, is a reverence and a yearning for the visibly heroic, for the spendthrift audacity of the spring, while youth's passing is as the hateful submission of a flower to decay. For to those to whom the body and the spirit are still absolutely one, the defeat of the one implies that of the other. The limbs fail for them as the leaves fall. For they are not yet subtle enough to see the finer beauty which survives, spreading its foliage about the coverts of the mind.

Like all primitive people beauty exists for them only in its momentary manifestations, and not as a permanent value, and so their conception of eternity is a resurrection of the young world they once knew and of the glamour that the years have dulled.

Synge has tasted this desolation to the full, but with the difference that his critical intelligence could detach the idea from the process, and so his creative powers were not enslaved by life as those of the folk whom he loved

and studied. He could abstract the reality from their heroic gestures, their distractions and defeats, and whether he drew them lonely and rebuffed, or drunk with boastful fancy, or dumb in pitiful defeat at the hands of Nature, who revenges herself on the dreamer no less than the drunkard, he endowed them with eternal significance. Above all, he possessed in common with them humour, which is the simple man's unpondered perspective and his only relief from intolerable despair.

"It's a queer thing, maybe, for all things is queer in the world." That whimsey may indeed heighten the tragedy for us, but to the natural man it infers, if not hope, at least expectancy. In a queer world anything may happen. Good in some incredible way may yet succeed evil. Life need not be dismissed as valueless.

Yet Synge was not at heart a creative artist; he rather echoed a voice to which he found himself deeply attuned, and he gave that voice a dramatic significance which it lacked in life, by imprisoning it in an artistic form. It ceased to triumph or wail like a wind in the night, and became poignantly human and intelligible. The drama was the ideal form for its representation: for the essence of a simple people's life is conflict. When Synge tried to write metrical poetry he failed. For the poetry of a simple people is too discursive to fit into metre, is not self-conscious enough to accept that convention of form, however liberal be its limits, which lyrical poetry must recognise. But he is a master of poetical monody, of that passionate extemporisation which reflects immediately every modulation of mood and does not attempt to relate them to any considered unity.

He is, in fact, of the old world rather than the new. Our modern critical values, our rational ideals, scarcely touched him. His people stand at some mid-point between nature and intelligence. They have the burning force and transiency of the seasons, and yet they lack the earth's indifference. They are conscious of the indignity of the soul's defeat by the flesh; and yet to physical forces they at last succumb.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

BY ALEC MACDONALD

I

It is fatally easy to fancy that one's own changing estimates of authors must reflect those of the world at large—to regard a belated discovery of beauty in the *Idylls of the King*, for example, as a symptom of a general revival of interest in Tennyson. But, all allowances being made, the immense popularity of Rupert Brooke is clearly being permitted to wane, while a truer value tends to be set on his friend and contemporary, Flecker. Brooke will probably always have a fair following, at least until the memory of his personality has faded or the idiom in which he wrote ceased to be expressive. Flecker had none of the qualities that made for the immediate success of Brooke; it is not likely that he will ever be a popular poet on his work as it stands, and not much more likely that he would have become one if he had lived.

He was born in 1884, three years earlier than Brooke, and he died of consumption three months before him, in January, 1915. He was educated at Dean Close School, Cheltenham, where his father was headmaster, with a final year at Uppingham, and had four years at Oxford; he then spent two years at Cambridge reading Oriental languages for the Consular Service, and in 1910 he went East, where he remained, with occasional intervals, chiefly for sick leave, until the last few months of his life, which he spent in Switzerland. Though he had friends, and must have been, one would think, a lovable personality, Flecker had little of Brooke's magnetic charm. Mr. Squire has denied the propriety of the last word in his description of himself as the "lean and swarthy poet of despair," and says of him: "There was a touch of the East in his appearance, and his habitual expression was a curious blend of the sardonic and the gentle. . . . He was sociable, and enjoyed meeting and talking with crowds of people; but he had few intimate friends at Oxford, and, after he left England, little opportunity of making any." He had a reputation as a brilliant conversationalist, but

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this does not necessarily conflict with the impression his writing gives—that he was by nature reserved and undemonstrative.

II

In his preface to *The Golden Journey to Samarkand*, Flecker avowed his affinity with the French Parnassians, and supplied an excellent comment on that school and on his own poetry:—

The French Parnassian has a tendency to use traditional forms, and even to employ classical subjects. His desire in writing poetry is to create beauty: his tendency is towards a beauty somewhat statuesque. He is apt to be dramatic and objective rather than intimate. The enemies of the Parnassians have accused them of cultivating unemotional frigidity and upholding an austere view of perfection. The unanswerable answer to all criticism are the works of Hérédia, Leconte de Lisle, Samain, Henri de Regnier, and Jean Moréas,

and, we might add, of James Elroy Flecker.

Just as Pope criticised verse in verse, and made his rules serve as their own examples, so Flecker has enunciated the Parnassian ideal in a perfect Parnassian poem, "The Queen's Song":—

Had I the power
To Midas given of old
To touch a flower
And leave the petals gold
I then might touch thy face,
Delightful boy,
And leave a metal grace,
A graven joy.

Then I myself,
Rising austere and dumb
On the high shelf
Of my half-lighted room,
Would place the shining bust
And wait alone,
Until I was but dust,
Buried unknown.

Thus in my love
For nations yet unborn,
I would remove
From our two lives the morn,
And muse on loveliness
In mine arm-chair,
Content should Time confess
How sweet you were.

The device of speaking in the person of the woman is a characteristic habit of Flecker's—compare "Narcissus," "The Lover of Jalalu'ddin," "The Hammam Name (from a poem by a Turkish Lady)," and others. Even when he speaks in the first person and in his own sex he rarely seems to be recording personal experiences directly; always the Parnassian tends to translate his experience, viewing it rather as the clay to be moulded than as the model to be copied.

III

Philosophy and kindred abstractions held little place in his poetry. That, as a matter of fact, he was keenly interested in theorising is shown by his dialogue, *The Grecians*, on the ideals of education. It is written in an affected and stilted style, but there is much sound sense and some humour as ballast to the idealism in this essay. But his poetry had to arise from something objective; if a primrose by the river's brim had inspired him to a poem it would certainly have been pictorial and not didactic. Thus his poetry was inspired as often by some other literature as by life or nature. "Lord Arnaldos," for instance, retells a legend of Longfellow's, and the "Ballad of Iskander" owes a deep debt to *The Ancient Mariner*. He could even go so far as to make Nature hold up the mirror to Art, and we find him, after casting for a phrase to describe the beauty of Glion, coming finally to rest with:—

Yet rather seem those lands below
From Glion at the close of day
As vivid as a cameo
Engraved by the poet Gautier.

Hence his fondness for translation, at which he literally excelled. A comparison of some of his renderings with the French originals reveals the fidelity with which he reproduced the meaning, but when they are read as English poems they prove to be no mere exercises in versification. The best is from Paul Fort's "Philomel." If ever translation surpassed its original it is here; Flecker has made the Frenchman's moment of ecstasy his own, and re-created the poem in his own language till only the attributive

heading could persuade that it was not directly inspired by the song of the nightingale in the rose garden. Thus its matchless finish:—

The panicked garden drives her leaves about:
The moon is masked: it flares and flickers out.
O shivering petals on your lawn of fear,
Turn down to Earth and hear what you shall hear.
A beat, a beat, a beat beneath the ground,
And hurrying beats, and one great beat profound.
A heart is coming close: I have heard pass
The noise of a great heart upon the grass.
The petals reel. Earth opens: from beneath
The ashen roses on their lawn of death,
Raising her peaceful brow, the grand and pale
Demeter listens to the nightingale.

By its nature such a theory is apt to lead a poet into versifying for its own sake when inspiration flags, and much of Flecker's verse is "faultily faultless . . . splendidly null, dead perfection, no more." His editor selected judiciously from the *Juvenilia*, leaving only enough to mark the stages of development, but even so there is much that could be spared from the earlier pages of the *Collected Poems*. "Lucretia," for instance, is a rather pretentious piece of blank verse, springing more from the desire than from the impulse to write; while the following lines, which conclude an almost meaningless sonnet, are characteristic of the sort of thing a man of his fluency cannot restrain his pen from writing when he sets it to paper in an idle moment:—

There some most lovely are; some try to crown
Mad lovers with sad boughs of formal yews,
And Titan women wandering up and down
Lead on the pale fanatics of the muse.

Quite valueless in itself, such writing as this served to train the faculties so that when the moment came the instrument was not lacking; so that when his ever-recurring vision of the ship was finally snared he could enshrine it unforgettably:—

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

IV

Occasionally, in his later poems, Flecker broke away from his Parnassian fetters, and the poems he wrote under more indigenous influences show that he could be equally incisive in the more direct manner:—

Then twittering out of the night my thought-birds flee,
I am emptied of all my dreams:
I only hear Earth turning, only see
Ether's long bankless streams,
And only know I should drown if you laid not your hand on me.

These beautiful lines, the last of the poem "Stillness," come near the end of the collection. They are the last lines he wrote, and almost the first in which the personal note invades the feelings; with them may be classed "November Eves," in which Flecker refers to his childhood for the first and only time:—

November Evenings! Damp and still
They used to cloak Leckhampton Hill,
And lie down close on the grey plain,
And dim the dripping window-pane,
And send queer winds like Harlequins
That seized our elms for violins
And struck a note so sharp and low
Even a child could feel the woe.

Now fire chased shadow round the room;
Tables and chairs grew vast in gloom:
We crept about like mice, while nurse
Sat mending, solemn as a hearse,
And even our unlearned eyes
Half closed with choking memories.

Is it the mist or the dead leaves,
Or the dead men—November Eves?

Technically this poem is interesting. The short sharp rhymes in the first part followed by the long-drawn vowels in the second point the contrast between the outside of the house and the inside, and the treatment of the old theme of wind in the trees shows that Flecker was not so insensitive to nature as much of his work might suggest. The final couplet gathers the whole together, and rounds it off with a nervous vigour that is as appropriate as it is unexpected.

V

The last two quotations have been made, not because they are characteristic, but because they are exceptional. They show that towards the end of his life Flecker was turning to new pastures; he was beginning, at an age when many poets are ceasing to do so, to be interested in himself, and by that time he had forged a weapon which, "Toledo-wrought neither to break nor bend," was ready to raise him into the front rank of English poets. But it is with what he wrote, and not with what he might have written, that we are to deal. Brooke's appeal, through what Mr. De la Mare has called the "intellectual imagination" to the feelings, is instantaneous and genuine, even when we have discounted the (after all) irrelevant facts of his life and death. Flecker's appeal, through the ear to the intellectual taste, and more rarely to the emotions, is less ready but maybe more lasting. Mr. Birrell has triumphantly vindicated Matthew Arnold's poetry from the charge of never having "consolated anybody"; but the charge, quite apart from Arnold, was impertinent. It is not a necessary function of poetry to console; it is not the function of poetry to serve any one human end, but to serve a thousand, and that criticism is no criticism which only blames one poet for not writing like another.

If Flecker's verse seems frigid and detached, it is because the reader has not penetrated the veil which covers the idea. But when the veil is withdrawn what emerges is an artistic emotion and no "copy-book maxim," as Flecker scornfully described the thing that many people look for in poetry. It is nothing that can be extracted and set down in prose, for if it had been he would have set it down in prose. "It is not," he says somewhere, "the poet's business to save man's soul, but to make it worth saving."

VI

Under the influence of the East Flecker wrote the play *Hassan*, which at first sight seems the sheer contradiction of every previously held opinion of its author. It seems wildly romantic, deeply passionate, and far removed from

the distant purity of his verse. But further consideration reveals only just below the surface the marks of the Parnassian craftsman. The graceful affected dialogue may be based on the Eastern idiom, but it was Flecker's apprenticeship to Gautier and Hérédia (neither of them insensible to the fascination of the East) that helped him to the shaping of his material with such unerring skill. The humour of the first act might be silly, or the tragedy of the end merely horrible, but for the jewelled and significant beauty of the prose, which raises the whole to a plane of poetry reached by no verse play, unless it is *The Cenci*, during the last two centuries.

If *Hassan* was a sudden revelation to those who only knew Flecker as a poet, it was less unexpected by readers of *The King of Alsander*. This, his only novel, appeared in 1914, but it had been begun at least seven years earlier and had undergone considerable rewriting and change of direction. It is very little read, and some account of it may not be superfluous, even in a place where a retelling of the plot of *Hassan* would be an impertinence.

Norman Price, the son of a village grocer, spends his spare time reading strange books: "All the works that glow with a dark frenzy or with diabolical Rembrandt fires, . . . all the fantastic tales about new countries on the other side of mountains, or happy islands in limitless seas, all stories of the moon or stars were his especial delight or continual joy." To him on a hot summer's day comes an eccentric old gentleman, taunts him with staying in a sleepy village instead of visiting strange lands, and whispers in parting: "Go to Alsander." So in a few pages Norman Price is walking into this strange country in the South of Europe, with manners and language compounded of those of Italy, Turkey, and Ruritania, and, before he has well grasped what is afoot, finds himself in the toils of a secret society to make him King. The real King is hopelessly mad, and as only the conspirators have seen him or know where he is, it will be easy to give out that he has recovered his wits and, in the person of Norman, restore him to his loving subjects. A dark, slim youth called Arnolfo is his chief guide, and in friendship

for him Norman consents to the plan; but he has already made love to a peasant maid and let her into the secret of his origin. In pique at being deserted she betrays him, and a counter plot is arranged. On the night of the coronation Arnolfo discloses himself to the excited Norman as the Princess Ianthe, heir to the imbecile King. An extravagant battle concludes the tale, the victorious Norman and his bride being left to inaugurate a new dynasty in Alsander.

Whatever may be the faults in this happy tale, it is a book which only Flecker could have written, and if it cannot be read with whole-hearted pleasure for its own sake, it is at least interesting as the practice work of the author of *Hassan*. The tale is marred by the author's self-consciousness; it was not sufficiently gripping to Flecker to carry him away. This is suggested by the evidence of one of his friends that in an earlier draft he had made Norman reject his promised throne and go off with the peasant maid, but internal evidence alone shows that Flecker never reached the point at which the tale begins to master its author. He commits throughout what is really a bad blunder in a romantic novel—the old-fashioned trick of coming out of the story to make observations to the reader that put both the reader and himself out. The preface is unnecessarily patronising, and it is characteristic that when he brings Norman and the peasant maid together he should have to break off the thread of the story to observe: "The reader now dreads the inevitable love scene, and I, too, feel that an apology is necessary." No apology is needed for anything "inevitable" in a novel; as a matter of fact, a severe critic might object that this particular scene is far from inevitable, but if so no apology could excuse it. There is a flippancy in the whole treatment, and a book of this sort can only be carried off by a quiet confidence on the part of the author that his readers have entered into the spirit of extravagance, and will accept whatever conventions he likes to assume. The character of Norman is clear if not subtle, but the rest are shadowy or mere lay figures. Arnolfo is rather a failure; Flecker played with the friendship theme

and then, as though afraid of it, turned the youth into an entirely unconvincing woman. Norman's remark when he learned the secret was certainly expressive of the author's mind: "You are a very beautiful woman, but I bitterly regret the loss of Arnolfo."

But when all is said, *The King of Alsander* is clearly the work of the author of *Hassan*. Here is the same revelling in colour and light, the same fascination with jewels and fabrics, and the same abandonment to the mystery and glamour of the Arabian Nights. Flecker's childish delight is obvious in the scene where Norman finds himself a prisoner in the magic curio shop, a theme he used again and with more success when Hassan and the Caliph are shut up in Rafi's "House of the Moving Walls."

VII

Hassan grips as *The King of Alsander* does not because, being a better story, it gripped its author more. Also, in a play he had not the same opportunity for talking about his characters; under this restraint he proved himself more than competent to make them work out their own salvation. The play has been censured on the grounds that it begins as a comedy and ends as a tragedy, but such criticism ignores the point of the play, which is precisely such a change of mood. It has been said that it is less the story of Hassan than of Rafi and Pervaneh; but this, again, is to mistake the point. The tale of the lovers is very beautiful and very important, but the attention must not be focussed there, but on Hassan, who, as the witness of their misery, is the true protagonist, most of all in the prison scene where he is not on the stage at all. Hassan may, perhaps not too fancifully, be regarded as the type of the kind of poet Flecker believed himself to be. He is a confectioner, and his passion is carpets; he is cheated in a silly little love affair, where his pride and not his heart is touched; he saves the Caliph by his coolness of head, and his coolness of heart tickles the fancy of that connoisseur of sensations. Chance gives the Caliph the occasion to gratify his lust for inflicting pain in an entirely

new way, by making the fastidious dreamer the witness of the tortures he has commanded. It was brave of Flecker to make so much of the incident that touched Hassan's cold poet's heart and shattered his reason. Henry James has a short story called *The Figure in the Carpet* in which several people are desperately searching for the great secret said to underlie the work of a famous novelist. One after another those who know the secret die, and in the last scene the two main characters are standing over the grave of the last one, bitterly conscious that now they will never know. The reader begins by being curious to learn what the secret may prove to be, but as he reads it dawns upon him that, like the characters, *he* will never know—that the author did not know. Any attempt to satisfy such curiosity as the tale arouses could only result in anticlimax. A similar problem faced Flecker; he had to show something that should shake the alabaster soul of the confectioner out of his Parnassian dreams, and it had to be powerful enough to startle the audience as well. So far did he succeed that for the first few readings the dramatic significance of the incident is lost in its intrinsic magnificence.

Few modern plays can have aroused such contradictory criticism as *Hassan* has done since the production in September. The majority of critics failed to appreciate the continued significance of the hero at the end of the play, and were obsessed by the intrinsic value of Rafi and Pervaneh. There was some excuse for them (once they can be excused for not having read the play first), because the producer cut the (dramatically) important scene in the palace vaults, and gave no warning of the substitution of Hassan and Ishak for the prison guards. So effective was this disguise that I for one failed to recognise them on the first night, and was hardly convinced that a subsequent alteration had not been made when I saw the play for the second time. Anyway, it is not a very satisfactory solution, as it is hardly likely that the Oriental temperament would include the eminently British devotion to a word of honour which restrains them from seizing the opportunity of gratifying Pervaneh's desire for instant death.

The torture scene might on the stage have tended to restore the balance, since Hassan is seen writhing in agony in the grip of his guards at the front of the stage, as the procession of protracted death files into his pavilion. Mr. Ainley plays this scene finely, and it is not his fault if the attention of the spectators is more on the procession than on him.

These observations on the production, which as a whole it is not our business to criticise here, are offered in the humblest spirit, only because they reflect on the preceding paragraphs, which were written before the play was performed. The difficulties the producer had to face were of the author's making; that the main purpose of a play should be so obscure, or so easily obscured, is a serious shortcoming. But if Flecker failed to make his meaning clear—and one critic has tried to prove that the central figure is neither Hassan nor Rafi but the Caliph—he failed for the same reason that, according to Mr. A. C. Bradley, Shakespeare failed to make clear his motives for Hal's rejection of Falstaff: "He was caught up on the wind of his own genius, and carried so far that he could not descend to earth at the selected spot."

VIII

The death of Flecker at the age of thirty-one is unquestionably the greatest premature loss that English literature has suffered since the death of Keats. No poet in the last hundred years has died so young, leaving so little, and that little of such high promise. Perhaps even Keats, who matured very early, had finished a greater proportion of what he might have written than had Flecker, whose development was so late. But speculation is idle; it is enough that he has left a hundred lines of great poetry, and a play which should take a place among the masterpieces of the English stage.

LEONID ANDREYEV

By JOHN CURNOS

THE entry of Russia among the industrial nations was marked in the 'eighties by the ushering in of an era of literary disillusionment. The most perfect mouthpiece of this twilight of lost hopes which had settled upon Russia and appeared to render all life grey, petty and banal was Anton Chekhov. He had been for many years writing his masterly, dispassionate transcriptions of life, when, as a reaction, there appeared on the literary scene Maxim Gorky, with his host of highly coloured, romantic heroes Nietzschean in mood, by occupation tramps (*bossiaks*) which was a vocation eminently suited to rebels against the social order depicted by Chekhov. Close upon Gorky's heels came his admirer, Leonid Andreyev, whose recent sad death in Finland adds to the long list of tragedies of authorship, for which Russia is so famous.

It is not easy to estimate the place posterity will accord this author. Before the war he was second only to Gorky in popularity among the living writers; but even in Russia where good authors may rank among the "best sellers," popularity is not the safest of guides. Measured by standards of pure artistry, Sologub, Remizov and Biely (in his novel, *St. Petersburg*), to name but three, are finer writers than either Gorky or Andreyev. It is true that Sologub's *Little Demon*, which is in the Gogol tradition, passed through several large editions. Popularity, however, has been withheld from Remizov and Biely, both in the Dostoevsky tradition, doubtless owing to the somewhat obscure, though always beautiful, phrasing of their texts. Whatever their faults, they may be always expected to preserve their artistic detachment and restraint. Certainly in this sense, no writer was so much of a piece as Chekhov: none maintained throughout such an even balance; none kept his artistic integrity so intact. And in treating of other writers of the period, which might be called the Age of Chekhov, it is well, if one is to keep one's bearings, to

keep always the figure of Chekhov in mind, and to mark, as on a mariner's compass, any deviation made from the established course.

It has already been pointed out how Gorky, actuated by the idea of the superman, steered in the opposite direction. His heroes are not "grey," but positive people. Of the life they see pictured on Chekhov's stage they seem to say: "Well, if this is life, we'll have none of it!" and straightway they fling off their civilised boots and become *bossiaks* (barefoot men), and go out into the world to live by their wits, to force from life what they can. Exceptional people, breaking away from the web of convention, Gorky's heroes were not life in the sense that Chekhov's people were life. After all, these super-tramps were hardly more characteristic of Russia than of England or of America. Considered, however, as literary creations, they were, if you like, protests against existing life. Not all Russian critics took them for granted; some had frankly declared that they were intellectual conceptions, rather than common types.

Andreyev also received his impulse from the superman motif, but he is far less positive. He has not got quite clear of the Chekhov world; hence his hesitation, his torment, his passionate questioning. He watches the dispassionate sadness of the Chekhov stage; the characters, banal and grey enough in their way, walk on with Olympian calm; they say what they have to say and walk off again. They do not say, but only appear to say: "Well, this is life. It's a mess, isn't it? Still, there's nothing to do but to make the best of it!" Andreyev's world, sitting in audience, is not content with this. It wants to know precisely why they walked on in just that way, why one came from this door and one from that, why they said precisely this and not another thing, why they wore their calm masks; above all, it wants to know what is behind those masks. It is a world which is dissatisfied, tormented, impatient, demanding the knowledge of the whys and the wherefores of things; and its feelings are not eased by the discovery that life is Janus-faced and that to nearly all questions there are two answers, if there be any answer at all.

Gorky's more reasonable heroes do not ask questions; they demand or force from life, as the case may be, things which are possible for life to give. But Andreyev's heroes are in despair, because life will not answer abstract questions, will not permit the mask to be torn from her multiple-faced countenance.

We cannot presume to quarrel with Andreyev on this account, because it is precisely this questioning attitude, with all that it involves in the way of penetrations into the world of the unknown, that makes his art. We see this characteristic manifested in one of the earliest and most beautiful of his short stories, significantly entitled *Silence*. In this tale, Vera, a priest's daughter, returns to her village home from St. Petersburg, where she went against the will of her parents. She is pining away for some mysterious reason, which she will not reveal, and at last kills herself by throwing herself under the train. Vera's mother has an attack of paralysis at the news and lies in her bed, unable to utter a word. A pall of silence settles upon the house; and Father Ignatius, troubled and half-suspecting that he had been the cause of his daughter's death, and possessed by a terrible desire to know the truth, experiences all the horror of this silence.

The silence itself seemed to share this suffering, and struggled, as it were, with the terrible desire to pass into speech. . . .

Unable to receive comfort from his wife, he goes at night to Vera's bedroom and cries his heart-rending "Tell me!" "Vera, tell me!" he cries again at the grave.

It was an aged man's voice, sharp and demanding, and it was strange that so powerfully expressed a desire should receive no response.

In the end he goes again to his wife and meets the gaze of her grey eyes.

There was neither compassion in them, nor anger. It was possible his wife had forgiven him, but in her eyes there was neither pity nor anger. They were dumb and silent.

This episode in the story is no mere accident. Again and again the author shows that his own attitude towards life is not unlike the priest's attitude towards the silence. There is his story, *A Thought*. Dr. Kerzhentzev,

thwarted by the woman he loved, murders her husband, his friend. In order to escape punishment, he accomplishes the deed in such a way as to give the impression that he is insane. He goes home gloating over the masterly manner in which he had stage-managed the affair, when there "languidly" enters into his mind the thought, speaking, as it were, in the third person:

It is quite possible that Dr. Kerzhentzev is really insane. He thought he was simulating, but he is really insane—insane at this very instant.

At this point the story begins. For pages and pages the doctor debates with himself as to whether he is sane or mad, and he proves one as easily as the other. His perplexity (and presumably the reader's) is in the end only intensified by the fact that the medical jury selected to pass upon his case is evenly divided, for and against. It is true that the alienists attached to the Academy of Medicine at St. Petersburg, at a meeting devoted entirely to the discussion of the story, decided almost unanimously that the murderer was insane. That may appear obvious to the average reader; yet how many people actually believe that Hamlet or Dostoyevsky's Raskolnikov was insane in circumstances not altogether dissimilar? After all, Andreyev proved his point, and that is, that the line which separates madness from sanity is often a very fine one; he has perhaps even hinted at the potential madness of the human race. The last five years have given an edge to the argument; has not Europe appeared to some of us—at all events, at some moments—as one colossal lunatic asylum?

Again, in *The Abyss* we see the same deft use of the double-edged sword. A student and a school-girl are walking in the woods and discussing love idealistically. They lose their way and are attacked by tramps. When the student regains consciousness and realises what has happened, he looks among the bushes and finds the girl. With great tenderness he attends to her and tries to bring her back to life.

. . . he tries to cover her with the shreds of her torn dress, and the double sensation of the cloth and the nude body are as keen as a sword and as inconceivable as madness. . . . He whispers in a low voice, "I love

you, I love you." . . . Then, in the sadness and impetuosity of the last kiss, the last bit of his mind gives way. It seems to him that the lips of the young girl tremble. For an instant a fearful terror fills his soul, and he sees a horrible abyss yawning at his feet. . . . And he hurls himself into the mad throes of his insane passion.

Surely, seldom has one seen such an audacious unmasking of the savagery which lurks somewhere deep in the hearts of civilised men.

This penetration into the human heart, this intense, almost relentless probing into its deepest motives, this exploitation of all the potentialities of the soul, showing how curiously the author's mind works and into what by-paths it dares venture, are even more in evidence in the story of *Judas Iscariot*. To the ordinary mind, uninquiring of motives, Judas is simply a traitor who has sold Christ for thirty pieces of silver. Andreyev is not content with this; it seems almost incomprehensible to him that there could be anyone so vile as to betray Jesus. And Judas an Apostle! There is really no clear reason for the betrayal: not even the thirty pieces of silver. What, then, is the reason—the justification, if there be any? The author, therefore, conceives a Judas conscious of the divine purpose and betraying his Master as a sacred duty to humanity; knowing well that though in his martyrdom he run the risk of being branded as the supreme traitor, yet he is urged to his task by the impelling thought that there is no salvation for the world but in betrayal, for which he is the predestined instrument.

This passion for delving into the human heart has been seldom more nobly employed by Andreyev than in his story, *The Seven Who Were Hanged*, which portrays the last emotions of seven condemned men, and gives the larger share of pity (with which the work is saturated) not to the intellectual revolutionaries but to the ignorant criminals, because they are so much more dumb and helpless and pitiful in the presence of the last Visitor! After all, the passionate questioning so characteristic of the author has a distinct advantage: one's faith is served as well as one's doubts. He never lets you forget—as in the little sketch, *The Marseillaise*, which is a picture of a poor

"nonentity with the hare's body and the man's heart"—that, in spite of everything, the word "man" has a fine ring about it, and that much that is grand and noble is to be expected from the creature bearing that name. This faith in man has remained his passion to the last. It could not be more emphatic than in his most recently published utterance, an anti-Bolshevik appeal to the Allies, apropos of the Prinkipo suggestion, entitled *S.O.S.*¹ (Unlike his friend Gorky, he refused to enter into compromise with the powers that be, deliberately choosing poverty with a clean conscience to the proffered affluence under Bolshevik patronage.) Politics apart, it is interesting to observe in this appeal with what curious persistence his mind worked to the last in images of mystery and faith. He pictures Russia as a sinking ship:

Whom do I call? I do not know. But does the wireless operator know whom he calls? It is possible that for a thousand miles the sea is deserted and that there is no living soul to hear his prayer. The night is dark. It is possible that someone in the distance shall hear the prayer, and say to himself, "Why should I go so far? I might perish myself"; then continue his nocturnal, invisible path. But he believes, and he calls persistently, until the very last moment, as long as there is a spark of light, and the powerless radio has not yet become silent for ever. In what does he believe? He believes in man, even as I. . . . It cannot be that no one shall come to the aid of him who calls. Someone must come. I do not know his name, but I clearly discern his features; his soul, akin to mine. Through the cold and gloom I almost feel the warm contact of his energetic, friendly hand, tense with the will to assist and with human sympathy. . . . I see him, I know him, I await him—that is man."

Owing to its preoccupation with abnormal psychology, Andreyev's work is never likely to have a wide reading public in England. Yes, it is certain that Andreyev's own mind saw little distinction between normal and abnormal psychology; at all events, it must have constantly asked itself: where did the one end and the other begin? Questions beget questions. Does war belong to normal or abnormal psychology? Before 1914, Andreyev's harrowing *Red Laugh* might have been considered to be an accentuated impression of war, recorded by a mind abnormally sensitive; after 1914 all Europe was "laughing

(1) *Save our Souls*. Leonid Andreyev. Intro. by Prof. P. N. Milinkov, Russian Liberation Committee.

red," and the picture became a commonplace, entered the sphere of the normal. Before November, 1917, there were men who still regarded Sologub's *Little Demon* as an abnormal, impossible creation; after the stated date there were but few Thomases left to doubt that a whole legion of Peredonovs actually existed, and, worse luck, had now all become Bolshevik Commissaries. Therefore, when Professor Masaryk asserts that Russia's novelists are her prophets, we must regard the assertion not as an exaggeration but as an axiom.

Well, we all know what sometimes happens to prophets; especially in their own homes. Nothing could be more pathetic than Andreyev's final experiences as summed up in a sentence in a letter, written shortly before his death, to a friend in London: "I have been driven from my three homes: Russia, my little villa in Finland, and my Art (*tvorchestvo*)."

The greatest sufferers of the Bolshevik Revolution have been the intellectuals, especially the authors, without whom the Russian Revolution would have been impossible; hence, it is the supreme irony that the Revolution should have provided for its prophets a Golgotha!

NATIONALITY OF MARRIED WOMEN

BY SIR J. G. BUTCHER

By the law of this country, as it stands to-day, a woman, on her marriage, compulsorily acquires the nationality of her husband. A British woman by the act of marriage with an alien loses her British nationality, and assumes that of her husband. An alien woman, on marrying a British subject, *ipso facto* acquires British nationality. The history of the law on this subject is interesting.

By the Common Law of England the nationality of a woman was not affected by her marriage. If a British woman married an alien, she remained British. If an alien woman married a British subject, she remained an alien. So the law remained till 1844.

In 1844 an Act was passed dealing with the naturalisation of aliens. The Bill, as introduced, contained no provision as to the nationality of married women. But a clause was introduced in Committee in the House of Lords (apparently without discussion), and was embodied in the Act, providing that an alien woman should on marrying a British subject become British. There was no provision in that Act for the loss of British nationality by a British woman on marriage with an alien. Such a provision first occurs in the Naturalisation Act of 1870.

The Naturalisation Act of 1870, following the recommendations of the Royal Commission of 1869, re-enacted the provision of the Act of 1844 by which an alien woman on marriage with a British subject acquired British nationality, and further provided that a British woman on marrying an alien took the nationality of her husband.

The British Nationality and Status of Aliens Act, 1914, continued the general rule that a wife took her husband's nationality. But that Act, and the amending Act of 1918, engrafted on the general rule certain important exceptions, whereby, on the one hand, the wife of a British subject is enabled to retain her British nationality, if the husband during marriage ceases to be a British subject, and on the other hand the British-born wife of an alien is given facilities for resuming her British nationality, if the husband dies, or the marriage is dissolved, or the State of which the husband is a subject is at war with this country.

Such is the history of the law of this country on the subject. But there appear to be records in the Foreign Office to show that, prior to the Act of 1844, an alien woman was more or less in practice treated as British, if at or after her marriage with a British subject she became resident in Great Britain so as to be within

the allegiance of the Crown; and that prior to the Act of 1870 the practice of the British Government was to treat a British woman married to an alien as an alien if resident in her husband's country during marriage, but throughout the British Empire she was, of course, a British subject, and was entitled to British protection in every country except that of her husband.

Australia, Canada, and Newfoundland have adopted the principle laid down in the British Act of 1870. In New Zealand the law appears to be that a British woman on marrying an alien retains her British nationality, but an alien woman on marrying a British subject acquires British nationality.

Of late years a strong opinion has grown up in this country, and in some foreign countries, demanding that a woman on her marriage with a man of different nationality should retain her own nationality unless she desires to change it, and should not have her husband's nationality forced on her against her will.

In March, 1922, I brought a Bill into the House of Commons which was backed by prominent members of all parties, including Lord Robert Cecil, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, Mr. Arthur Henderson, and the two lady members, Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintringham.

The general effect of the Bill was as follows. It restored to British women the right lost by them in 1870 of retaining their British nationality on marriage with an alien, and further provided that an alien woman should not, as heretofore, acquire British nationality by the mere act of her marriage with a British subject, but should be permitted, in case she so desired, to apply for British nationality by naturalisation.

The Bill was, with the consent of the Government, read a second time, and was referred to a Select Committee of the House of Commons; but Parliament was dissolved before the Committee had completed the evidence or made their report.

In May of last year a Joint Select Committee of Lords and Commons, consisting of five members of the House of Lords and five members of the House of Commons, with Lord Chelmsford as Chairman, was appointed with the following terms of reference:—

To examine the British law as to the nationality of married women; to consider in their legal and practical aspects the questions involved in the possession by husband and wife of the same or different nationalities; and with due regard thereto and to the operation of the laws of foreign countries to report what, if any, alteration of the British law is desirable.

The Committee sat for eleven days, and examined witnesses from the Home Office, the Colonial Office, and the Foreign Office, also experts on International Law, and others. The delibera-

tions of the Committee ended in a singular result. All the members of the House of Commons on the Committee were in favour of important changes in the law; all the Members of the House of Lords on the Committee were against any change, excepting a relatively minor change.

The Members of the House of Commons approved a draft Report submitted by me, which recommended:—

1. That a British woman should not by the mere act of marriage with an alien lose her British nationality, but that it should be open to her to make a declaration of alienage, and that thereupon she should cease to be a British subject.

2. That an alien woman should not acquire British nationality by the mere act of marriage with a British subject, but that if she or her husband are residing on British soil, she should be entitled to apply for British naturalisation without the necessity of complying with the ordinary conditions as to length of residence.

3. That this matter should be brought before the Imperial Conference for consideration.

All the members of the House of Lords on the Committee voted against this draft Report and supported a draft Report submitted by the Chairman, by which the only amendment of the law recommended was that "a woman shall not on marriage lose her original nationality if she does not acquire that of her husband under the law of his country." All the members of the House of Commons voted against the Chairman's draft Report, and, according to the ancient rule "*Semper presumitur pro negante*," this draft Report was also rejected.

Owing to this division of opinion, the Committee in July last reported that they had been unable to come to an agreement as to the form of a Report. The proceedings of the Committee, together with the two draft Reports and the evidence, have now been published as a Parliamentary Paper.

The arguments for and against a change are fully set out in the two draft Reports.

The advocates of a change point out that the whole position in its legal and practical aspects has been profoundly altered since 1870. The questions of nationality and allegiance have assumed a wholly new importance. The civil rights and status of married women in this country have been immensely enlarged, and in many respects entirely remodelled by legislation. Organised societies of women throughout the Empire unanimously demand a change in the law. The existing law imposes serious hardships on British women and confers undue privileges on alien women. The general trend and development of modern opinion and legislation appear to be in favour of a change.

I propose to develop these arguments somewhat more in detail.

The debates in Parliament in 1870 show that at that time, apart from questions of rights of property, nationality was regarded largely as a matter of sentiment. Inasmuch as the Act of 1870 enabled an alien to hold land in this country, the loss of British nationality by a British woman on marrying an alien would not affect her property rights. There was at that time little or no indication of opinion that the high privilege of British nationality should be carefully guarded for reasons wholly apart from the rights of property. The real significance of British nationality is now more fully understood and appreciated.

Again, the position of women in the State has been fundamentally altered since 1870. The old Common Law doctrine that husband and wife are one is no longer maintained. True it is that some legal anomalies, consequent on old doctrines, still survive. But the civil rights and status of married women have been greatly extended by legislation. Take three illustrations. The Married Women's Property Act of 1882 gave married women the right to acquire, hold and dispose of property in their own right. The Franchise Act of 1918 gave the vote to women, married and single, under certain conditions. The Sex Disqualification Removal Act of 1919 went far towards equalising the civil rights and qualifications of men and women.

Concurrently with this advance in legislation, the views of women themselves found articulate expression. When Parliament legislated on this question in 1870 and 1914, no consideration appears to have been given to the wishes of women. There is now a world-wide demand by women for a change in the law. It is pointed out, and with truth, that a woman considers nationality quite as important a personal right as does a man, and that she is as much attached to her nationality and allegiance as a man. The views of British women, as expressed in women's societies throughout the Empire, are in favour of the change. A list of 77 such societies was furnished to the Committee. Further than that, the International Women's Suffrage Alliance, at which 31 countries were represented, met at Rome in June, 1923, and passed a resolution declaring that "a married woman should be given the same right as a man to retain or change her nationality."

There are good grounds, besides those founded on general principle and sentiment, why women desire a change in the law. The existing law imposes grave hardships on women who lose their British nationality through marriage. They lose the franchise. They lose their right to be employed in the British Civil

Service. They lose their right to Teachers' Superannuation. They lose their right to diplomatic facilities from the British Government for foreign travel, and to diplomatic protection by the British Government when abroad. In time of war they become subject to many restrictions and humiliations consequent on being aliens; and if married to an enemy alien, they are, under the Treaty of Versailles, liable to confiscation of their property.

These disabilities and hardships were admitted by those members of the Committee who opposed a change, but they suggested that they should be dealt with by special legislation. The precise nature of this legislation was not defined, and perhaps would not be easy to define. But in any case this would appear to be only a makeshift, and a half-hearted mode by which to deal with serious objections.

There is yet another point of view from which the existing law is unsatisfactory. An alien woman on marrying a British subject obtains all the privileges of British nationality without complying with any of the conditions as to character and otherwise which are required by the ordinary process of naturalisation. The Representative of the Foreign Office, who gave evidence, admitted that this "seemed unfortunate." It is certainly unfortunate that an alien woman can acquire by the mere act of marriage privileges which are only accorded to men after rigorous investigation of their character and antecedents. However undesirable she may be, an alien woman who is married to a British subject cannot be deported as an undesirable alien. In war-time she is not subjected to any of the restrictions imposed on aliens. There were cases during the war in which German women, spies and other undesirable characters, went through a form of marriage with British subjects of no repute in order to carry on their activities undisturbed.

The Committee were directed to consider (amongst other things) the laws of foreign countries. It appears that the majority of foreign countries still hold to the general rule that the nationality of the husband governs that of the wife. But there have of late years been highly important changes in the laws of foreign countries on this subject.

From 1907 to 1922 the law of the U.S. of America was in substance the same as that of Great Britain. In 1922 an Act, known as the "Cable Act," was passed, whereby a woman citizen of the U.S. does not lose her nationality on marriage with an alien unless she formally renounces her citizenship, and an alien woman does not by marriage acquire citizenship unless she complies with the requirements of the Naturalisation Laws.

The opposition to the Bill was slight, and it was carried by 206 votes to 9.

In Belgium, a law was passed in 1922 by which a Belgian woman has a right to remain Belgian if, within six months of her marriage to an alien, she makes a declaration of her desire to remain Belgian.

Other countries, including France and Italy, have passed legislation providing that the national-born wife does not lose her nationality on marriage unless by the law of her husband's country she acquires his nationality.

Such were the main arguments of the advocates of a change. The broad point taken by the opponents of a change was that the principle embodied in the present law is "the sounder principle." Their view, as expressed in the Chairman's Report, was as follows:—

They cannot overlook the fact that by marriage a woman is merged in the unit of the family, and that, within the family, it is at present the husband who is head, who bears its legal responsibilities, such as the maintenance of the wife, the children and the home, and whose occupation in most cases is the decisive factor as to where the home is to be established, and who, among other things, gives his nationality to the children.

It is their opinion, therefore, that in this important sphere of family life the nationality of the husband should be the governing factor and determine the nationality of the wife. If two ride a horse, one must ride in front. (The italics are mine.)

Against this view it was pointed out that it was at one time supposed that the unity of the family was best preserved by merging the individuality of the wife in that of her husband, and this was no doubt the doctrine of the old Common Law of England. Those days have long since passed away, and the separate individuality of husband and wife both as regards property and status are now fully recognised both by public opinion and legislation. It may be added that, although for some purposes the husband is still the head of the family, the legal rights and liabilities of the wife in relation to her husband and the family must, as the logical result of recent legislation, and apart entirely from the question now under discussion, be reconsidered, and, in the view of many, substantially modified.

It was further contended in the Chairman's Report that the possession of different nationalities by husband and wife would interfere with the harmony of the family, and "would in a great many cases produce domestic unhappiness both for the wife, the man, and the children." This was the view of Lord Justice Younger, who stated in evidence that his only reason against the proposed change in the law was that "it would in

many instances stand in the way of matrimonial harmony." And he added, "I think I might almost go so far as this: that if there were never any children of these marriages you might deal with the nationality of the spouses in such way as you think fit."

The argument drawn from "matrimonial harmony" appears to be substantially a new one. Neither in the Report of the Royal Commission of 1869, nor in any of the debates in Parliament in 1870, 1914, or 1918, is there any reference to the unity of the family, or to matrimonial harmony, as a reason for compelling a woman to take her husband's nationality on marriage.

It is true that Chief Justice Cockburn, in his Memorandum on Nationality in 1869, referred to "the identity of interests" between husband and wife as a reason why the nationality of the wife should follow that of her husband. But as he contended that this principle applied equally to the case of a change of nationality by the husband during marriage—which contention was rejected by Parliament in 1914—the value of his opinion based on "identity of interests" is considerably impaired.

It will be admitted that the possession of different nationalities by husband and wife may sometimes lead to differences in the home. But it is also true that a difference of religion, or even of political opinion, may lead to a disturbance of the matrimonial harmony. No one proposes compulsorily by law to impose on a married woman the religion of her husband. But you can no more compel a woman on her marriage to surrender her national sentiment than you can compel her to surrender her religious faith. It appears, therefore, unreasonable in the interests of matrimonial harmony to compel a woman to surrender her nationality when you cannot compel her to surrender her national sentiment.

The opponents of change relied further on the inconveniences which would attend the proposed change, and attached considerable weight to the evidence given on this point by the Representatives of the Home Office and the Foreign Office.

It is to be observed, however, that the Representative of the Home Office stated that he only desired to indicate that difficulties might, and probably would, arise in relation to English municipal law, and that these matters should be examined; but, he added, such difficulties could probably be settled by amendment of the law.

The Representative of the Foreign Office objected generally to any change in the direction proposed until there is a general agreement on the subject between nations, and the Chairman's draft Report stated "that it would be time enough to consider a change in British law, which they regard as based on the sounder

principle, when the majority of the more important States have signified their readiness to adopt the principle of a woman's nationality being unaffected by her marriage." This view is entirely contrary to the principles on which this country has always proceeded in adapting our naturalisation laws to altered circumstances. General agreement between nations on this subject has always been regarded as impossible, and no attempt to secure such a result has ever been made. Agreement between this country and the Dominions is the governing principle on which legislation on this subject has proceeded for many years past.

Another objection to change was urged by the Chairman in his draft Report. He stated that "a change in the British law such as that proposed would result in many women having a double nationality, and in others having no nationality at all."

He appears to have overlooked the fact that this result already follows from the existing law. Take a concrete case. A British woman, on marrying a United States citizen, loses her British nationality under our law, and does not under the law of the United States necessarily acquire her husband's nationality, and may be Stateless. On the other hand, an American woman citizen, on marrying a British subject, retains her American citizenship and acquires British nationality under our law, and has therefore a double nationality. If the law of this country were altered as proposed, both these difficulties would be removed as regards marriages between British subjects and American citizens. Statelessness is undoubtedly undesirable. But if the proposed change were accepted it would be possible for this country to legislate so as to prevent British women from becoming Stateless, and it would be open to foreign countries to make similar provision to protect their nationals. The possession of double nationality by a British woman has not been found in practice, so far as the evidence goes, to be productive of any diplomatic difficulties of serious moment, while in some cases (for instance, where her husband is a national of a weak State) it may prove to be a positive advantage to her to have British diplomatic protection.

The only other objection to the change that need be considered was to the effect that the change would, or might, lead to a demand that the children, or at any rate the female children, of a mixed marriage should take the nationality of their mother, and that this would lead to confusion. If and when such a demand is made, it can be dealt with. There appears to be no probability within any measurable distance of time of an alteration in the principles of British law, whereby children born on

British soil, whatever may be their parents' nationality, are British, and children of a British father born on foreign soil are also British.

I have endeavoured in the foregoing pages to summarise the main arguments for and against the proposed change. The proceedings of the Committee and the evidence will, it is hoped, be useful to those—and there will be many—who desire to study a subject of serious and growing importance. It is usually difficult to induce Governments in this country to initiate wide changes in the law, except in response to pressure from outside. The formation of a strong and reasonable public opinion is the first essential.

BALTIC ALLIANCES: FINLAND AT THE CROSS-ROADS

By F. H. LYON

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THE question of the future political grouping of the smaller countries of Northern Europe is one that is continually coming up for discussion in Sweden, Finland, and the string of States along the western border of Russia which obtained their national independence as a result of the war. In Sweden the debate, which has been proceeding with animation for over a year, centres round the ability or inability of Finland to safeguard her independence and retain the position she has assumed of a buffer between Russia and Scandinavia; while the border States are concerned—as they have been for five years past—with the establishment of a guarantee for mutual defence against an attempt by Russia, either White or Red, to destroy their lately won liberties.

Finland stands, in every sense, at the point of junction between old-established, orderly, highly cultured Scandinavia and the congeries of young States which broke away from the collapsing frame of Russia. While these States, taken as a whole, have consolidated their position both politically and economically, and made good their claim to a separate national existence, to a degree most gratifying to their friends and bitterly disappointing to their enemies, their future must necessarily depend on the manner in which Russia works out her destiny in the decades to come. The arcs of two circles touch at Helsingfors. There can be little doubt, though the extreme Finnish nationalists—who of late have been writing a good deal of foolishness about the "oppression" of the small Finnish population in Northern Sweden and Norway—may not like the notion, that geography and history have fashioned Finland to be a fourth Scandinavian State, and that she has much more in common with Scandinavia than with the new States south of the Finnish Gulf. The more closely she identifies herself with and co-operates with the Scandinavian countries in political, cultural and economic questions, the more definitely she establishes herself in the general European consciousness as a member of the Scandinavian group, the more firmly will she implant the general belief in her national permanence; and her gain in prestige will be great.

But a general orientation towards Scandinavia is not, for Finland, an alternative to an alliance or *entente* with the other small border States and Poland, though the questions are frequently confused. The complete passivity of Norway and Denmark in

foreign policy must deprive such a "Scandinavian block" of all political-military importance. It cannot be a military instrument. As regards military help against Russia, the alternative is between Sweden alone and a more or less numerous group of border States. And if an alliance with Sweden is not practical politics, Finland has to choose between a border State alliance or isolation. It is for her to decide which choice is the least dangerous. There is no compelling reason why Finland should not establish the closest cultural and economic *liaison* with the Scandinavian States, and at the same time endeavour to protect herself in a military sense by an alliance with the other border States. The two things, though obviously not easily reconcilable, are not entirely incompatible.

Writers, both military and civilian, in the Swedish Press have for some time past been urging the desirability of an arrangement with Finland which would, in practice, make the Systerbäck and Lake Ladoga the military frontier of Sweden in place of the Tornea. Their arguments are of interest as showing how deeply implanted in the upper-class military mind are the traditions inherited from Sweden's "time of greatness"—the Systerbäck frontier was won by Gustavus Adolphus by the Peace of Stolbova in 1617¹ and lost in 1721, when the Peace of Nystad put the seal on the brilliant catastrophe of Charles XII.—and how deeply implanted also the fear and distrust of Russia which Germany so successfully exploited. But while the idea of a military convention with Finland finds a good deal of support in Swedish military circles, in the Conservative Party, and even in a section of the Liberal Party particularly interested in national defence (represented in the Press by *Stockholms Tidningen*), internal conditions in Sweden render the realisation of such a plan very improbable. Sweden has undergone a remarkable transformation since the Conservatives were driven from power in 1917. The little aristocratic, military State—in which as late as 1914 a Ministry was dismissed by a palace coup, and an Upper Chamber elected on a narrow franchise held Radicals and Socialists comfortably in check—has been turned into a pronouncedly democratic kingdom with universal suffrage, in whose Lower Chamber the Socialists are much the largest party, and whose most eminent and influential statesman by far is a Socialist, M. Branting. The present Government, it is true, is a "non-party" combination of predominantly Con-

(1) "Now," said Gustavus to the Swedish Estates, "Finland is separated from Russia by the great lake of Ladoga, as broad as the sea between Sweden and Aland or between Esthonia and Nyland, where no Pole has ever yet dared cross. So I hope to God that it will be difficult for the Russian hereafter to jump over this brook."

servative tinge, headed by the Conservative leader M. Trygger. But M. Trygger has showed quite plainly, by his prompt repudiation of the speech in favour of a defensive alliance with Finland delivered by his late Foreign Minister, that he has no intention of inaugurating any such policy. Should he do so, he would not only be inviting immediate defeat in Parliament, but would be sowing seed which would yield the Socialists a rich harvest at the next elections.

It was less paradoxical than it may seem at first sight that M. Hederstierna's speech, the first utterance of a Swedish Minister in favour of an alliance with Finland, should, instead of giving impetus to the movement, have dealt it a severe blow. The Swedish people, which had not paid much attention to the question so long as it was only a matter for academic discussion, reacted violently when the advocacy of an alliance by no less a person than the Foreign Minister seemed to bring it within the radius of practical politics. The reception of his speech showed that not even the Conservative Party could be counted on to give united support to such a proposal, and that there will for a long time to come be no majority either in Parliament or in the country for even the most strictly defensive alliance with Finland.

And even if a majority of the voters were to be had for the idea, is the Swedish army in a condition to undertake such a responsibility? The army of 1914, the heir to glorious if remote traditions, the object of the passionate pride and devotion of the upper class, trained on Prussian lines by a highly efficient officers' corps, has fallen from its high estate. The Great War and the various minor wars that followed it, in which most of the armies of North-Eastern Europe participated, went by the Swedish Army and left it standing still, or nearly so. Neither the training of its officers nor its war material is, or can be expected to be, up to date; and Parliament will not grant the huge sums requisite to provide the novel and elaborate equipment which alone will enable it to meet a modern army in the field. Indeed, so far from the army being strengthened, the tendency is all the other way. The committee which for some years past has been examining the defence question published its recommendations some months ago. It proposed, against the opposition of the Conservative members and the military authorities, the disbanding of seven infantry and three cavalry regiments, and also a considerable shortening of the period of training, in which all parties were obliged to acquiesce. *Stockholms Tidningen* admitted some time ago that the condition of the Swedish forces (of the navy there is no need to speak here) was in itself a difficulty in the way of the conclusion of a military

convention with Finland. Should Finland be attacked by Russia she could count on the arrival of many Swedish volunteers, as in 1918; but that our generation will see the Swedish army taking the field once more against its ancient Muscovite enemy it is hard to believe.

It is not worth while, in the circumstances, to analyse at length Finnish opinion on the question; but it can roughly be said that the Swedish Party as a whole, and probably a large part of the Finnish Conservative Party, favour an alliance with the motherland, that the Progressives seem less definitely hostile than they were, and that even among the Socialists it is not without friends—witness a remarkable article by M. Keto, published in the *Sosiali-Demokraatti* some time ago. But the majority of the Socialists, the Communists, and the Peasants (the most fanatically nationalist and anti-Swedish of the Finnish parties) would be strong enough to ensure the killing of such a convention in the Chamber, at any rate at a time when normal foreign-political conditions prevailed.

The alternative scheme for Finland—the conclusion of a border State, or Baltic, Alliance—is a very difficult problem to solve. It is permissible to discuss it from Finland's point of view, seeing that it is Finland which is the principal obstacle to its solution. It may fairly be said that Finland could have had an alliance at any time during the last three years, though not, of course, on her own terms. It was Finland which wrecked the Warsaw Agreement of March, 1922, and it is the apparent determination of the majority in Finland to persist in an attitude of non-committal passivity that makes the other States concerned reluctant to reopen the question, at any rate for the time being. In truth, the prospects of a Baltic Alliance on a large scale never seemed less bright than at present. The promise given by Finland, in common with Esthonia and Latvia, to support a Polish candidate for a position on the Council of the League of Nations caused quite an uproar in quarters where, in the dark days of January and February, 1922, such an alliance was advocated as necessary to Finland's security in view of the menace from Russia. The large body of opinion which was then rallied to the alliance idea by sheer alarm has retreated to its fastnesses, and it looks as if it would require another concentration on the eastern frontier to dislodge it.

Nevertheless, the idea of a Baltic Alliance is not dead; the smaller States, Esthonia and Latvia, will not let it die, for it is the lodestar of their foreign policy. Conscious of the danger of their position as the small and weak holders of an important and valuable stretch of seaboard for two centuries under Russian

rule, they have always been enthusiastic advocates of a general border alliance. The defensive military alliance which they have just concluded is about the only substantial thing in the whole border flux. And while the supporters of the alliance in Finland are at present only a minority, as the supporters of a Swedish alliance are, they are powerful supporters, for they constitute the Government parties (Peasants and Progressives)—although the civil reception of M. Hederstierna's speech by the *Helsingin Sanomat* suggests that the latter group does not quite know its own mind—and are reinforced by isolated voices farther to the Right, such as General Ignatius, formerly Mannerheim's Chief of Staff, who from time to time publishes weighty articles in the Conservative *Uusi Suomi* urging the necessity of the alliance.

The alliance which champions of the idea as a rule have in view is a quadruple alliance between Poland, Latvia, Esthonia and Finland. The old dream of a quintuple alliance including Lithuania was definitely, if not permanently, abandoned at the Warsaw Conference in March, 1922, when Latvia—which had previously been reluctant to enter into an alliance without her sister State—decided that in view of the supreme importance of organising mutual defence against Russia she could no longer allow her strong sympathy for Lithuania in the Wilna question to block the way of a Baltic Alliance. M. Galvanauskas is now working hard to establish a close *entente* between Lithuania, Latvia and Esthonia, and seems to cherish a hope that, in addition to joining the Esthonian-Lettish customs union, Lithuania may become a third member of the lately concluded dual military alliance. In this he will be disappointed, for Esthonia and Latvia are determined not to enter into any relationship with Lithuania which, without bringing any great access of strength to the military combination, would injure their good relations with Poland. The Lettish Premier, M. Meierowicz, stated quite recently that the extension of the alliance to Lithuania was impossible as long as her quarrel with Poland remained unsettled.

As for Finland, it is possible that if Soviet Russia were unwise enough again to arouse her fears, either by verbal menaces or by troop movements on the frontier similar to those of Christmas, 1921, there might be another landslide of opinion comparable to that which then swept away many politicians and pressmen from the rock of passivity and scepticism, whither they speedily made their way again as soon as the turbulent waters were lulled to rest. It is most unlikely that the Bolsheviks will commit such a blunder a second time. However that may be, the causes which governed the action of the Right parties in rejecting the Warsaw Agreement in 1922 hold good

in every respect to-day, and must be fully taken into consideration if and when an attempt is made to pick up the broken threads. No agreement will stand any chance of acceptance which contains clauses apparently inserted to serve Polish interests alone, or which generally speaking bears the mark of Polish pressure. A purely military alliance without conditions of a political nature, which some people in Finland have talked of, is not a realisable object. It is, in effect, asking for a great deal in exchange for very little. Poland, a much stronger State than Finland, Esthonia and Latvia combined, and possessing a strong ally in Roumania, does not attach vast importance to a military alliance with her three small northern neighbours. Having provided Russia with a standing grievance by her extensive annexations of non-Polish soil, she will welcome any additional guarantee of help against the day of reckoning, but it requires a quadruple dose of political *naïveté* to expect her to conclude an alliance on the other parties' terms. At the same time, she will probably herself, having been once bit, and rather badly, see the advisability of any future agreement being framed with all possible regard to Finnish susceptibilities and suspicions.

Finland has practical reasons enough, and quite comprehensible ones, for hesitating to conclude an alliance with Poland; so have Esthonia and Latvia, but their anxiety to get the alliance is strong enough to overcome their hesitations. Finland fears that Poland, as a much bigger State, will exercise a hegemony within the alliance and endeavour to use it for the purpose of securing a political domination over the other border countries; and the friendship of Poland with France, the most unpopular of the Great Powers in Conservative circles in Finland, renders this vision yet more alarming. She is afraid of being involved in a war for the defence of the non-Polish territory within Poland's frontiers, and even of being dragged into a war between Russia and Poland's ally Roumania for the sake of Bessarabia. She fears that, unless the *casus foederis* be most cautiously circumscribed, she will find herself bound to support Poland in a quarrel not with Russia at all, but with some other stumbling-block; here yawns the gulf whose bridging is so laborious and delicate a task, requiring the coolest head and the deftest hand!

Poland, Latvia and Esthonia are all by nature anti-German; they have every reason to hate the Germans, and they hate them healthily. But the whole of Finland's history for twenty-five years back has compelled her to be pro-German; and the necessity has disappeared only to be replaced by the bond of gratitude.

The pro-Germanism of Finland is a curious and interesting growth, about which much might be written. It cannot be compared with pro-Germanism in, say, Spain or Sweden, though, of course, it has certain features in common with the phenomenon in other countries—the influence, for example, of German culture on Finnish scholars and scientists. It was inevitable that when war broke out between Russia and Germany most of those Finlanders who keenly desired liberation from Russia should hope for the victory of Germany. Finlanders with English sympathies and even with English blood in their veins saw no hope of salvation except in the defeat of Russia. The volunteers who secretly made their way to Germany to fight against Russia were not of necessity (though of course many were) animated by sympathies for Germany except in so far as she was the enemy of Russia. One needs only to reflect on what Finland's position would be to-day had Imperial Russia emerged from the war a victorious Power to understand the attitude of her inhabitants. Of the manner in which the work of Russification, pursued spasmodically throughout the reign of Nicholas II., was continued and accelerated in Finland during the war Western Europe has heard little; but few things are more certain than that a victorious Russia would have taken advantage of her Allies' preoccupation with a thousand other post-war issues quietly to destroy Finland's autonomy.

While Germany gave no direct help to Finland against Imperial Russia, and would not, had she been able to persuade Russia to conclude a separate peace, have troubled herself in the slightest degree about the fate of the Finlanders, she did indirectly contribute to the fall of the old *régime* by the heavy blows she inflicted on the Tsar's armies, and in 1918 she assisted in the suppression of the Red rebellion by occupying southwestern Finland. A good many people in Finland now realise that Germany landed on Finnish shores from no motives of knight-errantry; at the same time it is natural that a large proportion of the "White" population, especially in Helsingfors and the other places actually freed from the Red nightmare by German troops, should feel a keen debt of gratitude towards Germany and disapprove of her (as it is thought) unduly severe treatment by the Powers which overthrew her.

These feelings are natural and generous enough, and no sensible Englishman can resent them, especially seeing that in the great majority of cases they do not imply any unfriendliness towards Great Britain. But, unfortunately for Finland, there is a group of hot-heads who cannot let well alone. This rabid pro-Prussian wing, containing men who, however childish

their politics, have attained distinction in other spheres of life set on foot a furious agitation soon after the occupation of the Ruhr with the object of fanning pro-German sentiment to a blaze. The culminating point of this campaign was the presentation to the German Minister last spring of a "mass address" of sympathy with the German people, signed by 70,000 persons—a considerable number seeing that the Socialists, while as strongly opposed to the Versailles Treaty and the occupation of the Ruhr as any other party, would have nothing to do with the "mass address" on account of its reactionary origin. It is noteworthy that while the address in question expressed sympathy with the German people as a whole, and in this respect no doubt reflected the feelings of many of the signatories, the group which is responsible for it and for the whole of the agitation takes little or no interest in Republican Germany, habitually refers to Republican statesmen, and such papers as *Vorwärts* and the *Berliner Tageblatt*, in terms of abuse and contempt, and lavishes its naïve admiration on a group of figures long ago discredited in every other country in the world—the Hohenzollerns, the military supermen, and reactionary politicians of the Helfferich type. One rabidly pro-Prussian journalist endeavoured to glorify the murderers of Rathenau, while the news of the failure of the Hitler-Ludendorff *Putzsch* in Munich was received with obvious disappointment by some Conservative papers, which apparently saw nothing absurd in the notion of Hitler as "political adviser" to the new Government. Even the comparatively reasonable *Hufvudstadsbladet*, carried away by the intoxication of the von der Goltz visit last spring, published an article solemnly declaring that "it was not the old Germany that was to blame for the country's present misfortunes, but German Socialism, that and nothing else."

This visit of General von der Goltz, who commanded the German troops in Finland in 1918, was arranged by the German-Finnish organisation known as the *Finnlandkämpfer* and the German-Finnish Society as the *pièce de résistance* of the celebrations of the fifth anniversary of the campaign against the Reds. These celebrations were the occasion of much glorification of Germany; the commemoration of the landing of the Finnish volunteers from Germany at Vasa was marked by particularly perfervid oratory, the singing of *Deutschland über alles*, and the sending of telegrams to Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and the ex-Kaiser. General von der Goltz himself, it must be owned, was extremely tactful in public speeches and interviews, and carefully avoided expressions which might be embarrassing to the Finnish Government; he was also, in order that he might not appear to be exclusively the guest of an anti-Republican faction, received by the Presi-

dent and the Prime Minister. But the General's fortnight's visit, while the occasion of much junketing, was only a fleeting if conspicuous incident of an agitation that continued for months. This agitation, in particular the insulting attacks directed against France by certain irresponsible newspapers representing only a small fraction of the electorate, for a time caused serious anxiety not only to the Government, but to sane and moderate politicians of the Right parties and to business men, who feared that France might revoke the still unratified commercial treaty of 1921. France, no doubt, regarded such a measure as beneath her dignity, and the agitation has died down during the past few months, although the Conservative Press is still, of course, strongly opposed to French policy.

Another factor which makes it difficult to bring Finland and her southern neighbours into line is that they see the Russian question from quite different angles. Esthonia and Latvia unequivocally prefer the continuance of the Bolshevik *régime* in Russia to a restoration of the Monarchy. The standpoint of these pigmy States Europe should have no difficulty in understanding; and yet their unwillingness, in the first year or two after the war, to help the White Russians caused them to be charged with Bolshevik sympathies, an impression which the sweeping land laws passed in both countries, on historical and national grounds very imperfectly comprehended in Western Europe, did much to strengthen. The fact is that there is very little Bolshevism in either country, and their preference of the Bolsheviks to the White Russians is due to the fact that the former have recognised their independence and, however little Soviet assurances may be worth, are likely to be deterred by internal considerations from undertaking their destruction; whereas the White Russians have steadily refused to recognise their independence, and, if they regain power in their country, will undoubtedly attempt the recovery of the Baltic harbours which Peter the Great wrested from Sweden 200 years ago. Poland, with her own good reasons for fearing an attack from a restored Russia, is bound also to prefer a Bolshevik Government in Moscow.

In Finland, on the other hand, opinion is divided as to whether a Bolshevik Russia or a White Russia presents the greater menace. Her attitude in this matter is again dictated by the peculiar conditions of her history. Whereas all the other recently liberated border States were formerly integral parts of Russia, Finland retained her special autonomous position to the end, despite all Russian encroachments, and there is therefore strong hope that a restored Russia will recognise Finland's full national independence. A section of Conservative opinion holds, indeed, that as the future Russia is (in its belief) likely to recognise

Finland's independence, but will insist absolutely on the reincorporation of Esthonia and Latvia with the Empire, the most politic attitude for Finland is to remain completely apart from these States and not, by concluding an agreement with them, incur Russia's ill-will.

As a matter of fact, the attitude of a strong Russian Government of the future towards Finland is as enigmatic as most other aspects of the Russian problem. On the whole Finland has good ground to be hopeful in this matter. But it can never be forgotten that the Finnish frontier runs thirty miles from Petrograd, and that the possession by Russia of both the northern and southern shores of the Finnish Gulf was in the past regarded in military circles as indispensable to the country's security. Should a wave of national and militarist feeling swell up in Russia, especially if the Baltic States are overrun, it is only too probable that an agitation for the recovery of Finland on technical military grounds may be started. The Baltic States, at any rate, are convinced that if they are again brought under Russia's sway Finland will share their fate.

Some of those who believe in a Monarchist restoration in Germany at no very distant date extend their prophetic vision to the joining of hands between a new Imperial Germany and a new Imperial Russia over the shattered little corpses of the border States, and gladly imagine Finland as an impressed, conciliatory acolyte at this awe-inspiring ceremony. The von Gerich scandal in the summer of 1921 was symptomatic. Shortly before the opening of the Baltic States' Conference at Helsingfors, General von Gerich, an officer who had served with great distinction in the Russian Army, had taken a conspicuous part in organising the White resistance in Finland in 1918, and since his retirement had commanded the Helsingfors volunteer defence corps, published in the principal Swedish paper of Finland a letter protesting against the idea of a Baltic Alliance, couched in violent, bitter, and contemptuous language. He not only insisted on the certainty of Esthonia and Latvia being speedily swallowed up by Russia, and talked of Poland's "brief dream of freedom," but made a perfectly gratuitous allusion to Italy's "betrayal" of her allies at the beginning of the war. The scandal and controversy which this letter produced in Finland are now ancient history; but the document is interesting as an illustration of the vehement pro-German sympathies nourished by men of non-Slav blood who stood high in the Emperor Nicholas' service and fought, or worked in other spheres, for Russia during the war, their yearning for a revival of (and alliance between) the German and Russian Monarchies, and their bitter hatred

and contempt for the new Europe, particularly the border States.

Another reason why there are a good many people in Finland who prefer a restored Russia to Bolshevik Russia is that Communism has been a much greater nuisance in Finland than in any of the other border States. The Communist Party claims to have a membership of 50,000 out of a population of rather over three millions, and it returns 27 members to a Chamber of 200. Embittered by the ruthless suppression of the rebellion in 1918, the Communists have not only allowed themselves an unbridled licence in speech and print, but have repeatedly been detected in active conspiracy with Soviet Russia for the bringing about of another rising in Finland. Although it is not believed that any such attempt—with the Army reinforced by the White volunteer defence corps—has any chance of success so long as Soviet Russia abstains from attacking Finland's frontiers, it is only natural that the presence in the country of so large and vocal a section, admittedly bent on overturning the lawful Government and destroying the bases of civilised society, should inspire Conservative opinion with a profound detestation and fear of the Russian Bolshevik Government, and make the accession to power of a new Tsarism appear a lesser evil.

All discussion of the military aspect of the question is to a large extent vitiated by the fact that the military capacities of Russia are liable to the widest fluctuations in accordance with the exigencies of her internal situation—from almost zero to infinity! While at present it is not believed that she can put into the field an army capable of defeating the forces of the border States, the position would be completely transformed were anything approaching normal conditions restored in Russia. But some, at least, of the most active promoters of a Baltic Alliance have in view a political—not a military—object. They hope that the resistance they could offer would delay the Russian advance to such an extent that a general international crisis would ensue and international commerce be deranged, with the result that the Great Powers would put strong pressure on Russia to conclude peace. They hope still more that the existence of a fairly strong *bloc*, the overthrow of which would take some little time, with the indicated consequences in the shape of commercial disorganisation and joint pressure from the Powers, would deter Russia altogether from undertaking a campaign for the overthrow of the border States. This may sound more convincing to some than it does to others; at any rate, such is the theory as I have heard it from the lips of one who has worked hard for the conclusion of the alliance.

CURRENT LITERATURE

By S. M. ELLIS

IN my last article I made some mention of the notable company of men and women who have written ghost stories and tales of terror in the English language. To the list must now be added the name of Miss May Sinclair. In her new book¹ she offers seven stories, which range from tales in the old fashion of an apparition in a haunted house, through mental hallucinations, to a metaphysical state. To the first category belong *The Token*, *If the Dead Knew*, and *The Victim*, which is an amazingly vivid study of temperament and murder. In a lonely house on the Yorkshire moors an old man is murdered by his manservant from mistaken motives of jealousy. The description of the crime is painfully realistic and yet minute. For, after insensibility by strangulation, the victim is hung over the edge of a bath and his arteries cut, the blood draining away with the hot water which is running into the bath with the waste plug out. Miss Sinclair here condenses into one or two pages all the horror of many famous murder stories—the pig-like slaughter of Weare by Thurtell, and the victims of Jack-the-Ripper; the unusual end of the Brides in the Bath; the butcherly cutting-up of the body of her mistress by Kate Webster at Richmond, and of Mrs. Crippen by her husband; and all the mystery of Dougal at the Moat Farm after the disappearance of his victim. For the murderer of Miss Sinclair's o'er bloody tale lives on in his master's house, and the psychology of the criminal and his precautions to avoid detection are presented with the most subtle skill. So, too, is his terror when the apparition of the murdered man appears to him, or is heard shuffling, as in life, along the flagged passages of the house. Here the story should have ended with the suicide of the murderer down the pit in the moor into which he had cast the remains of his victim. But, having written one of the most gruesome murder-cum-ghost stories in existence, Miss Sinclair, with a sudden failure of artistic sense, chooses to end her tale with humorous bathos. The apparition has merely returned to thank the murderer for removing him to a far more delightful plane, and he—or it—proceeds to chaff his "benefactor" upon the comic appearance he presented when engaged upon the business in the bath and the subsequent use of chopper and saw in disposing of his body. Miss Sinclair should have studied the effective ending of a somewhat similar tale to hers—*The House with the Brick-kiln*, by Mr. E. F. Benson—before she decided to ruin her own clever work.

Happily, there are no further attempts at comic relief, and Miss

(1) *Uncanny Stories*, by May Sinclair, with illustrations by the Chevalier Jean de Bosschère. (Hutchinson & Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Sinclair's six remaining stories are treated seriously, though one of them unintentionally comes perilously near to being funny. This is *The Nature of the Evidence*, the sad tale of a chaste dead wife, who, strongly disapproving of her successor, so effectually haunts the bridal couple that they can neither get to bed nor consummate their marriage. The husband is conjured away from his living sensual wife, and joins the spirit of his deceased first wife in the Library, where such wonderful experiences occurred as caused him ever after to say that no mortal woman could know what passion is really like. I hope I am not flippant with this particular story, which may possess some finer spiritual essence that has eluded me. Frankly, I think it nonsense and unpleasant. The recondite depths of such a union between a living being and a spirit were explored twenty years ago by Lord Kilmarnock in his story of *Ferelith*, and he even provided an infant half-human and half-ghostly as the result. But *cui bono*? Miss Violet Hunt has also touched upon this subject in *Love's Last Leave* (*The Ghost of Suvla Bay*).

Miss Sinclair's cleverest story is *The Flaw in the Crystal*, which may be taken as a parable of the dangers of psycho-analysis and other forms of mental and physical healing accomplished by the will and suggestions of another person. Agatha Verrall, in this story, has "The Gift," and she uses her psychic power—"You could think of it as a current of transcendent power, hitherto mysteriously inhibited. You made the connection, having cut off all other currents that interfered. . . . You tapped the Power, as it were, underground at any point you pleased, and turned it on in any direction."

She turned it on to cure a man of a terrible form of recurrent insanity, which compelled him to hide in darkness from "It"—a mental horror such as Le Fanu or Dr. M. R. James might have conceived. His eyes were those "of a terrified thing, a thing hunted and on the watch, a thing that listened continually for the soft feet of the hunter." Agatha cures her friend, but—in curing him his madness passes into her, and she becomes a hunted, furtive thing, seeking darkness from the terror of "It"; and her ears of insanity are opened to all the hitherto inaudible voices of Nature and Life on the earth and under the earth. The Pursuer is upon her, and she is

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

Miss Sinclair works out her thesis very ably—how the spiritual operation of "The Gift" obliged Agatha, in getting at Harding to cure him, "to destroy, not only the barriers of flesh and blood, but those innermost walls of personality that divide and protect, mercifully, one spirit from another. With the first thinning of the walls Harding's

insanity had leaked through to her, with the first breach it had broken in." And the flaw in the crystal was that she had not been absolutely pure in thought, for absolute purity was the touchstone for the success of the experiment. Happily for her she retains the power to "cut off" Harding spiritually and to repair the breaches in the walls of her own personality. And, finally, by a great renunciation of self and of the man she loves (not Harding), the madness is cast out from her and "It" returns to Harding.

Where Their Fire is not Quenched is also a powerful story conducive to thought. It propounds the idea that Hell will provide an eternal repetition and re-enactment of the original sin that caused damnation with all its monotony, sordid detail, and nausea—for passion had died in life long before nominal "death" came to the unhappy protagonists of this tale—an unmarried woman and a married man. In the course of their affair they had gone to Paris and stayed at a dingy hotel. After death, years later, all through the æons of eternity, they continually come upon that Hôtel Saint Pierre, and the old nauseating sin has ever to be repeated. "In the last death we shall be shut up in this room, behind that locked door together. We shall lie here together, for ever and ever, joined so fast that even God can't put us asunder. We shall be one flesh and one spirit, one sin repeated for ever and ever; spirit loathing flesh, flesh loathing spirit; you and I loathing each other."

It will have been obvious from this extract that the modern metaphysical tale of terror has changed a good deal in method and thesis from the early examples by Bulwer-Lytton. In his *Haunted and the Haunters* (1857), for example, the malignant being he imagined continued to live on in this world, far past the allotted span, by the powers of will and occult science. The terrible punishment of Vanderdecken and The Ancient Mariner lay in the fact that they were compelled to wander for ever on the sea and land of this earth. The old tellers of ghost tales were concerned with hapless spirits tied to earth by reason of crime or sorrow in their time of flesh. Neither Hell nor Nirvana has any terrors for these earth-bound spirits: they long for escape. In Oscar Wilde's exquisite fantasy, *The Canterville Ghost*, the apparition only desires oblivion and rest:—

Far away beyond the pinewoods . . . there is a little garden. There the grass grows long and deep, there are the great white stars of the hemlock flower, there the nightingale sings all night long. All night long he sings, and the cold, crystal moon looks down, and the yew-tree spreads out its giant arms over the sleepers. . . . Death must be so beautiful. To lie in the soft brown earth, with the grasses waving above one's head, and listen to silence. To have no yesterday, and no to-morrow. To forget time, to forgive life, to be at peace.

* * * * *

A warm welcome is due to a history of Chiswick by Mr. Warwick Draper, profusely illustrated from old prints, and produced in the fine

manner for which Mr. Philip Allan is becoming famous.¹ With the exception of Richmond, Twickenham, and Hampstead, no London suburb can claim a more storied interest than Chiswick, for it is rich in association with the memorable and famous people who have lived there.

It remains ever a matter of sentimental but very real regret that in the inevitable extension of London the rural villages which, even fifty years ago, encircled the town on all sides have been overrun and devastated and transformed into commonplace suburbs, which stretch out for miles, forcing the real countryside further and further away with each new building development. On the high roads of the nearer suburbs the old-fashioned inns and little shops, with small-paned bow-windows, have been rebuilt in the form of blatant drinking saloons and garish stores, and the ubiquitous cinema will arise on what was once a garden with a mellow, red-brick wall. And all along the high road clang and grind the never-ceasing trams. Demos must be served, but he is an unpleasant and noisy master. Mr. H. G. Wells—or was it Mr. Arnold Bennett?—has extolled the glory of processional trams at night, with their brilliant lights. Yes, perhaps, on the Embankment: but they do not appear so picturesque when they crash and groan along semi-rural roads, even unto Uxbridge, Barnet, Hampton Court, and Stanmore. And I think even Mr. Wells heaved a sigh of regret, in *The New Machiavelli*, for the destroyed rural amenities of the Bromley-Beckenham district which he knew in his youth.

Passing from the high road of any typical suburb, in the side lanes the old mansions have been demolished, and rows of little villas cover the sites and once surrounding stately pleasures of these former "country retreats" of prosperous Londoners; or, saddest spectacle of all, the old house may remain, deserted and derelict, and bereft of its gardens, hemmed in by the vulgar new neighbours who press upon it from all sides, staring and insolent: it is like an old and dignified man baited by a horde of unruly children.

Some districts have suffered a grievous suburban change worse than others. On the western side, Willesden, Acton, and Twickenham, for example, were victims of the earlier spirit of "development" which sought only material gain and gave no thought at all to beauty in the buildings which were to succeed the stately old mansions and their park-like grounds. Happily, municipal bodies take more into consideration now the desirability of preserving some open spaces and trees in their "progressive" boroughs.

Chiswick has been more fortunate than some of its neighbours, for it retains many trees, and, despite the trams that roar along the High Road, and the cinemas in profusion, old red roofs and bulging windows peep forth from between the new, hectic shops. The Mall still retains its quiet and air of dignified leisure by the riverside; and though many

(1) *Chiswick*, by Warwick Draper, with illustrations and maps. (Philip Allan & Co. 25s. net.)

of the old mansions of Chiswick are gone, several fine specimens (including that excellent example of the Restoration period, Walpole House) remain to delight the eye and bring back to imagination the "grace of a day that is dead." Hogarth's house still stands, thanks to the rare generosity of Colonel Shipway, who bought the property and presented it to the public. And Chiswick House—the wonderful Palladian Villa which knew Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire and witnessed the deaths of Fox and Canning—is still embowered in those classic eighteenth-century groves whence slyly peep the leaden faun and nymph. As the old lines proclaimed:

Some cry up Gunnersbury,
For Syon some declare;
Some say with Chiswick's Villa
None other can compare.

Until the advent of Mr. Draper's book there has been no adequate history of Chiswick in a complete sense. A finely illustrated account of Chiswick House, by J. Avray Tipping, was published from *Country Life* in 1918, and several magazine articles have well described various features of the place, the best being that entitled *Chiswick, Past and Present*, by C. J. Hamilton, with illustrations by Mrs. L. Jopling Rowe, which appeared in *The English Illustrated Magazine* in 1891. I date my own interest in Chiswick from this article, and I remember, though I was but a small boy at the time, I jotted down a rough itinerary and promptly walked over from Acton to inspect the various old houses which had been so picturesquely presented in the article. In those days Chiswick Lane, leading from the High Road to the Mall, was still rural, and on the right-hand side stood (for five years longer) the Manor House, which had been built by Sir Stephen Fox in 1691. It was a charming example of the architecture of the late Stuart period (something like the old house of the Lamberts in *The Virginians*, which can be seen in the sketch-illustration Thackeray entitled "Welcome"), with gracious gardens and great elms. Even the uncouth William III. observed of it: "This place is perfectly fine; I could live here five days."

It was along Chiswick Lane that Thackeray, as a little boy, longing for his mother, in India, ran away from Dr. Turner's school at Walpole House on Chiswick Mall; but when he got to the busy High Road at the top and saw all the traffic proceeding to and from the noisy world of London, he decided to return to the comparative quiet of Dr. Turner's seminary. Some twenty-five years later he located Miss Pinkerton's Academy for Young Ladies in his old school at Walpole House, and for the opening chapter of *Vanity Fair* he drew a little initial letter-head, which gives a view—somewhat sketchy it is true—of Chiswick Mall, with Bedford House and the church tower seen beyond the iron railings of Walpole House. Possibly these old houses of Chiswick which Thackeray knew in his childhood stamped an impression upon his plastic brain which, years after, found expression in those

sympathetic interpretations of all that an old house—a home—can stand for, such as he offered in *Esmond* and *The Virginians*.

Walpole House has, of course, many other associations, from the late Sir Herbert Tree back to Barbara Villiers, Lady Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland, who died here in 1709. As the writer of the article I have mentioned expressed it:—

It almost seems as if that terribly seductive face would peep out from the top window, and a cry would be heard such as curdled the blood of Ann Radcliffe's heroines. Walpole House looks as if it must be haunted. . . . At midnight, perhaps, the tapping of high heels is heard on the worm-eaten staircase, or the faint rustle of a silken robe glides mysteriously down a dark passage.

On this subject, Mrs. Goldman, the present occupant of Walpole House, once told me a curious confirmatory story.

Mr. Draper does not mention in his book that Ann Radcliffe's name is also associated with Chiswick. As a girl, when Ann Ward, she spent a good deal of her time with her uncle by marriage, Thomas Bentley, and his second wife at Turnham Green. Bentley was the gifted partner of Josiah Wedgwood, and the friend of Rousseau, John Hunter, and most of the distinguished people of his time. Smiles relates of Thomas Bentley:—

Handsome in person and polished in manners and conversation, he entertained his morning audiences of dukes, duchesses, and other noble personages with great suavity and grace. Bentley could speak most European languages, and descant to his hearers on Greek and Etruscan art, or converse with the Foreign Ambassadors in French or in Italian on the progress of artistic manufactures in their various countries.

These assemblies at Turnham Green took place at Linden House, which Bentley presumably rented about 1777 from his friend Dr. Ralph Griffiths, LL.D., founder and editor of *The Monthly Review*, who seems to have been rated as occupier of Linden House for over forty years before his death in 1803. But it has been definitely stated that Thomas Bentley "lived in a large and substantial mansion on the high road leading from Hammersmith to Turnham Green, now, or lately, occupied by Mr. Vaughan Morgan," and the latter lived at Linden House. The present building bearing that name in the High Road, however, cannot be the original mansion, but possibly the bas-reliefs in the room on the first floor were preserved from the earlier house and are identical with those mentioned by Bentley in his correspondence with Wedgwood.

Here, then, at the original Linden House frequently visited the future author of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, and here she first met her future husband, William Radcliffe (whom she married in 1787), in addition to other guests of her uncle such as Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Montagu, and "Athenian" Stuart.

Half a century later Linden House became notorious owing to the poisoning activities of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, grandson of Dr.

Ralph Griffiths, the friend of Thomas Bentley. Oscar Wilde, in his *Pen, Pencil, and Poison*, relates that Wainwright's "boyhood was passed at Linden House, Turnham Green, one of those many fine Georgian mansions that have unfortunately disappeared before the inroads of the suburban builder, and to its lovely gardens and well-timbered park he owed that simple and impassioned love of nature which never left him all through his life." Thomas Griffiths Wainwright's first victim was his maternal uncle, George Edward Griffiths, whom he poisoned in 1829, in order to obtain possession of Linden House—"a place to which he had always been very much attached."

I have no occasion to add anything to Mr. Draper's excellent account of the history of Chiswick House in its earlier years, and he is to be congratulated on being able to reproduce, by permission of the Duke of Devonshire, some very interesting views of the house and grounds in 1745, in the time of the third Earl of Burlington, who converted or, rather, rebuilt, the old Jacobean mansion into the Palladian Villa which remains a joy, let us hope, for ever. I will merely supplement Mr. Draper's record by pointing out some further allusions to Chiswick House in memoirs of later years.

As is well known, Lord Burlington's daughter carried the Chiswick property in marriage to the Cavendish family. Her son, the fifth Duke of Devonshire, was the husband of the famous Georgiana, and his son, in turn, the sixth Duke (that most eligible of bachelors who never married, owing to a curious family arrangement, if gossip be authentic), well maintained the splendours of Chiswick House, and added to the grounds a living menagerie of semi-wild animals. Here he entertained the Tsar Alexander I., the King of Prussia, and Blucher in 1814; and the Tsar Nicholas I. at a resplendent *fête* in June, 1844. He was a truly *grand seigneur*, who thought nothing of giving £50,000 for his collection of coins and £10,000 for the Bishop of Ely's Library. He was the friend—perhaps more—of Fanny Kelly, the actress and the only woman Charles Lamb ever loved. The Duke could be quite simple, when he chose, in entertaining. At the time Agnes and Elizabeth Strickland were engaged upon their biographies of female sovereigns they were invited to Chiswick in order to inspect some rare archives preserved there:—

The Duke came from Brighton to receive them, and opened his stores for their examination. He gave them a delicate French dinner; but he dispensed with the attendance of his servants in the dining-room, summoning them when requisite by striking upon a tumbler. Notwithstanding his deafness they found him a pleasant companion—amiable, manly, and unassuming, though surrounded with splendour on every side.

When the sixth Duke of Devonshire died in 1858 his titles and estates passed to a cousin, but Chiswick House was granted for life to the Duke's only surviving sister, Henrietta Countess Granville, who was, of course, the great-granddaughter of Lord Burlington, the builder of the Villa. She died in 1862, and Chiswick House was then occupied by

another famous *grande dame* of the Victorian Era, Harriet Duchess of Sutherland, whose husband had been a nephew of Lord Granville. Miss C. L. H. Dempster, in *The Manners of My Time*, describes a visit to Chiswick House a year or two before the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland died in 1868, and mentions the profusion of flowers in the rooms, the great trees in the grounds, and the adjoining river with its picturesque barges. "The Duchess was still dressed in white, though sickness had bowed her figure, and age had wrinkled her face." Apparently, Harriet Duchess of Sutherland had always favoured white, for Mrs. E. M. Ward recalls, in her *Reminiscences*, how she saw her once alighting from her carriage to enter the Royal Academy, then in Trafalgar Square; she wore a wonderful bonnet of white silk and pearls, and a magnificent white silk dress, the train of which she indifferently allowed to sweep the wet and muddy pavement. Curiously enough, Mrs. Ward has another story of a white silk train, this time at Chiswick House:—

In connection with Queen Alexandra, when she was Princess of Wales, I once witnessed a very pretty incident at Chiswick House. Whilst she was walking and talking very earnestly to a gentleman, the spirit of mischief suddenly seized two of the Royal children. Stooping down, as if by mutual agreement, they raised the long train of their mother's dress, and were preparing to lift it to a still greater height from the ground, when Queen Alexandra, turning round sharply, caught them in the act. They ran for their lives! The majestic beauty of the Queen's figure, enhanced by her white silk dress—the fresh, mischief-loving faces of the little girls in their short white frocks, and the sparkling river in the background, gave me an idea for a picture, which I simply longed to be able to set to work and paint then and there.

Separated from Chiswick House by Barrowgate Lane were the grounds of the Royal Horticultural Society, established here in 1821. It became an extremely fashionable resort during the first quarter of the Victorian Era, when it was the custom to partake of what was called "Breakfast" there at a guinea a head, though presumably the function was in the afternoon. At a *fête* here in July, 1848, thirteen thousand visitors were present. A good idea of what these *al fresco* recreations were like will be found in Frank Smedley's novel, *Harry Coverdale's Courtship*, where three chapters and an illustration by "Phiz" are devoted to scenes at one of the Horticultural Society's *fêtes* at Chiswick. In June, 1858, when Lady Bulwer-Lytton had been kidnapped by emissaries of her husband, and was being driven off to unlawful incarceration in an asylum at Inverness Lodge, Brentford, she relates they went through "the Park, and as there had been a breakfast at Chiswick that day it was crowded. Many whom I knew kissed their hands in great surprise to see me."

The Horticultural Society retained its Gardens at Chiswick until 1904, though they had then long ceased to be a *rendezvous* of Society. The site is now covered by small houses. Vanished are the pelisses and *paletots* of the 'forties.

LITERARY NOTE

WE have received from Messrs. John Bale, Sons & Danielsson, Ltd., a book entitled *All About Coffee*, by William H. Ukers, M.A. (published by The Tea and Coffee Trade Journal Company, New York). It is a sumptuous volume of 860 royal octavo pages, containing 777 illustrations, including 17 pages in colour and 102 portraits, and gives the whole story of coffee from its earliest youth to the present day, omitting no topic that is useful to the grower, the importer, the roaster, the machinery manufacturer, the broker, the wholesale distributor, the retailer, and the ultimate consumer. The author's experience in the field has covered twenty years, for seventeen of which he has been collecting data and making studies for this book. In preparation for his task he made several extended journeys to Europe and the Orient, and has had the collaboration of eminent experts in the presentation of such special topics as the botany, the chemistry, the microscopy, and the pharmacology of coffee.

One of the most interesting features of the work is the part devoted to accounts of the coffee houses that sprang up to act as first distributors of the beverage, and became, in all countries where they appeared, centres of social life, developing into forms of free speech, in which the spirit of democracy flourished, and, in some instances, ripened into revolution, sanguinary in France, peaceful in Britain.

Not the least valuable feature to the layman is the expert advice on how to buy coffee to the best advantage for the household, on the selection of blends, and on how properly to prepare it for the table, so that every one who drinks it may have it served to his or her individual preference and taste.

Copies of this book can be obtained from Messrs. John Bale, Sons & Danielsson, Limited, at 70s. net per copy, postage inland 1s. 6d.

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LORD CURZON AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE

By HUGH F. SPENDER

THE gravest indictment which was brought against the late Government during the elections was on the score of its Foreign Policy. In the debate on the Address, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald united in condemning "The confusion, vacillation and impotence which the Government had shown both at home and abroad." As Mr. Mosley said, the Government had apparently followed the most fatal of all policies by doing enough to irritate everybody, but not enough to achieve anything.

And yet there is no doubt that Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon had the best intentions. Mr. Baldwin's speeches on the occupation of the Ruhr, and Lord Curzon's Note to France and Belgium on August 11th last, prove that the Government had not only a clear vision of what ought to be done for the peace and restoration of Europe, but also the courage to make their views known to M. Poincaré. No Liberal statesmen could have condemned the occupation of the Ruhr more strongly, both as a moral issue and an infringement of the Treaty, than the Conservative Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, and their warnings to France of the danger of the course which she was pursuing reverberated through the Chanceries of Europe.

If words could have achieved their purpose Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon would have gone down to posterity as bold pioneers in the work of cutting a path through the tangle of European affairs. Their failure appeared to be the more striking in proportion to the impassioned tone of their speeches, and the grandiloquence of the diplomatic dispatches which issued from Downing Street.

The present writer holds no brief for the late Conservative Government, but if judgment is to be passed on

their Foreign Policy, an attempt should be made to understand the hidden springs of action which were at work on both sides of the Channel, and to discover how far such a policy could have been carried into effect without disastrous consequence. Bagehot has pointed out in a famous passage in his *Biographical Studies* that the accusations which are brought against a public man in his own age are rarely those echoed in after times. Posterity, he wrote, sees less or more. A few points stand forth in intense rigidity; there is no idea of the countless accumulation, the collision of action, the web of human feeling with which in the day of their life they were encompassed. The appeal is not to the solitary decision of a single statesman, but to the jangled mass of men with a thousand pursuits, a thousand interests, a thousand various habits. We must bear in mind that Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries are not only responsible to their colleagues in the Cabinet, but that in the final resort public opinion rules, and that as Fox said of Burke, however wise a statesman may be, he may be wise too soon.

To understand the situation in all its complexity, we must go back to the days of the Coalition when Mr. Lloyd George was hurrying from conference to conference in the vain attempt to undo some of the mischief for which he was responsible by stoking the war passions of Europe during his election campaign of 1918. He realised at Versailles the mistake which he had made, but had not the courage to hold out against a treaty which placed an intolerable burden on the German people, and which was to be used as an engine not for justice and peace, but for the oppression of Germany by France, and the realisation of the French desire for a Rhineland frontier.

Although Lord Curzon became Foreign Secretary in 1919, he appeared until the fall of the Coalition to be scarcely more than a spectator of events. Yet he was, of course, in a peculiar sense responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs all this time. The public were hardly aware of his importance until he went to Lausanne in December, 1922, to conduct negotiations on behalf of this

country with the Turks. The effect of his strange passivity was to load him with a most damnable heritage when he again assumed control of the Foreign Office during Mr. Bonar Law's Premiership. Mr. Lloyd George may boast that he kept the French out of the Ruhr, but it was through the dark mazes of confusion created by his handling of foreign affairs that Lord Curzon had to thread his way. It is no small credit to him that with the smoking ruins of Smyrna as a background, he should have brought the Turk to reason at Lausanne and prepared the way for the rehabilitation of Greece under M. Venizelos. A volume might be written about the course of these negotiations which would reveal British diplomacy struggling not only with the obstinate arrogance of the Turk, but hampered by a network of intrigues which had their origin in Paris and Rome. There was the dramatic moment when the train waited with steam up while Lord Curzon endeavoured to bring Ismet Pasha to reason and left Lausanne. But the broken threads were again taken up and the treaty was finally concluded which has still to be ratified by the British and French Parliaments.

This treaty has been described as an almost complete surrender to the Turk, but it has at least brought peace to the Near East. Lord Curzon dealt with each difficulty as it arose patiently and laboriously, in a spirit that never despaired of the final result, even when the outlook seemed most hopeless. He worked under a handicap which placed inevitable limitations on his conduct, for none of the Allies were prepared to fight the Turk, while some of them were secretly supporting Angora in its intransigent demands.

M. Venizelos has described to the present writer the enormous difficulties which were thus placed in the way of a satisfactory treaty with the Turks. He could take a bolder line with the knowledge that there was a Greek army on the Maritza which was only too anxious to recover its lost prestige.

Lord Curzon, in spite of the provocation which the devious course of French diplomacy afforded, steadily refused to make any separate bargain with the Turks, and

in the end carried the French and Italians with him and thus succeeded in maintaining the solidarity of the Allies. In the circumstances he must be judged to have done well, and whatever may be said about our prestige in Europe, it is not true to say that it stands lower in the Near East. Almost his last act at the Foreign Office was to settle the thorny question of Tangier by obtaining the consent of France and Spain to the internationalisation of the port and its neutralisation in war. The administration which has been set up in Tangier is a fair compromise of conflicting claims. If it tilts the balance in favour of France we have gained the great advantage of freedom of trade and the power to make our voice heard in the control of one of the most important doorways to Africa. Moreover, another outstanding difficulty with France and Italy has been removed.

The Treaty of Lausanne and the settlement of the Tangier question supply the key to Lord Curzon's policy. His great aim was to clear away all difficulties which stood in the way of a good understanding. He would work at the Foreign Office far into the night, wearying himself with a mass of diplomatic correspondence and reading every dispatch. This method of work consumed the strength that he needed for more vital tasks. Hence we find a curious inability to look ahead and measure all the consequences of his actions. But his task was almost superhuman. He had to be at Lausanne, he had to be thinking of Tangier and Jubaland, Afghanistan and Russia, and our relations with America over the Liquor question, which he finally arranged while he was trying to find a way out of the terrible tangle of the Reparations problem. At almost every point our differences with France on the main European issue raised difficulties. It was not until July that the treaty with Angora was concluded. The Tangier question dragged on for many months. But it is on the main issue, the settlement of the Reparations question and our negotiations with France, that Lord Curzon's tenure of the Foreign Office will in the main be judged. In this sphere M. Poincaré appears to have done what he liked except in the last few months, and his policy has brought Germany to the verge of ruin. It may ultimately prove extremely

disastrous for France, but this will be small consolation for the British public, who have a right to ask whether a firmer handling of the situation by British statesmanship could not have prevented the occupation of the Ruhr and checked M. Poincaré in the wrong-headed course which he pursued.

How far Lord Curzon was prevented by his colleagues from carrying out a bolder policy is known only to members of the last Cabinets. But there is reason to believe that he was considerably hampered by the Die-hard or extreme pro-French section in the Conservative Party. Mr. Baldwin, who had sound views, was inexperienced and weak, and obsessed with sudden fears about the effect of the revival of Germany on British trade, which finally led him to a disastrous election. The Cabinet as a whole contained few men of any real ability. Those who were not pro-French were timid. And the guiding principle which Lord Curzon himself adopted, the necessity for continued co-operation with France, tied his hands on many occasions. The Rothermere Press pursued the Government with vindictive hostility, as if its proprietor had a personal vendetta against Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin. Their uncanny knowledge of every move in the game as seen from Paris, and their persistence in using it as a means of embarrassing the Government, were remarkable. Their appeal to prejudice and ignorance at a time when our foreign policy needed every possible support undoubtedly weakened the Government. The public were told day after day that Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon were encouraging the Germans and were pursuing a policy which would lead to war with France.

This was a fantastic suggestion, although it appeared to obtain some support from the remarks which Mr. Neville Chamberlain made in the debate on the Address as to our inability to prevent the occupation of the Ruhr. I do not believe that any consideration as to the danger of war ever entered Lord Curzon's mind, but the aggressiveness of the French undoubtedly impressed some of his colleagues. The explanation of Lord Curzon's policy is not to be found in any such fear, but in his intense desire to maintain the Entente and in the conviction, which was shared by Lord

Grey, that if any progress was to be made towards the restoration of normal conditions in Europe it could be achieved only through co-operation with France. Lord Grey spoke strongly on this point in his speech in the House of Lords on January 15th. The United States, he said, were participating in the expert committees because these committees were set up with the co-operation and agreement of the Allies. This, he claimed, was another instance of the truth that no progress could be made in European affairs unless the Allies, particularly the British and French Governments, were co-operating. Mr. Asquith has also spoken of the necessity of working in agreement with France, in spite of his condemnation of the foreign policy of the last Government. Lord Grey, who is more consistent and less moved by party considerations, refrained in his speech in the House of Lords from the harsh language which his leader used in the debate on the Address. But he had to admit that the policy of the French in the Palatinate had made co-operation between the two Governments impossible, in spite of Lord Curzon's attempts to maintain the Entente. To Lord Grey, Europe seemed to be drifting towards catastrophe, and he saw the nations going the same way which led to the war of 1914. From a repetition of this disaster, he explained, the League of Nations could alone save the world.

But the course of events to which Lord Grey so gloomily pointed as the signal failure of the policy of co-operation may well convey another moral. For it was by opposing France and insisting on an independent inquiry by Mr. Clive, the British Consul-General in Bavaria, that Lord Curzon succeeded in his aim of preventing that German district from passing under the control of a separatist Government aided and abetted by France. It was Lord Curzon's action which prevented the Reparation Commission from finally adopting the decrees of this so-called autonomous Government and thus giving the approval of the Allies to its establishment. He thus struck at M. Poincaré's whole policy in the Rhineland.

Lord Curzon appeared, indeed, to take a bolder course when Mr. Baldwin launched his election campaign and

left him a free hand to deal with foreign affairs. For when M. Poincaré threatened to take fresh sanctions against Germany by the seizure of the railways near Frankfurt as a punishment for the refusal of the German Government to surrender the ex-Crown Prince and re-establish the full working of the Allied Military Control Mission, he threatened to withdraw the British delegates from all the allied commissions. M. Poincaré drew back when faced with the complete isolation of France, the disastrous fall of the franc having already alarmed and irritated the French public. Moreover, Lord Curzon succeeded in his aim of setting up an inquiry into German finance, for M. Poincaré was persuaded to remove some of the restrictions which he had placed on the work of the expert committees. Thus the British delegate on the Reparation Commission was able to join in the invitation to America to take part in the committees, and Lord Curzon succeeded in clearing the ground for the return of America, albeit unofficially, to the political arena of Europe. One of the fundamental aims of British policy was realised, and although the first committee, in the French view, still has no right to fix the maximum which Germany can pay, it will not be easy to prevent the British and American experts from making their views known as to how the Reparation problem should be settled.

No doubt the course of events in England had its influence on M. Poincaré. But credit must be given to Lord Curzon for the steady pressure which he exerted at this time.

We therefore come to the question whether a bolder policy would not have succeeded earlier. Would it not have been possible, for instance, for Mr. Bonar Law, who well knew that the French were preparing to occupy the Ruhr, to have obtained the decision of the illegality of this step from the Law Officers of the Crown before the French troops marched in? He might at the same time have threatened to withdraw from all the inter-Allied commissions. Why, it may be asked, did not Lord Curzon suggest this course instead of reserving his diplomatic offensive for a later stage when in the instance of the

Ruhr his action was of little avail? The answer seems to be that if the idea of raising the question of the legality of the occupation was considered at this time, it was rejected on the ground that it would start an unprofitable controversy as to the interpretation of the Treaty of Versailles. Lord Curzon was deeply engaged in the Lausanne negotiations. Mr. Bonar Law, unlike the Foreign Secretary, had the warmest regard for M. Poincaré, and was prepared to do a great deal to smooth his path. He did his best in the British plan of January, 1922, which proposed a very generous treatment of the French debt to this country, to promote a settlement of the Reparation question. This was an admirable plan which M. Poincaré would have been well advised to accept. For the rest, Mr. Bonar Law, although the French Government were informed of our view, in his intense desire to maintain a good understanding with France, adopted an attitude of benevolent neutrality to the occupation of the Ruhr, while warning M. Poincaré that in his belief it would not succeed. The Government believed that it could do nothing to stop the French, and that they must learn from experience.

It was not until Lord Curzon failed to get any definite reply to his questions as to a time limit for the occupation of the Ruhr, that the Government decided formally to consult the Law Officers of the Crown in order to impress the British view of the illegality of the occupation on the French. Lord Curzon did so first in April, 1923, and from this time onwards constantly reminded the Quai d'Orsay of the British view. Lord Curzon then invited Germany to make an offer. Her first offer proving inadequate, he asked her to try again, and the result was the German Note of early June, which, in the opinion of the British Foreign Office, afforded a basis for discussion. This plan has never received an acknowledgment, but the extremely able and vigorous defence of the whole course of British diplomacy which Lord Curzon launched in his Note to France and Belgium on August 11th, clearly indicated the attitude of the British Government to the German Note. It is an extremely vigorous and pointed defence of the course of British diplomacy, and it affords a most admir-

able insight into the difficulties of dealing with France and Belgium. We pick up the main thread of Lord Curzon's policy in the opening sentences of the Note, when he explains that the British Government had refrained from sending any rejoinder before to the observations which the French and Belgian Governments had communicated to them in July, owing to their desire to avoid controversy.

Lord Curzon was still working for an agreement, was still convinced, in spite of all obstacles, that the restoration of Europe could be achieved only through co-operation with France. But the Note, I think, affords evidence that he was beginning to despair of such co-operation. Although he was determined to make another effort, the sharpness of his tone suggests that his patience was severely tried.

For some time he had been working to persuade M. Poincaré to hold an enquiry into Germany's capacity to pay, and to offer the Germans without striking any bargain something in return for the withdrawal of their passive resistance in the Ruhr, which Lord Curzon considered foolish. On their side the Germans were to make an act of good faith and the French were to allow a gradual return to the normal features of industrial life in the Ruhr.

But M. Poincaré held obstinately to his demand for the unconditional surrender of the German Government, and the deadlock continued until the middle of September. It was difficult to think what greater consideration could have been shown to the French and Belgian standpoints than by the suggestion of this compromise. But Lord Curzon had sadly to report that "the reception afforded to his proposals left H.M.G. under the painful impression that neither are their suggestions welcomed by their Allies, nor is their offered co-operation held to merit consideration, except on condition that no departure be made in any one particular from whatever France and Belgium declare to be their overriding views and decisions."

This was a very remarkable statement. It was followed by a sharp analysis of the French and Belgian Reparation demands, while M. Poincaré was reminded once more of

the generosity of the British offer at the Paris Conference of January. Britain was still prepared to forgo her rights to the reimbursement of her damages and to the debts of her Allies in so far as she received equivalent sums for the payment of her debt to America. But M. Poincaré continued to refuse to consider any repayment of the French debt to Britain and America until Germany had paid France; reparations for the devastated areas to have priority. He continued, therefore, to demand an impossible sum from Germany. It is important to remember that the settlement of the Reparation question depended, in Lord Curzon's view, on arriving at the maximum which Germany could pay, but in the French view on the settlement of France's British and American debts.

The Note of August 11th excited and angered the French without producing any effect. They were especially annoyed at what they conceived to be the rude tone of Lord Curzon's reminder of their debt to us, and what incensed them above all was that this obligation contracted for the common struggle against the Germans should be placed on the same footing as the German debt for reparation.

It seemed inconceivable that such a diplomatic thunderbolt should be launched if no further action were intended. But the public waited in vain for the sequel. Lord Curzon went off to Aix. Mr. Baldwin also took a holiday in France and interviewed M. Poincaré on his way home when the startling *communiqué* was issued that they were in complete agreement. This was an anti-climax which rang down the curtain amid a peal of laughter from Paris. It must have caused the British Foreign Office a great deal of embarrassment, for it paralysed their action and rendered Lord Curzon immobile. To explain it away would merely have rendered Mr. Baldwin ridiculous. To this day no explanation has been given of this extraordinary incident, but we may surmise that the Prime Minister was no match for the astute M. Poincaré, and that someone blundered badly.

There is no evidence that Lord Curzon thought of taking action at this time. He was waiting for the cessation of passive resistance in the Ruhr, which came in

mid-September, and trusting to M. Poincaré's statement that when it came, he would reopen negotiations with the German Government, a pledge which, on one excuse or another, was not fulfilled until three months later, and then in a very half-hearted way. Lord Curzon had also to think of the meeting of the Imperial Conference in October. If the Government had taken the decisive step of breaking with France at this time, the Dominion Prime Ministers might have blamed Downing Street for presenting them with a *fait accompli*. Moreover, the Corfu incident, which threatened the peace of Europe and the very existence of the League of Nations, cast a shadow over the course of British diplomacy. To have carried out the diplomatic offensive which was opened in the Note of August to its logical conclusion before this incident was closed, might have driven France to the support of Italy and shattered the League.

If the finding of the Ambassadors' Conference which inflicted the fine on Greece shook the prestige of the League and the faith of smaller nations in this country, the League was preserved, and may still prove the best instrument for the settlement of European problems. There was certainly some excuse for a waiting policy at this time. Whether the Note of August was wise in the circumstances is another matter. Its publication and the subsequent passive course of British diplomacy certainly encouraged the French to believe that they could pursue their policy unchecked, and led the Germans to continue passive resistance. But when Lord Curzon explained the foreign policy of the Government to the Dominion Prime Ministers they expressed their full approval of all that he had done, although General Smuts appeared from his speeches to be eager for a stronger line.

Then came Mr. Baldwin's sudden decision to plunge the country into a General Election on the question of Protection. The removal of Mr. Baldwin and other Ministers to an even more exciting sphere than foreign politics, gave Lord Curzon a freer hand for dealing with M. Poincaré, and I have already shown how he made use of this opportunity to adopt a bolder policy.

It must also be placed to Lord Curzon's credit that Belgium and Italy have for some time shown a greater desire to work with Great Britain, Belgium by resisting the Separatists in her occupied area of Germany, and Italy by the disapproval which Signor Mussolini expressed of the continued occupation of the Ruhr.

The introduction of new men and new minds to the conduct of foreign affairs may bring some better response from other European countries than the last two Governments were able to obtain. On the question of the recognition of Russia the new Labour Government have adopted, by granting recognition, a more generous policy than Lord Curzon, who would not even receive M. Rakovsky, the Soviet Trade Delegate to this country. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's plan is to make a real League of Nations by inviting Germany and Russia to join it. But he has already discovered that there are serious obstacles in his way, and he has announced his intention of trying to work with France. Perhaps he will succeed in reaching a public opinion in that country which Lord Curzon failed to discover.

His difficulties may be solved in part by the downfall of M. Poincaré at the coming elections in France. In the meantime, Mr. MacDonald would do well to wait for the report of the expert committees, and not to give M. Poincaré a chance of rallying his shaken forces by dashing in where Lord Curzon feared to tread, by making a sudden and decisive break with France. The more the new Prime Minister studies the records of Lord Curzon's work at the Foreign Office the more will he be obliged to render credit to the skill with which his predecessor removed many of the outstanding difficulties in dealing with other countries, and the tact and patience which he showed in trying to settle the main European problem. Nor will he be able to withhold a tribute to the courage which Lord Curzon showed, especially during the last few months of his tenure of office, in trying to bring M. Poincaré to reason.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

By W. PERMEWAN, M.D., F.R.C.S.

THE result of the General Election was to bring about a position unique in English politics. The nearest analogy is to be found as long ago as 1846, when on May 5th Sir Robert Peel remarked to Charles Greville "that there had never been known in the history of the country such a state of things, with three parties, neither of which had sufficient strength to stand alone." Curiously enough it was the question of Protection *v.* Free Trade which produced the *impasse* in both cases. But in Peel's time, although the Conservative Party was split into Free Traders and Protectionists with the Whigs as the third party, the Peelites were not, in fact, an organised association, but only a fortuitous assemblage of politicians ("elusive statesmen," Mr. Asquith calls them), who differed on one point alone from the general body of the party.

To-day we see three sharply distinguished and organised parties, no one of which can hold office without the consent of one of the others. This, then, is an entirely new phenomenon, and the question was, which was to be the fortunate or unfortunate party who was to hold office in the new Parliament. The Conservative Party still remained much the largest, the Liberal Party the smallest, and the Labour Party, though it had now risen to only 190, was clearly, through constituting the regular Opposition, in no position to carry on the King's Government without extraneous support. Practically the decision rested with the Liberals, and the interesting point was what that decision would be. A very few days supplied the answer. Mr. Asquith hastened to declare that he would not move a finger to maintain in office a Government which had been the most incompetent and futile within his recollection or experience. Mr. Baldwin had staked his all on Protection; the country would have none of it; he was discredited, and

at all hazards must no longer be allowed to hold office. But the cost of this decision was a great one, viz., the replacing of a Conservative Administration by a Socialist Government. Accordingly, whether by consultation with the Liberals or not is not clear, the Labour Leader moved a direct vote of want of confidence and an amendment to the Address: it was carried by Labour and Liberal votes by a majority of 72. Mr. Baldwin resigned, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald became Prime Minister of the first Labour Government in this country.

This rapid *résumé* of the events immediately following the election must serve as an introduction to the consideration of many interesting questions which force themselves on our minds and demand an answer, and the first question is: Were the Liberal leaders right in taking the course they did, with all its grave responsibility and consequences both to themselves and to the country? The speech in which Mr. Asquith supported the vote of want of confidence in the House of Commons was a masterpiece of parliamentary oratory, and has been much praised. Some passages from it are worth quoting:—

I propose to vote for the amendment, a clear, distinct, unencumbered vote of want of confidence in the present Government.

There may be many theories why we have been sent here by the electorate in such strange proportions . . . but there is one theory which will not hold water for a moment, and that is, that we were sent here to maintain the present Government in office.

I have known Administrations I disliked more, which have done more actual mischief—I have never known any . . . which had a smaller balance to its credit either of achievement or authority.

I think there is no ground for departing from the normal usage, and if the Labour Party is willing to assume the burden of office in such conditions, they have the absolute, undoubted right to claim it.

It is said that this is not an ordinary case of the transfer of power from one party to another. It means for the first time the installation of a Socialist Government in the seats of the mighty.

Nothing can be more absurd than the contention that because by voting for the amendment you turn out the present Government, the House of Commons is giving a blank cheque, a free hand to their successors to do what they please with the interests and the institutions of the country. . . . I am speaking what everybody knows to be true, when I say that with a House constituted as this House is, it is idle to talk of the imminent dangers of a Socialistic regime. In legislation, as in all important matters of administration, the House of Commons is and must remain supreme.

In the important sphere of social legislation where progressive thought has grasped the same ideals . . . there is no reason why there should not be—I will not say co-operation between the Liberal and Labour Parties only, but I hope between a large number of all parties, real co-operation in those fields of activity, no less than in the reassertion of the moral authority of Great Britain in the councils of the world. . . . I would say that the Liberal Party—and if as their leader I would speak—without forfeiting its complete and unfettered independence, without playing false to any of its principles or promises, is prepared to make its contribution to the task.

Nobody can fail to admire the form and the finish of this speech. Yet it did not take into account all the results which flowed from this determination of the Liberal Leader to set up a Socialist Government. Only a very short time before, Mr. Asquith had himself pointed out the risks the country ran from an Administration of that colour:—"The public is beginning to realise the immense mischief which the Socialists could do by mere administrative action and without passing a single Act." What is the mischief which Mr. Asquith foresaw? It is not difficult to find an answer to that question. The mischief is that of extravagant expenditure in all departments of the public service. Nobody, one would suppose, imagines that the Labour Government will at once proceed to put into force the principle which some of their supporters have frankly avowed, and to which they themselves are pledged, viz., "to take the money of the rich and give it to the poor" by any measure of confiscation. But in a hundred different ways it is possible for Ministers—each in his own department—to spend the public money recklessly, and the only possible means of providing the wherewithal is to increase the direct taxation of the better-off. Although the last two Governments' efforts in the direction of economy have been rather spasmodic, they have, nevertheless, been real and effective. It is to be hoped, but cannot too confidently be expected, that that effort may not receive a check by the advent to power of inexperienced Ministers who are far from being impressed by the great Gladstonian tradition of economy in the public service.

In one, and the most important, branch of the public business, viz., the conduct of our foreign relations, there is

in many minds grave anxiety as to what is to be the attitude of the Labour Government. It is impossible to forget the record of Ministers in the past, nor can one see without apprehension the whole management of our foreign affairs in the hands of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Ponsonby. Here much can be done without the supervision of the House of Commons. An indiscreet dispatch, a hasty attitude towards France or Germany may do great mischief long before Parliament can impose any check. It cannot be fairly said that the efforts of previous Governments to settle the question of Reparations have met with any conspicuous success; but at any rate our relations with our former ally, France, though chequered, have not yet become actually hostile. Mr. MacDonald has already, through the agency of a newspaper correspondent, addressed a grave allocution to France; it is to be earnestly hoped that he will do nothing to destroy that *entente cordiale* on which in some shape or another rests the future peace of Europe.

The danger that the Government will endeavour to put in force any of their extreme Socialistic views may safely be disregarded. It is not every Prime Minister who is anxious to follow the example of Mr. Baldwin—to stake his existence on a theory and to meet the same fate. Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues must be well aware that, for example, any proposal for a Capital Levy would be promptly rejected by the House of Commons, and it is not unkind to suggest that, once in office, the attractions of office may be as strong in them as in other men, and they will not be too ready to relinquish it. So far, at least, Mr. Asquith is right in thinking that he will control the operation of the Government.

The introduction of the first Budget will be watched with great interest. It is not probable that Mr. Snowden will indulge in any experimental finance, and he will have as a good reason for so doing, the commitments left him by his predecessor. Yet, if he is not to fail to satisfy his party, it would seem that he must show some earnest of his own plans in dealing with expenditure and income different from the humdrum methods common to Conser-

vatives and Liberals alike. It must not be forgotten that the extremists of the Socialist Party are not to be satisfied either by words or by the fact that their own leaders are in office. They will demand some material benefit for those they represent, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be hard put to it to satisfy both them and the Liberal critics.

Although the traditions of alternative Liberal and Conservative Governments have now gone by the board, there is one tradition of which Englishmen are justly proud which has not disappeared, and that is the tradition of fair play. The Government may count on that, quite apart from the considerations of political strategy which must necessarily influence both of the other parties.

Were the Liberals right, therefore, in replacing Mr. Baldwin by Mr. MacDonald? There is one consideration which has not been openly avowed, but which has unquestionably influenced them in their action, and that is, that they prefer Labour—or Socialism—as a constitutional party acting by constitutional methods to a Labour Party resorting to direct action or any other form of violent disturbance of the traditional methods of our governance. There they have some justification for their attitude. It is true that idle arguments have been used as to the *right* of the Labour Party to form a Government. It is hard to see by what right a party only 190 strong claim that they must necessarily hold the reins of government. But apart from moral right, it may be expedient for the sake of the country that Labour should have their opportunity—a very restricted one, it is true—and not be thrown back into the arms of their extreme supporters.

As to the effect on the fortunes of Liberalism as a party hoping at some future time again to regain power, very different considerations force themselves on the mind. It is unquestionable that the formation of a Government has given Labour a prestige which it can never lose. The long list of Right Honourable gentlemen broadcast in the newspapers produces a considerable effect on the public attention. If they conduct the affairs of the country with intelligence and foresight two results are likely to

happen : first, that increasing numbers of Liberals will follow the example of Lord Haldane and the rest and troop off to join the Labour Party; second, that the Labour Party itself will shed some of its extreme tenets and settle down into something not far removed from a Radical Party. All this may be good for the country, but it seems of evil omen for the future of the Liberal Party. Events will furnish the proof, but at present the prospects of a Liberal Administration seem very remote.

The effect of defeat on the Conservative Party is worth describing. Truth to say, that party does not stand defeat well, and there are some aspects of their behaviour at the present moment which do not add to the dignity of some of their leaders, or the subsequent unity of the party. It would be idle to contend that they are united to-day. There is a large and powerful section which thinks, and does not hesitate publicly to proclaim, that they have been sacrificed on the altar of Mr. Baldwin's inexperience and want of judgment. They do not quite put it that they have been sacrificed to his honesty and straightforwardness, but some of the utterances of his critics go very nearly as far as that. Lord Birkenhead, after seeking, or so it would seem, a place in Mr. Baldwin's Government, consented, in spite of that hope being disappointed, to act as the chief platform advocate of Mr. Baldwin's policy, and, in that capacity, led a campaign in the North of England which was supposed to sweep Lancashire and Yorkshire off its feet. The main result of all this oratory was to lose Manchester and to make serious inroads on the Tory citadel of Liverpool. Not a word did he utter in public to lead one to think that the election was ill-timed. Perhaps it would have been too much to expect that he should. But what one would have expected is that he should have allowed at least a decent interval to elapse before proceeding to attack the leader whom he followed and the expediency of the policy he had so eloquently expounded from the platform during the election. Political advocacy should be something more genuine than that of the counsel in an action who, while the issue of the cause is doubtful, pleads earnestly—and

in that case rightly—in favour of his client, and who, when the action is decided against him, drops the question of the merits and wrangles about the costs. Truly, as he has himself said of Lord Curzon, "his common sense must always have repelled the taste of Cato": "*Victrix causa diis placuit sed victa Catoni.*" There is little of the Cato about Lord Birkenhead, as his record on the Irish question clearly shows.

It is from Liverpool chiefly that criticism of Mr. Baldwin's action has made itself clamant. The leader of Conservatism in that city, Sir Archibald Salvidge, is without doubt the most astute political manager that the party possesses. To him, more than to any man, is due the fact that Toryism has kept its hold on Liverpool: that Liberalism there has always been in a state of inferiority, and that Labour, so strong in other large towns, has been neutralised by the powerful factor of the "Conservative working man." Acute observers had noticed, or thought they noticed, during the course of the election that Sir Archibald had not shown his usual vigour and enthusiasm: and as soon as the result was declared he proceeded at once to make public his profound disgust at the tactics which had destroyed the Conservative Government, and once again divided the party on the question of Protection. He made it plain that neither he nor other leaders whom it was the fashion to call provincial—as if political intelligence were centred in London—had been consulted as to the proper time for an election, or the prospects of success for the new policy. But he went further than that. Convening a meeting of his organisations he induced them to pass "without a dissentient voice" a resolution to the effect that the election had been decided on at a time and on a policy on which the leaders of Conservative politics in the country had not been consulted and that that meant that the battle was lost before it was begun. Added importance attaches to this opinion from the fact that closely allied to Sir A. Salvidge is Lord Derby. To that high-minded nobleman the election must have brought a keen disappointment. It was always believed that he was not zealous in favour

of Protection; the question was almost certainly forced on the party without his approval, and it was only loyalty to his leader—that loyalty which is “hereditary in the House of Stanley”—which led him to support Mr. Baldwin’s proposals. At the moment of writing there is announced a meeting at Manchester of delegates from all the Conservative Associations of Lancashire under Lord Derby’s chairmanship. The main interest of that meeting will be whether it will or will not vote in favour of retaining Protection as an item in the Tory programme. Liverpool, the centre of the shipping industry, has pronounced against it; it is probable that Lancashire as a whole will follow suit. If it does that must have a profound effect on the future of the Conservative Party.

About the same date there has been summoned a meeting of Conservative Peers, Members of Parliament, and unsuccessful candidates at which, it seems, the chief subject of consideration will be the question of the leadership. It cannot be doubted that a large section of the party are dissatisfied with Mr. Baldwin; others are, however, still loyal to his guidance and enthusiastic for the programme he put forward. A certain section of the Press goes so far as to urge him to retire from his position of his own accord and to decline re-election to his office. Whether anybody will be found bold enough to make that suggestion at the meeting remains to be seen. Of Mr. Baldwin himself it may be confidently affirmed that he would not desire nor consent to lead a reluctant party; it is also quite certain that he will not be deposed against his wish. The probability is that he will find it impossible to give up the leadership. What his future programme is to be is quite another matter. It is not only Lancashire which disapproved of the time and the manner of Mr. Baldwin’s appeal to the country. Lord Glenarthur, president of the Glasgow Unionist Association, said that “the hurried and unexpected election leading to such deplorable results was evidently a grave error of judgment. He believed that if they in Scotland had been consulted before the die was cast, they would not have

been in favour of so great a gamble for such high stakes.” And even Sir William Joynson-Hicks said “he was prepared to admit that it would have been better for the country if the General Election had never taken place. It was right that, as one partly responsible for what took place at the end of last year, he should admit his mistake and express his regret.”

The mystery as to who really advised the election will probably never be made public. It seems that Mr. Baldwin decided for himself and must, as he has frankly admitted, bear the blame, if blame there is. Meanwhile, he can console himself by having earned the whole-souled approval and admiration of *The Morning Post*.

The Government which Mr. MacDonald rapidly formed was by common consent the best that could be made of the material at his disposal. In fact, that material was in some respects more abundant and more varied than might have been anticipated. Lord Haldane gave weight to the office of Lord Chancellor, and Lord Parmoor, if his political judgment does not commend itself to everybody, is a lawyer of distinction and long experience. The surprise of the Government was the acceptance of office by Lord Chelmsford, though what might be regarded as his proper position—that of Secretary for India—was not bestowed on him. It is obvious that these three peers are not enough in number to represent adequately a Labour Government in the House of Lords. If, on the one hand, the House of Lords is not to sink into insignificance during a Labour Government, or if, on the other, that Government is to lack defenders in that House, it will be necessary, pending the reconstruction of the House of Lords on an elective basis, that peers shall be created in large numbers, unless indeed many noble lords are found to follow the example of those who have already attached themselves to the Socialist cause. But the intentions of the Labour Party, if they ever attain not only office but power, as regards the future of the Upper Chamber, are not yet clear and probably not yet even decided.

Meanwhile the Treasury Bench in the House of

Commons will be thick with Ministers. Very few of them have had any experience even of subordinate office, and Departments of State are now in the hands of men who have had no more responsible tasks than those which belong to the official of a trade union. That the Prime Minister should be absolutely fresh to the work of government, and that he should combine in his own person the two posts of First Minister and Foreign Secretary, is a circumstance which would have appalled statesmen like Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone, or even those of a much later date. There are, however, two facts which may encourage hope, viz., that in every Department of State there is the steady presence of the permanent officials, and that these Labour Ministers have come through hard struggles to obtain the place in their party which they hold, and they could scarcely have done that if they were not men of courage, capacity, and understanding.

The prospects of the Government are indeed doubtful beyond calculation. I have already expressed the opinion that prudence and interest will restrain them from risking their existence at once by revolutionary proposals. But, of course, that does not of necessity secure their long continuance in office. It may easily come to be in the power of the other parties to bring their tenure of office to an end. On the whole, although those who prophesy on political events of the future are often proved to be wrong, it seems likely that we may look forward to a period of not less than six months and not more than twelve before the Government is defeated by a vote of the House of Commons. When this occurs, there must be another General Election. In a moment of inadvertence Mr. Asquith suggested that the Crown might be justified, in the circumstances, in refusing to Mr. MacDonald the right to a dissolution of Parliament. It is well known that Queen Victoria used to take the view that a Prime Minister was not justified in advising a dissolution unless he thought that there was a prospect of an increased Ministerial majority. So in 1880 Mr. Disraeli was granted a dissolution, with the unexpected result of a large Liberal

majority. And in January, 1910, Mr. Asquith was allowed to dissolve, and, on another issue, again in December, 1910. There can be little doubt that, if the Prime Minister is beaten, it will be not only his right but his duty to dissolve Parliament. What will be the result?

If the dissolution takes place within a short period; for example, if it takes place in six months' time, and on an issue raised by some really Socialistic proposal of the Government, the result will be a rallying of the anti-Socialist advocates to one standard. The Conservative Party will forget their differences on the Tariff question, and will be united by Socialism, or the Liberal Party would be united by Protection. To them will be added a number, and in my judgment, a large number of those Liberals of the centre who up to the present have found no opportunity to express their real heartfelt convictions. Then will be a Conservative majority sufficient to carry on the Government for a long period. Then will occur the position which all critics of Democratic rule have so long dreaded—the opposition of those who have to those who have not. And in the *mêlée* the Liberal Party, or those of it who try to sit on the fence, will disappear from the scene.

But if the Labour Government practises moderation, if they can settle the affairs of Europe, if they show themselves sympathetic with the development of the Empire, whether by Imperial Preference or by any other measures, and if in so doing they survive for one or two years, we shall witness again, under another name, the old struggle between Liberalism and Conservatism, out of which has evolved the ordered, free progress of the country and the Empire.

THE ROCK ON WHICH LABOUR WILL SPLIT

BY JOHN BAILEY

THE coming of the Labour Party into office, with the possibility that, six or eight years hence, they may even come into power, raises many interesting questions. One of these, and certainly not the least important, is the absolute incompatibility which exists between their social policy and their financial. They have long advocated a very advanced social programme. They propose that the State should carry a great deal further its activities in matters of education, health, housing, pensions and similar fields. Whether these proposals are wise or foolish is not my present point. I suppose that most people outside the Labour Party would agree that some of them are very foolish; such as the scheme favoured by many "Labour" people for "endowing" motherhood, which could only have the effect of increasing a population already too great, and of increasing it in just the stocks which are already far too prolific. And many of the other proposals involve a further extension of the system of disguised pauperism which has been growing with such rapidity during the last generation that at the present day a very large proportion¹ of the population is living, in one way or another, on "public assistance," which is only a politer form of the Poor Law. Do those who advocate lavish policies of dole and pension ever ask themselves whether a people which cannot maintain its economic independence is likely to maintain its political independence very long? Do they never consider the alternative of increased production, and increased earnings, and therefore increased

(1) The exact proportion is unascertainable. The official return would appear to make the numbers 38 millions out of a population of 42 millions, a proportion of 90 per cent. This is, of course, absurd, and is the result of enormous overlapping and reduplication. But the true proportion is certainly alarmingly high. See the article of Mr. Geoffrey Drage, the chief authority on the subject, in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1921, and his letter in *The Times*, December 8th, 1922.

independence, with diminished reliance on the invariably wasteful, and generally unequal and degrading, machinery of public assistance?

But much of the social ideal of the Labour Party is shared by everybody. We all desire to see the national health continue the remarkable improvement of recent years. We all desire to see our education more complete, more efficient, and less wasteful of good material. At present we probably give many boys and girls more bookish teaching than they have any capacity to assimilate, but we are far from making sure that the child of exceptional ability will be enabled to carry through his education to its next stage at the secondary school, and, if he continues to prove exceptional there, to its crown at the university. Our system is immensely improved. But it is still open to the two most damaging of all criticisms. It tends to create what is the greatest curse of the modern State: an army of black-coated incompetents, boys who want to be journalists and girls who want to be secretaries, a whole class that has forgotten how to use its hands and wants to be paid for using a head which it has not got. So far as our education produces this result it is a nuisance and a disaster. The old delusion that education was too fine a thing to give to the children of a ploughman was selfish and stupid, but it could not have worse results than the new delusion that a boy who has been to school is too fine to be a ploughman. What sensible people desire that education should give to all is the beginnings of a free outlook on life, and some elements of an understanding of man and nature. These can be developed at least as well by ploughmen and dairymaids as by clerks and typists. Education should at once feel an instinct of guiltiness if it finds itself producing any preference for streets and black coats over fields and fustian. That it does so at present is obvious. And that is its first sin against the nation and against the infant ploughboy. Its other, of so much greater importance to the individual and of great importance to the country, is that one infant ploughboy in a hundred has exceptional powers which would be wasted at the plough's tail; and that, again and again, our

system gives no real opportunity for him to prepare himself for a larger sphere.

But all these things, whether wise or foolish, education and pensions, health and housing and public works, are alike in costing a great deal of money. They could not so much as come up for discussion except in a very rich country. The paradox, then, with which we are presented is this. More than any other party the Labour or Socialist Party requires the existence of an immensely rich and highly taxable community. And this is precisely what it sets itself out to prevent or to destroy. Without a very large revenue from taxation such schemes as theirs are utterly impracticable: a large revenue cannot be raised, has never anywhere been raised, except from a community including a large number of rich, and even of very rich, men; and yet it is the avowed policy of the Socialists to tax such men, if not out of existence, at least out of riches. An active member of the party, soon after the election, declared that the policy of his friends was to take from the rich and give to the poor. He appeared to think that this was something brilliant and original. No doubt he would have had no objection to being reminded that it was the policy of Robin Hood. But he would probably have been surprised to learn that it is, and has long been, the policy of all parties in the State, as well as of the best citizens in their private capacity. All rich people pay a great part of their income in rates and taxes; indeed, the bulk of the rates and taxes is "taken" from the rich and spent, either on services required by the whole nation, of whom the rich are a small minority, or on services provided expressly for the wage-earning classes and the poor. So the system of national finance is already, with general approval, one of taking from the rich and giving to the poor. And the same principle is commonly recognised by the rich in their private expenditure. The enormous annual payments by which the hospitals and other great charitable institutions of the country are maintained come almost entirely from the rich and go almost entirely to the poor.

So there is nothing new about this financial policy, and

nothing in it which is either necessarily immoral or necessarily unwise. The matter is plainly one of those in which, as in eating and drinking, saving and spending, both wisdom and morality lie in a mean. The thing is good in itself, but may become very bad by being carried too far. It is clear that some taking from the rich and giving to the poor is right and wise; I suggest that it is equally clear that this process if carried too far becomes a crime and a folly. Few people, I suppose, would doubt that there is a limit beyond which taxation becomes extortion and robbery. I will not, however, discuss the moral issue, which I fear would be wasting breath, as the indifference to all moral issues shown by Socialists is the most sinister sign of the times. The new fashion of invariably regarding the prisoner in the dock as the sympathetic figure, and not his victim or his victim's family, seems to me of very ill omen. People who explain away crime and shed hysterical tears over the punishment of criminals are going the way of dissolution. And so are people who, when they discuss, as they are perfectly entitled to discuss, and even to admire, the singular genius and single-minded fanaticism of Lenin, make no mention of the fact that the man robbed and murdered on a scale almost unknown in history, and that no ruler of any country at any time has ever conducted it anything like so rapidly as he conducted Russia to entire ruin, military, political, social, and financial. Still, my immediate business is not with the morals of the Socialist Party. It is with the incompatibility between their social aims and their financial policy. We know from their election programme that their social aims include "generous provision for aged people, widowed mothers and sick and disabled citizens," as well as other ambitious and expensive schemes. And though we are not told how the money to pay for these schemes is to be provided—for the "War Debt Redemption Levy" is earmarked, of course, for redemption of debt—we may fairly conclude from such programmes, never withdrawn, as that issued in 1921 that the whole of the money to be required is to be raised by further calls upon those who own capital. No doubt the

wiser heads of the party are doubtful of such projects as the Capital Levy, but increased super-tax and death duties remain in the programme, and, with the ignorant extremists, are a very popular part of it. The conception is quite simple. Here is a man with a million or half a million. In our view he is absurdly rich. Here, on the other hand, are many people unsatisfactorily housed or fed or educated. It is necessary and just to take most of the millionaire's million and use it for the housing and feeding of his poorer neighbours. It is equally necessary and still more just to lay hands for the same purposes on a million left by any person at his death. The man who himself made the million might make out some case for himself. He has worked hard, probably, and shown great ability, and he may have rendered great service to industry and so to the nation. But his son or heir is a mere parasite. He has simply taken the trouble to be born. Why should he start life with this great fortune, with all its power for good and evil? Why should we not take from him what he has done nothing to earn?

There is much that is plausible in all this. Many fools have owed their folly to the over-amiability of fortune. And some of the rich, especially the new rich, use their riches chiefly to exhibit the emptiness of their heads and the coldness of their hearts. But, on the other hand, many severe moralists—Henry Sidgwick for one, if I remember right—have thought a single millionaire was generally more useful to the State than a hundred persons with £10,000 each, because the possession of a million forces the least imaginative of men to think of others beside himself, and a great public benefaction is more likely to come from the single action of the one millionaire than from the united efforts of the hundred persons of moderate fortune. Nor does there appear to be any doubt that a variety of conditions and fortunes makes a people more interesting and more alive. The dull equality of Switzerland has produced far fewer men of genius than aristocratic England and Germany, or than France, which, if no longer a land of aristocracy, is still, as it has always been, a land in which riches and power have a good deal to do

with each other. Wealth and leisure are often wasted, but the life of a country which is without them is likely to be monotonous, limited, and a little stupid. A universal *petite bourgeoisie*, or even a community of peasants, may, or may not, be virtuous, but it is seldom exciting.

But the point is that, whatever good qualities such peoples have—and the Swiss, in particular, have many which we can only envy—they cannot think of having what Socialists consider the best of all, which is an affection for ambitious social legislation. They cannot possibly afford anything of the kind. And it is to the same condition and the same impossibility that the Labour Party wish to bring this country. That is the self-contradiction of their policy. They may not yet be aware of it, but if they ever attempt to realise their plans they will discover it at once. They seem at present to think that you can have penal super-taxes and confiscatory death duties, and spend the proceeds as you please, confident that there is plenty more where they came from. But that is exactly what you cannot do. They sometimes flatter themselves that they have discovered a new and original system of taxation, which will be very fertile of revenue. But the truth is that their system is the oldest in the world and the most barren of results. It is the system which has prevailed in Asia from time immemorial, and is responsible for Asia's extreme poverty. Sultans and Rajahs and Ameers have always acted on one simple maxim, which is, in fact, the maxim of the Socialists to-day: when you see a rich man, confiscate his riches. But the plan has not worked. Very soon there are no rich men to be seen, and no riches to confiscate. Why is Asia poor? Because Asiatic rulers have always plundered the rich. What neither they nor the Socialists understand is that people will not go through the disagreeable process of getting rich unless they are fairly confident of enjoying the results. Riches are the result either of labour or of saving; in either case of denying oneself immediate pleasures: and, it may be perverse, but few will work or save for either a Sultan or a Socialist. If they do so at all it is for themselves and their children. No one, either in Asia or in Europe, will

scorn delights and live laborious days to acquire wealth which will be confiscated either immediately or at his death. The Government which taxes too much soon has nothing to tax. We reduced the champagne duty a few years ago because it was clear that a lower duty would produce more. The desire for champagne proved weaker than the dislike of the tax. So it may not be long before super-taxing Socialists find that what they have left to the man who works and saves is not enough to induce him to go on working and saving. The growing of this sort of wool is a voluntary business, not a natural and inevitable one, and the sheep that are shorn too close will not come up for another shearing. Moreover, these financial sheep want to keep some wool for their lambs. And that makes another difficulty. For part of the Socialist policy is a gradual extinction of inheritance. The programme issued in February, 1921, by the Joint Committee representing the Labour Party and others, advocated an increase of death duty "at each successive transference of inherited wealth, to the point of ultimate extinction."¹ But here again there is the same fallacy. You can do these things once, but not twice, and you ruin yourself in the process. People save for their children, and they will not save for you. If you will not let the children have the savings the result will be, not that you or anybody else will have them, but simply that no savings will be made.

And what does that involve? For that is the most important question of all. What is the great problem of the present day? Obviously unemployment. Why is there so much unemployment? For a great many reasons, one of which, and not the least important, is the scarcity and dearness of capital. A company which would like to undertake an extension or development has to pay a much higher rate for the necessary capital than it would have paid ten or twenty years ago. It has, therefore, in many cases to abandon the scheme, which might have given employment to thousands. Why do companies offer such a high return on new capital? Because they cannot get it for less. Why cannot they get it for less? Because the supply of capital has been enormously reduced, mainly,

(1) *The Times*, February 5th, 1921.

of course, by the war, but also to some extent by the modern system of taking capital as death duties and spending it as income. How can the supply of capital be increased? Only in one way, by saving. Only by somebody, by as many somebodies as possible, from all classes—millionaires, middle class, wage-earners—putting by part of their income instead of spending the whole. If we could get back to our supposed pre-war annual saving of £400,000,000 the interest of capital would soon come down, and many new industries would be started which cannot afford new capital at its present price. But who is likely to save capital for the purpose of having it confiscated as if it were a criminal possession? The truth, then, is that no party can be so much interested as the Labour Party in the accumulation of wealth. Only by encouraging the steady and persistent accumulation of wealth can it solve the problem of employing its unemployed fellow-workmen. Only by the same process can it provide a taxable fund which, far from disappearing as crude levies and extortions would cause it to do, will go on increasing and be an ever-growing source of revenue. The art of taxation is that of making the taxpayer come up smiling. If he does not come up smiling he ceases after a time to come up at all.

The sound policy, then, for the Labour Party would be to use all means to induce everybody to become an owner of capital; to encourage one to save £5 a year, another £50, another £500 or £5,000. Labour critics often complain of the high return on capital. What is the remedy for that? There is only one: the creation of more. The more capital there is seeking employment the less return it will obtain; the more scope there will be for rises in wages and reductions in prices. And the more income there will be to tax. Indeed, it is arguable that, from a purely fiscal, and especially Labour-fiscal, point of view, the wise policy would be to encourage everybody to save and invest a quarter of his income by taxing only the three-quarters not saved. There might even be daring fiscal speculators who might play with the idea of reversing our present policy and favouring what is falsely called unearned income at the expense of what is called earned,

so as to induce the recipient of a salary to turn it into income-producing capital as fast as he can.

That, however, whatever it is, is not practical politics. What is practical politics is the realisation of the need of capital, of saving as its only source, and of its continuous accumulation on a large scale as the all-important prerequisite without which any advanced social policy is a mere barren beating of the air. One would have supposed from the programmes they have from time to time issued that the Labour Party would be the last people to realise any of these things. And probably very few of them do, if we may judge by their speeches or by their articles in the Labour Press. But, curiously enough, there is one of them who does. It is strange that, so far as I know, very little attention has been drawn to certain words used by a Labour member in the House of Commons on the last day of the recent debate on the Address. I quote a few sentences:—

I am not at all sure that I do not agree with practically everything the hon. member said in the first part of his speech except in one thing, and that was when he informed us that Socialism was interested in finding an easy way to get hold of capital in order to spend it. Exactly the opposite. (Labour cheers.) The hon. member knows, and I think I know, and my hon. friends around me know, that the man or the nation that finds an easy way to lay its hand upon capital in order to spend it is going into the Bankruptcy Court. . . . Capital that is used for anything except for the specific and economic purposes for which capital ought to be used—for renewing capital, for expanding the effective capital force of the country—is being misused.

Those are the words of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who became Prime Minister the next day. They contain, as it seems to me, the quintessential truth of the matter, the pure milk of the gospel both of fiscal and of industrial progress. They also seem to me to contain a complete refutation of the whole Socialist creed of high death duties, capital levies, and extinction of inherited wealth. I hope Mr. MacDonald means what he says, and that the cheers with which his words were received mean that he has already begun to educate his party.

THREE YEARS OF REFORM IN INDIA: A PLEA FOR THE INDIAN MASSES

BY SIR MICHAEL F. O'DWYER

THE first chapter in the history of the Indian Reform Scheme, inaugurated by the Act of 1919, has recently been closed on the expiry of the term of the first Reformed Councils. The second chapter now opens with the election of the new Councils, containing a strong, and, in some Provinces, a preponderating element of the Indian extremists. They stood aloof from the first Councils, but have entered the new Councils with the avowed object of paralysing the administration if their demands, which are clearly inconsistent with the maintenance of British rule in India, are not granted. The time is opportune for a sketch, however incomplete, of past results, and for attempting some forecast of the future.

I—The Launching of the Reforms

When the scheme to confer on an India "marching with uneven strides through all the centuries from the fifth to the twentieth" (to quote the words of the Montagu-Chelmsford report) a system of "responsible" government was launched, many of those who had devoted their lives to working for the welfare and advancement of India's many races felt serious misgivings as to whether the system proposed would further those objects. They were not hostile to the aspirations of the Indian *Intelligentsia*—admittedly less than one per cent. of the population—to take an increasing share in the legislation and administration. But they held that this small class, almost exclusively urban, with little moral or physical force behind them, could not safely be entrusted with power over the great rural masses—over 90 per cent. of the population—whose interests and ideals were often directly at variance with theirs. In the words of the

Montagu-Chelmsford Report, the rural masses have the largest stake in the country, as they contribute most of the revenues, as well as all the man power for defence, but are "poorly equipped for politics and do not at present wish to take part in them." Only two per cent. of the population could be found fit for even the provincial, and only one in 280 for the all-India franchise, while less than one-fourth of those qualified voted at the first elections. It was, therefore, urged that there was yet no real basis for representative institutions, and that to endow India with the *forms* of democracy when there was no *demos*, was to put on the roof of a building which had no foundation, and to subordinate the interests of three hundred millions of people to a hasty political experiment for the benefit of a small section.

Hence nearly all the Provincial Governments, while accepting the principle of constitutional reform, proposed that it should be so shaped in practice as to safeguard the interests of the masses and of the great Imperial Services—containing some 4,000 British members, besides a rapidly increasing proportion of Indians—through whom the British Government discharged its responsibility "for the good administration of *all* our Indian peoples," a trust solemnly undertaken in Queen Victoria's famous proclamation of 1858.

In particular the heads of Provinces took strong exception to the Dyarchy or dual system of government proposed in the Provinces, as creating an artificial gulf between the British and Indian sections of the Government and establishing a double form of administration which would prove to be divided in council, weak, cumbrous and dilatory in action, unintelligible to the governed, disintegrating to the Services, and endangering the progressive and beneficent administration which had in the past been our pride and our justification in India.

Unfortunately, nearly every one of these anticipations has been fulfilled within the last four years, in the course of which there has been more bloodshed, rebellion and loss of life and property than in the preceding sixty. But at the time they were disregarded as the gloomy fore-

bodings of reactionaries who had not moved with the times. The Reforms Scheme with the Dyarchy clauses went through Parliament with a general chorus of acclamation and optimism.

The feeling was appropriately expressed in *The Times* article of February 8th, 1921, on "The New Era in India," from which the following is an extract:—

The period of preparation for this great and unexampled experiment has not been marked by expressions of unqualified confidence on the part of Britons whose minds still linger in the nineteenth century. We prefer to believe that the best public men of India's millions will make the most of the opportunities now opening out before them, and that the trust reposed in the preponderating mass of moderate political opinion in India will not be misplaced.

We do not share the dark forebodings and predictions of bureaucrats in retirement with whom the world has stood still. . . .

We have been hearing a great deal of the darker side of Indian politics and not enough of the more hopeful aspects. . . .

There may at times be grave trouble in India. There will always be trouble while unbalanced agitators find it easy to gain the ears of the masses. But we trust that the grave danger points are passed, and that Indian politics will now move into calmer waters.

II—Indian Political Classes and the Reforms

What have been the results of this daring constitutional experiment? In attempting to answer that question we must again distinguish between the small but very vocal "politically minded" class, and the mute masses. The former are divided into two main groups. First, the so-called "Moderates," or Liberals, who profess to co-operate with the British Government in working the new Constitution; who have thereby obtained power, place, and to a large extent control of the Government policy, both in the "transferred" and the "reserved" departments; but who as a body are steadily striving to displace the small British element left in the administration in favour of themselves and their friends. The statement of the Rt. Hon. V. S. Sastri on February 28th, 1923, in the Council of State that the British members of the Service are there "on sufferance," and that he rejoices to see them humiliated, was a frank though perhaps impolitic revelation of that feeling. None of the three Indian colleagues of the Viceroy present

on that occasion repudiated his views or uttered a word on behalf of the men who have raised India from misery and degradation to its present status; while Sir T. B. Saprú, the representative of India at the recent Imperial Conference, has publicly expressed his adherence to Mr. Sastri's views. We now need be under no illusion as regards the "Moderates."

Next come the Extremists—an ill-assorted group temporarily brought together by the common bond of anti-British feeling. It includes (1) the revolutionary Akali Sikhs of the Punjab—now engaged in a life-and-death struggle with a Government which has at last awakened to their sinister objects; (2) the small but dangerously fanatical remnant of the discredited Khilafat faction headed by the Ali brothers, who are again preaching the gospel of sedition and of Musulman non-resistance to an Afghan invasion; (3) the Hindu Extremists, who accept Gandhi's programme of expelling the British from India by "non-violent" methods, but have decided that this desirable end will be hastened by their entering the Councils and bringing the administration to a deadlock; and (4) finally, those who still adhere to Gandhi's precept to have no dealings with a Satanic Government, but to squeeze it out of India by the methods of "passive resistance" and effective social, political, and economic boycott.

Behind all these political factions, often warring with one another, but now and again loosely associated for some so-called "national" or anti-British object, loom the grim spectres of racial and communal feuds, the challenge to Brahmin arrogance by the lower castes, especially in Central and Southern India, and the rapidly growing hatred between Hindu and Mohamedan, culminating in daily insults to the rival religion—in riot, rapine and murder. So far from India making any real progress towards unity and nationhood, she has never, since British rule was established, been so torn asunder by faction as to-day, after three years of the Reforms. As British power becomes weaker, India relapses into anarchy.

The present condition of "political" India is graphically described in the following extract from a recent article

in the *Nation*, a notorious anti-British journal in the Punjab:—

Never was national life in India since the birth of the new century in such tragic chaos as it is to-day. Socially as well as politically we are literally wallowing in the slough of despond. There is hardly any political unity to talk of. Moderates and Extremists were separate enough, but to-day even these two denominations have become as effete as the movements they represented. To-day you have the Loyalists, the Co-operators, the Oppositionists, the Obstructionists, the Swarajists, the Unionist Non-Co-operators, the Diehard Non-Co-operators, and the Anarchists. No shame, no disgrace, however great, can bring them on a common platform. Self-seeking egotism masquerades under the name of leadership, and patriotism for once has truly become the last resort of scoundrels. . . . Social life is in a worse chaos than our political life. There is a manifest lack of civic education and a deplorable ignorance of civic responsibility among the people. The Communal riots in Mooltan, followed by similar outbreaks in Amritsar, Ajmir, and Meerut, are a vivid proof of our narrowness, our fanaticism, and our intolerance. Religious leadership has drifted from the saint to the devil, and honest men and women have become easy dupes of unscrupulous machinators or impudent fanatics.

This sombre picture may be accepted as a correct summary by an Indian politician of conditions among the Indian political classes after three years of the Reforms.

III—*The Indian Masses under the Reforms*

Let us turn to the Indian masses. For 99 per cent. of the people of India the ideal is not "responsible government" or "Dominion status"—the meaning of which not one in a thousand understands, and for which there is no equivalent in any Indian language—but "good government." That means to them security and protection, light taxation, honest officials, impartial and efficient administration of justice, more adequate rural representation in official circles which are now monopolised by the urban *literati*, better facilities for education, medical relief, irrigation and communications, and timely aid from Government in times of famine, scarcity and distress.

Those ideals were being steadily attained as British rule succeeded to the anarchy and the fierce racial and religious strife which we found prevailing in an India that for over 1,200 years never had a stable indigenous

Government, but lay under the heel of successive foreign invaders—Arab, Turk, Persian, Moghul, Afghan—or of successful military adventurers, all alike in extorting all they could from the downtrodden subject races. As British rule was consolidated, British brains and British capital were attracted to the regeneration of the prostrate and impoverished land. British character and enterprise steadily built up the structure of “good government,” and, at least up to the Reforms, were steadily extending the essentials of clean and efficient administration.

The masses profited most by this great civilising work, and, above all, by the introduction of the British principle—unknown to the East—of the equality of all men before the law. But the higher castes, the Brahmins, Kayasths, Kshatriyas, etc., who had been for thousands of years entrenched in a position of privilege and dominance over the masses, so secure that even centuries of alien Mohamedan rule had not seriously shaken it, from the start regarded this new principle with alarm and hostility. They fought everywhere with skill and tenacity to maintain their privileged position, and even up to to-day, while making cunning use of the watchwords of “liberty, fraternity and equality,” they have succeeded in retaining an excessive influence in all branches of the administration outside the Indian Army, in exploiting the rural masses for their own benefit, and in keeping the fifty-five millions of “outcastes” in a position lower than the brute creation.

But with the encouragement given by the British official and the Christian missions, who recognise these poor helots as “men and brothers,” even they have begun to shake off their bonds and to claim some approach to the status of citizens. One of the most striking episodes in the Prince of Wales’ Indian tour was the deputation from the “outcastes” all over India which met him as he entered the new capital and pathetically implored him to maintain for them the protection of the British, and not to make them over to the tender mercies of their “politically minded” brethren. Since then we have had the usual professions of solicitude for the depressed classes, the usual resolutions—never translated into practice—for the

removal of “untouchability” by Indian politicians, including Gandhi himself. But these are mere “eyewash” to impress the British public. To take a concrete case, one has not yet heard that the Reformed Council of the Central Provinces—where the Swaraj Extremists are in a majority—have set aside their resolution of November, 1921, refusing the four millions of “outcastes” in that province access to drinking water and reservoirs built at the public expense! The representatives of the nine million “untouchables” in Madras on January 9th gave evidence before Lord Lee’s Commission. They urged the necessity of a predominant British element in the Services in the interests of the dumb millions whose voice, they said, was not heard in the caste-ridden Councils which oppose every measure for their advancement.

The political classes in India are recruited almost exclusively from the higher castes (at least one-half of the Moderate and Extremist leaders are Brahmins), who resented the inevitable tendency of our rule to shake their hereditary domination over the lower. The Reforms gave them a splendid opportunity to weaken, if not to oust, British influence, and to re-establish their ascendancy by professing Western democratic ideals, which few of them honestly entertain, and posing as the representatives and champions of the masses in their struggle against an “alien and tyrannical bureaucracy.” The game has been played with extraordinary skill. The British authorities in India, under the influence of Mr. Montagu’s instructions, have helped it forward; thousands of honourable and liberty-loving people here have been deceived by it, and have unconsciously helped to rivet the fetters on the Indian masses in the belief that they were giving the latter the blessings of democratic institutions.

Even those masses themselves to some extent fell into the traps laid for them. For the past three or four years Gandhi, the Ali brothers and other Extremist leaders have been holding out promises of “rare and refreshing fruit” to tempt every palate—the restoration of the Golden Age of the Vedas to the Hindu reactionary, the establishment of Khilafat kingdoms to the fanatical

Moplahs of Malabar, the restoration of the Sikh sovereignty over the Punjab, and the spoliation of rich monasteries to the truculent and grasping Akalis, the division of the great estates to the landless peasants of Bihar and the United Provinces. To the poor ignorant dupes it was represented that only the British Government stood between them and their Paradise. Some of them were misguided enough to set about removing that obstacle, and they were encouraged by the weakness and vacillation of the British authorities. Influenced largely by their new Indian colleagues, for three years the Government of India were afraid to take action against Gandhi and his lieutenants, the Ali brothers and others who were openly preaching rebellion and mutiny and glorying in the fact. Finally they were driven to action by the threat of certain Governors to resign unless the law was put in force against the arch-criminals.

The situation would have had its humorous side if the results were not so tragic. On the one side a Government hitherto powerful and prompt in action, abjectly afraid to enforce the law lest it might cause "a tumult amongst the people"; on the other, India's millions looking on in amazement at the paralysis of a Government which feared to take up Gandhi's challenge, and coming to the natural conclusion that this man, whom a late Secretary of State claimed as a "friend" and successive Viceroys received in secret audience, must be something super-human and even divine. That was the secret of Gandhi's spell over the masses.

The spell was broken when on the same day—March 10th, 1922—Mr. Montagu fell from power and Gandhi was brought to tardy justice. At his trial he said: "I knew the consequences of my acts. I knew that I was playing with fire. I ran the risk, and if I was set free I would still do the same." The conviction and sentence of six years' imprisonment were received with general relief in India, for there was hardly a corner of India which had not suffered grievously from his propaganda of racial hatred and anarchy. In the three years' immunity allowed to him by a supine Government it is estimated that his movement

led to the loss of at least 10,000 Indian lives, in the ill-fated Hijrat or Musulman migration to Afghanistan, in the bloody Moplah rebellion—during which over 10,000 Moplahs were also imprisoned—in the massacres of the police at Malegaon, Chauri Chaura, etc., and in the disgraceful riots at Bombay on the Prince's visit. The indirect results were even more disastrous, and are making themselves felt to-day in many parts of India, notably in the rebellious Akali movement in the Punjab and the recrudescence of revolutionary conspiracies among the educated youth of Bengal, culminating in the murder on January 1st of an English merchant in the European quarter of Calcutta in broad daylight by a Bengali student who had joined the "non-violent, non-co-operation" movement.

Small wonder that the late All-India Assembly, generally so prompt to press for the pardon of "political" criminals, rejected a resolution for Gandhi's release. The question is to be raised again when the new Assembly meets. The Government of India have, however, forestalled such action by releasing Gandhi *unconditionally* for "reasons of health." In so doing they are incurring a terrible responsibility in view of Gandhi's statement at his trial, and their action will inevitably be ascribed, not to humane feeling, but to fear. How far confidence has been shaken already by the clemency displayed to criminals and rebels is shown in the bitter exclamation of a great Punjab magnate last year: "How long can a Government last from which its friends have nothing to hope, its foes nothing to fear?"

That this feeling should be spreading among the rural masses, who have hitherto been the mainstay of our rule, is not surprising. In the last four years they have seen the essentials of the "good government" which they were promised by us being steadily sacrificed to the futile attempt to conciliate the enemies of British rule; they have seen honest administration for the benefit of all subordinated to dishonest politics in the interests of a small section; they have seen the services to which they primarily looked for justice and protection rapidly reduced

in numbers and efficiency to meet the selfish demands of a handful of politicians who have shown no capacity for or interest in advancing the welfare of the masses; they have seen the decisions of the Courts of Justice arbitrarily set aside by repeated amnesties of "political" criminals, who at once renewed their campaign against an Executive which they had learned to despise; they have seen violent crime rapidly increasing and becoming a menace to society, official corruption again becoming rampant, and the standards of administration in every branch being steadily debased. They have seen this, and they are the chief sufferers. Is it any consolation to them to be told that all this is the outcome of a constitutional experiment which they admittedly did not desire and in which they are as yet unable to participate?

That is a question for the British Parliament, which in the Act of 1919 reaffirmed its responsibility "for the welfare and advancement of the Indian peoples," to answer.

IV—The Future of the Reforms

The answer will depend mainly on the policy of the new Government here. A Labour Government will find the difficulties of the situation aggravated in two ways.

The firmly rooted caste system in India has led nearly all Indians of the higher castes—that is, the "politically minded"—to regard labour not as an honourable occupation, the basis with capital of production and national well-being, but as a degrading task fit only for the menial classes and the "outcastes." However much for their own ends Indian politicians may appeal to British Labour for sympathy and support against the "irresponsible British bureaucracy," in their hearts they will resent being ruled by what some of them will stigmatise as a "Cooly" Sirkar or Government. This feeling may appear quite unjustifiable to the British people, but it would be idle to disguise the fact that, to start with, a Labour Government will not enjoy the same weight and prestige in India as the administrations that preceded it.

The second difficulty is that the visits to India of Parliamentary representatives of Labour—Messrs. Keir Hardie, Spoor, and Wedgwood—have tended to arouse the class war between Labour and Capital from which India had previously been free, and also to encourage the Extremist Indian politicians to defy authority and weaken British rule. This was particularly noticeable in the visit of Messrs. Wedgwood and Spoor in 1920 to the Extremist Congress at Nagpur, characterised by the most violent denunciations of the British Government and wild appeals for its overthrow. This ill-judged action caused serious embarrassment to the Government of India at the time; it will certainly not lessen the difficulties of the new Labour Government.

But at this stage there is no reason to assume that the Labour Government would be so rash or so false to Britain's trusteeship for "the welfare and advancement of the Indian peoples," till such distant time as those peoples came to years of political discretion, as to relinquish our responsibility to India. Mr. Lloyd George, as Prime Minister, on August 2nd, 1922, asserted with solemn emphasis:—

Britain will in no circumstances relinquish her responsibility to India. That is a fundamental principle which will guide every party that ever has any hope of commanding the confidence of the people of this country.

We know that these views are shared not only by the Conservative Party, but also by Mr. Asquith and his party. We are also reassured by the fact that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is the first Prime Minister with direct personal knowledge of India. He is not, therefore, likely to be misled by the demands of the narrow oligarchy of Indian politicians that have no claim to represent the 98 per cent. of the population who have no franchise at all, and have not yet proved themselves fit to be entrusted with power over them. Hence perhaps the plaint in a recent issue of a Nationalist newspaper:—"Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as Opposition leader has been a grievous disappointment to India. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as Premier may be worse." By "India" is here meant the

anti-British extremists. Fortunately Mr. MacDonald, in his frank and statesmanlike message to India of January 6th, has lost no time in making it clear that

No party in Great Britain will be cowed by threats of force or by policies designed to bring government to a standstill; and if any sections in India are under the delusion that this is not so, events will very sadly disappoint them.

But with the strong Extremist element now established in the All-India Assembly and the Provincial Councils, the Government here must be prepared to face the most sweeping demands for the extension of Swaraj, the extinction of the British Services, and the general curtailment of that narrow margin of British authority which alone safeguards India from internal anarchy and external aggression. It is to be hoped that these demands will be met with a prompt and decisive negative. A few of the main arguments against them may be summarised.

1. The present Reforms Scheme, which has given the Indian politicians such wide powers, is admittedly an experiment. Its success depends on the spirit of co-operation and sense of responsibility shown by them. It is clear that these qualities have not so far been displayed to the extent hoped for. The administration in every branch has since its Indianisation seriously deteriorated; the *moral* of the Services has been steadily sapped by the hostile attitude of the new legislatures which is driving our best officials into premature retirement; the interests of the great masses are in consequence grievously suffering, and our responsibilities to them are not being fulfilled. In such circumstances it would be madness further to reduce British authority before the Parliamentary Enquiry of 1929 advises Parliament whether, in the words of the Act of 1919, to "enlarge, modify, or restrict" the powers already granted.

2. The new Indianised administrations cannot be accepted as either "representative" or "responsible." Only 1 in 280 persons has a vote for the All-India Assembly, as compared with half of the population in Great Britain, and only one in five of those voted at the

last election (1920), as compared with three out of four in Great Britain. The system has clearly no roots in the people, for there is at present no democracy, and some people doubt if there ever will be in our Western sense of the term. The Councils are not therefore representative of the people and have shown no desire to work for their political education—beyond the anti-British agitation of the Extremists—or to qualify them for the grant of the franchise. What they want is to grasp power for themselves and to consolidate their position as an all-powerful oligarchy before the distant day of the awakening of the masses. Will the British democracy help them to that end?

3. The All-India Assembly and the Provincial Councils are not at present safe trustees of the interests of the 98 per cent. who have no vote even for the Provincial Councils. This was clearly shown in the recent debate in the All-India Assembly on the Tariff Resolutions. The British member in charge of the proposals which had been forced on the Government by the great majority of the Indian members—mainly urban—against the protests of the few representatives of the rural masses had the candour to say:—

If the agricultural classes (over 90 per cent. of the population) were able fully to grasp the issues involved in this question of Free Trade *versus* Protection, and if they were able fully to bring their influence to bear on this Assembly, I doubt very much whether this Assembly to-day would accept my amendment (the tariff proposals). I doubt indeed whether I should be putting that amendment forward.

Thus the interests of the masses are being sacrificed for the benefit of a selfish clique of manufacturers at the bidding of a small oligarchy. And yet these things are done in the name of democracy and acquiesced in by the Government of India and Parliament because Mr. Montagu desired to give India fiscal autonomy!

4. There are honourable, sincere, and patriotic men within, and still more outside, the narrow circle of Indian politicians; but hitherto the Government has generally ignored them and selected as members of the Government of India and as Ministers in the Provinces either Extremists whom they wished to muzzle or men with strong

leanings to the Left. The men selected were nearly always lawyer-politicians, journalists, or professional politicians of the urban *literati*. They had no real influence among the people, and were as a rule useless as intermediaries between the Government and the people. Many of them attempted to gain popularity by playing up to the Extremists outside or to their own particular sect or faction. Most of them have in spite of these arts lost their seats at the recent elections, and the Provincial Governments have learnt wisdom and in many cases selected in their places men with wider interests and more stake in the country. This is all to the good. But the fact remains, as recently stated in London by the late home member of the Government of India—whose zeal in the cause of the Reforms is well known—that “a transfer of power at the present moment would certainly not be the transfer of power to a democratic Government, but a transfer from one oligarchy to another”; he might have added, to one inferior in ability, integrity, impartiality, and in the capacity to gain the confidence of the masses.

5. Finally, there is the cardinal fact that the Indian oligarchy, to which we have given so much power and which is demanding so much more, is entirely lacking in the first attribute of government, the power to command and enforce the obedience of the governed. It is drawn from classes which have never fought and never wished to fight, because, like the Chinese *literati*, they regarded fighting as the business not of *intellectuels*, but of the ruder races. As was proved in the Great War, when they gave no help in man-power and very little in money, they have little sympathy with or knowledge of the virile fighting races, who regard them partly with contempt, partly with suspicion. Bengal's 50 millions include the most intellectual and subtle people in India, but they did not supply a single company to the Indian Army before the war; and all the special efforts made during the war resulted in one battalion going overseas which never was fit to be sent beyond the line of communications. Other great Provinces, such as Bihar and the Central Provinces, are open to a similar reproach. Yet these are the

Provinces who clamour loudest for Indian Swaraj, under which their numerical superiority would enable them to swamp the more virile northern races.

Nationhood postulates the will and the ability to defend one's country. But there is not a Province in India outside the Punjab and N.W. Frontier which could hold its borders against an invader if left to its own resources. The security of India is now guaranteed by the 60,000 British and the 150,000 Indian troops under British officers. These Indian troops are drawn mainly from the Punjab and a few adjoining tracts, and are supplemented by the gallant little Gurkhas from the independent State of Nepal. How long are those men likely to serve a Government composed mainly of the urban *Intelligentsia* of Bengal, Bihar, Central Provinces, Madras, and Bombay? Doubtless the latter would say, indeed they have said, that while getting rid of British civil administration, they will condescend to retain and even pay for the services of the British Army—they now pay nothing towards the Navy which protects a coast line of 5,000 miles—till such time as they can rely on their own means of defence. The argument is an insult. It assumes that a British Government would sink so low as to hire out its troops to maintain by force a narrow and unmartial oligarchy in power over the hapless Indian masses.

V—Britain's Responsibility to India

Britain's work in India is the greatest achievement of the British race, perhaps of any race. That fact is recognised clearly by competent foreign observers, and dimly by the Indian masses. Only the Indian politicians as a class, for their own objects, ignore or belittle or misrepresent it. If we were to accept their views as the voice of India we should be driven to acknowledge the truth of Kipling's well-known lines:—

Take up the white man's burden
And reap his old reward:
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard.

But we are working not for the gratitude of a handful of politicians, but to discharge a solemn trust to one-fifth of

the human race. The great Lord Lawrence, who was certainly no jingoist, stated the position in his time with characteristic force and truth :—

We are here (in India) by our own moral superiority, by the force of circumstances and the will of Providence. These alone constitute our charter of government, and in doing the best we can for the people we are bound by our conscience, not theirs.

Since that was written there has been but little change below the surface. Our work, though great, is yet only half done. Till the Indian masses are in a position to safeguard their own interests it is the duty of the British Government to protect them against external aggression, internal disorder, and exploitation by the Indian privileged castes, and lead them steadily towards the light of full citizenship and civilisation. That task demands adequate military forces and an efficient administration. These cannot be secured without a strong and capable British element in the Army and the civil administration. Mr. Lloyd George, speaking as Prime Minister, put the case aptly and justly when he said that this British element is and must remain there "not for their own sakes, but for their value to India." Without them we could not discharge our trust to the Indian peoples in their present backward stages of progress, "marching with uneven strides through all the centuries from the fifth to the twentieth."

To abandon that trust at the bidding of a small Indian oligarchy would be the greatest betrayal in history. Of late years there have been disturbing signs that the Government of India, influenced more and more by the environment of Indian politicians in Delhi and Simla, and not looking to the hundreds of millions outside, are drifting into such an abdication of responsibility. Their ill-fated O'Donnell circular of 1922 to Provincial Governments foreshadowing the possible cessation of British recruitment to the Services gave strong support to that belief. It justified the bitter comment of an English publicist in India on "the humiliation of belonging to a race that has ceased to govern and dare not let go"!

But the critical situation in India which had been

cleverly camouflaged for the first two years of the Reforms, when Mr. Montagu was in power here and Mr. Gandhi dictator in India, has now become fairly well known to the British public and Parliament. All political parties here may be credited with having at heart the interests of the Indian masses. Is it, then, too much to hope that the Prime Minister's courageous declaration will be translated into action, that Indian problems will henceforth be regarded not as party but as national questions; and that whatever party is in power it will assert and give effect to the principle that Great Britain "will in no circumstances relinquish her responsibility to India"? Such a policy would at once rally to our cause not only the Indian masses, but the best section of the educated classes, hearten the Services now depressed and disorganised, and enable Britain's work in India, which has been shamefully neglected since politics overshadowed administration, to be pressed forward with renewed hope and vigour.

THE PASSING OF LENIN

BY HERBERT BAILEY

THE Red Square in Moscow has received the mortal remains of Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianov, known to the world as Lenin, the founder and ruler of Russia of the Soviets. Millions of humble Russians, taught to see in him the greatest benefactor of their generation, have mourned his passing with all the morbid intensity of their race. A few thousands of impoverished Russians in exile, long united in execrating his name and imploring assistance for his overthrow, have revived their drooping spirits with all the facile buoyancy of the Russian, and renewed their ambitions to restore a broken monarchy with all the despairing hope of exiles. The rest of the world has already agreed to differ in inverse proportions when estimating the worth of the man and the effect of his work. A few men who can never have known him or his country now seek to deify him. The majority of those who have spoken or written of Lenin condemn him for a bloodthirsty tyrant at the worst, and a miserable failure at the best. Even history will long dispute the rival claims of friends and enemies, and posterity will share the present controversies that surge around his name. A generation will arise wondering how Lenin aroused such fear throughout the world and incurred the enmity of nations far away. But few will deny that he was one of the most remarkable men of our time and one of the most arresting figures in the gallery of autocrats who have fashioned the history of turbulent Russia. The oblivion of the grave is not for such a man as he.

The people of the West will discover, one day, what they seem singularly slow to realise, that Lenin was emphatically a Russian. He was Russian in all his virtues and in all his crimes. The story of his ambitions and his achievements epitomises the history of Russian progress in all its baffling peculiarities and all its astounding

extremes. His measure of success and his measure of failure are those that have attended every upheaval in a country where the most violent disorder is followed by the most serene calm. To know Lenin, indeed, was to know Russia, but it is seldom that one finds a single Russian possessing the variety of gifts and defects that distinguished Lenin from his countrymen. He seemed, in fact, to incorporate within himself only that which can be found in two distinct Russians, very much like the compound of qualities and vices that marked his illustrious predecessor, Peter the Great.

It is possible, indeed, to find many Russians who, like Lenin, have become such ardent disciples of Karl Marx that the identity of the man has been lost in the theorist. It is also possible to find a few Russians willing to retire from the interminable talk that makes life in their country so socially charming and act with all the extreme audacity that is natural to the Russian. But the spectacle of a theorist experimenting like a statesman, the student of economics acting like a Mongolian chieftain, the man enslaved by one idea reforming by extermination, and the ascetic revolutionary dressed in all the panoply of an autocrat is very rare in Russia. It was this spectacle that Lenin offered to his people.

Lenin's life can be divided into two distinct periods. In one he is the prophet and mentor of revolution, in the other, the executor and dictator of revolutionary theory. The theorist who was content to await the coming of action became the man of action who was willing to await the justification of theory. His early career was similar to that of many other ardent revolutionaries. He was born at Simbirsk in 1870, and spent his boyhood in the valley of the mighty Volga, greeting the simple boatmen and singing their solemn songs. His father rose to the rank of inspector of schools in that district, but in spite of his surroundings and environment he early caught the fever of revolution then sweeping through Russia. When Lenin had just left school his brother, Alexander, was convicted of an attempt to assassinate Alexander III., and hanged as a terrorist. The effect upon Lenin was

twofold. It confirmed him in his youthful revolutionary fervour, and at Kazan University, where he studied law, and as an external student of the University of St. Petersburg, where he studied politics and economics, Lenin was closely watched by the spies of the Government as a dangerous and pertinacious revolutionary. It also convinced him of the futility of assassination and terrorism, and, in time, was to enable him to foretell with amazing insight the actual means by which the revolution would be achieved. His teachings to the little assemblies of disputing revolutionaries appeared to them strangely new. He regarded the inevitable upheaval not as a political battle, but an economic struggle, not principally a fight with the Tsars, but war against the bourgeoisie. But it was a Tsar's Government that sent him into exile in Siberia, where he continued his studies in Marxian theory and theorised about a revolution that had not come. He was content to wait until desperation drove the workmen and the peasants to overthrow the existing regime and to prepare for the decisive moment when his theories could be tested in the welter of revolt. He left Russia for the orderly squares and straight streets of Geneva. There he meditated upon his system of economic puritanism as John Calvin meditated upon religious puritanism. There the severity of his surroundings was reflected in the severity of his principles, the austerity of his existence in the austerity of his plans. The mere theorist became allied with the ardent reformer, and later in the cafés of Paris, Lenin could laugh at his plight as he told his dubious comrades of the coming of revolt. He intensified his studies and began to ponder upon the scientific achievements of the West, to dream of enforcing them upon Russia in the hour of revolutionary triumph.

When the nations went to war in 1914 and statesmen talked of certain victory and discussed the sanctity of treaties, Lenin's mind peered far ahead. He realised that a long war would bring a direct challenge to the economic system of Europe. He foresaw that Russia would pass through bitter disillusion to national revolution, and he thought that when the people of Europe awakened from

the suffering of war they would join the Russians in an upheaval that would shatter the foundations of modern life. The war to Lenin was only a phase in the advance towards revolution. It would, he felt certain, recoil with dramatic and decisive effect upon those who had caused it, and reveal to an embittered world the causes which promoted it. He moved to Zurich, and, in the house of a shoemaker, calmly awaited the coming of March, 1917. When others had faced the risk of revolution, when the Russian people hungry, dispirited and tired of a war, the meaning of which they never knew, and the suffering it brought they alone realised, were rejoicing for the dethroning of Nicholas II., he decided that the time had come for him to return to Russia and put his theories to the ultimate test.

The only distinction between Lenin and any other Russian revolutionary at that time was his absolute devotion to economic puritanism called Communism, the amazing insight which had enabled him to foretell exactly how the revolution would come, and the justification he could claim for the restraint he had advocated. Although he was admired by most of his comrades in exile there was no reason to believe at that time that he would attain the unchallenged leadership he was to hold. He was not a magnetic personality. He was fearless, he was vigorous, he was cynical. But he looked more like a professor of science congratulating himself upon a new discovery than a man who would earn the enmity of the world. He had none of the personal attraction that had endeared Alexander I. to his soldiers, and made him the most popular of all Russian autocrats. With his head shaped like a dome, his bushy eye-brows, his unimpressive presence, he was, in fact, strangely repellant until one came to read the meaning of his flashing eyes, to listen to his power of argument, and to hear his buoyant laugh.

Lenin, however, revealed a political sagacity and a political ruthlessness when he returned to Russia that startled his associates and confounded his adversaries. The John Calvin of economics became the Peter the Great of politics. The stern theorist whom members of

the Kerensky Government described as an impotent fool, became the cynical realist. The dreamy revolutionary was transformed into the unrelenting autocrat. He knew that the Russian revolution was no transient manifestation of discontent or the fictitious creation of those who had become embittered against the autocracy. It had its roots in grievances which had so long accumulated that nothing could forestall a terrible upheaval. The intensity of the revolution would parallel the intensity of the abuses that provoked it. He knew, too, that the more patient people apparently are, the more violent they prove when stirred to action. Impatient people are always the least revolutionary in mind and deed. They eliminate the causes of discontent by a series of minor explosions; they never allow them to grow into seething unrest. Not so the Russians. They had suffered long; they would expect much. Lenin saw that Kerensky could not satisfy the Russian people while willing to proceed with the war. He realised that the Bolsheviks could rise to power by demoralising an army sickened by carnage and tired of endurance; he knew that he could supplant Kerensky by appealing to the lowest instincts of greed among the exultant people. He did not hesitate to advocate these measures; he called it "Deepening the Revolution." The Soviets would ensure his triumph among the soldiers, the workmen, and the peasantry. He raised the cry, "All power to the Soviets." For those who dared to oppose him there was swift extermination. For those who challenged the Bolshevik triumph outside the borders of Russia there was to be war without restraint and propaganda without conscience. Lenin condoned the most atrocious crimes of drugged barbarians, the most repulsive outrages of insensate fanatics, that he might reign unmolested in the Kremlin at the head of the new Russia. He allowed the most hateful inquisition of modern times—the Cheka—to flourish unhindered. When he was told of the sufferings of his victims, he found it only an occasion for a merry laugh and defended his actions by the necessity of preserving the conquests of the revolution. He permitted as many crimes to be committed in his

name as those by which Peter the Great terrorised his enemies in old Muscovy. The organising talent of Trotsky, a talent which is denied to most Russians, and was denied even to Lenin, and the cry, "The Revolution in danger," enabled him to re-create out of the remnants of the Tsar's forces the Red Army that defended his power. It was an achievement that still surprises those who saw the chaos of the revolution.

Lenin, secure in power, reverted to the economic puritanism he had so long contemplated and so long studied. The economic fabric of Russia had been destroyed by the peasantry seizing what they could and by the workmen's councils appropriating the factories. The ground had been cleared for the erection of the new economic State. Lenin could proceed with the ideas of his youth matured by his sojourn in the West. He desired to create a Communist State that would be a pattern to the world. He thought to borrow the scientific achievements of the West, upon which Russia had long looked enviously, that his theories might be vindicated. A new Russia was to arise in which the benefits of modern discoveries would be seen in lessened toil and equal comfort, and backward Russia was, by one stupendous leap, to outdistance the capitalistic West. Trotsky, who had lived in America, and other revolutionaries just returned from exile, shared his views, endorsed his plans, and approved his objects. The heritage of Peter the Great was upon them, but it was a heritage in the straight-jacket of Communism.

The moment Lenin attempted to translate his theories into realities his difficulties began. It was easy to appeal to the lowest instincts of the Russians; it was another problem to make them work for the new puritanism. It was not difficult to persuade peasants to appropriate their neighbours' territory and workmen their employers' workshops. But it was far from easy to convince peasants that their crops should be offered on the altar of the revolution with the compensation of a depreciated currency, and the workers that they should stand at their benches for longer hours than they had suffered under the old regime that the cause of economic puritanism might triumph. Even

if they had understood what Lenin was talking about, they were not to be so rapidly disillusioned, and were not prepared to abandon the roseate promises made to them by eloquent revolutionaries for the most detested of all realities in Russia—work. Lenin, in desperation, tried force and then industrial conscription. The result was famine and starvation. He even persuaded himself, in a weak moment, that the workers in foreign countries would arise to extricate him from his difficulties. They failed him. Finally he escaped from his delusions, and, to the consternation of his disciples, proposed to postpone the great experiment until a more appropriate season would arrive, to face facts and change weapons.

Nobody but a man of supreme courage and absolute confidence in his power over his colleagues would have dared to advocate such a course of action. Nobody but a man who could convince lesser men still ridden by theory would have taken the risk to suggest this apostasy. Lenin revealed his power to retreat, but he argued it was to be like all Russian retreats, deep in extent but only made that they might the better attack on the morrow. It was worth while falling back upon Moscow if ultimately one should enter Paris. The retreat has been made; the counter-attack never came, and now death has won. We may never know the morning of the new advance.

Lenin stands unmasked in all his power and impotency by the story of his career. He was born a theorist and he died a statesman. He sought the economic regeneration of Russia and he left her under the power of the Soviets. He attained supreme power without emancipating himself from his theories and maintained his autocracy by postponing his experiments. His power over his colleagues was a tribute to his intellectual leadership and political sagacity. He was the leader and the director of the Revolution. His mental stature dwarfed even men like Trotsky, and he never became involved in the recriminations that frequently were flung at those who worked with him. He kept himself free from the intrigues of cliques within and without the central Soviet power. He let lesser men talk while he grasped reality.

When others discussed he planned, while others dreamed he loved to say that he was "facing facts." His power was more complete than that of any Tsar since Peter the Great. He laughed at the attempts of Soviet assemblies to ensure that the Revolution was still pure in heart and in deed. He scorned the presumption of gaping delegates who thought to weigh his works in the balance of their stunted minds. Few autocrats are endowed with ideas, but those who are generally have a multitude of advisers who can present the differing opinions on the chances of success of any new experiment. The men around Lenin were the disciples of his creed. They thought as he thought; they saw as he saw. He could experiment with their approval so long as he experimented according to the pure doctrine of Communism. There was no check of criticism, no doubt raised by informed opinion, nothing but for hapless Russia to suffer another experiment. If the experiment failed Lenin saw it was necessary to retreat, and, with the buoyancy of his nature, he promised better progress in the future. He had a reason that always satisfied his associates. When Communism was shelved in Russia it was because foreign capitalism could be better fought by its own weapons. When Russia starved, it was the heritage of war and capitalism. When revolutions in foreign countries did not materialise like that which was to come in Germany when the Bolsheviks marched on Warsaw, it was the folly of the foreigners that was to blame. It is certain that Lenin did not believe all that he said. But it is equally certain that his miscalculations wrecked his hopes and he died, as it was inevitable that he should die, a disappointed man. He lived only to see the Soviet system which is indigenous to the country firmly established, and he has left Russia, in spite of his aim of Westernising her, almost as isolated from Europe as she was before Peter the Great was born.

Judged by any of the standards of the West, Lenin must be condemned as an emphatic failure. He appears, indeed, like a demented surgeon who, anxious to prove the efficacy of a new theory of his own, mutilates a man

that he might remove his appendix. It is unfair, however, to judge Lenin in the manner that we are accustomed to estimate the lives and the works of our foremost statesmen. Russia is neither exclusively European nor exclusively Asiatic. Her eyes survey Europe, but her body belongs to the East. She has laws of progress peculiarly her own, and it is by these laws that Lenin must be arraigned and judged.

As a revolutionary Lenin was far more formidable than his natural predecessors, the French; but as a Russian reformer he has far less to show for the turmoil he brought Russia than his national ancestor, Peter the Great. Like Peter, he under-estimated how far the love of indolence, the vice of corruption, the spell of superstition, all inherited from Asia, holds the Russian people in its toils. Like Peter he failed to imbue an illiterate and backward people with the skill and industry of Europeans so necessary for the fulfilment of his dreams. But the borders of Lenin's Russia have retreated and not expanded. The name of Russia has sunk low in the estimation of the world and not risen to the height it attained two centuries ago. And Lenin has inflicted far more misery upon his people with his Communism than Peter with his conquests. Yet it must be recognised that what Russia has suffered was largely due to the devastating effects of a lost war, and the inevitable disorganisation wrought by an overdue revolution.

Russia, happily, endures her miseries with easy philosophy. She believes there is no happiness without suffering, no birth without travail. She loves to advance by gigantic strides followed by equally violent retreats. She is in a state of continuous disillusion. For having leaped the centuries in pursuit of her dreams, she rushes back into reaction to make fifty years' progress in the space of ten. In Lenin, with his extravagant designs, his cool annihilation of the economic life of Russia, and the puny effect he has produced from so much energy, the molehill of benefits from the mountain of suffering, there is something ridiculous, yet tragic. But it is in harmony with Russian history; it is the effect of natural causes in Russia, of having a "window into Europe," and a home in Asia.

Lenin's miscalculations when confronted with the human problem are seen in his imposition of anti-Christian doctrines upon the Russian people. An atheist as he was, he argued that the only way to break the power of the Orthodox Church and emancipate the Russians from superstition was to shatter all religion; Peter was content to cut off the beards of the priests. Lenin discovered his mistake and tried to substitute the religion of divine Communism for the worship of the centuries. He failed miserably and irrevocably.

The effect of Lenin, however, will long endure in Russia. He has at last succeeded in stimulating the minds of the Russians who had lain so long under the darkness of the Tsars; he has led Russia out of the theory of revolution, which occupied the minds of young Russians to the exclusion of everything else before the war, into the practice of stark reality. There is no people who, once their minds are alert, assimilate knowledge with such rapidity as the Russians, who yet convert it, unfortunately, into ideas that have no meaning. But through this process the blessings of enlightenment will come upon Russia, and a generation will arise able to construct the new era that the suffering of the last ten years has richly earned.

Brotherhood and its practical expression, co-operation, are forces, too, in Russia that will reap from Lenin's experiments. They flourish among the humblest of her souls, and co-operation will succeed where Communism has failed. Lenin will undoubtedly have contributed his unintentional share towards this end.

These benefits seem small in the balance against so much retribution. History may even declare that they are not worth the suffering. Happily, Russia is in a state of development where she can occasionally afford to endure the caprices of those who experiment upon her with their undisciplined imagination and re-create with her own bounteous endowments where fanatical reformers have destroyed.

Lenin's successor has been chosen by the Federal Assembly of Soviets. He is Alexis Ivanovitch Rykov, of Finnish descent, the son of a peasant, a Russian in tem-

perament, who has served his term of exile in Siberia and has been an ardent worker for the revolution ever since he returned to Russia in 1917. He has neither the personality nor the mentality of Lenin. He enjoys little prestige and will enjoy less actual power. His task will be to preside over a clique in Moscow who cannot be dignified with the name of an oligarchy, the clique whom Lenin dominated with his will and sneers. The silent Stalin, the polished Kameneff, the fiery Dzerjinsky will intrigue for power with the old friends of Lenin—Litvinoff, Chicherin, Krassin, and, above all, Trotsky. A host of ambitious Communists outside the executive will contend for supremacy. The serene stability that Lenin assured may give way to frequent change, but a change only of men and of methods.

Russia, however, needs the peace that is earned by political stability and the free intercourse of trade. She is tired of the ardour of those who experiment, she wants only the ardour of those who will construct. Her people yearn for the calm that will enable them to reap the fruits of their labour, for the spring of creation that must follow the winter of discontent. The old Russia is irrevocably dead. The new Russia will yet astonish the world. Then only will we be able to see how far Lenin has contributed to the progress of suffering Russia.

THE PALESTINE QUESTION

BY ISRAEL COHEN

THE article on "The Arab Case in Palestine" which was contributed by Captain Chisholm D. Brunton to the January number of this REVIEW shows that the opposition to the Palestine policy of the British Government, although considerably diminished of late, has by no means ceased. It is significant, not only on account of its argument, but also of its authorship, for it is written by one who was formerly an official in Palestine, and who has followed in the footsteps of another ex-official¹ in celebrating his release from responsibility by attacking the very policy which he was appointed and paid to carry out. In view of the special knowledge that Captain Brunton would be expected to have gathered from his years of office, it might be thought that he had fresh light to throw upon a subject that has been discussed during the last two or three years to the point of satiety. But he has nothing new to tell us. He repeats the oft-exploded story of a promise of independence made to the Palestinian Arabs, and refurbishes the many misrepresentations about Zionist activity and aspirations that have been served up time without number in the *Morning Post* and in the Rothermere and Beaverbrook press. The only addition that he makes to our information is that it was he who, in April, 1921, when trouble was expected in Palestine, "forwarded a memorandum to that effect to the General Staff in Cairo." If his memorandum was marked by the same accuracy of statement and impartiality of view as his article, it is not surprising that he is no longer an official in Palestine. But although his contribution is largely a *réchauffée* of discredited legends, it is none the less capable of doing harm, and I am therefore grateful to the Editor of this REVIEW for his courtesy and fairness in permitting me to supply an antidote.

(1) "The Troubles of the Holy Land," by Vivian Gabriel, in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1922.

In attempting to prove that "the Arabs have very serious grounds for discontent," Captain Brunton gives a very biased and misleading account of the events dating from the correspondence of Sir Henry McMahon with the Sherif of Mecca. He characterises as "a sterile controversy" the question whether the promise made by the British Government to Sherif Hussein in October, 1915, included independence for the Palestinian Arabs, apparently because the Government and the weight of evidence itself have definitely decided against such interpretation. The final word on this matter was spoken by Mr. Winston Churchill, as Colonial Secretary, on July 11th, 1922,¹ and Sir Henry McMahon himself, in a letter written on March 12th, 1922, to the Department most interested in Palestine, places clearly on record that in his letter of October 24th, 1915, it was his intention to exclude Palestine from an independent Arabia. But Captain Brunton complains that if Palestine were excluded, "that fact was not made plain at a time when we were anxious to obtain the support of the Arabs there." There is no evidence, however, that the Arabs at the time understood or claimed Palestine to be included in the promise. More than three years after the close of the correspondence of Sir Henry McMahon with the Sherif Hussein, now King of the Hedjaz, the latter's son, Emir Feisal (now King of Iraq), who was in Paris for the purpose of submitting the Arab claims to the Peace Conference, wrote a letter under date March 1st, 1919, in which he stated:

Our deputation here in Paris is fully acquainted with the proposals submitted yesterday by the Zionist Organisation to the Peace Conference, and we regard them as moderate and proper. We will do our best in so far as we are concerned to help them through.

Indeed, according to Mr. Churchill, it was not until January 20th, 1921, that the first suggestion was made by Emir Feisal, in the course of a conversation at the Foreign Office, that Palestine was included in the area within which Great Britain undertook to support and recognise the independence of the Arabs.² The British Government's

(1) Statement in House of Commons.

(2) Statement in the House of Commons, July 11th, 1922.

point of view was then expressed, and the Emir accepted the statement that there had been no intention to include Palestine. As for the allegation that the Arabs of that country rendered any military support to the Allies in the Great War, that is emphatically refuted by Mr. Philip Graves,¹ who served with the British and Arab forces in the Palestine campaign, and by Lord Raglan,² for many months British Representative in Transjordan. The main fact upon which Captain Brunton seems to rely for his contention consists of the Anglo-French Declaration of November 7th, 1918. But whilst this document speaks expressly of Syria and Mesopotamia, it makes no mention at all of Palestine, and it certainly cannot be regarded as tacitly annulling the Balfour Declaration, which had been on record for more than a year. Besides, such a view is negatived by the aforementioned letter of Emir Feisal, which was written four months after the Anglo-French Declaration.

There are thus no grounds for the claim that the Palestinian Arabs were promised independence. Equally unfounded is the complaint that the terms of the Balfour Declaration or of the Palestine Mandate have the effect of placing the Arabs at a political disadvantage either as compared with their own position before the war or as compared with the position of the Jews at present. It is true that Palestine was represented by three or four deputies in the Ottoman Parliament during its brief inglorious career, but for all the influence that they were able to exercise upon the destinies of the Ottoman Empire, or even upon those of their own country, they might just as well have stayed at home. The Holy Land, at the outbreak of the war, was a byword for sloth, stagnation and backsheesh; now, after little more than five years of British administration, it has made more progress in the various domains of social development—by the opening of schools, the construction of roads and railways, the improvement of public health, the abolition of oppressive taxes, the establishment of an honest judiciary, and the

(1) *The Times*, April 5th, 1922.

(2) *Morning Post*, December 31st, 1923.

promotion of modern agricultural methods—than it had done during the preceding five hundred years. It is natural that the Palestinian Arabs should envy their brethren in Iraq their national government, though there is no evidence that the latter enjoy any greater prosperity; but it is impossible to give them absolute freedom to govern the country, first because they do not display the smallest faculty for such a task, and secondly because they would be unable to redeem the country from the desolation in which they have allowed it to sink for centuries. On the question of their political immaturity there is no lack of witnesses. Mrs. Fawcett declares that “the native Syrians of Palestine are about as ignorant politically as it is possible for intelligent people to be.”¹ Mr. Philip Graves writes: “As compared with the Egyptians, the Arabs, especially the Moslem inhabitants of Palestine, are a backward and decidedly inefficient people.”² And even the Cairo correspondent of the *Morning Post*, who made a recent investigation of the question and cannot be suspected of being prejudiced in favour of the Zionist point of view, sums up emphatically against the demand of the Palestinian Arabs for self-government:³

A form of National Representative Government of the Palestinian Arabs . . . I am convinced, would be a dangerous experiment. Primarily, the Palestinian Arabs are untrained in self-government, and in the present temper of the Palestinian people such an experiment could have no guarantee whatever of the most meagre chance of success.

The British Government, however, has been anxious to secure the co-operation of the Arabs in the government of Palestine, and therefore proposed the creation of a Legislative Council, but the Arabs boycotted the elections. The reason given by Captain Brunton for this opposition is that the elected members were to consist of eight Moslems, two Christians and two Jews, “but as the Moslems form 77 per cent. of the population, this meant that they would be under-represented to the extent of over 40 per cent.” This explanation is rather disingenuous, as both the Moslem and Christian members would be

(1) *Six Weeks in Palestine*, 1921.

(2) *The Times*, April 5th, 1922.

(3) *Morning Post*, November 8th, 1923.

Arabs, and they would together have formed 10 out of the 12 elected members—a proportion approximating to the Arab ratio of the total population. The real reason for the boycott must be sought in the Arabic press, which contains some remarkable revelations. Thus we read:¹

And when the Government proposed the Legislative Council and Advisory Council, this family (the Husseinis) strongly protested and urged the nation to rebel against it. . . . The reason is simple. If the Legislative Council were accepted it would have harmed the Moslem Council, not because they thought it would harm the nation, but for their own benefit, the benefit of the Moslem Council, for they feared their salaries and positions.

But the Supreme Moslem Council would probably not have persisted and succeeded in frustrating the elections if it had not felt that it had the support of certain elements in the Administration itself. According to the *Meraat-el-Sherk*, quoted in the *Annafir*,² “The extremist policy of the Moslem-Christian Association and of the Arab Executive Committee was provoked by the Palestine Government Political Secretary.” It may seem strange to suggest that British officials could countenance the baulking of the very orders which they were instructed to carry out, but such was the common report throughout the country. For example, a Cairo newspaper³ writes in regard to Mr. Reading, the Governor of the Tulkeram District:

Surely an Arab could not do as much as he. And Salem Abdul Rahman, one of the notables of the District, admires the help Mr. Reading gave to the Arabs in connection with the elections. Mr. Reading encouraged the people to boycott the elections. And when the inhabitants arranged festivals to receive the Arab Delegation, they stood before Mr. Reading and shouted: “Long live Palestine and the Arabs!” “Down with Zionism!” And not only did he see and hear these things, but urged them on and commanded the police to serve the revellers, etc.

It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that the Arabs are united. On the contrary, there are two main political parties, that of the Moslem-Christian Association and the newly formed National Party, grouped respectively round the two rival families of Husseinis and Nashashibi, which are at present engaged in a rancorous

(1) *Phalastin*, April, 1923.

(2) December 21st, 1923.

(3) *El Watania*, October 15th, 1923.

press battle. Says the *Aliph Ba*¹: "Leaders of other nations fight politely and decently for their own ideas and use not lies and defamation to prove that their principles and their methods are the best. For God's sake, no more scandal and shame." Surely no encouraging augury of wise Arab statesmanship.

Among the various misrepresentations that vitiate Captain Brunton's account of the conditions in Palestine, those that stand out most conspicuously are in regard to the power that he attributes to the Zionists and to the aims that he imputes to them. In both respects he is grievously at fault. He speaks of "the subservience of the Administration to Zionist dictatorship," and says that "it is considered as Zionist rather than British." And what does he adduce in support of these allegations? First, he speaks of "the disproportionate number of Jewish officials," though without giving any figures. He simply quotes an extract from the *Egyptian Gazette* of March 17th, 1922, which accuses the Palestine Government of increasing the ratio of Jewish officials to British by staff reductions, but without a tittle of evidence. The fact is that, apart from the High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel, there is only one Jew (Mr. Norman Bentwich, the Attorney-General) out of 34 senior officials in the Administration. Captain Brunton remarks that "no Moslem holds any important appointment," but he omits to state that there are 33 senior officials, in addition to all the District Governors, who are British Christians. During the last twelve months there have been several Jewish officials who have been squeezed out or frozen out,² and the Thirteenth Zionist Congress, held last August at Carlsbad, felt it necessary to pass a resolution of protest on the matter. The anti-Semitic atmosphere of certain departments is notorious: the Railway Administration, for example, never gives a contract to a Jew in the land of

(1) December 12th, 1923.

(2) Colonel H. J. Solomon, Director of the Department of Commerce and Industry; Major Montefiore, Instructor of Police; Mr. Dennis Cohen, of the Immigration Department; Mr. Joseph Axler, Railway Traffic Manager, etc. Safed, with a predominantly Jewish population, was deprived a year ago of its Jewish Chief of Police and Inspector.

the Jewish National Home. Moreover, Captain Brunton seeks to show that justice is administered with a pro-Jewish bias by referring to two contrasted cases of which he suppresses the material details. He says that a Jew who "was arrested with a revolver and fifty rounds" at the time of the Jaffa disturbances was fined 110 piastres by a Jewish magistrate, whereas an Arab in whose house a hand-grenade was found after the Jerusalem riot of November 2nd, 1921, was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. The facts are that the Jew, Mr. Shapiro, a highly respected colonist of Rehoboth, was fined for the merely technical offence of having omitted to renew his revolver licence, which had expired the day before his arrest. On the other hand, the Arab, Fabah Allah Abul Saleh, tried to enter the Jewish quarter with a bomb in his hand, threatened with it both the policeman who tried to arrest him as well as the onlookers, and then escaped into a house, where he was afterwards found with his bomb.¹ Captain Brunton stigmatises as "agitators" the members of the Jewish Self-defence Corps whose sentences in connection with the Jerusalem riots of 1920 were quashed, but says not a word about the Arab Haj Amin al Husseini, who, after being sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment for instigating the riots, was rewarded with the important office of Mufti of Jerusalem.

Equally unfounded and misleading are the statements made about Jewish immigration and the Government's land policy. It is not the Arab taxpayer who pays, even indirectly, for the immigration of the Jews, but the latter who do it directly themselves. Every Jew who enters Palestine has to pay a landing-tax of one pound, the taxes forming the sole maintenance of the Immigration Department. And in addition there is a visa fee, which, in the case of the Jews from Poland and Roumania, amounts to £2, so that on all Jewish immigrants from those countries the British and Palestine Governments together receive £3, which is a third and sometimes more of the total cost of transport. Since April, 1918, the Zionist Organisation

(1) *The Palestine Weekly*, November 18th, 1921.

has spent over £200,000 upon assisting immigration. Captain Brunton's reason for alleging that "the Arab taxpayer is actually made to pay" for the Jewish immigrants is that "the Government has given them contracts for road repair or other public works," and his comment is that "the Arabs are living under a system of government which is in effect taxation without representation." It must therefore be pointed out that there is no income-tax in Palestine; that the customs dues, tithes, and house and land tax, from which the revenue is principally derived,¹ are paid equally by Jews and Arabs; that the contracts for road repairs were very satisfactorily carried out; and that the money spent thereon in one case consisted of a loan given without interest by the Zionist Organisation.² But whilst he grudges employment to the builders of the Jewish National Home, he preserves a discreet silence about the importation for Government purposes of cheap Egyptian labour—in flagrant violation of the spirit and aim of the Mandate. As for the land policy of the Administration, he says that "the manner in which land concessions are granted to Jews requires investigation," but he stops short at the investigation, perhaps because he knows that the facts belie his implication. Although the Mandate (Article 6) requires that the Administration "shall encourage . . . close settlement by Jews on the land, including State lands and waste lands not required for public purposes," this provision has hitherto remained a dead letter. The largest area of Government land consists of the marshy Beisan district, comprising 500,000 dunam (about 125,000 acres), a concession of part of which was promised in 1919 to Dr. Weizmann, President of the Zionist Organisation. After the advent of the High Commissioner the Zionist Organisation was informed that a survey must first be made and the requirements of the fellaheen satisfied, and then there would be a considerable stretch of land available for Jewish colonisation. There-

(1) Report on Palestine Administration, 1922.

(2) A loan of £15,000 for the building of the road from Rehoboth to Rishon. The Zionist Organisation also gave a grant of £10,000 for drainage works in Jerusalem.

upon the Organisation applied for the lease of a small area (only 1,000 dunam) in the district for field experimentation, and received a written promise that the lease would be granted. But after some time it was announced that the whole of the 500,000 dunam had been distributed among the fellaheen, who received 150 dunam or more each, whilst the promise of the 1,000 dunam to the Zionist Organisation was coolly ignored. To the same mode of procedure belongs the recent decision of the military authorities to expropriate for the purpose of an aerodrome the best part of the land of Kalendia, the only Jewish settlement north of Jerusalem on the road to Ramallah, to the lasting detriment of the colony, despite the fact that another suitable site could easily have been found in the waste and desolate surroundings of the Holy City.

Nor are the grievances of the Jewish people confined to the questions of immigration and land settlement; they also relate to matters of education, religious observance, and national organisation. Out of the Government's annual budget of £100,000 for education the Jews receive only £3,000, which is wholly out of proportion to their ratio of the population, and this indeed constitutes the entire financial contribution of the Government to the upbuilding of the Jewish National Home. Although, according to the Mandate (Article 23), the holy days of the respective communities in Palestine are to be recognised "as legal days of rest for the members of such communities," Jewish employees on the railways find it difficult to secure their Sabbath rest without loss of pay, whilst a number of Jewish gendarmes recently transferred to Tulkeram were refused Sabbath leave, and upon their absenting themselves from duty on that day disciplinary measures were taken against them. Hebrew is declared by the Mandate to be one of the three official languages, but in practice it receives scant respect from the authorities in their relations with the Jewish people. And if all the instances already given of disregard of the provisions of the Mandate, to the detriment of Jewish interests, do not suffice to show that such phraseology as "the subservience of the Administration to Zionist dictatorship" is the

product of unadulterated bias, one further instance may be mentioned. The Jewish National Council (*Vaad Leumi*), the elected representative body of the Jews in Palestine, has applied to the Government for authority to impose taxation upon the members of the Jewish community for religious, educational and social purposes. Such authority has been enjoyed for centuries by most of the Jewish communities in Central and Eastern Europe, where the arm of the law can be invoked, if necessary, for the enforcement of their fiscal regulations. But whilst this power is exercised by Jews in the Diaspora it is denied to them in their ancestral land by the Mandatory which is "responsible for placing the country under such political, administrative and economic conditions as will secure the establishment of the Jewish National Home."

A word or two must now be said of the sinister aim imputed to the Zionists by Captain Brunton. After unfolding an array of disconnected data about Bolshevism in Palestine and elsewhere and about the Haganah, or Jewish Self-defence Force, he concludes:

We must admit that the Arabs have some grounds for believing that the real aim of the Zionists is to set up a Communist Jewish State in Palestine and that the Haganah is the nucleus of a Red Army destined to crush Arab opposition and establish Jewish supremacy.

A British official or ex-official who can write this may have ground for alarm, but he gives others even greater ground for alarm, for he betrays a mentality redolent of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. The facts are simple enough. The Jewish Bolsheviks, whose demonstration in Jaffa on May 1st, 1921, was the prelude to a series of Arab outrages, have long since been deported, and if any still exist in Palestine their number is insignificant. They have nothing in common with the members of the co-operative settlements in the north of Palestine, who are often dubbed "Communists" for the purpose of disparagement, for the latter are Zionists, whereas the Bolsheviks are anti-Zionists. The Russian brochure by Eberlin quoted by Captain Brunton as evidence of an *entente* between Zionism and Bolshevism is the fantastic screed of an obscure individual, who neither represents the official

views of Zionism nor is even known in Zionist circles. The importation of arms was unfortunately necessitated by the feeling of insecurity engendered among the Jewish population by the riots of 1920 and 1921, but since the recognition of the Haganah by the military authorities, who have it under their control, no further case of the smuggling of arms by Jews has been known. The cardinal fallacy of Captain Brunton consists in supposing that Bolshevism is friendly towards Zionism: the fact is just the reverse. Zionism is forbidden in Soviet Russia; its adherents are imprisoned, its funds are confiscated, its teachings are proscribed. In Kiev twelve Jews were sentenced to two years' imprisonment for having taken part in a Zionist conference, and twenty-one Jews were sentenced to one year's imprisonment for the same offence.¹ And a number of Jews, recently proceeding from Palestine to Russia, who applied for Russian visas, were informed by the Soviet representative in Constantinople that they would receive them on condition that they wrote to *Nakanune*, the Soviet organ in Berlin, that they were leaving Palestine because they were dissatisfied with the Zionist situation and that they undertook not to participate in Zionist activities in Russia.² But although the Arabs affect a dread of Zionism on the score of its alleged sympathy with Bolshevism, both the Palestinian Arab and Syrian Arab delegations did not scruple to seek the support of M. Rakowsky, the Soviet representative at Lausanne at the time when the treaty with Turkey was under discussion.³

The time has surely come to put an end to all these misrepresentations of Zionist policy and to give the Jewish people a fair opportunity of realising the ideal by which they have been animated ever since their loss of national independence. The Jews do not enter Palestine to displace or evict a single person, but simply to settle upon its unoccupied areas. Its present population is only a little over 700,000, whilst all authorities are agreed, as

(1) *Daily Telegraph*, February 25th, 1923.

(2) Bulletin of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, December 22nd, 1923.

(3) *Manchester Guardian*, November 30th, 1922.

Viscount Milner observed after his return from the country, that "in former days it used to support many times its present population." The Jews do not propose, nor have they the right or wish, to dispossess a single farmer or landowner; but they are willing to buy every square metre of land that they need for their settlements. According to a Government report, 75 per cent. of the arable area of the land still lies desolate, despite the Arab occupation of hundreds of years. How is this desolation to be replaced by cultivation except by the energy and labour of Jewish settlers, for what other people are prepared to undertake this arduous task and to make the sacrifice that it will involve? Jewish immigration has increased the value of the soil to such an extent that the Arabs are receiving for their property five or six times as much as they did before the war, and perhaps ten or twenty times as much as they paid for it themselves.

Palestine forms a very small part—only a hundred and seventieth part—of the total area inhabited by Arabic-speaking populations. On the other hand, the Jewish people, oppressed and landless for the past nineteen hundred years, has no other land in which it can develop its national life and build up its national home except Palestine, where there is ample room for Jew and Arab to work in peaceful and beneficent co-operation. What Jewish industry can accomplish has already been shown by the various improvements—especially hygienic, agricultural and educational—brought about during the last two or three decades. Over fifty flourishing rural settlements have been created—oases in a desert; modern residential quarters have been built in the principal cities, and an entirely new district—a model township—has been established outside Jaffa. Particularly during the last five years, since the British occupation of Palestine, has considerable progress been made by Jews in the development and improvement of the country. They have built roads and railways, drained marshes, fixed up telephone installations, planted over two million trees; they have brought nearly 10,000 acres under cultivation, established many co-operative societies, and created a Mortgage Bank and

a Workmen's Bank, in addition to the Anglo-Palestine Bank founded before the war. They also conduct 137 schools, an agricultural institute, and a natural history museum. They have spent hundreds of thousands of pounds upon social welfare and upon an extensive and efficient medical service. Altogether, during the last five years the expenditure of the Zionist Organisation in Palestine has been £3,000,000, in addition to which nearly the same amount has been brought into the country by Jewish private capitalists, who have established various useful industries, and by other Jewish organisations and persons of means.

What has been done during the last few years, in the face of opposition and intrigue, is but an earnest of the greater achievements that can be attained in the future. But if these achievements are not to be a mere vision, it is essential that the Mandate shall be applied firmly and faithfully, without reservation or modification, and without any whittling down of the provisions concerning the Jewish National Home, and that the British Government shall make it understood beyond all ambiguity that it is resolved to maintain its trust intact and has set its face against any political inclusion of Palestine in an Arab Confederation.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S FOREIGN POLICY

BY AN OBSERVER

THE country has now recovered from the panic with which the advent of the Labour Party to power was regarded. The world has not come to an end, and the prophets of woe who pronounced such deep anathemas on the Liberal Party for voting for the amendment to the Address which overthrew the Conservative Government, were forced to admit that the new Administration cut a very respectable figure. As the Capital Levy receded into the background, Suburbia began to pick up its courage again and invest once more in British Government stock. When the letter was published which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had written to a correspondent warning all concerned that a Labour Government would set its face sternly against revolutionary action, and would stand by constitutional methods in India, a chorus of praise for the new Prime Minister went up from the Tory clubs. He was proclaimed to be a statesman of wisdom and courage, in whose hands the destinies of the British Empire would be safe. The singing of the "Red Flag" at the Albert Hall was forgotten, and the dire prognostications of what a Socialist Government would do by cunning administrative action to hand over India to Mr. Gandhi and present our colonies to the Germans, no longer formed the stock-in-trade of Carmelite House. The idea that anything of the kind could be done was ridiculous, for it would require not only a revolutionary Government, but a revolutionary House of Commons behind it, to turn the British Empire upside down.

Every move in the game to discredit the Prime Minister was, however, noted in Paris. To encourage M. Poincaré to believe that a Government was coming into power which had neither the desire nor the power to uphold British prestige was a dangerous and unpatriotic course to pursue. Lord Curzon had suffered from the same attempts to

undermine the authority of the last Government in its difficult dealings with the French. Lord Grey therefore did well in his speech on the Address to declare that he regarded the advent of a Labour Government with no apprehension at all, and to state plainly that he was prepared to support their foreign policy. "In foreign policy," he said, "their aims are the same as ours, and I have some little hope that, in spite of all their difficulties, the introduction of new men and new minds into foreign policy may bring some better response from some other European countries. I know the difficulties are great," he added, "but the moment Labour comes within reach of responsibility, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has been the first to realise the desirability of co-operation with France, and he proclaims that as one of his objects." Lord Grey was speaking before the vote which placed the Labour Government in power, but he knew what was coming, and he was anxious to make it plain that all men of good will would be behind the new Government in their difficult task of solving the Reparation problem. He reminded the House of Lords that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had appealed for the co-operation of humane men and humane women in other countries of Europe, which was a "very desirable aspiration."

Thus the new Labour Government came into power with the good will of a statesman who had a long and distinguished career in guiding the foreign policy of Great Britain, and this meant the good will of the Liberal Party, without whose aid the Labour Party could do nothing. The Conservative Party will also support Mr. MacDonald so long as he tries to work with France, for that was the guiding principle of Lord Curzon's policy. But while Lord Grey approved of Mr. MacDonald's desire to co-operate with France, he felt compelled to point out the difficulty of such co-operation in face of the different views of the Ruhr occupation taken by the French Government and His Majesty's Government, and he again emphasised his own opinion that the French had taken a course which could not but lead to disaster.

He was pessimistic about the situation in the Palatinate,

fearing that if there were a false Separatist movement encouraged by France which ended in the separation from Germany of districts of German population against the will of the vast majority of their inhabitants, we might have in Europe in the future an Alsace-Lorraine question poisoning the whole atmosphere of foreign politics on a larger scale and worse than the question of Alsace-Lorraine.

I have dwelt on Lord Grey's speech because it so clearly brings out the difficulties which Mr. MacDonald has to face. They cannot be better described than in Lord Grey's words:—"The European situation is drifting towards the dangerous state of things which preceded the last war. The peace of 1919 has miscarried." On one side there is fear and apprehension of the future, on the other a growing hatred and desire for revenge. How to remove this fear by giving the French security against future attack, while at the same time obtaining just treatment for Germany, is Mr. MacDonald's main task.

He has described the present deplorable situation as the legacy of the vacillating policy pursued by former Governments, and has sharply criticised the Baldwin Government for its ineffectiveness. The Labour Party's view is that Lord Curzon failed because he had not the courage to assert the authority of Great Britain against the occupation of the Ruhr. This view is perhaps a little too severe, and now Mr. MacDonald has had time to study the records of the Foreign Office, he speaks in gentler tones about his predecessor. Before taking office he was naturally anxious to prove to the electors that he could have done better, and to persuade them that if he became Prime Minister he would take a more effective line.

By a bolder course Mr. MacDonald means the adoption of a more courageous moral standpoint by this country, which, in his belief, would greatly strengthen "the peace forces of Europe." While declaring that he will never support his diplomacy by an appeal to force, he admits that in the transition time, until national security can be placed on a totally different foundation, this country must maintain an adequate military force. In his brochure on "The

foreign policy of the Labour Party" (Cecil Palmer), he tells his critics that "the problems of transformation are the hardest of all problems to explain to mere propagandists. . . . The organic change from one system to another through a time when the old is mingled with the new is, however, the kind of work which leaders of opinion must be prepared to do far more frequently than ever before."

From this we may gather, in spite of the metaphysical mist which obscures his language, that the new Labour Government will not leave this country unarmed to possible attack while they are working for a general agreement on armaments. Mr. Snowden has insisted on the necessity of maintaining the British Army and Fleet in discussing the same problem, and has declared that it will be the aim of the Labour Government to uphold British interests, which he believes need never clash with the just and reasonable ambitions of other countries.

In these circumstances it is to the League of Nations to which the Prime Minister looks for the advancement of his aims in foreign policy. "We must find in the League of Nations," he tells us, "the focus of our contacts with Europe." But that does not mean that we must do nothing except through the League, which, in Mr. MacDonald's opinion, is still a very imperfect instrument for the pacification of Europe. For this reason he is anxious that the League should obtain the confidence of all the important nations, for it is at present too much an executive committee of the victors. He sees clearly the danger of becoming "the mere catspaws of the League's devotees," with their desire for sectional alliances and guarantees of a sectional character. In his opinion America was right not to enter the League as at present constituted, and where American co-operation is obtainable the League should not be allowed to stand in the way. Hence the desire of the Labour Government to secure the entrance of Germany and Russia into the League on an equal footing with the other Great Powers. Mr. MacDonald's haste in giving *de jure* recognition to the Soviet Republic arose partly from his anxiety to strengthen

the League. His aim is to call in Russia and Germany to adjust the balance of power in Europe.

On all these points the Liberal Party is prepared to keep step with the Labour Government. Mr. MacDonald realises that he is in office and not in power, and in adopting the policy of co-operation with France as his first step he carries all parties in the House of Commons with him. His interview in the French Radical paper the *Quotidien* suggested that he was preparing to take another course. There was a strange contradiction between the sharpness of his tone in this article and the *naïveté* of his appeal in the letter to M. Poincaré, to forget the past and shake hands again as a prelude to a real understanding. It is true that Mr. MacDonald touched on the necessity of maintaining national interests, but no one who read this letter could have thought that there was any serious clash of opinion between the two countries which could not be removed by a little good will on both sides.

Mr. MacDonald would do well to avoid seeming contradictions of this kind. They have proved fatal in the past in our dealings with France, for they suggest that we do not mean what we say and can be diverted from our purpose. M. Poincaré replied with due but not overstrained cordiality to the letter. He stressed the fact that regrettable differences existed between the two countries, and he underlined Mr. MacDonald's reference to the necessity of paying regard to national opinion and national interests. With the article in the *Quotidien* in mind he could hardly be expected to do more than return the friendly salute and place himself on guard again at once.

A better atmosphere was created by this interchange of courtesies; but there was no proof that the French had altered their attitude on the main issues. It has too often happened before that the arrival of a new Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary has been the occasion for an exchange of compliments which seemed to clear the air, but which in reality left the hard outline of our differences unchanged. We must therefore not attach too much importance to the minor concessions which the French

Government has made in the matter of the Palatinate and the Cologne railways. The farce of the Separatist movement is too obvious for the French to continue to support it openly. But it may flare up again, and in the meantime the French authorities, by preventing the return of German officials to the Palatinate, are still acting contrary to the Treaty by their interference with the internal affairs of Germany in the occupied area. They also refuse to come to any *modus vivendi* in the Ruhr and continue to keep their stranglehold on that great industrial area. Taxes have been piled on taxes until the agreement with the German industrialists threatens to break down, and in the meantime unoccupied Germany, deprived of essential raw material and commodities and balanced on the dizzy edge of the renten mark, is faced with economic ruin.

In Cologne, with the railways in the Rhineland linked up to the trunk lines in the British zone, we are in a more comfortable position, but we are still surrounded by French and Belgian customs posts which hamper the trade of our area.

It was in the negotiations over the Palatinate and the Cologne railways that Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Ponsonby, who so ably seconds him at the Foreign Office, first realised the immense difficulties of Lord Curzon's task. They were grateful to him for the strong stand which he had taken on both these questions, and were agreeably surprised at the better response which they got from M. Poincaré. But the idea, if indeed Mr. MacDonald ever cherished it, that a settlement of the more important issues could be reached by spinning fine phrases and making appeals to justice and morality was seen to be a delusion. A cynic has remarked that men in the main are not moved by such appeals, and that even the lessons of hard experience do not always teach them that morality is a good guide. We may hope that this is untrue, but we may be sure that the Prime Minister, who has taken the office of Foreign Secretary to make himself better acquainted with every detail of the ground, has discovered by this time that Europe is a stony soil on which to sow the seeds of peace and good will.

This explains his cautious approach to the problem of a European settlement. He has wisely said that he will wait for the report of the expert committees before he takes decisive action, and that the idea of an international conference must be postponed for the moment. A false move would be disastrous. Above all, Mr. MacDonald must look ahead and think out an alternative plan of action if the policy of the olive branch should fail. He has told us that the problem of reparations, security and inter-allied debts must be regarded as one. He wants to bring all Europe and America together in friendly accord to settle this problem. His scheme is a bold and far-reaching one, and it is to be carried out by a gentle but firm policy which shall rest on moral sanctions alone, and never be backed by guns or aeroplanes. If M. Poincaré proves unreasonable, Mr. MacDonald will appeal to public opinion. He will publish his case to the world and invite M. Poincaré to do the same.

Now this method was tried by Mr. MacDonald's predecessors in office, who, it must be said, appear to have mapped out much the same course in their endeavour to bring M. Poincaré and other French statesmen to reason. The Note of August 11th last was Lord Curzon's appeal to public opinion. It was met with a swift rejoinder from M. Poincaré, who was apparently left master in this field of controversy. It was not until Lord Curzon used stronger methods and threatened to withdraw from the inter-allied commissions that M. Poincaré, who really shrinks from isolation, proved more conciliatory. There is the Achilles heel, and in fencing with this tough champion of national interests Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may find this knowledge useful.

How difficult his task will be is suggested by an article in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, which Mr. Snowden contributed on "The Peace Aims of the Labour Party." It is easy to lay the blame for the present condition of Europe on the incapacity of Allied statesmen to secure a just and enduring peace. That is probably true. It requires no great perspicacity to point out that, by creating new States which have been torn from their natural

economic and political boundaries, the result of the Peace Treaties has been to foster new antagonisms and new jealousies and call for new alliances which demand a continual increase of military preparations. We all admit that the old causes of international dissension have been strengthened in this way and not diminished. But when the Labour Party proclaim, as Mr. Snowden does, a thoroughgoing revision of the Peace Treaties as an essential part of their programme, have they thought out what the consequences of this policy might be?

A revision of the Treaties in the sense that Mr. Snowden demands would be violently opposed by the French and by all her satellites in Central Europe. France has just made an agreement with Czecho-Slovakia to uphold the Treaties of St. Germain and Neuilly as well as the Treaty of Versailles. She has agreements with Poland and Roumania for the same object, and Yugoslavia would certainly draw nearer to France if she thought that anything that she had gained was to be placed in the melting-pot of a revision of the Treaties. Italy has made a pact with this State to maintain the *status quo*. All Europe would be in ferment, if the British Government had serious designs of placing its hand on the ark of the covenants.

It is wise, therefore, of Mr. Snowden to explain that the Labour Party is not so blind to the forces which oppose its foreign policy as to imagine that immediate revision of the Treaties is possible. But there are certain matters he insists which must be dealt with at once. The most important of these is Reparations, which, he points out, are being handled in such a way as to threaten industrial ruin and disaster to a large part of Europe, since France, in the Labour Party's view, has resolved on the economic and political destruction of Germany. The Labour Party's policy is therefore based on an immediate settlement of this question and the evacuation of the Ruhr, the occupation of which the Labour Party always opposed. Furthermore, Mr. Snowden proclaims that inter-allied debts should be written off and reparation limited to the cost of rebuilding the devastated areas of France and

Belgium, his view being that if Europe were brought back to work, the costs of the war would be more quickly recovered in the ordinary way of trade than by fantastic dreams of impossible reparation and demands for security or the payment of debts.

In putting forward this programme Mr. Snowden does not wish that it should be invested with official authority. Although signed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain, it was drawn up before he took office. It must be qualified by certain remarks which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has made about the necessity of waiting for the report of the expert committees and the advisability of considering all these problems as a whole. But Mr. Snowden's article is a fair summary of the programme of the Labour Party as expressed in resolutions passed at conferences, and it may be taken as representing the views of the Labour Cabinet.

We have already noted that the new Government proposes to convert the League of Nations, as it has been called, into a real League of Nations to attain these ends. Russia and Germany are to be invited to the Council table at Geneva, and if necessary the constitution of the League is to be altered to obtain the support of America. The Labour Government does not propose to limit the scope of their action to the League. If America will not co-operate in any other way, we may expect to see an international conference called at some other city than the headquarters of the League. Fantastic dreams, the average man will say, which can never be realised without throwing Europe into convulsions. The offer to rescind the Allies' debts to this country without getting any equivalent from France or Germany for the payment of our American debt would meet with strenuous opposition from the Conservative Party and not a few Liberals. It remains to be seen whether this proposal will reappear with the authority of the Prime Minister, who, I fancy, now that he is in office, has a rather more shrewd idea of the value of the debt question as trump card in the hand which he has laid on the table.

He is risking a good deal by waiting for the report of

the expert committees, for the race is one against time, since the Rentenmark might any day go the way of the paper mark without the support of a gold bank and credits to prop it up. This underpinning process for the crazy structure of the German exchange can hardly be devised until the experts have reported. Fortunately, the French have given a hint that they may be prepared to relax their stranglehold on the Ruhr if they can obtain guarantees from "an international consortium" for the payment of the sums which they expect to receive from the exploitation of German mines, railways, and industries. So far the French Government has steadily resisted the idea that any substitute is to be found for the pledge which they hold. It is now, however, becoming clear that France is not likely to get much out of the Ruhr, clear to the most obstinate Frenchman; and the need of money is so imperative, if the franc is not to fall further, that M. Poincaré may well think of some alternative to his unproductive method of obtaining reparation. The French plan has not yet been explained, but it depends, perhaps, on foreign credits, and no doubt on a scheme for the future security of France by the demilitarisation of the Rhine frontier. But unless the Ruhr is handed over entirely to the Germans again, it will be very difficult to persuade foreign investors that anything that Germany can offer as a guarantee for a loan for the immediate needs of France has a real value. In a very short time the whole problem must come back to the occupation of the Ruhr, for it lies at the root of the reparation question, and the experts cannot avoid raising it, in computing the resources of Germany.

France should understand that when the Labour Party declares that it is opposed to the disastrous policy of the occupation of this great industrial district of Germany it is not speaking like the last Government. It is not merely expressing a pious opinion which it will drop to please the French. Mr. MacDonald naturally hopes that the elections in France will produce a new Government more amenable to reason on this question. But on the rock of the Ruhr the Entente will finally break if the French do not radically change their policy.

"It would be a misfortune," to quote from a leader in *The Times* of February 12th, "if the impression were to gain ground in France that the present Government of Great Britain is one that can be soothed and diverted by pleasant words, while France tenaciously pursues in other forms a policy that is opposed to the interests of England, of Europe, and in the long run, as it appears to us, of France herself." Another opportunity, as the writer says, has been given for England, France, and Germany to find some common ground for calm discussion of the great dangers which threaten us all. But the opportunity is not given for long, and a very great deal depends on the steps which our own new Government will take in the next few weeks.

Mr. MacDonald has set out cautiously on his perilous voyage. He has courage and steadfastness; he has high ideals and is buoyed up by the hope that he will succeed, and a lively hope counts for much in such ventures. Straightforward and honest, he is not without a certain subtlety.

He must be daring without being rash, quick to see every move in the game, ready to take advantage of every opening. For, however he may trust to an appeal to the "moral forces of the world," they cannot be mobilised in time, and, indeed, do not exist in sufficient strength to save Europe.

It is, therefore, on the old diplomacy and the old methods of give and take that he will have to depend, while he tries to awaken the conscience of mankind. He will learn that there is no short cut to success on this road, and that while it is good to cherish hopes and indulge in dreams, a wise statesman is content with one step at a time.

THOMAS VAUGHAN, MAGICIAN

(1621-1665)

BY EVA MARTIN

WE are accustomed to think of alchemists, astrologers, Rosicrucians and the like, as having existed for the most part in the picturesque setting of mediæval Italy or Germany. It is a little more difficult to imagine them practising their magical arts and sciences in our own land of Britain, with its reputation for hard-headed common sense. Yet only three hundred years ago, in 1621 (or 1622, according to some authorities), one of these strange characters was born in a Welsh farmhouse at Newton-St.-Bridget, in Brecknockshire. This was Thomas Vaughan, twin brother of Henry Vaughan, the religious poet whose work holds an enduring place in English literature. Thomas also wrote poetry, in addition to his more recondite pursuits, but, in spite of an attractive quaintness, his verses lack the music, the deeply mystical insight, and the artistic simplicity, which lend so great a charm to those of his brother. There are, however, touches of real poetry in his prose works, showing that he had his full share of imagination, added to a gift of happy expression. Speaking of the precious knowledge which he had desired to reveal to men, he compares "this truth" to "the dove in the deluge," finding "no place for the sole of her foot. But the wise God provides for her: on all these waves and waters she hath a little bark to return to. Methinks I see her in the window all wet and weather-beaten." What could be more charming? And elsewhere, he describes delightfully—albeit mysteriously—that "first matter" to which his thoughts so constantly recurred, the primal source of life in the universe, as—

a miraculous substance, one of which you may affirm contraries without inconvenience. It is very weak, and yet most strong; it is excessively soft, and yet there is nothing so hard; it is one and all, spirit and body, fixed and volatile, male and female, visible and invisible. It is fire and burns not; it is water and wets not; it is earth that runs and air that stands still. In a word, it is Mercury, the laughter of fools and the wonder of the wise, nor hath God made anything that is like him.

The poet-brother, on his side, seems to have dabbled in occultism, and even to have practised so-called "false magic"; but apparently he repented of this, for in one poem we find him committing his "cunning arts" to Mercury, his "fond affections" to Venus, his rashness and presumption to Mars, his pride to Sol:—

And my false magic which I did believe,
And mystic lies, to Saturn do I give.

Altogether, we may suppose that the pursuits and interests of the twins ran along closely similar lines. Both of them are mentioned in an ancient record of the county of their birth as having been "of very eccentric character," and the affection between them is borne witness to by a long elegiac poem written by Henry on the occasion of his brother's death.

At about the age of eleven the two boys were sent to Llangattock, to be taught by the Rev. Matthew Herbert—possibly a relative, for they were connected by marriage with the poet, George Herbert, their contemporary in age—and in 1638 they went together to Jesus College, Oxford, where Thomas took his degree in Arts. The dates are a little uncertain, but somewhere about 1640 he was ordained by the Bishop of St. David's, and was presented with the living of Llansaintffraid by his kinsman, Sir George Vaughan. About nine years later he was ejected by a Parliamentary Commission for having "carried arms for the King," it being well known that both he and his brother were ardent Royalists. There seems no doubt that Thomas, despite his calling, had fought in the Royal cause, though details as to when and where are lacking. But it is clear that he was a man of action, and of passionate convictions, as well as a clergyman, a philosopher—and a "magician"!

The King perished in 1649, and Vaughan, dispossessed of his living, retired to Oxford to pursue his studies. During the next few years he published several pamphlets on curious and abstract subjects, under the pen-name of "Eugenius Philalethes," and in 1651 he married a lady called Rebecca, whose surname is unknown. One of his

note-books, preserved in the British Museum, gives some fascinating glimpses into his private feelings and the relationship between himself and his wife—evidently a deeply affectionate one. She died on April 17th, 1658, and he never fully recovered from the blow. The note-book is filled with expressions of his love for her, and in one part we come upon a list of certain possessions "left at Mrs. Highgate's," including "one great wooden box of my dear wife's in which is all her best apparel," and "one large trunk of my dear wife's with my name upon it, in which are the silver spoons. And in the drawers are two small boxes, one with a lock of my wife's hair, made up with her own hands"; while he reproaches himself for "some small, at least seeming, unkindnesses I had used towards my dear wife in her lifetime . . . the remembrance of them being odious to me." This note-book is indeed a precious record of the gentler side of a man whose character we should otherwise have known but incompletely. It shows us the "irascible alchemist"—a rôle in which he often enough appeared, especially in his heated controversies with Henry More—as warm-hearted and fully conscious of his own shortcomings; as a philosopher who was an imperfect, and for that all the more attractive, human being; as a man who, though deeply and genuinely religious, was nevertheless no bloodless saint.

Thomas Vaughan died on February 27th, 1665, through an explosion caused while making a chemical experiment. Inhaling the fumes of mercury is said to have been the actual cause of his death, and there is a certain fitness in the reflection that the "Magician's Mercury," which he was for ever seeking, should, in its physical form, have been the means of freeing his soul from the body which—his writings tell us—he had come to look upon as something of a prison-house. Practical alchemist though he was, and frequently engaged in experiments such as the one that proved fatal, it is as a visionary and a philosopher that he chiefly interests us now. His prose works are enthralling, both by reason of their fantastic subjects and the quaintness of their style. The most important of them (made known to us through Mr. A. E. Waite's admirable

editing) consist of eight philosophical treatises with such titles as *Lumen de Lumine: A New Magical Light*; *Cælum Terræ: The Magician's Heavenly Chaos*; *Euphrates: The Waters of the East*; and *Anthroposophia Theomagica: A Discourse of the Nature of Man and his State after Death*.

"We are all born"—he says, writing as Eugenius Philalethes—"like Moses, with a veil over the face. This it is which hinders the prospect of that intellectual shining light which God hath placed in us; and—to tell you a truth that concerns all mankind—the greatest mystery, both in divinity and philosophy, is how to remove it." It was the desire and the endeavour to remove this veil that led him forth, like so many others, in quest of the mysterious Philosopher's Stone—a term which, divested of the strange symbolism that always enwrapped it, seems to have stood, in reality, for that true and divine wisdom whereby the human soul shall be united with its Creator and know no more unrest. He compares the soul while in the body to "a candle shut up in a dark lanthorn, or a fire that is stifled for want of air," and refers her continual changes of mood and feeling to her "vast and infinite capacity, which is satisfied with nothing but God, from Whom at first she descended." But there is, he says, in Nature "a certain chain between visibles and invisibles . . . a certain Art by which a particular spirit may be united to the universal. . . . You that have your eyes in your hearts and not your hearts in your eyes, attend to what is spoken, that I may exhort you to magic in the magician's phrase: 'Hear with the understanding of the heart.'"

It is indeed with "the understanding of the heart" that Vaughan, like all who seek to point out the mystic way, must be read; else will much of his teaching appear nonsensical and meaningless. He makes it, however, fairly obvious that the Art to which he refers is, literally, the Art of Love, whereby man may be taken into the Deity, "the true fountain and centre of life." This is the Art by which alone that "veil over the face" with which all men are born can be removed; for on the heights to which

such mystical philosophy leads us Love and Wisdom are no longer two but one. The Love of which Vaughan speaks—"the Truth of all, which cometh out of knowledge"—is, in the words of a later mystic, that divine Love "whose secret name is Wisdom." This Wisdom, again, is "the understanding of the heart" necessary for all who aspire to be true magicians. "To create and transmute essentially and naturally," he writes, "or without any violence, is the only proper office of the first Power, the first Wisdom, and the first Love. Without this Love the elements will never be married; they will never inwardly and essentially unite, which is the end and perfection of magic."

It appears that Thomas, like his brother, must have been carried away at one time by the attraction of the magic called "false," i.e., by practices whose scope was limited to the material plane, and whose aim was the attainment of material wealth and prosperity. He declares that he "ever disclaimed alchemy in the vulgar sense," but continues: "I freely confess that in my practice I waived my own principles . . . laid aside the true subject and was contented to follow their noise who will hear of nothing but metals. . . . It was well that I quitted it at last and walked again into that clear light which I had foolishly forsaken." In another place he writes emphatically: "Know, Reader, that whoever seeks the Philosopher's Mercury in metals, of what kind soever they be, is already out of the way"; and he warns his readers against "the bellowings and howlings of the men who in vain cry out for gold," and beseeches them not to use any power that they may gain "for worldly pride." He certainly would not have been in agreement with the modern school of exponents of thought-power, personality, strong will, and so on, who urge their followers to the development of these things in order to attain worldly success; though there is a suggestion of sympathy with the less materialistic side of their teachings in this passage:—"Temporal blessings are but ushers to the spiritual, or, to speak more plainly, when once we begin to love the Spirit, then He sends us these things as tokens and pledges of His love." But his idea is, obviously, that, "loving the Spirit," we

should wait for temporal blessings until they are "sent," and not seek to compel them to us by the use of our own magnetic or "magical" powers.

With regard to the much-debated "Philosopher's Stone," he makes his meaning equally clear when he writes: "O pre-eminent gold of the philosophers, with which the Sons of the Wise are enriched, not with that which is coined"—an unmistakable distinction between spiritual and material treasures. And in another passage he tells us what are the necessary qualifications for those who desire to become possessed of this mystery, which he describes as "infinitely rich and real," and yet "enchanted, and that by the very art and magic of Almighty God."

They must be innocent and very humble—not impudent, proud ranters, nor covetous, uncharitable misers. They must be affable, not contentious; they must love the truth, and—to speak in a homely phrase—they must also, like children and fools, speak the truth. In a word, they must be as our Saviour Himself hath said—"like one of these little ones."

Vaughan evidently looked upon Cornelius Agrippa as his chief guide and teacher in the realms of philosophy. He quotes him with great frequency, calls him "that grand Archimagus," and proclaims that "next to God I owe all that I have unto him." He wrote a poem to his memory, referring to him as "great, glorious penman":—

Nature's apostle and her choice high-priest,
Her mystical and bright evangelist. . . .
Now a new East beyond the stars I see,
Where breaks the day of thy divinity.

At the same time he was up in arms against the conservative and hide-bound followers of the Aristotelian tradition, whose minds seemed fast-closed to anything in the nature of new ideas. He speaks of "the inquisition-house of Aristotle," and declares that his adherents are "so confident of his principles that they seek not to understand what they speak, but to make others speak what they understand"; but he apparently derives some comfort from the thought that "Aristotle himself hath left us this concession: that reason is subject to error as well as opinion." He was a firm believer in the freedom of individual thought, and in the untrammelled exercise of

man's desire for knowledge, which he declared to have been implanted in him by the Creator. "God, when He first made man, planted in him a spirit of that capacity that he might know all, adding thereto a most fervent desire to know, lest that capacity should be useless. This truth is evident in the posterity of man." And he proceeds to illustrate his contention in a passage that shows him to have been a genuine lover of children, and a keen observer of their earliest ways, pointing out how infants will stare at any new thing, and desire to hold it and feel it, not, "as some ignorant nurse will tell us," because they desire to play with it, but because they desire to know what it is. "If the touch also doth not satisfy, they will put it into their mouths to taste it, as if they would examine things by more senses than one. Now this desire to know is born with them, and it is the best and most mysterious part of their nature."

He remarks in another place:—

I have conversed with children and fools too—that is, as I interpret it, with children and men, for these last are not in all things as wise as the first. A child, I suppose, *in puris naturabilis*, before education alters and ferments him, is a subject that hath not been much considered, for men respect him not till he is company for them, and then indeed they spoil him.

Undoubtedly Vaughan would have found child-psychology, so much studied in the present day, a fascinating subject, and had he lived in the twentieth century he could no longer have deemed it one that "hath not been much considered"! What he would have thought, in detail, of modern methods of education and up-bringing is a diverting but fruitless speculation.

Speaking again of the new philosophy *versus* the Aristotelian, he remarks, in an eloquent appeal for its consideration—an appeal which might find its mark in many another age besides that in which he wrote—"I intend not the conquest but the exercise of thy reason.

. . . Be pleased to consider that obstinacy enslaves the soul and clips the wings which God gave her for flight and discovery." (O wise Eugenius Philalethes, words such as these deserve to be printed in gold!) "If thou

wilt not quit thy Aristotle, let not any prejudice hinder thy further search. Great is their number who had perhaps attained to perfection had they not already thought themselves perfect."

In all this we are irresistibly reminded of Giordano Bruno, the audacious Italian whose attacks upon the Aristotelian philosophy and its adherents had set all Oxford in a ferment some forty years before the birth of the Vaughan twins. Yet in spite of the onslaught of Bruno and others, the Peripatetics remained, apparently, as firmly entrenched in the seventeenth as they had been in the sixteenth century. Apparently, we may say, for as time went on their position was, of course, gradually undermined, and the new ideas succeeded in gaining an ever wider hearing.

After Bruno's death at the hands of the Inquisition in 1600 his works were put on the Index, and became for many years practically unobtainable. It is not likely that Vaughan ever had access to them; yet the similarity of thought and feeling in the two men is marked. Vaughan was more of a recluse and less of a public character than his famous predecessor; he did not glow with the same ardent reformatory zeal; he was less universal in the quality of his thought, less scientific—in the large sense—in its application; more orthodox in his religious views. He was concerned rather with the mysteries of creation and generation than, like Bruno, with the constitution of the cosmos and the laws ruling the planets and stars; he lacked the Italian's majestic and impassioned eloquence; his mind moved, on the whole, in a smaller circle. Nevertheless, they must have been kindred spirits, and, had fate made them contemporaries instead of separating their lives by a space of twenty years, we can imagine how heartily they would have shaken hands over their mutual sentiments regarding those who, in Bruno's words, "think as the multitude merely because it is the multitude," though "the opinions of never so many men cannot make truth other than she is."

How Bruno would have sympathised, too, with Vaughan over Henry More's attacks on the new philosophy; with

what ardour would he have flung himself into the fray! Yet we find with some surprise that the language used by the Welshman under provocation far exceeded in violence that of the fiery Italian in a like position. Although Bruno described the Aristotelians as "parrots," "sophists," and "subtle metaphysicians of the cowl," he did admit that Aristotle himself was "a learned and judicious gentleman," whereas Vaughan declares that Aristotle was "a blind beast and malice made him so"! And we have no record of any language used by Bruno—in an age equally noted for lack of restraint in such matters—that could surpass or even equal that indulged in by Vaughan and More in their disagreements. So much for the vaunted reserve and self-control of the Northerner as compared with the Southerner, though no doubt Vaughan's Celtic blood may be cited in explanation.

But the great and fundamental fact upon which their agreement would have been absolute, and concerning which their mode of expression was often curiously similar, is that of the immanence and the transcendence of the Universal Divine Spirit. Both were firm believers in a world whose every stone and fibre were ensouled by the Deity. God, says Vaughan, with characteristic quaintness—

is seated above all His creatures, to hatch—as it were—and cherish them with living eternal influences which daily and hourly proceed from Him. . . . God breathes continually and passes through all things like an air that refresheth.

Compare Bruno:—

The seat of God is the universe, everywhere, the whole immeasurable heaven—empty space of which He is the fulness. . . . The divine beauty and splendour which shines and is in all things . . . near, present and within, more fully than man himself, being soul of souls, life of lives, essence of essences.

And again Vaughan:—

Certainly He built and founded Nature upon His own supernatural centre. He is in her and through her, and with His Eternal Spirit doth He support heaven and earth—as our bodies are supported with our spirits.

Elsewhere Vaughan speaks of the "Soul of the world," or "Medial Soul," which is "in men, in beasts, in veget-

ables, in minerals. . . . Neither should any wonder that I affirm this spirit to be in minerals because the operations of it are not discerned there. . . . I beseech you, are not the faculties of this spirit suppressed in man also?" This is one of the unexpectedly whimsical touches that make the Welshman so delightful a companion.

Many passages might be quoted to show him as an enthusiastic nature-lover. "Nature," he says, "is a free spirit that seeks no applause; she observes none more than herself, but is pleased with her own magic, as philosophers are with their secret philosophy. Hence it is that we find her busy, not only in the pots of the balconies, but in the wildernesses and ruinous places, where no eyes observe her but the stars and planets." He may, in a sense, be said to have preached "the return to Nature" nearly three centuries ago. "In the winter time thy chamber is the best residence. Here thou mayst use fumigations and spicy lamps—not for superstition, but because such recreate the animal spirits and the brain. In the summer translate thyself to the fields, where all are green with the breath of God and fresh with the powers of heaven." How strangely akin this is to the well-known verses of Edward Fitzgerald, describing how, when winter comes, the poet retires—

Into an old room
Beside a bright fire:
O pile a bright fire!

But when spring returns and "the bold sun is with me in the room, shining, shining," then it is "away to the meadows, the meadows again!"

Vaughan, however, has the thought of the spiritual powers behind Nature always in mind. "Many there are," he muses, "who bestow not their thought on God till the world fails them. . . . Do thou think on Him first, and He will speak to thy thoughts at last. Sometimes thou mayst walk in groves, which, being full of majesty, will much advance the soul; sometimes by clear and active rivers."

His opinions concerning bodily health and the use of

physic would win applause from the great majority of present-day doctors, though they cannot have been popular in the age of drastic medicines and large doses in which he lived.

We know by experience that too much of anything weakens and destroys our nature. . . . Hence diet is a prime rule in physic, far better indeed than a pharmacopœia; for those sluttish receipts do but oppress the stomach, being no fit fuel for a celestial fire. . . . Nature of herself is . . . a most nice, delicate essence. This appears by those fits and pangs she is subject to whensoever she is overcharged.

In another place he seems to forestall the principles of the modern homœopaths, who refuse to administer drugs in their "crude" state, but substitute preparations so highly refined and "potentised" that the amount of the original substance contained in them is infinitesimal, and often chemically undiscoverable. The magicians of old, he says, "wisely gathered that to minister vegetables, animals or minerals for physic was a mere madness, for even these also had their own impurities and diseases, and required some medicine to cleanse them"; consequently they made use of a purifying process which brought their physic "to the immortal extreme, and made it a spiritual, heavenly body." And again he touches common ground with the psycho-analysts and other schools of mental healing: "In spiritual sins the body is not immediately troubled, but the conscience is terrified, and surely the body cannot be very well when the soul itself is sick."

One further analogy may be noted, this time between Vaughan and the modern upholders of telepathy and similar phenomena. Speaking of the soul's imprisonment in the body, he describes how yet "she struggles with her chains . . . spans kingdoms in a thought, and enjoys all that inwardly which she misseth outwardly. . . . She can, by an union with universal force, infuse and communicate her thoughts to the absent, be the distance never so great. Neither is there anything under the sun but she may know it, and—remaining only in one place—she can acquaint herself with the actions of all places whatsoever." It would be superfluous to specify the numerous passages from modern writers—from Thomas Jay Hudson and

Frederick Myers onward to the present day—that could be quoted as identical with this in thought if not in language.

Concluding our survey, we may perhaps not find it difficult to acknowledge that this seventeenth century “magician” was in truth a very wise man, and his teachings, for all the weirdly symbolic dress in which at times he clothed them, not to be despised or lightly cast aside. “Magic,” he says, “is nothing but the wisdom of the Creator revealed and planted in the creature. . . . Magicians were the first attendants our Saviour met withal in this world, and the only philosophers who acknowledged Him in the flesh before that He Himself discovered it.” . . . “This is the way thou must walk in, which if thou dost . . . there shall then abide in thee fire with light, wind with fire, power with wind, knowledge with power, and with knowledge an integrity of sober mind. This is the chain that qualifies a magician.”

It will be generally conceded that we could do with more magicians of this description among us to-day, and, were Eugenius Philalethes himself at hand to instruct us, we trust that he would not have to say, as he said of those of his own time: “It may be that they will scarcely hear what I speak, or if they hear they will not understand.”

THE ITALIAN POLITICAL SITUATION

BY JAMES MURPHY

ON the tenth of last December the Italian Parliament was prorogued by Royal Decree. On January 25th it was formally dissolved. The date of the General Election is fixed for the 6th of next April. The opening of the new Legislature will take place on May 24th, the anniversary of Italy's entry into the war. The election campaign is already in full swing; but it has nothing of the usual character of a pitched battle between political parties. The Fascists are masters of the situation, and the Government list of candidates is assured of a heavy majority. According to Signor Mussolini's new electoral law, the majority party will have 356 seats in the new Chamber, the remaining 179 being distributed among the Opposition. This law, which gives two-thirds of the seats in Parliament to the party that secures the majority at the polls, will be readily understood when we realise that if such an arrangement were conceivable in Great Britain the Conservatives would now hold 410 seats in the British Parliament as the result of the recent General Election. Therefore, there is no element of dramatic interest in the Italian electoral campaign, seeing that the result is a foregone conclusion. But the situation is interesting for other reasons.

In the first place, the decision to appeal to the country was taken suddenly and unexpectedly. The Royal Decree proroguing Parliament came as a bombshell on December 10th. The session had only just settled down to its labours and was on the point of dealing with two important Bills which the Fascist Government had ready for presentation. One of these involved the granting of woman suffrage, and the other demanded the prolongation of plenary powers for a further twelve months. Much time had been spent on the preparation of the latter measure. The Fascists had prepared an elaborate account of their

stewardship, and the Press, which is almost wholly subservient to the dominant party, was loud in its insistence on the opportuneness of a further prolongation of the dictatorship. Nobody dared to envisage the possibility of a General Election in the near future. And so the Press propagandists were forced to take a roundabout turn on short orders the moment the decision of the Prime Minister became known.

What were the reasons that led the Fascist Dictator to suddenly change his course and cut directly across the prognostications of his own followers in Parliament and in the Press? The answer is not far to seek, though the Press has tried to confuse the issue as much as possible. Leaving the newspaper chatter aside, it is quite obvious that the decision to appeal to the country and establish a representative Government in place of the present anomaly was due to the pressure of circumstances, both in the international and national spheres. A special urgency was added to the pressure of the latter set of circumstances by the course, or rather the divergency of courses, which the evolution of Fascism has recently taken. Let us consider this series of circumstances in the order in which it has been named.

First comes the international position. It is well to remember that in 1918 the Allies postulated the establishment of a representative Government in Germany as a preliminary condition of peace discussions. That is the spirit of Europe and America, and it is also the spirit which is deep down in the consciousness of the Italian people. Hence it follows that the Mussolini Government must have felt itself in an irregular position when dealing with the Governments of European and American democracies. "Who are you?" was the interrogatory undertone of every international discussion with the Italian Government during the past twelve months. "We are the representatives of the Italian people," was the reply. But this was effectively countered with the obvious suggestion that the Italian people had not yet been given the opportunity of saying so. During the Italo-Grecian crisis and the Tangiers affair the matter came to a head, and

it was further emphasised by the Italian demand for a more equitable representation in the councils of the League of Nations. International negotiations suffered from the provisional character which they necessarily assumed in face of the fact that the Fascist Government has hitherto been of its very nature provisional. Moreover, Great Britain still counts for something in modern Europe, though it is the fashion with a large section of the Fascist Press to pretend otherwise. Therefore, when the British Government recently appealed to the country on the question of a single legislative measure that gesture could not have failed to have a certain moral influence abroad. Indeed, it was this little weight suddenly thrown into the scales which tipped the Italian political balance in favour of an appeal to the country. France is also to have a General Election in the spring. In view of all this, it would have been rather detrimental to Italian political prestige if an irregular Government remained obdurate in its refusal to consult the electors.

Consider also the position of the Italian Parliament since October, 1922. Here it is well to remember that when the King conferred on Signor Mussolini the task of forming a Cabinet, an undertaking was given by the Fascist leader that the Constitution would be respected. It would be idle to discuss here how often that promise was bent to breaking point within the past twelve months. At any rate, if not in the letter, certainly in the spirit of it there would have been a rather radical departure from the terms of the undertaking had the dictatorship been allowed to continue. Everybody knows that the great majority of the deputies who voted for the formidable series of measures presented in Parliament and passed into law during the past year are not representative of their constituencies. They could have no hope of being returned on an appeal to the country. Therefore numbers of them would agree to any legislation provided they could retain their positions as a reward for their votes. That is what is commonly said, even by the Fascists themselves, and most of them thought that it was high time to put an end to the anomaly.

In considering the internal situation, a subdistinction

must be made between the general condition of affairs and the special problem which affects the Fascist Party itself. In wandering throughout the country during the past fifteen months my experience has been that there is still a deep and sincere public spirit of thankfulness for what Fascism has done, not so much, perhaps, for what it has done in a positive way, but rather for having overthrown the "red" regime and thus enabled the people to save themselves from the moral and economic ruin towards which a rampant Socialism was dragging them. The people feel that they have got away from something. For that they are thankful. But they are not without certain misgivings as to whither they are going. Having little or no understanding of political tendencies, the Italian nation as a whole is cognisant rather of what oppresses and grieves than of what opens out new roads of progress and development. They know their grievances and are keenly alive to the merit of remedial policies; but they do not like political innovations. Once a remedial policy begins to build up a positive structure the critics and grievance mongers get busy again, especially if what is being done in a positive way does not involve a reduction in the taxes.

A typical symptom of this state of mind may be found in the criticism which is rather lavishly levelled against the experiment of the National Militia. One notices it more in the country districts than in the cities, perhaps because the peasant is a rather merciless realist wherever the spending of public money is concerned. He knows that it is he who will eventually have to pay. And, furthermore, as the National Militia is principally made up of *bourgeois* elements, the peasant has little share in its glory or its emoluments. Moreover, in the recent war ninety per cent. of the fighting troops were recruited from the ranks of the peasantry. Therefore the latter naturally envisage even the distant possibility of another war in a particularly unfavourable light. In this connection one often hears them say that the Militia amounts to a standing army of half a million, which not only makes considerable demands on the pocket of the taxpayer, but also helps to

foster a militarist spirit which is fundamentally opposed to the popular sentiment. As a recent proof of this they point to the mobilisation which took place preparatory to the opening of negotiations with Yugoslavia for the purpose of arriving at the terms of the friendly pact which has recently been signed. And again they point to the fact that on the occasion of the first anniversary of the founding of the National Militia, celebrated at Rome on February 1st this year, General Balbo, speaking officially for the Black Shirt Militia, declared that the moment Italy received news of the Janina atrocity 300,000 Black Shirts were secretly mobilised and were ready for action within twenty-four hours' notice. He wound up with a statement to the effect that the necessities of national expansion and development called for the military training of the Italian youth.

The feelings of uneasiness aroused by these exhibitions of sword rattling are typical instances of the popular sentiment, which feels that the feverish patriotism of the Fascist youth would be all the better for a sedative admixture in the form of a sober infusion from the older and more experienced parties. Few honest-minded people, I believe, decry the spirit of initiative shown by the Fascist rulers or fail to draw a contrast, favourable to Fascism, between the negative attitude of former Governments towards questions of national importance and the positive policy of the present regime; but most sober-minded people feel that the man who holds the rudder of the Italian Ship of State—a favourite metaphor with Signor Mussolini—would do well to take in a somewhat generous supply of ballast. This can be done only through the machinery of a General Election.

Here we have one of the most interesting features of the present situation. The policy of the Fascist leader has obviously taken its direction from the current of opinion which I have indicated. He would like to have the new Parliament in every sense a national one, rather than a monopoly of Fascist interests. For this reason the Government list of candidates includes some outstanding figures from non-Fascist political cadres, and a goodly percentage

of men who have hitherto not been actively identified with party politics of any kind. These candidates have been chosen not because of their political orientation, but rather because they are men of national worth whose careers in the professional, industrial, commercial and agricultural spheres have given proof of initiative and executive ability. The National Militia is practically barred from political candidature; and though the Government list has not, at the time of writing, been published, I feel quite safe in saying that not sixty per cent. of the names on the list have been taken from the ranks of the Fascist Party. In the south, where the Popular Party and the Democrats are particularly strong, and where Fascism has not yet fully penetrated, the Government list will contain the names of leading Populists and Democrats. In some districts the Popular and Democratic parties intend to put forward independent lists; but these are localised instances. The same will occur in the case of the Liberals in some of the northern provinces. In these cases, however, the independent party programmes are frankly in support of the Government policy. The Socialists, the Left Wing of the Populists, and a party of dissenting Fascists which calls itself the Fatherland and Liberty Party, are the only groups that speak of running a serious opposition.

As I have spoken of lists, it may be well to point out that the Italian electoral procedure is totally different from ours in the manner of putting forward candidates. No single candidate is put forward in a constituency; but the whole 535 constituencies are grouped into fifteen electoral areas, and in each area any political party may put forward its own list of candidates *en bloc*, the number of names on the list corresponding to the number of constituencies included in the electoral area. Voting is for the list and not for the individual. Hence the custom is utterly different from that which holds sway with us; and it is well to bear this point in mind when speaking of Italian elections.

Signor Mussolini has little to fear at the polls. For the purposes of a General Election, he holds the country in the hollow of his hand. The two strongest parties in the out-

going Parliament were the Socialists and the Populists, with thirty and twenty per cent. of the votes in the Chamber respectively. These furnish the present Opposition; but the Socialists as a political force have been almost thoroughly liquidated. It is doubtful if they will be able to rally more than from ten to fifteen per cent. of those who voted for them at former elections. In this connection it must be remembered that the Socialist electoral organisation was principally based on administrative control of the communes and on organised labour. The position of the communes, or municipalities, in Italy is so utterly devoid of anything approaching to a counterpart elsewhere that one would require much more space than can be afforded here to explain it to outsiders. All Italy is divided into something over nine thousand communes, and that is the most important political feature of the country. The communes are not merely municipal units, as in English-speaking countries, but they also constitute the fundamental political units on which the administration of the Italian State is based. The collection of taxes, military enrolment or exemption, passport permits, etc.—in fact, nearly all the operations which we are accustomed to associate with State government in Great Britain—are carried out through the medium of the communes. For all practical purposes the communal officials embody in their persons the authority of the State in its direct contact with the citizen. Of course, this is more true of the country districts than the cities; but then seven-eighths of the Italian nation is made up of the peasantry. Realising this, the Socialists aimed at the control of the communes as the cornerstone of their political power. In this they were eminently successful, for in 1920 they held over three thousand communes, the overwhelming majority of which were in the central and northern districts, which constitute the political headpiece of Italy. By forcible and by semi-constitutional means the Fascists have taken over almost every commune which the Socialists formerly held. Here, then, is one of the great pillars of Fascist power, as it formerly was of Socialism. The Italian peasant, who has only a very rudimentary

form of political conscience and who looks only to his private interests, will always give his Parliamentary suffrage to the party that holds the local commune; for the communal officials, owing to their intimate touch with the peasant, can make life very irksome for him if he does not fall in with their political views. In the labour world the Socialists have also lost their standing; for the immense mass of the workers who formerly belonged to the red syndicates are now in the Fascist corporations. Those that remained faithful to the red labour unions have repudiated all political connection with the Italian Socialist Party.

The Popular Party is rent in twain, one section favouring Fascism and the other canvassing independent action. Though the Populists contain men of real political worth, they have not the advantage of a distinct platform, seeing that Fascism has practically incorporated their programme *en bloc*. Except in the south, where personalities count for more than mere politics, the Populists will find it rather difficult to contend against the Fascist appeal. Much the same may be said of the Liberal-Democratic Group. Its power was hitherto based on the bureaucracy and vested interests, seeing that it has had the reins of government in its hands for half a century. But now the case is different. The bureaucracy will vote for its paymasters, and the vested interests have subscribed so heavily to Fascism that they must necessarily back it up tooth and nail at the polls.

Coming to the question of the internal conditions that prevail within the Fascist Party, we are here face to face with a problem which is so far-reaching and intricate that I cannot do more than merely draw attention to it within the present limits. It is a matter of social-economics rather than politics, and it forms the crux of Fascism. In the August number of this REVIEW I drew attention to the comparatively recent appearance and growing importance of the middle class as an element in Italian public life. Now this class has been increasing during recent years at a rate that is totally out of proportion to the increase in the population. Over-population is the most serious national

problem in Italy; but the crucial phase of it is that the surplus particularly makes itself felt in a social stratum which is not only economically unproductive, but has no outlet such as emigration or colonisation might afford. Only the Italian working class emigrates. Well-to-do people invariably remain at home—I do not mean well-to-do people in the strict sense, but the class that rather keeps up the appearance of being so. In Italy, which is essentially an agricultural country, there is no commercial or industrial employment of the British type to absorb the leisured young men of the middle classes. Hence the extraordinary overstocking of professional and semi-professional callings.

What we should consider trades or merely office employment are officially and socially recognised as liberal professions in Italy. Accountants, engineers, architects, solicitors, and so on, are turned out on the standardised principle from Italian high schools and universities, wherein teaching may be had for next to nothing and where the standard of excellence is so low that the career of studentship is not a laborious one. Every mechanic in Italy who has taken a diploma is styled *Signor Ingegnere* on all occasions, even in the bosom of his own family. He signs it before his Christian name on all letters; so that the recipient may not be in doubt as to the high social position of his correspondent. The same is true of solicitors, book-keepers, and so on. All these titles give the same social standing as that of a medical doctor with us. The result of this extraordinary system of hall-marking is that large numbers of the youth whose families have just crossed the borderline between the proletariat and the *bourgeoisie* study for some professional qualification without the slightest hopes of employment at the end of it. It is merely a social step upwards. Thus you have this curious state of affairs in Italy, namely, that the yearly qualifications for each profession are about double the number of vacancies that normally occur within the same period. This has been going on for about twenty years. And the result now is Italy has over ten thousand solicitors who have no clients, thousands of engineers for whom

there is no constructional or industrial employment, thousands of doctors who have no patients, uncountable accountants who have no books to make up, and myriads of nondescript high school and university graduates who are totally unfitted for any practical calling in life. This class, during its student days and afterwards, lives under the paternal roof, and is not ashamed to eat the family bread, without contributing to the maintenance of the family board, at an age when British and American youths of the same class have invariably struck out on independent careers. The cafés and piazzas groan with them. In banks and counting-houses they are lolling on supernumerary office stools. This is the only real proletariat in Italy, and it helps more than any other class to swell the lists of criminal statistics.

In this social stratum there is also an important body of idealistic and sincerely patriotic young men. These were the earlier Fascists who often paid for their patriotism with the sacrifice of life or limb. But when Fascism became the ruling power in Italy it received a tremendous influx of unemployed gentlemen who had hopes of securing jobs wherein they would receive pay for decorously doing nothing. Thus it came about that nearly half a million names were added to the roll of the Fascist Political Party after the march on Rome had turned out successful. The sixth-day Fascists Mussolini calls them: that is to say, those who rush in to do the shouting when the battle has been won. On a modest estimate, 100,000 of these *arrivistes* think that they ought to become Members of Parliament, or at least be accommodated with jobs in the State or provincial or municipal bureaucracies once Fascism gets constitutionally returned to power.

It is an open secret that Mussolini has the measure of these people accurately registered in his brain. Hence he prefers to carry on with the old bureaucracy, which has been a sort of hereditary caste and has at least a traditional sense of responsibility. That is the explanation of his recent speeches in favour of the bureaucracy. For this many of his followers are not grateful. They have attempted to baulk his course on every occasion that he

has made an approach towards co-operation with men of the older political parties, as witness the attack on Signor Amendola, one of the Liberal leaders, a few days after Mussolini, in a speech at Monte Rotondo, had extended the hand of fellowship to men of other political persuasions. These same *arrivistes* have rather compromised Italy's name abroad; for it is from them that all the senseless talk about imperialism and Mediterranean expansion comes. They have a vision of colonial expansion which is limited to the idea of riding on caparisoned elephants or sipping liqueurs under a palm tree. Though intelligent and gifted with an abundant supply of flowery speech, these knights of the café and the piazza are remarkably ignorant. They know nothing of the men who built up the British Empire or of the men who daily risk careers and fortune in colonial undertakings. All they know of the British Empire comes from what they see at cinemas. Hence their jealousy of Great Britain and their sword rattling about Italian imperial expansion.

Will Mussolini be able to contain this turbulent retinue within the bounds of law and order? Will he be able to find for them some useful function in the scheme of national economy, which will keep them out of mischief, if nothing better? That is the most pertinent question in Italian politics to-day, and it will press for solution on the morrow of the General Election when the great disillusionment will have come. The National Militia contains and holds in subjection the more restless of these people for the moment; but this is only a temporary expedient. It cannot solve the social-economic difficulty that lies at the basis of the problem, and Mussolini is wise in not resting the burden of the solution on Fascist shoulders alone. It is a national problem and not particularly a Fascist one. For this reason it can be better handled by a National Government once the elections are over.

THE FRENCH CONQUEST OF MOROCCO

By W. L. MIDDLETON

THE military operations of the last year in the Middle Atlas have now achieved all their essential aims, and the French conquest of Morocco is practically accomplished. Whatever more is done in the next few years will be mere police work and the minor adjustment of frontiers.

Few military exploits on so great a scale have been performed so quietly. The progress of the armies has been so gradual, so little advertised by great battles that conquest scarcely seems the word to describe it. Yet for eleven years there has been some hard fighting nearly every summer, and during most of the time the French forces have been kept up to the strength of 80,000 men. There has been steady progression, practically without serious check, and each autumn has seen the bounds of pacified territory widened. The secret of this momentous but almost noiseless success lies in the method adopted by Marshal Lyautey from the first day of his landing in Morocco as Resident-General. If the method was not invented by him, if he learnt from General Gallieni the principle of combining military with political action, the practical application to the complex problem of Morocco is entirely his work. "A method without great resounding blows," as Marshal Lyautey himself describes it; "a method of simple going ahead rather than of assault," it has resulted in a more complete conquest than Morocco has ever known. The Middle Atlas was never brought under government in the hey-day of the Cherifian Empire, and probably not in the Roman time.

It is true that, even when the military programme is fully accomplished, the area brought within the effective rule of the Protectorate will not extend to the geographical limits of Morocco. On the northern frontier a strip of territory will be left unoccupied as a precaution against

the danger of disorders spreading from the adjoining Spanish zone. The eastern boundary is already fixed by the Algerian frontier. It is the southern frontier which is at present the vaguest, and must long remain so. A long salient of unsubdued territory stretches northwards from the desert into the interior of the country, and within it is included a considerable length of the range of the Great Atlas. The eastern side of this salient may be roughly taken to be the course of the Oued Ziz, and the western side a line drawn northwards from Tamgrout to Ouaouizert. Between the Atlantic and Tamgrout the southern boundary generally follows a line from west to east between Tiznit and Tamgrout.

These are the bounds which Marshal Lyautey has deliberately set to the effective occupation. Within them is the area which he calls "Le Maroc Utile"—all the territory suitable for economic development, protected by stable military frontiers against raids from the unsubdued regions outside the bounds. The formula of "Le Maroc Utile" was arrived at in 1920, when the French Government, seriously concerned at the prospect of further heavy military expenditure, pressed the Resident-General to make a final plan of operations with a time limit. The result was a three years' scheme of campaigns, due to end in 1923, so that in 1924 the garrison should be on a fixed peace basis and the Budget charges regularised on a reduced scale. A final peace basis will not be quite reached in the time allowed, but it is within sight, and a considerable reduction in army strength and expenditure has already been made. The two last operations of consequence were carried out last summer and autumn. The more important of these was the reduction of the "Tache de Taza" (the "Taza blot"), the high mountain region south of Taza in which sections of the Ait Tsegrouchen and other tribes had taken refuge. The "blot" has been pierced to the centre by converging columns, and only a few hundred hostile tribesmen, isolated and scattered, keep up a fitful resistance on the inhospitable heights. The great block of hostile country which has always divided eastern from western Morocco

has thus been virtually cleared, and the way is open for easy communication from the Atlantic coast to Algeria.

The other main operation of the summer has been completely achieved: the line of military posts south of Kasbah Tadla has been carried over the ridge of the Middle Atlas, and the new line, on the north bank of the Oued El Abid (running north-east from Ouaouizert to the plain of Alemsid), will be a permanent barrier against invasion from the Great Atlas and the salient of unsubdued country in the south.

When the Resident-General arrived in Fez on May 24th, 1912, to take up his duties he found the Government of Sultan Moulay Hafid tottering before a violent revolt. "I camp in a besieged city," he said in his first telegram to Paris, sent the same night. Next day General (then Colonel) Gouraud, with such forces as could be gathered, made a sortie and relieved the town from immediate danger. Outside Fez, Meknes, and the Chaouia, however, the Sultan's writ did not run far. The little group of men who set out to found the Protectorate were in a narrow strip of territory surrounded by enemies. There were constant raids on the Fez-Meknes road both from the border of the Spanish zone on the north and from the Middle Atlas on the south. A military commander faced with such a situation might be expected to think first of punitive expeditions. It is a mark of the supreme confidence of Marshal Lyautey in his politico-military method that he dared to use it from the very beginning.

As a preliminary, however, the Resident-General took drastic action at the centre of government itself. Moulay Hafid had not willingly accepted the Protectorate, and did not readily help in its establishment. He was removed to Rabat on June 6th and abdicated in August. His brother, Moulay Youssef, was elected Sultan.

A week after his arrival in Fez the Resident-General laid out his immediate scheme of military operations. In Western Morocco there was to be no extension of the territory then occupied—the Chaouia and the Rabat-Fez-Meknes zone—except to establish security. The Chaouia (the region stretching inland from Casablanca) was

already in fair order, but military action was necessary in the Fez district. Here the command was given to General Gouraud. From the start General Gouraud was accompanied by a political staff known as *officiers de renseignements*, the fore-runners of the *Service des Renseignements*, which has become so important a department of the Government of the Protectorate. He had with him also groups of notables of the country, destined at each stage of the advance to become the links between the French authorities and the local organs of the Cherifian Government. North and south of Fez posts were established at points chosen, not only out of regard for military needs, but on account of the advantages they offered of contact with friendly or hesitating tribes. Once a post was fixed it became not only a point in a military front, but a centre from which the *officier de renseignements* negotiated with neighbouring tribes. When by such pacific action the ground had been prepared, the line of posts was pushed forward, and the intervening territory so reclaimed was reorganised for peaceful government. Fighting was frequently necessary, but was a last resource. The essence of the plan was that civil administration should keep pace with the military advance. The same plan was used throughout the eleven years of conquest. "I want my posts," explained Marshal Lyautey to a group of officers at Martimprey in 1913, "to give the natives the impression that they are permanent, not provisional. My great preoccupation is to choose such places for them that commercial life can grow about them. . . . I establish them in the neighbourhood of the big Moroccan markets. Military considerations point in the same direction as economic considerations. As long as I have the markets at the mouth of my guns I shall command the country. When surrender has been made I would have the bayonets sheathed and the doctors would pass to the front." The medical service all along, and especially among the Berbers, has had a signal success. It has been universally received without suspicion, and its benefits, often of the most elementary kind, have had important political consequences. When the political officer—as we

should call him—was left in a post with his small garrison of native troops and his interpreter, the doctor was his almost inseparable associate. On visits to chiefs in the district the political officer talked public affairs while the doctor held an impromptu reception of ailing persons. By such patient and undemonstrative methods as these General Gouraud, in the first months of the Protectorate, managed to give Meknes and Fez elbow-room north and south. The value of this early and unhesitating adoption of a policy of expansion which has never since been abandoned can hardly be emphasised enough. Its simplicity and its success hide its importance. There was no clumsy groping towards the scheme; it was thought out and put into practice from the beginning.

The same sureness of vision marked the Resident-General's choice of a policy for the south of Western Morocco, where the political and racial conditions were entirely different. Here, the need for decision was thrust upon him by events. He had intended to let the south severely alone for a time, but the Mahdist rising, led by El Hiba, who was proclaimed Sultan at Tiznit in June, 1912, forced him to act. General Mangin marched on Marrakech, which had been occupied by El Hiba, and took the city on September 7th. The Mahdist movement was broken and the region south of Mogador was restored to order. Still unwilling to spend his force in occupying the Sous, the Resident-General made the arrangement known as the "policy of the Grand Caids." It is impossible to explain in detail here the curious political system of which the Grand Caids were, and still are, the principal figures. It must suffice to say that these great lords, governing conglomerations of tribes and considerable stretches of country, bore much the same relation to the Sultan as the powerful feudal barons bore to the English kings in the Middle Ages.

During a visit to Marrakech in October, 1912, Marshal Lyautey made a bargain with a number of the Caids, including the powerful Glaoui, by which they retained their privileges of local government, owning still only the same nominal obedience to the Sultan, but agreed to pay taxes

and undertook to keep peace within their provinces. That arrangement has been so successful that it still subsists. The French authorities have abstained from any real interference in the affairs of these tribes of the Sous. There is hostility and a certain danger of trouble in the extreme confines of the south—in the Little Atlas, for instance, where El Hiba still lives, a refugee safe from attack. But the menace is slight and the general stability of the "policy of the Grand Caids" is such that during the whole of the European War there were never more than three battalions of French troops in Marrakech. In November, 1916, a rebellion broke out in the Sous, but this was dealt with by a number of the Grand Caids—the Glaoui, the M'Tougui and the Gandoufi—entirely unaided. They raised an army of 10,000 men at their own expense and quelled the disorder in a campaign which lasted until April, 1917.

It is possible to argue that this policy of expediency cannot be permanent. It makes a ragged edge to the complete authority of the Sultan and the Protectorate. It leaves in existence an obstacle to European exploitation of the Sous, to the development of the port of Agadir, to any plan for linking Morocco to French West Africa by railway or by some other regular means of communication. But all these schemes of development are still in the stage of preliminary projects. The French authorities in Morocco are inclined to treat with a certain scepticism the accounts which are published from time to time of the rich natural resources of the Sous. And although a distinguished authority on colonial development, M. Bonami, last summer visited Southern Morocco to investigate the possibility of constructing a Trans-Mauritanian railway, the practicability of such a scheme is nebulous.

In accordance with the conservative plans already referred to, the military operations in Western Morocco up to the outbreak of the European War were limited to certain essential aims. The most important of these was the pushing through of a road to Eastern Morocco along the line Meknes-Fez-Taza-Oudjda. In 1912 the

effectively occupied region round Meknes and Fez was only a narrow passage, and Taza—one of the most splendid of the Moroccan towns in its day, but now in miserable decay—was not in French hands. During 1913 the "Taza corridor," as it came to be called, was slowly widened and lengthened, and on May 10th, 1914, the town itself was taken. From Eastern Morocco General Alix had pushed forward posts to the Upper Moulouya and the communication with Oudjda was established. The rapid construction of the military railway along this line ensured its being kept open.

In order to protect the Chaouia against raids from the Middle Atlas, the adjoining Tadla region was occupied after some stiff fighting, and the frontier was carried to the Oued-er-Rebia with Kasbah Tadla as the centre of defence. In 1914 most of the Zaian peoples in this neighbourhood were subdued, and General Henrys established a post at Khenifra. When the Great War began there was, therefore, a firmly occupied region in Western Morocco, and Eastern Morocco was well held from Oudjda, in the north, to Bou-Denib in the south. There was one slender line of communication between the two sections of the country.

It is not too much to say that the most serious check which ever menaced the process of conquest was threatened by the French Government itself. On the outbreak of war with Germany the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Minister of War telegraphed to the Resident-General (July 27th and 28th) ordering him "To maintain in Morocco only the minimum of indispensable forces, as the fate of Morocco would be decided in Lorraine; to reduce the occupation to that of the principal ports, if possible to the line of communication Kenitra-Meknes-Fez-Oudjda, all the advance posts being temporarily abandoned and the first care being to bring down to the coast French and other European residents of the interior." Marshal Lyautey sent a prompt reply in such strong terms that it amounted to a refusal. He announced his programme (July 30th) as being: "To keep Morocco for France to the end, not only as a possession, as a *gage*

already won, but as a reservoir of resources of every kind for the mother country." If the decision seemed daring, it was thoroughly justified by events. France received steadily increasing help from Morocco during the war. The Resident-General stripped his army of occupation of a great proportion of its French troops. In one month he embarked for France 37 battalions, with some artillery, cavalry and engineers—sending more than had been demanded. His commanders—Gouraud, Mangin, Franchet D'Esperey, Degoutte—whose careers owe something to their Moroccan training, left him one by one for the great theatres of war. Later on he was able to send large numbers of Moroccans to form fighting and labour battalions in France, and he transported a vast quantity of wheat at such prices that it is estimated that the French Government saved altogether 300,000,000 francs on the price it would have had to pay if it had bought the same supplies in France.

Having accepted the challenge of the war, Marshal Lyautey had to adapt his policy to the new conditions. It was now that the choice of a plan of gradual expansion with the minimum of military action showed its value most convincingly. It is easy to imagine what a check the European War would have brought if Morocco had been in a turmoil of punitive expeditions carried out by formidable columns. As things were, the army of occupation simply reduced the garrisons of its posts on each front, and relied on a mobile column to come to the help of any threatened point. By a ceaseless and rapid movement to and fro along the line the mobile column multiplied its value as a demonstration of force, and it was as a demonstration that it was chiefly intended to be used in this period. In every department of activity the Resident-General reinforced this "policy of prestige," which imposed on the native population the conviction that the French cause, both in Europe and Africa, was in no danger. Public works, instead of being retarded, were pushed on. The programme of road-making already planned was steadily pursued. The works which have this year made Casablanca a port for great liners were begun.

Railway construction was actively continued. The organisation of both the local and central government was perfected. To encourage industry and economic development, exhibitions were held during the war at Casablanca, Rabat and Fez. There was even an exhibition of native Moroccan art held in the Louvre in 1917. Casablanca was not only permitted but exhorted to keep up the normal life of a European city.

The official military policy was to keep the various fronts "passive" during this critical time, and it is a notable fact that the Protectorate, so recently established in a Mohammedan country, weathered the crisis threatened by the entry of Turkey into the war on the German side. But action was forced on the army of occupation on the frontier of the Spanish zone by the raids of Raisuli and Abd-el-Malik, which were believed to be instigated by Germany and even to be accompanied by German agents. As a result the "Taza corridor" was still further widened on the north side. On the south side one of the few serious mishaps of the conquest occurred near Khenifra in November, 1914, when a small column made an imprudent sortie and lost half its number. This error was, however, quickly redeemed, and later, in 1917 and 1918, new posts were established still nearer the Middle Atlas.

By far the most important achievement during this period, however, was the driving of a new line of communication over the Middle Atlas from Western to Eastern Morocco. This made a clear road from Meknes to Bou-Denib by way of the Tarzeft pass. It also had the capital military effect of cutting right through the block of unreduced country. The circle since known as the "Taza blot" was isolated from the other large area of resistance at the south-western end of the Middle Atlas. The main operations since the war in Europe ended have been designed to subdue the "Taza blot" and to create a safe frontier in the other area.

So simple a record might conceivably produce the false impression that there has been little real fighting. As a matter of fact, the fighting south of Taza last year was severe, and there have been, for such guerilla war-

fare, heavy losses. Here political action by the *Service des Renseignements* had proved quite ineffective, and no results but those gained by force of arms were expected. But it is true that throughout the conquest the emphasis has been placed on the superior advantages of the political side of the method. In 1920, after listening quietly to the reports of a group of officers at a frontier post, Marshal Lyautey struck the table with his fist and exclaimed, "Come, come, nobody has yet spoken of political action. You know that that method is dear to me, that it has always been a success with us." He has written elsewhere: "It is the very basis of all my doctrines of colonial war: the negation of violent action from the start; it is that which gives the maximum economy of effort as well as of risk and of human lives; that which leaves behind it the least damage for the time when construction begins—construction, which is the unique aim of every colonial war."

During the later period of military action it has been the practice to confine the fighting to certain fronts while keeping the others "passive," and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that on occasion a passive front is practically held by a line of political officers. At this moment, for instance, the northern front is passive and is under the charge of the *Service des Renseignements*. The line is kept well away from the frontier of the Spanish zone, and the business of the political officers is to keep the Protectorate authorities and the local chiefs on good terms with the border tribes, ensure the avoidance of all provocative measures and of any incidents which might necessitate military interference.

An excellent instance of the combined influence of political and military action is to be found in the surrender, at Azilal on June 16th of last year, of the marabout Sidi Ma Ahansali, a chief ruling in the Grand Atlas. The writer of this article has before him an account of the curious family history of this petty prince, which was compiled in 1922. Going back to the 13th century, it is a good example of the careful research work of the *Service des Renseignements*. It was drawn up because

the marabout had been coquetting with the Protectorate authorities since 1918, when the French forces approached the mountains. He was not bullied, but the united influence of persistent action by the *Service des Renseignements* and last summer's military advance induced the submission of a chief whose family had never been under the effective government of the Sultan.

A word may be said of the cost to the French Government of the whole process of conquest. As regards civil expenditure, the Protectorate has from the first been entirely self-sufficing. There is a considerable State debt, but not a penny of the revenue of France has been used to subsidise Morocco. The cost of the army of occupation has, however, fallen on the French Budget. The total net cost from 1907 to the end of 1922 (including, that is to say, various military operations preceding the Protectorate) is about 1,200,000,000 francs. It is estimated that the remaining operations will bring the total to about 1,500,000,000 francs. This figure is not the gross cost of the operations; it is arrived at by deducting from the gross figure the normal cost of upkeep of the forces used, which would have fallen on the French Treasury even if the troops had been kept inactive in garrison during the period of service.

It is not within the purpose of this article to describe the system of internal government which has been created in the Protectorate, although the supple, tolerant and orderly administration has played an enormous part in the conquest itself. Nor is it possible to do more than mention the care with which the place of religion in the social and political life has been conserved. Generally, the policy has been to make as few changes as possible, either in local or national institutions and practices. The primitive judicial courts of the Berber tribes are maintained equally with the old religious jurisdictions of the Mohammedan and Jew populations. The framework of the Maghzen, the government of the Sultan, has been altered, but both the Sultan and his native Ministers have a real voice in the making of decisions. Nobody who has read the Resident-General's repeated statements of his

ideal of a "policy of association" can doubt his sincerity. In the preface to his general report to the French Government in July, 1914, he said that the formula "Morocco is a Protectorate" was "not a theoretical formula of transition but a lasting reality; the economic and moral penetration of a people, not by their subjection to our power or even to our liberties, but by a close association in which we administer the country in peace through its own organs of government in accordance with its own customs and liberties." Elsewhere he has written: "What dominates and characterises this conception is the formula *supervision* (the French *contrôle*) as opposed to the formula *direct administration*."

At the end of this brief survey of a vital political creation it remains to be emphasised that the work from the beginning to the end bears the stamp of the personality of Marshal Lyautey. All the main characteristics of the Protectorate are of his making, the method of conquest was of his choosing, and Morocco has rewarded him with an enormous prestige. He had, of course, learned lessons from others. He is reminiscent of Duplex, of British administrators in Egypt and India, and the *bureaux Arabes* of Algeria form a precedent for the *Service des Renseignements*. Marshal Lyautey would himself describe General Gallieni as his master. From 1898 to 1900 Lyautey served under Gallieni in the campaign for the pacification of Upper Tonkin, and his letters home show how the problem of colonial development was illuminated for the future Resident-General of Morocco by this experience. "There is no Gallieni method, there is no Gallieni formula," he wrote in 1900, "there are two, there are twenty, or rather, yes, there is a method whose name is suppleness, elasticity, suitability to place, time and circumstance." He was also, even thus early, an unequivocal admirer of British administration, of its unity of plan, instantaneous execution, practical sense, tenacity, essentially elastic adaptation to countries and climates. In a word, everything that we have not got." France, in Morocco at any rate, has got these qualities now.

SORTES VIRGILIANÆ

BY HERMAN COHEN

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state.

HENCE poor man has always wanted to turn overleaf, and no age or known country but has made its own arrangements for over-reaching, so to say, its own reasoning faculty. The mere number of words alone which this persistent impulse has thrown up high and dry in the language testifies to its influence—oracle, omen, augury, divination, fortune, fatalism, inspiration, sorcery, Sibyl, lots—*et plurima Sortis imago*. They are now all figures of speech but so frequently employed—hackneyed, in fact, that they are evidently needed for whole tracts of thought. It is hard to believe that in the mouths of educated persons they were ever more than metaphors or illustrations, but the fact is so—such people did believe in superstition, and though the classical varieties are dead (if, indeed, they do not survive somewhere *in partibus*) superstition itself is not dead. If you want proof, look round.

Almost the only purely literary form of fatidiction is Book or Verse Lottery, as Gataker called it in 1619. As, perhaps, the most famous instance is English, we may—unchronologically—refer to it as the type. In 1700 there appeared *Memoirs of the most material transactions in England for the last hundred years preceding the Revolution in 1688*, by Dr. James Welwood. On p. 93 of the 1820 edition we are told of Charles I., in 1642 (or 3):—

The King being at Oxford during the Civil Wars went one day to see the Public Library, where he was shown, among other books, a Virgil nobly printed and exquisitely bound. The Lord Falkland, to divert the King would have His Majesty make a trial of his fortune by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*; which everybody knows was a usual kind of augury some ages past. Whereupon the King, opening the book, the period which happened to come up was that part of Dido's imprecation against Æneas, which Mr. Dryden translates thus [iv. 615-20.]:

Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose,
Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field.
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd.

Let him for succour sue from place to place
Torn from his Subjects and his Son's embrace.
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when at length the cruel War shall cease
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy Supreme Command
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unburi'd in the barren sand.

It is said King Charles seemed concerned at this accident, and that the Lord Falkland observing it, would likewise try his fortune in the same manner; hoping he might fall upon some passage that could have no relation to his case, and thereby divert the King's thought from any impression the other might have upon him; but the place that Falkland stumbled upon was yet more suited to his destiny than the other had been to the King's; being the following expressions of Evander upon the untimely death of his son Pallas, as they are translated by the same hand [XI., 152]:—

O, Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word,
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword:
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue;
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert in dangers raw to war!
O! curst essay of arms, disastrous doom
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!

Now it has not (it seems) yet been pointed out that in 1677-8 Dr. Edward Lake, Archdeacon of Exeter, who about 1670 was chaplain and tutor to the Princesses Mary and Anne, wrote in his diary under January 29th:—

Wee proceeded to mention the King's [Charles's] readinesse in foretelling events and from this to his Sors Virgiliana which hapned at Oxford in the time of the late War and whilst the parliament sat there; viz: that his majesty being tired out with businesse and afflictions resolv'd to recreate himself with some young noblemen who were students there, by pricking in Virgill for his fortune, which he did and lighted upon Dido's curse to Æneas when hee left her [here he quotes Æn. iv. 615-20] whereat his majesty seem'd much concern'd.

And then comes a sequel mentioned nowhere else, which will be found to throw light on a later version:—

but sent it by Mr. German, now Earle of St. Alban's to Mr. Cowley, then student of Christchurch, to translate them into English, with a command not to acquaint him whose Sors it was; which Mr. Cowley did thus:—

By a bold people's stubborn arms oppress
Forc'd to forsake the land which he possess;
Torn from his dearest son, let him in vain
Seek help, and see his friends unjustly slain;

Let him to bold unequal terms submit,
In hopes to save his Crown yet loose both it
And life at once; untimely let him dy
And on an open strand unbury'd ly.

Lake's Diary was not published till 1846 (by those benefactors the Camden Society: Miscellany, Vol. I.). Probably, therefore, Welwood did not know it, but both reported the same tradition.

All the figures in this little story are so interesting that perhaps they may detain us still a little longer from returning to our main road.

In her *Life of Falkland* (c. 7) Lady Theresa Lewis points out that the double coincidence in Welwood's account is incredible, and it is not mentioned by anyone before him—who wrote 56 years after the event—not even by Clarendon, who was “tenderly minute” concerning Falkland. She thinks that perhaps the whole story arose from what Aubrey (who died in 1697) says in his (MS.) *The Remains of Gentilism*, viz.: In 1648 the Prince of Wales [Charles II.] was at Paris, and being visited by the poet Cowley invited him to play cards “to divert his [the Prince's] sad thoughts.” Cowley did not care to do this but proposed to use *Sortes Virgilianæ*. “Mr. Cowley always had a Virgil in his pocket.” Thereupon the Prince “pricked a pin in the fourth book of the Æneid and got ‘At bello audacis . . .’ [as above]. The Prince understood not Latin well and desired Mr. Cowley to translate the verses which he did.” Johnson, in his *Life of Cowley*, cites a letter from the poet about 1648, saying that the King is persuaded that the Scotch treaty must be concluded, “and to tell you the truth (which I take to be an argument above all the rest), Virgil has told the same thing to that purpose.” The Doctor's comment is, “I cannot but suspect Cowley of having consulted on this great occasion the Virgilian lots, and to have given some credit to the answer of his oracle.” We know now how Cowley got *dans cette galère* from Lake's entry. The conclusion to which Lady Theresa Lewis came independently—that Falkland must be cut out of the story—is confirmed, for Lake must have heard of his share in it (if any) and reported it.

Naturally the incident at Bodley's was long remembered at Oxford. As late as 1711 the great Dr. George Hickes, writing to Dr. Charlett, the Master of University College, says: “I happened to dip in page 46 [of a Latin book], where I cast my eye on the *Sortes Virgilianæ* of Charles I.: ‘At bello . . .’ etc.” After recalling an omen at James II.'s coronation, he goes on: “I put no great stress on omens, but I cannot despise them; most of them I believe come by chance, but some from superior intellectual agents, especially those which regard the fate of kings and nations.” (Letters printed with Aubrey's *Lives*: 1813 v. i., p. 213). *Tantæne iræ?*

When did Bibliomancy come into existence? Of the later practice there is certainly no mention in *De Divinatione*. Cicero had no illusions about the game and play of “lots” in his time; the author of the Sybil's verses, he says (ii., 54), “so manipulated obscurity that the same lines might appear to suit one state of things in one place and another in another.” But it is just possible that there is a hint how the whole thing grew up when he says (i., 43) that after certain portents “in all these cases the answers of the officials (*haruspicum*) were wont to coincide (or agree) with the Sybil's verses,” i.e., they kept a sort of metrical *clichés* ready; people liked “the good old tags.”

All the authorities point to Hadrian (117-138 A.D.) as the first authentic¹ instance of the cult. We know that the ancients were always trying their luck one way or another, and there is nothing surprising that having run through the old-fashioned gamut of fortune telling, the first century of the empire should invent a new mild excitement, and that of a lettered, not to say, pedantic kind for which it had plenty of time. The references to lots—of various vintages (*Praenestinæ*, etc.) grew under the first Cæsars, and on this foundation M. Bouché-Leclercq in his great *History of Divination* (1879) has built so ingenious a

(1) It is possible that the game grew up at Naples, that great home of superstition even at the present day: see the novels of Matilde Serao. Cf. in Prof. Tenney Fink's *Life of Vergil* (1922): “To Donatus, no doubt, *Magia* seemed a suitable name for the mother of a poet who knew the mysteries of the lower world.” (c.1.) Tunison, *Master Virgil* (1889), p. 44, mentions “other Emperors, Claudius [Clodius: d. 197 A.D.], Albinus . . . and the two Gordians,” but does not give his authority.

speculation of the process to mediæval (or earlier) methods that it is worth reproducing his own words:

Between a lot or written dictum drawn out of an urn by a hand which Providence directs and a *viva voce* speech which Providence had dictated ["Cledonism," he calls it] there is hardly any appreciable difference. In the one case, as in the other, the vehicle of the supernatural (*divine*) thought is the enigmatical diction which, after the event, is to be twisted according to the effect of its interpretation (Vol. i., p. 159). We shall find *Cledonism* stereotyped and converted into palpable lots in the most perfected of the lottery methods, that which uses written speech, phrases designated by chance and applied to a given interrogation. The lots used in the Italic oracles seem to have consisted of detached letters which could form the words. The Greeks beside certain analogous experiments, practised especially rhapsodomancy or divination by detached phrases met by chance in the inspired books, such as the poems of Homer and Hesiod¹ and the collections of oracles. That is obviously a method of *savants* which could only come into existence after oral prophecy and to supply the want of failing inspiration. It was supposed that the official oracles, the free soothsayers (*chresmologues*), and even the great poets, mouthpieces of the Muses, had accumulated enough verities that one might find in their writings counsel applicable to all the circumstances of life. (*Ib.* p. 195.)

At an epoch when the *Æneid* used to be looked on less as a human *chef d'œuvre* than an inspired book and when the "Virgilian Lots" were fashionable, the Fortune (of Præneste) used the verses of Virgil for her responses. She applied to Alexander Severus [222-235 A.D.], threatened by the jealousy of his terrible cousin Heliogabalus, the sad saying of Anchises: "If thou prevailest to break through the fates, thou shalt be Marcellus" (Lamprid. Alex. Sev. 4). (*Ib.* iv. 153.)

Again, *ib.* 157, he tells how Claudius the Goth [268-70 A.D.] consulted the Fortune of the Fount of Aponus, citing Trebellius Pollio: Claud. 10: the responses were *Æn.* I. 268, 278, VI. 289. Trebellius, by the way, there mentions another *sors* at another place in verses either of some poet unidentified or made up on the spot.

Finally, we may cite the learned Frenchman (*ib.* 158): "To sum up, the *lots* of Italy occupy a very small place compared with the Hellenic *mantéions* (seats of prophecy). . . . For long their power of fate-telling was attached to miraculous amulets: then, people concluded that providential chance might just as well find its tell-tale allusions in phrases engraved by the hand of man; finally they delivered to the caprice of this mystical

(1) Van Dole, *Oracles*, translated by Mrs. Aphra Behn, pp. 241-3, adds Euripides, but gives no instance.

exegesis the works of Homer and of Virgil, but these works were public property, and as hasard could preserve its *clairvoyance* in all places, it was no longer necessary to go and find at a particular spot resources which were available everywhere."

In other words, you began by spinning letters (very much like those in modern "word" games) to see what came of it; then the oracle-monger gave you a text from the great books ready-made; and at last you pricked in them yourself.

We need not ask why Italians resorted to Virgil. Mr. Mackail speaks of "that perpetual brooding over futurity which made him, within a comparatively short time after his death, regarded as a prophet and his works as in the same sense oracular. The *Sortes Virgilianæ*, if we may believe the confused gossip of the Augustan History, were almost a State institution while rationalism was still the State creed in ordinary matters" (Latin Literature: Horace). His popularity was continuous, culminating in the Middle Ages in his semi-apotheosis as a wizard,¹ the full story of which has been told by Comparetti ("Vergilio nel medio evo"), who, by the way, says very little on this subject (but adds the Sibylline Books to the magic circle). In effect, that sublimation rested on the same ground as that on which Dante re-immortalised Virgil—dating his semi-sanctification² from Statius (who died in 69 A.D.), in the well-known passages *Purg.* xxi. (end) and xxii.

Then, as so often happens, the hieratic was gradually vapourised into the playful.

Rabelais tells us (B. 3: c. 10) "how Pantagruel representeth unto Panurge the difficulty of giving advice in the matter of marriage and to that purpose mentioneth somewhat of the Homeric and Virgilian Lotteries. 'Bring hither,' he says, 'Virgil's poems that . . . we may

(1) Yet Dr. Glover notes 'how free the *Æneid* is from divination and magic—the lamentable side-tracks of popular and even of literary religion': *Studies in Virgil*, c. xi. 4.

(2) Cf. "[Falconia] Proba, wife of a praefect of Rome, compelled Virgil to prophesy of Christ by the simple means of reading Christianity into a cento of lines from the *Æneid*" about 400 A.D. (Cambridge Mediæval History, v. 1, p. 570). So Tunison, *Master Virgil* (1888): his works were "now looked upon as the inspired writings of the race."

explore the future Hap of your intended marriage.'” Amongst many other instances he cites “Adrian, who being hugely perplexed within himself and of a longing humour to know in what accompt he was with the Emperor Trajan . . . had recourse to the Maronian Lottery . . .” and drew :

. . . what's the man, who from afar appears
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears?
His hoary beard and holy vestments bring
His lost idea back; I know the Roman King.

[Dryden: Bk. vi., 809.]

Quis procul ille ramis insignis olivæ
Sacra ferens? Nosco crines incanaque menta
Regis Romani. . . .

And then Pantagruel runs through the stock example, repeated from writer to writer, of Roman emperors who made similar experiments. They contain, it seems, the only recorded instances of *Sortes Homericae*, and two out of the three are not *Sortes* at all but mere casual quotations in talk, hailed as prophetic, *après coup*. The third—Macrinus curious to know whether he should reign, drew from the eight Iliad (vv. 102-3):

Old man, these youthful warriors press thee sore,
Thy vigour spent and with the weight of years
Oppress'd.

—may have authority, but it is not easy to trace, and Gibbon only says: “Malice or fanaticism had suggested to an African deeply skilled in the knowledge of futurity a very dangerous prediction that Macrinus and his son were destined to reign over the Empire” (c. 6). But Rabelais adds a case from his own experience for his friend Master Pierre Amy and he “did in like manner explore . . . if he should escape the ambush of the hobgoblins who lay in wait to bemawl him”; he got:

O! flee the cruel lands, this greedy
shore flee!

[B. iii. v. 44.]

“Of all the *Sortes Virgilianæ*,” says Sir Walter Besant (*Rabelais*), “which Rabelais has elsewhere recorded this was the most sensible and the most to the point.”

And both escaped from the cloister. In c. xii. by way of forecasting the success of Panurge's marriage they have

three “shots,” with dice, to find the number of the line in the page. Each of course interprets differently what they bring down—in truly Rabelaisian style and dialogue. This passage is, apparently, up to this date, the only instance of fiction¹ using this “machinery,” but it must be remembered that there is up to 1600 very little fiction dealing with any period. Modern novelists, we shall see, have not disdained this artifice.

St. Augustine (about 400 A.D.) knew the old heathen habit. He knew, he tells us, a wise physician Vindicianus who pointed out to him that the power of chance was widely diffused in the physical world: “for,” said he, “if anyone will consult the pages of a poet whose theme and intention are totally alien from the enquirer's business, yet a line wonderfully apt to it may come out: there was nothing wonderful, he used to say, if from a human soul, by some superior instinct, knowing not what is going on within it, something is heard, not by art, but by luck which suits the circumstances of that person.” (*Confessions*: B. iv., c. iii., 5: Paris Edn., 1836: Vol. 1, p. 178.) But St. Augustine disapproved even of the more pious development. In his Epistle to Januarius cited by Fontenelle (the only helpful passage) in his *History of Oracles* (chapter on “Lots”), he says: “Even those who turn the pages of the gospels into a lottery, though they had better do this than consult devils (*dæmonia*), displease me by that practice, for they seek to divert to the affairs of this world and the vanity of this life divine oracles

(1) There may be a reference in the first speech of Marlowe's *Faustus*:

These metaphysics of magicians
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters and characters;
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

There seems to be no allusion in Goethe's *Faust*. Dante could hardly introduce Vergilian *sortes* into the *Divina Commedia*, but see Purg. xix. 4, “Quando i geomanti . . .” where it appears, from the King of Saxony's note, that geomancy had a “literary touch.” Mr. Paget Toynbee quotes (*Dante in English Literature*: ii. 558) the *Story of Lelia* (p. 107), from Heath's *Picturesque Annual* for 1832 as “*Sortes Danteanæ*”: “Lelia betook herself to the altars and gods of her people. *Sortes* were wrested from the pages of Dante.” So Mr. Maurice Hewlett relates how Mary Queen of Scots and Rizzio were found reading Macchiavelli. “They had been trying the *Sortes*, then? The *Sors Macchiavelliana*?” (*The Queen's Quair*, c. 9.)

which speak for another world" (Ep. 55, otherwise 119: col. ii.: col. 213: Paris edn. above). Perhaps *dæmonia* here suggests the gathering mystification of Virgil's wizardry. The learned editors add that in 789 there was an ordinance by Louis le Debonnaire that "no one should presume to prick for lots in the Psalter or the Gospels or in anything else [n.b.] or practise divination of any kind," and they add that this was prohibited by a Council as early as 506. Nevertheless, says Gibbon (c. 28): "From the 4th to the 14th century these *sortes sanctorum* [lots of the Holy] . . . repeatedly . . . condemned by the decrees of Councils" were "repeatedly practiced by kings, bishops, and saints."

This antipathy has persisted. A French commentator on Rabelais drily remarks that the Christians by a survival of Pagan superstition thought they were doing a good deal when they kept the usage by only employing Holy writ, especially the Psalms. "And what is still more surprising, if we may believe Agrippa on the *Vanity of the Sciences* (c. 4), several members of the Sorbonne in his time approved this double impropriety." Yet even St. Francis (about 1200), as we know from the *Fioretti*, used this guide when he doubted whether to accept Bernardo di Quintavalle as a disciple; three times the priest opened the Missal and read: "Go, sell all thou hast," "Take nothing for your journey," "Who will come after me let him deny himself." Apparently all peoples of the Book or a Book adopted the custom. The Jews did much the same in Tadmudical times and in the Middle Ages, and the Koran and Hafiz still supply Lots of the Holy to Moslems. A few years ago E. B. Tylor said that it was "still very usual in Germany" to "prick for texts" in the Bible (*Encyc. Brit.: Divination*). An interesting instance is that of the late Empress Eugénie at Paris in 1870, before Sedan, "turning over the pages of her Bible in search of lucky passages" (Guedalla: *The Second Empire*, p. 419).

(1) This idea about the Bible was urged as recently as October, 1922, by Dr. Selbie, a well-known minister of religion in England. See the *Morning Post*, October 9, p. 6. The reverend gentleman seems to have thought that the practice had been revived in this country.

Another is that of Dr. Horton who, when he had conscientious doubts whether he should offer friends beer after breakfast at Oxford in 1884, opened his Bible; his eye fell on Isaiah v., ii.: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink." (*Autobiography*, c. 9.) Perhaps the *locus classicus* is supplied by Mr. Winston Churchill who, asked in 1911 to go to the Admiralty, was hesitating: "That night when I went to bed I saw a large Bible lying on a table in my bedroom. . . . I opened the Book at random, at Deuteronomy, c. ix., 1-5: 'Hear, O Israel, thou art to pass over Jordan this day,' etc. [*etcetera* here is significant]. . . . It seemed a message full of reassurance" (*The World Crisis*, c. 3: 1923).

One English writer has explained and another has idealised this post-Christian survival. To "extremely devout persons," says Mr. Edmund Gosse (*Father & Son*, c. 7), "there is something objectionable in most of the great writers of antiquity. Horace, Lucretius, Terence, Catullus, Juvenal—in each there is one quality definitely repulsive to a reader who is determined to know nothing but Christ and Him crucified. From time immemorial, however, it has been recognised in the Christian Church that this objection does not apply to Virgil. He is the most evangelical of the Classics; he is the one who can be employed with least to explain away and least to excuse".¹

F. W. Myers deals characteristically with the subject in his Essay on Virgil: "Here, too, are the long roll of prophecies sought tremblingly in the monk's cell or echoing in the ears of Emperors from Apollo's shrine (Claudius, Hadrian, Severus, etc., 'in templo Apollinis Cumani') which have answered the appeal made by so many an eager heart to the Virgilian Lots—that strange invocation which has been addressed, I believe, to Homer, Virgil, and the Bible alone—the offspring of men's passionate desire to bring to bear on their own lives the

(1) On the "Messianic" child Professor Fink says: "It may well be that a stray image whose ultimate source was none other than Isaiah came in this indirect fashion into Virgil's poem." (*Life*, p. 136.)

wisdom and the beauty which they revered in the past, to make their prophets, in such wise as they might

Speak from those lips of immemorial speech
If but one word for each."

It was inevitable that the last stage of this ancient species of speculation should minister to mere amusement—literate, indeed, but still a pastime. Sir N. Wraxall relates how in 1788:

During the few minutes that elapsed before dinner. . . . I amused myself with trying the *Sortes Virgilianæ* on the great public questions which then so strongly agitated every mind. Accordingly I asked of the poet "Will the Prince of Wales become Regent or not?" Opening the book, my eye fell on these words:

[— *sic regia tecta*, etc.]

"Thus, sad to see, would he go under the royal roof." . . . I thought the passage so descriptive of the indecorous haste which the heir-apparent manifested to assume the royal functions as to justify me in making a second appeal. I therefore proposed for the solution to the spirit of Maro: "Will the King recover his understanding or will he be detained in confinement during the remainder of his life?" The line on which my finger lighted was:

[*Corpora viva nefas*. . . .]

"None may carry the living in the Stygian bark." . . . The truth is Virgil's divine poem inspires such just admiration that the gift of prediction has been bestowed on it as if in it dwelt a prophetic and oracular spirit capable of resolving all questions.

This is pretty well for an English Member of Parliament, almost a statesman, a hundred years before Comparetti's "*Vergilio nel Medio Evo*."

Obviously the hobby suits not only the grave but the gay. Thus in 1873, Samuel Butler's Miss Savage, being in doubt whether to go out or not, "to put an end to the debate I referred to Virgil. . . . Opening the book at random," she got *levat ipse tridentem*, "which clearly signified supper"; she bade "them take their three-pronged fork and make me some buttered toast" (*The Life of Butler*, v. 1, c. 12).

A later British diplomatist, Mr. Maurice Baring (in the last words of *The Puppet Show of Memory*, 1922), tells how being in doubt in Russia whether he should go to England, "I decided to take the *Sortes Shakespearianæ*. I opened a volume at random—my pencil fell on the

phrase 'Puck . . . begone' [*Comedy of Errors*, iii., 2, 158]. I waited another day and repeated the experiment. My pencil again fell on the same line." By the way, there seems to be no *locus classicus* for *Sortes Shakespearianæ*: so, perhaps, the following actual instance may be welcome. In 1910 there was in this country a prize competition of plays; a well-known literary duke was the judge. The winner, a lady in the United States, would fain try her luck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "I gave it a shake, shut my eyes, thrust in my forefinger, exhorted W.S. to give me news—and read: 'BOTTOM: . . . All that I will tell you is that the Duke hath dined . . . for the short and the long is our play is preferred.'"

The modern novelist has not neglected this opportunity. It is noteworthy that Dickens does not avail himself of it in the whole extent of his fiction, for he did in fact amuse himself with this literary diversion. Telling Forster how he "began *Dombey*," he writes in 1846: "By the way, as I was unpacking the big box I took hold of a book and said to them: 'Now, whatever passage my thumb rests on, I shall take as having reference to my work.' It was *Tristram Shandy*, and opened at these words: 'What a work it is likely to turn out! Let us begin it!'" (*Life*, B. 2, c. 5).

Among his successors, Gissing has restored the device to its semi-classical setting. He employs it twice in *Veranilda*—a tale of about 600 A.D.: "Aurelia . . . sought a volume of the Gospels, inserted her forefinger between the pages at random and anxiously regarded the passage thus chosen" (c. xiv.). So (*ib.*) he makes Basil at the Monastery act upon a verse taken at haphazard from the Psalms: "Thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine." In both these instances, of course, the purpose is Christian and the novelist's touch is a reminder that the advent of Christianity naturally changed the *venue* to the sacred writers: the pagan Saturnalia gave place to a Christmas of the Bible or the Fathers.

Mr. Hardy, a master of expedients, makes Bathsheba in *Far from the Madding Crowd* (c. 13, which he heads

Sortes Sanctorum) consult her Bible—the Book of Ruth—with a key, to know whom she shall marry, but neither the process nor the result is clear. Mr. Eden Phillpotts, in *The River* (c. 23), makes Edgecombe “pick up the Bible from a desire to see what special text would greet him on this day of days.” Two trials lead to the same verse in St. Matthew.

The original diversion of an actual appeal to the Mantuan himself has not wholly died out. When the war broke out and the whole country suddenly became a training camp the oracle gave forth :

The peaceful cities of the Ausonian shore
Lull'd in their ease and undisturbed before
Are all on fire; and some, with studious care
Their restive steeds on sandy plains prepare :
Some their soft limbs in painful marches try,
And war is all their wish and arms the general cry.

(vii. 623.)

. . . omnes arma requirunt.

and when the future of Britain and Germany was sought, the message was in the words of the betrayed Dido, from which our first instance was taken :

Nullus amor populis nec foedera sunt.
Nor league nor love the hostile nations know !

But here we obviously touch the merely felicitous quotation. To this has dwindled the once imperial art of literary soothsaying. The *Æneid* no longer enlightens the future, but is a very arsenal of graphic citation. Perhaps the wittiest and most apposite of all was that of Queen Elizabeth's (flogged but) immortal Eton boy :

Great Queen what you command me to relate
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate.
Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Postscript.—Since the above was written I have found an interesting sequel to the incident of Charles I. in Thoms's *Anecdotes and Traditions* (Camden Society, 1839; No. 179; *Sortes Virgilianæ*). Ogilby's translation of Virgil appeared in 1649, the year Charles was beheaded; he renders iv. 620: “But make the sand by sudden death his grave.” This actually led to the story that Charles was buried in the sand at Whitehall.

THE FUTURE OF TURKEY

BY “SHAHID”

THE famous dynasty of Osman, for six hundred years the pride of the Turkish Empire, is now shorn of almost the last vestige of its former splendour, and the Padishah has sunk to the painful level of the last feeble Abbaside Caliph from whom Sultan Selim the Grim obtained the Osmanli succession to the Commandership of the Faithful four centuries ago. This transformation has been brought about solely by the Turks themselves, and more especially by the very men who, only a year or two ago, emphatically proclaimed their loyalty to the Sultanate, and declared that once the Sultan had been liberated from “enemy custody,” the Imperial prerogatives would be restored. Yet Turkey is a Republic to-day; the Sultanate has been abolished, and the Caliph is little more than a mere ornament preserved for the purpose of maintaining the predominance of Turkish prestige amongst Islamic nations.

In order to understand clearly how this has been brought about, it is first of all necessary to abandon the illusion that the dominant party in Turkey to-day represents a new political school, with little or no connection with the past. In reality, the so-called Nationalist Movement, directed by Mustafa Kemal Pasha since 1919, is in the direct line of succession to the Young Turk Movement, born in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and developed by the Committee of Union and Progress, an institution very much misunderstood in Great Britain, where attention has been concentrated entirely upon the Committee's misdeeds and failures, with little or no endeavour to understand the nature of the forces which shaped Unionist policy. The Turks themselves despaired of making Europe understand, for it seemed impossible to persuade the European to think of Turkey in other than European terms, and Turkish apologists have, there-

fore, represented the Committee as a band of scoundrels concerned solely with their own private ambitions and interests. In reality, Unionist policy embodied the ideals of the great mass of the Turkish nation, and the success of the Nationalist Movement of 1919 was principally due to the fact that its objects were essentially identical, albeit adapted to special conditions, with those of the Committee. No more striking illustration of this identity could be found than a quotation from a speech made on February 22nd, 1911, by the late Musa Kiazim Effendi, the Unionist Sheikh ul Islam, who signed the "fetva" proclaiming a Holy War against the Allies. Strongly criticising a motion submitted to the Senate by the late Damad Ferid Pasha, for the restoration of certain of the Imperial prerogatives, Musa Kiazim Effendi endeavoured to prove by the Koran that "sovereignty belongs to the nation"—the exact words used by the Great National Assembly in the decree by which the Sultanate was abolished in 1922. "In such circumstances," he argued, "how can we, in the name of religion, acknowledge an absolute sovereignty in a single person? It is under these conditions that we acknowledge in the sovereign the quality of Caliph. The Prophet made it his duty to consult his people in all matters unforeseen by the Law. Therefore, it is only by virtue of the sovereignty of the nation that the Padishah has become a true Caliph." The speaker later aroused a tremendous storm when, referring to the union of various ethnical elements, he remarked: "By union, this nation will survive eternally. If we are disunited, the Turkish Government will survive by force of arms and by its authority, but the other nationalities will be annihilated. It is they whom I pity." Ten years later, it was again Damad Ferid Pasha who championed the cause of the Sultanate against the advocates of "national sovereignty," amongst whom, by an odd coincidence, there was another Musa Kiazim Effendi, who for a while was Commissioner for Religious Affairs.

The Turkish Nationalist Movement, as regards the policy adopted both towards the Sultanate and towards non-Turkish ethnical elements, as also in all other

important respects, is a direct development of Young Turk doctrines, although there are indications that the actual abolition of the titular Sultanate is an extension beyond the limits conceived by the Committee of Union and Progress. It remains to be seen whether that extension will be permanent, and whether the Republican formula will be maintained; but that the essential principles of Young Turk policy are the permanent basis of Turkish national ideals is incontestable. Those principles are well known, for they were concisely embodied in the Turkish National Pact, and they may be summarised by the formula, "Turkey for the Turks," which was really the keynote of the "Ottoman" policy of the Unionists, as may be readily understood from the previously quoted speech of the late Musa Kiazim Effendi. What was the nature of the forces which led to the adoption of these principles, and the application of such desperate methods for their fulfilment during the last fifteen years? The difficult problems confronting the Turkish nation cannot be understood without first finding an answer to this question, and sympathy without understanding is little better than idle sentiment, for it is not only unstable, but utterly useless in periods of crisis. Because this question has never been carefully studied, Great Britain failed the Turks when they looked to the British for help and guidance before the war, just as Mr. Lloyd George's Government, for the same reason, committed every possible sin of omission and commission towards Turkey after the Armistice of Mudros. Turkey is in dire need of sympathy and assistance to-day, and Great Britain, more than any other Power, is in a position to help, but unless there is also sympathetic understanding the Turks will neither ask nor accept our help.

The outstanding fact in Turkey's history during the last fifty years is not this or that war, nor the loss of various provinces, nor even the national bankruptcy proclaimed by Mahmud Nedim Pasha in 1875, but the rapid depopulation of Anatolia and the disastrous physical decline of the Turkish population. It is impossible to obtain exact statistics in connection with any branch of Turkish

affairs—except those for which the Public Debt is responsible—but certain approximate figures are available, and may safely be used as a basis for general estimates. What the population of Anatolia was a hundred years ago we have no means of ascertaining, but it probably amounted to about 15,000,000. The rapid depopulation of the country appears to have commenced soon after the introduction of conscription in 1880, a measure applied only to Moslems until 1908. According to Redhouse's estimate in 1878, the total population of Anatolia, including Erzerum and Van, amounted to about 12,000,000—of whom some 2,500,000 were Christians—and the census of 1887 gave a similar figure. All subsequent estimates, until after the proclamation of the Constitution in 1908, were based upon these figures. Prior to 1912, the Moslem population of Anatolia and Turkey in Europe combined numbered about 10,500,000. By 1914 the Turks had lost almost the whole of their European possessions, including the Ægean Islands, with a population of about 6,000,000, of whom some 3,000,000 were Moslems. If, therefore, this figure, together with about 1,000,000 for the Moslem population of the Constantinople and Adrianople provinces is deducted from the total of 10,500,000, the Moslem population of Anatolia may be estimated to have been in 1914 about 6,500,000. The Christians at the same time numbered about 2,000,000. Thus in one generation the Moslem population of Anatolia had declined by no less than 30 per cent., a truly appalling figure. The reason for this grave state of affairs is connected, not so much with constant warfare, but with the frightful inroads made upon the national physique by venereal diseases, the propagation of which was enormously intensified by the application of conscription.

As long ago as 1867, Mustapha Fazyl Pasha sounded the alarm, but nothing was done, and innumerable Consular reports to every Government in Europe testify to this terrible fact, that the Turkish nation is stricken with a mortal disease, and must ultimately disappear unless the most energetic steps are taken immediately. The provinces of Castamouni, Sivas, and Konia are especially affected by the venereal scourge, and in certain districts the entire

population, male and female, adult and juvenile, is infected.

Sultan Abdul Hamid, in the midst of his numerous pre-occupations, managed to spare a moment for the consideration of this peril, and a German specialist, Dr. von Düring Pasha, was sent to Anatolia to report and suggest remedies for the evil. Dr. von Düring's reports were of such an astounding nature that they have never been made public, but, unhappily, in spite of Imperial irades, nothing has ever been done in connection with this most vitally important problem.

The extent of the evil was revealed to a certain extent by Dr. Abdullah Djevdet Bey, who stated in a letter published in the Kurdish review, *The Kurdish Sun*, in October, 1913: "This year, out of 744 young men who were examined for military service in the single province of Adana, 12 only were found to be free from venereal disease."

Finally, if it is remembered that the bulk of the Turkish troops actually employed in the fighting line during the war were recruited from the Moslems of Anatolia, and that the total Turkish losses in dead amounted to at least 1,000,000 men—Gallipoli and Sari Kamish alone accounted for 300,000—and if allowance is made for the constant fighting since 1918, including internecine strife with Circassians and Kurds, the Moslem population cannot be estimated to number more than 4,500,000 at the present day. The Christian element has practically ceased to exist, of course, and the decline of the total population as compared with forty years ago must be at least 50 per cent.; but whereas the disappearance of the Christians has been due to fortuitous circumstances, the dwindling of the Moslem population from over 9,000,000 to about half that number has been due principally to physical decline.

Like former Unionist Governments, the Angora Government are well aware of the dangers of the situation, but have been equally impotent. Such futile remedies as ordinances of compulsory marriage, and the compulsory presentation of medical certificates before marriage, have been tried, but these measures alone were, of course, useless and have been abandoned, as the attempt to enforce

prohibition, in connection with the same object, will probably be abandoned.¹

When the Unionists came into power Turkey was menaced upon all sides by enemies great and small, and it was considered necessary in the first place to organise the defences of the Empire against what seemed to be the most immediate danger. The resources of the Empire were, however, not sufficient even for this, and no money whatever could be found for the treatment of internal trouble.

The Germans, who were better served than the other Powers, were fully aware of the true state of affairs, and succeeded in directing the attention of the Turks to the Caucasus and Central Asia, where dwelt some 60,000,000 people of the Turkish "Urstamm," allied to the Osmanlis in blood, in language, in tradition, and in religion; people, moreover, who were physically sound. Why should the Turkish nation not renew their waning strength by a transfusion of blood from this still uncontaminated "Urstamm"? The idea of an infusion of new blood was by no means new, for even Sultan Abdul Hamid encouraged the settlement of Circassians and Moslems of Tartar race in Anatolia, and a similar object underlay the proposals discussed by the late Talaat Pasha with M. Venizelos, for the exchange of populations which is now being carried out in conformity with the Treaty of Lausanne. If, however, the barriers between the Osmanli and their kin in the Caucasus and Central Asia could be broken down, a torrent of clean vitality would flow into Turkey, and the rejuvenated Turkish race would set forth upon the conquest of a new and glorious destiny. Thus Pan-Turanism came into being; thus the Turks threw in their lot with the Central Powers, although everyone refused to believe that Russia, and not Great Britain and France, was the real object of the Turkish attack in 1914; thus every effort was made to break through to Azerbaijan in 1915, in spite of Marshal Liman von Sanders's emphatic protests; and thus in 1918 a Turkish Army, commanded

(1) According to a report from Constantinople dated November 19th, the Angora Government have reintroduced a measure for compulsory marriage, the absurdity of which may be appreciated from the fact that this measure also provides for the application of penalties if married couples produce no children within a certain period after their union.

by Mustapha Kemal Pasha, was found in Baku, although every other front had been abandoned. If there were any lingering doubt as to the real directives of Turkish policy, surely a study of the events of the past four years should establish the preceding argument beyond dispute. One of the first acts of the Turkish Nationalist leaders was not to concentrate all available forces against the Greeks, but to attack Armenia, and once again Young Turk policy came within an ace of fulfilment, when a timely "revolution" delivered Baku to the Bolsheviks. This again was the true reason for the terrible treatment of the Armenians during the war. They were a barrier on the road which would lead to salvation, and only the still formidable might of Russia stands to-day between the tiny remnant of that unfortunate nation and destruction at the hands of the desperate Osmanlis.

The policy of the Angora Government in the Middle East has been obscured by the struggle with the Greeks in the nearer foreground, but a study of Turkish policy in those regions during the last few years would prove beyond all doubt that the rulers of the Turkish Republic are being driven by the same inexorable forces in the same direction as their Unionist prototypes.

In these circumstances it is not surprising to find that the economic state of Turkey to-day is as desperate as the physical condition of the nation. In spite of the conclusion of peace, Turkey is menaced by enemies upon all sides, for not only are the Greeks thirsting for revenge, and the Bulgarians eager for their corridor to the Ægean Sea, but Russia will surely endeavour to reconquer Kars and Ardahan, and to secure other advantages, whilst in the South the prospect of an Arab Confederation under British and perhaps French auspices opens up possibilities of very great danger. Hence, as in 1908, the immediate consideration, as Mustapha Kemal Pasha has unequivocally stated, must be the maintenance of adequate defence forces. But these cost money, and enormous sums will be required to defend the extensive land and sea frontiers of the Anatolian peninsula.

Prior to the Great War the revenue of the Turkish Government amounted to about £28,000,000 gold, from

a total population of about 20,000,000, and there was a debit balance of at least £3,000,000 annually. Revenue in comparatively prosperous times therefore amounted to about 30s. per head. Imports totalled about £25,000,000 and exports £18,000,000.

During the first six months of last year exports amounted to about £1,750,000 and imports to £5,000,000. Some idea of the damage to Turkish commerce resulting from the disappearance of the Christian population may be understood from the following details, based upon the report of the Directorate of Customs :—

Exports—January to June, 1923.

Tobacco	...	...	...	£400,000	gold.
Wool	...	...	...	£350,000	„
Fruit	...	...	...	£75,000	„
Silk, etc.	...	...	...	£70,000	„

Even twenty years ago, when Turkish exports totalled £12,000,000, grape exports alone were worth £1,742,000, silk and cocoons £1,948,000, wool £522,000, whilst no less than 12,760,000 kilos of wine were exported. The revenue from silk culture alone amounted to £80,000 in 1900. What revenue can the Turkish Government possibly collect from a population of not more than 6,000,000 (including Constantinople and Thrace) so desperately impoverished?

In the course of a financial session in the Great National Assembly last August, Hassan Fehmi Bey estimated revenue for 1923 at Ltqs. 115,000,000 and expenditure at Ltqs. 120,000,000. On a gold basis these figures would be equivalent to about £15,000,000 and £15,500,000 respectively. That is to say, there would be an estimated deficit of £500,000. Unfortunately, no details of these estimates were published, but a study of Sir Adam Block's recent report in connection with the Public Debt, in addition to Hassan Fehmi Bey's own avowals, reveals the fact that not only was no provision made for debt service in these estimates, but revenues belonging to the Public Debt were incorporated with the receipts. Although Hassan Fehmi Bey's estimate was independent of extraordinary expenditure, which in Turkey frequently equals ordinary estimates, the real deficit will certainly amount to

something like six times the sum officially estimated, provided that the most rigid economies are applied.¹ As a matter of fact, however, the upkeep of a double administration in Angora and Constantinople will alone involve extravagant sums, for Fethi Bey recently announced that no less than Ltqs. 28,000,000—nearly 25 per cent. of the total revenue—had been voted for the budget of the Constantinople province. The real annual revenue of the Angora Government cannot amount to more than £9,000,000, and expenditure upon the present scale will be far in excess of revenue until, and unless, the nation is carefully nursed back into economic and physical prosperity. There is no necessity to dwell upon the inevitable results of the conditions described above, for they are obvious. It is equally certain that without foreign assistance the doom of Turkey is sealed even more inevitably than if the Treaty of Sèvres had been fulfilled. Great Britain, more than any other Power, is in a position to give the required assistance of a material, political, and moral nature. If the truly agonising problems with which the Turks are faced to-day are properly understood, it will be possible for us to approach the Turks in the right way, and to offer them help in the right direction. They do not want loans—for obvious reasons—but they do want a helping hand and an understanding spirit of sympathy. They know they need help badly, but they are sore and suspicious—again, for obvious reasons—and it will not be an easy task to convert their hostility into friendship, although it would certainly be to the interests of both Great Britain and Turkey if this could be achieved with celerity. It will certainly not be achieved by our pre-war policy of aloofness and *laissez-faire*, any more than by the indescribable policy of the British Government between 1918 and 1922.

(1) "According to various Press telegrams from Constantinople during the first week in January the budgetary deficit was reported to be between five and seven million pounds sterling, notwithstanding the irregular method of estimating revenue. Taking debt service into account, it is probable that the total real deficit is somewhere in the neighbourhood of ten millions sterling. No wonder Hassan Fehmi Bey has resigned the Finance Commissionership. It is also worthy of note that the deficit is said to have been largely due to excessive military expenditure."

GREEK HUNTING DANCE

A STONE'S throw from the roar
Of trams and cheap-jack stalls,
She danced on a schoolroom floor,
And was framed by distempered walls.
Triumphant over the meagre event,
With one wild gesture setting us free,
She danced the walls away
And the hectic street.
Our narrow day
Fell from us; we, even we
Followed her whither she went
With flashing limbs and the fleet
Flutter and lift and fall,
Flicker and beat
Of her dancing feet.
Cool, slim as a reed,
Virgin and swift and tall,
Virgin and glad,
She swayed in her rapture, her speed,
To the wind that blows as it lists; she was thrall
To the fire come down from on high.

And we stilled;
And we worshipped and thrilled;
And we passed from the speech that extols
To the silence, her heavenly due.
For we knew no longer our names or our parts
In a drab world gone clean by;
We too, we too were clad
In that brightness, that immortality . . .

*Diana, goddess of light, half flame, half snow,
Was it you?—It was you
(And in Walthamstow)
Dancing our hearts out of our keeping. Hearts?
Huntress!—you took our souls.*

V. H. FRIEDLANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE

SOCIALISM

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Howard Little's opening sentence in his article in your December issue is so startling and to the writer appears so fundamentally wrong that, in the interests of fair discussion, I am writing a few lines in refutation for publication or not as may appear to you desirable.

"The Socialist at his best or at his worst is a danger." His next sentence is: "Like every other danger, Socialism should be opposed," followed by: "Our social system is not perfect." Here is an amazing contradiction—a social system postulated as a necessity, and yet condemned and its protagonists to be regarded as dangerous!

Mr. Little looks upon Socialists as dreamers imagining that mere State ownership will place us in a happy position. Mr. Little is the dreamer. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Little has ever made any study, much less a serious study, of social science. No student of Benjamin Kidd could be guilty of such mis-statements and contradictions, yet it is inconceivable that any Englishmen should venture forth in public on the subject of Socialism who had not studied the greatest writer on Socialism in the English language.

So far from Socialism being a danger, it is the refusal to recognise how deep-seated and fundamental to human nature is the socialistic ideal, and how vastly important its normal development which constitutes the danger.

I do not think I am using exaggerated language when I say that there is no meaning in human life or its varying activities except its tendency towards social integration.

Certain it is that the large majority of the evils from which the world is suffering to-day is due to the fact that the fundamental character of the socialistic idea is suppressed and not recognised by the ruling powers, and that all the foolish and dangerous and anarchical expressions of this idea are the direct consequence of this suppression of a great fundamental truth.

One thing, at any rate, is certain, that no Cabinet in the world whose members had made a serious study of sociology and biology would fail to recognise the necessity for frankly stating: "Let us develop Socialism. Let us give the fullest play to the development of the socialistic idea on sound lines. Previous Cabinets have tinkered at the subject and produced from time to time socialistic measures, but are constantly finding that the mending of old leather bottles with new leather is unsatisfactory."

If I may add one word of personal experience, I have never embraced Socialism as a political faith, I have never belonged to any socialistic society, and yet I am absolutely certain that the essence of good government depends upon recognition of the fact that slowly, surely, inevitably, humanity must express itself and its varying activities through a sound development of its social aspirations, and I am quite convinced that there are many thousands of people who would say exactly the same thing.

Probably the most satisfactorily governed countries in the world to-day are Switzerland, Denmark, and New Zealand, every one of which is based upon the ideas herein expressed.

J. CATESBY HOLLAND.

Union Club of South Africa, Johannesburg.
January, 1924.

*** The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written.*

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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BYRON: "FLAME AND POWER"

By H. C. MINCHIN

"I write for . . . friends of mine, that understand what Flame and Power in writing is."—*The Rehearsal*.

WHAT degree of interest is at the present time excited by the character, career and genius of Lord Byron? And to what extent are his poetical works still read and enjoyed? These are questions which, at the hundredth anniversary of his death, it is alike natural to ask and difficult to answer. Both as man and poet he was almost from the first the centre of acute controversy, idolised by some and impugned by others. On the one hand he achieved Continental fame; on the other Charles Lamb could write, on hearing the news from Missolonghi: "I never much relished his lordship's mind, and shall be sorry if the Greeks have cause to miss him. He was to me offensive, and I never can make out the great *power* which his admirers talk of. He was at best a satirist" (only, with punning intent, he spells it "satyrst"), "in any other way he was mean enough." Another contemporary, Sir Walter Scott, thought him "as various in composition as Shakespeare himself." A like discrepancy of view is constantly recurring. While Taine put him on a pedestal, a later French critic, M. Scherer, was disposed to put him on the shelf. He was the object of Swinburne's eulogy and Andrew Lang's disparagement. Twice within the last ten years a drama has been written round him, but it is perhaps significant that in neither case was it the work of a fellow-countryman. M. Albert du Bois' *L'Aristocrate* showed him in his youth at Newstead, but parodied rather than portrayed. A Polish author put *The Pilgrim of Eternity* on the London stage, but the piece attracted only a moderate degree of attention.

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It will be here maintained that Lamb's judgment is wide of the mark; that Byron's writing is instinct with power, as well as with the flaming gift for satire which his critic allowed him. The thorough aversion which Lamb felt for Byron's character may have biased him against his poetry, and it has probably so affected a host of other readers; for it requires rare detachment to view an author's works without any consideration of what he was himself. Such an attitude would be especially difficult in the case of a personality and career so marked as Byron's; indeed, it would be a mistake to aim at it, for the actions of his life, and particularly its catastrophe, made him and his poetry what they respectively became. Almost might one say that he is his poetry. One hero after another, from Childe Harold to Manfred, from Lara to Don Juan, is coloured by his experiences and reflects his prevailing moods. In his *Domestic Pieces* and elsewhere he paraded his matrimonial woes without reserve. In fact, he will not allow his readers to escape from his personality. A cool head and the utmost charity are requisite, if he is to be given anything like an impartial hearing. I do not propose to pass his life under review in detail, the facts being common property and familiar; but it must be confessed that Byron had only himself to blame for the adverse view taken of his behaviour as a husband by that society of which he had been the idol and was presently to become the assailant. Macaulay makes merry over the British public falling into one of its "fits of periodical morality." But when Byron, on his wife's leaving him and refusing to return, shrank from bringing his claims into court, and tamely agreed to a separation, was it not natural to infer that he feared disclosures which might damage his reputation irretrievably? That there was some dark and evil mystery behind his inaction at this crisis was widely surmised at the time, and its nature was posthumously proclaimed by his grandson, Lord Lovelace, in *Astarte*. Anyone who chooses to re-read *Manfred* may see how nearly the poet, in some strange humour of recklessness and desperation, proclaimed it himself! I can only say that this wretched secret must have caused its possessor much misery if some

intervals of hectic and unhallowed happiness. That it intensified the misanthropy and despair which in his writings seemed to Lamb so disproportionate we can hardly doubt. It is for that reason only that it is mentioned here. But while as moralists we censure its victim, let us not fail to pity him as men.

Without doubt there are numerous admirers of Byron's poetry to whom it will appear an impertinence to defend its power and its beauty. I must crave their indulgence for several reasons. When in a journal of repute a writer seems to think he has settled Byron's poetic position by speaking of his "detestable humbug," a protest is not out of season. Moreover, as a truer critic, dowered with a catholic appreciation of the different kinds and eras of English poetry, has lately pointed out: "It almost seems as if the poetical eye of mankind had a blind spot in it, which regularly obscures the merit of almost all verse about a century old. It will be interesting to notice," he proceeds, "whether this blind spot will soon blot out temporarily the period of Keats, of Shelley and of Wordsworth; to a certain extent, even, this has already happened, for Byron is surely the most neglected of all great poets." The epithet *great* is welcome, as taking away the bad taste of "detestable humbug"; but supposing the critic's contention is correct, the piety of an "Old Mortality" of literature, who does not like to see the monuments of the great departed undergoing neglect, or worse, may, it is hoped, be pardoned.

Not that it is urged as a duty that we should all sit down and read Byron's works from start to finish. How few are the authors in whose case such advice would be either judicious or acceptable. Even Homer nods, we know, and the more profuse a poet the greater probability of his nodding. Look at the enormous quantity of verse produced by Byron in his short life of thirty-six years; consider the haste with which he wrote, and the carelessness which he himself admitted. Writing became a necessity to him, as it did to Browning. He must write so long as he lived. People have professed that they cannot understand Shakespeare's going into retirement at Strat-

ford and laying aside his pen; but how if that is one of the truest signs of his genius? How if he knew when to stop, and stopped before deterioration set in? It is a knowledge granted, perhaps, only to the very greatest. But we find Byron as early as 1817 writing to Murray: "I certainly am a devil of a mannerist, and must leave off; but what could I do? Without exertion of some kind I should have sunk under my imagination and reality." So now to our quest for "flame and power."

They are not conspicuous in *Hours of Idleness*, but their presence in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, in which the writer laid about him so fiercely, must have been welcomed delightedly by thousands, and admitted even by those whom they offended. While this remarkable satire will continue to be read and appreciated so long as interest in literary history survives, its value is enhanced by the notes added later by its author, in correction of certain estimates which he came to see were unfair. Shortly after its publication he left England for two years' travel, signalling his return by the issue of the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*, the poem which fulfilled the promise of *English Bards*, and made him free of the world of fashion. The Eastern Tales now followed one another in rapid succession. Their author's severance from his wife and final departure from England on April 16th, 1816, constitute a suitable occasion for considering what level his poetic achievement had then attained.

The setting of his principal poems up to this time being in the main continental and eastern, it is natural to regard them as the fruit of his travels in Spain, Greece and the Levant, regions whose natural beauty and romantic associations appealed strongly to the sensibility of one whose boyhood had been nursed among the mountains of "dark Loch-na-Garr." Byron's passionate temperament responded readily to the ardours of the South and the feuds and lawlessness of the Orient. But for the source of his gloom and misanthropy we must look elsewhere. Not in affairs of the heart only was his sensibility excessive. And indeed, there had been much to sadden his youth and early manhood. There was his deformity, slight though it was

there was his mother, who treated him now with fondness, now with harshness, but never judiciously; there was that mother's death; there was the untimely end of two companions to whom he was closely attached; and there was the disappointment of his rejection by Mary Chaworth, who had looked upon her romantic suitor merely as a boy. Sweetest of all things, he has told us, "is first and passionate love"; and if so its refusal is surely among things most bitter. The hurt was perhaps never wholly healed. Many years afterwards he wrote:—

I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"
For once it was a magic sound to me;
And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
Where I beheld what never was to be;
All feelings changed, but this was last to vary,
A spell from which even yet I am not quite free.

Let us not fall into the error of supposing that Byron's pessimism was just a pose. Not, on the other hand, that he was always under its thralldom. "Thou knowest," he writes to Moore, "I can be a right merry and conceited fellow, and rarely *larmoyant*." But it was the stuff of his musings, induced partly by inheritance, partly by unfortunate upbringing, partly by unhappy circumstances and a too ready surrender to the flesh. What does he say himself?

The day
That gave me being gave me that which marr'd
The gift—a fate or will that walk'd astray.

His men friends, at any rate, did not find him misanthropic, and had no cause to complain of his constancy; but his sombre interpretation of life continually asserted itself in the heroes of the poems we are considering; in *Childe Harold*, in the Giaour, in Alp the Renegade, in the pirate Conrad, who can only adore his lady-love at the expense of hating everybody else—

I cease to love thee when I love mankind—

and whose career exemplifies the power of piracy to sanctify the joys of home; and, above all, in Lara, the suzerain of a solitary hall uncommonly like Newstead!

Byron does not so far display conspicuous skill as a

narrator. Before his poetic star, we know, Sir Walter Scott's declined. But it may be questioned if Scott were not the better hand at story-telling in verse. Yet here let me eschew comparison, remembering that Anne Elliot and Captain Benwick, in their second talk about "Mr. Scott and Lord Byron," were "still unable, and as unable as any other two readers, to think exactly alike of the merits of either"! It is more profitable to ask what there was in *Childe Harold*, Cantos I and II, to make their author "wake and find himself famous."

This poem, of which the later cantos were far to exceed the earlier in strength and beauty, no doubt owed something of its popularity to its topical quality. The Peninsular War, as yet unfinished, made descriptions of Spain and things Spanish acceptable. The maid of Saragoza will ever live among "the beauties of Byron," and the vivid description of the bull-fight attracted many who would probably have shrunk from viewing the actual scene. Canto II, which takes us to Greece, is an advance on Canto I. It contains the noble passage on solitude—

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell—

and gives us, in a series of splendid stanzas, an idea of the fascination exercised upon the poet by ancient Hellas, and his ability to convey that spell to others:—

Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground.

The poem, equally with the Eastern Tales which followed it, may be described as a series of pictures. One does not read it or them for the story, which is usually slight even to vagueness, but for the occasional passages whose beauty takes one by storm. No doubt the author could have made his Eastern Tales symmetrical, had he taken more trouble. They were written at speed, almost as improvisations, "while undressing," he says, "after coming home from balls and masquerades." On the other hand, more sustained effort might have detracted from the freshness of those spontaneous gushes of thought and feeling which more than make amends for faults of carelessness, and which are the glory of what we may call Byron's first

period. For instance, there is the passage in *The Giaour* beginning—

The cold in clime are cold in blood;

that from *The Corsair*:—

Slow smiles, more lovely ere his race be run
Along Morea's Hills the setting sun

(I know he horrifies us a little later by speaking of it as *Sol*, an eighteenth-century vice of language to which Wordsworth also once gave way); that from *The Bride of Abydos*:—

The winds are high on Helle's wave;

and, best of all, that from *The Giaour*, again:—

He who hath bent him o'er the dead—

a passage that rises triumphantly superior to a break in the grammatical construction which cannot be denied, but which one does not in the least resent—such is the power of great poetry! And as these gems from the Eastern Tales are mainly lyrical, this seems the place to assert with confidence that Byron is among the great lyric poets of all time; and should anyone question it, the mere mention of such deathless utterances as *The Isles of Greece*, "When we two parted," "Though the day of my destiny's over," "She walks in beauty," and "O snatch'd away in beauty's bloom" should be enough to shame him into silence.

The second period of Byron's poetic career, that of his self-imposed exile, is distinguished, as was the first, by romantic fervour; but there is an increasing tendency to satire and a new absorption in dramatic experiments. At the threshold we are confronted by a work of art more perfect than any he had yet achieved. *The Prisoner of Chillon* seems to me to possess the essential attributes of great poetry. It is greatly conceived and greatly executed. Its denunciation of oppression appeals to our best feelings. The tragic story is told in its completeness, and without digressions. The author, for once, forgot himself in his hero. If the ability to produce such a masterpiece in two days does not stamp its creator as a

true poet, I cannot tell what would. *The Prisoner* is surely as great an advance on the Eastern Tales as are the second and third cantos of *Childe Harold* on their predecessors. If any enthusiastic mind, undamped by the tepidity, indifference and wilful obscurity which are so prevalent in current verse, could encounter for the first time the stanzas on Waterloo, or the stately march of those which celebrate the praises and associations of Italy, culminating in the reiterated encomium of solitude, and the splendid apostrophe to Ocean, would not such an one exclaim that here indeed was a profusion of great and undeniable poetry? And would he not also admit that amid the callousness and cynicism which disfigure the pages of *Don Juan* there are to be found interludes of pure and serene poetry, which prove that their author, despite his faults, could feel justly as well as deeply? Indeed, there are passages whose appeal none could resist, unless he were callous and cynical himself:—

Oh Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'er laboured steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

The suggestion, I am aware, is Greek, but see what Byron has made of it! In this stanza, and in several that precede and follow it, only the deaf could fail to hear the note of universality. *Don Juan*, its author wrote after completing the first canto, was meant "to be a little quietly facetious upon everything," and so indeed it is; but he had not then composed the beautifully narrated episode of Juan and Haidée. A good many stern moralists, it may be surmised, have spared a sigh for poor Haidée's trusting love and its piteous conclusion.

In the later cantos of *Don Juan* Byron gave his taste for satire free rein. It is there and in *The Age of Bronze* and *The Vision of Judgment* that he most conspicuously indulged it. But, of course, satire is a foe to the highest poetry. The dullest part of *Don Juan* is that in which the hero's fortunes bring him to England, thereby enabling

Byron to lash English society and to show it in as odious a light as he possibly could. Social satire is often the outcome of satiety, and so it was with Byron. *The Age of Bronze* is little more than a political pamphlet, though powerful as such. *The Vision of Judgment*, audacious as it is, had very great provocation in Southey's effusion of the same name. It is impossible not to admire its dexterity, which must have provoked unextinguishable laughter—except, indeed, in John Hunt, who was fined £100 for printing it. And now to inquire what interest attaches to Byron's experiments in drama.

Not one of them, it is curious to remark, was written for the stage. This fact seems contrary to the fitness of things, for all the world's greatest dramas were composed with that intention, and won and consolidated their reputation in the theatre. But Byron had no ambition for scenic triumphs, and was exceedingly annoyed when *Marino Faliero*, contrary to his expressed wish, found its way on to the London boards. *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, and *Werner* were not acted in his lifetime; but at a later date were all played in London with Macready in the chief parts, and achieved considerable success. *Werner* was revived by Phelps in 1860, and again in 1887 by Sir Henry Irving, when the part of Josephine was taken by Miss Ellen Terry. Of staging *Manfred*, *Cain*, or *The Deformed Transformed* there could hardly be question; for the ethical and metaphysical character of these dramatic studies renders them quite unsuitable for public representation. I cannot think that any reader of *Manfred* could nowadays take pleasure in a poem whose gloom is wholly unrelieved, and whose note is one of consistent exaggeration. Here is Byron's own account of the state of mind in which he composed it. "I was half-mad between metaphysics, mountains, lakes, love inextinguishable, thoughts unutterable, and the nightmare of my own delinquencies." Surely more than enough attention has been bestowed on a production so generated. The case of *Cain* is different. This "mystery" gave great and widespread offence. But Byron was wont to brood on the origin of evil, and *Cain* is his attempt to solve a problem concerning

which divines and philosophers are still at variance. If Milton could without rebuke make a hero of Satan, it seems illogical to censure Byron for making out a case for Cain. It will at any rate hardly be denied that in the course of doing so he has written much fine and striking poetry; for instance, Cain's address to his sleeping child. To recur to the acted dramas, auditors of *Marino Faliero* who knew their Shakespeare must have been surprised by the familiar sound of "free and merry" and "like a sick girl." Elsewhere, too, we encounter "Look to the lady." I do not suggest that these are deliberate borrowings, but that they are instances of unconscious memory. An even odder example is that of the famous comparison of Kirke White to an eagle smitten by an arrow feathered from his own plumage, which occurs in *English Bards*, for this simile had already been employed by Waller. Byron was sensitive in such matters. In a footnote to *The Bride of Abydos* he pointed out that a similarity of certain of its lines to a passage in Coleridge's *Christabel* could not be called a plagiarism, for at the time he wrote them he was unacquainted with "that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem." Later on it was recited to him by Scott. In any case, the resemblance to which he draws attention is but slight.

Byron's dramas unquestionably suffered from being written hastily. He was not a severe enough critic of his own blank verse. He constantly ends a line with a preposition, as—

Some dawn of mercy to a portion of
Our victims—must all perish in this slaughter?

and

The very effort which it cost me to
Resolve to cleanse the commonwealth with fire.

What could sound harsher than an infinitive thus divided? Then again his psychology often seems unsound. It is difficult to believe in the younger of the two Foscari, who prefers existence in a filthy dungeon in his native Venice to banishment and freedom on a distant but healthy island; while the personality of the dutiful but murderous Ulric belongs rather to melodrama than to tragedy.

Against these may be set, as legitimately tragic figures, the devoted wife Marina, and the passionate and high-souled Myrrha. *Werner*, *Sardanapalus*, and the rest contain many glowing passages of description, and possess, as their record shows, a measure of dramatic appeal. They can still command the attention of readers; but it would be idle to suggest that Byron the dramatist is on the same plane as Byron the poet.

The last stage of this strange and turbulent career is reached. "Flame and Power" are to be translated into action. It may be admitted that the waning of poetic vogue, and a weariness with his way of living, furnished Byron with motives for seeking a fresh outlet for his energies. But they were not the only ones. The enslavement of Greece had long been abhorrent to him; and when at last she rose against her oppressors, she had in him a genuine, whole-hearted, and valuable supporter. His utterances on behalf of liberty had won him a European reputation. Continental liberalism hailed with enthusiasm the very features of his writing which had given most offence in England. He had already assisted with his purse an abortive Italian rising against Austria; Greece offered a more hopeful field of endeavour. The profession of arms had never attracted him; but now he was prepared to lead a host as well as organise it. He displayed unlooked for qualities, endurance, tact, coolness in emergencies, unstinted devotion. But his constitution was unable to support the strain of hardships and an unhealthy climate. He gave his life for Greece as surely as if he had fallen on the field of battle; and Greece has not forgotten it.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

He was free at last; free from the passions that had distracted him, from the bitterness of regret, from "the fever called living." Let us leave him so; hushed from all detraction, as we must be, by that crowning sacrifice, and enriched by what is great and lasting in his poetry.

LORD BYRON IN MONUMENTAL RECORD

By W. BAILEY KEMPLING

THE sculptured memorial, said a Mameluke at target practice, as he turned his artillery upon the Sphinx, may be approached from more than one direction. Generally the most damaging approach has come in words of unmis-takable frankness. But with Byron the case is happier, no hint even of outrage having ever been his lot. This is the more remarkable when we consider the complete icono-graphy, for no English poet, Shakespeare alone exempt, has so many monuments to his fame. One weakness, however, characterises nearly all: a studied *négligé* of Byron collar, flowing neck-cloth, and exposed throat. Shelley knew this mode immortal; and it was Shelley who described Byron as the Pilgrim of Eternity. He was, without doubt, a pilgrim of time; and taking it in that literal sense, we find the footsteps of Byron to be the best for our present purpose.

Byron was born in the back drawing-room of the first floor of No. 16 (later renumbered 24), Holles Street, Cavendish Square, W. His childhood was spent in "a shabby Scotch flat" in Aberdeen, at first in Queen Street, then in Virginia Street, then in Broad Street. Such are ever regarded as starting-places, and here indeed appears the first portrait of mother and son, both plump and flourishing.

At school here, as Moore describes, he was, one morn-ing, announced, by the master, as "Dominus" Byron. The ten-year-old peer stood silent while his schoolfellows cheered lustily; then he burst into a flood of tears. Within two months of that event he had paid his first visit to Newstead Abbey, lodging with his nurse in St. James's Lane, Nottingham. The fine romantic abode which had come into his family centuries earlier was thus to be aug-mented in fame as a poet's monument. He intended that it should be so, and built upon the site of the high altar his own cenotaph. The grave of Boatswain, his favourite

Newfoundland dog, is marked by a perpendicular sarco-phagus, on a circle of six steps, crowned with an urn, and having a memorial tablet on the west side. Here he intended to rest. Newstead Abbey and Nottingham Castle have each a bust of the poet.

Byron's first London school was Dr. Glennie's, the Grove Academy, Dulwich. Builders are at this moment re-erecting upon the site; and it is a part of the present celebrations that a tablet shall be suggested for the façade of the new construction. It was here that he made "a first dash into poetry." Passing on to Harrow, Byron estab-lished there some pleasing memories. The slab-tomb on which he was fond of lying, to rest his lame foot, is now jealously guarded as a relic on that account. In the schoolroom of his day (as in the British Museum Reading Room) his name is inscribed with honoured prominence on the wall; and in the Vaughan Library, at Harrow, is kept the earliest (alone) portrait, a full face miniature, at the age of seven. About the same time dates the quaint miniature by Kay, where, as an archer at practice, the boy stands, profile to our left, big-headed, big-bodied, thin legged and much thinner armed—a poor work, as little suggesting as can be the later record of Cambridge—where now we find him. A fine water-colour sketch by Gilchrist here represents the young poet, in Cambridge robes—and early Byron collar. He looks to our right, the right hand looping up a left fold, and left hand, extended, supporting a mortar-board. In the Art Library at Trinity College is Butel Thorwaldsen's exquisite statue, 1829, after a bust by the same artist twelve years earlier. With head turned to right, the figure stands upon a broken Ionic column, right foot being below and left above. On the left knee rests the left hand, carrying a half-open volume. The right arm bends up, from the elbow, to the classic draping robe. An impanelled base exhibits a figure of the Lyric Muse. Chronology next brings in George Sander's oil miniature, with eyes right, and necktie very much so in a presumably stiff breeze. Accompanying this Byron is one showing marked contrast, the property of Mr. A. C. Benson. A half-length portrait, gazing thoughtfully to

the right, it displays a novel neck-dress, and a head surprisingly destitute of ringlets.

In 1812, Byron, home again from the grand tour, had published his first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, and "woke up one morning and found himself famous." The house he then occupied was No. 8, St. James's Street, S.W. It was demolished only a few months ago and is now being rebuilt. On the front wall exterior, over the ground floor, a white marble bust was in position under a glass case. This was removed to safe keeping and surely will appear on the new house in due time. Removing to No. 4, Bennett Street, close by, sometimes described by himself as "Benedictine Street," he there produced *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, and *The Corsair*. Thomas Philips, R.A., at this period did two good portraits in oils: one, head and bust, looking front, from a left position; the other, a half-length, standing to the right, with the right hand resting forward, and left unseen, and with gaze turned over to the right shoulder. This is in the Murray collection. Another by Philips, of even greater interest—the poet in native Albanian dress, his sabre carried at arm-fold, along with embroidered cloak. The head covering is turban-like, and here grows the first Byronic moustache. This is in the National Portrait Gallery, next to Bartolini's marble bust of the pilgrim. At No. 129, Piccadilly, Byron made his last domestic stand. Here he wrote *Parisiana* and *The Siege of Corinth*, not to say many signatures in matters of bankruptcy. We see the door slowly open for the last time; the beautiful face, as Scott and others describe it, now clouded with indications of distress; he limps across to his carriage at the kerb, and is gone. A miniature, and the sketch for it, by James Holmes, is to be mentioned here, also a portrait by Westall, showing some tendency to that most dreadful nightmare, Byron grown fat!

From the early days of final Pilgrimage is produced G. H. Harlowe's sketch of 1818, the head turned to the right, the hair very long; and another, more complete drawing by him, similarly posed, but with half-closed (left) eye, and soft double collar. In Geneva we see him pictured

at the Villa Diodate, where, overlooking the lake he sits, quill and manuscript to hand, writing the Wordsworthian stanzas of the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*. It is the only landscape picture showing the poet at work, in the open, seated, and dressed conventionally. Wintering in Venice, with Jane ("Claire") Clairmont, Godwin's step-daughter, we find his residence pictured at the delightful Palazzo Mocenigo. *Don Juan* is identified with the Villa Lanfranchi, at Pisa, and the chief dramas with the Palazzo Guiccioli at Ravenna, stately balconied mansions, both represented in Murray's collection. In the last named we are met by the charming Countess who had allied herself to Byron. Among her possessions was a half-length miniature, heavily clad, moustached, and showing a closed book in the right hand. It passed to la Contessa Gamba and is now a Murray copyright. That extraordinary man Alfred, Count d'Orsay, now makes his appearance, with two most attractive portraits, done by himself. One of these had been painted somewhat earlier. It is a gentle, wistful Byron, with face that turns upward in gazing rapture. But we are afloat, and shallows are desperately near; the tiller is gingerly fingered by the poet's left and肘ed by his right, which props the poetic chin. In the second we find a Byron with swallow-tails, black watered-silk stock, and baggy understrapped trousers over extremely small feet. The left hand is concealed behind the back, and the right carries a cane as slender as himself, for here is a man reduced to painful thinness. It is the dry-toast lunch period. The poet looks to our left, with elevated head, which in Ernest Lloyd's water-colour copy is a poem itself.

On July 19th, 1822, Byron, with Leigh Hunt and Trelawny, stood by the pyre at which Shelley, who had "suffered a sea-change," was reduced to ashes. Louis Edouard Fournier's canvas, in the Liverpool Gallery, depicts this scene on Viareggio shore with dramatic skill. Soon the sequel followed, in fatal visitation to the poet-peer at Missolonghi. He had left instructions that his body should rest by the side of Boatswain, at Newstead; John Murray tried to secure a grave in Westminster Abbey; and the Greeks insisted on having his heart. It is buried at

Missolonghi beneath a magnificent monument. The effigy of the poet, girt in academic robe, looks toward Athens from a high divided pedestal. The Byron arms are incised below and the base is gracefully stepped into three stages. Athens herself has provided the monument of "Greece crowning Byron." Elevated on a round base-work, the poet stands, soldier-like and martial-draped, with right arm extended and hand open, as it were, for Liberty. The figure of Greece presses a right hand to his breast, and with her left is placing the emblem on his head. This is a really fine thing.

Byron's resting-place, as everyone knows, is the family vault in the Parish Church of Hucknall Torkard, Notts. The spot is marked by a square slab of *rosso antico* presented by the King of Greece. Within a floral wreath of inlaid brass we read: "Byron born Jan 22, 1788; died Apl 19, 1824." Above, on the south side of the church, a mural tablet runs thus:—

In the vault beneath, where many of his ancestors and his mother are buried, lie the remains of George Gordon Noel Byron, Lord Byron of Rochdale in the county of Lancaster, the author of "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*." He was born in London, on the 22nd January, 1788. He died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the 19th of April, 1824, engaged in the glorious attempt to restore to her country her ancient freedom and renown.

In passing we remember the plaque of E. W. Wyon; also the painting after Lorenzo Bartolini in the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome; and that by Vincenzo Carmuccini in the Vatican, both dated 1822. Back again in London, we find Belt's reposeful figure in Hamilton Gardens, Hyde Park, where Boatswain the beloved at his master's feet sits in doggy contentment. The bronze Byron has his left hand on left knee, the right knee supporting the right elbow and the right hand the head. There is, again, Sir Henry Raeburn's painting, and that of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Cartoons need not be quoted.

It is in Fleet Street that we take our present farewell. Byron House, standing between St. Bride's Avenue and Salisbury Court, is so named from the fine memorial sequence which was erected there over twenty years ago by that generous baronet, Sir Tollemache Sinclair. In

is building the walls of the vestibule and stairs are encrusted with marble tablets—about a dozen and a half—bearing, in over five hundred lines and many thousands of letters, the varied tributes chosen by the donor. Here are selections from *Childe Harold*, *Don Juan*, *Cain*, *English Bards*, *Hebrew Melodies*, and the smaller works. Here are tributes from the world's greatest men: Shelley, Goethe, Matthew Arnold, Victor Hugo, Scott, Mazzini, Ruskin, Sainte-Beuve, Tennyson, Chateaubriand, Macaulay, Disraeli, and—Sir Tollemache Sinclair. Here are foreign tongues and English together, with records of editions, translations, musical settings, and dramatic versions. At the foot of the stairs a large bas-relief bust greets every visitor, and over the door, outside, another, smaller, finer bust, in relief, is preserved under a glass covering. Below it appears the inscription which, identified with this memorial, makes the finest tribute to "The Pilgrim of Eternity."

MACDONALD'S MASTERS

BY "AUGUR"

"CLAUSA Germanis Gallia"—France is forbidden the Germans: these are not the words of Marshal Foch after the victory of 1918; they are inscribed on a medal nearly three hundred years old. Louis XIV., King of France, then thought that the problem of French security from German aggression had been solved. Yet it remains the puzzle of European politics.

The currents of destiny which carry humanity are difficult to control. Politicians, however popular, statesmen, ever so wise, warriors, though they have caused the death of millions, cannot go against the current. At the best they may choose the bank to follow.

I saw Mr. Ramsay MacDonald stand up in the House to make his declaration of policy as Prime Minister. He spoke bravely and buoyantly: a man with the faith, spiritually upborn by the enthusiasm of his followers and consolidated by the sullen acquiescence of his opponents. Yet, thought I, who is MacDonald but the servant of the masters ever standing behind him? His way is marked out; he will be scourged if he turns aside. There they stand, his masters—the nation's Need and his own political Past.

A Prime Minister's policy is like a doctor's prescription: a means to an end. The ruler of the day must prescribe for the nation's happiness. This need is his tyrant. The chief trouble is to discover what the nation really needs among the minor troubles which arise to obscure the issue. Here is the cause of tragic mistakes; they are never condoned and always punished. Fortunately to-day the national need is clear and Mr. MacDonald knows his master: the necessity of producing more wealth, so that dependent unemployment should be reduced certainly and if possible extinguished.

Dependent unemployment, as opposed to independent

leisure, is the sure sign of a slowing down in the circulation of wealth. It shows, if it becomes chronic, that wealth is not being produced in sufficient quantities. Before they had attained power the Labour-Socialists said that it was not so much the production of wealth as its fair distribution among the classes which was at fault. In consequence the capital levy was proposed as the cure for this ailment. Real power brought responsibility, and with it the necessity of constructive thought. Signs are numerous already that the mind of the leaders at least has grasped the essential fact of decreasing wealth production in this country.

Great Britain, without Ireland, has more than forty million inhabitants. The area is practically equal to that of New Zealand. Yet the latter's population is only 5 per cent. of the British one, and nobody believes just now that the land can support more than twice that quantity. Here is an excellent illustration of the working of a natural law, which I would call the law of "additional live force through industrial development and transport facilities."

A natural law exists limiting the number of people which the land can support if left to its own agricultural resources. This number may be increased if industry develops, and if transport possibilities improve, *i.e.*, if trade grows. When these factors, on the contrary, decrease the population must go back to the basic "agricultural" quantity. Russia has supplied us with a sad example of the working of this law. Before the war the population very nearly reached 180 millions. In 1920 the census of the Soviet Government, making allowance for optimism, gave 120 millions. Allowing 30 millions for the population of the States which have seceded, there remains a net loss of nearly 30 millions to be explained. Of these about three are due to the war, but even then a stupendous loss from other causes remains to be accounted for.

The Bolsheviki brought to Russia the destruction of industry and the stoppage of transport and trade. The natural law started working to reduce the population

which had increased during the preceding prosperous period. This was best seen during the great famine of two years ago. The mortality was out of all proportion with the dimensions of the catastrophe when compared with what happened, for example, in 1891. Millions died. In a less spectacular way more millions died from malnutrition, epidemics, civil war, and from the Red Terror, which alone has accounted for at least two million victims.

The country which loses wealth loses in population and in civilisation. This stark truth now confronts Great Britain with her millions of workers depending upon the trading of their production abroad. The war has left us a pitiful heritage in the shape of diminished and perturbed world markets. There are more than a million unemployed because we do not sell sufficiently and for no other reason. Wealth is not flowing in enough, and the essential need of the nation is that this state of affairs should be remedied. Conservative, Liberal and Labour-Socialist alike are confronted with this need which is above all others. At night Mr. MacDonald may dream of the ideal State of Socialism, when he awakes his master presses him down to the mess of our economic situation and keeps him there.

The British Empire has been built up, developed and maintained, not out of an idea of justice, but for profit. It is composed of cells of two sorts: the power cells, which, like the United Kingdom and the white Dominions, form the backbone of the Imperial body, and supply the governing brain; and the profit-giving cells which supply the blood-forming elements. That this conception of the Empire is correct is proved if one has the courage to think honestly. Could we imagine, for example, final rupture with Australia for a financial reason, and would we admit the idea of being saddled for ever with the obligation of paying an Indian deficit? It is clear that the Empire must produce sufficient wealth to go round among all the cells. If there were a certainty of a swift and rich return from Mesopotamia would anyone now grudge the cost? Do we not agree to pay for the development of

cotton production in the Sudan so that we should profit later?

Mr. MacDonald's master is the crying need of the nation for a greater production of wealth. The terrible alternative is that the natural law I have mentioned will begin to work. And this work, whether it is accomplished by emigration on a large scale, or by epidemics, or by war losses, cannot but be violent and ruining. Mr. MacDonald's programme is subconsciously adapted to this need, however loudly he talks of uncompromising ideals and of the ideal State. *Fiat justitia, pereat mundus*. Well, Mr. MacDonald has not declared yet: Let us achieve Socialism even though we perish!

Mr. MacDonald is allowed to be a Socialist only as much and only as far as in so doing he satisfies the national need for a happier life by a greater production of wealth. I hear already the reproach made with contempt, that I do not speak of moral values. Who am I to deny the importance of the latter? But I do not remember that Poplar has made a suggestion of a moral dole. Millions of people have found out in the war that minutes of heroism run concurrently with days of a vegetative existence. Lenin recognised the fact that social movements prosper most after periods of physical improvement in the life of the mass. The Russian workmen went through the first really revolutionary days after several years of well-being, the like of which they had never experienced before.

The national need which is Mr. MacDonald's master applies to him the pressure of a constant demand without mercy and without sudden outburst of energy. Its action is that of a screw which is tightened a turn each day. Mr. MacDonald's other master is more erratic and spasmodically exacting. Because of this unevenness this master is rather a mistress. A mistress difficult to serve, and from whom escape is practically impossible: Mr. MacDonald's political past.

Mr. MacDonald has grown with the Labour Party, and with it he has achieved the crowning success of his parliamentary career. He is of the party, he leads it, and he is its prisoner. He has to take it as a whole, with its

hefty Bolsheviks, its dangerous intelligentzia, with its Puritans and its carpet baggers, with all that is good and bad in it. So must he take it. Himself he has a past with milestones strongly and broadly placed. He has travelled far since those days of long ago when as a young M.P. he discoursed on Church affairs, dining with Society in Mayfair, and then, changing into a blue reefer suit, kept at the House for the purpose, courted the leaders of the Liberal Party. A not unsympathetic figure. Not so strong as he makes himself out. By far not so bad as his opponents say he is. Not so unbending as his party pretend. Not such a pacifist as he thought he was during the war. And certainly not a free agent, as according to an old preconceived notion the public believes him to be, in the showy part of a Prime Minister. On the whole a human man, who tries to serve his exacting masters. If he does this from a sense of duty as he feels it, or because he cannot do otherwise, as others think, it does not make any real difference.

An argument occurs to me which proves how much Mr. MacDonald is the slave of facts which do not depend on his will. At heart, and judging by what he has said before, Mr. MacDonald is not a friend of the French policy as expounded by M. Poincaré. One would have expected—and many in his party and out of it are surprised that this expectation has not been fulfilled—that he would vigorously espouse the side of Germany. But disarmament and general pacification are the chief planks of his platform, the things which can help our trade. He knows that for this he needs French co-operation, and he goes for it. A free agent? No, a clever servant of the national need.

THE CRISIS IN ISLAM

BY DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER

HAVING achieved a great military success in Anatolia, and then a greater diplomatic triumph at Lausanne, the Angoran Government has decided for occult reasons to throw a brand of discord and disunion into the ranks of Islam. In its newly contracted Republican fervour, the secret springs of which must be foreign, and the drift of which will be repugnant to the sentiments and instincts of every "true believer," it deposed the House of Othman from the Sultanate of Roum, half-heartedly leaving in its hands the Caliphate of the Faithful. At the short interval of fifteen months it has developed sufficient temerity not merely to strip the individual of what remained of the old power of the Padishah, but to abolish the office altogether—that is to say, so far as the decrees of Angora may run, and as long as they may endure. This great historical and political tragedy might well inspire a sermon on the instability of human fortune, if we were not restrained by the conviction that the Angoran Government itself represents but a passing phase in Mahomedan development, and that long after it has sunk into oblivion Sultans and Caliphs, together or separately, will still lead the Moslem world.

Space is too limited to admit of any incursion into the historical arena. Only the practical side of the question can be considered, and that may be defined as relating first to the effect produced generally throughout the Mahomedan world by the deposition of the Caliph who sat in the place of eminence at Stamboul, and secondly, and more directly so far as this country is concerned, to the repercussion such an event must produce among our fellow subjects of the Moslem faith in India, and in other component parts of the British Empire.

With regard to the former point, evidence is already accumulating. On the morrow of the deposition of Abdul Mejid, King Hoosein of Mesopotamia, Trans-Jordania,

and the Hejaz has allowed himself to be proclaimed Caliph and Commander of the Faithful in those States of Islam of which he is for the moment titular ruler. Not satisfied with the temporal power he already possessed, and the prestige he enjoyed as guardian of the Holy Places, he may now rule as "Successor of the Prophet," according to the Book of the Law, with the right of Presidency at public prayer which was ever in Islam the sign of chief command whether in civil or military life; but this proclamation carries force only for so long as those newly created States may continue to exist. Islam has known these local Caliphs before. Those of Cordova and Egypt were contemporaries of the Abbassides, but the range of their authority was restricted to their own spheres.

The effect of the rapid distribution of news by telegraph and other ways—a factor non-existent in the past—will not serve the extension or consolidation of King Hoosein's authority. Rather will his example incite other claimants. Already several Caliphs are proposed or talked of, and in diplomatic circles at least it will not be overlooked that the deposed Abdul Mejid, representing a dynasty of 500 years in Europe, has resigned neither his temporal nor his spiritual authority. There is another aspect in which King Hoosein's proclamation may have become more prominent by the time these lines can appear in print. His action is in a certain measure a defiance of Angora. Mustapha Kemal's Government abolishes the Caliphate, and the next day his nearest neighbour and rival, the Arab from Mecca and Medina, proclaims its revival in his own person. It looks almost like a gage of battle, and Angora has already been credited with the desire to pick a quarrel with its southern neighbour so that it may restore the unity of the Empire under its sway. The Angel of Peace does not appear to have fully enveloped the lands of the Near East under the folds of its wings.

But it is with the Indian Moslems that we are primarily concerned, and our views on the situation must be largely coloured by theirs. We knew without any necessity for assurance that they must be profoundly distressed by what has happened, and some of the most influential among

them have revealed that they are deeply hurt and irritated. They were not even consulted before the blow fell, although some warning of what was coming had been furnished in the treatment of the letter signed by the two most accomplished spokesmen of Islam at the present time, the Aga Khan and Mr. Ameer Ali; and yet the Moslems of India represent the largest, wealthiest and most intelligent of the communities that compose the Faith. During the days of trouble in 1919, when the Greeks were pressing onwards vested with what was called a Mandate, they stood firmly by their distressed brethren in the West, and they brought all the persuasion that they could exercise to bear on the British Government to modify its policy of rash and headstrong Hellenism, so that reason and right might prevail. For the diplomatic triumph at Lausanne Indian Moslems hold that their influence and their efforts are as much entitled to credit as the adroitness of Ismet Pasha on the scene; and as if to give force to their commentary three influential persons have already whispered in my ear that it was a pity that Angora did not abolish the Caliphate fifteen months ago, when there would have been no surrender at Lausanne.

No one with any regard for his reputation as a seer of coming events will venture to predict what line of conduct the Mahomedans of India will decide on pursuing. There was an influential section fully prepared when Mustapha Kemal deposed the House of Othman to have recognised him as Caliph and Leader of the Faithful, and to have followed him blindly for better or worse. But instead of proclaiming himself by the voice of his victorious army he has abolished the office, and concurred in the Republican decrees of the Angoran reformers who have broken with tradition, and repudiated the teaching of Mahomed and his immediate successors. It is not surprising that the heroic figure of Mustapha Kemal has fallen to the ground with the crash of a glass idol.

The first question that will come up for decision is whether the proclamation of King Hoosein as Caliph in his own sphere shall extend to India. It is said that his

possession and guardianship of the Holy Places give him a great hold on the Moslems of India and Asia, but that trust was held by his family from old days as Sheriffs, and, of course, could never be exercised to the detriment of pilgrims on the Haj. His recognition as Caliph would involve many other considerations. For the Indian Moslems the Caliphate represents the political and military power of the religion rather than the exposition of its creed and dogmas. That is the rôle of the Ulemas. The Sultans of Turkey were regarded as the Caliphs without any proclamation because they were the leading temporal sovereigns of the Faith on earth and because they were girt with the sword of the Prophet. Has King Hoosein any pretensions to play the same part? Does that potentate or his family possess the attributes of real and lasting power such as belonged for so long a period to the descendants of Mahomed the Conqueror? If they do not possess that power, if these newly created Arab systems have not struck their roots deeply in the soil to which they have been transplanted chiefly by British aid and British money, if all is ephemeral and transitory in Western Asia, then far better may it seem to Indians of the Faith to nominate and proclaim their own Caliph who would flourish in their midst, and whose greatness and fame would be subject to their own guidance and control.

For these reasons it does not appear probable that the Indian Moslems will imitate the precipitancy with which King Hoosein has allowed himself to be proclaimed by over-zealous flatterers Caliph in a limited capacity and sphere. They will wait at least to see how he may fare in his adventure. They are not blind to the fact that while the Angoran Parliament can by a hostile vote exile the unhappy Abdul Mejid, there is nothing in the Book of Laws to empower them to strip the Caliph of his functions and dignity. Abdul Mejid is still not only Caliph but Sultan, and although he has no means of recovering his rights immediately they will remain vested in himself and his family for production in happier times. That is why the French are showing that their powers of imagination are not failing in their timely offer to the exile of a new

home among the Faithful in Tunis. It might very well happen that a Caliph of North Africa would be preferable in the eyes of the Moslems of both Egypt and India to one at Bagdad.

The deposition of the Caliph may perhaps contribute to the strengthening of cordial relations between ourselves and the Moslems in India. The want of consideration displayed by the Angoran régime towards its co-religionists, its disregard for the traditions of Islam, and the discourteous and almost brutal manner in which it carried out its offensive decree against the titular head whom they had placed above themselves such a short time before, are all in such glaring contrast with the respect that we have ever shown in India and elsewhere to the religion of Mahomed, that our Moslem friends may be safely left to draw their own conclusions by themselves. But the general position in the East imposes on us an attitude of restraint and circumspection. We might easily create fresh anxiety and trouble for ourselves by precipitate interference in a controversy that does not concern us, and that may easily turn into conflict before the world is much older. The Caliphate is a strictly Mahomedan question with which we have no right to interfere. We have never had relations with any Caliph as such, and it would be folly to make a fresh start by recognising any individual in that capacity. The folly would be still greater if a crop of local or minor Caliphs were to spring up within the realms of Islam. King Hoosein as secular ruler has Treaty relations with us, but as Caliph we have nothing to do with him. To recognise him in that character would not even be kind to him, for he would have at once been denounced as an English nominee, and that would be fatal to his chances of durable success. The Moslem communities all over the earth have the exclusive right by common council and accord, if they wish, to select and proclaim who shall be their Caliph. They may consider that they have displayed wisdom in never exercising the right. They may now conclude that the rude and ruthless measures of Angora necessitate a halt, and that an interval for reflection before any decisive step be taken

would be salutary. If that becomes the general view, then the precipitancy of King Hoosein in putting himself forward to benefit by the unmerited misfortune of Abdul Mejid will appear in the light of an unwelcome aggravation of a complicated and distressing situation.

The step taken by the Angora administration has other aspects than that of a domestic or religious problem. Its significance may lie in its being actuated by political motives, and forming part of a line of policy to which we must not be blind. The reform of the Turkish Government, the emancipation of the Turkish people from old fetters, and the introduction of knowledge and intelligence into the loose system existing under the Sultans are admirable projects and look well in a programme; but while the destructive side of the movement has been carried out there is nothing yet to be shown on the creative side, which is the essential part of a new era. Abdul Mejid has been turned out of the Dolma Bagtche Palace, and Mustapha Kemal has installed himself therein. Are we to regard the change in the person of the tenant as a measure of reform? It is hard to find any indication of material progress unless the return of the German Banks means that Turkey is again to pass under their tutelage.

The suspicion has more than once obtruded itself since the Treaty of Lausanne became operative that an influence hostile to this country prevails in some sections of the Angora Chamber, and the expulsion of the Caliph is now alleged to be due to the desire to eliminate all the representatives of the old *régime* who seemed tainted with European ways in the pure eyes of the Angoran iconoclasts. Their Parliament is controlled by Republicans who consider themselves of the purest dye; but where they learnt their precepts, and whence they have drawn their principles, is a mystery that has hitherto baffled all enquirers. Certainly they are not to be found in the Koran, certainly they have no warrant in tradition, whether it emanated from Mecca or Damascus, Bagdad or Cairo. The doctrines followed seem to bear most resemblance to those of Karl Marx; and even Mustapha Kemal, who is credited with a spirit of moderation, seems unable to

restrain them. A clean sweep has been made of the Othman family, and yet loyalty to that family did not seem shaken even when the Treaty of Sèvres came up for revision. A mysterious influence is at work, and it may be impossible to trace it until events have made it plain.

But why should that influence be hostile to this country? Is it part of the Soviet intrigues against the British all over the world? Is it part of a great German plot to revive the schemes of 1914, and to reverse the decisions of the Great War? Certainly the Soviet helped materially to raise the Angoran State to one of military power, and not unnaturally many of the delegates remember this service, and believe that it would be repeated on future graver occasions. It is said—and it may be true—that some of the Republicans of New Turkey are bound by formal ties to the Moscow Reds. It would explain much, but not everything. Why should a harmless and powerless Caliph be hounded from his house to gratify the followers of a new and strange code? Someone might well have argued that to do so would only have the effect of making him more important in the eyes of those Moslems who were not under the influence of Angora, and that in the end retribution might fall on their own heads. On the whole it seems most probable that the interest displayed by the Indian Moslems in the maintenance of the Sultan's authority and prestige led to the conclusion that he was or might become a centre of influence and power in the world far beyond the reach of the orders of the Angora Chamber, and that for this season it would be wise to expel the victim of fate before his friends, and especially the Indian Moslems, could move efficaciously in his aid. Force was lent to this view by the discovery that while the Sultanate had been abolished, the outside world, not that of the Giaour but of the Faithful, continued to regard the Caliph not as the religious but as the secular chief and leader of the Moslem; in short, as the successor of Mahomed according to the Sharia.

It is vain for the sticklers for historic accuracy to protest that the title of Caliph has lost all significance because the last holder of the dignity disappeared with the

Abbassides when Moustassein fell in Bagdad in 1258 overwhelmed by the Mongols under Hulagu. The style has never gone out of use, nor has it ceased to exercise a spell over the minds of the Moslem. The Sultans of Turkey appropriated it to themselves without the formalities that King Hoosein claims to have observed, and in India repeatedly during the last sixty years, and more especially in the days of Syed Ali, was the question asked, "Who is our Caliph?" only to be uniformly answered with the words, "the Sultan of Roum." Therefore as long as a Caliph of the House of Othman existed in the city wrested by his ancestor from the Christians, these new reformers in the hills and sweeping plains of Anatolia felt reason to apprehend that by a turn of fortune's wheel this Caliph might reassert himself as Sultan to their undoing. They have removed this immediate cause of apprehension, and they flatter themselves that they are now secure against internal commotion and peril. But to create a void is no solution. Something must be discovered to fill the place and to satisfy the requirements of the human mind.

But their view has been too narrow. They forgot that the world of Islam is much broader and wider than the Turkish dominion, that it is moved by new ambitions and aspirations, and that it has a right to be consulted and considered on matters affecting their most cherished views and the core and kernel of their religion. In trying to avoid one peril they have created others. They have agitated Islam as it has not been stirred since Saladin smote the Fatimites. It is not merely that Angora has deposed and banished the Caliph whom it installed little over a year ago, it is not merely that they have abolished the office over which they had no control, but that they have done all this in absolute disregard of the feelings of all the other Moslems. They have taken these steps in defiance of the precepts of the Book of the Law, and in such an arrogant and reckless manner as to convey the impression that they must have been driven to it by some outside and non-Islamic pressure. Their next step might well be to abolish the Koran itself, and to decree a Feast to the Goddess of Reason on the square of At-Meidan.

ANGORA AND THE CALIPHATE¹

BY MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY

To anybody who has been watching at all closely the recent trend of Turkish politics there must have been nothing very astonishing in the sudden determination of the Angora Government to arrest and try on charges of high treason the three most distinguished editors in Turkey and also a number of other prominent men in Constantinople and elsewhere.

For many weeks, and even months, before the publication of the Agha Khan and Ameer Ali's letter on the Caliphate and before that December Sunday when the first arrests were made with such secrecy and haste, the relations between Angora and Constantinople had been growing steadily worse and worse. Many different factors had contributed to this estrangement between the old and the new capitals. Constantinople naturally was angry at being deposed from the position which it had held for so many centuries. Built as it is upon one of the finest sites in the whole world, where natural beauties are further enhanced by the advantages of a geographical position which has made the town not only a natural port of transit for many nations in time of peace, but also an almost impregnable stronghold in war, Constantinople has naturally ridiculed the idea that it, with all its traditions of the Pagan and Christian eras, should now give way to a little, out-of-the-way, tumble-down, unhealthy, inconvenient and neglected country town, almost unknown to the world except as harbouring the famous copy of Augustus' will generally referred to as the *Monumentum Ancyranum*, and as producing especially fine species of cats and goats. Moreover, the inhabitants of Constantinople and their partisans felt that, whatever may have been the temporary exigencies of the State during the continuance of the war, it was ridiculous for a Government which had successfully put forward at Lausanne the claim to negotiate on a par with its former enemies, and

(1) This article was written before the deposition of the Caliph.—
Ed., F.R.

to be regarded as a modern Great Power on a level with the Great Powers of Europe, to stultify all such pretensions by the deliberate abandonment of one of the finest capitals in the world in favour of such a ramshackle spot as Angora.

On the other hand, Angora did not conceal its opinion that Constantinople was little better than a nest of traitors contaminated by intercourse with the West. With its vast population of Greeks, Jews, Armenians and other foreign elements Constantinople was considered to be no trustworthy centre of Turkish faith and patriotism. Great as was the feeling against the Greeks and Armenians, there was, perhaps, even greater hatred among those who enrolled under the Nationalist banner of Mustapha Kemal and his colleagues for the ex-Sultan and his advisers who had so cravenly consented to the Treaty of Sèvres, and for those Turks who did not cross over into Anatolia and take part in the War of Independence. In the super-heated imagination of the Nationalists, or at any rate in certain of their organs of opinion, Constantinople was a town wherein the lower class Turks of Stamboul were bullied and oppressed by the brutal and licentious soldiery and military police of the Allies, while many of the upper class Turks were so lacking in dignity and patriotism that they, and even their women folk, consented to mix freely at social entertainments with the occupying forces. It is scarcely necessary to say that such fantastic propaganda rested on the flimsiest of foundations. There was a minimum of intercourse between the Allies and the Turkish inhabitants; and, with the exception of the ill-advised deportations to Malta and of certain unwarranted acts of interference and high-handedness on the part of the military police, the Allied occupation of Constantinople, so far from pressing with undue hardship upon the populace, was freely criticised by many of the older European residents as not being sufficiently stringent.

But quite apart from this collective and almost personified jealousy between Angora and Constantinople there were other schisms in the Turkish ranks which tended to emphasise the different points of view of the two towns,

in so far as the reactionary deputies of the first Grand Assembly were for the most part likely to develop a different set of ideas from those likely to be developed by the more generally highly-educated, broad-minded and experienced inhabitants of Constantinople. Before even the first Grand Assembly had run its course it had begun to split up into groups. There was what came to be known as the First Group, a body of men who were devoted to Mustapha Kemal. There was a second group which was composed of partisans of certain of his rivals, men who professed equal enthusiasm for the National Pact, but who considered that Mustapha Kemal was not the right man to put it into execution. Yet another group, named the Independence Group, was formed of men who were ready to follow the Ghazi so long as he was content to be their leader in war, but who had no great interest for any chief who was not as ready as themselves to live in a constant state of war. Finally, and most important of all, there was the old Unionist party which had been created by the Committee of Union and Progress, and which was to prove by its success in the municipal elections at Constantinople that it was still provided with an efficient party organisation.

It might have been thought that in these circumstances the Grand Assembly would have realised the advisability of refraining from any controversial measures except after the most prolonged study of all the possible consequences. Unfortunately this was not the case. On November 1st, 1922, the Assembly abolished the Sultanate and arrogated to itself the right to elect as Caliph, stripped of all temporal powers, "the most cultured, upright, noble member of the Imperial family" of Othman. This decision came somewhat strangely from those who at the outset of their movement had been ready enough to encourage the idea that they were fighting to rescue their beloved Padishah from the indignity of virtual captivity in Constantinople. But events had been moving quickly during the last six months of 1922. The rout of the Greek army had made the Kemalists the absolute masters of Anatolia. The conference of Mudania had shown them

that the British could not depend upon their so-called French and Italian Allies. The Turks had made up their minds that the British Empire was against another war with Turkey, and it would appear that certain prominent military leaders on the Allied side were even more convinced than the Turks themselves that Britain would not fight. The Allies therefore not only failed to impress anybody, but they even made matters worse when, in these circumstances, they communicated on October 27th, 1922, the joint invitations to the first Lausanne Conference to the representatives of the Constantinople and Angora Governments. Angora accepted the invitation, but in a second note protested against the Constantinople Government being invited as being a violation of the spirit of the Mudania Convention which might force the Angora representatives to abstain from taking part in the Conference, and referred to Constantinople as merely an administrative area under Inter-Allied occupation. The meaning of this cryptic remark was made clear a few days later when it became known that Angora had abolished the Sultanate, and had further passed resolutions condemning the "improper behaviour" of the Palace and the "intrigues" of the Porte with regard to the Conference, and proposing to put the Padishah and his Ministers on trial. As is well known, the Sultan did not venture to await the outcome of these threats, which had assumed a serious form since the arrival in Constantinople of that eminently clever diplomatist, Rafet Pasha, but applied to the British for protection and fled away in H.M.S. *Malaya*.

It would be interesting to know how far, if at all, the flight of the Sultan affected the subsequent course of Turkish policy towards the Caliphate. It is, of course, true that when the ex-Sultan quitted Constantinople the Law of November 1st had already been passed, but it seems pretty evident from the speeches of Rafet Pasha that events had outrun the calculations of the Nationalists, and that at the end of 1922 they were still by no means certain what form their Government would ultimately take and what part would be assigned therein to the Caliphate. During the recent trial of Loutif Fikri, the leader of the

Turkish Bar, a telling point was made when the defence quoted from a speech of Rafet's made at this time wherein the Pasha declared, "We have never thought of a Republic. Such a thing is far from us. The difference between a constitutional monarchy and the Presidency of a Republic is a difference of succession. Our method of administration is quite other. After having suffered so many evils what reason have we to create the embarrassments inherent in a Presidency of a Republic?" This apt quotation showed what a long way the Turkish State had travelled in thirteen months in its purely political aspect, and makes one wonder what ideas were harboured at the moment when His Majesty Abdul Medjid was hurriedly proclaimed Caliph just a week after the flight of his predecessor. At any rate the extremists were still full of the new order of things. Not only did the new Caliph not proceed, as so many of his predecessors had done, to the Mosque of Eyub to be girt with the famous sword of Osman, but those of us who were privileged to be present at that most interesting and picturesque ceremony could hardly help noticing what a very scanty body of Guards had been provided—presumably with the express intention of marking that the Commander of the Faithful had nothing at his command, except the French language and a pretty talent for the violin and his palette. Moreover, the new ordinance was further and very effectually secured by the passing of a Law of Treason under the terms of which "All who willingly by act or writing work against the decision of November 1st deciding on the abolition of the Sultanate and the incorporation in the personality of the National Assembly of the rights of sovereignty or against the legality of the National Assembly are considered traitors to the Fatherland." The very passage of such a law was in itself an indication that the treatment of the Caliph was not approved by a considerable section of the people, and this was, in fact, notoriously the case.

Now so long as the Allies were still in occupation of Constantinople and the Treaty of Lausanne had not been signed there was naturally an effort made by the Turks to

cover up their internal differences. Nevertheless, even during the summer months when the elections for the new Grand National Assembly were dragging out their length there was already visible a good deal of minor discontent. Already people in Constantinople were lamenting to you in private conversation that the Caliph had been left stranded in an anomalous and undignified position. Any open discussion was still prevented by the Law of Treason, but the existence of this under-current was perfectly well known, and it was apparently thought in Angora that if the Assembly were to be composed only of members of the Popular Party (as the Defence of Right party subsequently became in its new parliamentary form), there would be an end of all opposition. Many people foresaw that the only effect of this stupid scheme would be the election of many men who were nothing more than nominal supporters of the party programme in its entirety, and who, as soon as they had achieved their ambition of becoming deputies, would sooner or later hive off into separate groups under some leader or other. Hussein Djahid, the able editor of the *Tanin* and the most prominent of all the men recently tried, argued, therefore, that it would be much better for the ultimate political health of the country if not only the existence of people who thought otherwise than the members of the Popular Party were officially recognised, but also if an opportunity were granted them to stand as candidates. However, *Dis aliter visum est*. The authorities saw to it that such independent candidates as presented themselves did not anywhere obtain any but the most trifling proportion of the votes cast. The result has been what was foreseen. From the very first there were little symptoms that the external unanimity of the Assembly was more apparent than real, and to-day even the Turkish Press no longer keeps up the farce of pretending that the country follows exclusively one political school of thought.

A great deal of this widespread discontent was an inevitable aftermath of the war. Turkey has come out of her fight for life in a very exhausted and stricken condition. It would take her several seasons of good harvests to regain the measure of prosperity which she had attained

before the opening of the era of war in which she has been living for the last ten years. Even under the most favourable circumstances it must take her decades and must entail the expenditure of hundreds of millions sterling before she can hope that her people and her country can approach that level of material and intellectual development which she has set up as her standard by her claim to be regarded and treated as a modern Power on a par with the Great Powers of Europe. When the new Assembly met in August, Fethi Bey, the new Prime Minister, sketched a most elaborate programme of reconstruction; the salient points were summarised by me in the November issue of this REVIEW. Very little has been done towards the realisation of this programme. This, to be sure, was unavoidable owing to want of money. The Government was, and still is, in a dilemma. If no programme were produced the country would complain that the leaders had no conception of the pressing needs of the population. If, on the other hand, a programme were produced critics were given the opportunity of contrasting the ideal with the reality.

What further complicated the situation was the growing realisation that before the administration of the country could begin to work properly some modification must be made in the constitution. The old arrangement whereby the Assembly was at once the supreme legislative and executive authority and all the Ministers were chosen and dismissed individually by the Assembly without any regard to the constitution of the Cabinet as a whole was felt to be cumbersome. Unfortunately the Government went about the introduction of this reform, the need of which was universally acknowledged, with undue haste and secrecy. The first official hint that such a reform was in the wind was contained in an interview which Mustapha Kemal granted to the special correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*—a false tactical move which was keenly resented by the Turkish Press, which complained that such information ought to have been given to them rather than to an Austrian newspaper. Then after a period of vague speculation, corrections and

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denials, the crisis provoked by the resignation of the Prime Minister, Fethi Bey, was suddenly seized upon by Kemal as a pretext for declaring that, if he was to clear up the muddle into which the Assembly and the Popular Party had drifted, it must be by the immediate acceptance of the Republic with himself as President, armed with apparently very far-reaching powers.

It is quite possible that Kemal was right in thinking that Turkey still needed to be ruled with an iron hand. There are many observers who think that Turkey is still far from ripe enough to prosper under a Republic. What irritated, agitated and alarmed large sections of public opinion, especially in Constantinople, was the hasty, hole-and-corner manner in which the proclamation of the Republic was staged without any open and adequate discussion in the Assembly. There are, of course, occasions when every nation needs to take secret counsel, and many Turks have assured me that as soon as the Treaty of Lausanne has been ratified and the country feels that it is no longer in a quasi state of war, we shall see a marked difference in the government of the country. Nevertheless, those critics, both foreign and native, who have complained of the difficulty of understanding what exactly is happening under the existing system, whereby the Assembly as often as not meets only to ratify with no or only the most perfunctory debate what has already been threshed out in a secret session of the Popular Party, have a great deal of justice on their side, and the present arrangement does absolutely nothing for that political education of which the Turkish nation is in such need. It was seen that Kemal combined with the Presidency of the State the Presidencies also of the Assembly, of the Cabinet, and of the Popular Party, and in the absence of any adequate explanation it was not known how far these positions were to be merely titular and how far Kemal intended to make active use of them. It was further rumoured that it was intended to confer upon the President the right of veto and also of dissolving the Assembly, and it was at once pointed out that such an accumulation of powers went far beyond anything known

in the democracies of Europe. If, it was murmured, there is, in effect, to be a Sultan, why should he not be of the old Imperial family?

The apprehensions aroused by all these rumours were enhanced by the remarkable absence in the amended clauses of the Constitution of any reference to the Caliphate. The Public Prosecutor, in summing up his case against the three editors, maintained that the position of the Caliph was definitely fixed under the Constitution as that of a spiritual chief and that it was in no way vague, and he insisted that the whole purpose of the Agha Khan's letter was to agitate for the Caliph being given a political influence. It must be admitted that the terms of that now famous letter were somewhat ambiguous. The Turks were probably misled by the reference to the Turkish "body politic," and thought that, despite the disclaimer, the real object of the letter was to restore a measure of temporal power to the Caliph, whereas a careful study of the letter, and also of the second letter which the Agha Khan wrote to *The Times* in explanation of the original document, should convince any fair-minded person that the Agha Khan had rather in mind all those spiritual activities which should naturally fall to the Caliph to perform, and which at present are remaining unperformed. Anyway, the Turks got it firmly into their heads that an attempt had been made at British instigation to restore the Caliphate, if not to its former position when its power was doubled with that of the Sultanate, at least to a position that could not fit in properly with the new Turkish Republic.

It must seem strange to many outsiders to find that the partisans of the Caliphate, and even to some extent of a restored Sultanate on a more constitutional basis, should be congregated in Constantinople, whereas the opposition to any reaction should be coming from Anatolia. Such a state of affairs seems to be a reversal of the normal mentality among nations which universally find in their peasants the most religious and conservative elements. This paradox is probably more apparent than real. That the party which actively desires a return of the old-

fashioned Sultanate is numerically strong seems to me to be highly improbable, and it is very unlikely that the Tribunal will unearth anything really serious in the course of its investigations into an alleged secret organisation. On the other hand, there is certainly a distinct section of opinion which feels that a mere puppet Caliph is almost worse than no Caliph at all, and, further, that since by general consent His Majesty has conducted himself with great dignity during the past fourteen months, there is no valid reason for slighting a man who was put into his present position by the Grand Assembly, and was acknowledged so recently by an almost unanimous vote to be the "most cultured, upright, noble member" of the Imperial family. On the other hand, it is exceedingly difficult for a foreigner to judge how far the peasant approves the policy of the Assembly. One very often hears the remark that many of the peasants still live in blissful ignorance of the fact that they no longer have a Padishah, and an American friend who understands Turkish told me that when the Turkish troops entered Constantinople after the evacuation by the Allies many of them expected to see the Sultan.

It is a fixed idea of those old-fashioned Turks who are still to be met here in Constantinople that this frame of mind is almost universal. On the other hand, I was astonished during a recent visit to Angora to find that little or no account was made of such notions. Turkey, I was told in effect, has no more escaped the modern tendency towards neglecting religion than has any other people, and it was an error to suppose that the Turks to-day were moved by religious fanaticism. Several people with whom I spoke dwelt upon the disadvantages rather than upon the advantage of the Caliphate being confined to the Imperial family of Turkey, and though, for example, in her last Treaty with Afghanistan Turkey is still referred to as the protector of Moslem Powers, I did not find that any store was set by this claim. On the contrary, I obtained from several deputies the impression that Turkey in her present frame of mind is averse from gratuitously assuming duties towards her

co-religionaries outside the boundaries of the National Pact. Turkey certainly met the recent Erivan incident with comparative calm, and even all the newspaper propaganda about the indignities inflicted upon Mussulmans by the French seems to arouse no burning campaign of indignation among the people at large. There are, it seems, some "Little Turks" who would push matters so far as to jettison the Caliphate altogether. I met one such deputy myself, and that my experience was not unique is evident from the fears expressed by the unfortunate Loutif Fikri both in one of the articles which caused his condemnation and during his trial when he insisted more than once upon the loss of prestige to Turkey if the Caliph were to be chosen, as had been suggested in the *Akcham*, by a pan-Islamic Congress, whereat Turkey would have little more influence than Azerbaijan.¹

What the ultimate outcome will be it is as yet impossible to forecast with any certainty. It is scarcely likely that after all the excitement caused by the Agha Khan's letter, and by the series of trials, matters will drift on as before. The decision is one for Moslems alone to take; but even the most pig-headed Angora deputy should now be aware that upon that decision will depend consequences of the most vital importance both to Turkey and to the whole Mussulman world.

Constantinople, January, 1924.

(1) Written before the crisis.—ED., F.R.

WITH TURKS AND GREEKS IN ANATOLIA

AN ECHO OF 1919-1920

BY LIEUT.-COL. C. B. THACKERAY, D.S.O.

I ALWAYS think it is very fitting that the boundary where Europe and Asia meet at Constantinople should be something more than a mere geographical line. A Styx and a Charon might come up to your expectations. You have, however, a more uncertain, if less dramatic transition, in the passage of the swift-running Bosphorus on a vessel scrapped by the Thames Penny Steamboat Company some twenty years ago. Let us, then, pass across into Asia. Boarding the ferry steamer at Galata pier, we squeeze in with the mass of befezzed, unsavoury, Ottoman humanity, so tightly wedged that it would give a Board of Trade official a fit; and having, in the course of the twenty minutes' crossing, quite good-humouredly nearly run down two or three "rakish-looking" craft, and narrowly escaped collision with a battleship, we set foot on Haidar-Pasha Quay, the terminus of Turkey's one and only main railway in Anatolia. The station buildings still wear the scars of British bombs.

We need not go far from Constantinople to realise the class of petty tyranny to which certain partly Greek districts are subject; yet everywhere you meet with Turkish, as well as Greek, good nature and hospitality. Turks and Greeks live cheek by jowl; and, though each is spoiling to cut the other's throat, yet both seem ready enough to fall on the neck of the British stranger in their midst.

* * *

Beside the shores of the Sea of Marmora, on the Asiatic side, runs the C.F.O.—the *Chemin de fer Ottoman*. At Ismid, fifty miles from Scutari and Haidar-Pasha, the Asiatic suburbs of Constantinople, it turns southwards into the interior on its long track through Asia Minor. Along this coast are a series of small towns, many of them popular little watering-places. The rickety wooden houses and restaurants overhang the tideless waters, and each has its

little pier for sailing boats and bathing. The nymphs of these idyllic shores disport themselves, untrammelled by clothing or conventions, among the rocks and pools. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Here is a story which suggests a subject for a modern Old Master—"Nymphs surprised by British soldiers." The leading team of a field battery, it is said, coming suddenly upon the scene, was so scandalised that the respectable British horses wheeled round and bolted—in spite of the efforts of the drivers!

It is an entrancing coast, not perhaps beautiful in the ordinary sense, but with an arresting fascination of its own. Of trees there are, close to the shore, few or none. The forests long since disappeared under the Ottoman axe, all regardless of the wealth that fell with the trees, never to benefit future generations. There is a common saying that no tree ever grows under Ottoman sway. But it is a coast of little bays and headlands, of islands and peninsulas, washed by pellucid waters of a marvellous clearness and transparency, under skies that diffuse a soft and mellow tinge, and wash with an exquisite brush the colours of land and sea. Never have I seen sunsets and dawns of such amazing beauty, against which, perchance, the minarets and domes of distant Stamboul stand, or seem to hang floating in the filmy atmosphere, like the enchanted city of a dream.

These little towns were, at the time of which I write, wooed for their languorous charms, in the heat of summer, by the somewhat unprepossessing denizens of the city, mostly Greek and Armenian, and came within the maleficent embrace of the Ottoman arm of the law, the Turkish gendarmerie. The British troops occupied camps close by, and with our advent in 1918 an unwelcome restraint was put upon the activities of the sardonic Turkish gendarme. More than once we were invited to honour with our patronage certain little local *fêtes*. Our hosts assured us, with tears of gratitude, that, but for our presence a Turkish gendarme would assuredly have appeared upon the scene and broken up the gathering—sometimes out of sheer caprice, sometimes under orders of superiors emanating from Stamboul, to break up *all*

meetings, lest they should be of a political character. The sanction of a junior British officer was quite enough to check the exercise of any such petty tyrannies. The inhabitants at last knew what it was to live as free men—not the slaves of a hated despotism.

* * *

I was on friendly terms with the stationmaster of one little town. He was a genial and friendly little soul, fond of talking politics, religion, or anything else, if he was given the chance. I well remember him one bitter winter evening, standing swathed to the ears in a magenta muffler, with his fez perched jauntily on top. He was careful to explain that they had to wear the fez sometimes, as it was the railway uniform, but that it had no racial or religious significance. He was a Greek Christian. He spoke fluently in French, the *lingua franca* of those parts. It was a conversation of considerable duration, for the train, in which I was trickling to my destination, was performing the lengthy evolution known on the C.F.O. as *un petit manœuvre*. This meant a noisy and very bumpy shunting, for a space of not less than half-an-hour, to the accompaniment of guttural sounds of encouragement, and the hooting of a coach horn, from any stray railway servant who happened to be on the platform. It appeared that the engine driver won the game, and was allowed to proceed, when he had performed the greatest possible number of permutations and combinations between the various platforms and sidings, with the carriages and trucks at his disposal.

Turkey is *par excellence* the land of contrasts, in weather as in manners or morals, and the last gusts of a blizzard shook the platform. My friend the stationmaster had just been through a severe attack of influenza, and was wheezing and coughing and stamping and flapping his arms. But the fire that was in him made him forget his troubles. Venizelos had just been overthrown, but Constantine was about to return. His indignation at the possible prospect of a rupture with the Allies, and the abandonment of the Anatolian Greeks to their fate, knew no bounds. "We Greeks of these provinces," he said,

"are heart and soul with the Allies." The pusillanimous policy of the Court circles had been the bitterest humiliation to them. Venizelos, the saviour of the country, had been thrown over by a cabal. If the Allies deserted them they would be lost. The Greeks of Athens knew nothing of the Greeks in the provinces, particularly in Asia Minor, and were guided only by self-interest. A Committee had been formed of Greeks along the coast, of which he was a member, and if the Athens Government broke with the Allies, they would renounce their allegiance to that Government, declare themselves an independent community, and throw themselves on the mercy of the Allies. Then he recounted some of the horrors of Turkish terrorism which he had seen; though he himself, as an official, had escaped without serious molestation. "Think," he said, with the impassioned eloquence of a genuine emotion, "what it will mean to us if you go. For two years we have known what freedom means, freedom guaranteed under the British flag. We have moved and talked freely. For the first time we have experienced the sensations of free men. We have been able to hold up our heads, and to breathe our native air without hindrance—free men. And now Athens thinks that we can go back into that desolation of servitude again, without a murmur or a protest. We will wash our hands of them. They are no longer our compatriots—they are traitors to us."

In the event, the return of Constantine did not have quite the effect he anticipated at the time, but his Committee must have been kept pretty busy later on!

* * *

The distribution of Greeks and Turks among the villages was curious. They were spoken of as Greek or Turkish villages, according to the preponderance of either nationality, and they kept up a vendetta with one another. Outwardly there was little difference between them. They all wore fezes, which were introduced about a hundred years ago by one of the Sultans as the national head-dress. The Turks wore them as a right; the Greeks and others had to purchase the right. This might seem to

be a superfluous adornment on the head of the enemies of Islam, but the wily Turk, with Oriental cunning, and, no doubt, a sardonic chuckle at thus doubly scoring off the despised Christian, gave certain privileges, or remissions of taxation, to the wearers of the fez. As the Sultan, or his deputies, kept a Government monopoly in the manufacture or sale of fezes, and, moreover, doubtless did *not* grant the full privileges or remissions to Christians, there is a grim humour about the proceeding that must have appealed enormously to the Pashas.

The style of living in the villages is wholly primitive—rickety wooden houses, with latticed windows and balconies, little or no sanitation, and atrocious roads. The essence of civilisation has been defined, in a nutshell, as—good roads, and reasonable security for life and property. In Turkey all of these are conspicuous by their absence. The Greek villages professed to live, like the chamois of the natural history books, in a state of perpetual terror. In reality the Greeks near Constantinople suffered more from the oppressive sense of perpetual espionage, and the petty tyranny of the police, than from any actual bloodshed.

* * *

But in ordinary intercourse the Turk, from peasant to Pasha, always knows how to behave like a gentleman.

I was riding one day, near one of the little ramshackle watering-places I have spoken of, and was greeted genially by a distinguished-looking old officer with white moustaches. I stopped to speak to him, and he asked most courteously whether we were comfortable and liked our camp and got some sport. He was with his wife and daughter, and they had run down for a breath of fresh air from Constantinople. He took the opportunity, like many other pleasant Turks I have met, of assuring me of their particular friendliness to England—"nos amis séculaires," a favourite phrase with them—and begged me to go and see the *Musée d'Armes*, of which he was the Director. He courteously offered me facilities for my visit. This led, later on, to a little incident, the memory of which I value. I found myself one day at the museum

—which, by the way, is one of the finest and most interesting, though ill-arranged, collections of armour and ancient weapons in the world. It was closed on that day, or at that hour, and, moreover, I was not in possession of the necessary *iradé*. But I gave the name of my Turkish friend, the General, and was immediately admitted and taken round by one of the guard. The soldier, a sturdy illiterate peasant, showed little interest in the museum, except when relics of the Sultans or trophies of Turkish victories stirred him to patriotic fervour. When I left, my guide, and the rest of the guard, resolutely refused to have anything to do with my proffered tip (about a year's pay in the Turkish army) as I was a friend of the General's. I do not think many European soldiers would have been so punctilious.

I left a note for the director, and received from him an imposing illuminated missive with a charming letter, again touching upon the *amitié séculaire* and his admiration for everything British. I hope this refined and kindly old gentleman still retains the same friendly sentiments towards us.

* * *

I could recount many instances of the kindness and hospitality of the Turks, often the poorest, when I have been out on shooting expeditions. They would throw open their houses to us, and greet us with a dignified welcome that would have well become the lord of a castle. No trouble was too great, though our British wants and customs must often have unwittingly caused surprise and inconvenience. I remember in particular one instance. We were led by an untrustworthy old *shikari* late at night to a village where he was supposed to have made all arrangements for us for a two or three days' stay. Our arrival—several officers and British and Indian soldiers, with horses, mules, carts and paraphernalia—was, however, quite unexpected. Our guide, a picturesque, plausible, and perfectly useless old rogue of at least seventy, led us to the house of the head man, who took it entirely as a matter of course that we should be his guests—as, indeed, the ancient had assured us would be the

case. We followed him through a cowshed, which, I imagined, was all that most of us could expect. But he led us up some rickety stairs, and we were ushered into his little state-room, bare except for a few low divans, and we were invited to make use of this and any other accommodation he had. His wife brought us the inevitable coffee. I learnt afterwards that she had been turned out, to stay with a relative over the way, not so much on account of any Turkish ideas of propriety, for she paid us visits and helped to look after our wants, as to make room for us!

* * *

During my stay in Turkey, in 1919-20, it was my good fortune to visit many of the places of ancient historic renown that have figured so prominently in the events of recent years.

Chanak has become a name to conjure with. The sleepy little harbour has always had a more than local importance, from its commanding position near the narrowest point of the Dardanelles. During the occupation it was held by a British garrison, and, from time to time, woke up to become a centre of bustling activity when trouble was brewing.

It is just one of those little seaside places which I have described, the houses leading down to the water's edge, with their own tiny piers and wooden bathing stages. It is perhaps your first landing place in Turkey; and a bazaar, a mosque, or even a fez, has the glamour of the East about it; whilst the call of the muezzin from his tower seems to strike a personal note—a greeting—or is it a warning?—to the newcomer, from the East. Here and there ugly blue and white public buildings, or a little mosque, with dome and minaret, rise above the houses. One or two forts overlook the town and the Straits. Opposite, a mile away, on the Gallipoli peninsula, is Kirid Bahr, with its Byzantine keep still standing and in use. During my enforced stay at the rest camp I used to ride about the interior, and made my first acquaintance with the fierce-looking, hospitable Osmanli; and it was here, in July, 1919, that I heard the salute fired by us, from the same Turkish guns that had fought our ships, announc-

ing the conclusion of the Peace Treaty of Versailles! During the same week those very guns were lent by us to the Turks to celebrate some Turkish or Islamic occasion. Even then the topsy-turvy irony of it all seemed fine. To-day, more than four years later, it is superb.

Chanak is the first place you touch at on your way to Constantinople from the Mediterranean. Passing between leafy Tenedos and the arid mainland, you see before you Cape Helles and the crags of ruined Sedd-ul-Bahr, overhanging the beaches, where the hulks of the *River Clyde* and her sisters used to lie. "Gallipoli" needs no words. It is a splendid memory, and a glorious inspiration, for sons of Britain to carry with them in their hearts, when they enter the narrow way to the East, to see the run rise behind those hills which, defying the unseemly wranglings of Lausanne, shall be, for ever, the monument and the resting-place of those who fell, not in vain?

We are entering the Narrows; the hills, dotted with occasional farms and villages, slope to the water's edge within ear-shot. We might be steaming between the islands of the Hebrides. So it seemed to the Highlanders on board, who found it home-like, and set up a Gaelic wail, and hailed the shore with Scottish jokes. But our thoughts turn again to the war and the gallant attempt to force the Narrows under the fire of guns at point-blank range. There the *Bouvet* sank. Here *Irresistible* and *Ocean* went down. Often you see the half-submerged hulks and masts of Turkish vessels.

The other day the eyes of the world were turned upon Chanak, where a handful of British sailors and soldiers stood between Asia and Europe, and, like Horatius, but without his staunch supporters, barred the way across a yet more fateful Tiber. It is not an unworthy site. When you first set foot here on Turkish soil you are in the midst of names and places that are immortal. Opposite is Gallipoli. A distant cloud marks where Mount Olympus stands. Troy and Mount Ida are not far away. Here Leander swam across the Hellespont for the love of Hero. Close by is the hillock upon which sat Xerxes, moralising, and surveyed his fleets and armies as they

crossed by his famous bridge of boats to conquer Europe—but not to return; here, too, Alexander crossed from Europe to conquer Asia. And from here the Ottoman Turks laid their first grip on Europe, six centuries ago. Again, here, at Chanak, in those vivid days of September, 1922, they threw down their boastful challenge and dared Europe to loosen, if she could, their baleful grasp. Since then Europe has failed, and Chanak has been followed by—Lausanne!

The Hellespont has been witnessing, yet again, a drama no less tremendous than of old. The fate of Europe and of Asia was, and may yet again be, in its keeping at Chanak.

* * *

It is at Ismid that the Anatolian railway leaves the coast and strikes inland through Eski Shehr to the heart of Asia. The railway skirts a great lake and winds up the mountains, through magnificent gorges, between towering crags. It is a fine piece of German railway engineering. At Biledjik a splendid bridge spans the dizzy chasm of the valley—a bridge that changed hands many times since we withdrew from the interior in 1919-20, and was the scene of frequent fighting. If the country were opened up this section of the C.F.O. would rank high among the picturesque railroads of the world. At the foot of the hills, and on the plateau above, you pass through a rich country that would amply repay capital and industry.

Ismid itself is worthily situated for the important rôle she has played in history. Many armies have marched through her bazaars since the days of Hannibal, who, according to one tradition, is buried near here. The town lies at the point of the gulf that bears its name. Snowy mountains look down upon it. A broad, marshy stretch, intersected with dykes, forms a delta, fed by the rivers of the interior, and links the hills on either side. A castle and barracks dominate the town, which is picturesque and interesting in itself. But the *Goeben* used to be the chief attraction, lying just off the shore, with a heavy list, in charge of a Turkish crew, and allowed to fly the Turkish

flag, pending the settlement of Peace terms! The German eagle had become a very lame Turkish duck! She now constitutes the Turkish "fleet."

* * *

In the autumn of 1919 we held posts as far as Eski Shehr and Ahoum Karahissar, on the main line, some two or three hundred miles in the interior. Eski Shehr became the original seat of the first Sultans in the thirteenth century. It is a city of some 50,000 inhabitants, who mostly live in crowded streets and bazaars of mud houses, and it compares unfavourably with a backward city in India. Meerschaum is its most interesting commodity. The chief attraction and principal meeting place is a very ancient Turkish bath.

At the time of which I write one Ali Fuad—who afterwards became Kemalist envoy with the Bolshevik Government at Moscow—was the villain of the piece. He commanded roving bands of a few hundreds, with which he was by way of investing the place, and, at any rate, succeeded in infesting the neighbourhood. Our duty was to prevent an entry into the town, which remained "loyal."

The Sultan's army was represented by an elderly general. He held the rank of a corps commander, and had, at least, one point in common with the Archangel Michael—he commanded invisible hosts. There were a few guards here and there along the railway, but little more. Now and again the War Ministry at Stamboul would despatch reinforcements, the dregs of the populace, to the affected areas. But these, together with their commanders, generally dispersed, or deserted to the "enemy," taking with them their arms, and, if the War Ministry had been rash enough to send any, such cash or treasure as they had with them.

The British general and his staff, and the Turkish general and *his* staff, which consisted of a smart young A.D.C., messed together at a little *estaminet* kept by an Austrian woman. The Turkish general was portly and dignified. He had retired before the war, in which he had not been called upon to take any active part, and had gone into business, evidently with satisfaction to himself.

He treated British officers with a genial *bonhomie*, and spoke fluent French. I only introduce him as a specimen of a Turkish general officer and man of affairs, whose remarks threw, what was to me, a new light on the feelings of certain educated Turks towards their compatriots.

His sentiments grated discordantly on the ears of strangers and foreigners. He said, "I am a Macedonian Turk. We Europeans," and he touched me confidentially, as though claiming some sort of brotherhood, "we Europeans can have little in common with these Asiatics. Look at them. From year to year, and century to century, they are content to live the lives of beasts of the field, hewers of wood and drawers of water, living in hovels, and bartering their trumpery wares in squalid bazaars, just as they did a thousand years ago. They are half savages. They have no knowledge of what progress and civilisation mean. What can we do with them? And yet you manage better in India. How do you do it?"

It is significant of our past, and perhaps our future relations with Turkey, that this friendly and admiring question is often on the lips of intelligent Turks.

From Eski Shehr I paid a flying visit to Afium Karahissar in an improvised armoured train. Afium is one of the most curious places I have ever seen. Giant black rocks, from which it gets its name, rise sheer out of the bare plain, like an outcrop of Gibaltars, big and little, and the city straggles at their feet under the frowning eyes of forts and guns.

* * *

I was in Brûssa soon after its first occupation by the Greek army, in the autumn of 1920. You reach the place from Constantinople after several hours in a little cockle-boat of a passenger steamer, crowded with cattle and every sort of Ottoman and Greek, from greasy dwellers in the cities to picturesque brigands from Macedonia and Anatolia. A toy railway carries you up from Mudania to the slopes of the Bithynian Olympus, on which Brûssa stands. Mudania is the dirty, neglected little harbour, where, in September, 1922, General Harington met the Ottoman envoy, brought the Turkish armies to a halt, and, for the moment, saved Europe from disgrace and disaster.

The principal hotel at Brûssa was crowded with the generals and staffs of an army corps and a division and the streets swarmed with troops. The Greek occupation was characterised by generosity and fair dealing. They had taken the very wise step of utilising the Turkish civic authorities, including police, and there had been no friction. The life of the place went on as usual, and there was a brisk trade in the restaurants and bazaars.

Brûssa is marvellously picturesque. The streets and bazaars are full of variety and character. Every turn brings you to some fresh arrangement of timbered house fronts and latticed windows. The sight of the piled-up fruit stalls, a blaze of rich and mellow colour, in such a setting, is a thing never to be forgotten. In spring, when the fruit trees are in blossom, the valley for miles is a sheet of pink and white. Overlooking it stands the exquisite little Green Mosque, a jewel in a perfect setting. The bazaars, open and covered, teem with a motley stream of buyers and loiterers—young bloods in baggy trousers and gay waistcoats—swaggering *comitadji* and Circassians bristling with arms—stolid, sturdy peasants in grey—women whose yashmaks do not conceal curious glances from bright eyes—merry urchins—dingy Jews and Armenians—Greek soldiers in khaki, and perhaps,—a pinchbeck lord of creation,—in white kilt with bonnet and shoes all ornamented with enormous scarlet pompoms, a stalwart soldier of the Greek Guard. A Greek band plays in the square, and crowds loiter or sit about at the tables.

The ancient mosques, the minarets and domes, the shady gardens, the tombs of former Sultans, the cypresses, the Turkish baths, with mosaic and fresco crumbling and dimmed with the steam of centuries—these are a background to the life of a place such as a Moslem loves—somewhere where, for a space, melancholy may mark him for her own. He sits and meditates on his schemes, on his loves and his revenges, on his past glories; crafty and cruel, or generous and brave, strenuous or indolent, he is not mean. And as we look down from some battlement upon it all, we may well ponder what might have been had the Osmanli, with such qualities, known better how to turn his conquests to his own, and to the world's per-

manent advantage, and not been content to batten on the races he has conquered. I always think there is something very symbolical of Turkey in the common spectacle of a fat Turk astride a diminutive donkey; or rather, perched precariously above a pile of baggage, on a high arched saddle. Sometimes the donkey kicks, and he falls off. Whereupon he gets up, beats it with a stick, and remounts.

To me, at Brûssa, the too assertive and indiscriminating patronage of Pierre Loti was something of an offence. To him, everything Turkish or Islamic was perfect, everything Christian a crime. One kept on coming up against signs of him, such as his signature in books, orders for goods, gushing letters to the guardians of the mosques—reverend, white-bearded old mullahs, who were politely tolerant of his raptures, and fond of regaling you with amused recollections of the queer Frenchman in his flowing mantle. I think they regarded the author of *Turquie Agonisante* as a far more fit object for compassion than they were themselves.

* * *

This was almost my last—I hope not my final—experience of Turkey in Asia. In future, it seems, one will meet only Turks, not Turks and Greeks. I, for one, cannot think the best solution has been found for either nation: and, as a friend of both Greek and Turk, I look forward to the future with misgivings and forebodings.

On my return to England at the end of 1920 I had the good fortune to travel across Europe with the new Turkish representative at the Legation in London. I had several interesting talks with him during the six days' journey. When exchanging civilities with the Turkish diplomat on parting company I uttered some platitude, to the effect that I hoped it might fall to his lot to renew the traditional friendship of his country with Great Britain—(I borrowed *amis séculaires* from my Turkish friends). Very earnestly and very wistfully he said, "*Je le souhaite—je le souhaite.*"

THE SEX BIAS OF *MEASURE FOR MEASURE*

BY LUCIE SIMPSON

So incompatible is pessimism with Shakespeare's reputation for geniality and sweet temper that one is only too ready to accept an extraneous cause for it whenever the critics supply one as they do in *Measure for Measure*.

Whetstone's translation of Cinthio's rare history of *Promos and Cassandra*, from which Shakespeare took the play, afforded him not only material out of which to fashion a comedy, but also admitted of the introduction of certain opinions on the social conditions of the times. The poet hated hypocrisy, and the Puritanism of his day ran easily to this growth. As far as he dare, he was hitting back at a movement that had not only brought the theatre into disrepute but was placing a premium on all kinds of deceit and spurious self-righteousness.

Coinciding with a time of his life when ethical values and casuistical questions were becoming increasingly interesting, and in which he saw infinite dramatic possibilities, it was not surprising that in this play, parts of which rise above the level of all but his finest poetry, he reveals a morality so characteristic that it might be said to reflect the very core of his moral judgments.

Not only is it concerned with Puritanism as a religion, but with one particular aspect of it. *Measure for Measure* is a problem play—the first great sex drama that was ever written. In it Shakespeare brings his penetrating insight to bear upon a question that since then has not wanted for dramatic treatment in all literatures.

The Duke in the play, who appears to have a certain biographical interest, assumes for a time the disguise of a friar, and, passing "to and fro in Vienna," discovers there is scarcely enough honesty to hold society together. He says:—

I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'errun the stew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

But when all is said, the keynote of the play is not the Duke's denunciation of prevailing evils and "the vanity of wretched fools," but rather that cry of Isabella:—

Women! Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them.

Preceded and followed by a little homily on the frailty of woman, "ever credulous to false prints," we detect all through the speech Shakespeare's compassion alike for inherited weakness as unavoidable misfortune. In the mouth of Isabella the indictment of the sex loses none of its appeal by the touch of admitted susceptibility.

Little wonder that while no secret of human character or motive was denied the dramatist, the relation of the sexes, so fruitful of misunderstanding, suffering and tragedy, should have occupied him on occasion, not entirely from the point of view of dramatic success—though drama had to be the vehicle of the opinions—but from that of common justice and equity.

It must not be lost sight of that while in our time the issue of the woman's question has widened until it embraces something approaching equality of citizenship and education, if not an all-round economic independence, in Shakespeare's day it meant practically one thing, the marital and sexual relation.

In the give and take of social intercourse between men and women the plays abound in humorous and tragic illustration. But we know of only this one wherein the dramatist expresses himself as definitely as his medium will allow on the question of reciprocal rights and all that is involved in the matter—a stand, by the way, that takes no cognisance of ecclesiastical or dogmatic injunctions, but bases itself on the human natural obligation of man to woman and woman to man. Nor has he—which makes his argument the stronger—confined himself to the relationship of husband and wife, but included that of brother and sister and of affianced lovers—all, in fact, that admit of man's presuming on his prerogatives of choice, purchase and maintenance—of masculinity, in a word.

Reflecting on these things, then, Shakespeare did not

hesitate to attribute the worst features of society to the frequent humiliations and injustices levelled against woman. To his clear vision, as has been confirmed since, it was evident that we are civilised only to the extent womanhood is honoured in a State.

Deprecating the tendency to make a partisan of the poet, lest we reflect, even momentarily, on the justice and impartiality with which he approached the most controversial matters, we have been careful to avoid reading into the text anything but what the written word asserts.

Whether Mr. Pater, when he says, anent this play, "that Shakespeare has directed the attention of sympathetic readers along certain channels of meditation beyond the immediate scope of his work," had this particular subject in mind we cannot say. But a critic so sympathetic and far-seeing would be among the first to detect any indication of a desire for justice and fair dealing in the dramatist's mind. One reason, no doubt, why this matter in all its turbid and tortuous ramifications was introduced into a play that is primarily an indictment of hypocrisy, is that Shakespeare knew only too well that there is no relation in life that the hypocrite is more apt to presume on than this. With the exception of the Duke and the friars, the relation of all the men to the women more than justifies that cry of Isabella.

The theme of a woman wrongly used is one that had a perennial attraction for Shakespeare. No less is it the central idea of *Measure for Measure* than of *The Winter's Tale*, *Henry VIII*, *Cymbeline*, and several of the lighter comedies. That the treatment of it, in the play under discussion, makes it "disconsolate" we do not altogether agree, though that it is at times painful, in the sense Coleridge applied the term, is only too evident. Scarcely could it be otherwise. The "dark corners" of the human mind cannot be investigated without much that is repellent coming to light.

In re-naming the play *Measure for Measure*, Shakespeare was apparently actuated by the desire to pay back in the same coin men who had so callously debased the social currency. The expiatory tendency is often notice-

able in the later dramas, not so much, we think, because the poet wished to arrogate to himself any godlike function of retribution, but rather because of his compassion for the sufferers. Yet he meets with no more success than others who try to make the best of a bad job, for the construction of the play suffers not a little thereby. Whatever his intention, however, so subdued appears his nature to what it works in, that a certain irony appears where it is scarcely expected. Thus in restoring the rejected Mariana to Angelo, in obliging Lucio to marry a woman dishonoured, in bringing Claudio and Juliet to the altar, not to mention the Duke and Isabella, may it not be that he is girding at marriage itself, condemning an arrangement, a sacrament of the church, that enforces union in defiance of a proved incompatibility?

To return to the play. Claudio, for what, according to Lucio, had he been the judge, "he should have received his punishment in thanks," has been condemned to death. The readiness with which he would have degraded his sister to save his life, the proposal of Angelo himself that the reprieve shall be conditional on one thing, as also the equivocal positions of Mariana and Juliet, leave a strong impression on the mind of the tyranny of nature and circumstance to which each alike is subjected.

Isabella's invocation to heaven in the face of it all has an intonation of despair at the insoluble nature of the tangle to which, at the bid of passion, life can be so quickly and disastrously reduced. By virtue of her position, her purity, her self-imposed isolation from the heat and burden of the strife, the contrast is all the more glaring between her desires and the *dénouement* in which she is compelled to take the leading part. Not only is an immediate participation demanded, but a decisive stand as to what is her duty commensurate with self-respect. It speaks well for the soundness of her woman's intelligence and sincerity, as Shakespeare conceived of them, that she arrives at the conclusions she does and controverts the arguments of Angelo for her undoing, so quickly and convincingly.

One has only to be a woman to know that feminine psychology, a subject so baffling and lamentably beyond

the capacity of most modern dramatists, was an open book to Shakespeare. So that if Hamlet, *par excellence*, reflects the complexity of a modern intellectual torn between will and inclination, or, in Victor Hugo's phrase, "is the hero who is the permanent condition of man," so do heroines of the sensibility of Isabella, Imogen, Hermione and Cleopatra express the permanent condition of women. It is in this play as if Shakespeare *is* woman for the time being. So much so that the sentiments he puts into the mouth of Isabella denounce, in no half-measure, the weakness of his own sex, however much, in the first instance, they may be inspired by Angelo's smug self-righteousness and contemptible meanness masquerading in the garb of superiority. The irony underlying Isabella's well-known lines:—

Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep . . .

is prompted as much by Shakespeare's anger and contempt for a man incapable of aught but one point of view, as by the woman's old quarrel with masculine egoism. Earlier in the play the hero's narrowness of outlook has been exposed by the noble and seasoned Escalus when reproving the relentless attitude to Claudio; he exhorts him:—

In the working of your own affections
Had time cohered with place, and place with wishing;
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him.

The sharply outlined characters of each group, entailing a certain poignancy of contrast and clash of motive, account largely for the absorbing interest of the greater scenes. And yet, with the exception of Angelo, all have the spirit of good fellowship and kindness one to another, showing how sound Shakespeare was on the purely human side of his art. What so many present-day writers are content to advocate and applaud in the matter of benevo-

lence, he demonstrates. That the craftsmanship is uneven—the play falling away at the end into quite ordinary occurrences—may have instanced a failing interest in the purpose for which it was written, or the necessity a popular playwright is often under to sacrifice the artistic to the happy ending.

The juxtaposition of Angelo and Isabella in two of the three great scenes brings into prominence the purity of one and the baseness of the other. Isabella, "a thing ensky'd and sainted," is to prove the innocent means of revealing to Angelo the weakness of his defences, and that his superciliousness and boasted inaccessibility to the tender passion are due simply to the absence of occasion.

Ever till now
When men were fond I smiled and wondered how,

he sneers. When temptation comes he is found vulnerable as any, his conduct strikingly confirming the truth of the dictum that while "love may be celestial fire until it enters the systems of mortals, it then partakes of the nature of the place of its abode." Whereas Claudio's offence was of "the prompture of the blood," Angelo's was a crime against true morality, so monstrous and revolting that no censure is too severe. He meets with his reward, however. The judgment he would mete out to Claudio turns against himself, though not before Isabella has been confronted with the crucial situation of choosing between her brother and the chastity that is the indispensable attribute of her novitiate. From the religious fervour with which she is looking forward to joining the sisterhood, even desiring more restraints that she might show her single-mindedness—instanced in the illuminating little talk with the nun Francisca, from whom she learns that to a man

If you speak you must not show your face,
And if you show your face you must not speak,

—she is plunged into the vortex of passion and obligations that is no less an assault on her womanhood than a danger to her immortal soul.

Asked to sacrifice her cherished dreams she is confident

her brother has only to hear the terms imposed to prefer death to life.

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.

For a moment it appears as if this opinion was justified. But only for a moment. The heroics with which the interview opens do not last. The craving to live is too strong, and overrides all scruples about anything so intangible as a sister's honour or a sister's inclinations. From the haunting whisper

Death is a fearful thing,

all through the long and eloquent apostrophe ending with the cry

Dear sister, let me live!

we see the young virile life pleading for renewal and safety, a craving, it is scarcely surprising, the devout and religious Isabella misunderstands.

Mr. Pater has a long note on the sudden change of front of Isabella faced with her brother's failure to see eye to eye with her. Transformed by her anger, he considers that to certain readers there may seem something harshly conceived or psychologically impossible in the suddenness of the change wrought in her by Claudio's welcome of a chance of life, even though it be at the sacrifice of so much that is dear to her. A close study of her type, we think, should dispel this idea. Too evidently she sees the situation only from her own point of view, a frequent fault of a soul intent on personal salvation, and one that Shakespeare would have us bear in mind. For herein was the weak spot in Isabella's armour. She had renounced the world and all its doings to an extent that her faith was her life. And then to be called upon to jeopardise it, to annul those claims to eternal blessedness for an end so material and a cause so vile! The situation was so disconcerting that she could not reason about it, and when reason fails through hurt pride, anger usually takes its place. Palpably

she had never been in love herself. A maiden fancy free is an undeveloped maiden, as the inexperienced are ever undeveloped. She had therefore no talisman by which to tell of what this love of man and woman is capable in the matter of sacrifice and forgiveness and making allowance.

More than our brother is our chastity

is scarcely human. It is the cry of the ascetic, of a fixed idea. The ideal of religious purity had captured her imagination. Not that, placed on the horns of this dilemma, she could have done anything but refuse. But the occasion of her anger, given her character and her ambition, is not surprising. Can it be that Shakespeare intended the incident to prove as sharp a test of her spiritual sincerity as it was of Angelo's boasted invulnerability? It is not unusual in strong natures that a desire for spiritual beauty of character will often induce an appearance of humility that deceives only until the unexpected ensues. Enamoured of gentleness, purity, sweetness, their very strength distils the qualities until the native force is needed to rebut a glaring evil or injustice. Then it bursts forth as Isabella's did.

The bare thought that her brother should so misapprehend her as to think her virtue would succumb at the first assault, even though his life were the price of its inviolability, was more than she could bear. The revulsion of feeling was too severe. She had idealised her brother as she had idealised the notion of a religious life, an attitude that need not surprise us when we remember the unquestioning belief of the mediæval saint in the life hereafter for which the life on earth was merely the preparation.

What is more immediately relevant to our purpose is that Shakespeare's sympathy all through is with the women of the play. That he was a feminist, long before that ugly word was coined, is apparent on more than one occasion. He makes it abundantly plain also that Isabella's anger had more than one cause. Against the base implication of Angelo's exhortation to

Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more you're none,

she had invoked heaven's help. In dealing with her brother she is faced with another aspect of the same callousness, and her indictment:

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade,

though more direct, is no less hopeless. From the white flame of her anger rise sparks of truth that illumine for all time the innermost recesses of the vexed question.

That a play so full of tragic import should be treated as a comedy reflects somewhat on the artistic consistency of Shakespeare. Was he afraid of venturing too far in his accusation of hypocrisy? Hence the advisability of a happy ending. He was at the time, it is true, too great a psychologist to make Angelo an out-and-out scoundrel. When all is said it is his tragedy that is the most complicated and the longest in unfolding. But for Isabella he might have lived to the end unaware of his pusillanimity and liability under temptation to be no better than his neighbour, assuming that he was really self-convicted.

The opportunity of exercising authority that came with rulership was too much for him, showing that it is the stress of the unusual, the moment when the emotions slip the leash of lifelong inhibition, that man is most completely revealed. To the youth of the town his severity could only be explained by the supposition that he was a man with "snow-broth" in his veins instead of blood. To do him the justice that is his due, however, it was on his noblest side that he responded to Isabella. Here he is as nearly disinterested as it is possible for him to be. He knew that without a condition, namely, the acquittal of her brother, she would not listen to him. And it is with a show at least of adherence to his ideals that he soliloquises:—

Is this her fault or mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?

Ha!

Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I

That, lying by the violet in the sun,

Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,

Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? . . .

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue.

Isabella threatening to denounce him, he points out that, so stainless is his reputation, no one will believe her. She is not deterred by this fact, and only awaits the Duke's return.

Meeting him at the city gate in the presence of the deputy, she makes her claim for "Justice, justice, justice, justice." Angelo would have put her aside. Yet the Duke hears her out. When, after further vicissitudes in the very complicated plot of the play, she has his fortunes at her disposal, her woman's heart is not proof against trying to save him. Was there not Mariana to consider? Mariana who had been a willing accomplice to her plan?

All having come to light, Angelo is condemned to the penalty he would have inflicted on Claudio.

Then it is that Isabella interposes with

I partly think
 A due sincerity govern'd his deeds
 Till he did look on me; since it is so,
 Let him not die;

establishing her claim to be included among Shakespeare's greater heroines in the unfailing capacity to be magnanimous in the hour of triumph.

DOES GERMANY WANT PEACE?

By JOHN BELL

CERTAIN things are taking place in Germany just now which may well give the Allied Governments, who must be aware of them, cause for reflection. Germany has been represented as having been reduced to a sorry plight, to a condition of unprecedented impotence, by reason of the occupation of the Ruhr. This is not true. What is true is that Germany, six months ago, found herself in a state of economic and financial chaos by reason of the policy of passive resistance which she thought fit to pursue so as to escape making reparation payments in kind. It is computed that this policy cost her fourteen milliard gold marks. It was called off because the German Government saw what it should have seen at the first—that it could not possibly succeed, that instead of weakening the will of the French and Belgians in the Ruhr it was only serving to strengthen their resolution to remain masters of the situation.

I have lately revisited occupied territory, travelling from the Bavarian Palatinate to the Dutch border, and what I have been able to note convinces me that, though the effects of the disastrous passive resistance policy have not disappeared, and will not disappear for months, a spirit, encouraged by propaganda, Nationalist and otherwise, has sprung up which may bode ill for the future.

What has happened since passive resistance was brought to an end? Industrial activity in the Ruhr and the Rhineland has been resumed on conditions imposed by the occupation authorities. These conditions ensure the delivery of the coal and coke that Germany failed to furnish. The agreements are working well. The German industrialists are doing now what they were invited to do in January, 1923. They refused to fulfil the obligations of the Peace Treaty then on the ground that they could not do so against the will of their Government.

The agreements come to an end on April 15th, and the
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world has been informed that they will not be renewed because they were entered into without the consent of the German Government, which contests their legality. General Degoutte can tell a different story. While the agreements were in the making the industrialists paid visits to Berlin, and they invariably returned with revised figures. The occupation authorities contend that the German Government knew all along what was being done. The two cardinal effects of these accords are that the French and Belgians are now obtaining what they went into the Ruhr to seek, and that, with the miners and factory hands at work, there is social peace in the industrial basin. The industrialists say that only half the number of men employed in 1922 are working. Against this contention is the statement of the Inter-Allied Mission for the Control of Mines and Factories that the figures of production are gradually creeping up to those of 1922. There is no doubt that for the moment, at any rate, the pledges seized by the French and Belgians are being intensively exploited.

While the Ruhr magnates are carrying out the agreements they are complaining bitterly of being handicapped. At Essen, Gelsenkirchen, Bochum and Dortmund I found that they had three main grievances. They complained of markets having been lost to them through the policy of passive resistance, of want of capital, and of the inefficiency of the Franco-Belgian Regie, which runs the Ruhr and Rhineland railways. The French reply to this is that it is pure propaganda, begun with a view to obtaining better terms when it comes to renewing the agreements. The Berlin Government has hinted at the closing down of the Ruhr mines and factories, at hunger, and probably something worse, when the agreements cease to operate. The French and Belgians are not alarmed. Groups of industrialists are signing agreements almost daily with the High Commission at Coblenz, and contracts entered into months ago are being renewed.

In return for this renewal of activity following the cessation of passive resistance it can be said that M. Poincaré has kept the promise made in his Yellow Book; he has modified the character of the occupation, which is almost

invisible. And so, according to the French Premier's present frame of mind, things will go on until France receives proposals assuring her that Germany will fulfil her obligations. At the same time it has to be set forth that France is laying her plans in the event of the labours of the Expert Committees appointed to inquire into German finances and German capital exported abroad yielding no tangible results. And here it should be pointed out that it has never been the intention of France to remain in the Ruhr indefinitely. The occupation of the industrial basin can never yield reparations in full. What it can do, and what it must do, is to hasten a general settlement. We may criticise the policy of the French Government. We may call it short-sighted and foolish, but it is a fact that it has ever been in the mind of M. Poincaré to reach a settlement in the realisation of which all the Allies would play their part.

France has certain fixed ideas on the value of the pledges she has in hand. The exploitation of these pledges will not give her the reparations she seeks, and her right to which nobody disputes, but she will only relinquish them for something like their equivalent. Those who are exploiting the pledges, seeing to the delivery of fuel, collecting the coal-tax, issuing export licences, encashing customs duties and running the railways, have some idea as to what this equivalent should be. A scheme has been drawn up, and is, indeed, in operation, though we are hearing little or nothing about it in either London or Paris. It is an ingenious scheme, and if it were generally applied the occupation of the Ruhr need not continue, for it would be a case of exchanging local for general guarantees—an arrangement to which it is thought the British Government could not take exception, since it contains the elements of a general settlement.

The Ruhr industrialists insist that from the financial point of view they are unable to continue the Düsseldorf agreements after April 15th. Besides, they argue, those industries that have to make payments in kind should not have to bear the whole burden of reparations. This is a just argument, and the occupation authorities have met

it by calling upon those other industrialists who have not to make deliveries in kind to contribute to a common fund from which the furnishers of coal, coke and iron shall be assisted. This fund has been started, and by the use of the customs and export duty weapon manufacturers are compelled to contribute to it. Firms in the Ruhr and the Rhineland urge that they should not be compelled to bear the whole burden of financing deliveries, and hints have been thrown out that agriculture and commerce should be called in to help. It may be that, given no other settlement, this scheme may be generally applied in occupied territory. But the firms making contributions, either in money or kind, would complain of being penalised while the rest of Germany was contributing nothing. The French and Belgians would like nothing better than to rope in the whole of Germany; but would the German Government, impressed by the idea of a free Ruhr, be manoeuvred into a scheme which substitutes guarantees for local pledges? Here a difficulty is presented. The scheme might work well enough in occupied territory, where the execution of the agreements entered into would be constantly watched by French and Belgian officials, but it would be quite another matter to supervise execution for the whole of Germany. The German Government might be induced to make promises so as to free the Ruhr, but, failing satisfactory guarantees—and it is tangible guarantees that the French want—there would be no certainty that these promises would be kept.

The scheme thus briefly outlined has in it the elements of a general settlement, and therefore of peace. The question is whether Germany desires peace on these lines, whether the forces now at work in that country are aiming at a settlement on lines other than peaceful. Here I come to the disturbing spirit now manifesting itself in Germany, a spirit of which, unfortunately, there is evidence almost every week. Pacifically minded people may quite rightly deplore the sounding of alarmist notes without justification. But recent events, and the talk of Germans in occupied and unoccupied territory, show conclusively that a war spirit is abroad. There are people who argue

that this war spirit, this longing for revenge, has existed since the signing of peace, and that it has been accentuated by the occupation of the Ruhr and the incidents which have marked this enterprise. Other causes have served to encourage it. One of these is undoubtedly the introduction of the rentenmark and the surprising fall of the franc. By inventing the rentenmark Germany did a very clever thing. She had always been urged, and even supplicated, to stabilise her money. Stabilisation was necessary in a country where millions of marks were no longer taken into account, and where only milliards and billions were counted. It is a very small thing that can be obtained for less than a billion marks in Germany to-day.

Germany has stabilised her money with a vengeance. She has made a billion paper marks equivalent to a gold mark, and a gold mark is the equivalent of a rentenmark. The rentenmark was supposed to have the backing of the private property in Germany. It was thought to be a case of mortgage. But there are bankers in Cologne who will tell you that the gold or rentenmark does not really exist, since the owners of property have not been notified of the mortgages supposed to have been effected. Yet, with nothing tangible behind it, the value of the gold mark has been fixed on a dollar basis. Germany lost the war militarily, but she has not been beaten from the point of view of finance. She has had the courage to base her money on that of the richest country in the world, America, from which England and France borrowed money in order to enable them to smash her military might. And now England, and to a greater extent France, find that the value of their money has depreciated in relation to the gold mark.

Not so long ago the pound was worth only seventeen shillings and sixpence in Germany. British soldiers in Cologne were asking if the Allies had won the war, for they were only getting the value of ninepence halfpenny for every shilling they spent. The wives of British officers who complained of the high prices of things in the shops—all prices are based on the gold mark—were calmly told that their money had depreciated. The franc is in a much

worse plight. A gold mark is worth five francs. The Germans are "putting it over" the franc, as the Army of Occupation knows to its cost. French officers are no longer able to pay for meals in German restaurants. In certain establishments in Düsseldorf, before the gold mark made its appearance, you could find scores of officers every day. Now there is rarely one to be seen. The officers take their meals, paid for in francs, at their *popotes* or messes, which have had to be increased.

The Rentenmark has given the Germans a courage which they have not had since peace was signed. They are exchanging their billions of worthless paper marks for foreign currencies, for which there is a perpetual hunt. In some towns in occupied territory there is the spectacle of touts waylaying foreigners in front of banking establishments and asking if they have dollars to sell. It is beyond doubt that many Germans are enriching themselves by the purchase of foreign currencies. Men who were poor six months ago now possess motor cars. It is reported that in a town of twenty thousand inhabitants in the Bavarian Palatinate two hundred French cars of a popular make have been sold in two months.

But all that glitters is not gold. There are evidences of revived courage and returning prosperity in Germany. The old arrogance is gradually manifesting itself. A confident feeling is abroad. But these symptoms are not apparent among two classes of the community—those who had retired on small competencies before the war and those who toil. In playing ducks and drakes with the mark the German Government has not hesitated to impose hardships on those people who had saved enough money to guarantee, as they thought, their declining years. Many of these former *rentiers* have either returned to work or are dragging out their lives in poverty. The working-class are working longer hours and earning less wages. In occupied territory it is the workers who are paying for the policy of passive resistance, who are bearing a large share of the reparations burden. At Essen I found that skilled workmen were earning four and a half gold marks a day, or roughly twenty-seven shillings a week. The

metal-workers have lost the eight hours day. They struggled for weeks against the ten hours day imposed upon them, but they had to accept the employers' conditions or starve.

It is not the working-classes who are indulging in war talk. It is the members of the secret organisations which exist everywhere, even in occupied territory. These organisations are undoubtedly under Nationalist control. Nationalist activity has, in fact, increased since the Separatists, for the most part a nondescript crowd led by men of no standing or substance, showed themselves. Those who argue that the Nationalists are not a large body, and cannot become really dangerous, have a false notion of the real situation in Germany. The tragic incident at Pirmasens, in the Bavarian Palatinate, is an unpleasant example not only of their strength but of their perfect organisation. That affair was hailed as a great Nationalist victory, and the perpetrators of the unspeakable atrocities were complimented by their chiefs on having executed the first great act of Nationalist firmness since the war, thus showing an example for all Germans to follow.

Germans in the mass have never concealed the spirit of revenge that is in their hearts. It is the business of the Nationalist organisations to foster this spirit, and now and again German generals let fall words the real significance of which cannot be mistaken. Banished *schupos*, or Green Police, whom the French and Belgians turned out of occupied territory, are returning there and talking war, assuring the people that Germany possesses all that is necessary for another conflict. While discounting this braggadocia, is it not a fact that the Germans are engaged in making munitions? Each of the Allied Governments has no doubt received information on this point. For the last twelve months Germany has been free from control. She flouted the Mission for the Control of Disarmament just as she has flouted every other body set up by the Peace Treaty. The Mission still exists, but it is powerless to act, though decisions have been taken for restoring its authority. Germany had to be disarmed. Had she to be

kept disarmed? Decidedly not, from her point of view. And thus it is that she is making munitions presumably not for the Reichwehr alone.

There are Germans who will tell you that there are fewer pacifists in Germany now than before the war. They say that war is bound to come, that it is the only possible solution of the reparations problem. It is bound to come in any case, they add, for it is only natural that a defeated nation should wait patiently for the day of revenge, and they say it will come all the sooner by reason of the occupation of the Ruhr and the events that have followed it.

France is not unmindful that it is a spirit of war rather than a spirit of peace that is manifesting itself in Germany to-day. Her fears may be exaggerated, but it must be admitted that she has a surer knowledge of the German mentality than any other Allied Power. And the view of thinking Frenchmen is that if Germany is allowed to build up armaments unhindered she may ultimately decide that a policy of war is preferable to a policy of peace. A peace policy would mean the payment of reparations, which these Frenchmen believe will never be obtained from Germany without the application of measures of constraint.

The question, therefore, would seem to be this: Does Germany want peace and a settlement which shall enable her to fulfil her obligations, or does she think of war in the hope that she may emerge victoriously from it and so wipe out all scores against her? It cannot any longer be claimed that she is a suppliant for Allied consideration. Profiting from their divisions in the past, and conscious of her strength, of her extraordinary power of organisation which the war has in no wise affected, but has, on the contrary, improved, she is plucking up courage and putting forward pretensions which would not have been possible before divergences among the Allied nations showed themselves.

Germany is bent on winning the peace. She cannot complain of want of success in this direction. Read the Peace Treaty again and observe how boldly she is evading the execution of its principal clauses. It will

depend on the future relations of England and France whether she will succeed in making it a dead letter. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is seeking an understanding with France, and it has to be admitted that his efforts have been made with a tact which created a favourable impression in that country. A Socialist and an idealist whose political and economic gospel cannot possibly respond to the aspirations of the vast majority of Englishmen, he has nevertheless proved by his letters to M. Poincaré that he has a better comprehension of French psychology than his predecessor at the Foreign Office. The French nation was deeply touched, and once more hopes are being formed for the re-establishment of real co-operation between England and France.

So far so good. Neither Conservatives nor Liberals who have the peace and economic reconstruction of Europe at heart will grudge Mr. MacDonald any success he may achieve in his negotiations with France. After all, they had their chances, and they failed to win through because, in the opinion of Frenchmen, they pursued a policy of purely material interest without taking sufficient heed of moral considerations. It is as well to indicate the French mind on this point. Frenchmen think that in our anxiety to be lenient towards Germany we were forgetting the justice due to France. This, they say, is a policy which would not have been pursued if we, like France, had had the criminal devastations of the German armies to make good.

As remedies for the ills of Europe, as safeguards of its future peace, Mr. MacDonald has laid down two desiderata—disarmament and the intervention of the League of Nations. As regards disarmament, he has made a start at home by reducing naval and army expenditure. And, of course, he would like other countries, notably France, to follow England's example. France's expenditure on armaments is less than ours, and she would like nothing better than to reduce it if she had assurances as to her future security. There's the rub. But while the question of her safety remains unsettled, while the war-like spirit is manifesting itself in Germany, a reduction of

her army is out of the question. In their criticism of France, who is reproached for fulfilling the duty that every nation owes to itself—to see to its defence—pacifists ignore one essential fact: France, having suffered two aggressions, desires to avoid a third. She is forewarned by her situation as Germany's nearest neighbour; she is taking no chances, and she would be foolish if she ran risks, especially as she has no guarantee against attack by Germany, no sure guarantee that if attacked her Allies in the last war would go to her assistance.

It is to Germany rather than to France that the pacifists must make appeal. France is armed, but no one can say that she wants war. She is armed because she desires to keep the peace. Can the same thing be said of Germany? If she is making munitions, if she is increasing the number of trained men by surreptitious methods, if she is encouraging the formation of groups of students who obey military discipline, if she is doing nothing to prevent the extension of secret organisations such as the Oberland and the Treuhand, whose avowed object is to foster the Nationalist and therefore the military spirit, it is not because she is bent on keeping the peace; it is because she hopes one day to gratify her thirst for revenge.

If Germany wanted to allay French anxiety and suspicions and give the world proof of her pacific intentions she would not be so strongly opposed to proposals, one of which at least has a British backing, for the neutralisation of the Rhineland. Conceivably a gesture in this sense would put an end to Separatism. It might do more than that; it might solve the problem of the duration of the occupation of the Rhine. It is clear now that, as far as France is concerned, this occupation will not cease at the expiration of fifteen years unless, as many Germans hope, another war brings it to an end.

It is to be feared that the disarmament idea will never make any headway in Europe as long as Germany chooses to remain a fraudulent debtor and harbours thoughts of revenge for her military defeat. The first essential of peace, therefore, would seem to be the solution of the reparations problem. The question is whether Germany

wants peace, whether she will accept any solution which means that she has to pay in full. On this matter she can only be judged by her past, and the lesson of her past is that she has not the will to pay. If she is making payments in kind now it is only through sheer force exercised by the occupation of the Ruhr. Would she change her ways if our Labour-Socialist Government got her into the League of Nations to-morrow? Would she renounce the idea of revenge and, like the other nations, strive for the maintenance of peace? Who can say? But this much can be said: To admit Germany into the League of Nations before she has made amends, or given satisfactory guarantees that she will make them, would mean premature rehabilitation and pardon.

GERMANY'S ECONOMICAL RECOVERY: A LETTER FROM BERLIN

By ROBERT CROZIER LONG

BERLIN, *March 8th.*

WITHIN at most a few weeks of the publication of this Letter the German Republic's first Reichstag will be on trial before the electorate. Judging by the state elections in Thuringia, Lübeck, and Mecklenburg, the result will be a severe Socialist defeat, the gainers being the extreme Right, that is the German Nationals and the German Populists; and the extreme Left, that is the Communists. The immediate issue for electors will be between Parliamentary Government as it failed during five years up to November, 1923, and the non-Parliamentary (though strictly constitutional) Government which in the four months November, 1923, to February, 1924, worked with such brilliant success. The present Chancellor, Dr. Marx, and with him his predecessor and now colleague, Dr. Stresemann, can claim to have done by non-Parliamentary means everything in which Parliamentarism failed lamentably. They have created a new stable currency and stabilised the old currency; they have restored equilibrium to the finances, a task which five months ago seemed to be beyond the wits of man; they have brought back confidence to industry and trade; they have solved the thorny problem of the restoration or non-restoration of depreciated public and private debts; and finally, by mere prestige, they have checked the Separatist movements of Bavaria and some other states. All these achievements may be considered definitive. Other achievements, which have not yet been put to the test but which promise well, are the de-bureaucratisation of the State undertakings and the liberation of business from semi-Socialistic fetters imposed for military reasons during the war and later retained for party political reasons. Finally, by these successful measures and not by any special initiative they have revived confidence abroad; so much so that after

other missions and commissions failed signally, the Dawes Committee promises real achievements; this because the Committee first found in Germany itself creative activity instead of destruction, and hope instead of despair.

The whole recuperative movement may be said to date from the secession in early November of the Social-Democrats from the Stresemann Cabinet. The Cabinet's later successes were a defeat for Socialism, because Socialism in the public mind was associated with the earlier failures. "Whether in or out of office"—to quote Lord Balfour—Socialism ruled Germany. The one undoubtedly beneficial act of Socialism in all five years was its support of the first Empowering Law, the instrument which made reform at last possible; but in the constructive work done under that law the Socialists took no part. The reforms under the law were put through at headlong pace. In a fortnight, which was the duration of the first (Stresemann) Empowering Law, thirty reforming decrees were issued: under the second (Marx) Empowering Law appeared no less than seventy decrees. Some of these measures were not unassailable. Of the minor measures some probably did more harm than good; others, if they did no harm, at least did no good. But of the whole complex of financial, economic, and social enactments one may say: if you seek a judgment on them look around. Germany has changed beyond recognition for the better. A black spot is the industrial stagnation with accompanying unemployment. But this stagnation is no result of the Dictatorship reforms. Trade began to get less active and unemployment to increase in October, 1922; it got worse at catastrophic speed between July and October, 1923; and it began to get better slowly but unmistakably immediately after the Stresemann-Marx currency reform; and is at present getting better more rapidly than it is in England. Even now it is unsafe to predict that Germany has definitively entered upon a stage of stability and prosperity. It is unsafe because the political future cannot be forecast. But it is fairly safe to say that if no unfavourable new factor, such as a quarrel with France, ensues prosperity will see no new serious setback.

The economic reforms of the past four months are so numerous that they can be summarised only briefly. All of them are connected directly or indirectly with the main reform, the currency stabilisation, and that in turn is connected directly with the first reform of all, the putting of taxation upon a gold mark basis, as decreed by Dr. Stresemann under the emergency Article 48 of the Constitution. It has been repeatedly pointed out from here in THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW that the fearful condition of German Federal finance was not due to any difficulty in squeezing out of the nation the necessary resources for purposes of government, but to the fact that, owing to the headlong currency depreciation, the tax yield was worth practically nothing by the time it was got in. The financing of Germany is—if the incalculable Reparations factor is ignored—a very simple thing. This, though long suspected, is proved finally by the Gold Budget prepared by the Finance Ministry for the Dawes Committee. Whereas in 1924-25 England has to raise £785,000,000 for administration, defence, and service of debt, Germany has, omitting Reparations proper, to raise only about £285,600,000, and, omitting all liabilities under the Peace Treaty, to raise only £253,600,000. The gold mark Budget here given (in millions of gold marks) is not the actual Budget for 1924-25, to be submitted to the Reichstag, but a schematic Budget showing normal revenue and expenditure in the next few years:—

GENERAL ADMINISTRATION BUDGET.

A.—Ordinary.

Direct taxes	4,004	Service of debt	156
Customs and Excise ...	1,060	War pensions	810
Administration receipts .	60	Army and Navy	450
		Police	208
		Economic and cultural aims	28
		Unemployment support .	500
		Other social purposes ...	360
		Ministry of Finances ...	380
		General administration .	250
		Subsidies to States and Municipalities	1,800
	5,124		4,942

B.—Extraordinary.

Profits from Mint	90	War damage, etc.	6
Other receipts	40	Public buildings	44
		Liquidation of war expenditure	20
		Liquidation of Ruhr expenditure	60
	130		130

The above General Administration Budget contains no Peace Treaty liabilities. The second Budget "for execution of the Peace Treaty" shows expenditure of 640,000,000 gold marks, of which 360,000,000 gold marks are for maintenance of the occupying army, against which there is no revenue. In this Budget no Reparations deliveries, whether cash or kind, are included. The contrast with England is very remarkable. Omitting all Peace Treaty liabilities, Germany has to raise £4 5s. per capita, whereas England has to raise about £18. Yet though Germany in 1920-23 had continuously booming industry and practically no unemployment, she failed to raise this very small per capita levy. The contrast to-day is marked. Whereas in the worst term of October, immediately before the Rentenmark reform, only the 1-1,200th of expenditure was covered out of taxation, the month of January, 1924, showed in one term an actual and very considerable surplus of revenue, and the whole month showed the insignificant deficit of under £500,000. Yet taxation in general had remained unchanged. The amazing recovery was due to the currency stabilisation, by which alone the Government could be secured against loss of purchasing power of taxes between date of assessment and date of collection. Owing to this stabilisation it was never necessary to apply Stresemann's decree compelling taxpayers to compensate the Government for falls in the value of the currency in which their taxes were assessed. The belatedly stabilised paper mark proved quite as good as the always stable Rentenmark, with the difference, of course, that the former is stabilised at one-billionth of the value of the latter.

The effect of currency stabilisation upon the gold value of revenue proved no surprise to persons who remember that, owing to currency instability, the gold value of revenue in about a year and a-half fell from 70 per cent. of expenditure to under 0.1 per cent. The following table shows the lightning increase of revenue after the worst point (in the last days of October, 1923) was passed; it being noted that German financial reports show tax receipts in ten-day periods, ending on the 10th, 20th, and last day of the month :—

Yield of Taxes in Gold Marks.					
21-31 Oct.	...	...	...	...	400,000
1-10 Nov.	...	...	...	...	480,000
11-20 "	...	...	...	...	2,920,000
21-30 "	...	...	...	...	6,050,000
1-10 Dec.	...	...	...	...	14,390,000
11-20 "	...	...	...	...	41,050,000
21-31 "	...	...	...	...	87,540,000
1-10 Jan.	...	...	...	...	96,440,000
11-20 "	...	...	...	...	150,180,000
21-31 "	...	...	...	...	174,140,000

The gold value of revenue, the above table shows, increased in three months no less than 435-fold. In February revenue, owing to the postponement of payment dates of the property and some other taxes, fell somewhat; but it totalled 312,720,000 gold marks as against 2,940,000 gold marks in all October. In the seven and a-half months between the beginning of the financial year 1923-24 and the creation of the Rentenmark (that is April 1st to November 15th) the whole revenue was 678,266,635,746 million paper marks, while expenditure was 178,355,839,159,967 million paper marks, of which 100,545,287,386,417 million marks were losses on railways and posts. After realising 1,629,581 billion marks by sale of gold loan, the Government had to raise 191,580,458 billions by discounting Treasury bills at the Reichsbank. In the seven and a-half months less than 0.4 per cent. of expenditure was raised by taxation. Since then there has been an extraordinarily rapid decline in deficits. The paper mark was stabilised at 4.2 billions to the dollar on November 20th, five days after the introduction of the

Rentenmark. Since then the ten-day deficits have been, in their gold mark equivalents :—

21-30 Nov.	...	...	...	...	243,599,500
1-10 Dec.	...	...	...	...	147,076,300
11-20 "	...	...	...	...	122,751,900
21-31 "	...	...	...	...	64,930,000
1-10 Jan.	...	...	...	...	36,004,000 (surplus)
11-20 "	...	...	...	...	19,150,600
21-31 "	...	...	...	...	10,334,100

In January tax receipts rose to 503,463,908 g.m. This is at the rate of 604,000,000,000 g.m. a year, or considerably more than the 5,254,000,000 g.m. estimated as normal annual revenue in the typical Budget above summarised. Compared with what England raises the total is a trifle; compared with what was raised last autumn it is a miracle. And the miracle was performed in the midst of the worst industrial and unemployment crisis in modern German history.

The obliteration of the national debt was the next achievement of Dr. Marx. In the above typical Budget only 156,000,000 g.m. a year is allowed for service of debt. With exception of about £50,000,000 raised in 1923 and 1924 there is now no funded debt—what has become of the pre-war and war funded debt will later be shown; and with exception of a sum very little greater there is now no floating debt. The extinction of the old floating debt was one of the aims borne in mind in founding the Rentenbank. In mid-November the floating debt reached its highest point, a sum of 189 trillion paper marks. According to the Rentenbank law, the Government, in order to redeem this debt, could borrow from the Rentenbank not more than 300,000,000 Rentenmarks (equal to gold marks). The chief reformer, Dr. Schacht, now President of the Reichsbank, by stabilising the paper mark at the low level of one to one billion, was able to pay off the floating debt with a mere 200,000,000 Rentenmarks, or about £10,000,000 gold. Germany has now begun to accumulate a new debt. Although Reparations proper are not being paid, the other Peace Treaty liabilities must be met; and, further, the favourable gold mark Budget above sum-

marised was compiled on the assumption that the internal Customs frontier established by the French will be abolished and that German taxation-sovereignty will be restored throughout occupied territory. Neither has yet been done; and even if a complete Reparations moratorium is granted moderate deficits in the near future are inevitable. The present position (January 31st) as regards debt is as follows. The whole debt amounts to the insignificant sum of about £113,000,000 gold:—

	Gold Marks.
I. Paper Mark Debts:	
A. Funded	—
B. Floating	1,040,000
II. Stable-value Currency Debts:	1,040,000
A. Funded:	
Dollar Treasury Bills	500,000,000
Dollar Gold Loan	500,000,000
B. Floating:	
Non-interest-bearing Debt to Renten-	
bank	200,000,000
Interest-bearing ditto	900,000,000
Rentenbank Treasury Bills	159,450,000
	2,260,490,000

The above interest-bearing debt of 900,000,000 marks was incurred for balancing the Budget in the weeks immediately after the Rentenmark reform. When the 900,000,000 marks were exhausted, deficits still remained, and the Government, not being allowed to borrow more money from the Rentenbank, sold Rentenmark Treasury bills to the above total of 159,490,000 marks to the public, an operation which, of course, involved no inflation. The Government is still raising small sums in this way, and also by sale of gold funded loan, so that national indebtedness is again increasing. The disappearance of the old funded debt, that is, the pre-war and war debts, was part of the general regulation of public and private debts in the third taxation decree of February 14th last. This decree was issued under the Empowering Law. Before it the present and future status of debts, public and private, was entirely in doubt. The Republic, states, and municipalities, and (as mortgagors and bond-issuers) private

individuals and corporations owed vast sums contracted partly in marks of full gold value before the war, partly in paper marks of enormously varying gold value, according to date. Up to the end of November, 1923, official policy on this important question was unambiguous. Neither public nor private debts were to be restored to even the smallest fraction of their original gold value; they were to be redeemed, if at all, in paper marks, and therefore (unless they were of recent contraction) they would be for all practical purposes repudiated. In this policy there was a certain process of reasoning. Nobody had any notion of restoring Federal or State debts, and, of course, argued the Government, creditors of private debtors could not expect better treatment than creditors of the State. This meant that a mortgagee or bondholder who lent money before 1914 could claim only the one-billionth part of his money. A main reason for this policy was fiscal. As mortgagors and bond-debtors would gain enormously from the expropriation of their creditors they would be fit objects for special taxation. How profitable this taxation process might be is shown by the case of city houses. Before the war practically all German city flat-houses were mortgaged to three-fifths of their value.

This official plan failed. It was killed by popular agitation based on a judicial decision. The Leipzig Supreme Court, on November 22nd, ruled that a mortgagee could refuse to accept repayment in paper marks. He could claim, if not the full gold value of his loan, at least a sum representing a reasonable compromise. As the Government's plan was not merely not to compel restoration of secured debts, but actually to forbid it even where the debtor was willing, this decision made a great stir. Bavaria, in particular, objected to the official plan. A compromise was the result. Naturally it was impossible to restore debts to their original gold value; that would have summarily ruined hundreds of thousands of debtors who during ten years had gradually adjusted their economic conditions to a *de facto* condition of debtlessness. They had been paying only paper mark interest, which of late was not worth collecting. The third taxation

decree draft enacted that bond and mortgage debts might be restored to not more than 10 per cent. of their original value. Later, after a controversy with the Reichstag's Advisory Commission of Fifteen, the proportion was raised to 15 per cent. If the debt was contracted before 1919, its "original value" was assumed to be its nominal mark value, so that a lender of 100,000 marks (already somewhat depreciated) in late 1918 will get back 15,000 gold marks. If contracted later, the original gold value is assumed to be the value at exchange of the day of contraction; which means that 100,000 marks borrowed in mid-1922, when the mark was depreciated to 1-100th, count as originally worth 1,000 gold marks, of which the lender gets back 150 marks. The repayment of the so reduced capital debt cannot be claimed before 1932, and in the intervening years only part of the original interest is payable, and in 1924 no interest at all.

This solution of the private-debt *Aufwertung* problem, as it is called, necessarily reacted on the question of public debts. If, as originally argued, private secured debts must be wholly repudiated because public debts were to be wholly repudiated, logically the partial restoration of private debts involved a partial restoration of public debts. This, as every German knows, is impossible; at best the Republic, states, and municipalities will balance their Budgets with difficulty, even without providing for interest on debts. But as, after the compromise in regard to private debts, formal repudiation of public debts would have seemed unreasonable, the third taxation decree declared that no interest should be paid on public debts and no amortisation carried out until after Reparations are fully paid. This was, of course, the Greek Kalends, and it was so meant. There are, however, two alleviations. Firstly, public bodies are forbidden, pending the Greek Kalends settlement, to pay back their debts in paper marks; secondly, a special law is foreshadowed for municipal debts, on the ground that the municipalities usually still possess and can make profits out of the various establishments—gas, electricity, and so on—into which the money borrowed on security of bonds was put.

The Federal and State funded loans must, however, be considered as in reality repudiated, because even if Reparations are some day fully paid, loan stock will have changed hands so often that restoration would only in rare cases benefit the original lender, and in many cases would benefit speculators who bought the bonds for practically nothing. To-day £5 nominal of various state and municipal loans changes hands for less than the price of a Berlin tram ticket.

The third decree's regulation of debts will have important results for private industry as well as for public finance. The Government has shrunk from taxing away any considerable portion of the profits made by debtors out of the obliteration of 85 per cent. of their original debts. Industrial and commercial companies will pay a tax of only 2 per cent. on the difference between the original bonded debt and the debt as reduced by 15 per cent., will pay, that is, about 2.35 per cent. of the original bond issue. The actual capital conditions of German share companies (omitting the less important limited liability companies) in 1913 was:—

	Gold Marks.	Per cent.
Share capital	19,954,000,000	73.9
Bonded debts	3,871,000,000	17.9
Mortgage debts	1,766,000,000	8.2

Industrial mortgage and bond debts together totalled 5,637,000,000 gold marks. Of this all but 959,000,000 gold marks, or 15 per cent. plus the 2 per cent. tax, is wiped out. This sum, of course, represents only a fraction of the alleviation, because in addition to the omitted limited liability companies were debtor industrial firms, other debtor proprietors, and finally mortgagors of land, who are disburdened in the same way. The influence of the decree in lowering Germany's industrial and agricultural production cost will be very great. To a certain extent this gain will be outweighed by the restoration of pre-war rents, which is also enacted by the third taxation decree. For the present extremely low cost of living (the index number, on basis of 100 in 1914, is only 106) the legally restricted rents are mainly responsible. By the Rents Law of July,

1922, the landlord's rent interest was entirely expropriated; the landlord, that is, got his pre-war nett rent in paper marks. This means that the whole of the landlords' profits from rent in all Germany at present totals (the pre-war gross rents being 5,500,000,000 gold marks, and the landlords' average profit 20 per cent.) the 1-40th part of 1 gold pfennig. The decree enacts that pre-war gross rents shall be gradually restored. But as all but fifteen per cent. of the city house mortgage debt is wiped out, the increase over the pre-war level which would otherwise take place in the landlords' profits is to be taken by the states in the shape of a rents tax, of the yield of which 10 per cent. is to go towards building new houses, the remainder being used for general financial purposes. This will put an end to the system under which a Berlin working-class family pays only 1.10 gold marks a week, or 1/1 gold, for his dwelling. The increase in rents will inevitably be added to wages. In general a rise in German wages is inevitable. On January 31st the real wage of the average skilled worker was only 73.6 per cent. of that of 1913, of the unskilled worker 88 per cent.

That German living cost and wages will gradually become normal seems beyond doubt. Already, since the currency reform, the cost of living in gold has risen at least 50 per cent. But if this deprives industry of some of its post-war advantages, compensation will be found in the industrial liberationist policy pursued by the Stresemann-Marx Cabinets. With the liquidation of Socialism is being liquidated the last remnants of the *Zwangswirtschaft*, or, put otherwise, the economic strait-waistcoat policy. "The time is past," said the Minister of Industry, Dr. Hamm, to the Industrial and Trades Congress on February 13th, "when German business could be regulated by police and political instruments." The Cabinet's first important measure was the abolition of the eight hours day. That the outcome of this untimely, if theoretically beneficial, experiment was well known to the Federal Government is shown by a report this week stating that as a result of the eight-hours system 147,424 officials had to be added to the railways staff, and 51,521 officials to the posts

staff, and that in 1922 the extra cost to the railways was 105 billion marks, to the posts 16 billion marks. The eight hours day was no product of legislation. It was enforced in November, 1918, by a revolutionary decree of the People's Commissaries, and was not later sanctioned by the National Assembly or the Reichstag. When its term expired on November 17th, 1923, Dr. Stresemann simply neglected to renew it. More Herr Stresemann could not do, because the Socialists had excluded working hours from the scope of his Empowering Law. The second (Marx) Empowering Law contained no such qualification, and Dr. Marx regulated the matter in a very summary way. He enacted that in all hygienic industries ten, not eight, hours is the legal limit, if the administrative authorities proclaim for ten hours or if an agreement for ten hours is come to between employers and employed. As meal times and resting hours do not count, this in many cases means twelve hours on duty, or the restoration of the pre-war two shifts a day system. On the whole, though strikes have occurred, the ten hours day has been successfully put through. By another decree officials are required to work nine hours a day instead of seven. In underground mining the maximum remains eight hours; but here also there is a gain, because the maximum in practice during recent years has been seven, occasionally seven and a-half, hours. From the prolongation of mining hours an increase is expected in the Ruhr coal output of 8,000,000 tons a year.

In accord with Dr. Hamm's programme other hampering restrictions on trade and industry have been abolished. First are the demobilisation decrees, also survivals since November, 1918, aggravated by a law of 1920 compelling industrial concerns to continue work under unprofitable and uneconomical conditions. The law of 1920 was particularly injurious, because at times when inefficient mills were consuming fuel and raw materials efficient mills were running on short time for lack of fuel and materials. The Marx Cabinet has also accelerated the liquidation of the Foreign Trade Boards, or *Aussenhandelsstellen*, whose activities were almost wholly injurious. Originating in the

war-time necessity of control over imports and exports, the Boards were in late 1919 increased in numbers and strengthened in authority, partly in order to prevent the "selling out of Germany," partly because the then dominant Socialists had cast a jealous eye on Soviet Russia's State foreign trade monopoly, and hoped to evolve in Germany something of the same kind. The law of 1919 enacted that for all exports and imports licences could be declared necessary, and that the Government before granting a licence could impose any condition that seemed good to it. This inevitably led to the development of a big, complicated, and costly organisation. Nearly forty Boards existed, many with numerous sub-divisions, with thousands of officials and hundreds of attached unofficial experts. In theory the Boards regulated in the public interest; in practice they were dilatory and inefficient, and sometimes corrupt. In particular the regulation of export prices proved disastrous; to "prevent Germany's selling out," licences to export were granted only if a minimum price was charged to the foreigner. This minimum price was fixed on basis of the mark exchange, but as the mark exchange fluctuated perhaps 200 or 300 per cent. during the procedure, goods were either sold so low that Germany was actually "sold out," or so high that foreigners refused to take them. It is a remarkable comment on this system that in 1923, when many of the Boards had ceased to exist and when their price-regulating functions had almost entirely lapsed, Germany for the first time attained a practical balance of trade.

In accord with its general trend towards economic individualism, the Stresemann-Marx system opposes bureaucracy. With this aim both railways and posts have been divorced from the ordinary administration; and the practice—which Bismarck jibed at—of "entrusting transport to the management of the typical Prussian *doctor juris* bureaucrat," has come to an end. Railways have been transferred to the independent corporation "Deutsche Reichsbahn," posts to a similar corporation, the "Deutsche Reichspost." The underlying principle of both is independent finance. Neither corporation will get

any further subsidies to repair its deficits, if it is unwise enough to have deficits (in January the railways covered their expenditure), but nett profits, if there are any, will go to the Republic. The "Deutsche Reichsbahn" is "an independent juristic person, operating and managing a system which remains the property of the Republic." It must not alienate any part of its property; but if it needs money for improvements or extensions it can hypothecate any part or all of its property. It pays no taxes other than those paid by the railways under the old system. Its employees retain the privileges of officials; but if it desires to attract experts from private life it may pay them salaries exceeding those in the official schedule. The "Deutsche Reichsbahn" starts in a strong position. The 30 milliard marks which the Federal Government took on its shoulders as debt in 1921, as compensation to the states which surrendered their railroads, is now shrunken to precisely the one-fifth of the cost of a Berlin tram journey. The railways, therefore, with a potential nett earning power of £50,000,000 a year, are debt free. Should prosperity be fully restored they might easily, having no interest charges, provide one-third of the annual Reparations sum laid down in the May, 1921, programme. Meantime they have ceased to burden the State finances, and what that means can be judged from the fact that in one ten-day term of October State undertakings lost 2,036,704 billion marks, which was five times as much as the yield from taxes of all kinds whatsoever.

This settlement reacts on the prospects of continuing currency stability, and in turn on currency stability depends the continuance and full fruition of all recent reforms. Should the Rentenmark crash, or should the paper mark again depreciate, involving undoubtedly also a Rentenmark failure, everything that has been gained by the reforms of the past four months would be jeopardised. The key of the situation is the Rentenmark. As long as this new currency holds its full nominal gold value, sufficient confidence will be maintained abroad to prevent any new intentional bearing of the paper mark. The Rentenmark is, however, not at present threatened.

It retains its purchasing power at home; the price-level in Rentenmarks is about 25 per cent. lower than it was when the new currency was introduced. A change for the worse in these conditions could take place only if for any reason the Rentenmark was inflated. The Government persists that under no circumstances will it inflate. The old inflation was mainly in order to repair State deficits. Deficits there will still be. The Government, however, has in hand a large sum raised by sale of Rentenmark Treasury Bills, and it is in a position to face some months of moderate deficits without resorting to inflation.

The currency prospects are fairly good. A new international attack on the mark is not likely. The foreign trade balance has proved far better than was expected. During all 1923 no value figures for imports and exports were published, and it was assumed that when they were published a very heavy passive trade balance would be revealed. But the figures for 1923 published in January and February this year showed, to general surprise, that exports almost fully paid for imports. The improvement over 1922 was very great. Whereas exports in 1922 totalled only 3,970,000,000 gold marks against imports of 6,200,000,000 gold marks, in 1923 exports totalled 6,079,150,000 gold marks and imports 6,081,400,000 gold marks. This trade balance materially improves the prospects of Dr. Schacht's intended provisional gold mark credit bank and of the definitive gold mark bank of issue planned by the Dawes Committee. Once Germany has a gold-secured currency of international validity, her notes, even if not immediately convertible, will maintain their nominal gold value as long as the foreign payment balance is active. With exports nearly paying for imports, and with large sums of foreign capital continuing to come in, an active foreign payment balance is certain. The outlook is therefore distinctly favourable. Naturally there is an "if" in this prospect—that is Reparations. An attempt to enforce resumption of the Reparations payments without first making sure that payment is possible would precipitate a new currency crash, and the whole promising reform work of last winter would be brought to naught.

THE DECLINE OF BRITISH NAVAL POWER

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

THE Navy has fallen on evil days. Its strength is still decreasing, for in 1929 it will possess only 20 capital ships, including reserves,¹ and 28 efficient light cruisers,² the protectors of ocean-borne commerce. The estimation in which it is held is also declining, as is evidenced by the debility from which the Navy League is suffering for want of support, and the widespread demand, made in and out of Parliament, that money required to defend the liberties, safeguard the territories, and protect the ocean-borne trade of the peoples of this oceanic commonwealth should be diverted to meet London's needs in the matter of aeroplanes and anti-aircraft measures. How it will serve the people of London if they can sleep quietly in their beds free from anxiety as to air raids, unless they can obtain the food with which to live, and raw materials on which to work, passes the bounds of human understanding. London, more markedly than any other city in this country, lives on and by the sea, as its experience during the Great War revealed. If the entire sum devoted at present to the maintenance of the Fleet were spent in converting London into a citadel absolutely bomb-proof, what would it profit its five or six million inhabitants if the ships carrying food and raw materials failed to make their regular appearance in the Thames? The recent national strike reminded us once more that even if there were no Empire stretching away over the ocean wastes, west, east, and south, we are, as islanders, irretrievably

(1) Cf. Washington Naval Treaty, which reveals that while there will be twenty capital ships in 1929 that number will have fallen to fifteen in 1936.

(2) Mr. Ammon, Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, stated in the House of Commons on March 5th last that "it has been proved by experience that in the case of light cruisers one year's war service should count as two years' peace service." On this basis, in 1929 the British Empire will have twenty-eight light cruisers under fifteen years old built and none projected.

committed to the maintenance of our sea power. As we must have ships of commerce, so those ships of commerce must enjoy every reasonable assurance of safety as they make their furrows down the sea lanes, with an aggregate length of about eighty thousand miles. Land power can give no guarantee to our ocean-borne trade, nor can air power, and for that reason, if for no other, the British Fleet remains the first line of defence of this insular nation, on which the younger nations of the British Dominions still pivot much as the planets revolve round the sun.

In face of these obvious truths, the British Fleet is still shrinking, and the new Navy Estimates, with a reduction of £2,200,000 expenditure, give no promise that the movement will be checked. The decline of naval power may be estimated on the basis of expenditure, or on the basis of the active forces maintained ready for any emergency. If we take the first test, the following remarkable statement is disclosed in the Navy Estimates:—

Years.	Average Numbers Borne.	Wages, etc., of Officers and Men.	Total Expenditure.
1914-15	199,451	£13,637,330	£103,301,862
1915-16	297,008	24,321,519	205,733,597
1916-17	349,578	29,399,358	209,877,218
1917-18	406,977	37,559,536	227,388,891
1918-19	381,311	46,373,511	334,091,227
1919-20	176,087	32,385,306	154,084,044
1920-21	124,009	21,314,360	92,505,290
1921-22	127,180	19,220,859	75,986,141
1922-23	121,400	15,856,000	64,883,700
1923-24	100,923	14,055,700	58,000,000
1924-25	100,787	14,245,000	55,800,000

What has happened is stated very lucidly by the present First Lord of the Admiralty in presenting the Navy Estimates for the new financial year:—

Translated into pre-war figures by making allowance for differences in prices and wages, the total of £55,800,000 would represent approximately £34,500,000, of which £29,848,200 would be the provision made for effective services.

The scale of expenditure on the Navy has, therefore, been brought much below the 1914-15 standard—in fact, to what it was about the year 1903-4, prior to the concentration of the Fleet in home waters and its expansion to meet the growing German menace.

But even more remarkable evidence of the policy of retrenchment is furnished by a reference to the Navy List of March, 1914, on the eve of the war, and the Navy List of March, 1924—after an interval of ten years. In March, 1914, British naval power, both actually and relatively, was at its maximum. Though, under the influence of German naval expansion, it had been necessary to concentrate most of the Fleet in home waters, the outer seas, where for all time British prestige had been supported in force and dignity, had not been entirely deserted. The contrast between the pre-war Fleet and the post-war Fleet which exists to-day is reflected in the statement on page 558.

No account has been taken, in contrasting the naval forces in existence before and after the war, of submarines, small craft and auxiliaries, but sufficient testimony is furnished of the rapid decline of British naval power which has taken place during the past ten years.

The policy of retrenchment, which has been so consistently carried out by the Admiralty, was dictated, in the first instance, by the financial stringency from which the country was suffering in the years immediately following upon the conclusion of the war, and that compelling influence was reinforced when the Naval Treaty at Washington was signed. That international compact signalled the abandonment of all the formulæ of naval strength which the people of the British Isles had maintained in the past in recognition of their own liability and the liability resting upon them as representing the Mother Country of a world-wide Empire. Whatever ships were built and maintained by the Dominions were regarded in the past as being over and above the Two Power Standard; as, for instance, the battle cruisers *New Zealand* and *Australia* and the light cruisers maintained by those two Dominions and Canada. At the Washington Conference not only was the Two Power Standard abandoned, but the British peoples agreed that they would, in association, be satisfied with a One Power Standard Battle Fleet, no greater than that of the United States. Of all the maritime peoples represented at Washington, those who compose the British Empire made the most considerable sacrifices of prestige

FLEETS AND SQUADRONS, 1914. ¹	FLEETS AND SQUADRONS, 1924. ¹
HOME WATERS :—	HOME WATERS :—
1st Fleet.	Atlantic Fleet
Capital Ships 33	Capital Ships 11
Cruisers 25	Cruisers 10
Destroyers 80	Destroyers (8 with reduced crews and 2½ crews) 56
2nd Fleet.	Flotilla leaders 7
Capital Ships 14	Reserve Fleet.
Cruisers 10	Cruisers 13
3rd Fleet.	Sloops 12
Capital Ships 14	Destroyers 87
Cruisers 28	Capital Ships
MEDITERRANEAN :—	64
Capital Ships 3	Ships
Cruisers 8	17
Destroyers 16	
CHINA SQUADRON :—	
Cruisers 5	
Destroyers 8	
Sloops and Gunboats 6	
River Gunboats 10	
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE :—	
Cruisers 3	
WEST COAST OF AFRICA :—	
Gunboat 1	
EAST INDIES SQUADRON :—	
Capital Ships 1	
Cruisers 3	
Sloops (3) Special service vessel (1) ... 1	
SOUTH-EAST COAST OF AMERICA :—	
Cruiser 1	
WEST COAST OF AMERICA :—	
Sloops 2	
NEW ZEALAND DIVISION :—	
Cruisers 3	
Sloop 1	
ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY :—	
Capital Ship 1	
Cruisers 4	
Destroyers 3	

(1) The term "cruiser" in this statement embraces what are officially described as "light cruisers" as well as "cruisers."

and of power. They entered into an agreement which represented the full and complete abandonment of the traditional policy pursued for many centuries.

It was in these circumstances that the Admiralty turned to the elaboration of a new naval policy, or rather a policy reflecting the change in the balance of naval power which had occurred since the opening of the Great War. For ten years we had been dominated by the menace in the North Sea. It was a menace not merely to the people of the British Isles, but to the peoples of all the Dominions, Crown Colonies, and Protectorates. The concentration in what are known as Home Waters involved the partial withdrawal from the outer seas, where in the past we had maintained relatively large squadrons—in the Pacific Ocean, in China waters, on the south-east and west coasts of America, in the North Atlantic, in the West Indies, and at the Cape of Good Hope, as well as in the Mediterranean. The spearhead of the British Navy in those days was maintained in the Mediterranean, which was regarded as the grand junction of the Empire, from which ships could be, and indeed were repeatedly, detached as political circumstances dictated, for duty in waters more distant from the Mother Country.

The obvious course to be adopted, once the peril in the North Sea had been laid, was to return to the traditional oceanic policy of former generations. In the meantime, the balance of political and financial and commercial power within the Empire had undergone a considerable change. Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Newfoundland had become full partners with the Old Country in the privileges and responsibilities of Empire. Their populations had grown, although inconsiderably, together with their overseas trade, and they had developed the consciousness of nationhood. Any conflict between the interests and dignity of the Mother Country, on the one hand, and of the younger nations on the other, could be reconciled only in a broadly based oceanic policy, which recognised the unity of the seas as well as the unity of the British Empire in times of peace and war, and a sharing of the burdens of the Empire. But another change

had occurred since the traditional oceanic policy had been abandoned, under necessity, for one of concentration in the North Sea. The dimensions of the capital ship had steadily increased under the impulse of the competitive movement in which the maritime Powers were involved down to the outbreak of war. In the current issue of *Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual* this development is reflected in the following statement of the size and fighting qualities of typical British battleships of different periods:—

Name.	Date of Completion.	Displacement.	Speed.	Total	
				Weight of Steel in One Round.	Collective Energy at Muzzle of Round.
<i>Canopus</i> ...	1900	12,950	18.25	4,600	178,720
<i>Prince of Wales</i> ...	1902	15,000	18.25	4,600	194,400
<i>King Edward VII.</i> ...	1905	16,350	19	6,100	271,800
<i>Dreadnought</i> ...	1906	17,900	21	8,800	487,100
<i>Neptune</i> ...	1911	20,600	21.5	8,900	545,000
<i>Ajax</i> ...	1913	25,000	21.5	14,500	625,000
<i>Queen Elizabeth</i> ...	1914	27,500	25	about 16,400	710,000

Not only had the displacement, and therefore the dimensions, of battleships been greatly increased—the battle cruiser *Hood* having attained a displacement of 41,200 tons, but the aircraft carrier had also made its appearance. It is often forgotten that the aircraft carrier is the necessary complement of a modern fighting fleet, and that it is of large displacement, the *Furious* being of no less than 19,100 tons, having a length of 725 feet, a beam of 88 feet, and a draft of 21 feet 6 inches. The aircraft carrier, as well as the capital ship, requires to be frequently fuelled, stored, docked and repaired. One of the first discoveries made by the Admiralty was that, owing to the increase in the dimensions of capital ships and aircraft carriers, the British Fleet could not operate in the Pacific Ocean as it could do in former days. Under the terms of the Washington Treaty any development of the existing naval base at Hong Kong to meet these new necessities was prescribed; but the self-denying ordinance with reference to the provision of bases in the Pacific

Ocean had been framed, with the knowledge of the other Powers at the Conference, so as to enable the existing base at Singapore to be improved.

The oceanic policy also involved a reconsideration of the cruiser design which had been evolved during the period of concentration in the North Sea. The cruiser is a compromise which is adjusted in accordance with varying strategical considerations. In the North Sea, of comparatively small area, we needed cruisers of the highest possible speed, and since they were to operate near to convenient bases it was not necessary to give them great radius of action; consequently fuel capacity was reduced, and gun-power and high speed became the predominant considerations. But a reversion to an oceanic policy demanded another compromise between the factors of sea power. It was obvious that an oceanic policy required cruisers of great radius of action. When the cruisers which had been built in the past mainly for action in the North Sea, were examined in the light of the new policy, it became at once apparent that, though the British Fleet (including Dominion forces) still retained 48 light cruisers, built or building,¹ few of those cruisers, designed to operate in the narrow seas, were suited to oceanic conditions, and most of them were already obsolescent. Provision had to be made for their gradual replacement.

It was in these conditions that, as the Admiralty's official statements have indicated, a co-ordinated policy was elaborated just at the moment when the General Election of last autumn was sprung upon the country, with the result that Mr. Baldwin's Government was defeated and replaced by the present Socialist administration. What that policy was may be briefly indicated:—

Capital Ships.—Under the terms of the Washington Treaty, two battleships, to be christened the *Nelson* and *Rodney*, had been laid down in December, 1922, at Armstrong Whitworth's yard at Newcastle-on-Tyne and Cammell Laird's establishment at Birkenhead respectively. The building of these two ships was an essential part of the bargain struck at Washington when the 5-5-3 ratio

(1) *Fleets (British and Foreign Countries)*, 1924.

for capital ships, applicable to the British Empire, the United States, and Japan, was adopted. The Navy Estimates for 1923-24 recorded that the total estimated expenditure to March 21st, 1924, on these two vessels, excluding armament and ordnance stores, would amount to about £3,500,000 out of a total sum of approximately £12,000,000. Consequently in the Navy Estimates for the new financial year 1924-25 large provision had to be made for continuing the construction of these two vessels.

Light Cruisers.—In addition to four light cruisers, two submarines and a minelayer already building, the Admiralty had prepared a new programme of light cruiser construction, the character of which the late First Lord, Mr. L. S. Amery, revealed in the House of Commons on January 21st:—

From the naval point of view the situation is this: Practically the whole of our light cruisers will become obsolete and worn out in the course of the next twelve years. To replace them and to maintain our cruiser establishment in strength sufficient to meet the requirements of our Fleets and the protection of our commerce we shall have to lay down, in the course of the next ten years, the total of some fifty-two cruisers in all—in other words, an average of five a year. There will, moreover, be a particularly heavy drop in the next six years, and, to prevent a serious deficiency arising in 1929 and subsequent years, we ought to lay down as many above that average as reasonable in the immediate three years.

Apart from strategical considerations, there are also very strong reasons of administration and economy in favour of expediting to some extent our cruiser programme. In 1927-28 and subsequent years we shall have to keep the yards well occupied with considerable replacements of destroyers which by then will have become obsolete. From 1931 onwards we shall, under the provisions of the Washington Treaty, be faced with heavy expenditure in connection with the replacement of capital ships.

By getting out of the way a substantial part of the light cruiser replacement programme in the next few years, we shall provide a much more even distribution of work and expenditure, and secure better tenders, as well as meeting the immediate needs of the employment situation.

These considerations, reinforced by the necessity of providing work for the skilled craftsmen in the shipbuilding and engineering establishments of the country, had led the Admiralty to decide to lay down immediately eight light cruisers of a type that, under the Washington Treaty, has become the standard type adopted by all great naval Powers, namely, vessels of 10,000 tons armed with 8-inch guns. Three of these it was proposed to lay down in the

Royal Dockyards, and the remaining five were to be put out to tender. In addition to these, the special unemployment programme, approved by Mr. Baldwin's Government, included three submarines and a submarine depot ship, two destroyers and a destroyer depot ship, and two gunboats of a special design for the Persian Gulf, an aircraft carrier, and a minelaying vessel. "All these," Mr. Amery stated, "are necessary requirements most urgently needed for replacement." The whole programme, it was calculated, would have given direct employment to 32,000 men and would have involved a special addition of £5,000,000 to the Navy Estimates in the new financial year—1924-25. "Our intention was to have asked for a token Vote as soon as the House got to business in order to enable tenders to be issued, and the work to be put in hand at once."

Naval Bases.—The new Estimates would also have made provision for continuing the work on the new naval base, needed to restore oceanic mobility to the British Fleet. The arguments for and against the development of Singapore had been exhausted before Parliament in the spring of last year gave its approval to the project. The matter had already been considered by the Coalition Government, Mr. Bonar Law's Government, and finally by Mr. Baldwin's administration, and it had been approved by two successive Imperial Conferences. Every consideration, political and strategical, had been weighed on successive occasions by the Committee of Imperial Defence. It was in these circumstances that the Admiralty sought approval for the creation of a naval base at Singapore, comparable to that which now exists at Devonport. Parliament not only endorsed the proposal last spring, but voted £430,000 for the new works, including oil fuel accommodation, leaving a sum of £10,295,000 to be voted in subsequent years. In accordance with the decision in the House of Commons, preliminary work in connection with the scheme had been begun, and in the new Navy Estimates provision would have been made for further expenditure.

Oil Fuel Reserves.—In the Navy Estimates for 1923-24

it was announced that "although the Board of Admiralty regard the building up of adequate reserves of oil fuel in this country and at fuel bases abroad as a matter of vital importance, they have accepted for the coming year a slower rate of progression than they would have felt justified in recommending at a time of less acute financial stringency." Provision was made for continuing slowly this necessary development in order to give increased mobility to the Fleet, practically all the units of which now use oil instead of coal. "Additional storage accommodation," it was explained, "is provided for at Aden, Ceylon, Glasgow, Malta, Rangoon, and Singapore. Work is continuing on the approved installations at the above establishments and also at the Falklands, Gibraltar, Plymouth, Port Said, and Sierra Leone. It has been decided not to provide storage at Suez, and steps are being taken to provide the approved storage at Port Sudan instead." The Estimates for 1924-25 would obviously have allocated a further considerable sum for this essential work.

This was the stage which the orientation of naval policy had reached when the Socialist Government under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald succeeded to power. The Baldwin administration had not only drawn up a complete programme, but it had presumably communicated that programme to the Dominion representatives who had attended the Imperial Conference.

Progress had also been made in another direction. A sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence had inquired into the co-operation and correlation between the Navy, Army, and Air Force from the point of view of national and Imperial defence generally. That body had reached definite conclusions, and their report indicated that something approaching agreement on general principles had been reached. After re-stating the pre-war responsibilities of the fighting services, the Committee pointed out that the inquiry carried out during Mr. Baldwin's Premiership had resulted in the decision that the capital ship must be retained as "the basis of naval power." While admitting that a considerable expansion of the Royal Air Force was vital, the Committee made the following observations,

which are of importance as bearing upon future naval policy:—

So far as the protection of territory and communications in the wider oceans is concerned, the question of a readjustment of responsibilities between the Service Departments did not arise. Although certain types of aeroplanes have a radius of action up to 500-600 miles, and others up to 300-400 miles, neither the British nor any other Air Service is yet equipped with aeroplanes whose normal effective radius of action exceeds about 200 miles, and beyond that distance only sea-borne aircraft have for the present to be considered. But it must be remembered that the types of aeroplanes now in service use continue steadily to be replaced by machines of greater power and wider radius of action.¹

Whatever the arrangements for the organisation and administration of the sea-borne air arm may be, there is no dispute that its operations must be controlled and directed by the same authority that controls and directs the other operations of the Fleet, namely, the Admiralty. *The responsibility of the Admiralty, therefore, for the protection of territory and communications in great oceans was not challenged.*

That statement of principle, reached after a full consideration of all available expert evidence, is an interesting commentary upon a recent statement in the *New Statesman*,² which is supposed to be in close touch with what is sometimes described as "progressive opinion." In that paper it was remarked that "we cannot and must not in 1924 listen to the demands of the Board of Admiralty in the same spirit in which we listened to them in 1914 or 1904." It was even asserted that "the British Navy can no longer protect Great Britain," and that "if the Navy were twice as strong as it is our position and power in Europe—and outside Europe, for that matter—would be no whit the greater; whereas if as much money were spent on the Air Force the increase of our authority would be instantly apparent."

Such statements undoubtedly reflect a considerable body of opinion in all parties, in spite of the overwhelming evidence to the contrary accumulated during the past few years in every maritime country. The declaration by Lord Salisbury's Committee that "the responsibility of the Admiralty for the protection of territory and communications in great oceans was not challenged" is sufficient

(1) This is a rather speculative observation the importance of which can only be tested in the future.

(2) *New Statesman*, February 2nd, 1924.

commentary upon such ill-informed criticisms of the traditional naval policy of this country.

Whatever sins of commission or omission may be laid to the charge of Mr. Baldwin's Government, those who are specially interested in matters of naval defence will concede that, having re-examined the whole problem, it had succeeded in framing an intelligent, consistent, and far-seeing policy. Mr. L. S. Amery had come to the Admiralty free from any preconceptions, and during his period of office the Board rounded off and completed the plans dictated by new circumstances, which had been under consideration when Lord Lee of Fareham left the Admiralty on the downfall of the Coalition Government. The recent change of Government took place too late for the Socialist Government to draw up fresh estimates of their own, but not too late to enable them to curtail drastically the programme of the former Board as approved by Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet. They have succeeded in bringing expenditure to a lower level, though Mr. Amery a year ago declared that a further reduction would be incompatible with the safety of the Empire and the security of its enormous ocean-borne trade.

The cost of maintaining the British Fleet may be regarded as an insurance charge on the imports and exports of the British peoples, which are, in the main, carried by sea, and an insurance also upon the hulls of the merchant ships which carry the cargoes of food, manufactures and raw materials. Imperial imports amounted in the last year for which statistics are available to £2,400,788,000, and the exports to £1,866,664,000. Over and above that wealth, there are 22,000,000 tons of British and Dominion shipping, which at £10 a ton represents a further sum of £220,000,000. Even if no value be attached to the peculiar phase of liberal civilisation which the British Empire represents, and if the inviolability of British territory be regarded as of no account, and if, furthermore, Imperial prestige is looked upon as a negligible factor, can the policy of neglecting the Fleet go on without incurring the gravest risks? It is obvious that since the aeroplane has at present

only a short range—about 200 miles—and the airship, so far as this country is concerned, is a thing of the future, there is no substitute for naval power. The Empire is incurably maritime, and, since we must have ships of commerce to carry our cargoes, weighing about 150,000,000 tons annually—British exports and imports only—we must also provide ships of war to protect those defenceless vessels and fabulously costly cargoes.

The advent of the Socialist Government has had one admirable result: it has educated the new Ministers in matters of defence. Not so long ago they seized every opportunity to denounce all expenditure on armaments. They created the impression on platforms throughout the country that if they were in office they would go some way towards scrapping the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force, leaving world-policy towards a restriction of armaments to develop subsequently under the inspiration of their idealism. Office is a great educator of theorists. Not merely the Socialist Ministers at the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Air Ministry, but the whole Cabinet under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, has now confessed that, while their pacifist opinions have not been abandoned, they realise that any reduction of our armaments can only be carried out as foreign countries reduce their armaments.

This principle may be commended to the peoples of the Dominions. At the Imperial Conference pious resolutions were passed in favour of the maintenance of the British Fleet. So far there has been no indication of effective co-operation in helping to share the enormous burden which the annual expenditure on the Navy imposes upon the overweighted taxpayers of this country. Though the Dominions have been accepted as full partners in all the privileges of the Empire, their statesmen admit that they are not sharing adequately the burdens, particularly in the matter of naval defence. If at the Imperial Conference the representatives from overseas had stated boldly that, subject to Parliamentary approval, they would make contributions on a *per capita* basis equivalent to those made by the people of Great Britain to the expenditure upon Singapore—now abandoned for the time at least—and

would contract in this country for a number of cruisers for the protection of Imperial trade in the Pacific,¹ a new era in naval defence policy would have been inaugurated. In those circumstances, the whole Imperial movement would have advanced a further stage. The people of the Mother Country would, it may be suggested, have regarded from a new angle of vision the policy of Imperial preference, as well as the twin policies of Empire development and Empire settlement.

Ten years ago strategists had to convince the Dominion peoples that their only adequate defence against the German menace must be made in the North Sea, and in the result, let it be added to their enduring credit, they co-operated with ships and men, in varying degree, in holding the North Sea; the battle cruisers *New Zealand* and *Australia* and the battleship *Malaya* all served in what was then the centre of gravity. Now the conditions are changed. It is the people of the Mother Country who have to be convinced that the only naval policy of safety is an oceanic policy, embracing the vast spaces of the Pacific as well as the other outer seas.

If the isolated peoples of the Empire view with concern the reduction in the shipbuilding programme and the abandonment of the Singapore scheme, they may be assured that all who are concerned with the future of this oceanic Commonwealth are equally distressed. What will the Dominions do? As the First Lord of the Admiralty has recalled, during the discussions which took place at the Imperial Conference, the Admiralty pointed out that the application of the principles laid down by resolution "involved an unduly heavy burden for the people of Great Britain to bear unaided, and that the necessary naval strength can only be maintained by the co-operation of all the peoples of the Empire through their separate Parliaments and Governments."

(1) According to the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, the aggregate value of Empire trade during 1922 in Eastern waters east of Africa was £1,100,000,000.

THE ADVENT OF LABOUR

BY SIR J. A. R. MARRIOTT, M.P.

Is England once more destined to save the world by her example, even if she fails to save herself by her exertions? The contemporary situation seems to provoke the question, even if it does not immediately suggest the answer. Democracy as a form of government is to-day evidently on its trial: particularly that type of parliamentary democracy which it was the special pride of England to have evolved, and which so many of the States of the modern world have copied from her. Representative government has never, perhaps, struck very deep roots either in Spain or in Italy; and both countries have now found in a dictatorship a refuge from the dangers and abuses to which parliamentary democracy had exposed them. The United States has from the first preferred the Presidential to the parliamentary type of democracy; but it is none the less startling to read in a message from Washington (*The Times*, March 6th) that "there is heard here and there a demand that the President should 'seize hold' of affairs and lift himself to a position of such command and control as would put Congress and its Committees into the shade. If Mr. Coolidge could bring himself to do this he would have behind him a country utterly disillusioned as to the sincerity or honesty of either great political party." Is America, then, yearning for a Mussolini? I cannot on my own authority answer that question, but it is a coincidence that there should just have reached me a copy of an address delivered at Indianapolis on February 8th, by one of the most distinguished and most representative of living Americans, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. Dr. Murray Butler chose as his theme "The Discontent with Democracy," and he ascribed the discontent partly to the persistent preaching of the doctrine of class government, partly (as, for instance, in Italy) to a "spiritual revolt against old and outworn systems

of ideas which were corrupting the sacred principles of religion, of patriotism, and of the family." "If," he writes, "there is a lesson for believers in democracy in the failure of class government in Russia, so there is a lesson for them in the success of Fascismo in Italy. If they are to avoid class government on the one hand and Fascismo on the other, they must see to it that democratic government works."

In England, according to Dr. Butler, democratic government works efficiently; in the United States it does not. "We Americans have created so much electoral and governmental machinery that we cannot get any effective governmental product; we spend so much time in the process of nomination and election of public officers, and in the preparation for such nominations and elections, that our Government is increasingly ineffective as an instrument for the prompt expression of the people's will. We have confused elections with government and office-seeking with politics." Whereas in England a new House of Commons may be elected and meet, and a change of Government be effected well within a month, in America the election of a new President absorbs public attention for a good six months, while a Congress does not normally meet until thirteen months after its election.

Whether we can complacently accept the bouquet so gracefully thrown to us by Dr. Butler, or not, this much is certain: that at no time in our recent history has the Legislature, and in particular the House of Commons, been invested with such real power; at no time have its proceedings been followed with closer interest than to-day. For this the result of the General Election, the failure of any one party to obtain a clear majority, is, of course, primarily responsible. According to the theory of our Constitution, the Executive is normally and continuously dependent upon the Legislature; but of late years Ministries have shown an increasing tendency to ignore that convention, and to rely upon the efficiency of party organisation, and upon the natural reluctance of stipendiary legislators to be sent back prematurely to the electorate, to maintain them in office. To-day the depen-

dence of the Executive upon the Legislature is a reality of which the former is daily and almost hourly reminded.

Yet the Labour-Socialist Ministry has no cause to complain of the treatment it has received, either at the hands of Parliament or the Press. So evident, indeed, has been the anxiety of critics to give the new and inexperienced Ministers something more than a fair chance of learning their job, that there is, perhaps, some danger that the attitude of the critics may be misinterpreted, if not by the Socialist Ministers themselves, at least by the country; and that the subdued tone of criticism may be attributed either to the outstanding virtues of the Government or to the prostration of their critics. There is, indeed, a measure of artificiality in the whole situation; yet it will not, I think, be deemed improper to record, as evidence of the genuine good feeling which prevails, a remark made to the present writer by one of the leading members of the Ministry a few days ago. "The treatment we have received from opponents," said the Minister, "has raised the whole level of public life in England." Deserved or not, the compliment was evidently sincere, and may justify the quotation of a private conversation, since such incidents, and they are not few, do much to sweeten public life.

Compliments and courtesies must not, however, blind us to the grave implications of the situation. A chance, more than a fair chance, has been given to the Socialist Party of proving that they are fit to govern. To what use is the party putting its opportunity? Mr. Asquith justified his decision to put the Socialists into office partly on the ground that, since it was inevitable that the Socialists would one day be called to govern, it was well that they should serve their apprenticeship in the art of government under circumstances which would involve a minimum of risk to national interests. His argument, be it noted, is based on the assumption that Socialists have permanently displaced Liberals as His Majesty's Opposition, and, indeed, that the Liberal Party is doomed to eventual extinction as an independent political force. It is not for a Conservative to dispute the accuracy of so authoritative an analysis, however much he may regret the necessity

of accepting it. But the question remains: To what use are the Socialists putting the chance given to them by Mr. Asquith?

Evidently they are gaining invaluable experience of the conduct of public business alike at Westminster and in Whitehall; they are being brought to close grips with the practical problems of administration, and are daily learning lessons which none are better qualified to impart than the loyal and devoted public servants who constitute the permanent executive.

Politically, they are striving, and with no small measure of success, to reassure the timid elector, and to convince the large floating mass of unattached political opinion, that there is in truth nothing to be feared and indeed much to be hoped from the advent of a Labour-Socialist Government to office. To their own more extreme adherents, to the wild men from the Clyde, they can always, when upbraided with the *bourgeois* tone of their policy, offer the excuse that, though installed in office, they have not yet tasted power. The excuse is partly true; but if it can be fairly pleaded to allay the impatience of too ardent friends, it should not escape the notice of too easily placated opponents. Both should remember that, while the situation in the House of Commons relieves the Ministry of much of their responsibility for legislation, they still enjoy a considerable measure of independence in the sphere of administration. The primary task of the present House will therefore be to maintain sleepless vigilance in regard to the administrative acts of the Ministry; to control the executive in a sense much more real than has been the case in recent Parliaments.

Nor have occasions been lacking even in the first few weeks of the Socialist tenure of office. The Foreign Secretary was compelled, for instance, at least partially, to disavow the opinion expressed by his colleague of the Home Office in reference to a "revision" of the Treaty of Versailles. Mutual responsibility is at once one of the best established and one of the most delicate of Cabinet conventions. All the classical commentators upon our Constitution have laid great emphasis upon the doctrine of

Cabinet solidarity. Thus Lord Morley of Blackburn, in a well-known passage, wrote: "As a general rule every important piece of departmental policy is taken to commit the entire Cabinet, and its members stand or fall together. The Chancellor of the Exchequer may be driven from office by a bad despatch from the Foreign Office, and an excellent Home Secretary may suffer for the blunders of a stupid Minister of War." Similarly Mr. Gladstone: "While each Minister is an adviser of the Crown, the Cabinet is an unity." But the theory needs no elaboration. In practice the rule has not been unbroken, and many Prime Ministers have encountered the snag provided by Mr. Henderson for Mr. MacDonald. Perhaps, however, a Socialist Premier may find it more than ordinarily necessary to insist upon the maintenance of Ministerial discipline.

The quite remarkable debating skill of Mr. Wheatley has extricated the Prime Minister—temporarily at any rate—from a much more serious difficulty. "Poplarism" afforded precisely the sort of opportunity which a Socialist Government, if imprudent, would be likely to seize. Into the technical and legal aspects of the dispute which has arisen between the Poplar Board of Guardians, the Poplar ratepayers, and the Ministry of Health it is no part of my present purpose to enter. But everybody knows what "Poplar" is, rightly or wrongly, held to stand for: for the quintessence of sentimentalism in Poor Law administration; for a frank and even defiant acceptance of the Socialist ideal; for an attempt to translate those ideals into practical administrative acts; for reckless expenditure of public money, largely provided by ratepayers who are without representation on the bodies to whose decrees they are compelled to submit: in brief, for a strenuous endeavour to anticipate the Socialist millennium. A cautious and experienced Minister with his eyes fixed on the Parliamentary situation would have been very careful to keep his fingers out of the Poplar pie. On the other hand, a Minister, careless of the House of Commons but anxious to excite the enthusiasm of the Socialist Party in the country, and particularly of the Clyde Communists,

would be quick to plunge his fist into the pie. That was precisely what Mr. Wheatley did. When challenged in the House of Commons the Minister exhibited conspicuous skill and *sang-froid*, and by general admission scored several debating points. But so shrewd a person must have been perfectly well aware of the interpretation which by every man of common sense would be put upon his action as Minister of Health: "Here is a Socialist Ministry in office, but unable to carry legislation without the assent of Liberals or Conservatives. Administratively, however, there is a wide field of operations open to them. There they can give their policy fairly free play. There they can safely encourage their friends: stimulate their extravagance; bid them give free rein to their humanitarian sentiments." Does this paraphrase do any injustice to Mr. Wheatley and his colleagues? I hope not. Even an ordinary man is presumed to foresee and to be legally responsible for the obvious consequences of his own acts. Mr. Wheatley and Mr. MacDonald are something more than ordinary men. Mr. MacDonald's defence of his colleague amounted in effect to this: "All he has done is to throw Poplar back on the ordinary law. The Mond Order was an inconvenience, invidiously discriminating against a particular union; he has rescinded it; but the law is there and he proposes to administer it. No illegal expenditure has been sanctioned or will be sanctioned by what has been done or by what it is intended to do."¹ That is all very well as a debating statement, but in reality the action of the Minister was, by the use of the dispensing power by the executive—a power the legality of which was expressly denied by the Bill of Rights—to remit all surcharges which might be made upon the Poplar Guardians under the Mond Order. Surely, as Sir Douglas Hogg pointed out in the course of debate, "the promise of a remission of a surcharge for an illegality is the sanctioning of an illegal expenditure." Nor is it quite so paradoxical as it sounds that as an appropriate instrument for such an illegality the first Socialist Ministry should have selected one of the obsolete weapons of Stuart

(1) Official Report, February 26th, pp. 391-392, summarised.

tyranny. Will any impartial person refuse assent to Sir Douglas Hogg's analysis of the motion and the effect of the action of the Minister in regard to Poplar as "a deliberate attempt to use the executive power to condone breaches of the law, as a deliberate encouragement to the extreme section of the Socialist Party to defy the law," and as an example of the deliberate policy of the new Government to compensate by dramatic administrative action for their constrained impotence in legislation?

Such tactics are, however, so obvious as almost to render them innocuous. More dangerous, I submit, because more subtle is the policy which seemed to me to be foreshadowed by the Minister of Labour (Mr. T. Shaw) in his speech in the debate on unemployment (March 10th).

Mr. Shaw's speech on that occasion was a curious compound of timidity and defiance, of bluster and apology; words to which little exception could be taken, but a sub-tone of menace. As here: "We on these benches look upon unemployment as just as much a national responsibility as the payment of interest on War Loans, to put it at its lowest . . . that is the point of view from which we approach this question, that unemployment is a national responsibility, that the under-feeding of people who are unemployed is not economy, that it is not justice, and that the nation ought to shoulder in the fullest degree this responsibility, even if shouldering the responsibility may mean heavy payments on the part of those who have the means wherewith to pay."

What precisely do these words mean? Light may perhaps be thrown upon a somewhat cryptic utterance by the administrative action of the same Minister, who on February 13th issued a Memorandum, which is in effect an Order, very seriously modifying the conditions under which unemployment benefit is granted by local committees. Under existing Orders there were six classes of persons to whom special conditions applied. In five out of the six cases Mr. Shaw has, without a hint to Parliament, decreed that local committees shall no longer have regard to the special conditions which have been laid down. Under this decree the unemployment dole must apparently

be paid to young men or young women "residing with parents or relatives to whom they could reasonably look for support during unemployment; to married women living with their husbands who are in employment and whose incomings are sufficient to justify the withholding of uncovenanted benefit from the wife"; or to married men under parallel circumstances, or to certain classes of aliens. In the absence of further explanation, on which it is to be hoped that Parliament will insist, one is forced to conclude that the Government are embarking—by administrative decree—on that enforcement of a "National Minimum" which, in their Report on Reconstruction (*Labour and the New Social Order*), was declared to be "the first principle of the Labour Party. That principle—in significant contrast with those of the capitalist system, whether expressed by the Liberal or by the Conservative Party—is the securing to every member of the community, in good times and bad alike (and not only to the strong and able, the well-born and the fortunate), of all the requisites of healthy life and worthy citizenship" (p. 5). A pamphlet issued in 1923, on *The Administration of the Unemployment Insurance Acts* by the Trades Union Congress and the Labour Party exactly foreshadows (pp. 5-8) the action now taken by the Socialist Minister of Labour. For the moment, however, I am concerned less with the merits of the changes which Mr. Shaw has effected than the way in which he has done it. Why was the sanction of Parliament for these changes not sought at the same time and in the same manner as the abolition of the "gap" between benefit periods?

All parties are, and have shown themselves to be, deeply concerned to find a solution for this most distressing problem of unemployment. The Labour Party claim, however, to be "the only party that has a positive remedy for it." In the debate of March 10th they were challenged to produce it. Presumably it consists in that complete reorganisation of the industrial system which they are precluded from proposing, with any hope of legislative achievement, to the present House of Commons. This only illustrates the extreme difficulty of the task which

now confronts the Conservative Opposition in Parliament, and, at the same time, the gravity of their responsibility. Any appearance of unfairness would be at once bad manners and bad tactics. To accuse the Socialist Party of failing to do what existing conditions notoriously forbid would be rightly resented, not merely by the Socialist Party in the House of Commons, but by that large mass of unattached but not, therefore, uninterested spectators who are closely watching the development of events, and will, when the time comes, give their votes on what they conceive to be the merits of the case.

Thus while relentlessly exposing any tendencies in administration which seem to be of a mischievous character, the critics must at the same time keep constantly before the mind of the electorate the essential and fundamental *raison d'être* of the party which is now serving its apprenticeship in the art of government.

For the last forty years the Fabian Society has been endeavouring—and with no small measure of success—to disseminate the conviction that not only is there something rotten in the state of Denmark, but that the canker can never be got rid of without a complete though gradual transformation of the whole fabric of society and the existing organisation of industry. This principle the Socialist Party, now in office, has wholeheartedly adopted. To quote once again from the authoritative statement of policy issued in 1918:

The Labour Party . . . demands the progressive elimination from the control of industry of the private capitalist, individual or joint-stock; and the setting free of all who work, whether by hand or by brain, for the service of the community, and of the community only. And the Labour Party refuses absolutely to believe that the British people will permanently tolerate any reconstruction or perpetuation of the disorganisation, waste, and inefficiency involved in the abandonment of British industry to a jostling crowd of separate private employers, with their minds bent, not on the service of the community, but—by the very law of their being—only on the utmost possible profiteering (p. 12).

The present Chancellor of the Exchequer has more recently (1923) given expression to sentiments which, though uttered with greater restraint of language, are in substance identical. The Labour Party's "legislation

and administration will be directed to the gradual supersession of the capitalist system by the public ownership and democratic control of the essential industries and services."

Mr. Snowden's impeachment of "Capitalism" is, let it be remarked in passing, hopelessly out of date. Sixty years ago much that he urges against the "monopoly" of capital, against the "divorce of the worker from the tools of his trade," and so on, might have had substance. The development of joint stock companies and the extension of the principle of limited liability have changed all that. The distinction drawn alike by economic theory and by industrial practice between "interest" and "profits" has given the small and cautious investor his chance of which he has not failed to take advantage, and has also brought into clear relief the risk element which no reorganisation can eliminate from trade in world markets. As a result the "capitalists" are in many industries almost as numerous as the wage-earners, and very often individually poorer. In the railway industry the employers actually exceed in number the employees. But let that pass. The essential question is: What system of industry will yield the largest national dividend? I have lately attempted, with some elaboration of detail, to show that, whatever the system of distribution, the actual production of wealth is at present insufficient to yield, even on the basis of equal distribution, a much-increased dividend to each inhabitant of Great Britain (*Economics and Ethics*, c. vii.). More lately, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher has put the same point more picturesquely:

What torrents of controversy over the equities of distribution, what heartburnings among employers and employed, what huge losses in labour-time, and all over a dividend so pitifully inadequate that even if the extreme demands of the most advanced Socialist were instantly conceded—no very appreciable difference would be made in the hard lot of the workers in the most opulent country in Europe. . . . It is, then, of vital importance that some attention should be paid . . . to this matter of the dividend. As it is, the world squabbles about comparative trifles, while the all-important issue upon which the material conditions of our social welfare depends goes unregarded. We are like allies in a war who quarrel over the spoils before they have won the victory (*The Commonwealth*, pp. 187, 188).

That is profoundly true, and exceptionally apposite; and it is a primary duty, as I conceive it, of all who have

at heart the social and economic well-being of the community to insist upon this obvious truth. To do so will necessarily be to expose the essential inaccuracy of the economic basis upon which the whole structure of the Socialist Commonwealth is to be reared. The Socialist case rests upon false premises, and points, therefore, to practical conclusions which would be as mischievous in application as they are unsound in theory. It is essential in the interests not of a class, but of the community, that the fallacies should be relentlessly and ceaselessly exposed.

That, however, does not exhaust the whole duty of the Conservative Party at this critical juncture. The first business of a Parliamentary Opposition may be to oppose; but it is not, in days like these, its sole business. It must keep before the public the outline of an alternative policy, and before it can frame such a policy it must probe the secret of its opponent's success.

What gives Socialism its power to-day? What is the element in Socialism which is attracting to the ranks of the Labour Party many of the most devoted ministers of religion, many of the keenest social workers, many of the most ardent and generous spirits among the young manhood and young womanhood of the nation? It used to be said that the young man who was not a Radical must be deficient in virtue, and the old man who was not a Conservative must be bereft of sense. A considerable proportion of the young men and women to-day are neither Radicals nor Tories, but Socialists, and it is sheer blindness, therefore, to deny that Socialism does possess an attractive force the secret of which it should be the task of wise Conservative statesmanship to penetrate.

Where shall we discern it? Socialism is, beyond all doubt due, in many cases, merely to envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. It represents the jealousy of those who do not possess for those who do. Again and again it has been demonstrated that the Socialists care far more for dispossessing the rich than for improving the lot of the poor. Many of them, no doubt, would, if challenged, assert (quite erroneously, of course) that the one

process is dependent on the other. But with such folk, the evil-minded and the obtuse, it is comparatively easy to deal. We can answer a fool according to his folly.

But what are we to say to the Socialist, whom we ought not lightly to accuse of being, I will not say a knave or fool, but either a moral or an intellectual inferior? Socialism, we must frankly admit, is begotten not merely of envy, but of compassion; of pity for the poor, the weak, and the suffering. Take the case of a young curate who goes straight from the happy life of an undergraduate at Oxford or Cambridge, or probably from the more sheltered and peaceful cloisters of Cuddesdon or Ely, into the poorest quarter of a great industrial city. He comes into daily contact with the lives of the very poor. What wonder if all his generous instincts are aroused by the contrast, and if he be impelled impatiently to ask: Can the industrial order which permits these things be right? Should we not think the worse of him if he could be patient? Besides, it is likely enough that he has been taught to believe that his religion not merely sanctions but enjoins the principles of Socialism. A superficial reading of the New Testament may easily lend support to such a conclusion; but to those who are tempted to adopt it I would commend a study of the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on Labour, or of a penetrating essay by Professor Peabody of Harvard, *Jesus Christ and the Social Question*. There has been far too much loose talk and loose thinking and careless teaching on this question by many to whom we are entitled to look for more precise and scientific methods. But the point is too special to permit of detailed examination here.

I refer to it merely to illustrate one of the many difficulties by which the critics of Socialism are confronted. They are, to use a colloquialism, "up against" much that is unsound and bad in Socialism, but something also that is good—the soul of goodness in an evil thing. Socialism is the product of idealism working on the discontent which, in part at least, is the result of unsatisfactory conditions.

The essence, then, of the problem to be solved is: How, with due regard to the upkeep and increase of the national

dividend—this condition is primary—can we give to all those who combine to produce it, to those who supply the brains, the brawn and the capital, that sense of security without which life is a haunting nightmare? "Capitalism," be it remembered, is to-day feeding, clothing, and housing forty-three millions of people on an island which "Nature" appears to have destined to sustain fourteen or fifteen millions. Before the advent of the modern industrial system we sustained perhaps eleven millions. Retrospect probably idealises the conditions under which they lived, but they enjoyed one unquestionable advantage over their successors. Their fare may have been scanty and monotonous, their clothing rough, and their houses mean. But they did enjoy a real measure of security and certainty. They rarely lacked work or sustenance. Industrial crises were rare, and trade, if small, was regular. England, agricultural, sparsely populated, her foreign trade insignificant, suddenly became the centre of world trade, a great industrial nation, the home of a teeming population, dependent for sustenance upon imported food. The gain in aggregate wealth was enormous; but it was purchased at the price of recurrent crises, periodical unemployment, and a general sense of insecurity among a population almost wholly dependent on weekly wages.

Where is the solution to be found? Not, I submit, in the panacea which has been persistently preached by the Socialist Party, and which they are deterred from translating into legislative proposals only by the exceptional conditions on which they hold office; but in a scheme of comprehensive national insurance. But that is another story. I have already outlined the scheme in this REVIEW, and, with the Editor's leave, I mean to amplify it at no distant date.¹

(1) An article by Sir John Marriott on Comprehensive Insurance will be published in the May number of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.—ED., F.R.

THE REVOLUTION THAT TARRIES

BY HOLFORD KNIGHT

As the general astonishment at the advent of a Labour Government subsides, public opinion is applying itself with practical good sense to the unexampled situation thus presented. The new Administration is the creature of circumstance and bears the mark of its origin. It was created out of due time by a man of spirit who had the courage to grasp an unexpected opportunity. An accomplished master of public business, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald could not have been aware of the sudden call to office which was to reach him. The General Election was conducted in a political fog. The composition of parliamentary forces likely to be left by its clearance was a mystery and its revelation a surprise.

The Prime Minister negotiated the situation with characteristic caution. For the first time in parliamentary history, a minority Government had to be constructed. He was unscared by the occasion, and the public calm would be assisted if Mr. MacDonald could succeed in communicating some of his sang-froid to Lord Birkenhead and other persons not yet recovered from the shock. Unexampled in origin, the Labour Government is necessarily provisional in duration, its *personnel* is a scratch team which (in the main) has done unusually well, while the policy it is pursuing is a skilful adaptation to a situation of grave menace to the nation and the world. High courage in untoward circumstances is no mean equipment for the discharge of public duty. The Labour Government can rely only upon the sympathetic support of the community.

The action of the new Government, disappointing at times to sections of its friends, is adjusted to the psychology of the people whom it governs. A guiding maxim of conduct for the Prime Minister and his Lord Chancellor is the consecrated admonition of Edmund

Burke that the first duty of a statesman is to understand the temper of the people over whom he presides. Some of the minor Ministers, unexpectedly raised by parliamentary exigencies to high station, have yet to learn this primary lesson; but in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald they possess an admirable and kindly mentor. Failing accidents, which the Oppositions betray an increasing disposition not to avoid, the Labour Government should be secure for a much longer term than its enemies expect.

Meanwhile, steps must be taken to strengthen support in the country. Large blocks of voters are undecided as to their future political action. Their attitude was described in these pages on a previous occasion,¹ and as subsequent events have supplied a striking commentary on the view presented, it will be convenient to repeat a passage as a starting point for a further consideration:—

It is clear that the menace of war must be laid if the world is to return to a civilised evolution. It cannot be gainsaid that the exactions of private gain must give way before State regulation. Mere names have lost their potency to scare ordinary people who stumble through the muddle politicians have created. To call a proposal Socialistic has no terrors among the people. Persons employing such outworn terms of abuse should fortify themselves with more acceptable aids to public favour.

The figures of the last General Election show how this disposition has spread among the people. The drift towards the Left, to be observed throughout the world, has not been checked. On the contrary, everyday experiences are aiding the movement. In increasing numbers, men and women "are reaching the opinion that business, as conducted under the present economic system, is without ethics and is a blind drive for private gain to be accumulated at all costs."²

The strength of this public conviction (and it is to be met with in all classes) is due to the circumstances in which it was formed. Humble men and women, working obscurely with a devotion beyond praise, for it was disinterested and disregarded, had preached for two generations the iniquity and covetousness of modern economics. But

(1) See "The Coming Political Revolution," *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, January, 1923.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 35.

these street-corner apostles of a New Order had seemed to fail in their appeals to the heedless crowds. Still, as the men who builded better than they knew, these unknown pioneers of a Labour Government had started in the public mind questionings that were sounded afresh in the trials of daily life. "Business as usual," during the war, meant the unprincipled exploitation of public need by private greed. The exactions of profiteers affected every household in the country. The failure of organised religion to admonish the money-changers within its portals threw the people back on their own resources. Out of hard necessity was born this anger at the principles and practices of modern business. The silence of politicians aggravated the situation, for their timidity was obviously due to the so-called "captains of industry" who provided the finance of political organisation and dictated the action of parties relying, in the main, on the exertions of lawyers made prosperous by the support of the system and its conductors. The Industrial Revolution had degenerated into a scuffle for private gain. When the Great War opened its hideous opportunities of profit, no scruple restrained those who hastened to fatten on the blood and need of others. But this hard experience brought its compensations. The reputed blessings of the system of "private enterprise" passed under a scorching light, the supposed divine origin of "individual initiative" was reviewed in the shameless forms it had created and justified, and our people came out of the war period sickened with the catchwords of the Manchester School.

This is the public temper from which the gathering strength of Labour will be supplied. But its assistance can be gained only by discretion. It cannot be hurried; it will not be bullied. The new political revolution will arrive only when large masses of opinion, still reflecting and undecided, find in Labour policy an approved instrument to make the country the land they would have it be.

For the generality of the electors bring quite simple conceptions to their thinking about public business. They want a decent chance for themselves in life, and what they seek for themselves, with stout English feeling, they desire

for others. If you treat them with respect, they will give you respect also. If you try to trick them, by speech or action, they will not trust you. The higher your position in the State, in that event, the louder will be their anger and the stouter their determination to dispense with your assistance. They have no use for men whose action bears no resemblance to their speeches. The platitudes of church dignitaries (of all sects), unsupported by appropriate deeds, leave them unmoved. As a result, there is a marked shifting of public approval. Conspicuous figures of the old order are falling into obscurity as the new order approaches. New men are coming into public favour, but they enter upon a harder apprenticeship than their predecessors knew. The pomposities and insincerities of the old parliamentary and religious systems must give place to genuine opinion, faithfully announced and courageously applied. Hence, in the wrecked world of the after-war years, the people seek leaders who do not merely repeat the discredited nostrums which the war ended, but who advance with boldness and character to aid in the building up of a new order.

Among the encouraging signs of the coming of a wide-embracing Labour movement is the sympathetic turning of numerous guides of public opinion towards Labour proposals and aims. The difficulties of Liberal members of Parliament, aware of the growing public feeling referred to above, will be resolved as they make their public action conform to the desires of the constituencies. Party attachments, in the public mind, are merely subsidiary to parliamentary action. Large changes in public policy must be entered upon if the country is to be satisfied. For instance, the fresh vigour imported into international relations by Mr. MacDonald is widely approved, and failure to assist its progress in Parliament would not be lightly regarded in the constituencies. Again, the peremptory inquiry addressed to the coal owners as to the striking disparity between pit and buying prices is an indication of a new executive temper in affairs also widely approved. Constituents who are deeply concerned in such matters are not disposed to tolerate lack of sympathy in repre-

sentatives. For this vigour in action exemplifies the improvement in the conduct of public business for which the country is looking, and members of Parliament who desire their services to be continued cannot with safety withhold assistance from the Government, even if it happens to be of an unfortunate party complexion and disposition.

Hence we may reasonably anticipate in this Parliament a measure of support from Liberal members far in excess of the wishes of some of their supposed leaders. There is a type of Liberal who is only a mis-named Conservative. His action in this House of Commons has never been in doubt, and the adjustments of his spokesmen do not suggest reconsideration.

But the work of gathering necessary support for the Labour Government is much more promising outside the walls of Parliament. I have been astonished at numerous confidences from Liberal candidates and others in influential positions. It is clear that these gentlemen are moving with the constituencies they hope to serve, and it will be profitable to consider their main avowed difficulties in definitely approving of the economic policy of Labour. A foolish make-believe is as little useful in politics as in anything else. Without the help of Liberals in the constituencies, the advent of an independent Labour Government may be far removed. Moreover, no point of pride should deter us from pursuing our country's good. For myself, I am indifferent to the quarter from which support comes or to the agency which claims its provision, so long as the support tendered is sincere and reliable. Sensible men will not quarrel over the origins of political support. It is enough to enjoy their fruits.

I find that the principal grounds of hesitation to support the Labour Government arise from the Capital Levy and the proposals to extend the system of nationalisation. We must allow, as Lord Morley said in another connection, that there is a step between an abstract right and the propriety of enforcing it. Convinced supporters of the Labour Government, like the present writer, are confirmed by reflection in the belief that a call upon accumulated

capital is essential to meet the national liabilities created by the war. We also think that, in reason and equity, the first call in this connection should be made on those who enjoyed the immediate profits of the war period. On the ground of principle, I do not find objection to these propositions. They do not supply a basis of opposition to Labour policy. But suggestions of making this call in the present financial situation are, and will continue to be, strongly resisted. The new Government appreciates the fact that, apart from failing to obtain the country's assent to such a scheme, an expert inquiry should be instituted into its feasibility in the conditions to which it is proposed to be applied. In the circumstances, while reserving the principle involved, the Government's undertaking not to proceed in the present Parliament should disincline friendly critics to make a stand of opposition on a deferred proposal that is under review.

The Labour aims as to nationalisation have given rise to all the misrepresentation they are calculated to provoke. The stupidities of the Central Conservative Office are the measure of the ignorance which inspires them. But, among Liberals and others who retain a mind free for new impressions, Labour supporters may invite a reconsideration of the matter in the light of fresh experience. The principle invoked should not excite undue opposition in reasonable minds. What is proposed is that, as public necessities call for the subordination of private interests to the national welfare, the Government should not be precluded from taking over services which reason and experience denote as being more fitted for public administration and control. The railways and the mines are immediate subjects for consideration. Mr. Winston Churchill has recently informed us that the late Coalition Government at one time intended to make a public announcement in the sense of nationalising the railway service. This should give some stay to anxiety. Further, the prolonged inquiry by the Coal Commission reached conclusions favourable to State action. It may be contended in reason that subsequent trials and difficulties as to the mines have not invalidated these recommendations.

In any case, it is certain that in regard to both the railways and the mines, proposals to take them over by the Government would be the result of renewed inquiry. Unless the grounds for such action were fully justified on a review of the position, no Government in its senses would risk such an undertaking. Hence, I take leave to doubt whether these main objections to supporting Labour proposals have a practical bearing on the situation that now confronts us.

As a matter of fact, the Labour case rests upon immediate practical matters which affect countless households in the country. We may question the propriety of contracting the scope of what is called "private enterprise" in some connections, because experience may cause us to hesitate. But in the light of urgent necessities as to housing, the price of food, and coal (for instance), we may be asked whether the right of the individual to exact profit out of the need of his fellows should not be curtailed by State regulation. These are simple illustrations of everyday needs which have struck the attention of the people, and they are increasingly disposed to judge the Government not by its adherence to old views, but by its energy in meeting the difficulties of the country in the way circumstances call for, without primary regard to the interests of private persons.

A protest and a danger before the Labour Government call for mention. The crude nonsense which passes for anti-Socialism vociferates unceasingly about drying up the springs of private initiative. No order of society could provide an ampler opportunity for personal effort than the Socialist Commonwealth, accurately perceived. The foundation of the Socialist State is the released energy of the citizens. The State itself is the sum total of the enterprise, inspiration, effort, and genius of those who compose it. It is founded in the joy of service by each contributed to the welfare of all. All systems of Socialism, apart from the arid mechanics of Karl Marx, have presented this primary feature. It received its finest expression in the famous words of William Morris: "From each according

to his worth, to each according to his need." The inability of some critics of Socialism to understand this simple conception explains itself.

Nothing is more likely to obscure this governing aim and inspiration of Socialism than the idea, sedulously fostered by its opponents, that private property of all kinds is ended under its *régime*. I fear this error receives some countenance from the ill-considered advocacy of some Socialist speakers. In the region of the mind there are no proprietary interests, and the claim sometimes made by Socialists of long activity that they alone are true exponents of the word cannot be permitted. In the new order of society towards which the Labour Movement works no form of private property that leaves unaffected the just rights of others is in jeopardy. The personal possessions of the citizen, the house that he enjoys and the forms of property he holds (with the reservation given above) are safe—indeed, safer than in the present State, where insecurity is abounding and want a cruel shadow.

Stated in the terms of daily life, Socialism has nothing but content and joy to bring to struggling humanity. It is a way of life that beckons from afar, and towards it we shall move with slow and uncertain steps. It embodies a principle of State development in line with our necessities, and while it safeguards the ethical rights of the individual it offers a reconstruction of public business which all men and women of good will should welcome.

But its purposes have to be explained and commended to large numbers of people before its parliamentary support can be assured. This is the immediate task before the Labour Government. As their legislation unfolds in Parliament, and their administration justifies itself by orderly and successful action, public opinion must be brought increasingly to their aid. The contention advanced here is that this support can be gained if it is sought with skill and placated with sincerity. No political movement of our time stands to gain more from a careful restatement of its proposals in the terms of everyday life. It has passed from the stage of academic exposition and

the generalities of propaganda into the arena of practical affairs, where its submissions must be presented for approval with discretion and particularity.

For Socialism is a disposition and temper, a way of looking at the world and the nation's business; not an arid acceptance of dogma and a rigid insistence on pre-conceived sanctions, but a presentation of the dictates of a social conscience applied to current needs and holding out a reasonable hope of their satisfaction.

Contention will not cease, nor is it desirable that it should, for in the clash of mind with mind purposes will be strengthened and their treatment improved. But, founded on the governing principle of State action it supplies, Socialism, when rightly understood and as its plans mature, will gather support, and so herald the new revolution in English politics.¹

(1) This article was written before the result of the Westminster election was known.

THE SEVEN COLOURS

By J. F. S. Ross

I

DARK in the dawn of the first of all days,
Bare and black in the hour of its birth,
Slowly the inchoate earth,
Naked and wet,
Turned,
Into the ghastly, colourless rays
Of the new-kindled sun
Splendidly set,
A blazing beacon of light
In a sky of dead, dull white,
Alone:
And the black earth turned gray
In the chill dawn of that first day.

II

In silent awe
The watching angels saw
The lonely sphere
Launched on its dim career,
Still and sad and black in the night,
Still and sad and gray as it swung
Sunward into the white,
Pitiless, colourless light
Of the flaring arc in the heavens hung.

III

The watching host
In the dawn of that day marvelled most
In the strange new universe to see
Not a gleam,
Not a flash,
Not a hint
Of the palest tint
Of the radiance of glory they knew;

Not a single hue
Of the seven and seventy colours that glow
In the realms of the Lord, whose decree
Had ordered and planned the scheme.

IV

The first day,
Cold . . . deaf . . . dumb . . . blind . . .
The naked, soulless earth,
Bare and black in its birth,
Turned,
Obedient to the celestial mind,
But utterly blank and void . . .
Until a voice rang clear from Heaven:
"There are seventy and seven
Hues in the fabric of life:
Let the earth live:
One colour I give."
And the dead depths of black
Were tinged with vivid purple;
And the day
Passed in amethystine dusk away.

V

The second day,
Cold . . . deaf . . . dumb . . . blind . . .
The naked, soulless earth,
Bare as at birth,
From violet shadows of night
Turned,
Obedient to the celestial mind,
Into the colourless, ghastly light.
Then proclaimed the voice from Heaven
Of the seventy hues and seven
Another bestowed:
And the earth slowly swung away
From the stark white glare of day,
Through the amethystine dusk,
To the measureless, indigo depths
Of the silver-starred firmament
Beyond.

VI

The third day,
Cold . . . deaf . . . dumb . . .
The naked earth,
Bare as at birth,
From the rich darkness of night
Turned,
Obedient to the celestial mind,
Into the colourless light.
Then again from Heaven sped forth the word
Edictal of colour conferred
On the swinging sphere;
And the sky of dead, dull white
Thrilled with living, azure light,
And the waters, responsive, awoke,
Lapping the earth in a luminous sapphire cloak.
Then the day
Passed through purple dusk away
To the indigo glory of night.

VII

The fourth day,
Cold . . . deaf . . . dumb . . .
The yet unbreathing earth,
Not bare, as at birth,
But wrapped in robes of blue,
From the rich darkness of night
To the sun's blazing light
Turned,
Ever obedient to the celestial will.
Again the heavenly voice rang clear
According a colour new
To the vivifying sphere.
Then swelled the bosom of the earth
Through its mantle of blue,
And, in emerald hue,
The verdant shores arose from the slumbrous sea.
Then the day,
Through lucent tints of peridot,
In splendour passed away.
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VIII

The fifth day,
 Cold . . . listening . . . dumb . . .
 The blue-robed, verdant earth
 From the rich darkness of night
 Turned,
 And heard the clear, celestial voice
 Bidding it live and rejoice
 In the gift of a colour more.
 Then the dazzling, ghastly light
 Of the sun's pitiless light
 Vanished,
 Transmuted to liquid gold, which thrilled and glowed
 On hill and cliff and sea and shore:
 And the day
 Passed through peaceful dusk away
 To the star-strewn glory of night.

IX

The sixth day,
 Cold . . . listening . . . dumb . . .
 The breathing, blue-clad earth
 Turned,
 Waking expectant from the rich sleep of night,
 To the glorious golden light,
 And thrilled to hear
 The celestial message ringing clear,
 Bestowing a warmer hue than yet had touched the sphere.
 Then in the silent groves awoke
 A thousand songs of joy:
 While, wheeling with exultant life,
 A thousand pairs of wings went flashing through the sky.
 Then the day
 In ever deeper shades of gold to darkness passed away.

X

The seventh day,
 With songs of hope and mirth,
 The breathing, shimmering earth
 Turned,

Waking expectant, from the peace of night,
 To greet the warmth of luscious golden light,
 And hushed and thrilled to hear,
 Ringing clear,
 The final, gift-imparting, celestial decree.
 The seventh gift of life in colour came,
 Touching in tints of flame
 Hilltop and grove and field,
 Warming the wide-flung lands to yield
 A thousand joyful tokens of the ruddy life set free.
 The perfumed, crimson rose . . .
 The good, red soil . . .
 Red lips and cheeks, and glowing fires . . .
 Bright berries, and rich fruits . . .
 All these had birth
 When came the seventh gift of colour from Heaven to
 earth.
 And so the day,
 Westward in flaming glory passed away,
 And starry night kept watch above the earth's repose.

XI

So ever turns the faithful earth
 From night to day,
 And every morning life has birth
 In seven colours gay,
 And who has eyes may see the gifts decreed by the
 Lord of Heaven:
 The seven colours sent to earth from the seventy and
 seven.
 Yet . . .
 Sometimes, in the dawn,
 Chill and gray,
 As on the first strange day,
 In bleak, colourless light, we may see
 A picture drawn,
 Which adumbrates how the earth would be,
 If the seven colours of life were taken away.

CURRENT LITERATURE

Some Recent Memoirs

BY S. M. ELLIS

THE continuity of Holland House and its preserved associations with one notable family are facts that should be appreciated keenly, for, as Macaulay observed, Holland House "can boast of a greater number of inmates distinguished in political and literary history than any other private dwelling in England." With the exception of Syon House, Chiswick House, and Ken Wood at Hampstead, Holland House is the last survivor of the great country mansions that once were ranged numerous on the outskirts of London, and its survival is the more remarkable because its situation was ever much nearer to the ceaseless growth of the town westward than the other three houses mentioned, and the land consequently more to be desired by the speculative builder. A hundred years ago it stood in rural privacy, far more reserved than the neighbouring Palace of Kensington; and a few years earlier, at the close of the eighteenth century, the high road to London was very lonely, and travellers were in danger from attack by robbers. Writing from Kensington Palace to the Duchess of Argyll, Mrs. Burgoyne relates:—

We live here (I mean the female part of the family) as retired as if we were at a country place forty or fifty miles from London. . . . Mrs. L. . . . was stop'd by two highwaymen between one and two in the morning about Kensington Gore, coming from Lady Holland's: one of them stood by the footman, and the other, after having drawn his pistol out to the coachman to stop, put it up again, and then asked Mrs. L. for her purse, which she gave them (the one she has had so long ready for them). He then asked for her watch, which she likewise gave; then for her pocket-book. . . .

In 1828, when Sir Walter Scott had stayed a night at Holland House, he noted in his *Journal*:—

May 18th. The freshness of the air, the singing of the birds, the beautiful aspect of nature, the size of the venerable trees, gave me altogether a delightful feeling this morning. . . . We (i.e., Rogers and I) wandered into a green lane, bordered with fine trees, which might have been twenty miles from a town. It will be a great pity when this ancient house must come down and give way to rows and crescents . . . one is chiefly affected by the air of deep seclusion which is spread around the domain.

The advancing tide of London duly swept up to Holland House, but it resisted the attack with a sacrifice of a large portion of the grounds on the north side (which reached originally to the Uxbridge Road); the "rows and crescents" were erected to north and east and west, leaving Holland House secluded amid its gardens and roseries. There it still stands, and still in the possession of a direct descendant (the Earl of Ilchester) of Sir Stephen Fox, whose youngest son, Henry Fox, first

Lord Holland, was the original purchaser of Holland House in the reign of George II., and the father of Charles James Fox, who spent his boyhood here. It was in the time of the third Lord Holland (1773-1840) that Holland House attained its greatest fame by reason of the memorable *salon* of his wife, Elizabeth Vassall Lady Holland, when, as Brougham says, it was "the resort not only of the most interesting persons composing English society, literary, philosophical, and political, but also to all belonging to those classes who ever visited this country from abroad."

The archives of Holland House seem inexhaustible. For over twenty years Lord Ilchester, aided by his mother, Mary Countess of Ilchester, has been editing and publishing a series of the letters and journals, preserved in the library there, written by distinguished members or relatives of the Fox family, such as the first and third Lords Holland, Lady Sarah Lennox, and that arrogant Elizabeth Vassall Lady Holland, whose famous *salon*, as I have just indicated, was the most memorable social feature of the first half of the nineteenth century. The latest volume,¹ now published, is the most interesting of all, I think, for in addition to its record of the life of the writer and his family, it offers a running commentary on the social or fashionable life of the period (1818-1830), and, further, it is as intimate a personal revelation of character and temperament as the diaries of Pepys or Creevey, despite the fact that Henry Fox only kept up his journal for twelve years, and in a desultory manner.

Henry Edward Fox (1802-1859), fourth and last Lord Holland, was the son and heir of the third Lord Holland and Elizabeth Vassall Lady Holland. He was a curious, precocious boy in a mental sense by reason of his heredity and a constitutional weakness of the hip, which prevented him from going to a public school. He consequently received his education from private tutors, and was ever from early childhood in the company of the brilliant adults who formed the circle of Holland House. A boy who is brought up in this way always develops into an uncommon youth, self-opinionated and with an assurance beyond his years, disdainful of his juvenile contemporaries and averse from active sports. It was doubly so in the case of Henry Fox, with his exceptional environment and temperament. By the time he was sixteen he was accustomed, as his *Journal* now shows, to form very decided views, and express critical, caustic observations about his friends and relatives. As he said, it was his "art always to see the worst first," which may perhaps account, for example, for his youthful disapproval of poor Campbell, the poet:—

Campbell sat next to me. His voice is sharp and querulous, his ideas vulgarly conceited. He took all my bread and all my glasses, spilt half his dinner into my lap, and then fished for a compliment for his *New Monthly Magazine*, which I

(1) *The Journal of the Hon. Henry Edward Fox (Fourth and Last Lord Holland)*, 1818-1830. Edited by the Earl of Ilchester (Thornton Butterworth, 25s. net).

was determined he should not extract. He admired, praised, or was pleased with no place, book, or person that was mentioned during dinner, except an idea of his own, which he most particularly eulogised, and from which, he says, Lord Byron has taken the notion of his poem, *Darkness*. . . . How odious all authors are, and how doubly so to each other.

From the time he was a small boy, Henry Fox was much liked by Byron, who records in his Journal, 1813, that he took him to see a drama called *Nourjahad*. Byron's subsequent references to Henry Fox illustrate the boy's temperament and appearance so aptly in a few words that I am surprised Lord Ilchester has not quoted them. The first passage refers to the celebrated persons present at a typical assembly at Holland House, when Henry Fox was eleven years old:—

Little Henry Fox, a very fine boy, and very promising in mind and manner—he went away to bed before I had time to talk to him. I am sure I had rather hear him than all the *savans*.

The second reference is ten years later (in a letter to Moore), when Henry Fox visited Byron at Genoa on March 31st, 1823:—

I have also seen Henry Fox, Lord Holland's son, whom I had not looked upon since I left him a pretty, mild boy, without a neckcloth, in a jacket, and in delicate health, seven long years ago, at the period of mine eclipse. . . . I think that he has the softest and most amiable expression of countenance I ever saw, and manners correspondent. If to those he can add hereditary talents, he will keep the name of Fox in all its freshness for half a century more, I hope. I speak from a transient glimpse—but I love still to yield to such impressions; for I have ever found that those I liked longest and best, I took to at first sight; and I always liked that boy—perhaps, in part, from some resemblance in the less fortunate part of our destinies—I mean, to avoid mistakes, his lameness. But there is this difference, that *he* appears a halting angel, who has tripped against a star; whilst I am *Le Diable Boiteux*.

Fox gives an interesting account of this visit to Byron:—

He received me most kindly, and, indeed, his good-nature to me has always been most marked and flattering. His figure is shorter than I recollected. . . . In face he is not altered. A few grey locks scattered among his beautiful black locks are all that announce the approach of that age that has made such an impression on his mind, and of which he talks so much. However, he is only thirty-five. . . . Rogers he talked of in terms of deep-rooted dislike. He talked a great deal about Lady Byron, and asked if I knew anything about her or the child. He said it was an odd fact, and perhaps one I should not believe, but that his recollection of her face is so imperfect, that he is not sure he should know her again. The child he means to leave entirely under her guidance, for if it was to pass a month, a week, or a day with him alone, whatever it might do wrong afterwards would be ascribed to that unfortunate time. . . . He says he now is taking to be fond of money, and he has saved £3,000. . . . The tones of his voice are as beautiful as ever, and I am not surprised at any woman falling in love with him. Lady C. Lamb, he says, has the power of imitating his hand to an alarming perfection and still possesses many of his letters which she may alter very easily.

Perhaps I ought to point out that Fox's statement that Byron was annoyed by the simultaneous arrival of the Blessingtons and their "impertinence" in "forcing their way" into the villa at Albaro is

not confirmed by Byron's report of them as "very agreeable personages"—with whom, indeed, he at once formed an intimate friendship, with the result that Lady Blessington was later enabled to publish her *Conversations with Lord Byron*. An account of this first meeting with Byron will be found in Lady Blessington's *The Idler in Italy*, where she relates how the poet hurried out hatless to her carriage and begged her to enter the villa, where "our visit was a long one . . . he so warmly urged our stay."

Byron, of course, died just a year later, and how little he imagined that his young friend, Henry Fox, was destined to be his immediate successor in the affections of the Countess Guiccioli. Fox met her first on December 30th, 1824, at the apartment in Rome of the wife of Sir Humphry Davy, and he was not much impressed. "She is coarse and far from being, to my taste, the least attractive. Her hair is nearly red, her figure squat, and her eyes have no expression but what with study and affectation she contrives to throw into them." He met her again at Naples in July of the following year, and his conquest was a rapid affair:—

I observed Teresa rather sought than shrunk from proffered civilities, but I was not prepared for the extreme facility of the conquest, which (such is the perverseness of one's nature) scarcely gave me pleasure. She is too gross and carnal. As Lord Byron says, there is nothing like the moon for mischief.¹ It was on Sunday evening, the 7th of August, that she listened and consented at her balcony as we were gazing at chaste Dian's beams. Sentiment or caprice would not permit her to yield then, but appointed me the next night, and received me as those females receive one who make such occupations not their pleasure but their trade. Her sentiment is ridiculous . . . she tries and believes she is in love for a short time, but it is alarming when she talks and expects a constancy of five years. She has a pretty voice, pretty eyes, white skin, and strong, not to say *turbulent*, passions. She has no other attraction. . . . We had several agreeable evenings together, especially one night we went to Nisida and landed in my little favourite bay. It was a beautiful night and the moon was splendid, besides the heavens were brightly illuminated by summer lightnings. I grew to like her better as I knew more of her.

The intrigue continued, with many quarrels and reconciliations, until October, 1825. Teresa Guiccioli then left Naples, and Fox was prevented from following her by a riding mishap. This accident occurred as he was about to pay a call on Lady Blessington at the Villa Gallo, and he was, in result, laid up there for some days. Originally he had disliked both the Blessingtons and Count D'Orsay, terming Lady Blessington vulgar and D'Orsay a coxcomb. But they were so kind to him during his enforced visit that, for a time, he recanted his former strictures. He grew to like D'Orsay very much—"He has a thousand merits, many talents, and a very warm heart . . . he has great frankness, generosity, and sincerity"—but with Lady Blessington he was never able to feel in sympathy, which was curious, as she possessed, usually, the peculiar art of winning the sincere friendship of men of the

(1) *Don Juan*, Canto the First, cxiii.

most diversified talents and temperaments. It may be of interest to quote from Lady Blessington's diary her very acute observations of Henry Fox's character at this same date, when she saw a good deal of him in Naples at the Villa Gallo in 1825:—

Mr. Henry Fox, the son of Lord Holland, has been our inmate for some days. He is a most agreeable companion, lively, playful, and abounding in anecdote, with just enough of what the French term *malice* to render his remarks very piquant, and just sufficient good-nature to prevent their being too satirical. The French term, *malice*, must not be taken in the sense of the broader and stronger one of the word malice in our own language. The French phrase means simply a roguishness or slyness that induces a person to play tricks, and draw out and exhibit the follies of his acquaintance for the sake of exciting a laugh without being impelled by any desire of injuring them. Henry Fox gives such admirable imitations of the peculiarities of his absent acquaintances that those present are infinitely amused, forgetting that they in turn will furnish subjects for the talent they are now admiring. Henry Fox is just such a forced plant, as might be expected from the hot-bed culture of Holland House, where wit and talent are deemed of such importance that more solid qualities are sometimes, if not sacrificed to their growth, at least overlooked in the search for them. Accustomed from infancy to see all around him contributing to the amusement of the circle they compose, by a brilliant persiflage, a witty version of the *on dits* of the day, epigrammatical sallies, which, though pungent, never violate *les bienséances de société*, and remarks on the literature of the day, full of point and tact, it cannot be wondered at that he has become what he is—a most agreeable companion. As, however, he possesses no inconsiderable portion of the sweet temper and gaiety of spirits of his father, he may yet attain the more worthy distinction of becoming an estimable man.

At Naples Henry Fox was destined to die thirty-four years later. Such work as he accomplished in his life was, fittingly, in the Diplomatic Service. But that and his marriage in 1833 with Lady Mary Augusta Coventry do not come within the range of his Journal. But his numerous previous love affairs are fully recounted, and in one case he came very near to marrying the clever Miss Villiers, afterwards to be well known as Lady Theresa Lewis. Politics Henry Fox always frankly disliked, and they find but little mention in his Journal, and in that respect it differs from the contemporary diary of his friend Charles Greville; but, as regards gossip and details of society, the two records often suggest comparison, as when both writers picture the close Court of George IV. and the wonderful jewels (some of them Crown property inherited by the King from the Cardinal Prince, the last of the Stuarts) worn by the Royal Favourite, Lady Conyngham. Such details are the authentic garniture of history.

* * * * *

It will be granted, then, that books of gossip and even scandalous memoirs have their fitting and useful purpose or place in the future presentation of history and the social life of an epoch. We could not do without Gramont and Sévigné, Creevey and Pepys, Horace Walpole, and fifty others. As Mr. Lytton Strachey once so excellently similitised it, Clio, the stately Muse of History, is accompanied in her important progressions "by certain apish, impish creatures, who run round her

tittering, pulling long noses, threatening to trip the good lady up, and even whisking to one side the corner of her drapery, and revealing her undergarments in a most indecorous manner. They are the diarists and letter-writers, the gossips and journalists of the past . . . whose function it is to reveal to us the littleness underlying great events, and to remind us that history itself was once real life."

But it is imperative and essential that the gossip be authentic and the recollections correct before books of this description are admitted to the office of attending the Muse of History. In a recent volume of reminiscences,¹ which has been read widely, it is contended on the "jacket" or paper cover that this "is probably the best Book of Gossip that has been published during the last twenty years." If that be so, it may be of interest to examine how far such a claim is justified and point out where the recollections fail in accuracy or pervert facts. The author chooses to be anonymous. He is apparently a septuagenarian, who has resided mostly in Paris since early childhood, and who held some office at the British Embassy there at the time Lord Lyons was Ambassador (1867-1887). Perhaps his anonymity is wise when he has such startling "recollections" to publish as those which pronounce the late Empress Eugénie to have been the illegitimate daughter of her (admitted) mother, Madame de Montijo (*née* Kirkpatrick), by the fourth Earl of Clarendon (1800-1870), the diplomat, who was later British Ambassador at Madrid.

The suggestion is that Madame de Montijo, who, it is agreed, was a person of dubious character, emulated Catherine II. of Russia, and when she saw a pretty youth she fancied she spared no pains to get him. The young men whom she desired were kidnapped and borne off to La Granja, and disappeared from mortal ken, like Hylas stolen by the nymphs of the stream. But, unlike Hylas, they were restored to their friends when the lady had done with them. But, presumably, Madame de Montijo's wooing of Lord Clarendon (he would have been George Villiers, aged 26, at the time of the birth of Eugénie, the future Empress) did not involve his forcible abduction. And the proofs of the story? The author of this book says he was told by a man named Coleman that the Empress frequently stayed incognito as Madame de Guzman at his house near Watford, where she was visited daily by Lord Clarendon, whose seat, of course, was The Grove, near Watford; that Lord Clarendon had ever taken a great interest in the lady before her marriage, and arranged with a certain Mrs. Gould to lend her apartments in the Champs Elysées for Louis Napoleon there to meet Eugénie de Montijo, and so conduct his courtship in private, and that in return the future Emperor and Empress were godparents to Mrs. Gould's youngest boy, named Louis Eugene, and Lord Clarendon subsequently procured for the fortunate youth a clerkship in the English Foreign Office. Finally, it is advanced that the Empress's beautiful golden-red hair was peculiar to the Clarendon Villiers family (though

(1) *Uncensored Recollections*, Anon. (Nash and Grayson, 12s. 6d. net).

hitherto it has been accepted as an inheritance from her mother's Scottish family, the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn). Such is the story. It may be true, of course; but who can disprove it now all the parties concerned are dead? A legend of this kind might be fitted in after years to the origin of anyone, and it is not a pastime to be encouraged.

The most valuable portion of this book is contained in the amazingly vivid picture it gives of the gay, irresponsible society of the Second Empire. No breath of scandal ever touched the Empress, but apparently everyone else about the Court was vicious. The French aristocracy had learned nothing from the fate of their predecessors in the Great Revolution, and life and prodigal excesses were much the same under Napoleon III. and Louis XV. Here is a picture of Cora Pearl, the ugly but well-made courtesan, with her red hair and profusion of diamonds and pearls, when she gave an entertainment to her friends at the Théâtre des Bouffes. She "appeared as Cupidon, almost nude; that is, with no clothing on worth mentioning, but covered from head to foot with jewels—literally so, for in one last extravagant gambol she threw herself flat on her back and flung her legs up in the air to show the soles of her shoes that were one mass of diamonds." Again, there is another picture of the young Duc de Mouchy dancing naked before the soldiers in the Pépinière Barracks; and a second youthful Duc—he of Gramont Caderousse—seems to have graduated in the school of Monsieur the Marquis in *A Tale of Two Cities* to a certain extent:—

As he stepped out of his carriage the young Duke let fall a louis, and the gold coin rolled into the mud. A half-starved man in rags was passing. Caderousse stopped him: "Do you see that louis there? Well, if you'll pick it up with your teeth, not touching it with your hands, I'll give it you." The man frowned, hesitated, but then knelt down, pushed his face about in the mud, caught the coin with his lips, and then stood and faced Caderousse with it between his teeth. The duke smiled and nodded, but seeing the scowl on the man's face, said: "That's all right for the louis; of course, you've won it. But I can see you hate me for making you win it in that way, don't you?" "Of course I do," growled the man. "You're a brute, a *cochon*, you ought to be killed." "Quite right," said the Duke, "only I don't want to die just yet. But I'll tell you what I will do for you, just to relieve your feelings. I'll give you this," and he held up a thousand franc note, "if you'll hit me as hard as you possibly can, right in the face. I deserve it." The words were hardly out of his mouth before he found himself sprawling in the gutter with both lips bleeding. "Thanks!" he gasped, as he struggled to his feet, and gave the man the note. Then, bowing low, he said: "*C'est parfait. Bonsoir et bon appetit, mon ami.*"

Such things are invaluable as pictures of the manners of a time. The Duc de Gramont Caderousse had his contemporary double over here in the person of the Marquis of Hastings, who, after a few years of wild escapades and the squandering of a vast fortune, died at the age of twenty-six. His French rival also died young and staged a theatrical end, as can be read in this book.

Unfortunately, many statements by the anonymous author are inaccurate, as he himself might have ascertained by consulting authentic

records and books of reference. For example, he says, after describing the Court of Napoleon III. and Eugénie, that the Emperor was reluctant to receive his old friend and benefactor, Lady Blessington, because "the young and prudish Queen Victoria was looking critically and carefully at all that was taking place at the new Court in Paris." But poor Lady Blessington died in 1849, and Louis Napoleon did not become Emperor or marry until 1852 and 1853 respectively, so when Lady Blessington arrived in Paris the Prince was merely President, and when he asked her if she expected to remain long she replied, "*Non, monsieur*" (and not "Sire," as stated in this book): "*Et vous?*"

The author has a good deal to say about the Duke of Brunswick:—

The wicked old duke (he lived to a very great age) I remember well in Paris. When still very young his reputation was so abominable that when he came to try and marry George IV.'s only child His Majesty sent him about his business. . . . Once my father met him at a reception of the Duchesse Pozzo di Borgo, and one of the ladies of the Torlonia family happening to be standing near, my father called the old villain's attention to some splendid emeralds she was wearing. "They're not so fine as these," said the old duke (he was nearly eighty then), and calmly revealed the magnificent emeralds he was using as buttons for his pants. He used to . . . drive every afternoon in the Bois in a glass coach drawn by a pair of cream-coloured Hanoverian horses. I remember him well, for he was a very small, shrivelled-up man, and wore a spun glass wig; and the way he would wriggle and squirm to bow to my mother always amused me. He was nearly a hundred when he died.

As a matter of historical fact, the Duke of Brunswick (1804-1873) was only eleven years of age when his first cousin, Princess Charlotte (daughter of George IV.) married Prince Leopold in 1816. So far from the Duke of Brunswick attaining to "nearly a hundred" years, he was but sixty-nine at the time of his death. These kind of blunders emphasise a point I am continually urging in reviews of books of this nature, namely, that when elderly people write memoirs their pages should be submitted to a competent editor for correction and revision before the publication of palpable errors is perpetrated. In many cases the incorrect statements are never overtaken; they pass as facts, are quoted as such in subsequent books, and the mischief is irremediable.

This particular author's memory has also come to grief in his recollections of G. P. R. James, the novelist. He must have been a small boy when he saw James in Paris, because the last time the novelist visited that city was in 1858. He says amongst other things which are incorrect:—

His name was George Payne Rainsford James, but he was called George Prince Regent James because he was so extravagant. He had been brought up by the Duchess of Kent with the Princess Victoria, and the Queen was very fond of him, I was a true friend to him in every way, and was constantly writing to him. I used, as a child, to see lots of her letters to him, beginning, "My Dear George," and ending, "Affectionately yours." In fact, the sale of those Royal autographs was an important financial help to his family, when he finally drank himself to death in Venice, where the Queen had had him made Consul (he got into the habit of drinking when Consul in Norfolk, Virginia).

Well, in the first place, when James was chaffingly called George Prince Regent James it was because his father held the appointment of physician to the Prince Regent (George IV.). The novelist was born in 1801, and Queen Victoria in 1819, so if the Duchess of Kent chose a young man eighteen years older than her daughter to be "brought up" with the little girl, she must have been a greater fool than her brother-in-law, King William IV., was wont to designate her. I can assure the author of this book that G. P. R. James never spoke to Queen Victoria in his life, and the letters he saw, signed "Affectionately yours," were most certainly *not* from Her Majesty. James was appointed Consul in Venice by that same Lord Clarendon to whom the author assigns the honour of the paternity of the Empress Eugénie. It does not err on the side of kindness or veracity to say "James drank himself to death." It is true that he drank more than was wise or necessary in his last months, but his health had been ruined by the unhealthy climate of the swamps of Virginia, and he was a martyr to many complaints. The actual cause of his death was paralysis—a stroke.

I also question the statement in this book that James brought Charles Lever to the Paris house of the author's parents; it was not in 1858, anyway, because Lever was then in Italy. Lever and James were on the Continent together in 1845, but this, I imagine, would be before the recollection of the anonymous memoirist. He attributes, by the way, to Charles Lever a scatological anecdote worthy of a place in *Les Contes Drolatiques* of Balzac.

The author has a story to tell of the war of 1870, on the authority of Lord Lyons, which is of some historical interest. It has always been a matter of argument how much, if at all, the Empress Eugénie was responsible for the precipitation of the conflict with Germany, or if she ever did term it "Ma Guerre":—

Now Baron Alphonse de Rothschild (who himself told this to Lord Lyons), being anxious to know exactly how matters stood and what were the chances of an amicable arrangement with Prussia, decided to go himself to the Emperor direct and ask him. The Court was at that time at St. Cloud. . . . The Emperor received him at once . . . and taking his hand in his, His Majesty said very earnestly, "*C'est ne pas la guerre, mon cher Baron, foi de gentilhomme.*" Of course, the Baron was greatly relieved and delighted, and after a few words of thanks and congratulations took his departure. But in the corridor leading to the Emperor's private rooms he met the Empress going to see her husband. Of course, he stopped and had a few words with Her Majesty, but only on ordinary and trivial topics; and then, bowing low, rushed to his carriage and was driven post haste to his bank in the Rue Lafitte, the Empress proceeding to the Emperor's room. The Baron had not been back two hours when an estafette, his horse reeking, as he had galloped all the way from St. Cloud, dashed up to the bank with the laconic message—the words written in pencil to save time—"*Tout est changé; c'est la guerre, N.*"

The author was an intimate friend, it would seem, of the Prince of Wales (Edward VII.), and he gives a very frank presentation of the Prince's character—his *bonhomie* and tact and, on the other side, his

failings and the rather ruinous influence he had upon young men, not wealthy, who were admitted to the honour of his friendship. The Prince was not above tolerating introductions to himself of rich parvenus if his friends who arranged the matter were to benefit by a high monetary commission. In one case £15,000 was to be paid for the incredible privilege. The Duke of Edinburgh, it is alleged, was willing to take money himself in affairs of this nature (for, unlike his elder brother, he was of a thrifty disposition), and on a certain occasion £30,000 reached him for arranging the introduction of a wealthy but dubious Russian to his Imperial father-in-law, the Tsar Alexander II.

The author takes some effective shots to explode the reputations of several of his friends, including the late Duke of Fife and Lord Randolph Churchill. In dealing with the latter he achieves his best passage in a literary sense—when he compares Lord Randolph's rudeness to Gladstone in the House of Commons as a discharge of "broadside after broadside of the roughest Blenheim ammunition at the stately flagship."

Errors apart, this is a very entertaining book and of value as a social panopticon of the second half of the nineteenth century.

"SECURITY"

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—Turning the pages of the recently issued Yellow Book, which sets out the documents relating to the negotiations concerning the "security" of France, my eye fell on this statement of M. Poincaré in a Memorandum of January 29th, 1922, justifying the modifications he suggested to the British project of a Treaty of Guarantee between England and France: "*Les traités de garantie qui avaient été offerts à la France en 1919 . . . ne comportaient aucune clause limitant leur durée.*" It was proposed that the Treaty should be for ten years, with power to renew. M. Poincaré wanted thirty years, but would be satisfied with twenty, and supported his contention by the above statement—that the Anglo-American Pact which had come to nothing was intended to be indefinite in duration.

In my article on "Security," published last December, I emphasised the fact that the words "at first," twice used in both Treaties, showed that the Pact was not intended to be for an indefinite period: the danger which it was intended to meet was that the recited stipulations relating to the left bank of the Rhine might not *at first* provide adequate security and protection to France against an unprovoked aggression by Germany. The words "at first" are not, it is true, precise as to time, but they do not connote indefiniteness; they indicated a limited, though not a precisely limited, period during which the guarantee was to remain in force. I used the text of the Treaties as presented to Parliament. The Yellow Book prints the French texts, and the word used is "*immédiatement.*" But this word means "at once," not "at first"; and the effect of the Pact, according to the French version, was that assistance was promised if the provisions relating to the left bank of the Rhine did not furnish to France the immediate security of which she stood in need. "Immediate security" covers "security at first"; but, as M. Poincaré points out, it does not import a limitation in point of time. A mistranslation in an official bi-lingual document is a serious matter, and in this case we are faced with this dilemma: either that the French translator interpreted "at first," as used by both English and American representatives, to mean "*immédiatement,*" or that both English and American translators interpreted "*immédiatement*" to mean "at first." The slip is the more singular because in the final proposal for the Pact sent by President Wilson and Mr. Lansing to M. Clémenceau, on May 6th, 1919 (document No. 11), after setting out the stipulations relating to the left bank of the Rhine which were to be included in the Treaty of Peace, they say: "As these conditions may not at first provide adequate security and protection to your country, I agree to submit to the Senate, for its advice and consent, a Treaty with France by which the United States of America shall be bound to come immediately to her assistance in the event of any unprovoked movement of aggression against her being made by Germany." In the translation "at first" is rendered "*au début.*" The simultaneous proposal made by Mr. Lloyd George and the present Lord Balfour contains the same expression, and it is similarly translated. The Yellow Book throws much light on other matters, notably on the gradual development (*états successifs*) of the occupation articles—

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PALESTINE QUESTION

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—In an article in the March FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, Mr. Israel Cohen makes a number of comments on my previous article on the subject which require correction. May I be permitted to note a few of these errors?

1. I was never an official of the Palestine Government, so that Mr. Cohen's remarks on that assumption are out of place.

2. During the early period of our advance in Palestine the Arabs did not realise that it was intended to make their country into a Jewish National Home. Had this been clearly explained to them we should not have benefited by their generally friendly attitude nor by the recruits they furnished for the Sherif's army early in 1918. These latter were raised by Arab officers under orders of the Arab Bureau of G.H.Q., and I personally received instructions to facilitate the work.

3. The expenses of the Immigration Department and of road work form part of the Palestine Budget and, as such, are paid out of taxation the bulk of which is furnished by the Arab population. The road work carried out by untrained immigrants was, as I have personally seen it, both bad and slow. The state of the roads in 1921, owing to the employment of that labour, was a source of anxiety to the military authorities.

4. Reliable reports indicate that political power in Palestine has passed into the hands of Russian Jews, who are determined to carry out Communist ideals. The statement that the Haganah has been recognised by the military authorities is news to me. Perhaps Mr. Cohen is confusing a certain scheme for protection of Jewish villages with that body.

5. The pleas that "Jews do not enter Palestine to displace or evict a single person," and that Palestine forms only a small part of the area inhabited by Arabs, might be characterised, in Mr. Cohen's terms of criticism, as "disingenuous." We may, I think, accept what Mr. Zangwill writes in *The Voice of Jerusalem*, p. 269. It is cold comfort to tell Palestine Arabs that, since their race inhabits such a large area, they should not grudge their country to another Semitic race for a home.

Although there are a number of other points in Mr. Cohen's article which require comment, I refrain from taking up more of your space.

Whatever arguments may be employed, the basic fact remains that the British Government and the League of Nations are responsible for the governing of the Arab majority in Palestine against its will, and are thereby perpetuating the "rule of force." Idealists can be curiously inconsistent!

Yours faithfully,

CHISHOLM DUNBAR BRUNTON.

428 to 431—of the Treaty of Versailles, and the final form of the clause which made the Allied and Associated Powers the judges whether the guarantees against unprovoked aggression by Germany were sufficient at the end of the fifteen years' occupation. And specially on M. Poincaré's repeated assertion that France signed the Treaty on the faith of the Pact of Guarantee. The proposal first made by President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George on March 14th, 1919, was courteously but not enthusiastically received by the French Government. As a substitute for occupation of the Rhine bridgeheads it could not be accepted: "*Il n'est pas, en effet, possible à la France, en pareille matière, de renoncer, pour des espérances, à une sécurité positive.*" There would be too many details to settle; there would be delay in bringing the assisting armies into the line, "*une période où la France attaquée devra se défendre seule.*" Nevertheless, it might be accepted in conjunction with certain other provisions: the occupation, and the conditions afterwards incorporated into articles 42 and 43 of the Treaty, for breach of which France should have the right to advance her troops to "*la ligne du Rhin.*"

Faithfully yours,
F.R.H.S.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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PEACE AND WAR

By "AUGUR"

"THIS country," said Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the House, "has a short time during which it can rest absolutely assured that no war will overtake it during a certain limited number of years."

In the minutes of the Committee of Imperial Defence one will not find a better and a more concise statement of the position of affairs in Europe. The world has not been able to rule out war as an element of human existence. The last bloodletting brought for a time prostration and disgust, but time is already busy obliterating these traces of the great struggle. Governments and nations must employ the respite to strengthen the peace by raising every possible obstacle to a renewal of bloodshed. One is not necessarily an alarmist therefore if one says that this end is served best by an open discussion of the military situation as it now presents itself.

From the point of view of the specialist the war was not brought to its logical ending—neither from the operative nor from the technical points of view. On the day of the Armistice of 1918 the decisive stage was only just about to begin; while in Northern Flanders Anglo-French forces were driving the Germans and attracting to themselves all that was left of Ludendorff's energy, a Franco-American mass, of overpowering strength, was preparing to debouch in Lorraine; another fortnight would have brought an irresistible push to the Rhine, where the Allies would have arrived before the retreating Germans; there would then have taken place a great encirclement with millions of prisoners and a complete wiping out of Germany's military power. No doubt would have been left in the German mind of who were the victors and the

vanquished—the Armistice would have been signed in Cologne or even in Hanover.

The Armistice of 1918 was a political victory for the Allied and Associated Powers, but in the military sense it was a setback. M. Poincaré, at the time President of the Republic, felt this keenly, and a diplomat who on the day of the signing of the Armistice was passing through Paris was told by him: "There is nothing to be proud of—we have lost a great military advantage."

Technically the situation was also pregnant with undisclosed and maturing developments. The last war is astride of two periods in the history of military art. One by one old methods and traditional ideas had been destroyed and new conceptions had taken their place. The idea of the preponderance of man power was gradually pushed into the background by the recognition of the importance of industrial technique. At the Armistice warfare had just begun to emerge into a period of industrial development. This is best shown by the fact that in 1918 the number of men in the French infantry had decreased by 30 per cent., not only through losses, but mainly because they had been withdrawn and placed in the special services.

Soldiers are essentially conservative and accept logical developments with considerable delay. Be it said that nations pay for this delay in blood. At the Armistice the Allied air forces were on the eve of a transformation which would have made Berlin a part of the battle front. The new swift tanks were only just coming into their own, and the delayed fuse had barely passed the experimental stage. Gas warfare was preparing for sensational developments. The technical character of the battlefield was on the point of being entirely transformed when the Armistice arrived. But it was too late to prevent the specialist from getting an inkling of the new type of warfare which would be used in the future.

One illustration only of what this menacing future may bring. In the spring of 1918 the American chemical service was beginning the fabrication of a new gas named after its inventor, the Lewisite. The Armistice intervened just when mass production was about to be started.

Lewisite was not employed on the battlefield, and all the quantity prepared was carefully dumped into the ocean. But the official estimate was that fifty aeroplanes carrying two tons of Lewisite bombs each could effectively poison the whole population of New York. Towards the end of the war German gases were also becoming very deadly. For example, in November, 1917, an infantry group of 216 men lost in a few minutes 50 dead and had 160 evacuated, of whom 80 succumbed later. Out of the total loss of the American Army in France, 75,000 (27 per cent.) were the victims of gas.

It is this peep into the future given us which is so terrifying. It explains the French apprehension. The public cannot get over its surprise at the attitude of the French, who, immensely strong at present, yet speak of the menace of a Germany which has been defeated and to a great extent disarmed. But what the French fear is not the growing disproportion in numbers or the indisputed existence of the spirit of revenge in Germany. If they had a guarantee that war in the future will be on the lines of 1914-1917, they would not discuss a German danger for generations to come. But it is the possibility of a new form of warfare, coupled with the avowed German thirst for revenge, which makes them place security above other considerations. In their eyes the secret German laboratory near Berlin, where bearded professors investigate war inventions, is more dangerous than illegal stores of arms or secret military societies. After 1870, as is shown by official documents, the Germans were aware of the French *revanche* idea; they considered it natural and treated it with a degree of condescending commiseration. This, because they did not apprehend on the part of France any unexpected departure in organised warfare which could place them at a disadvantage. But after 1918 France views the German spirit of revenge with alert suspicion because she knows the resources which German industries can place at the disposal of modern methods of warfare.

The Versailles Treaty foresees a moment when after a period of time the situation on the Rhine will be finally adjusted. Paragraphs 42, 43, and 44 establish to the east

of the French frontier a zone in which Germany is deprived of the right to build fortresses, to maintain troops, or to prepare a mobilisation. This zone embraces the territories on the left bank of the Rhine and a band of fifty kilometres on the right bank. For the specialist these paragraphs are all-important. With the methods which existed before the war and through the major part of it such a band of neutralised territory is sufficient to prevent a sudden conflagration. But with the new methods, which had only begun to emerge towards the end of the war, the existence of the neutralised territory is not by itself an insurmountable obstacle to a sudden attack, especially if one considers the resources of the air service.

Before considering the constructive proposals which are called for by the facts as stated, it is necessary to mention yet another circumstance, which may be disputed by politicians, but is axiomatic for the soldier: from the point of view of the interests of British defence it is irrelevant if a German invasion of France is the result of aggressive designs or is a means of defence. The fact of the approach of an active military force to the Channel constitutes a menace to ourselves. The German military menace to Britain has already been a palpable fact. The race to the sea in 1914, the bitter fight for the Channel ports and the submarine menace of Zeebrugge cannot be forgotten. With modern methods of warfare and with those which are evidently coming, the presence of a German force in Calais would oblige us to evacuate Government and Parliament from London without an hour's delay. At present it is the swarms of French airplanes, the tanks of France, her powerful batteries and her industrialised infantry which lie between us and possible danger. From a strictly military point of view, a German invasion of France cannot leave us indifferent, and the appearance of a single German warplane over the neutralised territory of the Rhineland should be a call to arms.

This is said allowing that the following presumptions are correct: (1) that the military might of France is not directed against this country; (2) that at present the French military barrage is a real advantage; and (3) that the appearance of a successful German force near

the Channel constitutes for us a menace. From the point of view of the politician the position may be different. For example, he may want to take into account the possibility of a French menace. But such a supposition would not invalidate anything essential in what is put forward in this essay.

The Yellow Book published by M. Poincaré on the question of security opens with the Note of Marshal Foch of January 10th, 1919, to the Plenipotentiaries of the Allied and Associated Powers. For the specialist this Note remains the important document, and the correspondence exchanged later is of small value. Marshal Foch explains that the Rhine is needed, not as a French territorial limit, but as a military barrier. He does not care how this end is achieved, and declares his readiness to accept the mandate of a really democratic League of Nations furnished with sufficient physical force to give effect to its decrees. The pacts of guarantee signed by France with the United States and with Great Britain were a means to this end. And there can be no illusion that if these instruments had been ratified they would have constituted a formal recognition of the necessity for the Allies to strike against any German invasion.

Marshal Foch and the French school of military thought believe that with modern methods of warfare the old rule of the offensive being the best defensive holds good. The side which gets in the swiftest and strongest blow stands to win, according to probability. If we desire to bind the French to a defensive attitude, defensive not only in spirit, but in execution, we are increasing their risk so much and taking upon ourselves a responsibility so great, that the compensation to be given is beyond our real means. Admitting that this is true, we discover two things: (1) if a war happens (not that we want it), the first stage will be a race between the combatants for the Rhine to obtain a tactical superiority; and (2) at this period France will be left to her own resources.

From the result of the race for the Rhine will depend which side is to suffer the greater damage to its territory. The war may be won and lost in this race to the Rhine. If the French are successful they will drench the Ruhr

with gases, destroy the great works with bombs, and thus annihilate the principal source of warlike industrial supply in Germany. If, on the contrary, they lose the race, all one can say is that only a miracle can then save Paris from ruin and the railway junctions in eastern France from destruction. Warlike operations would develop with such rapidity because of air tactics that British intervention, even if not hampered by political considerations, as in the first week of the war in 1914, will be delayed. Thus we find two important elements of the situation: French defensive action by a swift offensive and France left alone to fight during the first days of a conflict.

The objection may be offered that through the restrictions placed on Germany by the Treaty of Versailles she will not be in a condition where she can oppose to France the numbers, armament, aircraft, etc., necessary to start a war. People are apt to think that Germany is bound for ever by the Treaty, but in fact she will be freed from most of the bonds imposed by it in 1950 and possibly much earlier.

One must insist that what has been said above is not an alarmist prediction, but a matter-of-fact discussion of an eventual possibility. The remark that a soldier must not discuss a question depending on the general situation until the politicians have come to an agreement cannot apply. On the contrary, it is often the soldier who is called to prepare the way for the politician. In 1911 the British and the French Governments had not bound themselves yet by any formal treaty. But authority was given to the respective staffs to work out the scheme of an agreement. Then took place the famous meeting between Sir Henry Wilson and General Dubail. In the minutes of this meeting one finds the following important sentence: "Essential questions were elucidated and the indispensable preparatory measures were forecasted which would become necessary to insure, if need be, an efficient co-operation of the Allied armies under the best conditions." This historic agreement dealt with the following questions:—(1) Composition of the British expeditionary force; (2) transport by sea; (3) dislocation in French territory; (4) railway transport; (5) zone of concentration

and operative time-table; and (6) commissariat arrangements. The Governments entered into a formal agreement. Only later, when these plans had matured, in September, 1912, Earl Grey (then Sir Edward Grey) and Monsieur P. Cambon, French Ambassador, exchanged the correspondence which laid down that in case of need the two Governments would examine the question of common action "to prevent an attack and to preserve peace." It was further stipulated that the Governments would then take into consideration the plans elaborated by their military staffs. Military specialists are fully aware of the fact that national armies are maintained, not for the ultimate object of making war, but for ensuring peace. And it is in this spirit that they approach the solution of military problems.

An ideal solution of the problem of European security generally and of the security of peace on the Rhine especially would be that the principal European frontiers should be like the one between Canada and the United States. A line unguarded except by police and customs officers, unfortified and nevertheless respected: what could be better than this? But applied to Europe this desirable solution becomes impossible unless one achieves not only complete disarmament but stamps out also the militaristic spirit of the peoples. The nearest approach to this ideal is the frontier between France and Spain. But after all it is not the existence of the natural barrier of the Pyrenees which is principally responsible for this satisfactory state of affairs, but the intense battering which was inflicted for several generations upon the military might of Spain, and which has left it quite debilitated. Senile debility cannot be taken as equal to a reasoned abstinence. In the heyday of the Triple Alliance—to be precise, in 1887—Italy, backed by Germany and Austria, was successful in bringing Spain into an alliance for the maintaining of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean. The point of this alliance was directed against France, but it fell through in 1891 because Italy wanted the treaty to be published to bind Spain definitely to the Triple Alliance, and Spain refused because she feared France's displeasure. The frontiers of Switzerland also are not a good

example. To maintain their neutrality the Federation is forced to have a perfectly organised and numerous national militia. Wherever one looks in Europe one sees armaments and guards and rights maintained by physical force. It is not under such circumstances that a solution may be found which is ideally right but is practically inapplicable.

The League of Nations, if it could be made to embrace all the nations of Europe, *i.e.*, also Germany and Russia, could become the pan-European Peace Federation through which all contentious questions could be solved, or at least with the assistance of which sudden conflagrations could be prevented. If a general mutually binding pact of guarantee could be brought about under which the forces of the members of the League would be automatically turned against the State who went to war without having had recourse to the machinery of the League's peace tribunal, warlike conflicts in Europe would become rare indeed. But this implies the necessity for the League of a real armed force which could be used to enforce the decrees of the peace tribunal. This question presents difficulties which seem insurmountable at present, and in any case it would need more than a generation to get the machinery into working order. In addition, there is yet another practical difficulty. A League of Nations embracing Russia and accompanied by the pan-European pact of guarantee mentioned would make us inevitably responsible for the security of the inter-State frontiers in the eastern part of our continent. Leaving alone the purely political difficulty in this case, the objections from a military point of view to a similar commitment are of the most weighty nature, as it is quite contrary to the accepted British policy.

From what has been said above it seems to follow that a practical solution has to be sought for on a less ambitious scale. It lies somewhere in a happy interposition between inflated French armaments and potential German ability to seek revenge. In other words, Great Britain, France and Germany have to be brought together in a working arrangement which would allow France to reduce her armed forces and would make Germany give guarantees and not only assurances of her pacific intentions. Now we

have reduced the problem to its bedrock formula. For in the reduction of French armaments is the key to European pacification. To arrive at a practical solution one must take the formula to pieces, deal with each of the elements separately, and then bring the results to one denominator.

Let us begin with the German guarantees of pacification. It is impossible to consider the suggestion of a complete annihilation of German industries as a potential source of warlike supplies. It is equally impossible to believe that the German spirit of revenge can be destroyed simply by treaties or other diplomatic documents, particularly as long as there are yet millions of men who have seen military service. Bismarck said of the French that their Government would certainly give full assurances of its peaceful intentions, but that only time could change the nation. The same applies to Germany now, and it must be our object to make revenge impossible for a number of years or even of generations sufficient to let the feeling die out completely. This can be achieved only in one manner: to let the Germans be convinced that British military might by land, and especially by sea and by air, stands with the French, and can be brought into action at a moment's notice.

This brings us to the other part of our formula. If we simply stand by the side of France without obtaining from her a disarmament proportionate with the security we are giving her we have gained nothing. Therefore it is necessary to obtain an all-round reduction of French armaments. In this manner the pacification of Germany and the demobilisation of France dovetail one into the other. But from the military point of view it is clear that we cannot ask for a French demobilisation unless we definitely bind ourselves to a forceful and watchful attitude towards the German spirit of revenge. From the military point of view it is not important what form the *régime* of the Rhineland will finally receive. But no settlement with our participation is possible unless we either hold the *Wacht am Rhein* together with the French Army or alternatively give the French every possible advantage if the race for the Rhine becomes necessary.

From the military point of view it is possible to imagine a complete isolation of Great Britain. Plans could be laid accordingly, and we would remain watchfully observant while the French airplanes carry to Berlin the ultimative demand of final disarmament which the Germans could not disobey. But if one is asked to make plans for the pacification of Europe with British assistance and with the avoidance of bloodshed except as the ultimate resort it is impossible to envisage a combination with a weak Germany against France in her present strength.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in his idealism, wants a watchful Britain ready to pounce upon the evildoer who will dare to break the peace without having had recourse to the machinery of the League. Not only are we not strong enough to play the part of such an arbiter, but such an attitude would in the end force us to undertake new armaments. These would call for further arming on the part of other States, and this is the last thing which should happen. A more practical solution is that proposed in this essay: a firm stand with France against the slightest attempt of Germany to arm for revenge and a firm insistence on French disarmament. This is the only way to peace and the only way to preserve the present generation at least from the unspeakable horrors of modern warfare. This peace would permit the League of Nations to be gradually strengthened and extended to other States so that later it could have a real chance of preventing war and taking the place of the proposed Franco-British-German arrangement.

It will be objected that in this scheme Germany is not treated as an equal. This is true, and it cannot be otherwise for Germany's own good. If she were treated as an equal it would be necessary to demand from her an active guarantee of the peace in Eastern Europe. This she could not undertake without increased armaments. In this manner the danger of a conflict with France would be renewed and French disarmament made difficult. There are no perfect formulas, as there can be no solutions equally satisfactory to all parties. This fact one must always take into account.

THINGS IN GENERAL

A Dialogue Between

BERNARD SHAW AND ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

I

A room at 10, Adelphi Terrace, London. Time, February 1st, 1924. Shaw's biographer, ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, tall, smooth shaven, of blond complexion, is examining intently a magnificent photograph of Einstein on the bookcase. On a chair lie two volumes of the Italian translation of Shaw's plays. Against one wall Mrs. Shaw's writing bureau, roofed like a motor car, bears Rodin's bust of Shaw in bronze. Around are portraits of Nietzsche, Strindberg and Descartes, Shawian cartoons by Max Beerbohm, landscapes by Flandrin and Sartorio, drawings by Rodin, Sargent and Rothenstein, a Whistler etching, and some reproductions of work by Philip Webb and Albrecht Dürer. Enter hurriedly, briskly rubbing his hands, his face wreathed in friendly smiles, a tall man dressed in brown—unmistakably the great dramatist and critic of world affairs, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. The two men greet each other heartily.

HENDERSON: Well! well! well! My dear Shaw, it's bully to see you again after a round dozen of years. And how well you look! I suspect Sir Almroth Wright has taken a cue from *Back to Methuselah* and conferred upon you the O.L.—Order of Longevity. Why, when I saw you last you were—shall I say?—lank; your face was unbelievably white, and your beard unmistakably red. To-day you are—shall I say?—heavy; your hair is snow white, it is true, but your face is unbelievably ruddy. The change is very becoming. I can almost believe you have forsworn your Puritanism and Vegetarianism and become Chesterton's most ardent disciple. Ah! I guess the riddle! You have had the Steinach operation.

SHAW: My dear Henderson, when you saw me last I was ten stone ten in my bath. I am now ten stone seven. The change is in you: you keep your figure; but you are heavier and much more impressive. I used not to believe that you were a mathematician and an academic pandrum: I perceive now that I must treat you with respect; so restrain your exuberant youthfulness as much as you can and do not give me away when I tell people that you are more concerned this time with Einstein than with me. Have *you* been Steinached, by the way?

HENDERSON: No. Newcastle needs no briquettes. And you?

SHAW: No. As far as I know the Steinach operation has produced no results that do not occur spontaneously in occasional cases. And it is not contended by Steinach or his American followers that the operation has been more than occasionally successful. It is admitted that the alleged rejuvenations do not prolong life. And it is longevity that interests me and not the ghastly prospect of seeing all the moribund people bustling about and pretending to be gay young dogs. The prolongation of life, if it occurs, will occur as in *Back to Methuselah*, and not by vasectomy or by grafting the glands of young animals on old men.

HENDERSON: Just the same, you have not answered my question. I have heard silly stories about your having written "Finis" to your career as a dramatist in this colossal, interminable drama of five plays in one, *Back to Methuselah*. And here I find you spryer than ever, with cheeks ruddy as a winter apple; perhaps the greatest play of your life has just been magnificently produced for the first time on any stage in my country, and you are evidently preparing to begin your career as a dramatist all over again. The secret is too valuable to be lost. So be a good fellow and tell me how you succeeded in remaining so youthful?

SHAW: I don't. I look my age; and I *am* my age. It is the other people who look older than they are. What can you expect from people who eat corpses and drink spirits?

HENDERSON: So you mean that as a challenge? Don't you know, my dear G. B. S., that we have National Prohibition in my country? Didn't Dame Lloyd George say in Chicago not long ago that, after the noble example set by the United States (and so resolutely broken by her law-abiding citizens every hour, may I interpolate?), England could not long lag behind? After whiskey, brandy, light wines and beers, it is openly prophesied that later we may well expect to see tobacco, chewing gum, candy and what-not put in the index. Why not the flesh of the dead corpses of animals as well? The Socialist State will have to expropriate Duke, Wrigley, Huyler, Armour and Swift, and that is too expensive an experiment so soon after the *Weltkrieg*. But to get back to the eternal question—Ponce de Leon's quest of the fountain of youth—what, after all, is the secret of longevity?

SHAW: If I knew I should not be what I am. How often must I repeat that such a discovery as the secret of longevity would change the character and conduct of the man who discovered it to such an extent that he would be in effect a different man. Louis XV. said: "*Après moi, le déluge.*" I said, in the appendix to *Man and Superman*: "Every man over forty is a scoundrel." Take your Louis XV. and your man just turned forty, and convince him that he has another century or two to live. Would Louis have let things slide and provoked 1789? Would the man of forty bank on his being over military age and hound on his juniors to war? It is the time ahead of a man that controls him, not the time behind him. When the secret of longevity is discovered, or, as is more probable, when the thing occurs without being less a secret than it is at present—I am 67; but I can't tell you the secret of being 67 any more than you can tell me the secret of being 46—the human race will become quite different to our present short-lived mob.

HENDERSON: Very well, have it your own way: I believe you always do, anyway. In any case I am glad to see you and to be back in England again. But I find that, as usual, I have been deceived by the Press. For six years it has been dinned into my ears that England and the

United States were the Damon and Pythias of nations. English-speaking unions, Sulgrave institutions, monuments and memorials to Washington, Lincoln and Walter Hines Page, the Washington Conference for Limitation of Armaments, and what not testify to this beautiful *rapprochement*. But all my old friends here—after greeting me warmly—soon blurt out: "Well, Henderson, if you want brutal frankness, we all feel that Wilson came over here, lured us into the League of Nations, then deserted us in the hour of need, leaving us to 'hold the bag,' and 'got away with the swag.'" To all of which I reply that our failure to join the League of Nations was a matter of local American politics, that the Irreconcilables deliberately "ditched" Wilson for party advantage, that a great majority of the American people probably desire to-day to enter the League of Nations, and would do so if a national plebiscite free of local politics could be taken on the question; and lastly—that after putting the quietus on the Central Empires and sacrificing incalculable blood and treasure without the acquisition of a foot of territory, the United States is reviled like a yeggman for "going off with the swag" because she is businesslike enough to collect the debts justly due to her by the Allies. One prominent Englishman actually told me that the *intelligentsia* in Great Britain regretted now that the United States ever entered the World War, because of the great mess we had bequeathed to her through our ignoble refusal to share the burdens of winning the peace! Our own Ambassador, Mr. George Harvey, who has but recently returned home, even chose to denigrate the crusading spirit of his own countrymen (for which he was roundly excoriated in the American Press, irrespective of party) in the statement in a speech in England that Americans went into the World War not to save Europe, but to save their own skins! Do you believe that is true?

SHAW: No, they entered it to take Germany's scalp under all sorts of romantic delusions and pretexts. The Ku Klux Klan lynches and flogs and tars-and-feathers because it likes these sports; but it has to find patriotic excuses for believing that negroes should be outlawed,

Catholics exterminated, and inconvenient people taught Klan manners. Americans at large rushed to the front because they wanted to fight, to indulge in virtuous indignation, to see the Old World, to escape from their homes and have adventures of all sorts, to strike a blow for their ideals, and to prove to themselves and others that they were not cowards. Also, of course, because they could not help themselves. But under all these heads it is truer to say that they entered the war to risk their skins than to save them. Mr. Harvey gives them credit for more horse sense than they possessed. But in modern States the people have no choice. They are told they are at war, and must go to the trenches. If an individual American objects on the ground that he will perhaps be shot by the enemy the reply is that if he refuses he will certainly be shot by his friends at dawn next day. In this sense Americans may be said to have risked their skins to save their skins. But there would have been plenty of volunteers without compulsion, as there were at first in England; and their personal motives cannot be disposed of as mere self-preservation. The psychology of war is much more complicated than that. As to Wilson, he raised the hopes of the world to the skies, and then tumbled headlong with them into the bottomless pit. War fever is a curious disease and very infectious.

HENDERSON: You interest me strangely—as the hero says to the heroine in the popular novel. But we have wandered away from the original idea. You have been execrated for publicly asserting, prior to the Washington Conference, that England wanted to fight America. Perhaps you were misquoted. Like Nietzsche, you are a "good European." May I ask whether you would like to see an alliance or union of the English-speaking peoples?

SHAW: People should execrate me for things I have said, not for the things that fools say I have said. I think there should be an alliance of all the people who are psychologically homogeneous enough to share one another's ideas. A common language certainly makes an alliance easier; though you must not forget that it also

makes quarrelling easier. The Americans and Chinese may utter endless insults to one another and be none the worse, because neither understands the other; but an American insult to the English or an English insult to the Americans might lead to a war. As a matter of fact, Anglo-American relations have always been strained for this very reason. No quarrels are as frequent and angry as family quarrels. Remember, too, that an alliance between Canada and the United States is much more clearly indicated geographically than an alliance between Canada and the British Islands, to say nothing of Canada and British East Africa. The political world may integrate on geographic rather than linguistic lines. An alliance of Germany, France, the British Empire and the United States is what was wanted in 1913; and it is still urgently needed, in spite of the three languages involved. Without it there can be no real peace in the world.

HENDERSON: Perhaps the best interests of civilisation would be subserved, not by an alliance of the English-speaking peoples, but by the entry of all the nations into the League of Nations. I note that your Labour Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, advocates the admission of Germany into the League. President Coolidge has recently categorically announced—on what authority I am at a loss to guess—that the entry of the United States into the League of Nations is no longer an issue before the American people. Mr. Edward W. Bok has recently offered a prize of \$100,000 for "the best practical plan by which the United States may co-operate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world"; and of the 22,165 plans submitted the award has been made to plan 1,469 of Dr. Charles H. Levermore by the Committee of Award, composed of Elihu Root, Chairman, James G. Harbord, Edward M. House, Ellen F. Pendleton, Roscoe Pound, William Allen White, and Brand Whitlock. A feature of the plan is that the United States are not to join the League of Nations as at present constituted, but should extend their present co-operation with the League and propose participation in the work of its Assembly and

Council under explicitly specified conditions and reservations. It is an open question—a question of grave import—whether the United States should join the League of Nations as at present constituted.

SHAW: It would be a good thing for the League of Nations, which would be a somewhat less glaring imposture with the United States in than it is with the United States out. But you have to remember that the United States is itself a League of Nations, and a much more genuine and psychologically homogeneous one than the Geneva makeshift. This North American League may reasonably say to Europe: "Make your European League a reality by getting in Germany and Russia, and we may then consider how far the North American League can co-operate with the European one."

HENDERSON: It seems to me that your Prime Minister, Mr. MacDonald, has a great opportunity to make a name for himself in history. I am told by representative Germans in Berlin that were the question (a sentimental, not a practical one) of desire for a war with France put to the vote in Germany to-day, seventy-five per cent. of the population would vote for it. To get France out of the Ruhr and to make a rational agreement as to Germany's resources and her ability to pay indemnities and reparations is the first step to world peace. To allow the spirit of *La Revanche* to smoulder on in Germany until it bursts into flame would be an international crime of the first magnitude. What is the way out?

SHAW: The way out of the Ruhr is the way in, traversed in the opposite direction! I am tired of saying that plundering and kicking the enemy to death when he is down should not be called fine names like Reparation and Indemnity and the like. Germany must be left alone to restore herself; and if she cannot she must be restored at the cost of the conquerors. Many English, French, and Americans, wounded and captured, were restored to health in German hospitals by German nurses and doctors at Germany's expense. Many Germans were equally cared for in English, French, and American hospitals. Why should peace be more unchristian than war? Europe

cannot afford to ruin Germany. That is another way of saying that Europe cannot afford war; but having indulged in that extravagance, all the less can she afford to make matters worse by refusing to stop after Germany has thrown down her arms. One would think she might have learnt from the example—or rather the warning—of your big Civil War. The North abused its victory for fifteen years, and then had to admit that it had lost a great deal and gained nothing but the gratification of its basest spirits. The Allies have abused their victory infamously for six years, and are being pulled up with a much shorter turn. When nations proceed against one another by civil action in a supernational court, they can with some countenance ask for damages. But if they proceed by violence, they must take knocks as well as give them. Imagine Carpentier suing Dempsey for reparations! The whole business is too silly for words. No doubt Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has an opportunity to make a name for himself in history. But men do not make names for themselves in history by seizing opportunities for that operation, but by doing their job well, history or no history. And Mr. MacDonald's prosaic job in this case is to take quarrelsome fools and knock their heads together until they shut up.

HENDERSON: I have been deeply impressed by the wholesale elimination in Berlin of all popular reminders of the recent Hohenzollern *régime*. It is true that the Democrats and Bolsheviks have shown extraordinary self-restraint in not demolishing the Sieges Allée; but whereas the windows of all the shops and bookstalls are filled with pictures and busts of Frederick the Great, there is no trace of Kaiser Wilhelm or the Kronprinz. *Hohenzollernismus ist spurlos versenkt*. The great soldier Von Ludendorff made a humiliatingly abortive *Putsch* in Bavaria in the interest of Rupprecht; and militaristic demonstrations seem to be on the wane in Germany. I am told that the democratic Government of Ebert is now accepted in good faith by the people generally. There still exists to some extent a popular delusion in England and the United

States that the German people believe they would be better off under a monarchy.

SHAW: It is quite useless to discuss the question: the monarchy was not equal to the occasion. If the Kaiser and the Emperor had had the gumption to meet the Russian attack singly, leaving their undefended backs to the honour of the west, it is not easy to see what excuse France could have found for falling on them; and certainly neither England nor the United States could have joined her in such a betrayal of civilisation. But militarism had half terrified, half excited these monarchs out of their wits, as it always does; and they tried to fight the whole world without sufficient preparation to take Liège in the few hours which were all they had to spare if they were to get to Paris in a fortnight. Imperial monarchy cannot survive defeat; and the republics which take its place have to learn to govern as best they can. They are still, by the way, making a horrible mess of it.

(To be continued.)

LABOUR AND RUSSIA

By "ARYAN"

I

FROM the moment that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald assumed control of the Foreign Office his admirers announced to a somewhat anxious country that a new era had begun in the history of the foreign policy of Great Britain. Transparent honesty was to substitute diplomatic cunning. "Clever despatches" were to be replaced by a superior psychological insight. A new idealism was to triumph over the bloodstained materialism of the war-tainted politicians, and the League of Nations was to become a living force, with Mr. MacDonald himself as the supreme architect of peace in Europe. Nor were these expectations confined only to members of the Labour movement. Thinking men of all parties, alarmed by the wave of gross materialism which since the war has submerged all Europe, hoped vaguely for some change for the better from the advent to power of a man who had not feared to suffer for his ideals. Except in the eyes of a few implacables, Mr. MacDonald was no longer a traitor. It was gradually recognised that his declaration of pacifism during the war had been inspired by a certain moral courage. In the sphere of foreign affairs things could not be worse. Mr. MacDonald, therefore, was to be given every chance.

The new Secretary of State has already experienced the embarrassments of a too perfervid admiration, and he himself would be the first to admit that the difficulties which surround the European situation are not to be solved in a day. He has made, however, an excellent start. He brings to his task a mental equipment which is at least equal to that of any of his predecessors. His energy and his capacity for work exceed even Lord Curzon's, and in the few weeks during which he has been at the Foreign Office he has succeeded in gaining the confidence, not only of that Department, but also of a large number of his

countrymen outside it. He has created an optimistic atmosphere—an achievement which is in itself a remarkable tribute to the charm of his personality. And yet where are the concrete grounds for this optimism? In the light of the failures of previous Governments, can one believe that Mr. MacDonald is capable of improving the present state of Europe? The cynic who judges only by results will point out that with the exception of the recognition of the Soviet Government Mr. MacDonald has accomplished nothing which might not have been accomplished by his predecessors. There is some truth in this statement. Mr. MacDonald cannot perform miracles, and it is possible, and even probable, that the desires of his supporters will outrun his own performance. Recognition of the Soviet Government, however, is a courageous step and is, at any rate, an improvement on the former policy of boycott and *laissez-faire*. It has already produced tangible results and holds out some promise for the future. As an honest attempt to solve a baffling problem, it has met with considerable approval even in circles which have no connection with the Labour Party.

The fact that the recognition of Russia has been accepted, if not with enthusiasm, at least with relief, by the British public is a striking proof of the collapse of the Bolshevik bogey. Rightly or wrongly, the man in the street is no longer frightened by the spectre of world revolution. He has lost interest in the Bolshevik as a full-blooded revolutionary, and as a newspaper sensation the terror has begun to pall. If the Russian problem interests him at all, he is attracted by its commercial aspect, recognising vaguely that no real trade recovery can take place in a community of European States from which one of the most important has been excluded. He is therefore prepared to show a timid approval of Mr. MacDonald's Note, and, having grown accustomed to Mr. Krassin as a trade commissioner, he will not be unduly alarmed by the appearance of Mr. Rakovsky as an Ambassador. In this his instincts are prompted by sound common sense.

A settlement with Russia, however, is not to be achieved merely by recognition, which in itself may mean all things

or nothing at all. The negotiations which are taking place between the British Government and the Soviet representatives will soon reveal whether there is sufficient good will on both sides to ensure a satisfactory working agreement between the two countries. As these negotiations are likely to prove more delicate, more difficult, and more protracted than most of Mr. MacDonald's supporters imagine, it may be of interest to consider briefly the real significance of recognition in its moral, political, and economic aspects.

II

Although practically all the most implacable opponents of the Soviet Government base their hatred of it on moral grounds, the moral objections to recognition are not insurmountable. Moral standards vary in different countries and in each country from generation to generation. An honest financier may have in his own eyes a very high standard of morality—a standard so lofty that he is forced to make a great effort to live up to it. An honest Socialist may have an equally high standard, but it will be a different standard, and in the eyes of each other these two men might both appear as immoral and unclean. This is not meant as a justification of the atrocities which the Bolsheviks have committed. It is useless, however, to judge Russia by Western standards, and there is a deal of hypocrisy or of unclear thinking about the "shaking hands with murder" argument. In this respect, the Government of the Tsars was far from guiltless, and to be consistent those whose standard of morality is offended by recognition of the Soviet Government should have been equally opposed to recognition of the Tsarist Government. There is more than a suspicion of truth in Mr. MacDonald's statement that, "had the White counter-revolution succeeded, it would have been just as tyrannical and quite as bloody; but in that case forgiveness would have been easy and recognition would not have been withheld."

It is a different matter when one comes to consider the political consequences of recognition. Here Mr. MacDonald's opponents are divided into two conflicting

groups, one of which accuses him of recognising a Government which had been held together by one man and which since his death is likely to crumble at any moment, while the other fears that he is playing into the hands of a band of Machiavellian plotters who, while giving nothing in return, will welcome recognition as an additional aid to their nefarious plans for universal revolution.

As far as the first group is concerned, it may be said with some justice that its members have been prophesying the collapse of the Bolshevik Government at almost every moment of the last six years. It is true that Lenin's death may make some difference in the internal affairs of Russia and that the Bolshevik ship of state will find it more difficult to steer a course now that it has lost its master-steersman. The Moscow Government, however, has taken root, and it is becoming daily more and more evident that Bolshevism in Russia is far more likely to disappear by a process of gradual evolution than by any sudden upheaval. In fact, the Bolsheviks themselves have gone through several stages of evolution since they came into power. Even if they have not totally abandoned them, they have had to go back on many of their ideals, and the Russia of 1924 is a very different country from the Russia of 1918. Now that Lenin is dead, that process of evolution may develop more quickly, and recognition is more likely to expedite than to retard this process. Even should there be a convulsive upheaval ending in the forcible overthrow of the present rulers of Russia, nothing is less likely than that they should be replaced by a Government which would bear any resemblance to the Governments of pre-revolutionary days. All evidence from Russia itself shows that the former political parties have no influence whatever in Russia itself, and that their various resolutions and schemes about the future state of Russia find little sympathy among the vast majority of the Russian population. Even were the Soviet Government to disappear within a few months—an event which is highly unlikely—it is difficult to see how recognition would prejudice British interests with any future Russian Government.

Mr. MacDonald is on more difficult ground when he

faces his opponents of the second group. However ignorant some of his supporters may be—and in some cases the ignorance is abysmal—Mr. MacDonald himself is well aware of the dangers which any form of co-operation with the Bolsheviks must involve. Indeed, in this respect, he has a far better understanding of Bolshevik psychology than any politician in England or any member of his own party. Himself an intellectual, well versed in Socialist dialectics, he can meet the Bolsheviks on their own ground. His connection with the Second International has given him a practical insight into Bolshevik methods which should stand him in good stead, and, even when he discounts the misrepresentation and the forged documents which have characterised most of the anti-Bolshevik propaganda both in Great Britain and in America, he must know that the Bolshevik menace is a serious one, not only for this country in general, but for himself and for his colleagues in particular. For, far more than the capitalist, the real enemy of the Bolshevik is the moderate Socialist, and, far more than the aristocrat, it is Mr. MacDonald's prototype in Russia who has suffered the extreme rigour of Bolshevik persecution. Nine-tenths of Bolshevik propaganda is devoted to turning the working classes of all countries against the *bourgeois* Socialist leaders. As the main objective of Bolshevik strategy is to gain control of the working classes, their professed contempt for the *bourgeois* Socialists is a pose which hides their unceasing campaign against the moderate leaders who stand between them and the masses. In this struggle Mr. MacDonald himself has been attacked more frequently than almost any Labour leader in Europe. His pacifism is subjected to derision. His attempts to achieve class harmony are held up to scorn. "MacDonald is a typical representative of the upper strata of the Labour class, that is to say, of the Labour aristocracy." "MacDonald will certainly grovel on all fours before the opulent English *bourgeoisie*." The Bolsheviks are invited "to support MacDonald's party in the same way as the rope supports the man who hangs himself." British Communists are exhorted "to help the British workers to realise the impotence and treacherous character of their leaders." These

are not quotations from Bolshevik speeches of some years ago. They refer to the period since Lenin's death and since the advent to power of the British Labour Party.

How are declarations of this sort to be reconciled with the soft words which emanate from the Soviet Foreign Office, promising the scrupulous fulfilment of all obligations? What impression do these two different voices of the Soviet Government make on Mr. MacDonald's ear? That he is not ignorant of the double-faced policy of the Bolsheviks is proved by the reservations in the text of his Note to the Soviet Government. And yet it is a little disquieting to find that in his excellent pamphlet on the foreign policy of the Labour Party he states that "Moscow has seen the folly of the world revolution." If this is meant to imply that Moscow has abandoned its effort to create world revolution, Mr. MacDonald's idealism must have befogged his intelligence. For the day when the Bolshevik abandons this hope he will cease to be a Bolshevik. It is a dangerous illusion, and experience has shown that never is Moscow more dangerous than when it is making a strategic retreat. If, however, Mr. MacDonald means that the danger of world revolution is past, that he discounts the Third International, and that as a result of recognition he hopes to see the triumph of the less violent elements in the Soviet Government, he is less open to criticism. This seems to be the correct interpretation of his remark, for he qualifies his statement about the folly of world revolution by adding that "whilst the Third International lasts, and whilst Europe is kept on the rack by the stupidity of some national leaders, we shall not be free from danger. Starvation, industrial paralysis and bankruptcy do not nourish constitutionalism and law and order, and even now the queer non-moral mentality of the Communist means that he is an ever-ready tool for the purposes of Moscow." In reality, here is the crux of the whole matter. Those opponents of recognition, who see in the Bolsheviks a race of revolutionary supermen, are terrified lest recognition may lead to the outwitting of Mr. MacDonald and his party, and, through the increased prestige which it will bring to the Bolsheviks, to a more dangerous penetration of Bolshevik ideas into England.

Above all, they are opposed to recognition because they regard it as a measure which will help to make the Bolshevik Government a permanency. It is difficult to understand criticism of this description, for its exponents have no alternative policy to put forward except a continuation of the present boycott. And yet it is precisely this boycott which Mr. MacDonald rightly regards as the very worst defence against those dangers which the opponents of recognition most dread.

Mr. MacDonald views the whole problem from a different angle. He has no illusions about supermen either in this country or in Russia. His panacea for unemployment is the economic reconstruction of Europe. He knows that without peace such reconstruction is impossible, and that no lasting peace in Europe can be established which does not take into consideration a country with the almost unlimited reserves of power which Russia possesses. He knows, too, the sobering influence which the assumption of responsibilities brings in its train, and he realises that the hostility of the Allies, expressed, first, in intervention, and, later, in the boycott, has contributed more than anything to drive the Bolsheviks into the wilderness of violence and to relieve them of all sense of responsibility towards their neighbours. He does not like Bolshevik methods, but he is intelligent enough to realise that through their agents in this country the Bolsheviks have been able to spread their propaganda in a manner which would never be tolerated once regular diplomatic relations were established. Through recognition and the re-establishment of trade he hopes to bring Russia once more into the comity of nations, and by helping in the economic reconstruction of that country to exert a moderating influence on its leaders. Reason and common sense combined with the experience gained from past blunders seem to be on Mr. MacDonald's side.

III

Apart, however, from all questions of morality and political expediency, the success of Mr. MacDonald's Russian policy will depend entirely on his ability to re-establish the normal flow of trade between Great Britain

and Soviet Russia. It is the commercial aspect of recognition which appeals to the working man and to the business man of this country, both of whom hope to find in Russia an outlet for British goods and a cure for unemployment. If Mr. MacDonald is unable to achieve success in this purely business proposition, recognition will be a worse than useless measure, for its advantages will be entirely one-sided. While, therefore, it is the prospect of even a small trade revival which has raised in this country the highest hopes from the policy of recognition, it is, above all, in the establishment of a commercial and financial agreement with the Soviet Government that Mr. MacDonald will encounter his greatest difficulties. In this respect, it would be a grave mistake to be too optimistic, and, in view of the almost insurmountable difficulties, the process of reconstruction is bound to be a slow one. Russia requires goods and has no money with which she can pay for them. She requires credit, and all credit is based on security and on the confidence that all obligations undertaken will be fulfilled. The money for financing trade with Russia will have to be found either by private institutions or by the British Government, which eventually means the taxpayer. No matter how water-tight an agreement Mr. MacDonald may be able to conclude, it would be folly to assume that at the present moment any credits for Russia will be furnished by private traders or by private institutions without some effective guarantee from the British Government. One of the first demands of the Bolsheviks is certain to be for a loan. Where is the security or the necessary confidence for such a loan to be found in Soviet Russia to-day, when one half of the Soviet Government is making wide promises regarding the fulfilment of all obligations, while the other half is openly advocating the conclusion of an unrestricted loan and the acceptance of all conditions on the ground that the pending world revolution will render repayment unnecessary? In his pamphlet on the foreign policy of the Labour Party Mr. MacDonald has laid down some precepts for the granting of Government loans. "The method of international loan with the necessary guarantee of Budget

balancing is that which the Labour Party favours most. The use to which the loans are to be put would be carefully scrutinised." "Such loans would be strictly for purposes of national recovery." With regard to armaments, "not a halfpenny for that purpose would be given or guaranteed by a Labour Government." These are admirable sentiments, but one may well wonder how they are to be applied to Russia. Mr. MacDonald must be aware that a large part of Russia's present production, instead of being applied to the work of reconstruction, is devoted to the construction of armaments and the equipment of the Red Army, "the prowess of whose bayonets has achieved the recognition of the Soviet Union." Again, what steps are to be taken to protect the interests of British companies and of private British nationals whose property in Russia has been forcibly confiscated? It may be taken for granted that the debt of the former Russian Governments will be wiped out or set off against equally large Bolshevik claims for the losses Russia has suffered on account of Allied intervention and British support of Denikin and Wrangel. It is scarcely to be expected that such artists in propaganda as the Bolsheviks have shown themselves to the world will fail to take advantage of the opportunity for retaliation with which our unfortunate intervention has furnished them, and the adjustment of the claims of the rival Governments will afford some practice in financial juggling for the politicians. The case of private nationals is an entirely different matter, and Mr. MacDonald will find that, unless these claims are settled, he will forfeit any confidence the business community may have in his Russian policy. In this connection he will need to show great firmness, for he is certain to meet with considerable opposition. A recent speech of Zinovieff's shows clearly the attitude of the extreme wing of the Bolshevik party:—"The *de jure* recognition of Soviet Russia by the British *bourgeoisie* will not safeguard us against the possibility of the greedy sharks of British capitalism putting forward their arrogant demands for payment of old debts and for compensation of losses incurred by British citizens in Russia. It must be, therefore, quite

clear to all of us that the Soviet Government will reply to every one of these elements with a decisive 'No.'

"In order that our 'No' may sound sufficiently convincing, we have only one reliable argument at hand—our Red Army and Navy. . . . One division of good infantry and five regiments of Budenny's cavalry are worth ten recognitions by England or any other paltry *bourgeois* country."

Even if Zinovieff is not to be taken seriously, the attitude of the more moderate elements is scarcely more satisfactory. They may admit the British claims, but they will advance counter-claims. In this connection the Soviet Government has formed a "Society of Victims of the Intervention." No intelligent person can doubt that this society is an artificial creation whose sole object is to balance the private claims of British nationals with exaggerated private claims of Russian nationals.

These considerations are not advanced as an argument against Mr. MacDonald's policy of recognition. They are meant to illustrate the difficulties which confront him and to show that recognition in itself is only a very small step towards the solution of the intricate problem which Russia presents. That it is a proper and necessary step few sane people will doubt. The whole problem, however, is one which demands much clear thinking and abundant common sense. It should not be approached in a spirit of emotional enthusiasm either for or against the present leaders of Russia. Nor is it a problem to be solved only by the politicians. In the delicate negotiations which will have to be conducted, Mr. MacDonald will have need of the best expert financial advice he can procure, no matter from what quarter it may come. One may feel confident that he will seek this advice and that he will not be carried away by any false hopes of achieving quick results. Conscious of the fact that time alone can repair the ravages to which Russia has been subjected, he may be expected to move cautiously and to build slowly. The good will, which is essential to the success of any agreement, he possesses in a large measure. Is the same good will to be found on the other side? That is the real problem. One thing, at any

rate, is clear. The old policy of boycott and inactive hostility was dictated largely by hate and fear. It could hardly be expected to inspire anything but hate and suspicion in the minds of the men whom it sought to destroy. Mr. MacDonald believes that the best method of countering Bolshevism is by meeting it in the open. He may be mistaken and his policy may result in failure, but for the first time the Bolsheviks are being invited to enter the sphere of practical politics, to abandon their policy of senseless hate, and to undertake a policy of reconstruction. It may well be that men like Zinovieff and Derjinsky—men who from their early youth have suffered the full rigour of Tsarist persecution and whose fanaticism has been intensified by the cold horror of Siberian prisons—will find it impossible to change their ideas, and so long as their influence remains paramount so long will the fomentation of world revolution continue. Time, however, is on Mr. MacDonald's side. In spite of their comparative youthfulness, the men who carried on the Bolshevik revolution are breaking up under the tremendous strain which they have undergone during the past six years. A new generation is stepping into their shoes, a generation whose outlook is not influenced by a pre-revolutionary psychology. The men of this generation are in no way to be compared with the Bolsheviks of 1918. They are slowly realising that no country can live in a perpetual state of revolutionary destruction, and that, whatever dreams they may cherish of world revolution, the wood must be hewn and the water drawn. They are beginning to think for themselves in economic matters. They may be ignorant, but they are anxious to learn, anxious to adjust the new Russia to the world which lies outside it. For many months now the unity of the Communist Party has been seriously shaken by dissensions arising out of "the new economic policy," *i.e.*, the Soviet Government's relations with capital both at home and abroad, and it may be assumed that even in that party many of its members do not share the fanaticism of Zinovieff. It is at any rate a reassuring sign that Rykoff, one of the chief advocates of the new policy, has been chosen to succeed Lenin as head

of the Soviet Government. In every respect, too, the Russia with which Mr. MacDonald will have to deal is a new Russia—a Russia which, in spite of the chaos through which it has been dragged, is nevertheless a living Russia. The march of time has brought many changes. Production is restarting. Financial reforms which have a constructive instead of a destructive basis have been introduced. Slowly but surely the threads of foreign trade are being taken up again. That trade Great Britain, with its idle factories and its huge army of unemployed, cannot afford to neglect, and the dire necessity of both countries should make a *modus operandi* not impossible. For both sides it is a business proposition.

In the task he has undertaken Mr. MacDonald is not to be envied, but he is to be congratulated on having put into effect a policy which, on the grounds of common sense and national interest, his predecessors should have carried out long ago. It is a policy which will give offence to English reactionaries and to the Russian *émigrés*, but it is the only policy which is likely to confer any benefit on private British creditors and on the vast number of Russians in Russia who do not belong to the Communist Party. If it succeeds, Mr. MacDonald will have laid the first and most important foundations for the establishment of peace and genuine reconstruction in Europe.

LONDON, April 10, 1924.

FRANCE AT THE CROSSWAYS

BY JOHN BELL

THE fall of M. Poincaré's first Cabinet, the rapid formation of the second and its declaration of policy, the publication of the report of the Expert Committees to enquire into Germany's financial situation with a view to finding ways and means by which she can pay reparations, and the changed train of thought which this document has created, these are happenings which conceivably may not be without their importance on the future of Europe.

Great events are evolved from small causes. And it was a trivial matter which led to what may be called an orientation of outlook in France. M. Poincaré's first Government fell on a question of a purely secondary order—whether State workmen should be included in the benefits of the Pensions Bill. A large section of the Chamber thought they ought to be included; the Government held otherwise; and M. de Lasteyrie, the late Minister of Finance, acting on instructions from M. Poincaré, who was not in the Chamber at the time, made the matter a question of confidence. The Government fell, but it would not have been placed in a minority had there been no mistakes in voting. M. Poincaré's setback had really no importance, for it had no relation whatever to the policy he has stood for since he assumed the reins of power.

But what is of great importance is the step he took when invited by the President of the Republic to form a new Ministry. It was a tremendous surprise when he made what was practically a clean sweep of the old Cabinet, only conserving the two Ministers—M. Maginot, Minister of War, and M. Le Trocquer, Minister of Public Works—who have been closely identified with the occupation of the Ruhr. Why did M. Poincaré get rid of men who had served him faithfully? Some of them had suffered the obloquy of being expelled from the Radical and Radical-Socialist Party because they chose to remain

associated with his policy. It had never been openly suggested that all of them were not equal to their tasks. But they were sacrificed, and men who had voted against the fiscal policy of M. Poincaré were taken in their places. The Premier has given reasons for parting with his old colleagues. One reason is that if he had retained them he would always have been conscious of facing them with a minority in the Chamber. It has to be said that this reason was not accepted. The Chamber, in fact, greeted the Premier's explanation with mocking laughter.

The real reason has not been given, probably because the moment was not opportune to give it. But it can be divined. Undoubtedly M. Poincaré had in his mind the report of the experts and the negotiations following its discussion when he decided to gather new men around him. The present Cabinet can be described as a Cabinet of negotiation. The Bloc National, the Parliamentary majority in the Chamber, was at first annoyed at the unexpected turn of things. It talked of having been betrayed, but on reflection it remembered that the policy for which it stands was intact. So it quickly became resigned to the new Cabinet, consoling itself with the assurance that M. Poincaré was determined to maintain his policy and not quit the Ruhr until Germany had paid in full. The Premier's formula is the same. The impression of adamant firmness remains, only the evolution of things has compelled him to envisage certain eventualities for which he must be prepared; and that is why he has enlisted the assistance of new men, why, in short, he has formed a Cabinet of negotiation.

For France, as for other countries which were at war, decisions of economic, financial and political import will have to be reached. M. Loucheur, the Minister of Commerce in the new Cabinet, is an acknowledged authority in the economic and financial domains. An industrialist himself, he came to the front during the war as a successful Minister of Armaments. He is a man of feverish activity, of tremendous driving power. His intellect is nimble, and he is as resourceful as he is courageous. M. Loucheur will be useful to the French

Premier in two eventualities: if the Allies come to an agreement as to the policy to be pursued towards Germany, or if the necessity arises for France to continue her separate policy. In the latter case—and it has always been envisaged—there would be a great deal of negotiation in the matter of making payments in kind and of financing deliveries. It is conceivable also that the proposal, often put forward, of an economic *rapprochement* between France and Germany, the final resort in the event of an Allied agreement being impossible, would be revived. Let there be no misunderstanding as to what an economic agreement between France and Germany would mean. There is a section of Englishmen who think that it would be an excellent thing if France and Germany could establish relations of concord, since the peace of Europe would be assured. They argue that two nations doing good business with each other would be the last to quarrel. But we have to consider the effect of a Franco-German economic agreement on other countries, and on England in particular. It is difficult to see how we could regard it with equanimity.

Like M. Poincaré, M. Loucheur is in favour of the reparations problem being settled by Allied agreement, but he would not hesitate to utilise his ability as a negotiator in bringing about a Franco-German accord, and he would be actuated by another reason besides the probable advantages this would have for France: he, being an industrialist, would be the first to realise the benefits to French industry. M. Loucheur would have an intelligent collaborator in M. François Marsal, the Minister of Finance. There are divergent views about the financial ability of M. Marsal. It has, however, been recognised by two former Premiers—MM. Clemenceau and Millerand. M. Marsal was attached to the financial section of M. Clemenceau's Cabinet. M. Millerand, when he was called upon to succeed the "Tiger," remembered him, and made him his Minister of Finance. Every French Minister of Finance is open to heavy criticism, but it was generally agreed that M. Marsal did his work very well—so well that it is no secret the President of the Republic virtually

imposed him upon M. Poincaré. The fact that he had strong views on the Premier's fiscal policy was not considered a bar to his appointment. He is a stickler for economy, a partisan of cutting down expenditure, personal as well as national, and it may be recalled that when he was at the head of the Ministry of Finance in M. Millerand's Government he had the courage to lead a campaign against so much expenditure on clothes, arguing that there was no reason why men and women should not continue to wear old clothes, no matter whether the garments had ceased to be considered fashionable.

Probably the most interesting appointment in M. Poincaré's second Cabinet is that of M. Henry de Jouvenel as Minister of Education. Here, again, there was a very good reason for the appointment, not only because M. de Jouvenel by his training and experience is fitted to direct the Education Department, but because of his success as one of the French delegates to the League of Nations. If events shape themselves in keeping with the wishes of the British Government the League is destined to play an important *rôle* in finding a solution of the security problem. The intervention of the League in this matter will necessitate much discussion, and it will be the business of each Government to have the best spokesmen that can be obtained. There is no doubt about the success achieved by Senator de Jouvenel at Geneva. To his unshakable faith in the utility of the League and of the great part it is destined to play in accomplishing the herculean task of establishing real peace in Europe he brings a brilliant and sympathetic eloquence which not only delighted his countrymen but pleased everybody who saw him at work at Geneva. The French Government had to find a man who could uphold the cause of France and at the same time command the sympathy of the delegates of other nations, and it found him in M. de Jouvenel. The fact that M. de Jouvenel adopted a firm attitude against the Premier's fiscal policy did not matter. It did not weigh with him; nor did it weigh with M. de Jouvenel, who readily gave a promise to carry out this policy now that it is the law of the land.

French eyes are fixed on M. de Jouvenel, and there is much speculation as to how long he will be absent from the *Matin*, of which newspaper he was one of the editors. He is a great journalist. He did not write much for his newspaper, but his articles on international affairs were always distinctive, characterised by original thought and vigorous and brilliant treatment. It was these qualities which made them stand out from the ruck of political articles with which the Paris Press teems daily.

It must not be assumed that the new men that M. Poincaré has enlisted in his service have swallowed their principles in order to obtain Ministerial portfolios. Depend upon it that they accepted the appointments offered to them on conditions. We have an inkling of these conditions in the Premier's declaration of policy. The publication of the reports of the Expert Committees may be said to have brought France to the crossways. It was inevitable that, by the findings of the experts, France should be faced with two courses of procedure. Either she had to accept the advice of the Committees, which, it should not be forgotten, were nominated on the lines laid down by M. Poincaré himself—that is to say, that the enquiry into Germany's situation should not be undertaken by the Governments, as was originally suggested, but by the Reparations Commission—or to continue her policy of separate action. The French Premier saw in advance the situation that would arise, and if his declaration is studied very carefully it will be found to be based on certain possible eventualities. The slogan note in it is an appeal for Republican union and national concord. This was the note sounded by M. Clemenceau before the elections of 1919, when the same spirit of unrest, of discontent, was manifested in France as is shown to-day. Then there was a great deal of revolutionary talk, and the Bloc National was formed for the sole purpose of beating the revolutionaries at the polls.

M. Poincaré's appeal for Republican union and national concord was destined to produce certain effects. It was meant to bring about a closing of the ranks in the event of it being deemed necessary to modify French reparations

policy by the acceptance of a scheme of general pledges in place of the economic exploitation of the Ruhr. And in this connection the point has to be stressed that, if we except the twelve Communist Deputies in the Chamber, all the other representatives of the nation still insist on full reparations from Germany. Even the Socialist Deputies are emphatic on this point. Germany must pay, they say, not because she is the vanquished nation, but because she is responsible for having started the war. Restoration, reparation and peace—this is the policy of the new Poincaré Cabinet. There is a promise of modification, but on certain firm conditions. One thing is specific enough. There will be no military evacuation of the Ruhr even if Germany and France and Belgium accept the experts' report as a basis of settlement. Total evacuation will only be effected after total payments have been made.

Here there is a difficulty which has not escaped the attention of certain French commentators. If there is progressive evacuation in accordance with the provisions of the Peace Treaty, the occupied Ruhr would be a sort of enclave which, in the event of an ebullition of military effervescence in Germany—and this is always possible in view of the spirit of revenge animating a large and constantly growing section of Germans—might be fraught with danger. The present French Government has apparently no apprehensions on this point. If it has thought out a plan for the protection of troops in the Ruhr, this is so far kept secret. Is it assumed that once Germany becomes a member of the League of Nations she will cease to think of revenge and apply herself to the arts of peace? Or is it assumed that the League will formulate a plan which will make an act of aggression on the part of any of its members impossible?

If the League has to be made responsible for French security obviously it must be invested with other than moral force. And here the genesis of the Covenant is inevitably invoked. French suggestions which were turned down when the Pact was in the making will certainly be revived. France wanted an international force to back up the

moral authority of the League. This suggestion was discussed but rejected, as was the alternative proposal, also put forward by France, that there should be an International Armaments Commission which should be given power to visit any country when it liked to see what was going on in the way of building up armaments. I was present at the plenary sitting of the Peace Conference when the Covenant of the League of Nations was approved, and I recall that it was an English voice, the voice of a modest man, Mr. G. N. Barnes, the Labour member of the British Peace Delegation, which expressed the fear that the Covenant as it stood was not perfect.

If and when the reparations question is definitely settled, and the problem of France's security is tackled, we may expect a long and wearisome discussion. France is determined to run no risks. She is at the cross-roads on this as on the reparations problem. For her one is as important as the other, and she is the essential factor in the solution of both questions. Internal policy will play its part in the elections to be fought next month, but it will not overshadow the great issues of reparations and security. If, as is suggested, France rallies to the scheme of general pledges proposed by the experts, though M. Poincaré may be expected to bring the mind of the lawyer to bear upon it and formulate a number of conditions, much of the opposition of the Bloc des Gauches in its fight against the Bloc National will be silenced. The people of the Left talk of sweeping the country. Their hopes are in some measure based on the victory of the Left in England. Events may move rapidly before the French electors are called upon to give their verdict, and they may be of such a character as to upset the hopeful prognostications indulged in by one side or the other.

PROBLEMS OF THE LEAGUE

BY STANLEY RICE

ON August 27th last, as all the world knows, General Tellini, President of the International Commission for the delimitation of the Greco-Albanian frontier, was murdered, together with four of his staff. Italy took action at once. On the 29th the Italian Ambassador to Greece handed in a Note containing six distinct requests which to all neutral observers, deeply sensible though they were of the outrage, appeared altogether extravagant. No one was surprised when Greece, with commendable promptitude, replied accepting a qualified national responsibility and offering satisfaction, but refusing to submit to what she regarded as an attempted foreign interference in her internal affairs. At the same time the Conference of Ambassadors, sitting in Paris under the presidency of M. Poincaré, resolved to send a strong protest to Greece, since the Commission was their agent and the outrage was therefore an insult to the Powers whom they represented. Without waiting for the outcome of negotiations, Italy, professing that the Greek reply was wholly unsatisfactory and in substance refused the Italian demands, bombarded Corfu at five in the evening of the 31st, and in the absence of resistance immediately occupied the town. She was evidently nervous of the reception in Europe of this precipitate move, for she hastened to explain that the occupation was only "the temporary seizure of pledges to ensure execution of the conditions traditionally required in similar circumstances as material and moral indemnity for violence." Greece at once appealed to the League of Nations. Italy repudiated the intervention of the League and denied its competence. In the end, however, she admitted the jurisdiction of the Conference of Ambassadors, which was acting in close correspondence with the League, and the dispute was settled upon the basis of their award. The crisis had passed.

Such in briefest outline is the history of the case which

was admittedly the supreme test of the League's authority. The theoretical sanctions were embodied in the Covenant, but would they stand the test of the touchstone of practical application? Would the League dare to apply that touchstone? And if it did not dare, merely because the offending State was a Great Power, what was the use of it? Was it to be relegated to the scrap heap in company with the Holy Alliance and the Hague attempts at arbitration, or would it prove to the world that a new power had come into being before which even great States must bow?

The League was on the horns of a dilemma. If it insisted upon its authority, it would drive Italy out of it, and in its present state, without Germany or Russia or the United States, such a disaster would have been fatal. The defection of another great Power would, if it did not break it up altogether, reduce it to a shadow in which the little nations would bid against one another for the protection of England or of France. If, on the other hand, it acquiesced in Italian defiance, it would abdicate its authority and show to the world that it could only deal with minor affairs and the subsidiary issues for which it was created. Nevertheless there was even at that early stage a gleam of comfort. Italy did not repudiate the League in every conceivable combination of circumstances. She denied its competence to deal with the particular matter in hand. She said officially that since she did not mean war, the case was not one contemplated by the Covenant; the *Messaggero* argued that it was a matter of national honour which the Covenant had never contemplated at all. This is perhaps to make a distinction without much difference, but still a distinction, for neither the Italian Government nor the Italian Press went to the length of denouncing the League altogether. They pleaded to the jurisdiction but threatened the worst if the plea was not accepted.

It was quite apparent to the neutral world that neither plea would stand examination and that neither was in fact the true one. The intentions of nations must be judged by their overt acts and not by protestations, and surely there can be no plainer act of war than the bombardment

and occupation of another's territory. "I weep for you," said the Walrus,

I deeply sympathise."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size.

and the Walrus was judged by his actions, not by his tears. Nor is it easy to conceive any international dispute which sooner or later does not involve national honour in the eyes of one or other of the parties. "It concerns our national honour," said the Germans, "to defend the Fatherland against attack." "It is a point of honour," said the French, "to resist invasion." "The neutrality of Belgium," said England, "touches our national honour." The League of Nations was formed for the very purpose of dealing with such cases as these. It is just because, whatever be the cause of a dispute, it so soon becomes an affair of honour that the necessity for arbitration has arisen.¹

The true reasons which actuated Italy were the question of sovereignty and the inequality of the Member States. Italy, it was said, will decide her own disputes—*farà da sé*: and she cannot submit to the dictation of any number of minor States whose influence in the world is very small and many of whom are geographically unconnected with Europe and her affairs. Here are two questions which lie at the root of the League's present weakness. The opponents of the League cry out that it is useless, "a thing of sound and fury signifying nothing," and that they always said it would be so. The champions of the League endeavour to explain the solid work it has done and is doing; they plead that it has not been long in existence and it must be given a chance. Neither attitude gets down to the heart of things. No one, except those who want war, if there be any such, has denied the high purpose for which the League stands, but to say, "What is truth?" and not to wait for an answer is to class yourself with jesting Pilate. Nor is anything gained by seeking to prove that the League of Nations, if only certain States were

(1) So it seems to the writer. The point, however, is to be referred to the International Court.

admitted, would be a perfect machine. The facts are there and we have got to face them, not to hide our heads ostrich-like in the sand.

Now the idea is fundamental that a State in accepting the Covenant of the League abrogates a part of its sovereign rights. It is the latest attempt to enforce international law and to give it a status above purely national interests. The opening words of the preamble prove this. "The High Contracting Parties," it runs, "in order to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war." It is the undoubted sovereign right of every nation to go to war whenever it thinks fit; the justice of its cause and the righteousness of its action are matters for its own conscience and for the moral sense of the world. The words "acceptance of obligations" imply a limitation upon this sovereign right. No nation which signed the Covenant of the League can escape from this implication without dishonouring its signature, though it is fair to add that there is in such a case no necessary imputation of original bad faith, since it is quite probable that in the somewhat distorted atmosphere after the war, men, carried away by the glamour of a vision of peace, did not see clearly what it was they were subscribing. But the idea of sovereignty is so deeply implanted that up to the present no nation has shown any new signs of admitting any modifications of it. The idea of arbitration is not new; many cases can be cited since the end of the Napoleonic wars; England resorted to it in a famous case so long ago as the time of the American Civil War, got the worst of it and accepted the decision. So far we have got but no further. And unless every nation is prepared to submit its disputes to the League in so far as they are covered by the Covenant, not as a matter of choice but of obligation, the League must evidently fail to achieve its whole purpose. That is not the fault of the League. It is not a super-State to impose its will upon this or that nation. It derives its existence from the good will of the contracting parties and its sanctions from their sense of

honour, for it is quite possible that the secession of a Great Power or even of a group of small Powers might wreck its usefulness and reduce the Covenant to a scrap of paper. Some writers speak of the League of Nations as though it were a thing apart, a body which can act alone; it is in fact the collective conscience of the world deriving its authority ultimately from the peoples. If, therefore, the peoples refuse to modify their traditional ideas of sovereignty, if they fall back upon the old cries of freedom of action and national honour in order to evade obligations, the very foundations of the League are undermined. There is no point on which education is more needed, not only in England but all over the world. What is required is a new outlook, a recognition of new values, and it is difficult to see how to achieve by any mechanical alteration of the League or its Covenant what is essentially a spiritual process.

The second great defect in the present League is the pretence that those things are equal which are manifestly unequal. The French, with their usual piquancy of phrase, call the League "*La Société des Nations*," and we are entitled to follow out the implied analogy. For in no country in the world, be the Government as democratic as it may, are the individuals all of equal rank, wealth, and influence, and the same is true of States. This disparity has no doubt been recognised to a certain extent by the creation of the Council of the League, on which the leading Powers of the world who are also members of the League are permanent members, with six others elected from time to time from among the lesser States. The distinction is, however, inadequate, for a solid block of the minor Powers can overrule the major. Two schools of thought have arisen out of this position. The one contends that the League is simply the dictatorship of the four Great Powers, England, France, Italy, and Japan, and that no arithmetical combination of lesser Powers will avail to counteract the moral influence which these four can bring to bear. They do not believe in altruism, looking upon it as idealistic moonshine, divorced from all practical politics. The Council, according to this school, partakes of the

nature of English party government, the lesser nations ranging themselves upon the side of England or France, according to the dictates of their national interests, and giving, as it were, silent votes to suit the policy of their leader. Japan, they say, holds herself aloof, being anxious to interfere as little as possible in purely European affairs, and Italy, though ranking as a Great Power, is incontestably of less account than the two nations who, by common consent, lead the world to-day, always, of course, excepting the unrepresented United States. This arrangement, they will tell you, works well enough so long as the matter in hand concerns two or more of the lesser States, whether in Europe or elsewhere. The League is competent to decide a quarrel between Latvia and Esthonia, between Ecuador and Venezuela, or between Honduras and Haiti. But when it comes to a dispute between more important States, such as Italy and Greece, the impartiality of the League is arraigned. The cross-currents of nationalism come into play, and the decision is based not upon justice but upon national interests. The outcome of this reasoning is that the League of Nations has its uses in composing minor differences and in formulating international codes on such subsidiary issues as the white slave traffic, the control of drugs, or the protection of children; but that upon the great issue for which it was originally formed it has failed, and must fail. For the prevention of war on a large scale, it is argued, there must be absolute confidence in the impartiality of the tribunal, and that confidence does not exist; so that a nation might even be justified in breaking its Covenant on the ground that it has not received the return which it was entitled to expect. The League, to press the argument home, was founded to achieve international peace by the prescription of open, just, and honourable relations between nations, and if in the working of it those relations are not established, the Covenant may be treated as a dishonoured cheque.

The other school takes the diametrically opposite view. It is willing to admit that if the League is to be really comprehensive it must contain all the nations of the earth; but it counts it absurd that the small States of South America, the

coloured Republics of Liberia and Haiti, and the new States of Europe, who owe their existence to the principal Allies of the war, should be in a position even theoretically to sit in judgment on the Great Powers. Viewing the matter from a different angle, they are yet at one with the opposing school in their disbelief in altruism. How is it possible, they ask, for the small States of Europe to deliver an impartial decision in a quarrel between the stronger nations? You may call the League a tribunal if you will; it is really a political conference at which the delegates are bound to consider national interests first, and they will, therefore, vote not in accordance with abstract justice but on the side of that nation from whom they have most to hope or most to fear. The temperament of the various peoples, their conceptions of justice, their stage of civilisation, differ as widely as do their place in the society of nations and their influence in the world. The mathematical plan, therefore, of counting heads is sure to be a fallacious one in this, as in other branches of political and physical science.

Both these weaknesses appeared prominently during the recent dispute in the attitude taken up by Italy. It is necessary to bear in mind that there were two distinct cases, the Janina murders and the bombardment of Corfu. About the first there was really no dispute at all, except as to details, for everyone was agreed that a wrong had been done to Italy as well as more indirectly to the Conference of Ambassadors, and that some reparation was due. That which really gave the League jurisdiction—and, in spite of Italian special pleading, no one doubted the competence of the League—was the obvious act of war and the imminent danger of another conflagration, the exact situation which Articles 12 and 15 of the Covenant were designed to meet. Italy took up the position that she would not abate one jot of her sovereign rights; that (1) she would not submit to dictation by Great Britain, whom she regarded as dominating the Council of the League; and (2) she would not accept the findings of the smaller nations, some of whom were not even European. The arguments may seem contradictory; they were really complementary. She

judged that the public opinion of the world was against her, and therefore concluded that the League was prejudiced. Hence she must show that neither section of the Council was competent; the Great Powers because they sought to impose their will upon the world in their own interests, the small because they carried no weight in the world, and would become subservient to their larger neighbours.

I have elaborated the argument on these two points because they are crucial. They are simply the expression of nationalism, the roots of which lie deep down in the character of a people. No League, no modification of any existing or experimental League, can eradicate that; nor is it desirable that it should. Those who, like Sir Rabindranath Tagore, exalt the international idea to the complete elimination of the national are trying to create Utopia; you can no more do that than you can expect the individual always to subordinate his own interests to those of his fellow men. Patriotism is not the selfish, ignoble thing which some modern critics pretend it is. But that is no good reason for condemning an honest attempt to reconcile it with the international idea. It is a cheap sneer that the League has failed because the machinery set up on *a priori* reasoning is creaking. It is equally futile to pretend that the machinery is not creaking, that it is the best that man can devise, and that the failure can be explained away or attributed to want of the universal good will.

Die Welt wird alt und wird wieder jung;
Doch der Mensch hofft immer Verbesserung.

What is required is an adjustment. The machinery must, if possible, be so amended as to take more fully into account the sentiment of national honour and national self-respect. What we are trying to abolish is not merely war, but the law of the stronger; what we want is not to force but to induce any given nation to accept the verdict of the world's conscience, and that we cannot do unless we realise more fully the strength of nationality and give it its due weight. That is surely the lesson of the Greco-Italian dispute.

The League of Nations is sometimes discussed as if it were a new thing, sprung, like Athene from the head of Zeus, from the brains of the Versailles Council table. The fact is that it is the evolutionary result of a series of experiments to adjust disputes without resorting to war. It is the last expression of the international idea. No more than a passing reference is necessary to that dynastic bulwark called the Holy Alliance. Other serious attempts to introduce the principle of arbitration were the establishment of the Concert of Europe and the Hague Conference of 1907. Both of these failed to achieve the end desired because the forces of militarism and of nationalism were too strong for them. The Permanent Court of the Hague proposals broke down before the fear of the minor States that they would be dominated by the Powers; the Conference before the militarist opposition of Germany and Austria. The Concert was wrecked mainly by the formation of the Triple Alliance, which drove France and Russia into a counter-alliance with England as a benevolent neutral. Much of the Covenant is founded upon the experience thus gained, but there are indications of an idealism in it which turns away from history and refuses to face realities; apart from the provisions for mandates and certain other details, the two great departures from precedent are the solemn and binding nature of the contract and the inclusion of extra-European States.

We hardly need to be reminded by various writers of the very obvious fact that the League is imperfect so long as it does not include America, Germany and Russia. There was electricity in the air when the war came to an end. Germany had shocked the conscience of mankind by the brutality of her methods, and not the most far-seeing of statesmen could have persuaded Europe to treat her otherwise than as the naughty child to be sent to Coventry. We can see now that the only way to curb militarism was to invite it to undertake the obligation of the Covenant, and the best way to soften the bitterness of defeat and to forestall the desire for revenge—the dragon's teeth, as someone has said, of the field of Ares—was to admit the sinner to the communion of the saints. The moment passed.

Germany now looks askance at the League and turns away from the arms held out to her. As for Russia, it is greatly to be feared that the dislike of associating herself with anything that savours of the capitalism of her distorted vision will outweigh that much-advertised but much-abused article of her creed, the brotherhood of man. America, whose idealist President was the prime mover in the establishment of the League, watches the proceedings with detached interest; she has never repudiated the principle, but her wary people have detected in the binding nature of the Covenant and in some of its provisions—notably in Article 10 and Article 16, the guarantee of territorial integrity and the commercial boycott of offenders—a possibility of those “entanglements” which, ever since the time of Washington, it has been her most earnest endeavour to avoid. If Russia could be persuaded that there are other ways of promoting the brotherhood of man than by the intensifying of class hatred, there does seem a possibility that a way might yet be found to induce these three great nations to participate in this lofty plan for ensuring permanent peace in the world.

When Italy repudiated the intervention of the League, the transparent plea to the jurisdiction which was unanimously rejected only intensified the rebuff. At this stage the Conference of Ambassadors stepped into the breach, and again a difficulty arose, for Italy declared herself willing to abide by their decision, but this time Greece refused. The difficulty was adjusted and the dispute was settled. “It does not greatly matter,” remarked *The Times*, “whether the League or the Council of Ambassadors is seized of the dispute; the important thing is to get it before an international tribunal in time.” That is true of the immediate matter in hand; we do not wait to see whether we are using the best blankets when the house is on fire. Broken and bleeding Europe cannot bear the horrors of another war, and any means, good or bad, was good if that could be prevented. But in another and a more remote sense it does very greatly matter. The Council of Ambassadors is a diplomatic body working nationally; the League is an open conference working

internationally. The principle was thus involved of entrusting the decision of disputes to a select body of diplomatic agents of certain governments or to a general body of the world's representatives. Nor was that all. For by turning from the League to the Conference Italy revealed to the world the existence of a concurrent jurisdiction, and a dual control never works satisfactorily. It was, moreover, significant that the lesser Power preferred the League and the greater the Conference; that was the outward sign of what was freely admitted at the time, that the lesser Powers look upon the League as their main, if not their only, protection against aggression. It is to them, as it were, what in India the manœuvre of the buffalo herd, familiar to all who have read the *First Jungle Book*, is against the tiger. It means that the lesser Powers are unwilling to trust themselves in the hands of the greater unless they themselves are represented as in the Council of the League. It means, too, that neither the one disputant nor the other could place absolute confidence in the impartiality either of the League or of the Conference. Nor does it seem that such absolute confidence can ever be attained except by the Permanent International Court, if indeed that is founded upon the British conception that in no case whatsoever must a judicial process be influenced by executive, administrative or diplomatic considerations. Thus it was that the attitude of France during the crisis showed plainly that if she had one eye on the Italian quarrel she had the other on the Ruhr. It is difficult to see how this can be avoided, since under modern conditions any delegates to the League must represent their Governments, who are themselves responsible to the people. The obstacle of national interests, to-day so intertwined, arises at every point.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the League suffered greatly in prestige. Lord Robert Cecil in his speech to the Imperial Conference admitted as much, though he seems, with the skill of an advocate, to have passed lightly over the rebuff and to have dwelt with far greater emphasis on the correct attitude of the Council according to the letter of the Constitution. The impression, however, was left

that in essaying this latest flight the League had damaged its wings, and had fled for shelter under the protection of the Ambassadors. It must be added that the attitude of the various Governments towards the League has not hitherto been such as to heighten its prestige. Instead of treating it as the transcendent effort to bring about mutual good will and co-operation, as no doubt its authors meant it to be, there has been too great a tendency to treat it as the convenient cat to pull the hottest chestnuts out of the fire. The whole question was hotly debated in *The Times*. Various suggestions were made, some valuable but none comprehensive. No one questioned the Covenant or its organisation.

Now the first duty of the doctor is to diagnose, and his second is to prescribe; but let it be remarked in passing that his prescription is definite. We have found that the League is weak, in that it is hampered by the principle of sovereignty and by the reluctance of Great Powers to submit their quarrels to adjudication by peoples whose stage of civilisation and conceptions of justice are very imperfectly known. We have seen that the League cannot function with full authority so long as certain great nations are outside it, and we have discovered that the existence of a co-ordinate body acting diplomatically as servants of their Governments and altogether independently of the League is calculated to injure the prestige of the latter. There are, moreover, certain provisions of the Covenant to which active dislike has been shown, and certain others which there is evident hesitation to use. It may be that we have been going too fast; the world cannot so easily change its attitude of mind, even at the bidding of eminent politicians seated in council at Versailles. The world is like a schoolboy whose mind educationists are constantly forbidding us to strain, and you cannot expect a schoolboy to digest Æschylus when he can only painfully construe Xenophon. Is it not time, then, to reconsider the whole Covenant by a conference to be called for the purpose? The representatives of Germany, America, and Russia might be invited to such a conference and asked definitely whether they agree in principle, and, if so, to what pro-

visions they take exception. We all know that Article 10 has roused the strenuous opposition of America, because she sees in it the possibility of her traditional bugbear, the entangling alliance. But of even greater importance is Article 16. Every politician knows by this time that to interfere forcibly with trade is to set sail upon an uncharted sea. Italy in the recent crisis was well aware of the dangers of any such leap in the dark, and she calculated upon the extreme reluctance of the League to use this sanction. Interference with neutral trade has always been a fruitful cause of dispute when a virtual or actual state of war has existed. It was at least the ostensible cause of the entanglement of Denmark in the Napoleonic wars and of the bombardment of Copenhagen. It was the cause of the war with America in 1812, and it threatened to cause a vital disagreement between America and Great Britain in the recent war. To try to prevent commercial intercourse between an offending member and a non-member of the League would, as things are at present, antagonise such a State as America to the point of rupture. Moreover, it is obvious that such altruism as is implied by the Article must fall very unequally even upon member States. In a war between, let us say, Spain and Italy, what has Guatemala or the Hedjaz to lose by comparison with Switzerland or Holland, to say nothing of France or England? And since the League rests ultimately upon public opinion, what chance is there as the Article now stands that public opinion in the countries that most count, where business is well organised, would tamely submit to the utter dislocation of trade, both individual and collective? Any Government would be compelled to give way; if it resisted it would only make room for another more complaisant. And to yield on such a point as this would be the death-blow of the League. These are but the most superficial of the grave consequences that flow from Article 16; there are many more less apparent and some probably quite concealed, for interference with the normal course of trade often has the most unexpected results. Surely, then, it is unwise to put into the hand of Jove thunderbolts which he is afraid to use except against the

less formidable of his enemies. To that extent the League might justify the Article, but only at the expense of shocking the world's sense of justice by the manifest inequality of treatment.

In a letter to *The Times*, Professor Grant Robertson said: "What the answer is to the criticism that the League has failed to assert its authority over its own members, or that if it had persisted in an attempt to do so it would have broken in pieces, I do not know." The answer surely is this: "The League is a human invention, a piece of experimental machinery, and therefore capable of improvement. We have tried it and we have found it wanting in certain respects. We intend to improve it, even at the cost of sacrificing some of its idealism. Half a League may not be better than no League, but half a loaf is better than no bread. And in order to obtain a whole League we will be content with half a loaf." For it is unquestionable that the League has justified its existence. Its main function is that of arbitration; the smaller peoples enthusiastically support it and cannot logically repudiate its authority when their own turn comes. The subsidiary activities of the League may be passed over, but its moral influence has on the whole had a sobering effect. Above all, it has brought the nations closer together. It has furnished the opportunity for a more intelligent appreciation of temperament and sensibility, for a better comprehension of the problems that vex races dwelling remotely apart, for the exchange of views on such problems and generally of lifting the policy of the world from the close atmosphere of the diplomatic chamber into the open air of the world's opinion. It is useless to deride the League; it is equally futile to exclaim, as each crisis passes, "Thank goodness, that's over!" We must set to work to find where the machinery is out of gear and, if possible, to mend it. We must remember that the foundation of the League is the peoples of the world; that it is a body closely connected with the life of every man and woman who compose them. Above all, we must educate.

WOMEN IN INDIA

SOME PROBLEMS

BY CORNELIA SORABJI

IF you had a Santa Teresa or an Early Victorian, and a Suffragette of the days before the war or a flapper of the days after the war, living side by side in the same house, there would *have* to be "problems"—would there not?

It is even so in India, with the laggards-behind, the orthodox Hindu women, and the emancipated, the English educated and progressive women: only the situation is complicated a thousand-fold. Because it really is an attempt to make the second century live on familiar terms with the twenty-second.

Let us take first the "Teresa-Suffragette" possibility. From the very nature of the situation it will be gathered how difficult it is for the old-fashioned Purdahnashin to understand or sympathise with the newly emancipated—despite the wide-horized charity of the orthodox Hindu. Her circle of charity and understanding is for those of other religions or other races, on a principle which she explains thus: "What is right action for you I know not. What is right action, for the women of my race and religion I know, and this they have outraged."

No argument gets her past that position. If, then, one of the younger members in such a family goes "*must*"—as the grandmother would term it—using the phrase for an elephant gone mad, things are made terribly hard for her: and they are not easy for the orthodox either.

The other women in the Zenana who have broken no Hindu god-rules, but who, maybe, have been allowed a few relaxations of old discipline, have been given a Zenana governess, or allowed a drive behind closed shutters, are, in defence of customs which they themselves have never outraged, pushed further back into the darkness, an extra

fold given to the excluding curtain; indeed, the great-grandmother generation is not sure that it is not a case for bolts and bars. . . .

The emancipated one has to face this fact. She has to realise that emancipation has cut her off from bread and water with her own womenkind, and that she has, alas! all unwittingly done this great wrong, that the liberty at which she has snatched has robbed those left behind of the little gleams of light toward which they were travelling.

Think of the situation in the terms of the Hindu widow. Individuals are trying to make life easier for the widow, and to meet the demand for workers by training such widows as are brave enough to come to the places of training, to be nurses, teachers, etc. . . . Now, to the old orthodox Hindu women a widow is a wicked woman *per se*. "Or why is she a widow?" And they believe that safety for her exists only within the shelter of the Zenana. You have removed her from that shelter (or she has left it). They do not care what provisions for safeguarding her you have made, she must have become forthwith, in their opinion, a woman of the streets! If she is being trained as a nurse, to this suspicion they add the certainty that she is also outcasted. "Surely she will have touched dead bodies," they say, "or that which would equally outcaste."

"Can you assure them that while a body lay waiting for the burning she fasted and threw away all the cooked food at the hospital?"

"Can you answer for it that she has never at her hospital eaten onions, or other forbidden food—yes, even though you swear she has lived as a vegetarian?"

"Can you answer for it that as a widow she cooked her own food at a fire uncontaminated by women of lower caste, and that she was uncontaminating also, and hurt no wife by cooking a meal for herself at a fire lighted to cook the wife's dinner?" . . .

Oh, the questions are endless! And the heart of her who would help the little eager widow student sinks within her.

I have known a mother turn her only daughter, a widow training to be a nurse, adrift when she went home from

the medical school for the holidays. "How should I allow you to enter the house of the Hindus—who-have-never-forsaken-the-way?"

The little woman had me to come to, and I knew how she could be housed without breach of caste. But think of the difficulties of such a case. Yet the mother was not unloving. She and her daughter were all that was left of their immediate family, and they had clung together many years, through many trials. It was hard for the mother also.

Or look at the problem from another angle—as between husband and wife.

Boys are sent to England, and when they return to India to the brides acquired in infancy, or marked down for them by family arrangement in the homes of the orthodox, they find themselves ill-matched. They no longer want only "the successful Mother of Sons" in their wives, they want companions.

Yet the only condition often, upon which the mother-grandmothers have allowed the boys to be sent to England, is that they shall marry Hindu girls before they leave home, or betroth themselves as boy and girl, and that the girl shall be brought up in the strictest orthodoxy to atone for the laxity allowed the boy in sending him overseas.

The tragedy of their married life on the boy's return needs no description. Remember, too, that after learning individuality he returns to—a joint family; to find himself one member in a house which shelters many generations, and his wife the inmate of a zenana which is the rightful home of his mother (maybe a widowed mother), and of aunts or great-aunts, or cousins, to unlimited degrees of kinship.

Privacy is hard to come at, in these circumstances. And friction is quickly fanned to flame by every looker-on, and by suspicion of all that the women must be whispering of condemnation or of partisanship.

I know of a case where the old father thought to provide against a *dénouement* of this sort by educating both the boy and girl in Europe. He chose a bride for his son from the right shelf of orthodoxy, and having betrothed, or

"firstly" married these children, he sent them far ways, the boy to England, the girl to Paris!

When they were about eighteen they were fetched back to India, and there was a great "second marriage," the marriage proper, in which they walked the seven steps round the sacred fire, and began their life as man and wife. But under his own roof, within his own zenana, so to speak!

The girl had come back a translation into French. She spoke nothing but French, she dressed French, even to hat and shoes. She found herself an inmate of a zenana with women of all generations, from great-grandmother downwards, with none of whom had she a word or thought or ambition in common. The women in their turn were horrified at her. She had none of the attributes of a Hindu bride proper. True, they could re-translate her into the vernacular. They could make her put away her French fripperies and dress in sarees and wear bare feet, which they delighted to dye with henna; they could put the black *absit omen* ointment under her eyes, and oil her hair till it clung in close, sticky strands to her forehead. To all these things she submitted like one from whose body the soul has fled; but they could not make her speak their language in a day, nor in a day could they teach her the worship of her husband—how to cook his food and wait upon him, or the wifely etiquette, how to hide her face in his presence. . . .

Besides—they whispered it to one another in the dark—was it possible that she had eaten her sacred mother the cow in those far places across the waters? Was she contaminated already? *She had worn leather shoes!* Was she contaminating them?

It was a dreadful thought, and the old grandmother paid great sums of money, a year's savings, to her priest to say special "purifying" *mantras* in the temple of her patron-god to buy back contamination.

Nothing but fear of the head of the family kept the women kind to her. . . . I said nothing but that, yet in my heart I suspect that her tragic little wan face, and her silence, and the impression she gave as of a light put out

by some rough, careless hand were her best advocates with the women of that zenana. At last the oldest of the women spoke. "Tell us what we can do," she said, "to make you less unhappy."

And she, poor child, ever solitary while ever companioned, pining for privacy and for the sound of the language of happier days, for the touch of familiar things, begged: "Let me have one hour a week by myself to do as I will. I will break no rules." (By this time she had enough of the vernacular for purposes of simple intercourse.)

And when this wish was granted, she dressed herself in her French clothes, hat and all, and walked up and down the room talking French aloud to herself!

The difficulty, you see, is that at present reformation is tolerated less than secession.

When the emancipated secede and change their religion with their habits, whether, that is, they become Brahmos, or Christians, or Moslems, there is a Community in which they can find asylum. But when they wish to *reform* their ways, to refuse to marry in infancy, to break away from seclusion for purposes of work or education, to ignore caste, shall we say, or re-marry as widows (both which last two ambitions are, in the opinion of the Orthodox, *absolutely* forbidden to Hinduism), *and yet* take all the advantages of their religion, yet count themselves *Hindus*—they find that they are up against every "sanction." Their best-beloved will shut their doors upon them; and there is not as yet a sufficiently large number of these "Progressives" to make a self-sufficing Community. There is nothing for individuals, then, but to go over the border. They are outside Hinduism. If they cannot yet accept Brahminism or any other religion they are on the rocks, for a Hindu woman without a religion is like a boat without oars or rudder or anchor. The Brahmo Community will admit them to intercourse, as would all kindred communities who have no caste rules; but the Indian woman's soul goes lonely without the practices of religion. She has lost the only compass and book of rules of which she knew; she has nothing to guide her.

Tragedies often follow. Indeed, that is a difficulty which the Brahmo Community itself has not mastered, even with its half a century or more of life in the open. For instance, if your inherited traditions make you regard as undesirable all intercourse or intercommunication between men and women, which is not safeguarded by marriage and protected by the Purdah, you will not be habituated to think the right thoughts when, in the outside world or in the course of your business or pleasure, you meet men as friends.

And less still are the men able to think the innocent thoughts which belong to Emancipation.

Again, you have no *etiquette* which will meet the new conditions. Take one example. In the Hindu house dancing is confined to a class of women entertainers whom the women of the house may not know, and would not be insulted by being asked to watch. Dancing girls dance to men in the Hindu houses of the Orthodox.

The emancipated woman sees English women dance at hotel dances, at balls, at Government House, on official occasions. She burns to do the like. She makes often the daintiest of exquisite dancers. But she does not know how far she may go.

A charming little Indian lady said to me at a Government House ball, "See, there is my husband trying to make that Englishman dance with me. I liked his face, and sent my husband to tell him that I wanted a dance. He looks as if he wants to run away. I'll go to him myself!" And she went. Neither she nor her husband knew him.

That husband was complacent. Not all are so. I have seen Indian husbands who let their women dance, because they were proud to show that they could do everything that English women did; but who stood watching them with an expression which made me sad and afraid. . . .

Out of our new political privileges in India will come a whole crop of further problems. Take education—medical aid—sanitation . . . already it is difficult, even with a majority of the third-personal in the Government, to adjust the relative claims of Communities. . . .

How much of the Budget shall be allotted to schools for the Brahmo or advanced communities, how much for the Orthodox? for their needs are different.

Shall our hospitals make provision for the secluded—more expensive provision—or not? The Emancipated need no special provision.

As to the curriculum—what about the necessity for English? The Orthodox do not want it, the Brahmo Community will have nothing (practically) but English.

As to ceremonies—what the Orthodox regard as necessities of religion, the Emancipated call "gross superstition."

As to the franchise—the Emancipated demand it, the Orthodox neither know nor care about politics, and believe that to teach and encourage women to live a public life is impious.

Yet the majority in the new readjusted Governments in every province must, under the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme as it is called, of necessity be these out-of-caste men of the emancipated Communities.

What will be the result?

And again, you cannot deny the women who have tasted freedom the uses and, indeed, the *burdens* of freedom. It is right that they should claim these.

What is to be the result?

These remarks are meant to provoke thought, not to provide remedies or a programme. Yet I will just indicate what has occurred to me. It is too late now to discuss whether the emancipation of women, or self-determination and self-government in politics, is good or bad.

We must meet the difficulties which present themselves *as they come*; we must try to disentangle the confusion which lies at our feet.

How is this to be done?

First let us get hold of one essential truth. . . . We must help people, must we not? *at the place where they are*. It is no good saying to those floundering in a bog, "Come out of that here, to my safe dry land or place of vantage, and I will help you." We must take help to them in their bog.

I have heard one of the Emancipated, sitting on a committee to help the laggards-behind, say, with heat, "It is retrograde to make any provision for people living in gross superstition or to take any help to those behind-the-Purdah. Let them follow *us*, and come out here into the open, and take the advantages which are for those in the open."

That spirit is not going to bring any help.

There must be help for the Purdahnashin after her kind, and for the Emancipated after her kind.

It is not going to be easy. The Purdahnashin and the illiterate Orthodox generally have first to be taught to desire the new way—the way of health for body and mind, the way of freedom and progress.

And we can only make them desire this by waiving every non-essential demand of Emancipation: by preserving everything that is beautiful in Orthodoxy—everything that is beautiful and *innocuous*.

And so much there is that is beautiful. . . .

In the ceremonies observed through a child's life, for instance. . . . Take the *Chalk-in-the-hand* ceremony—the *blessing of the hand* for use and service. I would like to see that adopted in England for Christian children. It would make a bond between us.

The *Garlanding-the-Cow* ceremony I would form into a lesson—in the care of domestic animals.

The *Wisdom* worship could be adapted to the worship of the Christian's God—a special service asking for a blessing on one's profession, on the work of one's hands, in schools at the beginning of term.

Or take *The-worship-of-the-Aged* ceremony—it is charming, and teaches the reverence which is slipping away from the modern home.

Then why break the habit of the Purdah straightaway? Why not give to the Purdahnashin the advantages of "the outside"—education, light, and air, and exercise, without breach of custom? Bring these things to her *in her seclusion*—it is quite simple. . . .

To do this would be to disarm prejudice forthwith. And the further stages would be easy. . . . "Stages" . . . that is a word to ponder over. The freedom

which has been snatched at in the immediate past has been taken too rapidly. Only a *gradual* opening of shut doors can save us from the mistakes which are only too apparent to the onlooker. We want to go very gently with Emancipation in the zenana.

The future of the race is bound up in this question of the education of the Orthodox Hindu woman. *For she represents the majority* in the population (we cannot remind ourselves of that too often): yet is hopelessly in the minority as to education and help and enlightenment. Figures are hard to get. The census does not enumerate except under headings which do not always distinguish between Orthodox and Progressive. The figures for 1921 are not yet generally available; perhaps these will produce more detailed facts. From the 1911 census papers the best that I can extract to illustrate the point which I seek to emphasise is under the head of education.

Literate in English.			Literate in any Language.	
	Hindus	8 per 1,000	Hindus,	2 per cent.
Theists	Arya Samaj	92 „ 1,000	But percentage for Brahmos is not given separately. Brahmos are probably given in the above.	
	Brahmos	548 „ 1,000		

Or put it another way—literacy in any language, vernacular or English. Only 59 persons per 1,000 of the total population of India, male and female, are *literate*, *i.e.* (according to the average census definition of literacy), are able to "spell out a few printed words and write their own names." (Some Provinces demand for "literacy" that they should be able to read and write a simple letter to a friend; but this is not general.) Of these there is one woman to every eleven males. But of the women again the largest literate percentage is found in the Brahmo Community.

Three-fifths of the whole Brahmo population know English, and one-third of the children of the Community under the age of ten are *literate*.

Now put beside this the fact that the census gives these figures for all India, exclusive of native states:—

Orthodox Hindus . . . 217,586,920

Brahmos 5,504

and we have a text upon which to meditate.

Help, then, must be brought to the illiterate at the place where they are.

But help is needed for the Emancipated also—a different kind of help. They want direction in the use of their growing powers and capabilities. They want to be taught all that is involved in *citizenship*, for as Indians we know nothing of that term. They have to be taught the service of their fellows—in every direction.

In politics, in which, in imitation of England, the Emancipated claim their share, there is everything to learn. We cannot begin at the point at which Englishwomen arrived when they ceased to struggle. We have to learn for ourselves what the years of struggle taught them.

But once this is learned there is no reason why Indian women should not contribute insight and shrewdness, and trained judgment, to the consideration of public questions, even sitting in the Council itself. What is there to forbid? Where all is new innovation is easier of attainment than in the countries where old ideals and privileges have to be reckoned with. There lies the advantage, and there also the danger, of innovation in a country like India.

They are as yet young, these women, in all public work, and they need a leader. Like the young, they are jealous of their co-patriots, their equals; the leader must, for the present, it would seem, come from outside their own race. That is worth pondering on. . . .

It is my belief that salvation in our present crisis in India is to come from women. I believe that if only we can inspire the women of India with the right spirit, we shall find that which alone can counteract the misdirected patriotism of the extremist.

Englishmen are less and less inclined, it would seem, to carry on the responsibilities which their fathers left to them in India. Indian men, it would seem, are less and less inclined to submit to the guidance without which they cannot at present solve our bewildering problems. . . . What about mature judgment, the practised skill of the countries older than our own in self-government or in the duties of citizenship, being brought to us *by the women of the West*, teaching and guiding our women? Is there not a suggestion in that thought which appeals?

And in another sense I believe salvation is to come from women—from the Orthodox woman.

Hers, I believe, is the opportunity of steadying our nerves in the great upheavals of modern progress; hers the privilege of bringing to the work of the world the habit of silence and meditation, the practice of self-restraint, the insight which comes to the single-eyed and selfless, the reverence for the past which is the heritage of those who have learnt to conserve. . . .

And do we not want all these things in this era of destruction, of razing-to-the-ground, of rebuilding?

They are to be had, at long last . . . and meantime we want workers and more workers.

Women in England who have not studied our problems say, "The women of India should do what there is to be done," and they talk as if there were some deep-laid plot to keep Indian women out of their inheritance in this respect.

But reflection and inquiry will show that there are not enough trained workers to serve even one section of any community. The education of women is, after all, only half a century old, speaking generally, in India.

The emancipated communities certainly give a good account of themselves; but they owe any service they can give to their own body. Who is to serve the Orthodox?

Again, our present local machinery for turning out fit workers is not adequate, and cannot be made adequate for long years to come. Women must cross the waters to England, and get here training and inspiration for the service of their kind.

It would need a paper all to itself to enlarge on the problems which beset the Indian student in England.

Friendship and wisdom, the best influences, guidance in the choice of a profession, in the choice of a home—all these things are needed by the student far from home . . . who will provide them?

I have said that I can do no more than indicate . . . than say aloud, as it were, a word which may start a train of thought.

As many such words as I dared say have been said. But, in conclusion, I would add just this final word of hope.

I do not dream of the impossible. That for which I long in India—the result of the influences of the best which the East and West have to give—I have seen with mine eyes in the lives of one or two Indian women . . . in the life, first of all, of one who died at Nasik in the Bombay Presidency in 1910. To sainthood she added human sympathy and understanding, which many in India and England have found unequalled; and a *unifying* influence before which all the barriers of race, and country, and religion, were down almost unconsciously. I have often thought of that, in the welter and hatred and discontent through which of late years we have felt after unity in India, after a common patriotism.

And to this love and sainthood she added the practice of love . . . the service of her country. In the education of Indian women and children of all races, in the co-education of English and Indian, of boys and girls, she was a pioneer.

In the genius of getting what was best out of the culture of the two great civilisations with which she was acquainted, East and West, for the service of her country, and in the great aim of her life, the bringing together of the two countries she loved so well . . . in the showing forth to the world the beauty of the knowledge and love of God in His Son Jesus Christ, and in doing this fearlessly and joyfully, and without intermission, and again so understandingly that she won the love and admiration of the bitterest opponents of Christianity . . . in this and in the combination of all these things, she was unique. What was due to her Eastern birth, and what to her Western education and the inspiration of her friendships in the West—how shall we distinguish? . . . but what we saw, and loved, and remember gave us a glimpse of what might be in the world when East and West combine.

Of one of those among the women of India whom she inspired, the name is well known. I refer to Pundita Ramabai. Perhaps *Faith* is the word which stands for the Pundita of our memories. The work she built up in the Bombay Presidency had for foundation just that—her unbounding faith that God would provide.

Born a Hindu, and left at an early age a Hindu widow, and therefore to be despised by the men of her own race, she was revered and honoured by them for the sake of her Sanskrit scholarship.

But she was moved by this as little as she was moved by the despisings and cursings of these same men when, on her return from America, they found that their Brahmin scholar had embraced Christianity.

Curiously detached was she—a scholar to the end of her days. Yet both she and her from whom she drew her human inspiration, had this in common—that they put first the things of the Spirit; and that to this they added the gifts of the practical worker in the service of men. They were saints and they were workers in the service of men. They were saints and they were workers in the world. Was it, perhaps, from the East that they got their sainthood, and from the West their realisation that sainthood is of little use unless it is translated into loving service? Who shall say?

But *de te fabula*—

THE IRISH FREE STATE

BY MACDARA

PICTURE to yourself a young girl of unsurpassable loveliness, the unsullied ideals and the crystal innocence of her youth only enhanced by the naked feet and the poor gown which betray her poverty. . . . Turn to another picture of a few years later. See the young enthusiast swept abruptly from her ideals and hurled into the vortex of luxury and materialistic ambition. Look on her transformation to a stout ungainly figure, very respectable, dull, selfish, indifferent, vulgar in her prosperity.

That is the picture of the recent past and the future of Ireland which the few idealists left alive here are picturing for her. And to the eyes of a Gael visiting Ireland to-day the picture is not so exaggerated, for the apathy and selfishness of the people strikes one at every turn.

Moreover, for the first time since 1915 you might look from the north to the south, from the east to the west of the 26 counties and you will not find a leader who speaks of idealism nor a speaker to urge the people to lay down their vendettas in the name of Christianity and to rebuild their nation on Christian principles.

All the leaders preach realism; the Ministerial leaders tell the people to support majority rule, to be good citizens, and they will be prosperous and happy. But that was not how Padraic Pearse gathered the hearts of this mystical people into his cause. The Republicans speak with biting tongue of hatred of their opponents. They ask the country's support because when they are in power they, too, they declare, will make it prosperous and happy. (They ignore the fact that they have already done it fifty million pounds worth of damage.) They, too, are appealing to the materialistic instincts of the people.

Materialistically and politically both parties have succeeded thoroughly well with their supporters, and Ireland is to-day a quieter and more peaceful land and a better

neighbour than she has been for generations, but she is no longer a land of saints and scholars, and certainly no longer a beacon light to Western civilisation. Neither does she care one way or the other.

The spiritual change in the people makes it unlikely that there will be any real Republican or Gaelic revival in the present generation. Politically that may be regarded by her sister colonies as satisfactory, but morally and ethically it may be Ireland's tragedy. For these Irish Gaels are a people who will only put forward the best that is in them when they are marching to some goal of idealism, however impossible or dangerous.

They are a people who must have a cause. It is strange but true that since they lost their last cause and their last idealistic leaders, Michael Collins and Cathal Brugha, the kindliness of their nature, even their old kingly charm and courtesy, seem to have been lost by them as well.

Roman Catholicism and Patriotism, and their attendant virtues, were so closely intermingled here that the people, when they lost in their confusion the motive power of the one, restlessly threw off—especially in the city and the towns—the priestly influence which was an integral part of the other. The priests themselves, by unfortunately taking too much part in party politics, lost some of their power of quietly welding together Patriotism and Christianity.

So that you have Ireland to-day devoid alike of a cause, of her old beautiful habit of putting the teaching of Christianity first in every-day life, and you have her leaderless.

You have her waiting for the spiritual revival—for that indescribable though mystic national revival for which her hero Pearse watched and for which he died. Life or death for her depends on how soon the revival comes.

The Gaels can no more continue to be materialists and live than they can change from an agricultural to a manufacturing race. Ireland may certainly survive as a prosperous Colony, but she cannot as a Gaelic State, unless and until she regains the old spirit of the Gael.

But if her ideals return in time to glorify her prosperity there will be few races to cope with her. They will, I think, return, but only after great travail.

So far from the foregoing being a gloomy picture of the Free State of to-day it is at once an explanation and a palliation of the wave of crime which has swept over her and which has been brought under the heel of the law without any really effective assistance from the general public, whose civic sense has been quite submerged by their desire for personal safety. "A plague on both your houses," summarises in fact the general attitude, and this feeling went so far that there are numerous cases on record where citizens helped the Government troops by day and the anti-Government by night, the idea being to make themselves immune from both sides! This indicates the aloofness from Ireland's interests of the hearts of the people of to-day.

In one word the ideal of their dream republic was arrested too quickly from this dreamy people, and Michael Collins, the one man who could have made them still dream dreams, however obscured by a Colonial mist, was taken when he was most urgently needed. Then came the civil war with its nameless brutalities, and the people, coarsened, sullen, frightened, withdrew into their shelter of selfish apathy.

The average Irishman can and does appreciate the advantages of being a member of the Commonwealth, but he would not die for the privilege.

The Ministry of the Free State cannot be blamed for their materialistic management; if they do not see visions themselves, they cannot impart them to their people. That is Ireland's grief.

They certainly have the nominal support of the majority of the people who are weary of bloodshed and want peace, security and comfort. The strong hand of the Free State Ministry gives, or will give, them these things, but even then there is no enthusiasm. The people neither pay their taxes nor give their active devotion to the Free State. They accept its benefits, but they stand aloof from its ethical obligations. They have formed no national hero

among its ministers, and then there is no leader beloved in Ireland to-day.

As for the so-called Republican movement, it is moribund, and with its present leaders will not be resurrected. When the leaders of the day decided that in its name there should be homes burned down, women terrorised, animals burned alive, and people in the country parts brought to the verge of starvation, they killed the ideal of the Republic far more effectively than the greatest English army could ever have done. Some of them realised it too late. The others, many of them apparently amateurs in life as they appear to be in nationality, and including very many bitter-tongued women, are doing good neither to Ireland nor to themselves.

It is thus that shameless crimes, assaults on women, stealing, and threats have flourished. The people have been too apathetic even to be shocked. Ireland is not herself, or the things that have been would never have been.

There are those that say the coma is breaking and, indeed, the daily early services of the Church are crowded once again with young working men and young working women. But they have not yet realised that only on Christianity can the new Ireland be built if she is to endure as a republic, or a colony, or a monarchy.

Neither have they brought themselves to the point of leaving their vengeance in other hands than their own gun-burdened figures.

Let us turn for a moment to Ireland financial and Ireland commercial.

There, indeed, there is achievement and success and every prospect of advancement. The success of the Free State Loan, already quoted at a premium, is not only a proof of Ireland's hoarded wealth but a signal sign that both her greatest and her smallest business men believe in her stability. Northern men, shrewd as they are, have been deeply impressed, and—in business circles at least—no little modified in their views on fusion with the South by the loan's success. But then, Northern men do not trouble about ideals nor realise their power in the South.

The failure of the loan would, of course, have been a dangerous blow for the Free State, and it is an open secret that business men and farmers who had discouraged the launching of the loan were determined, once launched, that for the sake of every man who had a stake in the country it should not fail. But the loan, of course, did not touch nor give any indication of the feeling of the youth of the country—the young people from whom revolutions are bred.

It came from the responsible sections of the community, Unionists and landed interests, who are beginning to show a very critical and fighting attitude in the Senate—and from business men outside who have recently been making various attempts to organise for representation.

This may mean an important development for Ireland, especially if it continues to trend in the direction of a distinct Conservative party. In the Senate there is practically such a party already, composed both of peers and wealthy business men, but it has no counterpart in the Dail. They have already gained some popularity by their constructive criticism of the Government, and if a political party is formed to follow them, it is conceivable that they might control the next Irish Government. Neither Sinn Feiners nor idealists are yet to be found in their ranks, but a remarkable effort is being made to draw the two sides into an independent association, which would be extremely powerful.

There is, of course, an almost insurmountable difficulty in reconciling the aims of the two, but both are drawn together by their opposition to the Ministry, though on different points: the Sinn Feiners by what they insist on the Imperialistic tendency of their Government, and the Unionist-Business group by what they consider the narrow legislation and the old-fashioned financial policy of the Ministry. Certain concessions could be agreed on to each other's sentiments, but it is too soon to say yet whether such a party will be launched, and if launched will be idealistic enough to win the nation. An event, however, the importance of which cannot be exaggerated, took place when all members of the Senate agreed unani-

mously to have the prayers in the Senate said in Irish as well as in English. Moreover, the first suggestion of the prayer at all came from a Protestant peer, who was an old Unionist, and he brought forward his scheme with the full consent of both Catholics and Protestants. These little accommodations show how the wind is blowing.

The question, however, of Preference and Free Trade, which must become a living issue here in the near future, may possibly tilt the scales against a combination of Sinn Feiners and Unionists. The sentiment of the people is undoubtedly in favour of Preference, which has been Arthur Griffith's teaching to them since Sinn Fein was born, but the big business interests are divided on the subject.

As against this issue, however, there is another powerful argument in favour of the combination, namely, that in their hearts the Irish love aristocrats, and sufficiently leavened by men of the people might rally with heartfelt pleasure to their banner. A second is the fact growing daily more self-evident, that the educated classes are coming back to power.

The Irish are quick-witted and comment on the fact that the only men who really count in Parliament are those with education and training.

Any unlettered oaf may be trained to use a gun, but it takes far more than technical training to make a man or woman the successful exponent of a cause in a parliament. Possibly it would be libellous to illustrate this principle by pointing to names of speakers in the daily debates in Dail and Senate, but the Irish outside are watchful and quite aware of the fact. The common people ran revolutions right well, but to run the country they are perfectly aware that they must have some of "the others" with them.

"The others" know that they must have the driving force of the old Irish diehards to run even a constitutional movement here. Therefore, is a fusion likely?

Failing such a party as I have indicated, there will be a Unionist-Business party which will make a big fight for a Business Government. There will be a second—a very

idealistic one composed probably of old Sinn Fein followers of Arthur Griffith who accepted the Treaty but do not support the Ministerial policy, of the great body of citizens who took no part in the recent fighting, like, for instance, the neutral I.R.A., and possibly of more educated Republicans, who drew back from the killing of the people. It will have new leaders and will support the Treaty, not as an end, but as a means to an end. It will be Protectionist.

It, too, will want to form a Government.

(It should be explained that the term Sinn Feiner as used above does not mean anti-Government forces or persons, but Sinn Feiners of the old days before the split, the majority of whom have taken no part in politics since the Treaty. They supported it, but maintain that in the hands of Griffith and Collins it would have been a very different instrument to what it has become to-day. The new or anti-Treaty Sinn Feiners, the majority of whom are women, are a different body. It was they who waged the civil war, but now declare they have become constitutional. Some of the old crowd are with them, but they are largely composed of elements new to the national movement.)

Political opinion is undoubtedly confused here at present, and a thoroughly unhealthy atmosphere has been created by the fact that the Government know well they cannot possibly be defeated in the Dail owing to the fact that forty odd seats are unoccupied. People outside regard it as merely farcical when the Government speak of obtaining the consent of the Dail, since they know that the Dail chiefly consists of the Government's own men. The Ministry, to all outward appearances and assisted by the Republican absentees, is becoming more and more a dictatorship.

Old soldiers or connected with soldiers themselves, the Ministry have done well the work which they were best qualified to do, namely, to put down crime and restore commercial stability. Those two objects accomplished they will have given their best to the nation and their day of usefulness will be over. They have not in them

the gentle genius of reconciliation, and would not have endured so long save for the terror in the people planted by the anti-Treaty men and which made them permit the use of, and take shelter behind, the mailed fist of their Ministry.

It is the irony of fate, but thoroughly recognised here, that once the last modern gunman is safe under lock and key the people will probably swing round, not against the Treaty, but against its present exponents. But history will recall how this little band of commonplace men—Mulcahy, O'Higgins, Cosgrave, Blythe, MacNeill—saved Ireland from herself, and gave her the chance of becoming a solvent industrial entity. They deserve a gratitude which they will probably not receive. They have made mistakes perhaps, but they have given Ireland the best that is in them.

The debate here recently on the Irish Civil Service Bill emphasised one of my points. It was frankly acknowledged that the English and Colonials were excluded, not for any dislike of them, but because Ministers knew they had to cope with a strong feeling of suspicion against all foreigners. The people don't trust their present Government sufficiently to be convinced that it will guard them against all danger of peaceful penetration.

Some of the gravest fears for Ireland to-day, if one loves her, are due to the failure of the women. The women and young girls of the Irish towns and cities are certainly not what they are described by poets. They are becoming daily more on an equality with men, and with them, perhaps, as with butterflies, the transition stage from their old modest aloofness does not become them.

But the married women must be judged by their children, and one realises their failure as citizens when one hears tiny children lisping almost their first words in foul curses of Free State or Republic, when one watches their favourite game of "killing" each other and hears of the acts of childish cruelty that are becoming more common. The nation, in fact, will have to unmake what the city mothers are making.

The Government have adopted the interesting experi-

ment of asking women themselves to deal with the question of child delinquents in a Bill which the Attorney-General wants them to draw up. Possibly women will also be asked themselves to suggest legislation for the fate of the unwanted child, a problem never before known in Ireland.

These and many other social activities have been obliged to fall by the board until the political position was cleared up. But the tendency of educated Irish women to-day and of most Irish women's societies is to alter the moral law so as to make it absolutely equal for men and women. The tendency also, so far as one can judge by its first tendrils, is to put women into the Dail, irrespective of party, whose mission will be to form a new social order. On the Free State side women in Ireland have practically no present power at all, but on the Republican side they have a good deal, with little of the higher education which teaches how to wield it. Women's powerlessness on the Free State side is not likely to exist very long, for the women here vote in far heavier numbers than the men. They could turn any election, although no effort has ever been made to organise their vote.

There is one feeling obviously common to all sections in Southern Ireland, to wit, their old bitter hatred of England is dead, but they are so suspicious of any sign that might tend to make their friendship more than platonic that their Government is often placed in a very embarrassing position. England's offer, for example, to guarantee Irish Land Bonds has caused an angry rumbling among the doves of the common people. Even Government supporters are jealous of their isolation.

You have here, after the moral problem which will probably settle itself, the touchstone of Ireland's future. Whatever Parliament is in power in that country will have delicately to adjust the balance between the people's insular jealousy, their concentration on the term and meaning of free nation, and the country's relations as a colony with England. Very skilful handling will be needed for the next few years, but the reward may be a new-born friendship between the Irish and the English that will be as historical as it will be spiritual.

THE RETURN OF KING KARL

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

AMID the crash of thrones and principalities at the end of the Great War, one figure stands out who merits our sympathy, and that is the Emperor Karl, who seemed more than others the sport of destiny. Called to the throne at a time when disasters were already beginning to thicken round the dynasties of Central Europe, he had but a short time to rule before the final catastrophe broke the Austro-Hungarian Empire in pieces and flung him an exile into foreign lands. His effort to save his country by opening peace negotiations in 1917 was frustrated by a sequence of unfortunate events, in which indiscretion played no small part. He was held fast in the grip of an inheritance from which he could not escape, and was surrounded by men who had not the force of character to admit defeat or to take the necessary steps to save a remnant of the Hapsburg fortunes while there was yet time. The peace terms would have been harsh, but had the King-Emperor been able to disentangle himself from the fate of Germany, he might have lived to reign over a portion of his former empire.

We get the key to his character in his failure to seize the opportunity which offered an escape from the consequences of overwhelming defeat and revolution. He had a chivalrous nature and high ideals and hated war. But he had no strength of purpose and allowed himself to be led away by extravagant hopes and vain ambitions. His first mistake was in withdrawing to Switzerland when the revolution broke out in Vienna in November, 1918. Then, if ever, should he have put up a fight for his throne. His withdrawal had the appearance of flight, and for this the Austrians never forgave him. There was no movement in Austria in his favour, but in Hungary the prevailing monarchical sentiment was cleverly exploited by a Legitimist party, which included some of the leading members of the aristocracy, who, when the new Government was set up under the Regent Horthy after the revolution in Hungary, persuaded Karl that he had only to appear

in Budapest to be welcomed as King. According to Herr Aladar von Boroviczeny, who in his book, *Der König und sein Reichsverweser*, gives an account of the two attempts which King Karl made to recover the throne of Hungary, the King placed the most absolute reliance on Admiral Horthy, who is represented as having sworn eternal allegiance to him in a farewell interview in Vienna, when the Admiral came to inform him of the sad news of the surrender of the fleet. Now Boroviczeny, who was formerly in the diplomatic service of the Dual Monarchy, accompanied the King in his exile as his confidential secretary, and declares that the King entrusted the task to him, as his constant attendant, of giving to the world a true account of the events which led him to make his two attempts to regain his throne. This book is a gross attack on the honour of the Regent, who is represented as false to his oath of allegiance to the King and behaving in a manner altogether unworthy of his rank and position. A very dubious light is also thrown on the conduct of other leading men in Hungary. According to Herr Boroviczeny, the King was a victim of a network of intrigues, and but for the falsity of those on whom he had a right to depend would have succeeded in regaining his throne.

The ex-Empress Zita, who may be trusted to know more about her royal husband than Herr Boroviczeny, for she was with him through all these momentous events which he describes, and accompanied him with intrepid courage in an aeroplane which took him on his second visit to Hungary, has expressed disapproval of the book altogether. But few people have seen this *démenti*, and Herr Boroviczeny's sensational story continues in the limelight. It has become the gossip of every scandal-monger in Central Europe who is anxious to discredit the Regent Horthy, and, while it has created a painful impression in Hungary, every hostile critic in the neighbouring States has seized on it as offering material for an attack on the present rulers of Hungary. Moreover, in his reckless determination to rehabilitate the memory of the unhappy monarch, Herr Boroviczeny has made statement which involve the reputation of a statesman of world

wide reputation—M. Briand. For these reasons it is important that the truth should be established, when a very different complexion will be placed on Herr Boroviczeny's narrative.

It was in March, 1921, that King Karl decided to make his first attempt to regain the throne of Hungary. He left Switzerland and made his way in disguise to Vienna, where he was received at the house of one of his sympathisers, Count Erdödy, which offered him a safe refuge. Here he was driven by motor car to the Count's estate at Pinkafö, near the Hungarian frontier. The next stage in the journey was Szombathely, which was reached on Easter Eve, March 26th, the King arriving at Bishop Mikes's palace in a farmer's cart.

A large number of the clergy had assembled there for the Easter celebration, and among them was Dr. Vass, a priest and the Minister of Education. Herr Boroviczeny gives a lively account of the sensation which was caused by the sudden arrival of the King. It was decided to send for Count Teleki, the Prime Minister, who was hunting in the neighbourhood. Whatever Herr Boroviczeny may say, the Count was surprised and embarrassed by this summons. Herr Boroviczeny admits that the Prime Minister wisely advised the King to return to Switzerland. On the King refusing, he declared, according to Herr Boroviczeny, that the King's one chance of regaining his throne was to go to Budapest immediately and surprise the neighbouring States with a *fait accompli*, and decided to motor in advance to Budapest to inform the Regent and prepare the way for the immediate proclamation of the Hapsburg restoration. It is true that the Prime Minister set out for Budapest before the King and that an accident on the way prevented him from arriving first; but it is quite untrue to say that Count Teleki advised the King that his one chance of regaining his throne was to make a surprise dash on Budapest, when the neighbouring States would take his restoration as a *fait accompli*. What Count Teleki did on the King refusing to return to Switzerland was to suggest to the King that he should go to Budapest personally to convince himself of the situation and hopeless-

ness of his task. The Count himself hoped to get there first to inform the Government of the King's approach. As Prime Minister, Count Teleki naturally desired to be at Budapest to consult with his colleagues as to the measures which should be taken to persuade the King to leave the country, for he well knew how perilous both to the King and to Hungary would be any attempt to place Karl on the throne.

Count Teleki could not have acted otherwise, for, like the Regent, he was bound by his oath to the new Constitution. Before the King could have been restored the new National Assembly must have been consulted. There was no question of any conflict of allegiance, because before the King went to Switzerland in November, 1918, he released all his former adherents from their oath to him as Emperor of Austria or King of Hungary.

Moreover, at the beginning of 1921 the Conference of Ambassadors had declared that no Hapsburg would be acceptable if the monarchy were restored to Hungary. At the same time, the State covenants between Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Yugo-Slavia, declaring that a Hapsburg restoration would be a common *casus belli*, were officially published by the respective Governments. Behind these States, which subsequently became the Little Entente, was Italy, which was bound by the Treaty of Rapallo to intervene in the event of King Karl ascending the throne of Hungary. Count Teleki knew all this, knew the great danger which threatened his country, and his journey to Budapest, which, according to Herr Boroviczeny, was taken in order to prepare the way for King Karl, was in reality a race to get there first with a very different object. This is a fair test of the inaccuracy of Herr Boroviczeny. His account of the King's subsequent interview with the Regent at Budapest is a fantastic colouring of events. What the Regent did was to explain to the King, without any unnecessary upbraiding, the actual situation. He had not invited the King to return or encouraged him to hope that he would support him if he made a bid for the throne. Admiral Horthy had, of course, to point out to the King the danger of invasion

from the neighbouring States which threatened the country if he remained, and to remind him of the oath which he, as Regent, had taken to the new Constitution, and that he himself was first of all responsible to the National Assembly. So far Herr Boroviczeny is correct, except that the Regent did not exaggerate the dangers of the King's return. For the King to say that the National Assembly had no right to alter the Constitution, that it had no power to dethrone the legitimately crowned King, and that Horthy had merely been appointed Regent during his absence, was to contradict facts. Karl, indeed, virtually deposed himself by his flight to Switzerland, and in a quixotic moment had released all his former officers from their oath of allegiance. There could be no question, therefore, of his appealing to Horthy to remember his former oath as more binding on him than his oath to the new Constitution. The Regent had been appointed temporary head of the State by the National Assembly, and nothing better illustrates Herr Boroviczeny's mistaken notion of the new Hungarian Constitution than the title of his book, *The King and his Regent*. Horthy had not been set up as Regent during the King's absence. The title did not imply that the Admiral was acting for any individual sovereign. He was elected temporary head of the Hungarian State responsible to the National Assembly alone, and the name Regent signifies little more than Governor, which is, indeed, the name which the people of Budapest give him. All this must have been known to the King. We have only Herr Boroviczeny's word for supposing that he was entirely ignorant of the new Constitution.

It was on this occasion, according to the King's secretary, that Karl, after demanding that the executive authority should be handed over to him on the spot, informed the Regent that he had been secretly advised by the French Government that they would accept his return and use their influence with the States which subsequently became known as the Little Entente to see that the peace was kept. This greatly surprised Admiral Horthy, and the French *chargé d'affaires*, M. Fouchet, was naturally

asked for an explanation. That the Regent or his Government should be blamed for this is absurd. If it had been true, it would have made a great difference, for there was no personal bias against the King. M. Fouchet denied all knowledge of such a promise of assistance from his Government, and even wrote a private letter to Dr. Vass contradicting the King's assertion. M. Briand has since blown this story sky high by his emphatic denial that there is any truth in it. If the King believed in it, he was misled by ill-advised friends in France, for France had nothing to gain and a great deal to lose by supporting the King's claim to the throne against the wishes of the neighbouring States. Horthy had good reason to warn the King that his return would seriously endanger the safety of his country. On the day after the King's visit to Budapest the Hungarian Government received protests from the High Commissioners of Great Britain and France, while the Italian *chargé d'affaires* made a similar *démarche*. On March 29th, when the King was still in Hungary, the Roumanian envoy also objected to his remaining in the country, while the Yugo-Slav representative warned the Government that the return of the Hapsburgs to the throne would be considered as a *casus belli* by his country, and the Czech representative threatened that his Government would resort to measures of force. To these protests the Hungarian Government replied that the question of sovereignty belonged to the internal affairs of Hungary, but promised at the same time to do everything possible to get the King out of Hungary.

On April 1st the Conference of Ambassadors issued a Note, again referring to their decision of February 2nd, 1921, against the restoration of a Hapsburg, while the Czech and Yugo-Slav envoys announced that if King Karl was still in Hungary on April 7th an ultimatum would be sent by their respective Governments.

It was in these circumstances that the King was persuaded by his advisers to withdraw from Szombathely, where he had taken refuge, to Switzerland, the Czechs going so far as to try to bar his way to that country as being too near to Hungary.

The Regent and his Government did their best to facilitate his return to Switzerland by procuring a safe transit for him through Austria. For the Hungarian Government to have encouraged King Karl in his bid for the throne would have been sheer madness. Five divisions of infantry and one division of cavalry were already mobilised on the Yugo-Slav frontier, with their headquarters at Count Szapary's estate, which after the peace treaty was included in Serbian territory. Hungary had only a small and ill-equipped army and no resistance could have prevented these troops from marching on Budapest, while the Czech army was preparing to invade Hungary from the north. The Hungarians knew too well, from their experience of the Roumanian occupation, what the invasion of their country by their neighbours meant, even under the pretext of offering them assistance, to lay their capital open to another disaster of the kind. At the same time Hungary was called upon to disarm, and Michael Karolyi, who was regarded as the arch-enemy of his country, was invited to Belgrade.

Now the King, on his return to Szombathely, caught a chill, and Herr Boroviczeny makes this an excuse for an attack on the humanity of the Regent, who is represented as ordering him out of Budapest on the same afternoon as he arrived, without offering him any furs or warm rugs for the journey. But so far from the King being left without proper clothing, he was, so Count Szapary tells me, amply provided with furs and rugs for his journey by Count Joseph Karolyi and Count Jules Batthiany, who sent him great boxes of clothing before he left Bishop Mikes's palace.

This story is another proof of the extraordinary inaccuracy of Herr Boroviczeny's narrative.

King Karl, we are told, after arriving at Szombathely sent a stern telegram to the Regent calling on him once more to surrender his powers to him. Admiral Horthy replied that he could do nothing of the sort. According to Herr Boroviczeny, he telegraphed that he could not place himself under the King, but would acquiesce if his Majesty took over the sovereign power, which Herr Boro-

viczeny considers was an inexplicable change of front on the part of the Regent. He puts it down to the desire of the Admiral to free himself from his entourage in a moment when they were off their guard in order to present them with a *fait accompli*, or to the fear that the King would make known his breach of faith, or to a mere act of deception. All this is sheer nonsense. The telegram was simply a frank statement of the Admiral's position that although he could not support the King or hand over his powers, if the King were ever restored to his throne in happier circumstances, he would not stand in his way.

If, indeed, the King could have returned without endangering the national existence of Hungary and had been accepted by the National Assembly, the Regent and the Hungarian Government would have been glad to have acknowledged him. The suggestion that Admiral Horthy was playing for his hand and tried to get rid of the King in order to maintain his own position is quite untrue. His opposition to the King's return was based, not on any personal demerits of the King or a refusal to recognise his claim to the throne, but on considerations of public safety and on the oath which he had taken to the new Constitution. As he explained to the King in the interview at Budapest, it was for the National Assembly to which he owed his powers as Regent to decide whether the King should return or not.

The King, according to his apologist, appears to have entirely mistaken the purport of the Admiral's telegram, for he telegraphed back thanking the Regent for his loyalty and declaring that in the event of his resignation he required that Lukachich, a retired general, and not the Archduke Joseph, should be military Governor of Budapest, and that he desired that a manifesto should be issued at once and the oath taken by the troops. These demands show how far the King had lost the power to realise his true position. The Regent countered this request by ordering the military and civil authorities to obey only their rightly constituted chiefs, and pushed on negotiations with the Swiss and Austrian Governments for the safe return of the King to Switzerland.

At the same time the Regent warned the King once more of the military preparations which were being made by the neighbouring States. Fortunately, Karl retired in time before the ultimatum of the Czech and Serbian Governments expired on April 7th. Had the King remained a few more days on Hungarian soil his countrymen would have heard the tramp of hostile armies on the roads that lead to Budapest.

* * * * *

After his return to Switzerland the King was not long in deciding to make a fresh attempt to regain the Hungarian throne. Herr Boroviczeny declares that he passed the summer at his residence, Schloss Hertenstein, near Lucerne, in feverish political activity. The Swiss Government had certainly not provided him with this princely refuge for this purpose.

A conference, according to Herr Boroviczeny, was held between the Regent and the Legitimist leaders during August. It is remarkable that Col. Lehar, whom Herr Boroviczeny designates the Legitimist leader, denies any share in this conference, just as he repudiates the part attributed to him in Herr Boroviczeny's book in encouraging the King to make his second attempt. What the Regent did was to make it clear that once again he would have nothing to do with any attempt to restore the monarchy. Rumours of the King's intentions reached Budapest on August 28th, 1921, and the Regent at once wrote to Karl describing the political situation and warning him most seriously that his return might mean the ruin of Hungary. He begged him not to do anything without taking advice. In reply the King promised not to leave Switzerland, and gave a pledge to the Swiss Government to that effect. Herr Boroviczeny does not mention this, but another of the King's admirers and confidential advisers, Baron Charles von Werkmann, in his reminiscences is hard put to it to explain how the King justified the breaking of this pledge. He declares that "there was a conflict in the King's conscience between the conditions imposed by the foreigners and the obligations which he was under to his own people." If there was one obligation

Karl was under to his own people, it was not to make another dash for the throne, which would imperil the safety of Hungary. There is no excuse for the King's breach of faith.

In spite of the Regent's warning, the Legitimists continued to hatch their plots. They relied on a division of troops 3,000 strong, which was stationed at Sopron under Major Ostenburg, a royal sympathiser, as the nucleus of an army. They believed that they would receive support from Legitimist officers in Budapest, and that if they delayed, their plan of winning over the Hungarian army would be frustrated by the Government's determination to weed out these officers by a reorganisation of the army. The Legitimists, therefore, conceived that they must strike a blow in October. Accordingly on October 20th the King started from Zurich in a 180 h.p. Junker six-seater, accompanied by his intrepid consort, who was still called the Empress Zita. The aeroplane landed the same day at 4.24 p.m. on the estate of Count Cziraky in Western Hungary. The greatest secrecy had been preserved, all the telegraph and telephone wires in the district being cut, and Herr Boroviczeny considers that a surprise attack on Budapest would still have been possible if Col. Lehar had not waited for the King's telegram, announcing the date of his departure, before collecting the necessary rolling stock for his troop trains. The telegram took two days to arrive and only reached Col. Lehar on the morning of October 20th, so that the King's departure from Odenburg was delayed until October 22nd, when the news first reached the Hungarian Government that the King was on the march. It took the King and his troops another day to reach Tatabanya, where the line was reported to be clear as far as Kelenföld, a station only half an hour from Budapest.

In the meantime there was great excitement in Budapest. The seriousness of the situation was realised by the suspension of the negotiations for an economic treaty which Hungary had been conducting with the Succession States, and which were nearly completed. The Regent at once summoned a council of Ministers, and it was decided that the King must be persuaded to return

to Switzerland, for his presence in Hungary was no less dangerous to the country than it had been in March. It is impossible to deal with all the inaccurate statements by Herr Boroviczeny in a short article, and I will now tell the story of the King's dash on Budapest as it has been related to me by responsible eye-witnesses of events. On the Saturday evening, October 22nd, Count Bethlen, who was now Prime Minister, was rung up on the telephone by M. Rakovszky, who, styling himself the Royal Hungarian Prime Minister, declared that when he got to Budapest he would have Count Bethlen hanged if he did not surrender his authority. The Count was not in the least dismayed by such an *opéra bouffe* threat, but the Government was quite unprepared to meet a serious attack. There were only six companies of infantry in Budapest, and it was reported that there were six battalions marching against them, and at such a time no one could be quite certain who was on the Hapsburg side. It was decided, therefore, to play for time. The rails were torn up and the King's train was compelled to halt, while some active skirmishing went on. This was on the morning of October 23rd. The opposition from the Government side came from a band of students who had been called upon to assist the troops. To represent this as a serious engagement which inflicted heavy losses on the King's forces is ridiculous. Only eleven men, including a tramcar conductor, were killed. But they were sufficient to hold up the royal forces, whose ardour had by this time considerably cooled. The Government was not divided, as Herr Boroviczeny makes out, and it required no incentive from Herr Gombös, or any other fire-brand, to persuade the Regent and Count Bethlen to take a decisive line. On this occasion, as at the time of the King's first attempt, the overriding consideration which influenced the Regent and his Ministers was the danger which threatened Hungary from the avowed determination of the Allies and the neighbouring States to prevent the restoration of the Hapsburg dynasty. Even if the way had been clear, the King ought to have waited for an indication that the National Assembly desired his return and were ready to acclaim him as sovereign.

The fighting was not serious, and, as if by tacit agree-

ment, negotiations were opened between the Government and the King's forces. Dr. Vass was sent by the Regent with a letter to the King, in which was enclosed the recent Note of the Ambassadors' Conference vetoing his return. He was, unfortunately, prevented by the King's entourage from talking with the King. On Sunday, General Hegedus came to Budapest with a message from the King. Hegedus had been offered the command of the royal forces, but had not accepted it. He claimed to act as mediator in the negotiations which took place, and he was received by the Prime Minister in the presence of Mr. Hohler, the British Minister at Budapest. Mr. Hohler, in the name of Great Britain and the Great Powers, explained the situation to Hegedus, who was warned that if the King were received in Budapest an immediate declaration of war by the Czechs and the Serbs would follow, and that the Great Powers could not see their way to prevent it. Hegedus is held up as traitor by Herr Boroviczeny because he allowed the heights which dominated the city to be occupied by Government troops. Whatever the truth may be, Hegedus was certainly anxious to prevent bloodshed, and when he saw that the opposition to the advance of the King's troops was serious, for reinforcements were on their way to Budapest, and that the talk about military preparations in the neighbouring States was not mere bluff, he appears to have resigned himself to the inevitable. On Monday, at a meeting between the envoys of the King and the Government, an armistice was signed and the conditions of the Government were accepted. There was no escape on Monday, October 24th, from a complete acceptance of the Government's terms, which involved the departure of the King to a little island called Tihany on the lake of Balaton, and the surrender of his troops, who were granted an amnesty. Some of the ringleaders in the revolt were arrested.

The King went to Tihany, where he found a refuge in the Benedictine Abbey there. As to the story that six armed ruffians tried to enter the abbey "to effect a radical solution of the sovereign question," the hint being, of course, that these would-be assassins had orders from

Admiral Horthy to do their work, this is on a par with other wild statements in Herr Boroviczeny's book.

The King finally left Hungary on His Britannic Majesty's gunboat the *Glowworm*, which happened to be on the Danube. He departed in broken health and died a few months afterwards at Funchal, Madeira.

His second attempt to regain the throne was more daring than the first, and had his political friends been able to win over the garrison at Budapest and the regiments which came to its relief, he might have succeeded in his perilous adventure for the moment. But this would probably have provoked civil war in Hungary, for there was a considerable section of the population strongly opposed to the return of a Hapsburg. There can be no doubt that the neighbouring States would have carried out their threats of force. On October 23rd a mobilisation order was signed by President Masaryk in Czecho-Slovakia, which brought the Czecho-Slovak army to a war strength of 500,000 men, and there were highly significant movements of troops on the frontier. Three Serbian divisions were also in readiness to strike, while there was military activity in Roumania, which, however, adopted a more hesitating attitude. Thus the Hungarian Government had a real grasp of the dangers which threatened their country in opposing the return of King Karl.

A law was passed by the National Assembly on November 6th accepting the *démarche* of the Allies on the Hapsburg question. This suggests that the National Assembly might, in any event, even if the King's return could have been accomplished without danger to Hungary, have taken up a hostile attitude.

In spite of the passing of the anti-dynastic law and the opposition which the Hungarian Government offered to the return of the King, the States which subsequently formed the Little Entente threatened Hungary with coercive measures if it did not pay their mobilisation costs. Fortunately, this demand was dropped under the pressure of the Great Powers. The King, according to his apologist, made his first attempt absolutely relying on promises of assistance from France. The French

Government, according to this story, warned the King that they might have to make a protest if he succeeded in regaining the throne, but that they would, in reality, support a *fait accompli* and see that the neighbouring States were persuaded to keep the peace. The Regent is held up to opprobrium because he put a direct question to the French *chargé d'affaires* when the King informed him of this secret pact. He was thus supposed to have deprived Karl of the assistance which had been offered to him, since it was an essential condition that the promise of French support should be kept secret until the King had actually ascended his throne again. The story, even if it had not been denied by M. Briand, who is supposed to have entered into this secret plot with the King, is too fantastic to believe for a moment.

Both Italy and this country were committed to the exclusion of the Hapsburgs, and there would have been a general explosion of indignation had the French Government lent themselves to any such intrigue.

Now that the King is dead his folly may be pardoned, and there is no Hungarian who desires to reproach his memory. He had many good qualities; he had personal courage and a charm of manner. Those who used him as their tool and urged him on to his rash adventures were more to blame than the King. Had he waited patiently and kept his promise to remain in Switzerland, perhaps a time might have come when an invitation could have been safely extended to him to return to his throne. His untimely end is an instance of the truth of the saying that there are few things sadder in this world than the fate of Kings.

COMPREHENSIVE NATIONAL INSURANCE

BY SIR J. A. R. MARRIOTT, M.P.

WE are confronted to-day by a multitude of problems of exceeding gravity and complexity, but among them there is none more grave and none, perhaps, more complex than the unrest which prevails among the manual workers. At a moment when we need to strain every nerve and every muscle to repair the havoc of a great war, to regain for British trade its hold upon world markets and to re-accumulate capital for the fertilisation of industry at home, dispute follows dispute, one strike is hardly "settled" before another begins. What is the result? Recovery is retarded; tempers already on edge are further frayed; loss and suffering are inflicted upon millions of innocent folk, and most of all upon the general body of those who live by the labour of their hands. It is, of course, true that a particular section of wage-earners may reap the reward of a successful strike in the shape of increased wages or reduced hours of work, but even though the old economic doctrine of the wages-fund be discredited, the simple fact remains that no more can be drawn out of the great reservoir of industry—whether in the form of wages, profits or interest—than has flowed into it from the contributory processes of production.

Discontent is sometimes distinguished by the epithet *divine*. Healthy it may be, or even *divine*, when evoked under appropriate conditions; but few will be courageous or complacent enough to affirm that the spirit of discontent as it manifests itself to-day is healthy, or even innocuous, or indeed otherwise than very gravely menacing to the well-being of society and the safety of the commonwealth.

How, then, shall it be exorcised?

Accurate diagnosis should ordinarily precede prescription; but as this paper is, according to promise, to be concerned mainly with the exposition of a remedial scheme, I must content myself with a bare summary of the causes which are operating to produce the disease.

We must note, first, a cause which, though easily and often exaggerated, it were affectation to ignore. That the revolutionary virus is present and potent in certain members of the body politic, even though it has not infected the body as a whole, cannot be denied. Professor Hearnshaw, in his latest work, *Democracy and Labour*, has brought together, with practised skill, evidence on this point quite incontrovertible in character. Thus in June, 1919, the Clyde Workers' Soviet Committee formulated, but did not publish, a programme of which the Home Office obtained a copy, which it caused to be printed in *The Times* of August 8th, 1919. The programme included "the disarming of all non-proletarian soldiers"; "the arming of the entire labour population as a Red Army"; "the creation of a Revolutionary Tribunal"; "the removal of Parliament and Municipal Councils"; the annulment of State and other debts; the "expropriation of all land, properties, funds and other securities now in the possession of the ruling and non-proletarian classes," and of all banks, mines, industrial and commercial establishments; and "the appropriation of all means of communication, traffic and means of transport." The evident and confessed failure of the Russian Soviet has doubtless tended to damp down the enthusiasm of the revolutionary party in the last few years; but the virus has not been expelled from the system and still infects a certain section of society and forms a focus of discontent. But the desire for red revolution, though it supplies driving power, is neither deep-seated nor widespread. History however, teaches that minorities, even if small, can never be safely ignored.

Least of all can a revolutionary minority be ignored when there are causes of discontent operating widely among large sections of a population far removed by tradition and temper from any sympathy with violence or revolution. Of these many have imbibed that modicum of learning which is proverbially dangerous. They know enough of economics, for example, to appreciate the significance of Karl Marx's theory of surplus value, but not enough to perceive the essential fallacy which vitiates

the reasoning of that most pervasive and most mischievous philosopher. More and more highly educated, politically the masters of the State, the ruling masses are not disposed to accept without question or criticism the established order of industry. Would it not be surprising if they were? The industrial system of to-day does indeed provide them with food, raiment and amusement such as their predecessors in the pre-industrial era never dreamed of. But at a price. The price paid, as I pointed out last month, is revealed in cyclical crises in trade, and frequent spells of unemployment, briefly, in instability of industrial conditions and insecurity of economic life.

Eighty years ago Thomas Carlyle, with rare insight, diagnosed the disease of modern industrialism, and found in *insecurity* the nidus of Chartist discontent. His *Past and Present*—perhaps the most perfect of his works—is one extended commentary upon this text. Mediæval society, resting upon the dual foundations of Catholicism and Feudalism, did, with all its defects, fulfil the conditions of a *community*. There was a prevailing sense of order, stability and security. The Industrial Revolution had dissolved the community, and a new order had not yet evolved out of the resulting chaos. The crying need was for permanence and security: "Permanence, persistence is the first condition of all fruitfulness in the ways of men. . . . I am for permanence in all things"; may not your master-worker "find it possible, and needful to grant his workers permanent *interest* in his enterprise and theirs"? (*Past and Present*, pp. 237, 240, 241).

The conditions of the problem have not essentially changed since Chartist days, though the increased division of labour, the enlarged scale of production, and the widened extent of the market have tended to accentuate those features of instability and insecurity noted by Carlyle as inherent in the new order.

Is it possible, without impairing or retarding the production of commodities on the largest possible scale (this condition is primary), to restore to the manual worker that sense of security which he enjoyed when his work was

literally manual, before the invention of modern machinery and the application of steam to the industrial arts?

The wage-earner can, of course, do a great deal to obtain it by his own efforts; by the exercise of the old-fashioned virtues of sobriety, restraint and thrift. He has indeed done a great deal already. Mr. Snowden, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking recently (February 20th) in the House of Commons, confessed that he was "staggered by the magnitude of the contributions which are made by the working people of this country to-day, in one form or another, to provide for what we colloquially call 'a rainy day.'" Apart from the compulsory contributions made by workmen under the Unemployment and National Health Insurance Acts, there is collected by non-State-aided agencies—friendly societies, collecting societies and the benefit section of trade unions no less than £57,000,000 a year, while the investments in savings banks, the Post Office, co-operative societies and building societies amount to £131,000,000 a year.¹

Yet the total result of these efforts, whether voluntarily made or evoked by statutory compulsion, is inadequate. The expenditure, vast as it is, does not provide against all the contingencies incidental to industrial life. The State is, nevertheless, compelled to find nearly £24,000,000 for old age pensions, while no less than £44,000,000 is expended on the relief of pauperism. Should it also be asked to provide pensions for widows and young children and for mothers whose family bread-winner has become incapacitated, the additional expenditure might amount to anything from £15,000,000 to £30,000,000 a year. Workmen now receive as compensation for injuries received in the course of employment about £6,000,000 a year, the cost to their employers being, perhaps, double that sum. The latest return of expenditure on Public Social Services (for the year ending March 31st, 1922) gives the total for Great Britain as £371,716,891. This includes, in addition to health insurance, unemployment insurance, old age pensions and poor relief, large sums for education and war pensions, and smaller sums for housing, lunacy, maternity

(1) Official Report, Vol. 169, No. 16, p. 1893.

and child welfare work, etc., but excludes workmen's compensation as being a charge which falls wholly on the employer. The State contribution to health and unemployment insurance, to old age pensions and to poor relief (rates) amounts to about £86,000,000. The contribution of employers and workmen to health and unemployment insurance—to say nothing of their share of taxes for old age pensions and of poor rates, amounts to about £70,000,000 a year.

Yet the benefits secured by all this expenditure are, I repeat, inadequate. What do they amount to? For industrial accidents a varying amount; 15s. a week during six months of sickness; for the unemployed, 15s. a week, supplemented by 5s. a week for a dependent wife, and 1s. for each young child; a maximum allowance of 10s. a week to persons over seventy years of age, in cases where the yearly income does not exceed £26 5s.; for the destitute the shelter of the workhouse, or a varying amount of outdoor relief. The expenditure is colossal and the benefits, though substantial, are, on the one hand, so inadequate in amount, or, on the other, so vitiated by the methods and conditions of their administration, that they fail to diffuse that sense of security and self-respect which the thrifty members of the middle classes enjoy by reason of invested savings and of insurance.

Is it possible to devise a scheme which shall provide for the wage-earners, or shall help them to provide for themselves, similar security against the contingencies incidental to their lives? The main contingencies are: sickness and accidents, temporary unemployment due to causes over which the wage-earners have no control; premature death, leaving dependent widows and young children, or, alternatively, the oncoming of old age and incapacity for work. It is not, perhaps, easy for the well-to-do, for those whose lives are, from the cradle to the grave, economically *secure*, to imagine the haunting fear which these contingencies infuse into the lives of the more apprehensive and the more conscientious of the weekly wage-earners. On the mere ground of humanity it is imperative, if practicable, to dissipate it. It is not less imperative on economic grounds;

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for no cause is operating, I am convinced, with more potent or fatal effect to impede production and to encourage "ca' canny." The fallacy of the "lump of labour" is at the root of the workmen's disinclination to put the last ounce of effort into his work, and that fallacy is largely commended to the average worker by the dread of unemployment. Dissipate that fear and an immense impulse would be given to production.

Many schemes covering a portion of the ground have been suggested. More than forty years ago Canon Blackley, always to be held in reverence for his efforts to devise an alternative to the Poor Law, propounded a scheme for national insurance. Deeply impressed by "our exceptional national improvidence, that appalling lifelong, hopeless spirit of beggarliness which is our country's curse," Canon Blackley proposed that all persons of both sexes, rich and poor alike, should be compelled to contribute, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one, a sum of about £10 in weekly instalments of 2s. to a national provident fund. The fund would, he reckoned, be able, under a State guarantee, to provide, for all who needed it, 8s. a week sick pay, and a pension of 4s. a week after the age of 70. The plan was examined by Select Committees of the House of Commons, but was rejected, primarily on the ground that it was not actuarially sound, and partly by reason of administrative difficulties which seemed at that time insuperable. Nor was that *laissez-faire* generation prepared for so broad an application of the principle of compulsion.

Canon Blackley's plan was, however, limited in scope, and deserves mention only as the dream of a pioneer.

Other plans, English and foreign in origin, have been brought to the writer's notice by correspondents to whom he is indebted for suggestive information. But the most comprehensive and carefully conceived project is that formulated by Mr. T. T. Broad, late M.P. for the Clay Cross Division of Derbyshire. As originally drafted that scheme was based upon the principle that each industry should carry its own casualties. That principle had much

to recommend it. I illustrated in some detail its application to certain industries in an article contributed, at Mr. Broad's instance and with his help, to this REVIEW in November, 1922. I have reason to believe that the plan found considerable favour among representatives of the more highly organised industries, with whom I had some opportunity of discussing it. We were faced, however, by this dilemma: if the scheme was to be universal, and to supersede all national schemes, it would be necessary to assign every wage-earner to some particular industry, and to make elaborate provision for frequent transference from one industry to another. The administrative problem thus raised seemed, on further examination, to be insoluble. The demarcation of industries is not sufficiently defined; and there is a large floating population which is not assignable to any one of them. If, on the other hand, the principle were only partially applied, it would obviously be adopted only by the more highly organised industries, whose withdrawal from the national scheme would throw upon the State, saddled with the responsibility for the less prosperous, the more precarious and irregular industries, a burden which might well prove to be intolerable. Nevertheless, it was with reluctance that I (and I think others) felt compelled to abandon the idea of proceeding on the basis of insurance by industries.

If insurance by industries be out of the question, the only alternative, if the present system be condemned as at once extravagant and inadequate, would seem to be a scheme which shall be applied compulsorily (with few and unimportant exceptions) to all wage-earners, or it may be to all persons engaged in occupation for gain. Plainly any such scheme must, in order to be effective, fulfil certain conditions: it must be not only universal but comprehensive; it must provide with reasonable adequacy against all the contingencies enumerated above; it must carefully guard against malingering or voluntary unemployment; it must not impose any undue burden either upon industry or upon the general body of taxpayers; above all, it must be actuarially above suspicion.

Can such a scheme be devised? The data must first be carefully examined. The census of 1921 computes the total number of persons over sixteen years of age in Great Britain at 30,012,060. Of these the persons engaged in occupation for gain (including employers and employed, salaried classes, shopkeepers, etc.) at about 19,500,000, of whom about 13,000,000 are men and 6,500,000 women. From this total we may deduct about 1,100,000 domestic servants (for whom a separate scheme would be desirable) and perhaps also about 1,000,000 Civil Servants, for whom provision is already otherwise made. This leaves about 17,000,000 persons to be brought into the scheme. It is proposed that a single insurance fund should be set up, of which the Treasury would be the guardian. Into the fund the Exchequer would pay 1s. per week for each insured person, or an aggregate of £44,200,000 per annum; employers would pay 2s. 6d. per head (or £110,500,000 per annum); each male employee 1s. 6d., and each woman 1s. Thus the income of the fund would be:—

1s. per week from 4,500,000 women ...	£11,700,000
1s. 6d. „ „ 12,500,000 men ...	48,750,000
2s. 6d. „ „ employers ...	110,500,000
1s. „ „ State ...	44,200,000
Total ...	£215,150,000

This income would, it is hoped, suffice to provide:—

(i.) 30s. a week per man and 20s. a week per woman during sickness (including partial or total disability arising from accidents); (ii.) the same amount during unemployment; (iii.) 25s. a week and 15s. a week on superannuation; (iv.) 12s. 6d. a week for widows, plus 5s. a week for each dependent child; (v.) medical benefits as at present; besides (vi.) administration expenses.

It is estimated that the maximum expenditure will be attained in fifty years from the initiation of the scheme, and to meet this expenditure a reserve fund at the rate of £60,000,000 per annum is to be accumulated. This fund would, at 4 per cent. compound interest, amount in fifty years to £3,000,000,000, which at 4 per cent. would produce an income of £120,000,000 per annum, or more than enough to meet the estimated expenditure. The expenditure would thus work out as follows:—

EXPENDITURE.	Beneficiaries.	Benefits.		Cost 1st year.	Cost in 50th year.
		Women.	Men.		
1. Sickness, etc.	{ W. 100,000 } M. 300,000 }	20/-	30/-	28,600,000	28,600,000
2. Unemployment	{ W. 100,000 } M. 350,000 }	20/-	30/-	32,500,000	32,500,000
3. Pensions	{ 1924 W. 100,000 } M. 900,000 } { 1974 W. 500,000 } M. 2,000,000 }	15/-	25/-	62,400,000	—
4. Widows	{ 1924 50,000 } { 1974 1,000,000 }	12/6	—	1,625,000	32,500,000
5. Children to 15	{ 1924 100,000 } { 1974 1,000,000 }	—	5/-	1,300,000	13,000,000
6. Medical Benefits as at present.....	—	—	—	12,000,000	12,000,000
7. Place to Reserve Fund each year for 50 years..	—	—	—	60,000,000	—
8. Cost of Administration ...	—	—	—	10,000,000	15,000,000
9. Surplus	—	—	—	6,725,000	—
				£215,150,000	£315,600,000

Pending further investigation I give these figures, worked out by Mr. Broad, with all reserve, and merely for purposes of illustration. It is evident that as they stand they offer a wide target for criticism, and it is hoped, by those who have interested themselves in the scheme, that such criticism will not be withheld.

Certain obvious points may be noted at once.

The benefits proposed are on a generous scale, and if further examination should prove them not to be actuarially justified they would have to be somewhat curtailed. Even so they would compare very favourably with the existing benefits already enumerated.

Nor are these benefits, meagre as in some cases they appear, obtained without the imposition of a heavy charge upon the general taxpayers and ratepayers, upon the employers and the workmen.

Roughly the charge may be tabulated as follows:—

Poor relief (rates) ...	£44,000,000
Old Age Pensions ...	24,000,000
National Health Insurance (State, Employer, and Employed) ...	30,000,000
Unemployment Insurance (same contributors 1922) ...	71,000,000
Compensation for Accidents (Employers only), say ...	12,000,000
	£181,000,000
Widows' and Children's Pensions, if granted, say ...	25,000,000
	£206,000,000

To the total expenditure of £181,000,000 the taxes and rates, as we have seen, contribute about £86,000,000 (*Drage Return* for 1924, Ho. of C. 26), and if the charge for widows' and children's pensions be imposed wholly upon the taxpayers it would bring their contribution to at least £110,000,000 per annum.

Were the comprehensive scheme of insurance in full operation the whole liability would, on Mr. Broad's figures, be discharged for an annual payment by the State of £44,200,000.

Nor is this all. No scheme could perhaps be expected to stand the strain of a great war such as that from which we have lately emerged. It is, however, arguable that had the scheme been initiated, say, in 1870 some portion at least of the present charge for war pensions—£80,500,000 (1922)—might fairly fall upon the fund, since the fund would have been in receipt of premiums from many of those who were killed or disabled in the war. But it were safer perhaps to leave this out of account.

To the taxpayer, then, the scheme would be an evident advantage. But what of the employer and the workman? The contribution demanded from them would appear to be a heavy one—2s. 6d. employer, 1s. 6d. men, 1s. women. Is it light now? At present women contribute for health and unemployment alone 11d.; they are asked for 1s. for the comprehensive policy. Men contribute 1s. 2d.; they are asked for 1s. 6d. The employers now contribute 1s. 3d. for men, 1s. 1d. for women; they are asked for 2s. 6d. In return, however, for this largely increased premium the employer is to be relieved of all liability for accidents, and for his share in the taxes and rates appropriated to old age pensions and poor relief. To calculate what these would amount to in industry as a whole would involve very elaborate investigation; but I have ascertained that in 1921 the railway industry, employing 735,000 persons, paid £440,851 in workmen's compensation, and contributed to local rates a sum of no less than £10,803,858. Assuming one-third of the latter sum to have been for poor relief, it is evident that for compensation and poor relief alone the companies paid over 2s. per week per employee. My

impression is that many, if not most, industries would find that 3s. a week per employee would barely suffice to discharge their existing obligations, to say nothing of those which may be imposed upon them in future. If this be so, they would actually gain in pocket by the 2s. 6d. proposed in the Broad scheme, while gaining immeasurably in the contentment and the improved *moral* of their workpeople.

Space forbids further discussion of details, but it is proper to add that the benefits of the new system could only be gradually realised, and that during the period of transition none of the existing rights of indigent persons would be affected. Consequently the relief to taxpayers and ratepayers would only be gradual also.

All that I plead for is a thorough and a sympathetic investigation of the Broad scheme. The existing arrangements—system it cannot be called—are intolerable. They are the product of piecemeal legislation; they promote neither high industrial productivity nor social contentment; they offer to different parties a terrible temptation to bribe the electorate by the increase of benefits or the removal of restrictions, and so far as they are non-contributory they have reduced large sections of the population to a condition not far removed from that which compelled the enactment of the new Poor Law of 1834. No one who has studied the report of the Commission which preceded that amendment can regard with complacency or, indeed, without grave perturbation the situation which would unquestionably be revealed by a similar investigation to-day. The remedy applied in 1834, if drastic, was effective. Public opinion would not permit its repetition. Yet the morbid symptoms are not less grave, and if we fail to devise and to apply an alternative prescription, financially sound and socially acceptable, we shall certainly court, and shall perhaps deserve, disaster.

GIRLS' PARLIAMENTS: AN EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION

BY HAROLD E. GORST

"THE problem that lies before me is how to interest my girls in social questions, and to fit them for the duties of citizenship they are destined to share with men."

I was dining with the principal of a large and fashionable girls' school in New York, and we were having a conversation about educational matters in general. The woman who took this serious view of her obligations as a trainer of young women possessed very unusual characteristics, not generally found in the conventional type of school-mistress. Her almost herculean figure and abounding energy were well known in New York society, whilst her frequent appearances upon the platform as a lecturer on political and social questions had secured for her, in several of the American States, considerable notoriety and a full measure of public appreciation.

A possible solution of the problem—which at any rate possessed the merit of an interesting experiment—came into my mind. For several years previously to my lecturing tour in the United States, which was the immediate object of my visit to New York, I had acted as Parliamentary correspondent at Westminster. It had always struck me how much was to be learnt by listening to debates, and what a pleasant and stimulating method it was for the average M.P. of acquiring and making use of knowledge. This I explained to the principal of the New York school.

"Why not try this method here?" I suggested in conclusion. "Let me have a Parliament of your girls. I will train them to speak and debate. It will be as good as a game for them, and incidentally the desire to vanquish an opponent in argument should prove a splendid stimulus, not only to the acquisition of knowledge for use in debate, but to the study and discussion of social questions in which women ought to take an active interest."

The proposal was taken up with enthusiasm. There is

one cardinal virtue that distinguishes the American people. They are always ready to welcome a new idea, and if it strikes them as practical they lose no time in putting it to the test.

"We will ask the girls themselves if they would like to have a Parliament," declared my hostess. "If I get the boarders downstairs, do you mind explaining the whole scheme to them right away?"

We adjourned to the hall, and in ten minutes scores of girls in evening dress filled every available seat and overflowed, in Turkish fashion, on to the carpet. To this picturesque audience I explained the exciting procedure of a debate in the British House of Commons; and the principal then proposed to them that they should decide by the following day, after talking over the matter amongst themselves, whether they would like to have a Parliament of their own. But the decision was made on the spot. The girls would not hear of any delay, and voted unanimously in favour of the project. It was therefore announced that the plan should be carried into effect at once, and after much cheering the audience dispersed in groups, eagerly discussing the innovation.

The scheme, it must be understood, was wholly experimental. When I somewhat lightheartedly proposed it, I had not the least notion whether girls of from fifteen to eighteen years of age could be got to speak at all. Granted that the capacity were in them, it was obviously the most essential thing of all to approach the subject in such a way as to insure, as far as might be humanly possible, against the catastrophe of a nervous breakdown at the commencement. Much plainly depended upon the success of the initial debate. The first task, therefore, was to break the ice and thus to create a favourable atmosphere for those who could be persuaded to make a trial of their powers of speech.

From this standpoint two preliminary conditions seemed imperative. In the first place, the Parliament must have the largest number of members available; for everybody knows how much easier it is to address a hundred people than to talk before a dozen or a score. It was accordingly

decided that all the girls above the age of thirteen, both day pupils and boarders, should attend the debates. The inclusion of such young girls, although its wisdom was at first doubted by the teaching staff, turned out afterwards to have an important influence, in more ways than one, upon the success of the Parliament. The second condition was that the girls should be absolutely free from all restraint; and to ensure this factor, at least at the beginning, it was agreed that the school teachers should not be present.

It was in these circumstances that I found myself facing, one morning, an assembly of about eighty American girls. As already explained, the idea that chiefly dominated my mind was to set them all at their ease, and thus to banish the stage fright which appeared to me to be the first and most difficult obstacle to be overcome. In order to effect this, I tried to put into their heads how very little would be expected of them at the beginning. The popular delusion was, I told them, that an orator rose from his seat to take part in a discussion without the least notion what he was going to say, and that Heaven inspired him with ideas and arguments on the spur of the moment. That, I pointed out, was a complete error. What really happened was that, after an enormous amount of careful preparation, the debater managed, with luck, to stammer out about a third of what he had wanted to say.

This led on, in natural sequence, to an exposition of the various ways in which a speech might be prepared. Every speaker has, of course, a method of his own; but I could talk with some confidence on the subject as I had made a special hobby of ascertaining, during my career as a Parliamentary journalist, the different means employed by many of our foremost debaters in the House of Commons in the preparation of their speeches. The method I advocated here, however, was the making of ample notes, but a careful avoidance of writing out a speech beforehand, and thereby determining the exact language in which it should be delivered. Speeches committed to memory may be very useful on occasions, but they are only effective when the orator has the necessary dramatic skill to make

them sound perfectly spontaneous; and, although every woman is said to be a born actress, I warned my pupils in this connection that the art of debating cannot be acquired in that way. Some of the most brilliant speakers in the House of Commons have been severely handicapped by the habit of learning their speeches by heart, their desire to shine by the use of fine phrases having prevented them from contenting themselves at first with a lower level of attainment, in order to gain by degrees the capability of expressing in spontaneous language the ideas and arguments they have prepared for the occasion.

Having dwelt at some length on the fact that no one should attempt to make a speech without knowing exactly what she was going to say, though not the precise words in which she was going to say it, I passed on to explain the organisation of a debate and the rules by which it should be conducted. An elaborate procedure was obviously unnecessary. It had grown up by degrees in real Parliaments, I explained, to meet various contingencies as they arose, such as the ingenious tactics of members whose principal aim was to obstruct public business and bring it to a standstill. The simplest rules would suffice for the conduct of a school debate, where the sole motive would be the prosecution of an interesting discussion. But, in order to infuse as far as possible an air of reality into the proceedings, it was arranged that I should assume the title and authority of "Mr. Speaker," that all speeches should be addressed to the Chair, and that members should allude to one another only in the third person.

The next step was to explain the Parliamentary method of dealing with a concrete subject for debate, such as a resolution. The important point here was the difference between the aim of the legislative assembly and the aim of the ordinary debating society. Whereas the latter discusses a proposition with the single object of carrying or defeating it, a Parliament sets out to find some formula to which the majority of its members can agree, and to this end the original proposition is altered by the process of amendment until some agreement is reached. Whilst, therefore,

the proceedings of a debating society are purely academic in interest, the work of a Parliament is always fruitful and constructive. For that reason, both the educational and practical value of the latter far exceeds that of the former; to which consideration may be added the fact that the task of amendment is much more stimulating to the mind, besides offering far greater scope for variety and interest.

We now proceeded to do some preliminary organisation for the first debate, which was to take place at the next meeting. It was not much use to ask the girls to choose a subject for discussion. I tried; but the result was to get purely historical suggestions, such as the character of Queen Elizabeth or the causes of the American Civil War. What I wanted was to bring the girls face to face at once with some modern social question, which would serve to remove the debate from a purely academic atmosphere inimical to progressive ideas. Accordingly I gave them two subjects to choose from: the tyranny of fashion, and the duty of Americans to take the lead in humane legislation. Without a moment's hesitation they selected the more serious subject. I confess that the choice surprised me; but I have always found, in the course of a long experience of young girls' debates, that they invariably prefer to discuss serious topics, although a frivolous subject has sometimes been chosen—often enough at my own instigation—by way of occasional relief.

Having settled on the subject, the resolution had now to be put into a proper form of words. It read somewhat as follows: "That this Assembly is of opinion that it is the duty of Americans, as representing the most progressive nation in the world, to take the lead in passing humane legislation." It devolved upon me also, of course, to draft an amendment to be moved by the Opposition. This took approximately the following form: "To strike out 'to take the lead' and insert 'not to lag behind other countries.'" Upon my calling for a demonstration of those in favour of supporting the resolution, two or three of the elder girls, who were evidently recognised as leaders in the school, held up their hands. After a pause of some seconds several more hands went up, and in less than a

minute the hand of every girl present was held up in support of the resolution. This proved in later experiences to be invariably the case. It is one of the cardinal difficulties in dealing with the immature mind. Once a lead is given by somebody who is liked or respected, and all independence of thought is thrown overboard by the average schoolgirl.

Here was a dilemma, for no debate was possible without opposition. There was no other course open, if the affair was to succeed, than to make an attempt to manufacture a little opinion on the other side. With this object in view I gave a brief dissertation on the merits of the amendment, pointing out some of the arguments that could be used in support of it. Then, addressing a group of elder girls on whom I thought some impression had been made, I asked if one of them would not come forward and agree to take charge of the amendment. The plan succeeded. An intelligent-looking girl volunteered, and before many seconds were over she had half the school at the back of her—so fickle is the feminine mind, at any rate in its embryonic stages. The Parliament was thus divided into two groups—the supporters of the resolution and the supporters of the amendment. All that remained to be done was to charge the leaders on each side with the task of arranging for their seconders, and of persuading a number of their companions to take an active part in supporting them.

The first debate, which took place a week later, fully justified our most sanguine anticipations. There were no serious breakdowns, and it was kept going for more than an hour. Half-a-dozen promising speakers sprang at once into prominence, whilst a dozen more scraped through quite creditably. Some of the latter, as a matter of fact, were destined to rise eventually to the top; for I soon discovered that, whereas the first brilliance often wears off just as in the case of the House of Commons, the more lasting qualities are concealed beneath a natural diffidence and require time for their development.

Before calling upon the mover of the resolution, I thought it expedient once more thoroughly to break the ice and to rob the first attempts at speaking of some of their

terrors. I told them amusing anecdotes about some of the traditional maiden speeches in the British Parliament—how one member, on being asked afterwards in the smoking-room if he had felt nervous, replied that when he saw the Speaker's wig surrounded by blue flames he had thought it time to sit down; how another had got up in his place and made eloquent gestures, but was stricken dumb with fright and could not articulate a single word; and how the famous Addison, one of the greatest masters of the English language, after addressing the Speaker three times from the Treasury Bench, had resumed his seat unable to get any further. And I wound up with the assurance that very little was expected of them at the first effort, and that it would be quite satisfactory if they managed to stammer out a few arguments without breaking down altogether. I also promised to come at once to the rescue of any girl who found herself in difficulties.

By this means an atmosphere of hilarity was engendered which reacted favourably upon the orator who opened the debate. Shyness is not a characteristic of the American girl, and I daresay that my anxiety on that score was unfounded; but I was determined to take no risks, as so much depended upon the avoidance of failure at the outset. This initial experiment taught me several things. In the first place, notwithstanding my exhortation of the previous week in connection with the preparation of speeches, notes were very little in evidence. The reason became apparent in the course of the debates that followed. Speakers did not like the other girls to see that their speeches had been prepared with care; fearing that the feeble result, after so much apparent preparation, would expose them to ridicule. This is, of course, a very common characteristic of public speakers. How many orators, who act as dinner bells in the House of Commons, have assured me that they never prepare their speeches but rely upon their remarkable gift of inspiration! Whereas the good speakers admit frankly that their efforts demand the most careful preparation. A cynic has even said that no good joke has ever been made in Parliament that was not prepared beforehand.

Another feature was the bad use to which notes were put by the few debaters who relied upon them. They always appeared to be in a hopeless muddle, and after vain efforts to read what they had written would turn their notes about and look at them, in a despondent fashion, upside down. It may be that the want of logic in the feminine mind is a genuine disability. At all events, I have rarely succeeded in getting girls to arrange their points in logical sequence and put them down clearly and intelligently on a piece of paper.

On the other hand, it must be conceded that girls, with but few exceptions, possess a remarkable knack of expressing themselves—without any of the hesitation for words that so often mars the attempts of an inexperienced speaker of the other sex—in very simple language. It is this natural gift that is their undoing. They soon learn that the actual talking does not present any great difficulty; and as their efficiency in this respect increases with practice, there is a corresponding sad falling off in the work of preparation. This fluency, however, has its limitations. Girls, in spite of their early maturity in other directions, are for the most part distinctly lacking in original ideas. The arguments brought forward, both on this and subsequent occasions, were of the most obvious description. I have rarely, if ever, heard a girl get off the beaten track; but without sarcasm one may say the same thing of the House of Commons, where the few exceptions to the rule bring men very rapidly into prominent notice.

A more pleasing feature of the debate was the humanity exhibited by the various speakers. Americans take a less pessimistic view of poverty than we are apt to do in this country, for the simple reason that it is quite a common occurrence for the poor man of to-day to become rich to-morrow, and that opportunities for people in humble circumstances to raise themselves in this way are comparatively plentiful in the United States. But there was no speaker who did not show sympathy with those who were less fortunate than herself. And this has always been a significant feature of all my girls' Parliaments on both sides of the Atlantic. Even the most conservative of their

members have invariably exhibited, in regard to social problems, an almost violently progressive spirit.

The starting of a second Parliament in another large school for girls in New York afforded the opportunity for a very interesting comparison. The pupils of the rival establishments came from two widely separated classes of American citizens. In the one case the majority of girls had their homes in the Far West, where their fathers were self-made men who had risen from nothing to great wealth. In the other, the girls were the daughters of lawyers, clergymen, and other professional men. The contrast made itself felt in the most unmistakable manner in the quality of the debates. Girls who came from homes where dollars and dress were almost the sole topics of conversation, whatever their school advantages might be, had nothing like the mental equipment of those who were brought up in cultured surroundings where intelligent conversation formed a part of their daily environment. Notwithstanding this disability on the part of those who lacked the advantage of a good home training, it was gratifying to note their rapid progress, during the three terms I conducted the debates, in assimilating knowledge and framing opinions which were by no means invariably crude and elementary.

As has already been stated the discussions were not all of a serious nature. Sometimes a frivolous subject was selected, and on one occasion a Bill was treated with reprehensible levity. After some preliminary practice in debating resolutions, we proceeded to the task of framing legislation. Bills were taken rapidly through their stages. There was a short debate on the general principle of the Bill at its second reading; its two or three clauses were amended in committee; and the altered Bill was then discussed in its final shape. On the occasion referred to above, a Bill was introduced for the purpose of "improving existing methods of education." How the clauses stood originally I do not recollect; but when this remarkable piece of school legislation emerged from its committee stage, it had been agreed to collect all school text books into a heap, to make a bonfire of them,

and to banish the teachers to the Sandwich Islands, in the hope—expressed very fervently by the mover of the amendment which proposed this reform—that they would speedily disappear down the throats of the cannibals.

At the beginning of this article I referred to the fact that the inclusion of girls as young as fourteen and fifteen exercised a considerable influence upon the success of these Parliaments. It soon became noticeable, as progress was made with the experiment, that the younger girls were much less diffident about making speeches than the older ones. They had less knowledge, of course, and their ideas were often very crude; but they were generally quite unabashed in exposing their ignorance and seldom disconcerted by ridicule. The older girls evidently thought that a good deal more was expected of them, and this belief made them more modest in expressing their opinions. In this respect, therefore, the younger element proved to be a very useful addition to the discussions and helped not only to keep the debates going but to create a cheerful atmosphere.

It was with some misgivings that I started my first Parliament in an English school after my experiences in New York. The English girl differs so conspicuously from her American sister that it could by no means be taken for granted that the former would succeed where the special characteristics of the latter had proved so signal an asset. But I can faithfully state, after running several English school Parliaments during a much longer period, that they generally achieved in the end a higher standard of efficiency. The English girl possesses the more lasting qualities. Her development is more gradual and for the most part lacks the surface brilliance of the American; but this very fact makes her more determined to acquire by work what is denied her by nature. The consequence is that the English debates have generally attained a higher level of excellence than the American debates.

Occasionally, however, even English schoolgirls surprise one by a sudden departure from the normal. At one school near London it was the custom for the head-

mistress and the entire teaching staff to be present at the debates. One day, when, all being in their places, I had taken my seat in the Speaker's chair, the head girl rose up solemnly and asked if it would be in order for her to move a special resolution before the ordinary proceedings were commenced. Being of an unsuspicious nature, I consented; whereupon, to my horror, she calmly moved that the headmistress and other teachers be requested to leave the room and to refrain from attending in the future. Great applause followed the moving of the resolution, which was not accompanied by any further remarks.

"That must be seconded," I said feebly, when I had recovered my self-possession.

Another girl rose promptly. "I beg to second it," she exclaimed, though in somewhat trembling tones.

The resolution was put from the chair and agreed to with acclamation.

I rose solemnly. "The resolution is carried unanimously," I declared, feeling very uncomfortable but equally helpless. "Representations shall be made in due course in the proper quarters," I added, hoping to gain time and avert an immediate crisis.

For two minutes there was deafening applause. The girls slammed the lids of their desks and shouted until they were hoarse.

Then there was an awkward silence, broken only by the sound of agitated whisperings.

The tension was relieved by the action of the headmistress. With much dignity she rose and, beckoning to the staff to follow, quietly left the room. She paused for a moment at the door, faced the rows of girls who sat opposite to one another in Parliamentary fashion, and remarked with calm emphasis before disappearing:

"I think you are very silly."

I sincerely hoped that the unfortunate Speaker was not included in the general application, and certainly could have wished that the privacy of the debates—certainly a good thing in itself in the initial stages—had been secured in a more tactful manner. Luckily the principal of the school was a very broad-minded woman, who had the

happiness and welfare of her pupils sincerely at heart, and not the slightest trace of ill-will resulted from this drastic use of newly acquired Parliamentary powers.

An incident that might have provoked much more serious consequences occurred at another school, where a strangers' gallery was always filled with an audience of relations and friends. A lady was present who was an energetic suffragist and public speaker. At the close of the debate I received a message from her asking if she might be allowed to address a few remarks to the girls, in whose proceedings she took the liveliest interest. Thinking that kindly criticism and encouragement from such a quarter would have a stimulating effect, I readily consented. The lady then advanced to the middle of the room, and proceeded to expose in the most ruthless manner all the fallacy and foolishness of the arguments to which we had been listening. After much severe comment of this nature she wound up by advising the unhappy debaters never to get up and try to make speeches until they had mastered a few facts and could found some sensible arguments on them. This ill-advised criticism might easily have destroyed the Parliament altogether. It is the fact that a good deal of rubbish is talked in these school discussions, but I have always made it a cardinal rule to listen to all speeches, however bad their quality may be, with attention and interest. The object of the Parliament is to get the girls to talk and thus to provide them with a means of self-expression; it is for the school and the home to furnish them with the necessary mental equipment for talking good sense.

The girls in my English Parliaments all belonged to the upper classes. They rarely failed to exhibit great humanity in discussing social problems, and many a revolutionary Bill has been passed by them with complete nonchalance, the drastic provisions of which would certainly have sent a cold shock down the spine of the most advanced Labour member. Although their sympathies were invariably with the poor and suffering, it must be admitted that the majority of them displayed a remarkable ignorance concerning actual social conditions. Their

knowledge, largely inaccurate, was often of the vaguest kind. It was generally assumed, for instance, in all the school Parliaments, that three-fourths of the population were steeped in drink; and many were the legislative efforts made to remedy this deplorable state of affairs.

It was not, of course, the Speaker's function to interfere with the arguments used in the course of these discussions. His task was to see that the debates were conducted in an orderly fashion, and to encourage the girls in every possible way to give expression to their own ideas. But an opportunity generally occurred, at the conclusion of the sitting, for a few words of criticism and advice; and it was possible, on such occasions, to correct any important errors in a tactful way. The difficulty always was the readiness of the girls to follow any lead that was given them, and thus to avoid the trouble of thinking out things for themselves. The main educational advantage of the debates was that it gave them a real incentive to take an interest in social problems, and to gather information on such subjects in their leisure hours instead of reading all kinds of rubbish. As previously stated, serious discussions were always preferred to light or frivolous ones; and if only parents and guardians could be made to realise this natural tendency of girls who are growing into womanhood, and would encourage instead of snubbing it on the ground that young people have no business to express opinions about social questions, girls would be made much more fit for the responsibilities the future now has in store for them.

PERSONALITY IN CRICKET

BY SIR HOME GORDON, BART.

THERE never was a time when the middle-aged onlookers did not sorrowfully shake their heads and say "first-class cricket is not what it was." These pessimists were particularly vociferous last summer on every county ground, and no doubt will again indulge in jeremiads next season. They are absolutely wrong. Since modern cricket was inaugurated in 1878, never was the standard of wicket-keeping and fielding so high as now. Everybody who understands cricket must admit that it is more important to save runs than to make them. Again, the scrupulous fairness of contemporary bowling is a tremendous improvement upon the frequent cases of throwing which went unrebuked, save by Lord Harris, until Jem Phillips cleaned the Augean stable. The fact that we lost the rubber of Test Matches in 1921 is no ground for anticipating that we shall lose them again next winter in Australia. In fact, it is desirable that the lovers of cricket in England should realise that the experts of the Commonwealth are very sceptical of the chances of their own men. The plain truth is that the sporting chances are that we shall regain the mythical ashes, and it is no use telling the team to be chosen to go overseas next September that they will be beaten. They are not likely to be, and it will not give them confidence to disparage their chances before they sail.

If cricket in any branches is less excellent than it was, it can only be in batting and bowling. So it is worth recalling what that superb master, K. S. Ranjitsinhji—H.H. the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar—said to the present writer: "Batting is always only just superior to the bowling it has to meet. Therefore the better the bowling the better will be the batting. The stars of the batting firmament were in the days of the giants of bowling." The more lovers of cricket think over this statement the more they will be convinced of its truth. We lost the last rubber

of Test Matches in this country because our batsmen could not play the Australian fast bowlers. Why? Because we had not fast bowlers of our own to pit against our batsmen. The extra nip of pace from Messrs. Macdonald and Gregory was too much for our cricketers, as was seen by the exhibition England gave at Nottingham.

England possesses excellent batsmen and fairly useful bowlers—there is no need to make a list. What is lacking is great personalities. There is only one to-day—Hobbs, and he has never been quite the bat he was since his operation for appendicitis. Personality is simply magical in cricket, not only in its effect on the spectators but also on players of the opposing side. The magnetic is of immense value in cricket. One post-war instance was the way in which every batsman was cramped when C. H. L. Skeet was fielding, because of the fear of putting up a catch in his direction.

The greatest of all personalities any of us have ever seen was that of Dr. W. G. Grace. To the younger generation who never watched him play it is difficult to give any word-picture of the champion. Whoever else might be in the match, "the Old Man"—as he was affectionately called—was the dominating individual. Physically he was huge and, though clumsily built, remarkably active. In appearance, with his burly figure, big beard, and suggestion of great strength, he was the embodiment of John Bull in the field. There were always cavillers who tried to minimise him, but the fact remains that he stood alone in the days of bad wickets, and that he did more than any man of any generation to enthuse the community with the love of cricket. No one present will ever forget the wonderful demonstration accorded to him at the centenary dinner of M.C.C. No public recognition was ever made of what he stood for; he was never knighted and he was never even on the committee of M.C.C., much less president. The one existing memorial to him are the hideous gates at Lord's, which is the headquarters both of cricket and of architectural ugliness, for the mound is a disfigurement, the pavilion looks like an ugly railway station, and the grand stand a melancholy embodiment of

what wood and iron should never be. The true memory of Grace is in the hearts of those who knew him or watched him. He was the most appreciative judge of the merits of other cricketers, the best of fathers and husbands, and in his day he was as much a household name as Gladstone or Kitchener.

The only personality approaching his in cricket was that of Ranjitsinhji, and he again and again has told me that he only began where W. G. ended. What he did was to provide new strokes due to his miraculously supple wrists and amazing quickness of eye. He overcame all prejudice against "an Indian teaching us our own game of cricket," became the idol of the public and a warm friend to many of us. The point to be insisted on was his extraordinary acuteness of criticism: he could sum up the possible developments latent in a colt with almost uncanny accuracy. If the crowd took him to their hearts he always played the game to them, and it is probable that his century at Manchester in the Test Match of 1905 was the greatest innings ever compiled, bearing in mind the conditions and the merit of the opposing bowling.

The man who has done most for cricket, not only in this country but in nine tours in various parts of the world, is Lord Hawke. It is he who set the modern standard of sportsmanship on and off the field, and to him is due the self-respecting, universally respected status of the modern professional. He captained Yorkshire with unparalleled ability in the golden age of that champion county, and famous leaders, such as P. F. Warner and H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, are proud to confess how much they owe to him. The name of Hawke stands for the purity of sport, and the fact that he is writing his *Reminiscences* whilst he still exercises such influence on modern cricket should lead to a volume that will be eagerly read.

The one that Lord Hawke has always looked up to is Lord Harris. He looms as a stern, dominant figure over the last fifty years of cricket, an enthusiast who has never relaxed his high standard and who to-day figures as the embodiment of M.C.C. Among all his labours for cricket, his vigorous protest against unfair bowling was invaluable.

One of the most generous acts of his life was to captain England in the first Test Match at the Oval after the disturbance of which he was the victim at Sydney. He has borne the high traditions of Kent cricket, and to-day the happiest atmosphere of all is still in the home matches of the Hop County. Lord Harris is the Michael of all the cricketing angels, the one who holds the sword of judgment, and who has never spared himself or lost his enthusiasm.

Of the next generation the amateur who has exercised the most influence behind the scenes, the one whose tact as a peacemaker has healed so many disputes, is H. D. G. Leveson-Gower. He has enormously affected cricket—and always for good. The Universities owe him a debt of gratitude for what he has done for generations of undergraduate teams. He has developed the Scarborough Festival into the embodiment of superbly directed holiday cricket; he has toiled devotedly alike for Surrey, for M.C.C., as selector and as cricketer. In the field he was as fine a captain as ever came from a pavilion; as a player he was never beaten until the issue was decided. Behind the scenes, first-class cricketers are often jealous, often captious, but “the Shrimp” is universally beloved. The problem ahead is who of the younger generation will step into his shoes.

In the eventful struggle of Test Matches, the personality of F. S. Jackson will ever seem dominant. The genius of his individuality is shown in the fact that he alone has a greater average in Test Matches than in the rest of his distinguished career as a cricketer. Fine as was his prowess, even more remarkable was his dominance as an England captain; full of confidence and resource, making the most of the sides he had to lead into the field, “Jacker” was the strongest personality that ever opposed Australia. And it is an irreparable loss that he should never have played in the Antipodes.

Of the Walkers I can only write from hearsay, for only the youngest played within my memory, but their fine, serene, delightful influence over cricket will remain as a fragrant tradition so long as the game is played. A

charming individuality, unobtrusive but so alert for every department of the game in which he was a brilliant captain, admirable bat and excellent field, was that of John Shuter. Stirring, keen, as desperately strong in individuality as in prowess was S. M. J. Woods. A big-hearted, big cricketer. Terrific in his punishing powers was “the croucher” Gilbert Jessop, who always said the best bowling was the easiest to hit, and proved it by scoring at the rate of over a hundred an hour again and again off Hirst, Rhodes, and Haigh at their best.

Of the professionals, George Hirst possessed the biggest personality, as cheery as Patsy Hendren to-day, but with “more punch” in him. Poor George Lohmann was the typical Englishman, keen, clever, incisive in every department, desperately vitalised as is the case with those doomed to be short-lived. We all have a kindly memory of Johnny Briggs.

It may be doubtful if the present mania for over-coaching boys will not arrest individual development. Certainly, in my judgment, the bat-drill enforced at Lord's in the Easter classes by the instruction is calculated to do this. It does not matter who is teaching there, the tuition is on the lines laid down. A boy was turned out of the class because he was not able to stand as told to at the wicket. That boy has since played for his School, his University, his County, and for an M.C.C. tour in the Antipodes. But he still bats exactly as he was bade not to by the coach at St. John's Wood.

There is another aspect of personality which has to be considered, and that is the individuality of those who have to go on tour to Australia next autumn. Because those chosen have to do something far more important than play cricket. They have to be links of Empire. They have to show a standard of good sportsmanship, good manners, and good fellowship to their hosts at the Antipodes. They should be Englishmen with an appeal to their brethren overseas. We all know how different the post-war cricketer from Australia seems to us to what most of his forbears were in the 'eighties. English cricket in the past has not been always altogether happy in her representa-

tives sent under the Southern Cross. Such mistakes off the field must not recur again. That is why our representatives, both amateur and professional, must be selected not only for how they play, but for what they are. The manner of man is of more importance than the runs he makes or the wickets he takes. England expects the best from her picked sons, and on them lies the duty of upholding the standard and showing whilst the old order changes that the old spirit of true sportsmanship is still as finely preserved to-day. Young England has the very best, but only the best must be sent, none of whom we should be ashamed even though their skill is proverbial. All must look up to their captain, and he must act everywhere as admirably as F. T. Mann did in South Africa a year ago. On the selection of captain much depends. It is suicidal to take the best all-round man if he does not recognise that *noblesse oblige* and is not likely to act up to it. English cricketers to Australia are Ministers Plenipotentiary for linking the ties of Empire and counteracting the party machinations of self-seeking politicians. That is the keynote. The Selection Committee have the issue in their hands.

FIRE¹

A FRAGMENT

BY MAXIM GORKY

THERE was a great forest fire in the year 1893 or 1894 beyond the Volga, opposite Nijni Novgorod; the flames spread over hundreds of acres. An acrid, opaline smoke hung over the town, and an orange-coloured sun hung in the smoke, a sun without rays, a weird, pitiful sun that gleamed unhealthily in the murky waters of the Volga, as though about to sink to the muddy bottom of the river. The meadows beyond the Volga acquired a brownish hue and the town itself seemed to be dyed with dull, mud-stained colours. In the smoky, suffocating mist all sounds were deadened; the bees deserted the gardens, and even the indomitable sparrows began to chirp in lower tones and fly in a less hurried manner.

It was depressing to watch the discoloured sun set behind the Volga and sink into the earth, and to know that there would be none of the usual splendours of sunset. At night one could see, above the black wall of the distant forest, a dragon of fire moving its notched spine and breathing black clouds into the sky, like some dragon of ancient myth.

The smoke filled the streets and penetrated into the rooms of the houses—the whole town became one vast smoking room. Cursing and coughing, the people came out at night on to the steep bank of the river, on to the "Slope," and, watching the flames beyond, ate ices and drank lemonade and beer, telling each other that it was the peasants who had set fire to the trees. One day someone said gloomily:

"It is the first rehearsal of the play: *The Agony of the Earth*."

A priest whom I knew, gazing at the horizon with the

(1) From his forthcoming book *Fragments from my Diary*, to be published by Philip Allan & Co., London, and Robert McBride & Co., New York. Copyright 1924 by Maxim Gorky, in England and the United States.

red eyes of a drunkard, muttered: "There's something apocalyptic about it—meanwhile, let's have a drink. . . ."

All these jokes seemed to me to be out of place and irritated me intensely; in fact, everything that was said in those blurred, suffocating days unveiled mercilessly the barrenness and boredom of everyday life.

An infantry officer, a dreamer, who was composing a *Botany in Verse for Middle-aged Maidens*, proposed that I should accompany him to the scene of the fire: some soldiers of his company were working there. We rode to the place on a stuffy night, on two of the regimental horses; the ferry took us across the river to the village of Bor, and the well-fed horses, snorting angrily, cantered along the sandy road into the suffocating fog. Enfolding the peaceful fields in a deathly shroud, the fog thinned above our heads into wisps of muslin, through which the dull sunrise slowly broke. The nearer we came to the forest the more blue the fog appeared, till it tore at our throats and made our eyes water. The orderly with us sneezed loudly, and the officer, wiping the lens of his eyeglasses and coughing harshly, recited some of his verses, boldly making "love" rhyme with "rough."

Three peasants with spades and axes stood aside to let us pass, and the infantry poet shouted out to them:

"Where is the detachment working?"

"Dunno. . . ."

The orderly, taking a pull at the reins, asked them:

"Where are the soldiers?"

A peasant in a red shirt pointed with his axe to the left:

"Over there. . . ."

In a few minutes we came to a grove where some men in white shirts were working amid a thicket of fir and pine trees. A subaltern came up to us and reported that all was well, only the Tchuvash¹ soldier had burnt himself a bit. Then he "took the liberty to say that" in his opinion it was useless to carry on any longer.

"It's done its business over here, sir; the fire moves along on the top in a half-circle; it'll swallow up this bit over here, and as it's got nothing more to do further on, it'll just die out by itself. . . ."

(1) Mongol population of Northern Russia.

Then, pointing with his lean hand to the right, he warned us:

"When you go over there, mind that turf-marsh, the dry one. The fire's crawling low down in that direction. The people are beginning to get anxious. . . ."

The officer looked worried, too, evidently not knowing quite what orders to give; but at that moment a big, bearded peasant emerged from the wood like a great bear, carrying a cudgel in his hand and wearing a tin plate on his chest. He took off his hat, strewn with ashes, and gazed motionless at the officer with an intelligent look in his dark blue eyes.

"You're the bailiff, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, how is it going on?"

"It's burning, sir."

"We must carry on the fight," said the officer. "The forest is enormously valuable. . . . Yes. . . . The forest, my dear fellow—it's not merely trees, but the home of human beings, like, for instance, your village. . . ."

"Ours is a poor village. . . ."

On the ground at my feet millions of ants were crawling in dark rows, getting out of the way of a large beetle that was striding rapidly along the road. I went back to look at the place whence this ant-heap was transplanting itself.

I became aware of a strange rustle in the air, as though some invisible being were walking beside me, trampling the grass and stirring the leaves. Even the branches of the trees trembled uneasily, incomprehensibly. Behind us walked the bailiff, telling us of his troubles.

"Here I am—walking about for three whole days. . . . You're one of the authorities, aren't you? Ah—you've come to have a look. . . . So that's all right. . . . Come this way. I'll take you to a hillock not far from here where you can see everything beautifully."

The sandy hillock was shaded by large pine-trees, their tops resembling chalices, but filled with an opaline muddiness. In front of the hill, in a valley, some emaciated fir-trees and slim, graceful birches were scattered here and there; silvery poplars trembled anxiously; further on the trees clustered more and more closely together, and among

them the fir-trees rose again, their bronze trunks covered with the greenish tint of lichen.

At the roots of the trees merry little flames ran along like squirrels, flourishing their red tails, while a low blue smoke crept over the ground. One could see well how the playful fire climbed on to the bark of the trunks, twined itself around them, hiding away somewhere; and then, behind it, the golden ants came crawling, while the green lichen became first grey, then black. Now the fire appeared again from somewhere and began to gnaw at the rusty grass and low shrubs, then hid again, and suddenly a whole crowd of quick, red little beasts appeared scurrying and bustling among the roots.

Leaning on his cudgel, the bailiff grumbled:

"Our men are there. . . . God help them! . . ."

We could see no one at that distance, but across the crackling and rustling and far-away drone we could hear the short strokes of the axe, the resounding sighs and heavy, scraping sound of falling trees. A field-mouse rolled from a bank to my feet, a white hare shone as it raced across the marsh.

There was no chirping, although the forests of the Volga are rich with singing birds; nor were there any bees, nor humble-bees, nor wasps in that heavy atmosphere, that hot blue intoxicating fog. It was sad to watch the green leaves take on a deadly greyness or become covered with a red rust; often, without flaring up at all, the leaves of the poplars simply crumbled to the earth, like ashen butterflies, plaintively exposing the thin branches. But sometimes the leaves, dried by the heat, blazed up all at once and then scattered in hundreds of red and yellow moths. I could see the luxurious fir trees, far away in the distance, rapidly lose their dark green velvety brilliance and sprinkle broadcast a thick rain of ruddy golden sparks that reminded one of golden commas. Now they whirl up all together in the air with a light, cheerful crackling, strewing the whole pyramid of the fir tree; then shoot up and disappear, leaving the tree quite black, only the ends of its naked branches glittering here and there with small yellow flowers. Now another fir tree rapidly bursts into blossom

and dies in the same way; then another, and another. There is a sharp crack, and a low-growing tree splits like a rotten egg, and reddish yellow snakes twist about and crawl in every direction across the marsh, lifting their sharp heads and peering out of the grass, stinging the trunks of the trees on their way. The delicate leaves of the birch rapidly become yellow as the fire climbs swiftly along the white trunk; the resinous bark, the branches, smoulder with a blue smoke; thin jets of flame curl up with a wonderful beauty, whistling as they do so. And in that low whistle fragments of songs seemed to ring out—strange and deep songs.

One was imperatively drawn nearer and nearer the fire. The bailiff called out and unconsciously began descending the hill, brandishing his stick and exclaiming:

"By heaven, what a sight! Oh, my God, Thou createst wonders. . . ."

The drone in the wood ceased suddenly, to be supplanted by the wail of an anguished wolf. "Uh—uh—uh . . . !"

"They're running," the bailiff said.

And he was right. To our left, far away between the trees, human figures appeared running. They appeared so rapidly that they seemed to have been thrown out of the wood. To the right, on the marsh, two soldiers emerged in high boots grey with ashes and in shirts without belts. They were leading a short, little peasant, holding him under his arms like a drunken man. The peasant was snorting and spitting, his dishevelled beard and torn shirt spattered with blood, his nose and lips torn, while his staring eyes seemed to be deprived of sight. When they came nearer we saw that he was smiling with a plaintive, childish smile.

"Where are you taking him?" the bailiff asked sternly.

The Tartar soldier, grinning good-naturedly, answered: "He was committing arson—dragging the fire from one place to another."

His companion added angrily:

"Yes, he was blowing up the fire, making it blaze. We saw him."

"Making it blaze indeed! I was only lighting my pipe."

"We'd been told to look out for you, and we saw you set fire to a branch and carry it along."

"Set fire to it indeed! It was already burning and I just kicked it along."

Here one of the soldiers gave the man a blow on the neck.

"Now—now—don't you strike him," ordered the bailiff. "That's one of our men. . . . He is, I don't mind telling you, not quite right in his head."

"Then why don't you keep him chained up?"

They began to argue angrily, while the flames danced on the marsh, meeting the peasants who came running out of the wood. About seven men, jumping heavily, came in our direction; they ran up to us, panting, coughing hoarsely and swearing, and fell on the sand at the foot of the hill:

"Precious nearly caught us!"

"What a lot of birds were burnt down there. . . ."

At the sight of these blackened, exhausted people, the soldiers calmed down, and, releasing the man to whom they had been giving a thrashing, disappeared in the warm clouds of smoke. The smoke had become more blue and more acrid as time went on. The sparks still glittered on the marsh, ringing the trunks of the trees. The yellow leaves of the birches and elders withered and curled up; the lichen on the trunks of the fir trees stirred uncannily and became a live thing, reminding one of a swarm of bees.

It grew very hot on the hill; it was difficult to breathe. The peasants, having rested a little, disappeared one by one into the thicket on the top of the hill.

The bailiff turned to the beaten man:

"You are always getting into a mess, Nikita," he grumbled, "nothing ever teaches you anything, neither a fire, nor a church procession. . . ."

The man remained silent, picking his front teeth with a dirty finger.

"They're quite right when they say you ought to be on a chain, they are."

The man took his finger out of his mouth and rubbed it on the edge of his shirt. He moved his head from one side to the other, his motionless eyes scanning the marsh, watching the jets of smoke. The whole marsh was smouldering, and blue and purple ringlets of smoke emerged here and there out of the black earth. And everywhere they were followed by flames that flared up suddenly in a pointed heap out of the turf, balanced themselves, shook, and disappeared again, leaving behind them a golden red stain, from which thin red threads stretched out on all sides, joining presently into knots of new fires.

Suddenly, right at the foot of the hill, a juniper tree flared up like a heap of cotton wool. The bailiff, brandishing his hat, stepped back.

"Look out!" he cried; "we'd better be getting away from here. . . ."

We turned, and made our way across the thickly carpeted ground, the bailiff muttering: "What's the good of me walking about here? What can a man do against such flames? Meanwhile my own work's at a standstill; more than a thousand people, maybe, are wasting their time in the same way. . . ."

We descended through the thicket into a valley at the bottom of which a stream glittered dully. Here the smoke lay thicker still, so that the stream itself seemed but a ringlet of smoke. A quail rose suddenly out of the grass and fell like a stone among the shrubs, a small snake crawled rapidly past us, and behind it, like a grey clod, a hedgehog was careering towards the stream.

"We'll catch 'em up," said Nikita, and stooping his head he crashed like a bull through the shrubs.

"You look out what you're doing, and don't play the fool," the bailiff shouted after him; then, looking furtively at me, he added: "He's a bit wrong in his head—his house was burnt down three times, so he's just a bit . . . you know. The soldiers swear he started the fire, but he doesn't go as far as that. All the same, his brain's gone, and he's always out for trouble. . . ."

Our eyes smarted with the smoke and kept watering; my nose tickled abominably, and it was hard to breathe.

The bailiff sneezed loudly and looked round anxiously, brandishing his cudgel.

"Look at that, see where it's thrown itself!"

In front of us, along the juniper bushes that fringed the valley, small spurts of fire were dancing with sparrow-like hops. They resembled a flock of bullfinches, their pointed wings glittering rapidly in the grass, their heads dipping and nodding without a sound.

"Nikita!" called the bailiff, and listened. We could hear a dry, crackling sound, a warning hiss and a low whistle. Somewhere far away the drone of a crowd came to our ears.

"Blast that man!" shouted the bailiff. "He's more trouble than the rest of the people put together. I hope they won't catch him. Flames go to his head like wine to a drunkard's. Whenever there's a fire he's the first to rush there like a madman. He'll come and open his eyes wide and stare dumbfounded, as though he were nailed to the ground. It never occurs to him to help; he just stands and grins. And if people shove him away from one side of a fire he'll run round to the other. He's just crazy about fire. . ."

Looking back I saw that the flames, which were coming lower and lower, were hurrying along, as though trying to catch us up; and the water of the stream, now become crimson, flashed with golden rays.

"Niki-ita!"

Suddenly someone came running out of the forest in front of us. The bailiff stopped and wiped his streaming eyes as a young fellow with his chest bare and his shirt rolled round his head like a turban emerged from the trees.

"Where are you rushing to?"

Pointing backwards and panting, the young fellow replied:—

"They're all running away from there . . . the fire's gone up to the top . . . don't go there . . . it came quite suddenly. . . Ough . . . I didn't half get a fright!"

"Well, where's one to go now?" the bailiff muttered.

"Let's go straight on, what do you think? I don't know this part of the forest—it's no good us going over there. We should only get lost. The people have only one thought to-day—to hide from the men in command. . ."

His voice became more and more bitter.

"A fine life this is! Whether it's a drowned man, or a man found dead in the wood, or a murdered man found on the road, or a fire—they must needs put the blame on a peasant. Haven't the peasants got their own business to attend to? What's the good of it all? . . . Niki—ita!—blast you! . . ."

When we had gone a short distance through a young, sparsely planted pine-forest, we came out on to a meadow in which about fifty peasants were gathered. Some of the women had brought pails of "kvas" and bread. Catching sight of the bailiff the men called out:

"How much longer have we got to swallow this smoke? Our work's waiting at home. . . ."

Bluish ringlets of smoke crawled about on the grass and stroked the spades and the axes. A fine, grey rain of cinders, unseen in the opaline mist, fell on the heads of the men, who, like the grass, were ashen from it. The broad, stretched-out paws of the fir trees seemed to be covered with foam. It was a sign that the fire was spreading along the top.

"Get away from here," the bailiff commanded. "Into the field, all of you!"

The men rose heavily and, grumbling at each other and at the women, went along the ride in the forest into a fathomless grey hole of smoke. I wandered with them from field to field until nightfall; at our side two policemen rode on their well-fed horses, driving the crowd stupidly from spot to spot. One of them, a little brisk dark-haired man, brandished his *nagaika*¹ and shouted:

"You hounds, there's no need for you to get excited; it's not your belongings that are burning. . . ."

At night I lay on the dry, hot ground and watched the purple flames swell and balance in the sky over the forest

(1) Whip.

as though bringing a sacrifice to propitiate the Wood-Satyr, incensed with thick smoke. Small, red animals jumped and crawled on the tops of the trees; bright, broad-winged birds whirled up into the smoky sky; and everywhere the fire played, full of magic and caprice. At night the forest acquired an indescribably weird, fairy-like aspect; its blue wall seemed to grow higher, and inside it, among the black trunks, the red, hairy little beasts scampered wildly. They ran to the roots and clasping the trunks crawled up like dexterous monkeys, struggled with one another, breaking the branches, hissed and roared and snarled; and the forest cracked as though a thousand dogs were gnawing bones.

The silhouette of the fire among the black trees changed like a kaleidoscope, and the dance of the flames was untiring and relentless. Here a large, red bear of fire rolls out on the meadow, jumping clumsily and turning somersaults; losing tufts of his flaming hair he crawls along the trunk as though to gather honey, and, reaching the top of the tree, hugs its branches in the hairy embrace of his crimson paws, balances on them, strewing pink needles in a rain of golden sparks. Now he heaves himself lightly across to the next tree, while on the one which he has left numerous blue candles light up on the bare, black branches; purple mice rush up and down the boughs, and by their rapid movements one can see how capriciously the blue ringlets of smoke dance; hundreds of fiery ants climb up and down the bark of the trunk.

At times the fire crept slowly out of the forest, like a cat on the look-out for a bird, and then suddenly lifting its pointed muzzle into the air, watched as though choosing its prey. Or else another bear, a sparkling, fiery beast, would appear from the thicket and crawl on its stomach, throwing out huge paws and raking together the grass into its great red mouth. Or else a crowd of little dwarfs in yellow caps would come running out of the wood, followed from afar in the smoke by a dark being, tall as a mast, who marched brandishing a red banner and whistling. In light hops, like a hare, a red clod hurries away from the forest,

all covered with needles, like a hedgehog, flourishing a red tail of smoke behind it. And fiery worms and golden ants crawl about the trunks; red beetles wheel with dazzling wings.

The air grows more and more stifling and acrid, the smoke thick and hot; the earth smoulders, one's eyes seem scorched, eyelashes burnt, and one can feel the hairs of one's eyebrows move with the hot blast. It is impossible to stand the smoky air which tears one's lungs any longer, yet one feels strangely unwilling to go; when shall we have the chance again to watch such a magnificent feast of fire?

THE STORY OF WOMAN¹

BY W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER I.—THE PREHISTORIC WOMAN

I.—Introductory.

THE reader, when perusing these chapters, is requested to bear in mind the difficulty involved in the compression, the fore-shortening of the complete history of woman. It is desired to indicate the course which has been followed by woman's mentality and woman's status from the first reflective "ape" to Madame Curie.

It follows that the writer finds himself between two perils. He may lose himself in a mass of details which do not affect the development of the female mind; or, on the other hand, he may ignore the atmosphere of the period he considers, and thus he may omit much that is necessary if the evolution of woman is to be clearly figured.

It has therefore been found necessary to indicate, if only on broad lines, the general conditions in which woman found herself, giving her so far as possible the cynosural position; and especially to attempt to show not only woman's situations throughout the ages, but the *relationships* between those situations. That is to say, the main object is not to give a full picture of the prehistoric woman and another full picture of, let us say, Marie Antoinette: it is to show how the position of women compares from epoch to epoch, and in what manner the status of women was raised. The reader should remember that for many thousands of years, almost up to the present day, any study of the situation of woman is a study of love, marriage, and child-bearing; his patience is craved while the development of the economic and political side of woman is led up to. At the same time, it will be clearly brought out that the intellectual revolt of woman is no new thing, and that we must seek it far back, in Greece, at Rome, and perhaps in dimmer regions of human history.

II.—The Neolithic World.

The history of mankind is a long one. Its beginnings we merely glimpse, and it is impossible here to examine the growth of early man, which Mr. H. G. Wells has so ably summarised in *The Outline of History*. It is enough to say that we do not now

(1) Copyright, W. L. George, through *McCall's Magazine* (1924) in the U.S.A. and Canada.

believe that man sprang from what we to-day call an ape; or if so it was a lofty ape. Mankind originated differently from the ape, and it is presumable that at a certain time, say, 40,000 years ago, there were various kinds of apes and perhaps various kinds of men. Conditions killed some, conditions favoured others, and it is from the favoured human stem that we all spring.

In those remote days woman, equally with man, was a sort of animal; there existed probably as much difference between them as there exists to-day between the tiger and the tigress. That period is full of uncertainty. We have far to go before we reach a point where there is a woman question, where man is conscious of woman rather than the male conscious of the female. For that reason we must consider a comparatively recent prehistoric time which is called the neolithic period, said to have begun 12,000 years ago. Before that time the world knew men. It knew men of a fairly advanced type as long ago as 25,000 years. That is the paleolithic period, of which we find some traces. Mr. Wells thinks that these people may have tamed the horse, but no other domestic animals; that they knew how to draw and to paint fairly well; that they buried their dead with ornaments, food, and weapons, and therefore had some vague idea either of immortality or of non-death; that they had very good flint weapons, notably spears; that they could trim a lamp stocked with fat; that they were a hunting people, but knew nothing of cultivation, that they had neither pottery nor buildings, but perhaps only huts of skin.

Obviously, in a society so primitive, we cannot estimate the proper position of woman. We are better placed in the neolithic period, of which we know more. Here, 12,000 years ago, we find human beings who had domesticated animals, dogs, cattle, sheep, goats, pigs. Mr. Wells considers that they certainly tilled the soil and raised wheat, though they still lived largely by hunting and fishing. At last man had invented the bow and arrow; he had polished stone tools and weapons, axes with handles. He knew how to weave flax. He made nets. He had pottery. Mainly he lived in lake dwellings. His language was brief; he thought mainly when an object created an idea in his mind. He was terrified of the old man of the tribe, the chief, who owned all the women. From the prohibition to touch the women originated the taboos.

To this brilliant analysis by Mr. Wells the writer may add that man at that time presumably discovered vegetables, as the dog discovered the value of grass. He must also have known

salt, for herds of deer to-day travel a long way to lick the natural deposits. He may have taken salt separately from food, like a medicine. Apart from the animals mentioned above, the reindeer and the ox were present, and there must have been smaller animals. In those days man ate anything that he could kill.

III.—*Love.*

In the middle of a small lake, perhaps in Minnesota, perhaps in Switzerland, stood a lake dwelling. A number of huts communicating with each other clustered upon a platform, set upon piles, and were connected with the shore by a bridge; the floor of this bridge could be removed at night, so that the inmates might sleep without fear of wild beasts or human raiders. A few canoes, trunks of wood hollowed out by fire, were moored to the piles by thongs of leather. It was morning, and upon the fire, which was never allowed to go out because fire was difficult to make, pieces of meat upon a spit were being roasted by the women. Krif, old man of the tribe, watched them, a long spear upon his shoulder, and, ready to his hand, a club, with which to chastise lazy women or to drive away a greedy child that might venture to dip its fingers into the falling fat.

Krif was the only grown man in the dwelling. He was very tall and muscular. His light brown skin was sunburnt and matted with black hair where mingled a little grey. He wore his hair long, plaited into fantastic shapes, decorated with shells and dried red berries. His face and body were tattooed with variations of his totem. He sat negligent and watchful while his squaws toiled. These women, perhaps half a dozen full-grown, and a number of children, boys and girls, all nude, circulated about the dwelling. The women wore only decorative fringes taken from animals, and hair ornaments devised by themselves. While two turned the heavy spit, one sat cross-legged repairing a net. Another renewed the haft of a spear. Yet another, with a forked branch, swept up the entrails of an animal eaten the night before, and threw them out into the lake. The elder children, sharp flints in their small hands, endlessly polished the stones to make blades or the heads of axes. Over all this labour Krif, mighty hunter, master of all, let fall an indolent gaze. He was preoccupied by hunger, and he sniffed greedily the roast meat. Tolerantly he watched two little children, a boy and a girl. The boy with a small stick was pretending to hunt the little girl, who impersonated an otter. They were making believe. At a certain moment the boy jabbed the girl too hard, but she did not cry. She flew at him like a little savage animal,

clawing at his face. Krif laughed as they rolled about. He was man. He could laugh, make a sound which no beast could utter. He watched for a moment the girl Seil, who separated the two children, striking each with her clenched fist until they howled and ran away. He realised that Seil was pleasing. She was tall for her years, about thirteen, slender, but woman already. Her curly black hair framed an oval face, with small features and dark, laughing eyes. Krif made a sound to which at once Seil responded, coming towards him, head bent. Krif was not in a savage mood. He took her arm in one hand, inspected it, looked at Seil with a sudden light in his eyes. At that moment the elder women unhooked the spit and placed the meat upon a plate of baked clay. Krif forgot Seil; bending down towards the meat, he began to carve for himself, thrusting fragments into his mouth. All the children had come in, and with the women waited until the chief should have eaten enough.

Seil did not always have work to do. Sometimes there were no stones to polish and she was just too young to be employed in hollowing out a trunk or fishing. She went out upon the platform, looking over the lake where a little blue mist hung along the trees. It was soft and warm. She felt happy. She did not know why. Then she conceived a desire to play with her sister Nurga. She was called Nurga because she was so fat, just as Seil drew her name from her capacity to swim like a fish. Nurga was very regular in her habits. An hour after a meal she was always found in the women's hut. Seil called her. There was no reply. It did not occur to Seil that Nurga might not be within. She concluded that Nurga refused to answer. Seil could not conceive absence or presence. A thing was, or it was not. So she went along the drawbridge to the shore. She was rather frightened there, for she knew that men might carry her away. But she had lost the red berries which she liked to twine in her hair. She liked red berries for herself, and when they were upon her head she felt elevated.

The days passed. Krif was busy hunting, for the fishing had been unfortunate of late, and a wild ox which he had speared found strength enough to drown in the lake, his body irrecoverable. Seil had understood the contact of Krif. Her time had come to enter the women's hut and become one of Krif's wives. The idea bred in her neither resentment nor repulsion. She was too familiar with birth and death to have curiosities. As for Krif, he was what he was, the chief, not only who must be obeyed, but whom it does not occur to one to disobey. Men had not disturbed her, for about her were only small boys. She remembered that a little while before one of her brothers, older

than she, had been slain by Krif and flung into the lake because he had approached one of the women. Others, she knew, had left the dwelling and gone into the country to steal themselves a wife. There was room in the tribe for only one man; when a boy grew up to need a mate, he must go or die.

Now, as she went along the shore, she thought simple thoughts. It was hot. Here were some berries, but they were withered and did not please her. A snake crossed her path; she did not touch it, for it was not good to eat. As she came back towards the settlement she saw in the brushwood something that terrified and excited her. It was an unknown man who stood watching her from a distance. He was not of her tribe, for she could see a strange totem upon his arm. She was paralysed with fear. He would steal her. But all the same, something in his face made her stay. This was Antar, aged sixteen, perhaps, but strong as a grown man, who had recently fled his tribe. Seil pleased him, and the impulse to capture her came to him. But she was too near the drawbridge, and through the brushwood he could see the back of Krif, spear over one shoulder. He hesitated between fear and desire, and Seil, recovering self-control, ran to the drawbridge and disappeared into one of the huts.

Antar could not drive her out of his mind. He had no criterion of beauty. He did not know that she was fair. She was a woman, and he wanted a woman. Also she attracted him differently from one or two whom he could see about the platform. All day he waited, like a wild beast, and all night. He needed no food; he was used to going without for a couple of days. As for Seil, nearly all that day, while she polished stones she sang a little song on only two notes. Others took it up, and all through the huts rang the monotonous chant. She felt still happier, she did not know why. She was afraid, but pleasure mixed in the fear. When the night was advanced, as if guided by an instinct, she quietly crept out of the hut and went on to the platform to look towards the shore. She stood, the moonlight picking out her charming profile. She waited, she did not know for what. It was natural to her to go to Krif if he wanted her, but she waited all the same for unknown experience. Then, cleaving the silvery oil of the moonlit waters, she saw a dark head—something swimming towards her with even strokes. Soon the man she had seen clasped his hands over the top of a pile and looked up at her, his eyes shining, his mouth parted by a smile. He pleased her. She liked the big brown muscles brought out by the attitude. Seil did not know the meaning of the word "love," but she knew that this young man made her glad, filled her with a vague ache. They were silent, for neither

possessed more than thirty or forty words, but they drew each other with all their force. The man had noiselessly hoisted himself up the pile, which he now clasped with his knees. He was incredibly brave, for in that attitude a spear thrust would end him. Seil was afraid just then, and fear heightened in her breast the queer ache she had never known before. Then Antar's free hand went out and gripped her wrist, so that his finger nails bit into her skin. Seil experienced a strange intensification of that delicious ache, but she was woman already, though still so near the beast. She snatched away her wrist, and turned round with an air of contempt. Still she did not flee. After a moment she came nearer again, as if moved by curiosity. She saw that the man was about to leap upon the platform. She thought of Krif, and, an exquisite terror invading her, she seized the pile and slid down. A hand touched her rough curls. Together, slowly and noiselessly as snakes, they slid down towards the water. Side by side, swimming slowly, they reached the shore. Antar lifted her up in his arms, and, running nimbly, carried her away towards the secret brushwood. As he went, Seil rubbed her face against his shoulder, and about his neck clasped her arms.

IV.—*The Neolithic Home.*

So much for one particular time, one particular type, and one particular place. The writer estimates that in general such conditions as the above must have applied very broadly because they correspond with the average nature of man, desirous and inarticulate; the average nature of woman, frightened and attracted. But since there are traces of the neolithic period all over Europe, North America, and Asia, since we may presume that there were no Behring Straits, and therefore that communication between Europe and America took place slowly through Northern Asia, we must assume that differences in climate, in feeling, and especially differences due to distance, must have arisen. One must conceive the prehistoric period as being as varied as our own. If we consider the existing differences between a civilised inhabitant of Buenos Ayres and an Andaman Islander, when we consider the intensity of communication by rail, steamer, book, and missionary which we have experienced for a hundred years, we are driven to conclude that differences of living are difficult to abolish. If, in spite of all modern advantages, the Chinaman still lives so differently from the Canadian, then in the neolithic period, when there were no nations, practically no tribes, when a change of continent meant a five-thousand-mile walk, we must assume that a great variety of ways of life must have arisen.

If, in the main, the life outlined in the preceding paragraph was common, we can also trace from savage ways of to-day other ways of living, of which something must be said. The reader, if he be inclined to pursue this study more thoroughly, should be warned against drawing conclusions from the present life of savage tribes. Though it may be that a population has been isolated on an island, so far as we know for thousands of years, the way of life of these people may not have stayed exactly where it was. Mr. H. G. Wells, in *The Outline of History*, makes an observation so important that we must reproduce it in full: "Primordial man could have had little or no tradition before the development of speech. All savage and primitive peoples of to-day, on the contrary, are soaked in tradition—the tradition of thousands of generations. They may have weapons like their remote ancestors, and methods like them, but what were slight and shallow impressions on the minds of their predecessors are now deep and intricate grooves worn throughout the intervening centuries, generation by generation."

Still, if we make that allowance, the way of life of modern savages does lead us to possible conclusions. The most important collection of such facts is to be found in Fehlinger's book *Sexual Life of Primitive People* (translated by Dr. S. Herbert and Mrs. Herbert). We may conclude that prehistoric people did not know what we call modesty. According to Fehlinger, as regards modesty, the Xingu Indians converse on any sexual subject without any reserve; the young Australian natives, male and female, carelessly go nude, and so do the Kenyas of Central Borneo. That is also the case with the Eskimos inside their snow huts. Fehlinger records the observation of Friederici to the effect that many of the articles supposed to be due to modesty are decorative or protective. Fehlinger considers that the tendency of lovers to seek concealment may be due to their fear of attack while they are absorbed. As regards orgies, he thinks that they are merely ceremonial, and records that among savages there is very little public licentiousness. We may presume that a great deal of this is neolithic, and that in those days women, being in their innocence, did not look upon the exposure of the body as anything remarkable. Woman at that time was probably animal in her expressions, and she probably shared the impulses of the animal. Modesty is a modern invention, and it may be that M. Anatole France is right in ascribing it to the devil.

We may further conclude that there can have been in the neolithic period no equivalent of the modern idea of marriage, except in so far as the neolithic idea involved ownership of woman by man: of this we find more than a trace in the modern white

world. From that point of view the savage races do not greatly vary. In some tribes the man is to-day compelled to marry the mother of his child; in others he is not. It is, of course, important to record that among savages the child is not the handicap which it may prove in civilised society, but a potential breadwinner. No doubt, in the neolithic period the barren wife would be retained so long as she was pleasing, or performed useful offices in the household; but in view of the importance of the child it is hardly likely that she obtained the status that was given to the mother. As soon as the mother ceased to please she probably became a more important person, because the old man of the tribe could easily find new girls with whom to toy, while he instinctively knew that the satisfactory cooking of his meat was a talent rather more scarce. Still, there is no reason to think that any equivalent of modern morals existed in neolithic days. Even to-day we find great laxity before marriage in the lower castes of Kashmir, Agra, Oudh, Berar, and South India. Among the Ghasiyas of Baroda we find the custom of trial marriage. The idea of trial probably goes with the idea of fertility, for some tribes, which do not recognise trial marriage, do give a better social status to the woman who bears a child than to the one who cannot. Her status is entirely due to the fact that she produces a valuable asset; the idea is probably neolithic in origin.

As regards marriage, we may in a sense recognise an equivalent in the fact that the women of the tribe were attached to the chief; though this does not resemble modern monogamous marriage, it establishes marriage in a vague form. Though divorce presumably took the form of a stone club, we have no reason to think that the neolithic man was any more brutal than the modern lion, which does not as a rule torture the lioness, and which, in fact, will hunt for her while she is bearing her cubs. The main idea of marriage, namely the faithfulness of women, was certainly present in neolithic times. The faithfulness of man had, of course, not been thought of, and was not to become even remotely operative before the present day.

We find more hints of neolithic probabilities in the savage tribes that Fehlinger considers. Nearly everywhere we see that married women are expected to be faithful; this is so usual that exceptions are worth quoting. For instance, the Djats of Baluchistan, and the Mirasis, are quite careless of conjugal fidelity; the Korawas, of Madras, will go further: when in debt they sell or pawn their wives. Those are among the few exceptions. On the other hand, the Veddahs of Ceylon are monogamous, and a seducer is generally murdered. It may be said that to-day most tribes are monogamous. We still find polyandry

(women endowed with several husbands) in Central Africa and in the north of India, but this is rare. We must assume that there was no polyandry in the neolithic period, because the old man of the tribe would never have tolerated a rival. It may have arisen in a very recent period, say five or six thousand years ago, when the taboos made it difficult to procure a wife, when the young rivals of the old men, expelled from the tribes, decided to co-operate to obtain a wife by force and then to share her fairly.

This is a very important point, owing to a prevalent opinion that there was a prehistoric time when woman grew so important that she governed the tribe. This is called the matriarchate. There has been a good deal of discussion over the matriarchate, and we find such authorities as Lester Ward and J. J. Atkinson contradicting each other absolutely. The truth is probably somewhere between the two positions. In the neolithic period woman was probably neither a ruler nor a slave. When the chief went hunting the mothers would naturally control the children and domestic affairs. As domestic affairs were the politics of that period, it is conceivable that the elder mothers met to decide what should be done. If the chief stayed away a long time it is possible that feminine republics arose. It is also possible that when the chief returned he found it rather difficult to take up the reins of government, because many things in regard to children, fishing, building, would be in train in which he would have no share. In some cases the chief would violently recapture his authority with a club, but in others, being comfortable, he would probably, without thinking out the situation, *feel* that all was going well and tolerate feminine management. Thus the women might acquire authority; the male child would take the situation for granted, and reproduce it when he formed his own family. In that sense there may have been a matriarchate, but to suggest that government was in the hands of the women is an illusion. However active they might be, and whatever power they might possess, the man certainly retained the stone veto.

One word should be said as to monogamy. We have pictured the old man of the tribe as polygamous. That is not doubtful, but, on the other hand, it is probable that when hunting was bad the chief found it difficult to secure enough food for himself and his wives. It would not occur to him to reduce his own portion, so he probably ceased to maintain so many wives, using the simple devices of adult murder and infanticide. Presumably neolithic woman looked upon this method as normal, and it is probable that she did not turn against the chief because his hands were embued with blood; something of this attitude persists in modern women. Therefore, as men multiplied, as tribes formed,

it became more and more inconvenient to have a great number of wives. Monogamy arose, not from a moral instinct, but as a matter of expediency. Monogamy is purely a question of food; if we could conceive a pestilence destroying nine-tenths of the human race, polygamy would probably reassert itself as nature's method of re-peopling the world. There is every reason to think that in the neolithic period there were couples as tenderly united as are to-day the birds, where purity was preserved by habit rather than by love. If once more we consider the savages we discover a few strange things. Many tribes are monogamous, and impose the death penalty for infidelity. On the other hand, among many Australian tribes a woman may be doubly married: in the first place to an elderly legal husband who can afford to pay her price, in the second place to a variable lover. Both these marriages are tolerated, and Fehlinger records that sometimes the young lover kills the elderly husband. This is an important vestige, for it represents the end of the old man of the tribe: one day, when he grew weak, the young man came in, slew him, and took over his women. Other tribes, such as the Koryaks of Northern Asia, have strange views on this question, and kill illegitimate children. In north-western Brazil we find a civilised development of a neolithic idea: the old man passes his children on to a young man, who must support them. This is a patriarchal vestige; the chief enjoys the rights over women and gets rid of the consequences.

It follows from this consideration that in the neolithic period a woman was looked upon as valuable property; she retained this character up to the beginning of last century, when she began to work outside the home. Women's economic independence has cost her her value. In neolithic times, being a piece of property, she may have been treated with the regard that is everywhere accorded to valuable horses. Possibly savage courtship customs indicate the neolithic point of view. In a great many tribes to-day we find that the bridegroom and his friends must perform a sham capture, opposed by force by the relatives of the bride, by her screams and tears. Fehlinger does not consider that this necessarily points to the neolithic habit of marriage by capture, but rather to the fact that girls were often given against their will. His opinion, however, is frequently controverted, and it is much more likely that this common custom does point to the stealing of wives in neolithic days. It is worth recording that among the Garos of Assam it is the bridegroom who is captured; Fehlinger does not think that this points to mother-rule, and other anthropologists agree with him; what it does point to the present writer is unable to say.

Apart from this question, involving polygamy, we have also to consider another condition which may have arisen towards the end of the neolithic period, and that is promiscuity. Promiscuity, namely indiscriminate relations between men and women inside a tribe, is still present in the world; sometimes it is regulated, limited inside a family, and sometimes it is general. We have already quoted the Korawas and the Djats. We must add that a great many tribes have only a limited conception of what we call incest. Promiscuity is not to-day a general system; it existed formerly among the North American Indians, and it still prevails in small groups in northern Asia. According to Fehlinger it is a phase in the development of the tribe. The present writer would suggest that promiscuity is abnormal, and that it arises only when there is a very fluctuating population, when many strange women are brought in by capture, when tribes coalesce for purposes of war, in times of pestilence, or when many are killed in battle: in other words, in unsettled periods. As soon as men settle some regular arrangement, such as polygamy or monogamy, comes in, and promiscuity disappears. We may imagine that in the neolithic period, though the old man would not tolerate a rival, he might by death be replaced half a dozen times or more in the life of one woman; that is not promiscuity. Actually, promiscuity was probably destroyed when exogamy appeared as the most important modifying factor of the neolithic period.

Exogamy, meaning compulsion upon a man to select a wife out of a group bearing a totem different from his own, is the root of constituted races and nations. It probably arose towards the end of the neolithic period, perhaps only in the age of bronze, when small groups, headed by a chief, had learnt to live together. We find traces of it still, notably in the Solomon Islands, where no woman may have relations with a man unless he belongs to another exogamic group: that is to say, to a family of different blood. Fehlinger points out that the custom was not necessarily a vestige of the idea that you should not marry into your own family; he thinks that we must look upon exogamy as a prehistoric tendency in men. Fehlinger has on the subject an interesting theory: that exogamy may have been temporary, and that a young man may have sought a wife outside his tribe when they were scarce inside the tribe. He suggests also that women may have been scarce, owing to female infanticide, which was prevalent; girl babies were killed so that the tribe might not be encumbered during migration or in battle. He considers that the tribes may have observed the bad effect of inbreeding, though he doubts whether they could understand them. He comes down

finally to two principal points of view. One of them is that, inside families which had attained a certain stage of development, the fact that the children were brought up together, presumably nude, reduced inside the family the mystery which determines sex attraction. In other words, the young people of the tribe, being accustomed to each other, found extreme mystery and therefore attraction in strangers. Therefore, in the neolithic period, it is probable that the expelled young men, though they were forced to find wives in other tribes, may also have preferred them. Wife-stealing may have been attractive rather than compulsory. It is also certain that the wife was not always stolen, in this sense, that she must have placed herself in the way of the thief. The other alternative put forward by Fehlinger is anthropologically sounder. Though he does not commit himself (any more than does Westermarck) to the debatable view that incest necessarily lowers the intellectual and physical value of the children, he does suggest that the exogamous stock may have been stronger, therefore that it prevailed over the children of inbred groups; the fact that these people were born of parents of different blood may have produced in them an instinct. They acquired an heredity which bade them once again seek their wives in groups of different blood. Little by little this instinct to avoid relations with one's own family may have translated itself into our feeling of repulsion before the idea.

V.—*The Kiss.*

It is hoped that from the above the reader will have gathered an idea of the position of woman in that dim period which precedes history. It is impossible to make more than intelligent guesses. The general picture is that of a favoured slave, sometimes brutally treated, but asserting herself by good brains, of which presumably some existed in neolithic times. We must not look upon these people as too near the beast. The person who discovered fire, the one who first thought of spinning flax, were not only far from stupid, but probably extraordinary persons—geniuses; to-day he who is fit to be a genius can draw on the libraries, the experience, and the tradition of five thousand years. Prehistoric man had nothing, and of that he made something. No doubt there were also women of brilliant intellect, and no doubt, too, they asserted themselves.

How they were treated as regards the emotions is another question. From that point of view they were slaves, and it is doubtful that in the modern sense they were loved. We may conclude this for a peculiar reason: so far as we know, the kiss, symbol of love rather than of lust, is a modern invention.

The reader may be surprised to hear that in a large portion of the world to-day the kiss is not practised. According to Mr. Havelock Ellis it does not exist in Eastern Asia, except in Japan. In China mothers go so far as to threaten their naughty children that they will give them "the white man's kiss." In *Aphrodite*, by Pierre Louys, Demetrios enters the garden of the courtesans to find "yellow maidens who refuse their lips." Again, in *Almayer's Folly*, by Joseph Conrad, we see that when Nina kisses Dain the Malay he is startled by the unaccustomed caress. Malay women are said to kiss their little children, but this is probably merely the tigress nuzzling her cubs.

We find the key to this in Greek writers, sneering at the barbarians who know nothing of the refinements of love. We find this contempt particularly in the Lower Greeks of Alexandria. Originally, the relations of men and women—and this certainly applies to the neolithic period—were governed exclusively by the sex impulse, and a certain analogy with the relationships of animals will lead the reflective observer to conclude that a demand to which one cannot assign a date may have arisen for a variation of the normal forms. Whereas, on the original lines, the kiss would have been an impossibility, it presumably became accidental. As humanity derived satisfaction from it, the kiss presumably persisted. By degrees the caress became separated from the idea of passion. It became symbolic of affection. It became a caress entirely by itself, and little by little grew almost commonplace.

Still, let us say in conclusion that this brief analysis of the kiss is not irrelevant to the situation of woman in neolithic days. Before the kiss there was no love in the modern sense, but only an almost functional exercise. It is sad to think that a number of men to-day are still neolithic; many a working-class woman never receives a kiss from her husband until he chooses to play the lover. Thus we may say, as regards neolithic woman, that she probably did not know the kiss, therefore that she did not know the refinements of love. There probably was faithfulness, sacrifice, but there was no delicacy. The love which governs the history of woman was unborn. Society had to evolve much more before there could flicker in it anything so fugitive.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE

SORTES VIRGILIANÆ

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue for March, Mr. Herman Cohen, in his interesting article *Sortes Virgilianæ*, refers to *Sortes Biblica*, and in that connection cites St. Augustine. He has apparently overlooked the striking story of the Saint's conversion in *The Confessions of St. Augustine*, viii. c. 12. Hearing repeatedly a voice that bade him "take, read," he interpreted it "to be no other than a Divine command, to open the book and read the first chapter I should find. . . . With such an inspiration then . . . I took, opened, and in silence read the passage on which my eyes first fell: 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof' (Rom. xiii., 13, 14). No further would I read; nor was there any need to do so; for instantly at the end of this sentence, as though my heart were flooded with a light of peace, all the shadows of doubt melted away."

Yours faithfully,

H. F. B. COMPSTON.

University of London Club.
March 19th, 1924.

THE PALESTINE QUESTION

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—I regret that Captain Chisholm D. Brunton, in his letter to your last issue, has added to the inaccurate statements that I corrected in my article in your March number.

(1) I did not designate Captain Brunton as "an official of the Palestine Government," but was careful to describe him as "one who was formerly an official in Palestine," as he was attached to the military and not to the civil administration.

(2) The implication that an appreciable number of Palestinian Arabs joined the Sherif's army cannot be borne out by any evidence. The only Arabs who fought on the Allied side were those from the Hedjaz.

(3) It is true that the expenses of the Immigration Department form part of the Palestine Budget, but they are provided, not out of a general income-tax, which does not exist, but out of the landing-tax paid by the immigrants, which actually yields a surplus for the Immigration Department. The employment of Jewish settlers on road work in the country in which the Mandate declares their National Home shall be established is surely the essence of justice. I travelled on

those roads myself in 1921, and heard nothing but praise concerning their rapid and efficient construction.

(4) It is impossible to argue with anybody who believes the fantastic legend that "political power in Palestine has passed into the hands of Russian Jews." Captain Brunton's "reliable reports" evidently do not give the names of these powerful politicians.

(5) Captain Brunton may accept what Mr. Zangwill writes in *The Voice of Jerusalem*, p. 269, but the Zionist Organisation does not, and Mr. Zangwill is not the spokesman of this Organisation or even a member of it.

(6) There is no evidence that the British Government and the League of Nations are responsible "for the governing of the Arab majority in Palestine against its will." The opposition to British administration is voiced by a small and noisy group, who have no mandate from the Arab population as a whole, and who are primarily interested in oppressing the fellaheen as they were allowed to do in pre-war times. At any rate, what Captain Brunton designates as the "rule of force" has brought far more lasting advantages to the country than could possibly accrue from the misrule of force that would immediately ensue if Great Britain withdrew from Palestine.

Yours faithfully,

ISRAEL COHEN.

April 11th, 1924.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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ELEONORA DUSE

BY THE HON. MAURICE BARING

I

ONE day Goethe and Eckermann were talking about the misfortunes that befell Lord Byron during the latter part of his life, until a noble purpose or a sad mischance sent him to perish in Greece.

"You will often find," said Goethe, "after a man has reached middle-age that, whereas in his youth fortune smiled upon him and that he succeeded in all he did, all of a sudden there comes a change, and accidents and misfortunes are heaped upon him."

"Do you know what I think?" he added. "Man has to be broken up again and sent to the scrap-heap—(*Der Mensch muss wieder ruinirt werden.*) Every extraordinary man has a certain mission to fulfil, to which he has been called; directly he has fulfilled it there is no further use for him on earth in his actual shape, and Providence uses him for something else. But as everything here below happens normally, the Higher Powers trip him up time after time, until he finally succumbs. Such was the lot of Napoleon and many others. Mozart died when he was thirty-six, Raphael at almost the same age. Byron lived but a little longer. But every one of these fulfilled his mission completely; and it was time they went, to leave work for others to do in this world, which is designed to last a long time."

The inference, therefore, from what Goethe says, is that the death of a Keats, or a Chatterton, or an Otto Braun, is no more premature than that of a Methuselah; that a Goethe has outstayed his welcome from the world no longer than a Mozart; that whether it take a man eighteen

years or eighty to accomplish his mission, once it is accomplished he will be "taken down," as they say of engines, scrapped, and "returned to store," to make room for others, and to be used for something else; and what superficially seems to be a waste is, if you think largely enough and see far enough ahead, an instance of the Divine economy in the general scheme of things.

If we think for a moment of the world, the small and select world of very great actors and actresses, we find a Rachel fulfilling her mission comparatively young, consumed as it were by the fire of genius that was in her; a Sarah Bernhardt enlarging in a Napoleonic way (as Emerson said) the known capacity of human beings for business, rising refreshed and strengthened after every blow, after each what Goethe calls "tripping-up" of Fortune, continuing to act after she had lost her leg and through a European war, and still finding new phases of her mission to fulfil till she at last succumbed after a final dress-rehearsal.

We hear of a Desclée dying in the very flower of her youth and genius, and finally we have Eleonora Duse, a child of Italy, the incarnation of reserve, nobility and naturalness and grace, dying after many vicissitudes and much barren glory and many trippings-up from Fortune, the unseen wrestler, at Pittsburg on her last tour, on the same day that Marie Corelli, the once enormously popular novelist, died at Stratford-on-Avon, and two days after the anniversary of Shakespeare's death at the same place.

II

Goethe would have said that Eleonora Duse had fulfilled her mission to the utmost, and that it was time for her to go and to make room for new actresses and fresh talent.

Looked at from the point of view of the whole scheme of things, this is no doubt perfectly true; but the less philosophical and the more short-sighted will feel it difficult not to think that there was something bitterly incomplete and burningly tantalising about Duse's artistic career.

It was a career of merciless, grinding, and truceless hard work. It began when she was a child, and it went on until she died of it.

Like the career of all great artists on the stage, it was a compromise between her personal dreams, ambitions, and ideals, and the hard necessities of stage life: public taste, public opinion, financial and practical possibilities.

Duse dreamt at one time of destroying the theatre as it exists now, and of interpreting the new drama which should arise out of the ruins of the modern stage; of going back to the Greeks, of playing Shakespeare and the Greek tragedies in the open air; of producing new poetic dramas, unhampered by the limitations of modern production; but she went back to playing Sardou and truncated versions of Ibsen with indifferent companies; and the Roman audience was bored when she played D'Annunzio's *Paolo e Francesca*.

When her art was at its zenith, and she was still young enough to play the parts in which she most excelled, she often played to empty and half-empty houses. Last year, when she was too old for those parts, and was confined to interpretations of the *mère noble* type, she, ironically enough, for the first time in London won not only the suffrages of the critical, but achieved a large popular success.

Such is the everlasting irony of the artistic career.

III

If, as Goethe lets us infer from the conversation I have quoted, every extraordinary personality is destined to strike one note in the symphony of nature and life—the world-symphony—and to go as soon as it has been struck, what was the nature of the special note of music, the special flavour, that the art of Duse contributed to the world, and how did it differ from that of other contemporary artists?

I have no documents, no books, no sources on which to draw so as to give any historic or bibliographic analysis of Duse's career and its effect on others. I can only give my own impressions of her art, and check my impressions by what I have known others experience when they saw her.

The obvious comparison which has been, and is still, constantly made, is that of Duse and Sarah Bernhardt; but, although they sometimes not only played the same parts but appeared in them at the same town and during the same season, the comparison is not a fruitful one; for, as M. Jules Lemaître points out in his study of Eleonora Duse, there is no common denominator between these two geniuses. "Tout ce que je crois entrevoir," he added, "en ce moment, c'est que la nôtre" (that is to say, Sarah Bernhardt) "est plus souveraine, a plus de ce qu'on appelle le style, et nous secoue plus fort quand elle le veut, mais que l'Italienne s'insinue plus doucement et plus mystérieusement."

There is another reason which used to make the comparison between the two artists doubly unprofitable: it was that critics used to compare the Duse of the nineties with the Sarah of the nineties; but it was at the end of the seventies and at the beginning of the eighties that Sarah Bernhardt was at the zenith of the youthful phase of her career: at the same stage that Duse had reached in the nineties. It was then that the world, and especially the London world and the London critics, went mad about Sarah. One wondered what they would have said about both artists had Duse appeared then; if, instead of comparing Duse with the Sarah Bernhardt of the Sardou and post-Sardou epochs, they had compared her with the Sarah Bernhardt of the Théâtre Français epoch, when she played in *Andromaque*, *Hernani*, and *Rome Vaincu*, when she was in the glory of her frail, strange, and lyric beauty, and before there was one hoarse note in the golden gamut of her voice. Of course, she did wonderful things later: in *Lorenzaccio*, *Hamlet*, the *Procès de Jeanne d'Arc*, and in *Jeanne Doré*; and even in *Phèdre* she was said to be greater in 1893 than in the eighties; but, nevertheless, if you compare one actor or actress with another, you should choose the moment when each is at his or at her high-water mark; and this was not done by our critics, who seem to take a peculiar pleasure in praising a new idol by decrying what they had but lately adored. It, I suppose, is human nature.

But to go back to what Jules Lemaître said of the two artists: there is no real common denominator between them. It is as if you compared Georges Sand and Wagner, or Tolstoi and Keats.

IV

Duse was not pre-eminently, and certainly not at first, a prophet in her own country, and it was only late in her career that she won any great triumphs in Italy. Lemaître signals as one of her chief qualities "cette divine simplicité qu'adorait Stendhal"; perhaps this accounts for it. I mean, perhaps it is because the quality is so common in Italy that you cannot expect Italians to notice, still less to praise it. Just as Heine said ideas in German books were as common as the lumps of gold in the streets which Candide, when he arrived at Eldorado, was surprised to see children playing with. Indeed, he thought at first the children must be the King's children, until he found out that gold in Eldorado was as common as dirt.

Simplicity in Italy, and especially in Italian acting, is as common as gold in Eldorado. But Eleonora Duse had other gifts as well; only behind all her gifts, as the sun behind a veil, this divine gift was ever shiningly present.

Whether this be the explanation or not, it is true that Duse's greatest triumphs were won, not in her own country, but in Austria, in Germany, in Russia, and ultimately in England.

It was in Berlin in 1892 that I first heard her name mentioned. I was buying tickets for the opera at a theatrical agency, and the man who was selling them asked me if I would like some tickets for Duse's first night. I said, "Yes," not knowing who she was. It was then pointed out to me that the ordinary prices of the tickets were doubled or trebled. I expressed astonishment, and the agent told me that Duse had made a furore in Vienna, but that if Sarah Bernhardt were ever to come to Berlin, the prices would be higher still. I took two tickets. The play was *La Dame aux Camélias*, and I went to the first night after a study of the text in German.

I did not know a word of Italian at that time, and I think the inability to understand a language a play is being performed in makes a serious difference. It cuts both ways. It leads one sometimes to underrate and sometimes to overrate the actor.

Certain points, certain intonations you are bound to miss. On the other hand, the spectator who does not understand the language, or who only half understands the language that is being spoken on the stage, may sympathetically co-operate with the actor to so great an extent that he may supply meanings that are not there, and credit the actor with mysterious echoes and reverberations which would vanish once he understood the language completely. It is like reading poetry in a language you do not completely understand, but which you are beginning to understand. You read it through a golden mist, and the words have a freshness and a mystery which is lost once they have the familiarity of every-day use and they no longer seem to have come fresh from a wonderful mint.

I remember the teasing sensation of seeing the play as it were through a mosquito-net. Nevertheless, both I and my companion, who was a play-lover, knew that we were in the presence of a great and rare artist, and when Armando hurled money at Marguerite at the end of the fourth act, her cries "Armando! Armando! Armando!" and the look in her eyes as she cried, were unforgettable. You felt an intolerable outrage was being done to something noble.

During that same winter, in which she was playing in many parts, I saw her in *The Doll's House* and the *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and I missed the chance of seeing her in many other plays. The bar of not knowing the language damped my enthusiasm. But I have never forgotten her Nora as she played it then, and I never saw her play it again. I saw many other great Noras: Réjane, Agnes Sorma, Janet Achurch, and, above all, Fru Hennings at Copenhagen, who was the finest of them all, and had the advantage of being a Dane; and yet the image of Nora that remains with me to this day is the infinitely disillusioned face of Duse, the desperate irony of her disenchanted voice, expressing an irony beyond all bitter-

ness, when Torvald, realising that he is safe in the eyes of the world, cried: "I'm saved!" and she quietly said: "Ed Io?"

V

It was in Russia that Duse won her greatest triumphs. Her art was made for Russians, with their dislike of affectation and their sympathy and affinity with naturalness and simplicity. And those who have not seen Duse, and who will never see her now, cannot do better, if they wish to imagine what she was like, than to think of the great heroines of Russian literature: of Pushkin's Tatiana; of Tolstoi's Natasha, Anna Karenina, and Maslova; of Dostoyevsky's Sonia; of Turgenev's Liza, or, indeed, any of his heroines, and to imagine Duse as the incarnation of any of them.

There was even something Russian in her countenance; her cheekbones were high; her complexion in the early days, when she never rouged on the stage, and in the later days, when she had ceased to do so, very pale; her hair dark; her eyes full of mournful, speaking expression; her teeth dazzling. The Italians used to complain of the want of power and music in her voice. This may have been true at the outset of her career, but at the end of it, when she played during her final season in London last year, Time and Experience and Tragedy had remedied that defect. "Old in grief and very wise in tears," her voice was at times, in the *Lady from the Sea* for instance, charged with a depth that was richer than all musical modulation. It had the accent and the force of expression that only come to a soul that has descended into Hell and come through the fire out on the other side. Her hands, and the way she made every gesture tell, have been written about by nearly all her critics; they were remarkable because of the play she made with them, because the grace of her gestures was always divinely right, true and appropriate.

In D'Annunzio's *Gioconda* she showed what she could do without a gesture.

When I next saw Duse act it was in London in 1893,

and by that time I had learnt Italian. It was then that for the first time I saw what was perhaps the most enchanting of all her creations, her Mirandolina in *La Locandiera*. In this part when she put a rose behind her ear, and oh! so deliciously and slyly said "Fabrizio!" one felt she would have wheedled gold from a miser, a kingdom from Napoleon, or damned a saint, had she chosen.

She came to London again in 1895, and she won the suffrages of critical London. We saw her in *Magda* and in *La Femme de Claude*. In this latter part she enlarged all conceptions of her powers, for she showed that not only could she express nobility, charm, pathos and withering irony, but she made of Césarine a living, vibrating, trembling thing, and at the same time seductive and evil, with all the attributes of Hell, a feat which those who had only seen her in the rest of her repertory would have thought to be impossible.

VI

She came back to London ten years later. She was not yet too old to play in the old parts of her repertory, but she was too old to play them without make-up, as she had been used to do. I saw her constantly during that season, and I think her art was greater then than it had ever been before; and I think that it went on increasing in greatness as her experience widened, till her final season of last year. And yet during that season at the Waldorf Theatre in 1905 she frequently played to empty houses.

And yet what a feast of art and talent was toward in that semi-deserted house! There she was as Lydie in *Une Visite de Noces*, in which her expression of disenchantment and disillusion, already so magnificent in her Nora and her Magda, rose to still greater heights. "Quelle navrante ironie! quel désenchantement à fond!" Lemaître wrote about her Magda; but in this part I can only quote what I wrote at the time: "When with despair in her soul she unravelled the skeins of man's infamy and spat out her disgust at it, one felt ashamed of being a man."

It may not have been her most important achievement, but she never did anything more perfect, more finished and more subtle. There were intonations in her voice which were charged with intolerable pathos when she spoke in the words of her greatest countryman:

Come colui che piange e dice.

That was one of the treats of that season. Others were her death scene in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, her Gioconda, in which she wore the robes of so imperial a grief, and her Césarine in *La Femme de Claude*.

There was her Mrs. Tanqueray, too, either during that season or a year later, in which there were unforgettable moments: fugitive shades expressed which one would have thought beyond the reach of art.

All these pearls, and more that I have not mentioned, were being cast to a listless public.

No wonder, when asked to come back to London later, Duse was loath to do so, and would say to her friends, "I shall only play to empty benches." This fear was, fortunately, not realised during her last season at the New Oxford Theatre in the summer of 1923. Her success was so great that it was impossible to get tickets, and the audience gave her an ovation at the end of her performances that is only given to the very great at moments when an audience is really stirred and moved. The young generation, who had never seen her before and only heard of her, were not disappointed. One of the youngest of them said to me, "She can never have been more beautiful than she is now."

Her art was certainly never more magnificent. There was a still more tragic note in her sorrow when, in *The Lady from the Sea*, she gave us glimpses of the anguish her soul had suffered, or when, in *Ghosts* and *Così Sia*, she impersonated the whole majesty of motherhood.

VII

What were the unique gifts of Duse? What made her different from any other artist? In the first place, she had nobility. In seeing her you felt in the presence of

something extraordinarily fine and rare. In the second place, her art was natural. It seemed utterly and completely spontaneous; but this natural spontaneity, as if nature were improvising on her as on a musical instrument, was the result of years of labour and infinite pains and ceaseless thought and study; and one had only to see her play in a melodrama like *Fédora*, in which there was nothing to inspire her temperament, and in which she failed to electrify, to see how cunningly every stroke was delivered, how cell by cell the part was built up, how swiftly every point was made, how minute and masterly each little touch that went to build up the whole, how subtle her technique. Lastly, she had charm, the charm of that divine simplicity I have already spoken of.

The combination of these gifts made her acting different from that of other artists, in the same way that Tolstoi's novels are different from those of other writers. Tolstoi's writing is so natural and so real, that there are characters and episodes in his books that are indistinguishable from the phantoms of real people that haunt the limbo of one's own past and one's own personal experience.

So with Duse's acting. I do not feel that I saw her play this or that part, but I feel that I actually saw the scales of illusion fall from Nora's eyes; that I did once see Mrs. Tanqueray's face age and wither, for a fleeting second, at the thought of her hopeless future; that I heard Odette say "Viliacco" to her husband, and Césarine say "Vieni" to Antonin in *La Femme de Claude* in such a way as to make him betray all that he held most sacred; that I saw Mrs. Alving face calamity and the shipwreck of all she held most precious; and that I looked on at a real mother's Calvary in *Così Sia*.

"The great effects of her acting in these plays, like all her great effects, differ from those of other great actors and actresses in this, that when they happen they seem to transcend the limits or limitations of the stage, and to reach what belongs to only the innermost regions of real life. . . . In seeing her play the Mother in *Così Sia*, I felt more strongly than ever what I have so often felt in looking on at Duse's acting, that one was looking through a keyhole

at things too sacred for mortal inspection, and that her acting made one feel like a cad. One had no right to be there; one was violating the sanctuary of sacred things, and listening at the grating of a forbidden confessional."

I wrote these last sentences immediately after hearing Duse last year, little thinking I should never hear her again; and now that it is all over, now that her art has gone to the universal scrap-heap, that she has been "*wieder ruinirt*," as Goethe says, there is nothing more to be said; but were anyone to ask me now what was the nature and effect of Duse's art, I should advise them to go and listen to the *Allegretto* in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony in A, in which an unobtrusive, easy melody, without effort or emphasis, *naturally*, so to speak, and with a gesture of complete appropriateness and divine surprise—the surprise of what is expected and yet beyond and better than all expectation—and of divine simplicity, opens the door on to the infinite, and on to horizons where "still leagues beyond those leagues there is more sea."

THINGS IN GENERAL

A Dialogue Between

BERNARD SHAW AND ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

II

HENDERSON: President Wilson during the World War used a phrase which gained wide currency: that the United States entered the World War "to make the world safe for democracy." The trend of events in the world to-day—Germany, Austria, Greece, Turkey, Russia—indicate that this phrase was deeply prophetic. Monarchy reads the handwriting on the wall. The growth of republicanism, of democracy, is one of the most significant movements of this post-war epoch. Lenin is dead; Bolshevism is fighting a losing fight in Russia. The future belongs to democracy and to Socialism: they will stand at Armageddon and battle for ultimate world dominion. As one of the most consistent advocates of Socialism in its original meaning, you must note with interest, if not with concern, the growth of republicanism, of democracy, throughout the world.

SHAW: My dear Henderson, democracy as we practise it is ruinous nonsense. All the republics are whited sepulchres. What you need, as I have so often pointed out, is an anthropometric method by which you can grade men according to their political capacity. If you could discover such a method you could form panels of persons eligible for the different grades of political work: for instance, Panel A, of persons capable of diplomacy and finance; Panel B, persons capable of general Congress work as representatives; Panel C, of State legislature representation; Panel D, municipal affairs; Panel E, village councils, and so on. You could then let your voters elect to Congress from Panel B, to State legislatures from Panel C, to city corporations from Panel D; and when they had elected these bodies within these limits, you could limit the Cabinets to Panel A. The people would

welcome such a guide to capacity: they know now by experience that the men who get round them most easily under the present indiscriminate system are either humbugs or blackguards. The difficulty is to find the method. Examinations are useless: they test knowledge, not capacity: in fact, they operate against the capable man who has only his own subject and takes his own view of it in favour of the mere memoriser who can parrot all the text books on all the subjects. If our public bodies were formed, like juries, haphazard from the rate-book, you would get a few first-rate men in the mere chapter of accidents. Popular election absolutely excludes such men, because the impulse of the ordinary citizen when he meets a superior man is to tar-and-feather him, not to vote for him. Votes to Everybody and Votes for Anybody is making civilisation a rush of Gadarene swine down a steep place into the sea.

HENDERSON: Granting all you say, for the sake of argument—for I am not interested at the moment in launching forth upon a defence of democracy which admittedly has many faults and weaknesses—I prefer rather to discuss the meaning and significance of Socialism, in its various forms, as a social and political system. As a Fabian practically from its original establishment, you suggested and assisted in the organisation of the Labour Party in England, which has recently taken office under somewhat extraordinary conditions. Your close associate and fellow worker in the Fabian Society, Mr. Sidney Webb, is a member of the new Cabinet. The Labour Party in England, I take it, is Socialistic in its tendencies. Much confusion exists in the popular mind regarding Socialism, what it is, and what it is all about. In the biography of you I have endeavoured to make clear just what you believe regarding social organisation and the future of society. However, for the reader's sake, I propose to ask you a few questions which may elicit the desired explication. For example, I will begin with this (quite silly, of course—knowing you as I do) question: Are you an anarchist?

SHAW: Good God, no. Read my *Impossibilities of*

Anarchism. I am a Communist. Anarchism means the absence of law. Communism involves a very elaborate legal structure. An Anarchist is apt to think that because he can light his pipe without any law, a street could be lighted without it. (The streets of America are lighted by Communism, and the people of America have their heads clubbed by communal policemen (mostly Irish, I understand); but they don't know it, and use Anarchist, Communist, Bolshevik, Thug, Cheap Skate, and so forth quite indiscriminately as terms of abuse. So please don't attempt to explain my views when you return home; you will only be misunderstood.

HENDERSON: Quite right—as I have found to my sorrow in the innumerable attempts I have hitherto made, from the platform and in the public prints. To the average American, to be a Socialist is (as you so suggestively say in English slang) to “go off the deep end.” Since I cannot hope to explain you to my countrymen, I am asking you to explain yourself. To continue our catechism, then: Are you a Socialist?

SHAW: There you go! I have told you that I am a Communist; and you calmly ask me am I a Socialist, as if a man could be a Communist without being a Socialist. But every civilised man is a Communist and a Socialist to some extent, when he is not a frank criminal; and even a criminal would hardly advocate the destruction of the Brooklyn Bridge and let every man provide his own plank. Note, by the way, that because you would not communise alcohol you have had to abolish it. You may find yet, if you don't communise capital, that you will have to abolish it, and take to the simple life with a vengeance.

HENDERSON: Yes, I well remember your address before the Fabian Society on the startling theme: “Is Civilisation Desirable?” And I well remember your retort when some woman, after the speech was over, asked you if you didn't think the world, by following your counsel, would “lapse into barbarism.” Your reply was: “My dear madam, I object to your use of the word lapse. How is it possible to lapse into a state in which we already are?” I would take the words out of your mouth, and say that

Russia under the Bolshevik *régime* of Lenin and Trotzky has come nearer than any civilised country since France in the Revolution to lapsing into barbarism. With this agreeable preface, may I now ask if you are a Bolshevik?

SHAW: My dear fellow, either the word Bolshevik means nothing at all, or Mussolini and d'Annunzio, Poincaré and Lloyd George and Hamar Greenwood, Mitchell Palmer and the whole Ku Klux Klan, are Bolsheviks. All statesmen or adventurers who resort to martial law and suspend constitutional safeguards in an emergency without regard to whether they are in a minority or majority are Bolsheviks. Karl Marx said what was obvious enough: that if there came a revolution, its leaders would have to bridge over the ensuing chaos by assuming a dictatorship. If it were a Socialist Revolution, the dictatorship would proclaim its aims by calling itself the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. That is what happened in Russia, and it got accidentally called Bolshevism. But there is no revolution here; so how can I be a Bolshevik? Now that the chaos has been bridged in Russia, the Bolshevik leaders are sweeping up Bolshevism and sweeping it out.

HENDERSON: Since the death of Lenin, the two most interesting figures in Europe to me are Maximilian Harden and Benito Mussolini. Harden is a courageous man, a free spirit—who speaks out his mind without regard for consequences to himself. Harden and you were the only voices with world power which were not hushed or stilled by blood madness or war mania. Although I disagreed with your “historical parallel” between British squirearchy and Deutsches Junkerdom (there is no valid parallel between Sir Edward Grey and a jingoistic Junker of the type of von Oldenburg-Januschau, for example), there is no longer any doubt that your *Common Sense about the War* was an extraordinary document which time and events have virtually validated. Again and again, Harden spoke out in a voice of thunder but with the language of reason, giving wise counsel to his people and taking a world-view of international affairs—eventually paying for his freedom of speech with wounds which came near proving fatal.

Since the World War, a spectacular figure has come upon the world scene as the incarnation of a new political ideal in Italy. Mussolini is Napoleonic in his methods—magnetic, dictatorial, imperialistic. The name coined for this new brand of political and social thinking is Fascism. It seems to be an Italian brand of Bolshevism.

SHAW: Yes, so far, Fascism is middle-class Bolshevism; and Bolshevism, I repeat, is an emergency policy like martial law. Mussolini, as a dictator, saved Italian industry from wreckage by amateurs whose administrative incompetence and ignorance of the arts of government he, being an old Socialist, knew only too well. But now that the danger is over, the fundamental difference of opinion between the *bourgeoisie* and the Socialist is bound to come to the surface. Mussolini may sell out and become a mere careerist—opportunist like the rest of the politicians. He may stand by his guns. Until his choice appears it is no use my thinking of him at all: I can only suspend judgment pending the event. But I will say this. I think there may be something in Mussolini's notion that we are in for a reaction against Anarchism and towards devotion and discipline. I will say something more. Mussolini has frightened Europe. When the Italian fleet fired on the children of Corfu, and Mussolini explained that it was necessary to cure the Italians of their slavery to newspaper phrases by a gesture of burning realism, he carried theatrical nonsense to the verge of insanity; and nothing but the terror he inspired in the Powers saved Italy being called to account for the murder of those children. By the way, I never said that our British Jingoists were Junkers. Not more than two per cent. of them had any such social pretensions. A Junker is simply a member of the country gentleman class: Viscount Grey is as authentic a Junker as Bismarck was. I simply warned our patriots not to use words they did not understand, and incidentally emphasised the fact that the militaristic morality of Lord Roberts and Mr. Winston Churchill was precisely that of the German militarists.

HENDERSON: Endorsed—without qualification—your remark about Mussolini. But our time is running short.

You will have to be off to speak on behalf of the Labour Party, on vegetarianism, on Communism, on Fabianism, on what not. And I shall have to be off to Cambridge to talk to Sir Ernest Rutherford about the new theory of the atom. You are such an incorrigible publicist that I have not yet got around to literature or the drama, which is popularly supposed to be one of your chief interests. First of all, there seems to prevail the view that literature had to begin all over again on November 11th, 1918. The follies of 1914 were scotched for ever on August 1st of that year, we are told, and a new school of purity, beauty, and solemnity has been inaugurated—shall we say with the *Ulysses* of Joyce, the *La Garçonne* of Margueritte, the *Jurgen* of Cabell? As a matter of fact, did the World War mark the end of a literary era?

SHAW: The war made an end of nothing but the things it was meant to aggrandise or preserve, and of a good many of the people who wished to aggrandise and preserve them. It made an end of three empires, two of them moderately abominable and the third utterly abominable. Art and literature and morals were simply knocked back by it half a century. Long dead fashions were blown out of their graves and sent dancing round, rattling their mouldy bones in a ghastly manner for the amusement of soldiers on leave from the front who had never seen civilised cities before. It was impossible to rake up stuff crude enough for these innocents and the squealing flappers who came with them to the theatres and variety shows. Instead of inaugurating a new era, the war let loose a new audience which was fifty years behind the time; and until this new audience catches up, say fifty years hence, it will eat up all the capital available for the theatre, leaving the highbrows more starved than ever. The good side of this set-back is that it is a promotion in culture for the new audience, and also that the new audience is less sophisticated than the old experienced playgoers, and, in forcing the drama back to more primitive forms, may actually improve it. Art, like life, has to renew itself by returning repeatedly to its childhood and burying its dead. A revival of *Pink Dominos* would be a public nuisance;

but a revival of *Maria Martin or the Murder in the Red Barn*, or of *George Barnwell*, or of *Sweeny Todd the Demon Barber of Fleet Street* (the dialogue of which is classic compared to the stuff written to-day) would be quite a hopeful sign.

HENDERSON: I have been genuinely impressed with what seems like a phenomenon—the extraordinary revival of popular interest in Shakespeare in the United States and Great Britain. In New York City, the dramatic and theatrical centre of the world, magnificent productions of Shakespeare's plays have been given since the World War—*Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and many others—by the Barrymores, Jane Cowl and Rollo Peters, Walter Hampden, David Warfield, Marlowe and Sothorn, and whoever else. In London, at the "Old Vic," all thirty-six of Shakespeare's plays in the First Folio were produced in succession, at exceedingly cheap prices to crowded houses—delighted children, chambermaids and women of fashion, the man-in-the-street, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker (among whom I was happy on more than one occasion to count myself). Surely this is a hopeful sign for the theatre.

SHAW: It dates from before the war. You must remember that the introduction of the pictorial stage into the theatre—it came in under Cromwell with the opera—banished Shakespeare from the boards for two hundred and fifty years. Shakespeare's plays are written to occupy a certain time in performance, a time which he sometimes stretched to the limit of an audience's endurance. Of that time the scene-shifters, the moment they were let into the theatre with their cumbrous pictures, demanded an hour for "striking" the scenes and setting them, during which hour the refreshment bars flourished. Now you can no more cut an hour out of a play and have your play too than you can cut a yard out of the Sistine Madonna and have Raphael's picture too. At first the crude machinery of wings and flats, by which scenes could be changed in full view of the audience two or three times during an act, confined the damage to interruptions and omissions; but

in my early days, when the wings and flats were discarded as too grossly absurd, and the play had to be forced into five long scenes, one for each act, the rearrangement had to be effected by mutilations and re-piecing which would have sickened the staff of a Chicago abattoir. The horror culminated in the hands of Henry Irving and Augustin Daly. People went to see Irving and Ellen Terry, and John Drew and Ada Rehan; and they imagined they were seeing Shakespeare as well, and cursed him for an uninteresting and unintelligible bore. William Poel protested, and made desperate attempts to return to Shakespeare. Harley Granville-Barker played Richard II in one of Poel's attempts. Finally Granville-Barker, having become a fashionable manager, presented *The Winter's Tale* with only four impossibly indecent lines omitted. Shakespeare returned to life immediately. Having died a lingering death at Stratford of a production of *Coriolanus* cut down to one hour, he was revived triumphantly by Granville-Barker's successor, Bridges Adams, who got rid of the old scene-shifters and acts and intervals and built-up sets, and gave the public Shakespeare instead. The "Old Vic" did likewise, and now you have Shakespeare pleasing everybody without any Garricks or Kembles or Siddonses or Keans or Macreadys or Booths or Barry Sullivans to help them. That is the whole secret of it.

HENDERSON: Ah! my dear Shaw, your theatrical education will remain incomplete until you come to New York and see Shakespeare done majestically, magnificently, and by great players. All the actors and actresses I have mentioned are either great or very distinguished artists, whereas there are no great or even distinguished interpreters of Shakespeare in England to-day. And your explanation, valid though it may be and I believe certainly is for England, does not explain the revival of Shakespeare in the United States. The explanation, there, I believe is simple enough: great acting. Where there are great actors and actresses, there will Shakespeare inevitably be played. But to speak of Shakespeare reminds me of Shaw. The New York Theatre Guild, which has recently produced for the first time on any stage

your last two plays, must certainly have convinced you of the supremacy of the New York stage, *nicht wahr?* And it is Shaw, the author of *Saint Joan*, a "chronicle play," who is now competing in New York with Shakespeare, the master of the chronicle play. I want to ask you some questions about Joan of Arc. Perhaps you have seen the play of that name by the American dramatist, Percy MacKaye, successfully produced by Marlowe and Sothorn?

SHAW: Yes: I saw Miss Marlowe play it. She was very soft and very sweet: that is, about as like Joan as Joan's kitten was like Joan's charger. Nobody could possibly have burnt Miss Marlowe: Job himself would have burnt the real Joan. Mind: I am not blaming Miss Marlowe: she did the job she was given and did it very well. She was called on to make Joan pitiable, sentimental, and in the technical melodramatic sense "sympathetic." And whoever does that makes Joan's fate unintelligible, and in my opinion makes Joan herself vapid and uninteresting.

HENDERSON: It is a rather singular fact that men who make a business of exciting other people's laughter—whether by humour, wit, satire, or irony—should show such a predisposition towards Joan of Arc as a subject for novel and drama—heroic, tragic, saintly figure that she unquestionably is. I think of Mark Twain, the American humorist, who regarded *Joan of Arc* as his best work, and it was certainly his own favourite; Anatole France, the ineffably sophisticated and silken ironist; Andrew Lang, a wit if there ever was one; and yourself—whom we claim as our leading satirist of to-day. Why do you mirth-provoking, laughter-loving, people write about Joan of Arc?

SHAW: Because Joan, in her rough, shrewd way, was a little in that line herself. All souls of that sort are in conflict with the official gravity in which so much mental and moral inferiority disguises itself as superiority. Joan knocked over the clerical, legal, and military panjandruns of her time like ninepins with her trenchant common sense and mother wit; and though they had the satisfaction of

burning her for making them ridiculous, they could not help raising up indignant champions for her by that same stroke. Besides, pious as Joan was, she was an anti-clerical, devoted to the Church Triumphant in heaven, but with a deep mistrust of *les gens d'Eglise* who constitute the Church Militant on earth. Well, the three writers you mention are all anti-clericals. Andrew Lang, the least of the three, made the fewest mistakes about her. If he had not made her a border ballad beauty (Joan was neither pretty nor ugly: she was completely neutral in that respect), he would be less open to criticism than the other two, who were men of genius. Mark Twain made her a compound of a Victorian schoolmarm in armour and six petticoats with the Duke of Wellington. Both he and Lang made her the heroine of a melodrama with the Catholic Church as the villain, which is utter nonsense: her trial and sentence were quite as legal as, and much fairer than, most modern political trials. Anatole France was disabled by his anti-feminism: he could not credit Joan with mental superiority to the Statesmen and Churchmen and Captains of her time; and as her superiority is the simple explanation of the whole affair, he makes very good shooting at the Church, but misses the bull's eye.

HENDERSON: My dear G.B.S., you are commonly charged by those who do not know you personally with being inordinately vain. Yet I observe that you modestly omitted your name from the catalogue. Would you mind telling me why *you* chose Joan of Arc as a dramatic subject?

SHAW: Why not? Joan is a first-class dramatic subject ready made. You have a heroic character, caught between "the fell incenséd points" of the Catholic Church and the Holy Roman Empire, between Feudalism and Nationalism, between Protestantism and Ecclesiasticism, and driven by her virtues and her innocence of the world to a tragic death which has secured her immortality. What more do you want for a tragedy as great as that of Prometheus? All the forces that bring about the catastrophe are on the grandest scale; and the individual soul on which they press is of the most indomitable force and

temper. The amazing thing is that the chance has never been jumped at by any dramatic poet of the requisite calibre. The pseudo-Shakespearean Joan ends in mere jingo scurrility. Voltaire's mock-Homeric epic is an uproarious joke. Schiller's play is romantic flapdoodle. All the modern attempts known to me are second rate opera books. I felt personally called on by Joan to do her dramatic justice; and I don't think I have botched the job.

HENDERSON: Thanks for the explanation, which gave you a chance, I observe, to prove that you are at least not mock modest. As I must hurry off now, I have time to bring up just two more points. Is St. John Ervine right: that comedy flourishes to-day because this is the Age of Women, and that tragedy is passing with the passing of the virile Era of Man? You are a writer of comedies and ought to know.

SHAW: I always thank God for Ervine's delightful rashness; but his sallies have to be turned over once or twice to find out what he is really getting at. I do not believe that men have a sterner taste in the theatre than women; they are just as fond of happy endings, and are much more sentimental. Women, having all the trouble and pain of creating human life, are less tolerant of slaughterous waste of it; and as tragedy used to mean simply strewing the stage with corpses in the fifth act, with no excuse but balderdash, I think the influence of women has helped to banish tragedy of that kind from the literary stage, and a good job too. But it still flourishes on the operatic stage: your heroes and heroines can die all right if they die to music. I do not demur to the statement that the Age of Women has come in the theatre. Just compare the heroines of Wagner and Ibsen with the dolls that preceded them, or with such dirty, dishonourable little female cads as Lady Teazle, whom Sheridan expected women to admire! Compare my Joan of Arc with Schiller's: she will give you a measure of the difference.

HENDERSON: Well! well! the relentless hands of the clock—whether according to Newton or Einstein—have

moved inexorably round to the appointed spot. I am sincerely sorry our delightful hour is at an end. But since this is my last opportunity for some months to interrogate you again, perhaps I can summon the nerve to fire one parting question at you from the door. You are a world dramatist, played in all the capitals of the civilised globe, from New York to Tokyo; and wherever two or three are gathered together in the Little Theatres, there is Shaw in the midst of them. Despite the adverse judgment of the Elder Critics, who prophesy the disappearance of your plays with your demise, do you yourself think your plays are destined to become part of a permanent repertory of classic British drama?

SHAW: Good-bye! Good luck! And *bon voyage*! And as for your question, why, I don't think about the destiny of my plays. But since you put the case to me, I should say that, until the standard of British dramatic poetry goes up sufficiently to scrap everything from Shakespeare to Shaw, Shaw will be among the Panjandums. But that is a very cheap boast. Have you ever realised what a very poor business this classic British drama is if you disregard the sound of it and judge it by its sense or want of sense? Cut the police news—the murders and so forth—out of the tragedies, and the indecencies out of the comedies, and how much is there left that has any encouragement or enlightenment for any soul to-day? Remember that the British theatre was forbidden to touch politics or religion, or to say a sincere word about sex. Crime and lust and horseplay, deprived of all moral significance or psychological analysis, were its only permitted alternatives to conventional romance. It was allowed and encouraged to make the stage an attractive advertisement for prostitution and to drive the young to the brothel by the most potent of aphrodisiacs; but when I dramatised the truth about prostitution in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, the play was at once prohibited. How could you possibly have a great classic drama under such conditions? Can you say of Dryden, Congreve and Sheridan that they took the theatre seriously? Not one of them. Does the attempt, promptly discouraged, of Goldsmith go

far enough to count? No. Goethe took the theatre seriously. Ibsen took it seriously. Wagner took it seriously. Molière took it seriously. Shakespeare made a few attempts, notably in *Hamlet*, to accuse the world of being all wrong—"out of joint," as he put it—but he attached these protests to incongruous borrowed plots and tinkerings of old plays, and never made any attempt to get down to the roots of the evil and imposture he saw everywhere. So that finally you cannot claim that Shakespeare took the theatre seriously. I did; and I have been followed by some of the younger men. That would have given me a peculiar eminence even if my specific talent for the theatre had been less lucky than it is. I may be eclipsed by my contemporaries and successors, but not by the classical British playwrights who all belong to the theatrical dark ages, and did not get beyond sticking purple patches on second-hand rags. Most of them were ashamed of their profession, not without reason. Perhaps that is why so many people seem to think me immodest because I am not ashamed of mine.

THE DECLINE OF LIBERALISM

BY J. BYERS MAXWELL

THE position of the Liberal Party to-day is not exactly congenial to the rank and file. Its great traditions, its historic position as a democratic party, won for Liberalism the loyal support of the middle classes and workers in days gone by. Changed is their position now. The disintegration of the party set in definitely after Mr. Asquith had been jockeyed out of the Premiership, and the Lloyd George Ministry was hastily formed. The Liberal Party, not for the first time, was split from top to bottom, a calamity to that powerful organisation. One section of Liberals, once the loyal supporters of Mr. Asquith, remained for a time in the newly formed Coalition, but soon they, too (as well as some of the Conservative Ministers), were thrust out of office by the "Diehards." It was a repining, mortifying party of Liberal Ministers who followed Mr. Lloyd George out of the Cabinet. Unwilling to return as prodigals to the old Liberal fold, they established a "National Party," led by Mr. Lloyd George, and remained in touch with their supporters in certain constituencies. At last, even they have found it desirable to take their seats within the vicinity of the old Liberal Party. This propinquity has not yet completely re-established the historic Liberal forces. To-day the position is not greatly improved, nor is its prospects more hopeful, now that the party has volunteered to be harnessed to the Labour Government, for the duration of the present Administration, whenever that may be. With a loyalty that does him credit in an embarrassing position, Mr. Asquith adheres to the pledge he gave to the present Ministry, with the proviso that Liberalism shall prevail. He and his supporters placed Labour in power. It may also be added that he had no alternative. Earnest Liberals, straining at the Labour leash, march into the Ministerial lobby to protect the Government from defeat, always conscious that many of their loyal supporters in

the constituencies resent these efforts to bolster up the Labour-Socialist policy.

What was the inevitable result of such a concatenation of new circumstances? This *rôle* has produced irritation among the Liberal greybeards, who hold it to be a sacred duty to maintain undiluted Liberalism. If that is the melancholy view of the elders, what must the younger generation of Liberals think of the attitude of certain of their former leaders in the House of Commons? Most people take a lenient view of politicians who change their colours on principles, but they look with grave suspicion upon those who cross the floor of the House merely to secure place and power. They regretted the eviction of Mr. Asquith from the Premiership, but they could not reconcile themselves to another Liberal leader stepping into his shoes to lead a Conservative majority in the Cabinet. Mr. Lloyd George, as Premier, held the opinion that he could establish a new organisation and a sound Administration, which would produce, and mould, a political amalgamation which would be to the general advantage of the nation during those troubled days; but very soon he found that the Diehards had shattered his dreams.

The outcome of all this is that a vast body of Liberals, young and old, have taken umbrage at the attitude of the leaders whom they trusted in past days. They were exasperated by the knowledge that National Liberals, who, they thought, should uphold the time-honoured principles of unadulterated Liberalism, had once again shattered the party in order, as they concluded, to occupy a place in the Unionists' sun. The inevitable result was a revulsion of feeling amongst large sections of the community. At the last two General Elections thousands of Liberals were swept into the Labour camp by way of protest. British electors are not lacking in intelligence. They have experienced the blast of adversity in the past. They are not unmindful of their own interests. All Liberals in the House fully recognise this, and may stand by their pledge to keep the Labour Government in office. But for how long?

Until Mr. Lloyd George addressed his constituents during the Easter recess, no explanation had been given of the reason why the Liberal Party placed Labour in office. The "excuse" given by him sounds whimsical. He declared that Liberals "could not trust Conservatives, as they would destroy our fiscal system!"; while a Socialist Government was "committed to destroy the whole existing economic system, which cannot do any good unless you overthrow it." Conscious of all these "perils," the Liberal Party deliberately thrust Labour into power, without a pledge to avoid rank Socialism. A pretty state of things! Knowing this, why did Liberals not accept the responsibility of office in order to eliminate this "evil"? There was the opportunity to save the country; but it was passed by cheerfully. Liberals ought to have had courage enough to make sure that Socialists would not "destroy the whole economic system." Only when speaking at Llandudno did Mr. Lloyd George lament that "Liberals were placed between two extreme parties," and added, "it is difficult to fight against two parties, but we have got to do it."

Why did the Liberal Party, with their eyes open, create such a "deplorable situation"? No one seems to have inquired why the Liberal Party did not take advantage of this splendid opportunity to govern in view of the fact that Mr. Lloyd George declared that Labour intends "to overthrow our system of private enterprise and substitute for it a system of national enterprise and a system of communal property." After this, is it surprising that Liberalism has been treated as of little account inside and outside Parliament? Mr. Lloyd George frankly admits that in the last three months the Premier has "completely dissipated the Liberal stock of goodwill," and his lament is that the "Liberals trudged through the lobby to carry its burdens along." This interesting message to Liberals throughout the country will hardly scare the Socialists. No wonder that Liberalism is declining.

Liberals had decided to hold a party meeting to continue the discussion on the cause of the Liberal slump in the constituencies, a clear indication that there is some-

thing amiss with that once powerful party. But the members present were so well pleased with the main features of Mr. Snowden's Budget that they almost forgot their past grievances. Mr. Asquith declared it to be "a vindication of the Liberal Party in turning out Mr. Baldwin's Government." For the moment the Government has succeeded in gaining popularity amongst a large section of the community, who, thanks to the Budgeting of the Conservative Government, gained some relief from a cheaper breakfast table. Labour contends that this alone will be worth fifty seats to them.

Mr. Lloyd George alone has gone out to chastise Labour. He may claim to have justified his censorious observations upon the conduct of the Government towards the Liberal Party after the proceedings in the House of Commons on the Proportional Representation Bill. The Labour Government have no desire to be harnessed to the Liberal wagon. Liberals nowadays are to be taught not to intervene in legislation without the consent of the Government. This is their attitude when the Liberals venture to express an opinion of their own. For three months they have had to play a minor part. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's party seem to be extremely suspicious of every move that Liberals attempt. Mr. Asquith's letter to the Premier dealing with the Proportional Representation Bill may or may not have been intended to be conciliatory, but the Labourites jumped at the suggestion that the Liberals had issued a "threat" or an "ultimatum" to the Government, and by some "misunderstanding" the letter was not read at the Labour Party meeting. At any rate the majority came to the conclusion that the Proportional Representation Bill was designed to be a trap for Labour in the constituencies, and that Liberals alone would benefit thereby. Before the second reading of the Bill was submitted to the House of Commons the majority of Labourites had decided to vote against the measure. It was doomed before the debate began.

The refusal to promise any facilities for legislation, at the second reading was carried, was a minor matter. But the attitude of the Labour Party towards Liberals was

unmistakable. Their temper during the discussion, especially when Mr. Asquith was addressing the House, was so objectionable that Mr. Storry Deans, a Conservative, and Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., a Labour M.P., protested against such behaviour. The Labour Party certainly succeeded in humiliating the Liberal rank and file once more. The hostility displayed towards the advocates of Proportional Representation was unmistakable. It is said by Liberals that they had hoped to come to an understanding with Labour, but Ministerialists have, for the second or third time, plainly indicated that they do not want Liberal co-operation. Liberals may, in an indifferent manner, support the Government on the Budget as promised, but many of them will prefer to go to their constituencies to explain the position of the party at Westminster. The result of the "P.R." debate seems to be the beginning of a crisis. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is taking heavy risks. Mr. Asquith has no desire to create a situation that would lead to a dissolution. He is not a bad judge of tactics. He can handle a situation admirably in the House of Commons, and is not likely to let his party down. He can rely on the loyalty of the majority of his followers.

Circumstances have arisen in the constituencies recently which might well change the whole atmosphere at Westminster. In certain electoral districts the Labour Party declare that they are not content to be "maintained" in the House of Commons by Liberals, and are determined to make a raid upon Liberal seats at the next election. On the other hand, at the Liberal Party meeting in the House of Commons (March 28th) it was bluntly asked whether "the Liberals were to go on keeping the present Administration in office, while the Labour Socialists were usurping the Liberal positions in the constituencies." It is a case of the survival of the fittest. Dr. Macnamara, M.P., supplements this by pointing out that the Unionists are more concerned to knock the "third party" out than they were to defeat the Labour Party. All the gratitude Liberals are to receive from Labour-Socialists is the certainty of being hotly opposed at the next General Election by the party now in office. By way of retaliation, it has

been bluntly suggested that when a critical division is approaching the Liberal Whips should notify the Government Whips, as many of them would be more usefully employed in repelling Socialist attacks in the constituencies. All this sound and fury is intended as a direct menace to Labour. These threats of reprisals may not prove so advantageous as it would appear. The intervention of a third party has to be calculated, and it may be found that the Unionists have again secured most of the prizes. The disintegration of the once great and well organised Liberal Party has already set in. As Sir Donald Maclean has said, 4,300,000 people voted Liberal at the last election, and it cannot be alleged that Liberalism has disappeared, but these 4,300,000 are inadequately represented in the House of Commons, and Liberal candidates were swamped largely by Labour, who gathered in their net a considerable number of whilom Liberals.

One Liberal M.P. has asserted that Liberals on the Front Bench supported Mr. Churchill's candidature at the Abbey election, and Mr. J. M. Hogge complains that the Labour Government exacted everything they wanted from Liberals without showing the smallest gratitude or consideration in return. This is not calculated to strengthen Mr. Asquith's party in the country. Every Parliamentary candidate, whichever flag he flies, is out to get the better of his adversaries, if he can. To proclaim in advance that one party is gaining an advantage is a serious error of judgment. It merely stimulates a more enterprising opponent.

When Liberals take stock of their own position, as they must, sooner or later, they will have to enquire why they descended to the third degree. The past will have to be forgotten. A strong, alert, masterful, far-seeing, enthusiastic and cautious leader must be found. It is doubtful whether Mr. Lloyd George is likely again to lead the Liberal Party, at any rate as it is at present. In his opinion it is in process of disintegration.

Can it be arrested in time to save the party? The world has changed since he was Prime Minister. A new orientation is inevitable. The old order of politics, which made it

possible for Unionists and Liberals to drop in and out of office, and not infrequently "mothered" the defeated party's measures, is not good enough in these days. Someone has said that "if Labour had been defeated at the poll, there would have been a revolution"; but that is hardly likely, seeing that the trade unionists find it more profitable to strike for higher pay, which may be regarded as the beginning of a Capital Levy!

The Abbey election may be taken as a concrete example of political conditions in the country. It is a sign and token of the beginning of the disruption of one party. Mr. Lloyd George has pointed out that at the Westminster contest "half the Tory Party leaders went one way and the other half a different road. Tories were rent in twain, and if Toryism were divided, Liberalism was impotent. The thousands who had never polled before went, some to the Tory, some to the Independent, many to Labour, none to Liberalism." What a fall was there, my countrymen!

These ominous signs must have crowded his alert brain as he sat in the Committee Room in the House of Commons where Liberals were discoursing upon their numerous difficulties, perplexities, and misfortunes. Was he creating visions of what he could accomplish were he again to put on his armour and lead or join a new democratic party on the lines he suggested Mr. Winston Churchill ought to have adopted at the Abbey election?

As long as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald keeps his team in order, the Liberals will not be inconsiderate towards the present Administration. They have an important part to play even in these days. It may be asked, Why wait on events which bring no reward or satisfaction? The task of bolstering up a minority not your own is often hard and thankless, and already there are signs that the Liberals are beginning to be restless in the House and in the country, and at times do not hesitate to challenge the Government. But we may assume that Mr. Asquith will not come into conflict with the Government if he can avoid it. In that event any triumph that may be scored will consequently go to the credit of the Premier and his party, but when Mr. Asquith is absent from Westminster some

of his followers take delight in inducing members to vote against the Labour Party.

Sir John Simon is anxious to uphold Liberal principles and expresses himself clearly and emphatically on that point. Neither he nor Mr. Asquith will hesitate to intervene if the Government wander over their political preserves. Mr. Lloyd George has been an observer rather than an adviser during the present session, although he has occasionally dashed into serious conflicts in the House of Commons.

So far the Liberals have not come into direct conflict with the Unionists, for very good reasons. They have heavy responsibilities in the House and are not satisfied with the general political situation. In the Lobby they do not hesitate to make known their dissatisfaction at the general state of affairs. Their patience brings them little, if any, reward. But there is no need for Liberals to form a brigade of guards to assail the Unionists. Liberalism is not dead and may not be dying, but were it possible for the Labour Government to hold office for more than a year the Liberal Party would soon lose influence in the country. If Liberalism fails to play a leading part at Westminster it will be past praying for. There is no room for any obsequious compliance with the humours of men in power at Westminster.

The country is watching anxiously and with apprehension the Labour programme. They have not yet produced any practical measures, but the Budget is "popular," as far as Labour and Liberals are concerned. Ministers of the Crown are not unconscious of the fact that they are confined politically within a narrow circle.

Who made it possible for the Labour Party to supplant the once great Liberal organisation? The British people are too shrewd to be beguiled or easily misled by the vagaries of any political group for long. Welcome as was the first Coalition War Ministry to them, it was significant that the electors, as a whole, took a strong dislike to the Lloyd George Coalition. Thousands of Liberals, who had long loyally supported their leaders, revolted against this clever piece of leadership. A feeling of resentment

swept through the country. The middle and other working classes did not hesitate to let it be known that they had not been fairly dealt by. What other decision could they have come to? At the succeeding election Mr. Bonar Law secured an easy victory, thanks to Liberal support, and the Labour Party also obtained a vast number of adherents who had previously held staunchly to Liberal leaders. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's party was at once strong enough to advance from the gangway to the Opposition bench, while the Liberal rank and file were relegated to the bench below; and Labour-Socialists are in office.

The change in the classification of political parties since 1922 is remarkable. While Liberalism has dwindled, Labour has marched forward. The Abbey election merely emphasised the remarkable change over at the last General Election. The Liberal candidate in the Westminster division was contemptuously ignored in a constituency composed of 40,000 electors, while Mr. Winston Churchill and the Labour candidate secured practically the whole Liberal support.

It may be that the British people are still chafing under the hard times which no Government could hope immediately to improve. The workless masses are enduring hardships; the middle classes bear their burdens like Spartans. The cry of "Socialism" for once had no terror for them. Was it surprising that the majority of the Labour support came from the branches of Trade Unions who subscribed to the Trade Union funds? They carry their politics into the factories, workshops, in business houses, and in the large local stores. They look to Labour leaders for direction. The women went in processions with their husbands or sweethearts to vote at the poll for Labour. The strength of the present Government lies there for the present. The prospects of the Liberals are more uncertain. They have lost a multitude of voters, and they will have to play a more influential part in the country if they are ever again to gain office and power.

THE DEATH OF LENINE¹

BY MIKHAIL PETROVICH ARTZYBASHEFF

A MAN has died, whom some considered the greatest genius and some the greatest criminal of our time. While he was alive one could praise him, curse him, cover him with flattery or threats. Over his grave all this has become futile. It matters not; not one word will reach the terrible distance whither his red shade has passed. He no longer hears the curses and the threats, or the chorus of hired mourners—he is dead. His corpse lies in a red grave—this corpse which decayed even during his life, just as crumbled the entire venture to which he had given his strength. No one will ever again see or hear him who was the dictator of Russia and the leader of the revolution. Years will pass, new people will live, there will be new wars and revolutions; new ideas, leaders, and prophets will arise, life will assume new forms of which we are not granted to know anything. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and the memory of man will not keep the living image of our revolution and of its leader. Only the laborious historian rummaging in dusty archives among half putrid documents of the past will read in clumsy, antiquated lettering the name of Lenine and dig out the bloody story of our days. And he will ponder heavily over the historic enigma:

Who was this man? By what deeds did he immortalise his name, what power lay hidden in his round, bald skull—because of which millions of people with passion and despair rushed to destroy their homeland, plunder and kill each other? Was his the mind of a genius unerringly foreseeing future fate?

No. True, he calculated the moment, he knew how to use it for the seizure of power; he told beforehand that war would call forth a revolution in Russia. He was able to organise a party and to mould it with iron discipline.

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He stirred the masses to follow him and made them submit to his will and destroy the age-old shelters of the lives of millions of people. But genius and destruction are irreconcilable concepts. Genius is a creative force; and he—created nothing! He only destroyed. His "genius" achieved nothing save "follies and mistakes" which he himself had the courage to publicly confess. All his calculations and prophecies proved to be one wholesale error, a deadly crime against sanity. . . . The Communist state revealed itself as an impossibility under contemporary conditions, and collapsed completely. The attempt to carry the revolution over the frontiers of Russia did not succeed. His prophecies concerning the nearness of the universal revolution did not come true. The "mighty republic of workers" was transformed into a desolate place where burrowed in the ruins thousands of thieves, assassins, looters, speculators, adventurers, grafters, and crooks. The dictatorship of the proletariat degenerated into a dictatorship over the proletariat by the chiefs of the Communist party. And the Russian people, although not having entered with even one foot into the bright kingdom of Socialism, were hurled back into the epoch of primitive accumulation, thence to return slowly and with difficulty to the starting point. A more pitiful end to the experiment of a "genius" cannot be imagined; and if one remembers that men who were not blessed with genius at all had pointed out to Lenine the inevitability of such an outcome, and that he nevertheless could not see nor understand, one is forced to the conclusion that this "genius" was not even a very clever man.

In general this "genius" was narrow and dull, understood nothing beyond the limited circle of half a dozen social ideas among which he dwelt. Art, music, poetry, philosophy, religion were for him empty sounds. He thought only in the terms of a coarse, heavy materialism. He thought clumsily and ponderously, frequently falling into contradictions and expressing himself with a clumsy tongue.

Was he a fiery fanatic, kindling hearts by the power of

his tragic pathos? No. There was not in him that exaltation which forces on and on up to the end, regardless of all. He was tricky; he retreated; he turned back; he sought breathing spaces and compromises. He had a goal, but he went toward it by twisted paths, and in the end became so involved that he even lost sight of his goal. Merciless to the weak, he always yielded to strength; having announced war on war, he surrendered to the mercy of German Imperialism at the first defeat. Having proclaimed the motto "Without annexations and indemnities," he lived up to it along the line of least resistance, at the cost of powerless Russia gladly recognising annexation and indemnities to anyone who could show him his fist. Having proclaimed sacred the right of the people to self-determination, he immediately destroyed this right as soon as the bayonets were in his hands. Having turned the course of the ship of State toward the immediate realisation of Socialism, he instantly shifted it round to the founding of a new capitalistic economy, as soon as he came upon the cannons of the Kronstadt resurrection. . . . More than once or twice he denounced as "a folly and a mistake" that which the day before he had proclaimed as an unfailing truth for sake of which he had destroyed a hundred thousand men. His first step had been the calling of the "Constitutional Assembly," and the abrogation of capital punishment.

But he put the Constitutional Assembly to flight as soon as he saw that the Bolsheviks had not received a majority in it. And he made capital punishment an everyday occurrence in Russia for many years. His plan of bread monopoly cost the lives of millions of Russian peasants, and his unexpected abjuration of his plan he explained with cynical frankness: "If we do not immediately, by telegraph, inform all of a change in our political course, we are lost." . . . Fanatics and prophets do not speak like that. This is the voice of a man who trembles only for his worldly power. Neither was he a hero, inspiring others by his personal courage. Napoleon on the *pont d'Arcole*, and Lenine behind the twenty-seven locks of the Kremlin—what irreconcilable images! Nothing proves

that he was not simply a coward. He sent others into the most dangerous places, but his own face was never illuminated by the lightning of shots in the tempest of street battles. Where arms and bullets spoke, Lenine hid, disappeared, masqueraded his face, dressed as a woman; after the attack on him by the unfortunate Fanny Kaplan he sequestered himself entirely behind the Kremlin walls; and if perforce on a specially solemn occasion he appeared on the platform, he was always surrounded by an impenetrable crowd of evident and of secret guards. The people could see their idolised "leader" only from afar.

Did he have that iron will of which people, themselves denied will power and ready to grant supernatural attributes to anyone who could bend their necks, shouted so much?

No. Will is inflexibility and unyieldingness. But he was unable to carry through his intentions; he could not control his supporters even when it grew evident that they were destroying the entire venture by their corruption, graft and licence.

Was he "the greatest criminal"? . . . Objectively, yes. No man ever caused humanity so much suffering, and he was the inciter to all the crimes perpetrated by the Bolsheviks and the dark masses of the people. It was at his word that they plundered, violated — he knew it, wanted it. But subjectively he was not a criminal. Personally he killed no one, robbed no one, and would hardly have been capable of that. When he cast his criminal slogans into the crowd he did not have in mind his personal gain, he did not seek material goods, and he lived as simply at the height of his power as he would have lived if he had remained an ordinary journalist. Precisely this surrounded him with a legendary halo in the eyes of the people. They idealised him as they never had idealised the Czar, sincerely believing that the Communists kept from Lenine the truth concerning their suffering, even as the officials had formerly kept it from the Czar. They believed him to be personally a just, good, and responsive man, loving the poor, and all their hate they poured on the Comrade-Commissars, the *Tovarishi*. But Lenine's sin

was worse than "the pitiful sin of ignorance." Precisely Lenine was the soul of Bolshevism, the living personification of its horrors. In his brain were born those ideas which destroyed life and human beings. Their bloody slogans were his personal expressions, even the famous "Rob the robbers." Precisely he demanded "No clemency for the enemies of the revolution!" And as enemies he considered all who thought otherwise than he. Lenine and no other drew the bloody course of Bolshevism. To him belonged the programme of the Red Terror.

Was he a demon? . . . No. He lacked entirely the demoniac drunkenness of a "ferocity for the sake of ferocity." He destroyed lives, but he experienced no personal bitterness against those whom he destroyed. All which he did, he did "In The Name," and one must confess, to be fair, that at the bottom of his activity lay the striving for humanity's happiness. He made mistakes, he was in the grip of a Utopia, he led the world toward an abyss, but he imagined that he led it to the bright kingdom of Communist brotherhood, the paradise of labour. True, he was a despot by nature, but his despotism was rooted in his firm conviction that he alone knew the truth. He was not even eager for honour in the coarse sense of the word. The showy side of power did not attract him. He dreamt of being the leader of humanity, but of this all dream who consider themselves prophets and believe in the infallibility of their ideas.

Thus, not a "genius," not a fanatic, not a hero, not a criminal, not a demon, and not a seeker of honours—what then, was he? Wherein lay the secret of his fatal power?

The autopsy of Lenine disclosed terrible destruction in his brain. It is difficult, of course, to determine at what moment the destructive poison entered it. Only toward the very end obvious disturbances revealed themselves, in the specific failure of speech, in the continuous and automatic repetitions of the same sentences and words. Those who heard his last speech had a sensation as though there were in his brain actually a nail, around which his thought pivoted helplessly. From the very nature of his illness one could conclude that it had lasted for many years. The

history of Lenine's sickness explains much in the history of Bolshevism, granted that we regard things in the materialistic spirit which the Bolsheviks themselves strive to supply for every ideology. In any case Lenine before and after 1902 are different men. Apparently that year was the year of some internal crisis. At that moment Lenine suddenly very curtly and brusquely changed, turning from the methods of pure social democracy to methods of a conspiratory and terroristic character.

Already between 1905 and 1907 he conceived the programme of revolutionary activity which he later on put into effect. But only at the occasion of the world-war and of the Russian revolution did he completely disclose his "idealistic madness." This creates the picture of an uncontrollable conflagration. . . . "The monster did not show its claws at once," wrote a Russian historian-journalist. But this "monster" was the monster of insanity which gradually devoured the brain of Lenine until he flamed up wholly "the torch of a world's social revolution."

Contemporary science is not able to establish definite boundaries between "genius" and "psychic abnormality." But the autopsy of Lenine established beyond doubt that he had been psychically abnormal long before he became openly insane. He was on the direct way to complete madness, and only the deviation of the process on to the direction of the motory centres, putting an end to his life, saved him from idiocy.

But, despite all this, this man was the spiritual and actual leader of a mighty political party which had enslaved the Russian people and threatened the whole world. This party slavishly followed him, recognising him as an infallible authority. Seen in this light, if 2×2 is still an axiom, we cannot doubt but that a mentally abnormal man inspired, founded and directed the Communist movement. A lunatic in the rôle of a leader of a political party, dictator of a huge land, unlimited master of 150,000 million men . . . what a phantasmagoria! The question of "how" he could have such power over not only millions of ignorant Russian workmen and peasants, but also over

the majority of not-stupid people, frequently of European education, seems to form an insoluble riddle.

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The riddle seems insoluble, however, only as long as we attempt to solve it by applying to the personality of Lenine all kinds of heroic epithets and endowing him with supernatural power. It suffices merely to shift the centre of gravity from the personality of the leader to the psychology of the masses and groups which followed him, and the riddle solves itself.

Human life has long ago assumed such a form that the great majority of human beings consider themselves justly exploited, dejected and despoiled. When the faith of the people in religious creeds, promising them justice beyond the grave, was slowly destroyed, humanity lost all consolation and justification for the existing order of things. One only longing—the gaining of concrete earthly happiness, then and there, and personally—took hold of men. At the same time envy, rage and a desire for vengeance grew up with monstrous vigour. These savage instincts were strengthened by that war of unparalleled ferocity which fell with its burden on the downtrodden lower classes.

The outbreak was inevitable, and logically its predestined place of birth was a backward, half-barbarian country with a dark, downtrodden population who had suffered grievously during the war. History itself pointed to Russia. Fortunately so for Europe, since in our still savage country Bolshevism assumed such horrid shapes that more cultured nations shrank back from it in horror. If the social revolution had made its appearance in a more civilised country and had not disclosed its gruesome face *en plein*, the conflagration would have spread over the whole world.

Bolshevism is looked upon as a typically Russian product. This is wrong. Bolshevism is the expression of those emotions and instincts which exist wherever there are exploiters and exploited, rich and poor, fortunate and unfortunate. The masses are everywhere cruel and coarse.

But they are dull and stupid. They see no way out and are incapable of seeking paths. Fear, habit and obedience hold them back. They need a leader. There were leaders, but they shrank back aghast before the threatening perspective of a universal upheaval. Though openly preaching the need for the destruction of the whole old world, they dared not pronounce the final word, dared not rouse the elements and wade through blood. Helplessly and hypocritically they blundered among the contradictions of their theories and their practice. They praised the revolution and feared it, called on the proletariat to struggle but kept them from power. They incited class hatred but preached fraternity. With one hand they held a burning torch to the powder-arsenal, with the other they quenched it with the waters of cold reason. A man was needed whom no horrors would terrify, neither mountains of dead nor seas of blood, neither rivers of tears nor general destruction, neither outrage to all that men hold sacred, nor the ruin of culture. Only an irresponsible being, a madman, a morally insane could do all this. And Fate sent him.

Always with the fixed, sly, malicious smile of the lunatic, his brain seething with diseased ideas, uncontrolled like a demon and wily like a beast, came Lenine.

Alone and solely in the fact that his mania coincided with the dark instincts of the masses and the secret desires of their leaders lies the whole secret of his success and witchery.

All things are relative in the world. Wisdom and truth are relative. Men always take for wisdom and truth that which they need, which coincides with their inclinations, pleases them.

Look at those whom Lenine lighted to a pedestal and who enthusiastically followed him: at the bottom ignorant masses of working men embittered by exploitation, and Russian peasants greedy for the soil. Higher up all kinds of hidden and openly criminal thieves, assassins, looters, treasury-rats, grafters, deserters, crooks and blasphemers. Still higher international adventurers, associated with a number of Utopian fanatics or bloody sadists of the type

of Kedrov or Djerjinsky. And above them their tragic jester, universal boaster, Zinoviev, and their Bonaparte of five-minutes' make, Trotzki.

To these people Lenine naturally did not seem mad, since he in his insane fearlessness appeared to them the living personification of all which lay hidden in the depths of their own souls, but was hindered in its expression on one side by their cowardice and by their sane reason on the other. Lenine alone dared to step on sanity and all human morality, and in this lies the secret of his power over them.

* * * * *

Lenine died.

There exists a widespread belief that his death came too late, and can no longer have any actual effect on the fate of the revolution and the power of the Soviet. In evidence of this they refer to the fact that Lenine had already long absented himself from Government work and that all the same there had been no catastrophe. They think that the machinery of the Soviet power has grown sufficiently strong to dispense with its chief. That would be true, if the goal of the revolution had only been the creation of a Soviet power. But the power was considered a means only, and not an end.

In the eyes of the people, however, the goal of the revolution lay not only in the destruction of the old, but also in the creation of a new structure, based on reason, righteousness and economic progress.

As long as the Soviet power was at work carrying out the first part of the programme, its activities coincided with the mood of the masses. But the people have grown weary. They have shed blood, have destroyed everything, have satisfied their thirst for looting and retaliation, and the time has come when they will demand of the Bolsheviks the fulfilment of the second half of the programme. The Soviet power can remain strong and a recognised government of the people only if they can create really a better, new way of life.

Alas, long before the death of Lenine it became obvious that Bolshevism had a past, but no future. It

revealed that not one of these men who had so free of care assumed the rôle of the destroyer had the slightest notion of what he should create after the destruction of the old. "The bright kingdom of the workers" became an empty phrase without a real meaning. In the meantime the people perished, terrible famine destroyed millions, bloody uprisings multiplied and grew. Life inexorably made its demands. A panic began among the Bolsheviks. It was then that Lenine presented his "New Economic Policy"—a return to the old path as the only means of getting off a dead track. Clearly, by returning to the old order the Soviet power signed the bankruptcy of its ideology, and from then on the very natural question was bound to arise among the masses: "Why the Bolsheviks and not others?" Since the dream of a blissful Communistic State had been postponed indefinitely, and those in power were occupied solely in the re-establishment of what had been destroyed, it seemed given that others more capable and efficient should engage in the task. The New Economic Policy came as a conclusive evidence that there was no need of a Soviet power and the dictatorship of the Communists. The fate of the utterly confused Bolsheviks might have been sealed had not Lenine, whom his abnormality lifted beyond the reach of normal human emotions—preserved entirely his *sang froid*, which hypnotised his disciples into the reassurance that things were not so hopelessly *ad absurdum* as they seemed, and that at the right moment the beloved leader would speak once more and would guide Bolshevism back on to the straight road of Socialism.

Those who do not realise that Lenine's demise was a catastrophe do not comprehend the meaning of events and the significance of Lenine. Just as an incompetent diagnostician perceives the danger only after the illness has turned into agony, they do not understand, that often the very nature of a disease foretells a fatal outcome. Now the absence of the leader has brought the Bolsheviks face to face with the necessity of at last giving themselves a complete account of what would have to follow. Their chief-commander departed, just as the enemy's positions had all been taken, and the generals were facing the questions,

"To where?" and "What for?" to direct their armies. Till then all had blindly followed the Red Flag in a madman's hand. He had spoken of the need of destruction: they had destroyed. He had spoken of pitiless war on the enemies of the revolution: they had shed blood in streams. He had shouted "Rob the robbers": they had plundered. He had considered a New Economic Policy necessary: they had formed their N.E.P. Always and ever they had sustained that after the N.E.P. their leader would present them with other policies—and they had paid no heed to the future; but after the leader has gone, this future has come close upon them and has become the present. The iron laws of necessity have demanded that they give an immediate and positive answer to a thousand positive questions, at the head of which stands the chief question, "What is the sense and purpose of a dictatorship of the party?"

To this question not one of them has been able to give an answer, and each of them realised by then that henceforth he would have to solve the problem of reconstruction by himself, and for them all. True, they still had the commandments of their leader, but those really concerned the past; and each of them, furthermore, understood them in his own way. Problems which hitherto had been decided by the sole word of Lenine now must be decided by the clashing of the opinions of many, none of whom has prominence, because all are equal in having no programme, and can have none. Disputes and struggle for power arose among the Soviet chiefs. Comrade Preobrajensky was right when he cried out to Kamenev during the Moscow Sessions: "Why are you always saying, 'Lenine . . . Lenine. . . ?' Lenine was Lenine, but what kind of authorities are you?"

These Moscow Sessions unmasked the sophistication of Bolshevism altogether. The defenders of the Government policy and the opposition were in one and the same position. The defenders could not explain what they defended, and the opposition could propose nothing new. Every word degenerated into reproaches, personal attacks. A struggle of personalities broke out, much like the fatal

confusion which might start aboard a ship if the captain had been swept off by a wave and none of the crew knew where to steer the course: each urges his advice then, each one commands, thinking he is the only one who knows the road to salvation. Gradually this struggle among the chiefs began to involve the lower ranks of the party as the leaders had to seek support, and appealed to those who could settle a dispute by force. This was a warning of the impending end. And the cause of the collapse was the disappearance of the irresponsible power, Lenine, who with the recklessness of the insane had gone forward and backward, it mattered not to him, without reflecting or looking upon life. This heedlessness was impossible for the small, average men, fearful before the logic of life, who had remained behind. As long as Lenine had been alive the Bolsheviki could operate with his name, still hoping that he once more might ascend the platform to pronounce the final all-decisive word which would save all. The death of Lenine struck the final blow. With it vanished the last hope for the wonder-working word which would open new horizons and new goals, and, what was most terrible of all, the masses became restive. The people, rightly identifying Lenine with Bolshevism, on the one hand, believed in him alone; on the other, feared only him. . . . They felt that now on top no longer was that terrible uncalculable Might which stopped at nothing, that on top were only ordinary, ignorant, hesitant men. They felt that those in power did not know themselves for what they existed, and were losing their strength by dividing into dozens of hostile groups. They felt that at the same time their own strength, their own significance, were growing.¹

In conclusion, without setting dates or foretelling the manner, I can affirm the following: Bolshevism and Lenine were one and the same thing. Bolshevism is merely destruction. The death of Lenine is an event of

(1) Here I must point out that parallel to the psychological process, in the frame of which I here view events, function many factors of purely economic significance. Within the limits of this article, however, I cannot discuss them.

decisive significance, as it took the ground from under the Soviet power by disclosing the bankruptcy of its ideals. The result of it must be the complete break-up of the Communist party into three principal groups: reasonable men who, shaking off the hypnosis, understand the necessity for a complete break with the Communist past and the need for re-establishing a normal order; extreme Utopians who see salvation in the return to the methods of belligerent Communism; and, finally, adventurers, who only want to seize the power fallen from the dead hands of the leader.

The struggle between these groups must sooner or later end in armed encounters, since their differences are irreconcilable. In this struggle, consequently and naturally, must be involved at first the rank and file of the party, then the Red Army, and, finally, the masses of the people. Whoever will prove the victor in this struggle, the result will be the fall of the Soviet power and the destruction of Bolshevism.

But the process will be difficult and painful. There will be street disturbances, plunder, and murder. There will be mass arrests and executions. The executioners, sensing their ruin, will try to destroy in advance all those in whom they see their possible rivals and avengers for the bloodstained past, and the lowest masses will celebrate with pillage and plunder the last Red Days of dying Bolshevism.

Translated by Frida Strindberg.

THE PASSING OF A DYNASTY

BY H. CHARLES WOODS

THE enforced abdication of the Danish dynasty and establishment of a Republic in Greece depend upon events extending over several decades. From the year 1830 when a military revolution threatened the stability of the country, a great struggle has been in almost continuous progress between the older political parties, which then became the Royalist Party, and the more liberal members of the community, who are usually known as Veniselists. At intervals the domestic political situation has been influenced almost exclusively by the international situation, and at others it has been closely connected and bound up with occurrences outside the former kingdom. Under such circumstances, in order to understand the broader reasons of the recent change of *régime* in Athens it is necessary to realise the ups and downs through which the now deposed royal family has passed in recent years and to examine some of the developments which have taken place during four reigns—each so replete in events as to merit discussion at full length.

The first period necessary of review, when the Greek national prestige stood extremely low, extends from the closing years of the last century until the formation of M. Veniselos' first Ministry in the autumn of 1910. It was the crushing defeat of the Græco-Turkish War of 1897, followed by the complications surrounding the Cretan question, and, whilst the position of King George I remained comparatively unaffected, by a serious decline in the reputation of the younger members of the royal family, and especially of the Crown Prince, afterwards King Constantine. Subsequent to the Young Turk Revolution of 1908, the existing discontent became more acute, because the Hellenic Government did, and could do, nothing either to redeem the position of Greece or to secure the possession of Crete. This, coupled with the privileged position occupied by the Royal Princes in the army, and with the fact that these gentlemen were

not to take their duties and lives sufficiently seriously, was largely responsible for the peaceful revolution which broke out in August, 1909. That revolution established the power of the Military League, which practically dismissed the Princes from the Service and which absolutely controlled the affairs of the country until the spring of 1910. Early in that year M. Veniselos, having been invited to come to Athens, proposed that a National Assembly should be convoked, and thereby secured the retirement of the Military League into the background. From that time onwards the already renowned Cretan leader became the most prominent man in Greek politics; but it was not until the month of October that this statesman formed his first Cabinet and began to play an avowed part in South-Eastern Europe.

Although the situation varied a great deal in that time, the second historical period under discussion may be said to have lasted from October, 1910, until March, 1915, during which time M. Veniselos not only occupied the position of Premier, but was at the zenith of his power. In the earlier years of his *régime* the constitution was revised, the administration and the army were reorganised, and the Crown Prince was reinstated as Inspector-General of the Military Forces. And besides these internal reforms and changes, the Prime Minister was largely responsible for the formation of the Balkan League and for the conduct of the two Balkan campaigns, which raised Greece from the position of a Balkan State of minor significance to one of considerable importance, and gave her the possession of Crete—a disturbing factor to the previous generation. Moreover, in the short remaining lifetime of King George it was remarkable how that Sovereign and the Premier adapted themselves to the circumstances and worked together for the good of the country. Thus, once His Majesty had accepted the new leader, he seems to have forgotten his personal feelings and to have utilised the capacity of a man who had already proved himself to be the saviour of modern Greece. M. Veniselos, who had consistently opposed the policy of Prince George in Crete, also showed his largeness of

character, for, instead of favouring the extreme measures which he could then have carried, he furthered the re-establishment of the royal prestige and devoted himself entirely to the good of the Hellenic cause.

The assassination of King George at Salonica in March, 1913, constituted a milestone in Greek politics, because it removed a man who certainly was popular with a vast majority of his people, and because, with the accession of King Constantine, there really began the great struggle which culminated in the establishment of the Republic earlier in the present year. M. Veniselos recognised the wider interests of Hellenism, but the King, who had regained and vastly increased his popularity, largely as a result of his part in the Balkan Wars, consistently opposed a leader to whom he should have been grateful. When the World War came, therefore, and when it was clear that the Prime Minister favoured the intervention of Greece upon the Allied side, His Majesty utilised his undoubted popularity and insisted upon a policy of neutrality, which was favoured by the average Greek, not only with the object of avoiding war, but also for the purpose of ridding himself of a man whom he detested. With this object in view, and in March, 1915, the King demanded his resignation, and a month later dissolved the Chamber.

It is impossible here to enter into the details of the events which took place during the third historical phase under discussion, that is between the first retirement of M. Veniselos and his return to Athens as Prime Minister in June, 1917. Throughout this time, whilst the supporters of that statesman believed in intervention on the Allied side, the Royalists favoured neutrality, finally developing into a neutrality more or less friendly to the Central Powers. After M. Gounaris, the practical leader of the older parties, had been Prime Minister for some three months, M. Veniselos secured a majority at the election of 1915, and some weeks later he was recalled to office. But this change did not carry with it the entry of Greece into the war, because neutrality was growing daily more and more popular, and because the European

situation had become materially changed since the preceding January. Suggested concessions to Bulgaria were not received with favour, the Dardanelles campaign was proving a failure, and the active and well-conducted German propaganda was having an ever-increasing influence in magnifying the prestige of the King and in undermining the position of his opponent, who was again compelled to retire in connection with the original landing at Salonica. Again, whereas the Greeks were generally favourable to the Allied cause, they greatly resented the suggestion that the King, whom they idolised, had pledged himself to the Central Powers, and the Allied campaign in Macedonia, the attempts to persuade Greece to fulfil her treaty obligations towards Serbia, and the measures subsequently taken by the Allies to reduce Greece to a state of impotence, all tended to strengthen the hands of a party which gradually improved its position in the country. In the end, and some months after M. Veniselos had established his independent Government at Salonica, the arbitrary manner in which King Constantine was compelled to leave Athens by M. Jonnart, the High Commission of the Protecting Powers, and the facts that the young Alexander was established on the throne and that M. Veniselos was brought back to power practically under the protection of Allied bayonets, merely enhanced the popularity of King Constantine and laid the foundation-stone of many of the subsequent events.

In the interval between June, 1917, and November, 1920, which interval embraces the fourth historical phase, M. Veniselos temporarily improved the external position of his country, but this did not serve to re-establish or to maintain his reputation at home. Immediately after that statesman arrived in Athens and again became Premier, Greece threw in her lot with the Western Powers, and the Hellenic representative was one of the most important and prominent men who took part in the peace negotiations. A Greek landing at, and an advance from, Smyrna was authorised in May, 1919, Greece secured entirely unexpected concessions during the San Remo Conference of May, 1920, and in the following month her army was

permitted or encouraged to push forward into the heart of Asia Minor. The Treaty of Sèvres, which embodied the favourable conditions obtained by Greece, was well received at Athens, but credit was not given to M. Veniselos, and his popularity, which had never been at a high level after his return from Salonica, rapidly declined. The continued mobilisation of the army, the very faulty administration, and the prolongation of martial law greatly weakened the Government. In the end, when the conduct of the notorious "Corps de la Sureté" had greatly exasperated the majority of the people, the death of the youthful King Alexander (which occurred on October 25th, 1920, as a result of a monkey bite) put the finishing touch upon the situation. Indeed, once the dynastic question was openly introduced into the political arena, and when it became a question of the policy of M. Veniselos or of the return of King Constantine, the answer of the people was a foregone conclusion, and the result of the election and of the plebiscite, held respectively in November and December, 1920, should have been anticipated by those aware of the relative popularity of the two most prominent personalities in recent Greek politics.

The overwhelming demand for the King's return, which marked the beginning of the fifth phase, was a great triumph for that personage, and there is little doubt that he would have occupied the throne until his death had it not been for the existence and development of a situation over which His Majesty and the Royalist leaders had only a partial control. Greece was already committed to an Asiatic and Imperialistic policy, which represented the sentiments of the vast bulk of the Greek people. Until the change of *régime*, she had been encouraged and supported in her Anatolian adventure with the purpose of endeavouring to realise the Western scheme represented in the Treaty of Sèvres. But at the end of the year 1920 the local and international conditions had changed. By that time it was apparent that the Nationalists were no longer a band of ill-organised irregulars, and that it was necessary either to negotiate with them or to inaugurate a far-reaching campaign in which Greece, by herself, could

not be successful. Furthermore, even if Mr. Lloyd George still favoured the Hellenic cause, France and Italy realised that their interests lay in peace. For these reasons the Allies sought a new policy, and, possessed of an excuse in the return of King Constantine, who was even more unpopular in France than in England, they withdrew from Greece a great deal of the support which she might have continued to enjoy had M. Veniselos remained in power.

The King and the several Governments which held office between December, 1920, and September, 1922, therefore found themselves in a most difficult position, and their failure resulted not so much from shortcomings of home policy as from the complications of the foreign situation—complications which they should have recognised much earlier in the day. They attempted to secure the good will of the Allies, and they endeavoured to reconcile what any military leader, such as His Majesty, ought to have known to be an unsound strategic plan with the undoubted wishes of the people. With these objects in view the Hellenic Government decided to send a delegation to the London Conference of February and March, 1921, but instead of following a policy of moderation, the Chamber subsequently declared categorically against the first proposed compromise, and, later on, when the Greeks had appeared ready to accept a second proposal, but before the delivery of the Turkish reply, orders were given for a renewed Hellenic advance in Asia Minor. This advance, together with fighting which took place in the summer and early autumn of 1921, carried the army a long way towards Angora; but the difficulties were too great, and these operations, together with a refusal to accept the Allied intervention suggested in June, proved the first disaster in King Constantine's second period upon the throne, because they alienated a great deal of the European sympathy enjoyed by Greece, put new heart into the Nationalists, and provided the opportunity for the Government of Angora to improve its relations not only with Soviet Russia, but with France.

M. Gounaris, the late Premier, came to London in the autumn, and at the beginning of November he accepted,

without reservation, the mediation of the Allied Powers. Nevertheless, in spite of the now famous letter in which, during February, 1922, he explained to the British Foreign Secretary the highly critical state of the Greek forces in Anatolia, the Turco-Greek question did not receive the attention which it deserved, and the Paris Conference, proposed for an earlier date, did not assemble until the latter half of March. That Conference led to further suggestions for a compromise, and in May a Coalition Cabinet assumed the reins of Greek government in order to relieve a single party from the responsibility of accepting widespread concessions. The Nationalists made counter-proposals, which secured the support of France, but nothing further was done by the parties concerned or by Europe to put into operation conditions which might possibly have led to peace and thus avoided the subsequent revolution at Athens.

Up to this point the failure of these negotiations depended upon the conflicting policy of the Allies and upon the extreme though natural Turkish claims rather than upon any serious fault committed by King Constantine and his advisers. Nevertheless, as time wore on the Hellenic Government took steps which proved either that it had changed its attitude of conciliation or that it was endeavouring to put itself right with the people when and should the moment for withdrawal arrive. At the end of July Greece requested to be allowed to occupy Constantinople, and M. Sterghiades, the High Commissioner at Smyrna, proclaimed the autonomy of Ionia. These measures, coupled with the unwise speech made by Mr. Lloyd George on August 4th, undoubtedly provoked the Nationalists to make their final attack, and they certainly left the Greek Army in Asia Minor materially weaker than had no transference of military contingents to Thrace taken place in connection with the proposed occupation of Constantinople.

From the local standpoint the Hellenic *débâcle* depended largely upon this transference of troops, upon the indifferent work of the staff, and upon the demoralisation of the army, due to its prolonged mobilisation. But

the broader cause of the disaster lay in the conditions that the stability of Greece had been undermined by internal strife or by war for more than a decade, that she had first been encouraged in her aspirations and then forsaken by Western Europe, and that she had undertaken a task far too great for her sole accomplishment. With a people possessed of a mentality which idolises or condemns its leaders not so much upon the basis of their merits or shortcomings as upon that of their successes or failures, it is, therefore, hardly surprising that the complete breakdown of the Greek programme led to the revolution and to the enforced abdication and departure of King Constantine, which took place in September, 1922. But if His Majesty, who died at Palermo in the following January, favoured neutrality during the war, and if he continued to pursue M. Veniselos's unwise policy in Anatolia, which policy became much more unwise after the fall of that statesman, and when Greece had lost the support of the Allies, there is no doubt that in both these directions he had the widespread confidence of his people. Hence the final disappearance of a sovereign whose two periods of authority were beset by almost overwhelming difficulties, was a consequence not so much of the fault as of the result of his programme. Success would have carried with it the enhancement of an at one time enormous reputation; failure, due largely to misfortune, entailed degradation at home and abroad.

Although at first this was not admitted, the revolution and the departure of King Constantine, which mark the beginning of the last historical phase under discussion, really indicated that a *régime* depending largely for its support upon the Veniselists was once more in authority. These changes of September, 1922, resulted from the disaster in Asia Minor, from an idea that, were the late King removed from the political arena, the Allies might once more support Greece, and from a hope of retaining at least a greater part of Eastern Thrace within the Hellenic kingdom. So far as external matters be concerned, the Hellenic aspirations met with early disappointment, for with the Lausanne negotiations and

with the difficulties surrounding the refugee problem and the convention for the exchange of populations, it soon became apparent that Greece must pay the full penalty of her overwhelming defeat. From the internal standpoint, the ex-King George was a mere puppet in the hands of the new leaders, and ignoring the at one time representation by M. Veniselos in Western Europe, the new *régime* had been in power for less than two months when the charges against, trial, and execution of M. Gounaris, of certain other former Ministers, and of General Hadjianestis clearly proved the political bias of the then rulers. Moreover, after the publication of the Treaty of Lausanne had increased the internal dissension, and after the Corfu crisis and the counter-revolution in the Peloponnesus, a deputation waited upon M. Veniselos in Paris in November, 1923. His Excellency at first refused to accept the invitation of an Athenian demonstration to return to his country, but, subsequent to the elections held on December 16th, 1923, when his party secured a majority, further appeals had their effect, and M. Veniselos informed the Liberal leaders that he could no longer refuse to help Greece, where he arrived on January 4th of the present year.

Whereas from the first an undoubted feeling against King George existed among those opposed to his father and to what would have been his (King George's) rightful accession to the throne in the year 1917, the facts that he did not interfere in the government of the country and that he had married a Roumanian Princess and was closely connected with the Serbian Royal house, seem at first to have prevented any serious agitation against his nominal rulership. But, although no proof exists that His Majesty approved of the events which took place in the Peloponnesus, the counter-revolution of October, 1923, increased the agitation for his deportation. Indeed, from that time the Republican movement became the most important factor in Greek politics, and as a result of a resolution supported by the army and navy, the Cabinet decided, in December last, that the King should leave the country—a decision carried into effect on the 19th of that month. Consequently, when M. Veniselos arrived in

Athens about a fortnight later he was faced with a situation in which the Sovereign was on "leave of absence," and in which the people were violently divided as to their attitude towards the dynastic question. In spite, therefore, of his earlier and very wise decision to avoid the assumption of actual office, on January 11th that statesman formed a Cabinet which was recognised by Great Britain a few days later. During the ensuing two months¹ a great struggle centred not only round the nature of the future constitutional system, but as to the method by which that system should be determined. Early in the day M. Veniselos confirmed the existing indications that he favoured a republic, but he consistently opposed a decision being taken by the Assembly and insisted that the result of the proposed plebiscite must be awaited. There were stormy sittings in the Chamber, M. Veniselos, on the advice of his physicians, resigned the Premiership, and M. Kaphandaris, the succeeding Prime Minister, in accepting the republican policy, insisted upon a decision by a plebiscite. In the end, and on March 25th, when M. Kaphandaris had resigned, when M. Veniselos had left Greece, and when M. Papanastasiou, the Republican chief, had assumed the Premiership, the Chamber declared Greece to have become a Republic subject only to confirmation by a vote of the people.

The Republic, finally established as a result of the plebiscite held on April 13th, is now under the guidance of Admiral Konduriotis, acting as "Temporary Governor" instead of "Regent," and it has been recognised by the British Government. In the opinion of the present writer, however, the change thus effected indicates that the majority of the people are weary of the former dynasty rather than that they favour the establishment of a republic or understand the fuller meaning of that system. With regard to the future, time alone will indicate whether the establishment of a republic marks a final or merely a transitory stage in Hellenic history. The Greeks have many good qualities, but the events of recent years suggest that political consistency is not among their number.

(1) M. Veniselos left Greece on March 10th.

POETRY AND THE PROSAICS

BY MARGARET L. WOODS

IN judging of new things a Victorian must pray to be removed alike from the mental indolence which inclines us to cling blindly to the things of the past, and the moral cowardice which bids us fall down and worship the last fashionable idol without examining its feet. This is a balance of mind not easily achieved, especially to-day. There is something unnerving in the clamour of the modern literary world: a noise as of twenty packs of metal-throated Robots, each trying to out-bay the other. "Packs" I call them, perhaps rudely. Ill manners are so infectious. In France they call this kind of trade union a *Chapel*. The word is more polite and much more expressive. There are so many kinds of *Chapel*, from the Roman Catholic to the Revivalist. I remember a *Chapel* of the latter sort—black in general tone—which met out of doors. The fervour of its worship was such that at last one of its members—female and black—took a permanent seat on a neighbour's roof, where she sang spiritual songs day and night, until he came very sorrowfully to the magistrate to ask that she might be removed. But this is a digression.

Over here the Irish, with the same kind of cleverness which has made them so prominent in American politics, were the first to perceive the utility of forming a literary *Chapel*, which in their case had also a political intention. Its advantages seem now to be generally recognised. To begin with, the *Chapel*-members buy each other's books, sing each other's praises, and shout down outsiders; which also indirectly helps. Besides these outward and visible advantages, there are some inward and spiritual ones. To live among fellow-workers whose ideas and ideals he shares is an undoubted stimulus to the artist. It is sure to increase the quantity and may improve the quality of his work.

That the art and literature of the present age should be new seems only natural. But the newest thing about it after all is that we have a generation of artists consciously struggling to have brand-new ideas. Now it is a curious circumstance that the new ideas which within modern historical times have taken root and flourished were supposed by their adherents to be old ones. The Protestants believed themselves to be reverting to primitive Christianity; the men of the Renaissance based their novelty on Antiquity. Can ideas of any profound vitality be conceived and brought to birth by deliberate and convulsive effort? One would say not: yet as a now discredited Victorian once wrote, "Prophecy is the most gratuitous form of error."

Adventures in new poetical forms are no new thing. It has struck people before now that Anglo-Saxon verse was unrhymed and that our blank verse, founded on the iambic, need not have become practically our only unrhymed form. The reason it has held the field is perhaps that its freedom is so great that it contains in itself many forms. English prosody has always been comparatively free, or at any rate of an immense complexity. In past time I have given not a little study and consideration to the subject, and of only one fact about it could I be perfectly sure: that it was not possible to construct a set of rules, a complete theory of English verse. As soon as anyone appeared to have done so, someone else would shatter the whole edifice with a well-aimed chunk of verses from the best poets. Some years ago a highly intelligent Frenchman of letters, who however knew little English, asked me whether it were really true that there was no standard system of English prosody. On hearing that there was in fact none, he said, then he did not understand how English poetry could exist; evidently thought it really did not. This is characteristic of the French mind. Consider not only the classic alexandrines, but the ballades, rondels, vilanelles, triolets, into which it transformed the sheer song of Provence. It explains why when the modern Frenchman frets upon the chain of his strict prosody, he sees no escape from it, except into prose. We

are not in the same case, either as regards the form of our poetry or the make of our minds.

English is a highly stressed language. Foreigners justly complain that we swallow more than half our syllables. In modern times this our slovenliness of speech has become a real menace to the language, which threatens to become a mere succession of throat and palate noises. But we may assume that the tendency was always there. This strong stress gives it a rhythmic quality recognised by Victorian critics, who used to warn young writers to be on their guard against the tendency of English prose to fall into blank verse. In this rhythmic quality English radically differs from French, which of those European languages with which I am acquainted is the most lightly stressed: that is, gives the most even value to syllables. Take, for example, the word "Nation." In English the first syllable dominates the whole word, so that on the lips of a slovenly speaker it appears as "Nash'n." In French it is a word of three syllables, the first less heavily stressed than in English, while a half stress on the last, together with the time-value of the nasal, makes the balance of the whole word much more even. In the Italian *nazione* the stress is shifted from the first to the third syllable—which has a broader *o* than any existing in English—and while less dominant than in the English word owing to the due articulation of all the syllables, it yet attacks the ear much more vigorously than in the French. The earliest English poetry, like that of other Scandinavian and Teutonic races, was based on stress and alliteration. But Anglo-Saxon scholars say that already in the century preceding the Conquest alliteration was beginning to be displaced by assonance and full rhyme. It was presumably the clash of these two distinct prosodies, one based on stress and alliteration, the other on syllable and rhyme, which ultimately produced our so richly and beautifully irregular English verse. But it took some centuries of struggle before the fusion was accomplished, and neither system can be said to have mastered the other. If rhyme has reduced alliteration to a casual ornament, the syllable has never won more than a short-lived victory over the stress. It is almost

startling to find that in the late fourteenth century, when Chaucer was using the fully developed Continental rhyming couplet, Langland, also an educated man, was writing his long poem of *Piers Plowman* in the strictest form of Anglo-Saxon stressed and alliterative verse. When Chaucer draws a distinction between the poets who use rhyme and those who write "in cadence" it is evidently to such conservative poets as Langland that he alludes, not to some unknown predecessors of Walt Whitman. But I do not complain of the appropriation of the term "cadence" to the measure of free verse; I merely observe that the word has until now borne a different meaning.

Now of free verse, properly speaking, there is much to be said, both *pro* and *con*. I have not space here to discuss it. But I read in the pronouncements of our most revolutionary Chapel—which I will call the Prosaic—that there is no difference between the "rhythm" of prose and the "rhythm" of poetry. This is like saying that there is no difference between walking and dancing, between speaking and singing. But if Mr. Lloyd George, instead of speaking one of his great speeches, should sing it—which I do not doubt he could do very well—the difference would be noticed. The finest prose is no more the same thing as poetry than the finest oratory is the same thing as singing. The primary business of prose is to express the content of the mind in words which shall represent it as precisely and forcibly as possible. The primary business of poetry is to do more than that, or it would not exist. Some beautiful things have been said in the attempt to define poetry, but no one has ever come near defining it. Nevertheless, the ordinary man knows roughly what is meant by the word; and in the case of things *uralt*, primal, such as poetry, the hereditary and intuitive knowledge of the human being is worth many definitions. The average man associates poetry with metrical form of some kind. When he cares for it at all, he knows that it appeals in a special way to a special side of his nature. He knows this just as a musical man knows that music appeals to a side of him untouched by any natural sound. To-morrow a musical Soviet at Moscow or Omaha may announce to

him by wireless—Loud Speaker—that music, as he understands it, is "an artificial trick," and that henceforth, if he is a "sincere" music-lover, he will find his only sincere satisfaction in listening to the bass roll of electric trams, or the untutored mingled and prolonged yells of motors on the Brighton road. He will not believe the Oracle; although if he is an artistic snob he will pretend to himself and to others that he does. Neither do I believe it when a Loud Speaker, transmitting the message from I care not what point on the map, tells me that poetry is not poetry, but prose is.

Rhyme and metre are, we are told, "artificial." Yes. All art is artificial, in so far as that it serves no purpose in Nature and yields no answer to the challenge of reason. It is simply there; and there from the first. What most clearly distinguishes Man from the lower animals is not reason, but art. Man is an artist before he is an artisan. He can draw a mammoth or a reed-buck before he can build a house. As soon as he can make a pot or a basket he designs a pattern on it. As inevitably he weaves patterns in sound and in motion. Music, poetry, dancing were all born together, their source is one. But the two superior modes of human expression must comparatively soon have become independent of the third. Music and poetry went on together through countless ages, music being the dominant. To tear poetry away from its musical basis is to break its roots. Why does Man like rhythm? That is a fundamental question; therefore unanswerable, as all fundamental questions are. But we know that the whole Creation is rhythmical, that the structure of the universe is founded on rhythmic motion. The Earth is for ever dancing about the sun, and all life is governed by her measure. The sea, out of which our earliest ancestors came, sways to the rhythm of the moon; its waves fall rhythmically upon the shore, making a regular pattern of crinkly lines along the beaten sand. Overhead Man has from the beginning beheld the rhythmic interchange of day and night, the ordered rising and setting of planets, the wheeling of the constellations. It may be that even now his subliminal Self, which plays so large and unsuspected

a part in his life, is oftener than we know listening to the voice of primal Nature, the secret instruction of our great mother the Earth.

In Mrs. Clough Williams-Ellis's interesting little book on modern poetry, she alludes to a possible connection between rhyme and hypnotism, but does not develop what appears to me to be a vital point. The hypnotic state is one in which a kind of coma of the ordinary surface Self is induced, while the subliminal Self becomes active and accessible. It is well known that such a condition can be brought about by a rhythmic repetition of phrase and gesture. Indeed, this fact is the foundation of much barbarous religious ritual. It is, therefore, highly probable that the rhythm of music and verse and the recurrence of the same sound in rhyme, have an analogous, though not identical, effect. No actual trance of the superficial and rational Self is induced, but it suffers a certain muting, which allows a message to get through to that mysterious Self, lurking and working so secretly and silently within us. If, indeed, there is a connection between hypnotism and rhyme, as pure rhyme, assonance or alliteration, this would explain its wide prevalence—so wide that it cannot be airily dismissed as an "artificial trick."

That poetry has its origin in the subliminal region has been stated in one form or another by a considerable number of poets. It accounts for the fact that we do not demand the same thing of poetry as of prose. The two are of different origin and appeal to different sides of the moonlike nature of Man. Browning, who was not only a poet, but a man of unusual intellectual power and perception, once made a suggestive reply to a criticism aimed at the obscurity of his poems—which were not, after all, so very difficult to understand. His exact words escape me, but the gist of it was this. It is in the nature of poetry to appear sometimes obscure, because it penetrates to regions of the mind which prose cannot touch, and seeks to embody ideas and feelings which mere words, confined to their strict rational meaning, are powerless to express. This, his "Defence of Poesie," is the more remarkable because it was uttered at a time when the existence of the Subliminal was hardly suspected, and mysticism

was regarded as a mild form of madness. Blake's poems give, perhaps, the best illustration of Browning's meaning. On the wings of their wonderful music they penetrate whole and at once into that inner region, where they suggest images and ideas which we delightedly apprehend, though we could not reproduce them even approximately, in those mere words which are the bare bones of human intercourse.

Not only of such music, but even of most of our words, it appears the prosaics would rob us. We are to use in poetry only those which we use in ordinary conversation. How many would those be, I should like to know? But there is nothing new in the proposal. I think Mr. Dryden dealt with it more than two centuries ago. Wordsworth brought it forward as a novelty just a hundred years later; and precisely the poems on which his fame most securely rests are those not written in accordance with his theory. Byron and Browning both put it into practice with much better success than he, or indeed any modern whose work I have yet seen. But the truth is that the conversational speech of one generation, especially the familiar and slangy talk, soon looks odd and old-fashioned to their successors. I have read that when an illiterate African tribe divides and the two branches have been separated for three generations, they are unable to understand each other's language.

It is a mistake to regard literature as the mere phonograph of speech. It is a thing in itself. It is the aristocracy of language, the element by which language is stabilised, polished and enriched. Like other aristocracies it ends badly if it does not from time to time reinforce its blood with new and popular elements. "Back to Nature" is rightly enough a recurrent cry; though it never really means going back to Nature; only on to a new form of art.

If twentieth-century poets are condemned to use no other vocabulary than that of twentieth-century conversation they will be, in a literary sense, men of very straitened means. Our speech-language is a great deal poorer than was that of men born a hundred years ago. The educated man of that generation had a much better and more copious vocabulary than his counterpart to-day; the countryman

spoke one or other of those fine and correct forms of English which the half-educated Cockney has the impudence to sneer at as "dialect." It can hardly be without cause that educationists and men of letters on both sides of the Atlantic have been seized with the same anxiety about the future of the English language—a noble language, enriched with the spoil of ages, tempered and supplied to our use by many and great masters, and one destined, like Latin in the past, to be a means of communication for the entire world. Americans complain that the slang of which they were once proud, has now grown to be a mere misuse and deformation of speech. And when a newspaper reaches me from the Far West I see that it is so. This detestable stuff is now pouring over our schools and universities, to the further injury of the English tongue, already suffering from the increasing vocal indolence of our race and the spread of Cockney, with its impure vowels and half-sucked consonants. As yet we still have a certain standard of literary English, we still preserve the resources of our language in the written word. Are we to "scrap" this fine organ, this instrument of many pipes, and confine ourselves to the one scrannel pipe of modern conversational English?

"You are," reply portentously the Oracles of the Prosaic Chapel. "You must. If not, you shall be called 'insincere.'"

Sincere: insincere. Poor fatigued words! Always too subjective in their content to be useful in literary criticism, they have now become part of its emptiest cant. An intelligent and conscientious critic once tried in an article in this REVIEW to explain what he meant by them. The more he attempted to define their meaning, as applied to literary art, the more obvious became their ineptitude. "Sincerity," he explained, "does not mean that a poet must tell other people the truth; it means that he must tell himself the truth." But the essential of art lies precisely in the artist's power to tell the truth to other people. What he tells himself no one can possibly know. The human heart is very deceitful. And that is a psychological, not an æsthetic question. Goethe used to say that he got rid of his emotions by turning them into poetry.

Did he tell himself the truth about those emotions before getting rid of them? I wonder.

I, personally, am unable to believe that Dante could have written the *Vita Nuova* if Beatrice had been to him nothing but an allegorical abstraction, or that Shakespeare could have written his sonnets merely as the conventional exercise or Show of a fashionable hired poet. But to those who think otherwise I can offer no proof of the "sincerity" of Dante or Shakespeare. What I do know is that they have told certain truths about the human heart to their own and to succeeding generations of men. Hearts beating under ordinary waistcoats have found their feelings exactly expressed by words of Dante's, and in the twentieth century, dying lips have murmured lines from the most beautiful of Shakespeare's sonnets.

The most hopeful literary omen of the time is the prevailing tendency to seek expression in poetry. To hear the critics, from Horace onwards, one would suppose that the proper environment for the development of a great poet was a literary vacuum. Actually it is when poetry of all sorts is being poured out pell-mell that the great poet appears. He has in the past been one of a large and mixed choir. He flourishes in an age when poetry is the fashion. Why, then, are our Prosaics so angry with their contemporaries for writing and even to some extent reading poetry? This anger is perhaps only one of the gestures of the New Misanthropy, which is not confined to them. Our young poets in general are inclined to profess a withering contempt for the whole human species; except their noble selves. It is the pose of Byron without his beauty.

In speaking of the Prosaics, I must repeat that I do not allude to the writers of genuine free verse, such as that of Mr. Ezra Pound's beautiful early poems. I speak of those who seek to persuade us, or rather to shout us into believing, that poetry and prose are identical, and that the poet must confine his means of expression to the limited number of noises which we make in conversation. It is in America that this Chapel has most flourished and abounded and reached the summit of absurdity. Were I within reach of books, I could doubtless find many

examples of such "lyrics" as *My Shirt*, quoted by Mr. Noyes:

My shirt is a token and a symbol
more than a lover for sun and rain;
my shirt is a signal
and a teller of souls.

I can take off my shirt and tear it
and so make a ripping razzly noise,
and the people will say,

"Look at him tear his shirt."

I can keep my shirt on.

I can stick around and sing like a little bird
and look 'em all in the eye and never be fazed.

I can keep my shirt on.

Or that "love-song" of Mr. Prufrock's,

*Where the evening is spread out against the sky,
Like a patient etherized on a table.*

In England, where we still have some standards, it would be difficult to be so frankly ludicrous; but, after all, dullness is the more ordinary feature of such "poetry," and in that we are almost equal to the Americans.

However Chicago may lay claim to the honour of originating this literary anarchism, its real origin is to be sought in Paris. It is true that there it can never become so anarchic, so dull or so grotesque. The wit, the taste, the profound hereditary civilisation of France, her national conscience with regard to her language, protect her from its worst consequences. But I notice that our English exponents of the prosaic doctrine, when at the end of their expositions, are apt to seize a club of French names, with which to deal the possibly recalcitrant reader a knock-out blow.

To France the prose style of every modern nation owes an immense debt. The novelists and dramatists of the whole world have been to her school. But dangerous as it is to-day to be caught doing justice to one's own country, I will take my courage in both hands and state a plain, if unpalatable, truth. In poetry England is the Premier Nation. No other country of the modern world can show a poetic literature so splendid, both in its quality and its profusion. If foreign testimony is needed, let it be that of Goethe, who, speaking before the constellation of the Romantics was yet above the horizon, said that had he

been an Englishman it would hardly have appeared to him worth while to write poetry, as there was already so much fine English poetry in existence. It is possible that the English creative imagination is so rich and powerful, just because it lies so deep below the surface. The English literary vocabulary is extraordinarily rich and expressive. But we are to cast that from us. Especially, say the Oracles, are we to avoid all beautiful and sonorous words.

Our language, as I have said, differs markedly from the French. Our genius and mentality differ radically from the French genius and mentality. All things considered, I think England capable of managing her own poetical business, without going to foreigners to settle it for her. The last time she went to France for this kind of tuition, the result was the sterilisation of her poetic genius for half a century. Opposite as is the formal creed of the Prosaics to that of the earlier eighteenth-century poets, wanting as they are in the wit, the grace, the style of a Pope or a Gay, there are yet some real resemblances between the two schools. Both despise the traditions of English poetry and clip the wings of imagination. Both prefer Lust to Love, the minor incidents of life to its larger situations and deeper issues, the city and suburban scene to any other. But the eighteenth-century writers, who considered it the business—"use" they called it—of poetry to put a finer point on wit and convey doses of common-sense in a compressed form, did not strike at the English language. On the contrary, they pointed, polished, supplanted it to a high degree. They were, in short, fine stylists, if not great poets.

And we need not altogether deplore the clean sweep of English poetry made by those vassals of Versailles. They cleared the ground for the abundant harvest of the Romantics. Should the Prosaics similarly triumph, they might do poetry a similar service. But they are the Bolsheviks of literature, and it is difficult to feel sympathy with mere destructiveness. Nor can there be any certainty as to results. When the old goat was dropped into Medea's cauldron, he jumped out a lively young kid; but old Æson came out merely boiled.

INDIANS IN THE EMPIRE

BY BRIG.-GENERAL F. G. STONE, C.M.G.

THE serious nature of the Indian agitation for political equality with Europeans in every Dominion and Colony of the British Empire has for many years been realised only by those who are most nearly in contact with the conditions which, in themselves, have necessitated protective legislation on the part of the white men of European descent against the hordes of Asiatics, principally Indians, which threaten ultimately to submerge them if no restriction is placed on their immigration and their political rights as citizens.

Unfortunately, those who live remote from this threat, in parts of the Empire which do not feel the menace of Asiatic invasion or suffer from its consequences, do not apprehend the vital nature of the issue involved, and it arouses little more than a passing interest. There is, indeed, in certain quarters a tendency to condemn our Empire pioneers for their reluctance to admit their Indian fellow-subjects to a full participation of the rights of citizenship in a democratic community in which all men of European descent are equal before the law.

Thus, on November 23rd, 1923, Sir Valentine Chirol made a most serious indictment in *The Times* against General Smuts for his attitude at the Imperial Conference towards this question, in respect of his treatment of Indians domiciled in the Union of South Africa. Nearly all the accusations made against General Smuts are *ex parte* statements which give only one side of the question, but are more dangerously misleading than they might be if there were no truth at all in them.

The Position of South Africa at the Imperial Conference

Sir Valentine Chirol singles out General Smuts from the other Dominion Premiers and holds him up to obloquy because "he alone declined to subscribe to the principle of equality laid down by the Imperial Conference in 1921,

and he alone to-day turns a deaf ear to the eloquent appeal of the Indian representatives speaking on behalf of the Government as well as the people of India." But in common fairness he should have added that General Smuts alone of all the Dominion Premiers is faced with a situation of imminent peril to the welfare of the white people of South Africa, and of contingent danger to the vast native population of the Union. In the Province of Natal the Indians already outnumber the whites to an extent which causes real apprehension.

But the problem of South Africa will be dealt with later on in all its aspects; enough has been said to emphasise the importance of studying this great Imperial question with complete detachment from bias, prejudice or passion.

At the Imperial Conference in 1921, with the memory of the co-operation of India in arms with the rest of the Empire in the Great War fresh in men's minds, the following resolution was passed, South Africa abstaining:—

The Conference, while reaffirming the Resolution of the Imperial War Conference of 1918, that each community of the British Commonwealth should enjoy complete control of the composition of its own population by means of restriction of immigration from any of the other communities, recognises that there is an incongruity between the position of India as an equal member of the British Empire and the existence of disabilities upon British Indians lawfully domiciled in some other parts of the Empire.

The Conference accordingly is of opinion that in the interests of the solidarity of the British Commonwealth it is desirable that the rights of such Indians to citizenship should be recognised.

The representatives of South Africa regret their inability to accept this resolution in view of the exceptional circumstances of the greater part of the Union.

This is the only instance of a resolution being put to the vote at the Conference table and carried merely by a majority; South Africa in this case was in a minority of one. The passing of this resolution has been a fruitful source of trouble ever since, as it has stiffened the backs of politically minded Indians in their demand for recognition of the principle that Indians, by virtue of their so-called "British citizenship," shall be entitled to equal rights with British citizens of European descent in every community of the British Empire.

There is, of course, no such thing as "British citizenship" in any technical sense of the term: "British subjects," yes; but "citizens" of the State, Province, Dominion or Colony to which they owe immediate allegiance, for the administration of which they are taxed, and the laws of which they are bound to obey.

Equal Citizenship Unknown in India

It is important to remember that in India itself there is not only no equality of political or social status among the various castes, but the ruling castes are careful to keep the lower castes in a state of absolute subjection, which in some cases amounts to social ostracism of the most cruel character and almost unspeakable degradation.

The inequalities as between Indians themselves in respect to the whole structure of society are of such a drastic character that the uninitiated and untravelled Englishman from home or from the Dominions or Colonies cannot even begin to obtain a glimmering of all that they imply in the way of social and civic disabilities until he comes into intimate touch with the problem.

It will therefore be understood that the impassioned cry of political India for "equal citizenship" as between Indians and British all over the Empire must not lead us to infer that the ruling castes in India are in any way desirous of waiving their caste privileges in order to bring about the "equal citizenship" of Indians in their own country.

In other words, the doctrine of "equal citizenship" is to be applied ruthlessly outside India at the expense of the white men who have founded colonies and made homes in the wilderness, and won barbarous continents for civilisation—for the benefit of the parasitic Indian immigrants who, though incapable of carving out an overseas colony or dominion for themselves, readily attach themselves to any community of white settlers; and, if unrestricted in numbers and admitted to equal citizenship, may ultimately reach a position of actual ascendancy in the Administration.

We know what happens to the birds which act as hosts to the cuckoo's eggs.

Indian National Honour Not Affected

It must also be remembered that the Indians who are domiciled in our Dominions and Colonies are not those who have fought the Empire's battles; with the exception of a few who have settled in Canada since the war, and these have been readily admitted to full citizenship.

The Indian immigrants are mostly coolies, artisans, or traders, and do not belong to the fighting races or castes. No Englishman who has served in India has any prejudice against Indians as such; and Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru's contention that this question of "equal citizenship" overseas touches the national honour is a trifle ridiculous. Englishmen and Indians of similar social status meet on equal terms in India and elsewhere with the utmost cordiality; they are associated in the Army, the Civil Service, and the professions, and in commerce, and perhaps above all in sport. The warmest attachment exists between British officers and their native troops. The fighting races are the salt of India; they do not, however, seek a literary education, and seldom qualify for Government employment or professional careers outside the Army, and they seldom emigrate in any numbers.

Mr. Mackenzie King, Canadian Premier, made a good point at the Imperial Conference when he remarked in reply to the Maharajah of Alwar: "I could go to India and say with truth that every citizen coming from the State over which the Maharajah of Alwar rules has rights of citizenship in my province which I have not in his"; and he went on to dispel the myth that there is any question of the honour or dignity of Indians as Indians being involved in this controversy by saying: "So far as British Columbia is concerned the problem is not a racial one; it is purely an economic problem. The Labour forces are very strong in British Columbia. That province has had industrial problems of a character which no other province in the Dominion has had, and what the Labour people are aiming at is, I think, to maintain certain industrial standards which they had sacrificed much to acquire."

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru's Resolution

The debate at the Conference practically crystallised round the resolution proposed by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru:—"Let the Dominion Governments who have an Indian population, let His Majesty's Government in areas under their direct control, such as Kenya, Uganda, Fiji, and other places where there are Indians resident, appoint committees to confer with a committee which the Government of India will send from India in exploring the avenues how best and how soonest the principle of equality implicit in the 1921 resolution may be implemented. And lest the course of the enquiry be prejudiced, I will couple with my proposal the request that any anti-Indian legislation which may be pending should be stayed until the report of these joint committees is available." Now it should be explained that at the 1921 Conference all the Dominions which had an inappreciable Indian population to deal with readily agreed to the resolution for equal citizenship, knowing that so long as there was no augmentation of the Indian population by immigration there could never arise any serious economic or social problems consequent on equal political rights; they carefully guarded against the danger of the balance being upset by immigration by affirming in 1918 the right of each community in the British Commonwealth "to control the composition of its population by means of restriction on immigration"; and this principle was reaffirmed in 1921 (see *ante*, p. 821).

South Africa was unable to agree to the 1921 resolution on equal citizenship; for her the conditions were essentially different, and no restriction of immigration could alter the sinister fact that she already had within her borders a far larger Indian population than was desirable for her present and future economic and social welfare. The other Dominions have practically no racial problems to complicate the life of their communities and harass the Administration. In South Africa there are no less than four racial elements which contribute to the complex of the Union, viz., British, Dutch, native, and Indian. As regards the first two, these offer national and political

problems which for generations have been quite sufficiently acute to demand the utmost wisdom and tact on the part of the Government, and to require a mutual forbearance and sympathy on the part of each race to enable them to minimise the friction which can seldom be altogether absent from their joint citizenship. But in this case there is ever present the most important redeeming feature in a situation which otherwise bristles with difficulties, and that is the fact that the two races make a splendid blend, when individuals of each race are happily mated with the other; and this process of fusion has been going on for generations, and will continue to go on, to the advantage of the country and certainly not to the detriment of the race. In respect to the natives; they are of all sorts, speaking all sorts of languages, in every stage of evolution, and differing widely in congenital racial characteristics. The Imperial Government and the Union Government thoroughly understand the problems which they have to face in this connection, and deal with them in the most enlightened manner and on the most sensible lines, very much to the advantage of the natives, and therefore, it may be hoped, to the advantage—in the best sense of the word—of the whole community. There can never be any question of assimilation between black and white, but that they can live together, side by side, in peace and contentment, each in their own sphere contributing to the common welfare, has been amply proved: there is no inherent antagonism between the British and the South African natives; the Dutch, though more aloof and severe, perhaps in some respects understand even better how to handle them.

The Case of the Indians Different from that of the Natives

But when we come to the Indians, the problem is altogether different; and it is different now from what it was twenty years ago. Before discussing how this difference in the problem has arisen, we must enquire more closely into the origin of the problem itself. The Indian community in South Africa has its origin in the indentured labour which was brought into the country by Natal

between 1860 and 1911 for the development of her industries, more particularly of the sugar, tea, and wattle plantations.

It was recruited mainly from the Indian agricultural labouring classes, which, under the rigid Indian caste system, belonged to the lowest social stratum of the population, and were from the very nature of the Indian (*i.e.*, Hindu) system without any aspirations towards such an impossible goal as political liberty or equality. They were recruited not without difficulty, and frequently by methods known in India as "coolie catching."

In the indentures of these "coolies" there was no pledge given that they would be allowed to remain in Natal after completion of the indenture: on the contrary, the agreement provided for the free passage back to India of themselves and their families within a year of completion of service or re-indenture. The bulk of these people, however, did actually remain in Natal, commencing as small cultivators, hawkers, and domestic servants. They and their descendants were no longer available for the industries for which they had been introduced, and consequently many thousands more Indians continued to be imported to satisfy the demands of planters and others for which the South African native labour was considered incompetent or inadequate. The bulk of this work to-day is done by the once despised Kaffirs.

The African-born Indians are now competing in almost every sphere of industry and commerce with the white races in occupations suited to Europeans in South Africa. It is estimated by the South African League that there are not 4,000 indentured Indians in Natal; but there are about 155,000 free Indians, of whom about 50 per cent. are descendants of former indentured labourers.

In the wake of the indentured labourer came the trader, who was generally a Mahomedan from the Bombay Presidency, and is commonly misnamed "Arab" in South Africa. The trader came in the first instance to supply the wants of the indentured labourer, but once established

(1) *Report of Asiatic Enquiry Commission, 1921.*

he soon extended his dealings to natives and Europeans.

These Bombay Mahomedans have for centuries traded along the east coast of Africa and up to the Persian Gulf, as well as in Burma and the Far East. They are men of considerable enterprise, and, until ingress was prohibited, they spread into the Transvaal and the Cape Province, finding a peculiarly favourable field for their activities in the pioneer development of the Transvaal which followed the gold rush. Generally they maintain a close connection with India, which they still to a great extent regard as their permanent home, and from which they obtain fresh recruits to assist them in extending their business. These Bombay Mahomedans are altogether different from and superior to the indentured Hindus and their descendants; they maintain a higher standard of living and culture, and are formidable competitors with European merchants and traders, particularly in the country districts of the Transvaal.

The total number of Indians in South Africa in 1920 was estimated officially at about 155,000, distributed as follows:—

Natal Province	135,000
Cape Province	8,000
Transvaal Province	12,000
Orange Free State Province	100

The rights and privileges enjoyed by Asiatics differ greatly in the different Provinces of the Union. In the Cape Province they possess both the Parliamentary and municipal franchise, but in Natal only the latter, while in the Transvaal and Orange Free State they have neither, and are debarred from owning real estate; they are practically prevented from entering or residing in the Orange Free State. The policy of the Dutch has always been to exclude Asiatics from their country; some concessions of a strictly limited character were made by President Kruger under pressure from Great Britain as the Suzerain Power, but in the Orange Free State practically no concessions were ever made which might enable the drastic laws against Asiatic penetration to be evaded. The strong

feeling against Asiatic penetration into the Transvaal began to assert itself after 1884, when Indian traders began to emigrate thither from Natal. It is of special interest to note that at the time of the General Election in the Union of South Africa, January, 1921,¹ the Nationalist (South African Dutch) speakers on many platforms declared that if their party got into power they would sweep the Indians into the sea, no matter whether they were born in the country or immigrants. Those who too readily criticise the Government of General Smuts for its Indian policy would do well to realise that the moderate measures for the safeguarding of the economic and social welfare of the white and native population against the menace of Asiatic invasion, for which he is responsible, are actually the sole protection which the Indians have against the drastic remedies advocated by the Nationalists; any weakening or this question would expose the loyal South African Party to the loss of many votes of the moderate Dutch Boers and might result in the return of a Nationalist majority pledged to the most drastic Indian legislation, and of doubtful loyalty to the British Empire. The British Government will be well advised to refrain from any appearance of meddling in this essentially domestic question in the Union of South Africa, and should firmly repress the persistent attempts of politically minded Indians to raise this question on to the Imperial plane. In the interests of the Indians now domiciled in South Africa it would be wise if India would refrain from agitating, as this only serves to exacerbate feeling on both sides; a surcease from agitation fomented by Indian politicians in India will do more to promote a benevolent attitude on the part of the Union Government towards legitimate Indian aspirations than any amount of threats from impassioned and illogical agitators.

The Indian Question in Kenya.

The Indian question in Kenya reached a dangerously acute stage in the latter days of the Coalition Government in England. The burning questions of the General

(1) The writer was on the spot throughout this period.

Franchise, Reservation of the Highlands for European Settlement, and Immigration were dealt with in a statesmanlike manner by the Duke of Devonshire at the Colonial Office Conference; and the imminent peril of a revolt of the white settlers, involving in all probability the secession of the Union of South Africa, was averted.

The new Constitution which resulted from the decisions arrived at was adopted by the Legislative Council of Kenya at the beginning of this year; the new Council will consist of 11 Europeans, 5 Indians, and 1 Arab, and will retain a majority of official members. The Indians, elected on a Communal franchise (*i.e.*, confined to the Indian Community), were not present to take part in the passage of the Bill introducing the new Constitution, and have adopted an attitude of "non-co-operation" in the government and administration of the Colony by withdrawing their members both from the Executive and Legislative Councils. This attitude is a protest against the rejection of the Indian claim to election on a "General Franchise," which would enable the Indians to secure the majority of the unofficial seats on the Council, and ultimately, when the Colony attains the status of "Responsible Government," to become the *de facto* rulers of a British possession which owes its existence to the enterprise and capital of the white settlers.

The Immigration Bill, which is the result of the joint labours of the Governors of Kenya and Uganda, gives wide discretionary powers to the Immigration Officer—subject to the Board's control: he may refuse practically any immigrant who desires to enter the Colony, on the ground that entry is prejudicial to native interests. As the great majority of Indian immigrants are clerks, small mechanics and artisans, and petty traders, it is clear that Indian immigration, unless severely restricted, must militate seriously against the social and economic advancement of the natives and tend to keep them for all time in a condition of political serfdom—a condition with which many of the immigrant Indians are familiar in their own country!

The inevitable agitation against the new Kenya Con-

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stitution has already begun to make itself felt in India among the "politically minded" Indians, who doubtless believed that a change of Government in England would furnish the opportunity for striking a decisive blow against British supremacy in Kenya; they have, however, received a grave warning from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald against indulgence in unconstitutional methods and agitation, which may possibly induce reflection before they precipitate a conflict which cannot fail to be disastrous in its results and to leave behind it a legacy of bitterness, hatred, and distrust, which it will take more than a generation to overcome.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's message to India, dated January 6th, is certain to find a place in history; the full text is as follows:—

I watch sometimes with no little anxiety the progress of affairs in India. During all my political life I have anchored myself firmly upon the conviction that if progress is to be well rooted it can only be carried on by what is called political or constitutional ways. We have seen in our own generation all sorts of revolutionary movements which seem to be successful, and which have broken contacts with the past, but in the end, after much physical suffering and the creation of evil tempers and a vicious spirit, they have had to return to pick up the contacts that had been broken and to apply the very principles they had rejected.

I can see no hope in India if it becomes the arena of a struggle between constitutionalism and revolution. No party in Great Britain will be cowed by threats of force or by policies designed to bring government to a standstill, and if any sections in India are under the delusion that that is not so, events will very sadly disappoint them. I would urge upon all the best friends of India to come nearer to us rather than to stand apart from us, to get at our reason and our goodwill. I deplore the evidence of a backward spirit in some sections here, but let no one misread causes and effects.

When an appeal is made to revolutionary methods, whether those methods are active force or passive force, a reaction towards the opposite extreme is bound to come, and men and parties of the most sincere goodwill are hustled off the stage whilst the two forms of reaction—that of the Right and of the Left—kick and tear and sweat against each other until the failure of both has been demonstrated.

I know that the approach and the goodwill should be mutual. My appeal is, therefore, not only to Indians, but to the British authorities as well.

The sequel to this message was a telegram from the President of the Indian Association, Sir Surendranath Banerjee, on January 24th: "The Indian Association

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offers congratulations on your appointment as Premier, and hopes that under your guidance the equal status of Indians in all parts of the Empire will be vindicated and the attainment of full responsible government expedited."

It would be well if politically minded Indians would devote their attention to remedying the crying abuses from which the "depressed" classes in India suffer, owing to the cruel intolerance of the caste system, instead of persistently disturbing the social systems of other parts of the Empire by forcing upon them immigrants who are not welcome and by claiming for them citizenship rights which are withheld from them in their own country.

NEGLECTED NATIONAL ASSETS

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

WHAT distinguishes the MacDonald Government, as well as a large part of the electorate of this country, is that attention is concentrated on *spending* rather than *earning* money, though a million of the population, unable to earn a livelihood, are being supported in idleness—representing a heavy charge on the State, as well as on employers and employees in the more active industries.

The Budget for the financial year 1924-1925 provides for the remission of taxation on tea, sugar, cocoa, coffee, and dried fruits, with the avowed purpose of conciliating every housewife with money to spend. It also abolishes the contribution to the national revenue which has hitherto been made by pleasure seekers who occupy the cheaper seats in picture shows and other amusements, so that they may have more money to spend, probably on pleasure. Taxation amounting, in a full year, to nearly £40,000,000 is remitted, and there has been something like a chorus of approval of these features of the scheme to promote the spending of money.

On the other hand, the Government, while professing its determination to maintain, if not to raise, the standard of living in this country, is exposing the British worker, as an earner of money, increasingly to the unrestrained competition of the lower paid workers of other countries, where the standard of living has been seriously depressed as a result of the war. The German reparation duty was reduced by the Government several months ago from 26 per cent. to 5 per cent., though the German wage is, on the average, less than half the British wage, and the German manufacturer enjoys, therefore, a competitive advantage of much more than 26 per cent. In accordance with fiscal principles which Cobden, as a business man, would, in the present financial situation of the world, have indignantly repudiated, the McKenna duties are being dropped, the anti-dumping clauses of the Safeguarding of

Industries Act are being allowed to lapse, and notice has been given that when the Labour-Socialists are in power as well as in office, the preference which is shown to certain products of the overseas parts of the Empire will no longer be continued. The effect of these proposals must be to decrease the earning capacity of our workers, who are, on the one hand, exposed in the home market, as well as in foreign markets, to the competition of countries with a lower standard of living, and, on the other, are confronted abroad with fiscal barriers which are higher than ever before, amounting in the case of the American tariff to as much as 100 per cent. on certain goods.

Since it came into power the MacDonald Government has not lifted a finger in an attempt to solve the unemployment problem, which can only be done by creating conditions in which the million people who are now without work can find work. It has occupied itself in elaborating measures which must result in throwing other persons, now employed, out of work, and thus placing on the community an increased responsibility for their support. It has trifled with the situation in the coal-mining industry, in spite of boasts which were made in opposition; it has, by its words and actions, hindered the progress which otherwise might have been made in dealing with the housing problem in accordance with the Chamberlain scheme; it has shown no interest in the fight which traders and shipowners are making against discriminatory measures introduced in foreign countries. The Government has been exhibited, in all its inconsistencies and insincerities, as a combination of theorists and spendthrifts whose one idea is to encourage extravagant living without regard to the ability of the community to earn money to spend. The theory apparently is that, in spite of the treasure poured out during the Great War, there is an inexhaustible purse on which drafts can be made whenever it is desired to conciliate this or that body of voters.

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The attitude of the Government towards the McKenna duties is a glaring example either of its lack of vision, of its pedantry, or of a reckless willingness to surrender

anything and everything in the attempt to kill the Liberal Party, with its influential, if not very numerous, supporters, who are hidebound disciples of the Manchester School. The McKenna duties were producing revenue; stimulating such industries as the manufacture of motor cars, the making of musical instruments, watches and clocks, and the production of films; and were doing no injury to anyone in this country. The tendency of the prices of such articles of British manufacture was steadily downward. This should have been no matter of surprise, because, owing to the defence offered against unrestricted importations, production in this country had, for the first time, been possible in accordance with the principles of mass production, which can be carried out only where market conditions are more or less stable. The output of these industries was rapidly and steadily increasing; the home market was revealing healthy signs of buoyancy; and successful efforts were being made to develop the export trade. What was the case against the duties from the narrowest party point of view? They were introduced by a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer when Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister, blessed in subsequent years by Mr. Lloyd George himself, and continued by the Governments presided over by the late Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Stanley Baldwin. They came into force in the emergency of war and were retained in the emergency of peace. Economic conditions abroad in the years succeeding the war were chaotic, and British industries were conducted in daily peril of disaster owing to the undercutting of competitors in countries with depressed currencies. That peril still exists. There was no valid argument for the removal of the duties at this stage, for the emergency of peace has not passed.

But Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, as Prime Minister, and Mr. Philip Snowden, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, are doctrinaire adherents of what they claim are Cobdenite principles, and as former members of the Liberal Party nurse a vendetta against the Liberals. They seized with eagerness the opportunity which the abolition of these duties offered of proclaiming their pedantic faith and—more important—driving a wedge into the ranks of the

Liberal Party, thus revenging themselves upon its leaders for their recent display of temper. So, at one and the same time, with a callous disregard of the interests, direct and indirect, of at least a million workers, they decided to make no provision in the Budget for the continuing of these duties, at the same time placing upon the community the obligation of making good the revenue of two and a half million pounds which the scheme had hitherto produced. In the history of political parties of this country there has been no more deplorable exhibition of party manoeuvres at the expense of the community than this action represents. It reveals the indifference of the Labour-Socialists to the paramount problem of finding remunerative work at a time when work is scarce. In pursuit of its vendetta, the Government decided that the industries, "infant industries" in reality, and promising to become national assets of no mean value owing to their rapid expansion under the influence of the McKenna duties, should be thrown to the wolves—exposed to foreign competition, obviously unfair in the existing economic conditions abroad.

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The announcement that the preference which is now granted to certain classes of colonial imports is to be withdrawn furnishes another illustration of the Government's lack of interest in the earning capacity and well-being of the workers. Ministers have spent many days in negotiating in London a trade agreement with the representatives of the Russian Soviet; they have not devoted as many hours to the study of the possibilities of inter-Imperial trade. They have suggested by the course they have pursued that the principles of right and wrong, which the Bolsheviks have denied in word and act, are of no importance in comparison with the trade which can be done with Russia. Russia in pre-war days, when it was a prosperous country, took goods from us of the value of £18,000,000 a year—about one third of what Australia bought from us. Yet it has been suggested that the restoration of trade conditions with Russia in her abject poverty—trade conditions which must be based upon our lending to the Soviet money with which the Russian Government

may buy British manufactures—is going to make an appreciable difference to our unemployment problem.

What is the unemployment problem? The outstanding factor is that our oversea trade has suffered owing, first, to the economic disorganisation which followed upon the war, and, secondly, to the increasingly high tariffs which have been erected in other countries against the importation of British, as well as other foreign, goods. The second factor is that the most promising fields for British enterprise are provided in the overseas territories of the British Empire. These peoples are at one with us in ideals and sentiments, and are anxious that whatever they buy which is not of their own production shall be supplied by us. The great Dominions, as well as the West Indies, have introduced preference schemes in order that British manufactures may enter their markets on terms more favourable than those offered to other manufactures. In recognition of this policy the Imperial Conference, which met last summer, drew up a series of resolutions which were intended to encourage inter-Imperial trade. So far as those resolutions involved progress in the direction approved, at one time or another, by every leader of the older political parties, they have been abandoned by the Government as though the stimulation of inter-Imperial trade was of no consequence to the people of this country. And yet an increasing proportion of the goods which we export are conveyed to oversea parts of the Empire, and an even larger proportion of those goods are manufactures—in other words, give employment to a great army of our skilled workers. The British Dominions, Colonies and Protectorates bought from this country in 1922 goods, in the main manufactures, of the value of £301,157,000, and in return we took from them, principally in the form of food and raw materials, goods valued at £318,031,000. That is the volume of inter-Imperial trade which the Government, judging by its acts, regards as negligible in importance. The overseas peoples of the Empire are not only increasing in numbers, but have shown their desire to cement trade relations of this country, the self-governing Dominions and the West Indies even going to the length of remitting taxation amounting to £11,000,000 annually,

in order that purchasers may be encouraged to trade with us. On the other hand, we have our old-established trade with foreign countries. The exports amounted in 1922 to £523,118,000, and the imports to £685,887,000. Almost without exception, all those countries, in a spirit of narrow nationalism, have raised their tariff barriers, with the result that it is becoming increasingly difficult to sell British products in those markets.

An effective contrast is provided by the trading relations between this country and such foreign markets as Argentina and Denmark, on the one hand, with populations of 8,500,000 and 3,400,000 respectively, and, on the other, Australia and New Zealand, with populations of 5,500,000 and 1,200,000 respectively, it being remembered that these foreign countries and the two Dominions are direct competitors for our custom in much the same kinds of commodities. British capital—nearly £400,000,000—has been invested in developing production in Argentina, the amount being much greater than has been invested in Australia and New Zealand combined. According to Free Traders of the modern school, Argentina ought to be a larger buyer of British goods than Australia in virtue of the larger sums of British capital invested there, quite apart from its greater population and its well-developed shipping services, linking it with the British manufacturing districts. Denmark, which competes with New Zealand produce, has the great advantage of being much nearer to the British Isles than New Zealand. The following statement reveals the movement of British trade to and from Argentina and Australia and to and from Denmark and New Zealand, illustrating the value of these markets to this country:—

	British Exports to.	British Imports from.
	£	£
Argentina ...	22,668,000	56,500,000
Australia ...	60,253,000	64,000,000
Denmark ...	12,442,000 ⁽¹⁾	40,309,000
New Zealand ...	15,997,000	48,510,000

(1) In 1913 Denmark took goods of the value of only £5,792,000, and the increase in 1922 is evidently traceable to the temporary inability of Germany to supply as large a proportion of Denmark's needs as she did before the war.

British workers are more keenly concerned in the sale of British manufactured goods than any others, such as coal, of which Argentina is a large buyer, and the following figures, based on the Board of Trade Returns, show the value in skilled labour of these two Dominion markets in comparison with certain foreign markets, of the importance of which such an exaggerated view is taken when the subject of Imperial Preference is under discussion.

	Total British Imports, 1922. £	British Manufactured Imports, 1922. £
Australia ...	60,253,567	57,028,540
Russia ...	3,640,629	1,939,012
Germany ...	32,110,750	16,911,265
France ...	48,538,111	27,855,796
Italy ...	18,667,652	9,264,610
China ...	22,978,232	21,837,210
Japan ...	24,187,112	23,393,613
U.S.A. ...	55,542,246	38,813,324
Argentina ...	22,668,618	19,499,910
New Zealand ...	15,997,041	13,727,614
Sweden ...	12,312,146	8,110,380
Denmark ...	12,442,198	7,984,514
Spain ...	11,960,283	8,752,129
Portugal ...	4,206,789	3,097,050
Greece ...	3,774,781	3,118,543

These figures, referring to two of the Dominions, and those the most distant from our shores, show the high value of inter-Imperial trade to us in terms of skilled employment. That trade is a national asset of steadily increasing importance, and the policy of preference has stimulated it, as all the representatives of the British peoples at successive Imperial Conferences have agreed.

The situation may be stated in simple terms. The Labour-Socialist Government is confronted (1) with foreign markets with restricted purchasing power and high tariff walls and (2) with British oversea markets, with expanding purchasing power, in which preference is given to British goods. Although there are a million people in this country without work, it has declared its intention to shut, bolt, and bar the door in the face of these peoples of our own communion of nations, while it holds out the helping hand to the delegates of Soviet Russia. The

reasonable course to be pursued by any intelligent Government would obviously have been to develop the family estate, doing all in its power to promote inter-Imperial trade in the interests of Empire development and Empire settlement, and in the interests, also, of the workers of this country—the makers of goods the overseas peoples desire to buy. The Empire is a great national asset, and the Government is neglecting it.

* * * * *

The Government is also open to condemnation for its failure to realise that the foundation of this country's prosperity lies in its frugal utilisation of its coal supplies. When in opposition Ministers boasted of what they would do to put the coal mining industry on a more satisfactory basis, but in office they have done nothing beyond appointing a Committee of Enquiry, presided over by Lord Buckmaster, with terms of reference so restricted that the report of this body is, in large measure, valueless. It has recorded, as was known before to everyone with any knowledge of the industry, that "the profits of the industry, particularly in some districts, are unable to meet the miners' claim in full," and has suggested that further negotiations should be held. But the terms of reference forbade the Court dealing with what is the root problem—the steps to be taken to render coal mining more profitable and better able therefore to bear a higher wage. If the Government had not been obsessed with the crazy theory of nationalisation, it would have called upon this Court of Enquiry to consider, in the light of present conditions in the industry, the report of Lord Haldane's Committee which sat during the war, and the reports issued by the Fuel Research Board. This Department, as a result of experiments at its research station at Greenwich and an examination of alternative processes of carbonising coal at low temperature, has reached the conclusion that scientifically the problem of utilising our coal to better advantage for the provision of power for industry and transport has been solved. Ample evidence supports the conclusion that economically the problem has also been solved.

What the situation in the coal mining industry now

requires is a fresh and comprehensive investigation into the uses and misuses of coal, since it is established that the present methods of utilising it are disastrously wasteful. The scientific research worker has proved beyond question that we are destroying year by year wealth running into many million pounds sterling. Twelve months ago it was pointed out that "coal varies in its character, but patient research has established the fact that an average ton of coal can be so treated as to produce from 16 to 18 gallons of tar oils, the oil having a specific gravity of about 1.05 at 60 degrees Fahrenheit. In addition, a ton of coal yields about 14 cwt. of solid fuel, which forms an admirable smokeless domestic fuel, easily ignited; and it also gives off 3,000 to 5,000 cubic feet of gas of high calorific value."

The scientist has revealed that our vast reserves of coal contain unlimited supplies of smokeless fuel, which would enable us to banish the fog which hangs over London and other great manufacturing cities to the injury of public health, and particularly the health of children; great quantities of gas, which could be employed industrially; many million gallons of oil, which are required by transport and industry; and by-products from which we could obtain dyes, explosives, medicines, disinfectants, and artificial manures which now have to be imported. The scientist and engineer, working in collaboration, have also shown how the millions of tons of waste collected in dumps at the pitheads can be utilised, and how cannel coal and lignite can be converted into wealth.

The basis of successful industrial activity, as of national prosperity, is power. The problem of the future for us in this richly endowed island is to discover means of utilising our coal resources so that we may be able to obtain cheaper power than at present. We possess no great water resources which can be converted into electricity, but we possess coal measures of enormous extent. If we continue to mine and consume our coal in accordance with the present methods, this country will no longer be in a position to compete successfully with other countries, which, by the application of science, are securing cheaper, as well as

(1) *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, May, 1923.

more efficient, power. In this respect the Germans are exhibiting characteristic enterprise. As in the past they developed the aniline dye industry, applying the discovery of an Englishman, and proved the value of the coke-oven process, which was also of English origin, so they are now profiting by the work which has been carried on by our Fuel Research Board and private investigators. In Germany, as in the United States and elsewhere, attention is being concentrated on the fundamental problem of obtaining power more cheaply than in the past in order that goods may be produced for home and foreign consumption at lower prices. In this country, on the other hand, this overmastering problem is being practically ignored. We continue to raise to the surface hundreds of millions of tons of coal every year, and then proceed to dissipate its wealth, as though science had taught us little or nothing since first coal was mined in this country. A continuance of this policy means nothing less than ruin, when we are confronted with the effective competition of other nations exhibiting greater wisdom in exploiting the triumphs of physical science.

If the Government were not dominated by the determination to nationalise the coal mines, and were not, therefore, anxious to prove the failure of private enterprise, the road to reform in the coal mining industry would be clear. An enquiry by a body of scientists and business men would be instituted to consider how our coal measures—our greatest national asset—can be utilised to the greater advantage of the miners, the mine owners, and the nation at large. There is, unfortunately, no Minister with the expert knowledge of the scientist or the broad commercial outlook of the industrialist. The Government is evidently well content to toy with the wage issue in the coal mining industry, hoping thereby, apparently, to weary the public until nationalisation, with all its defects, is accepted. It is obvious from the history of coal mining, as of other industries, that the hope of the future lies in harnessing private enterprise to science. When that is done the coal miner can be better paid, every industrial activity can be conducted more cheaply and efficiently, and

the nation generally will be not only more prosperous, but, owing to the absence of smoke and fog in the atmosphere, will be more happy, with consequential economies in our public health services as well as in the productive manpower of the community.

* * * * *

Another national asset which is being woefully neglected by the Government is our sea power. We are the most fortunate of peoples in that we live in an island, all the great centres of population having easy access to the cheapest of all means of transport, and possess in our coal measures a source of power which can be utilised to enable us to render sea transport at once cheaper and more efficient. Our shipping services constitute a national asset, the value of which is not adequately appreciated. The freights which shipping earns constitute one of our principal "invisible exports," enabling us, in association with the income derived from overseas investments, to balance our national accounts. The importance of shipping as a national asset is shown in the following statement¹ :—

	1907.	1910.	1913.	1920.	1922.	1923.
	In Million £.					
Excess of Imports of Merchandise and Bullion ...	142	159	158	343	170	203
Net Income from Overseas Investments ...	160	187	210	200	175	150
Net National Shipping Income ...	85	90	94	340	110	110
Commissions ...	25	25	25	40	30	30
Other Services ...	10	10	10	15	10	10
Total "Invisible Exports" on balance ...	280	312	339	595	325	300
Available for Investment Overseas ...	138	153	181	252	155	97

It is an axiom among all commercial men, irrespective of their political opinions, that the less the Government interferes with business the better for industry and for the nation generally. The outstanding lesson of the late war

(1) *Board of Trade Journal*, January 21st, 1924.

was that the Government cannot "control" shipping or any other industry without injuring other related industries. "Nothing was more clearly demonstrated by the war than the complexity of the factors which go to make up carrying power, and the danger of dealing singly with any one of them. The ships, the ports, the railway, the merchant's office, and the banker's counting-house are all," Mr. C. Ernest Fayle, in the official history of sea-borne commerce in the Great War¹, adds, "cog-wheels in the one great machine, and a breakdown or lack of co-ordination at any point will clog the working of the whole." The demand of shipowners, as well as the leaders of other industries, is to be let alone, but that appeal does not mean that the State has no duty towards industry. While abstaining from bureaucratic fussiness, it can do much to ensure that British shipping, as well as other industries, has fair play. Freedom of the seas is useless unless it embraces also freedom of the ports, and in this respect the Government could do much by representations to foreign maritime powers to ensure that the Maritime Ports and Railway Conventions, concluded at Geneva, are carried out in spirit as well as in letter.

Ministers and the nation generally need to be brought to a fuller realisation of the extent to which their fortunes depend upon the prosperity of the shipping industry. Everyone is, directly or indirectly, concerned in the well-being of the British mercantile marine, which embraces about half the efficient steam and motor tonnage of the world. The tendency to rejoice when freights are low, with a resultant depression in the industry, injuring alike investors, managers, and officers and men, is based upon a misconception. Sir William Noble, speaking in Newcastle-on-Tyne, recently exposed this fallacy :—

Whilst shipping in self-contained countries such as the U.S.A. is a luxury, with us—an island nation—requiring to import two-thirds of our food, it is vital. It should, therefore, need no emphasis to convince the public, the retail tradesmen, and the local merchant that they have nothing to gain by low freights and an impoverished shipping. We know, of course, that prosperity in transport services does not precede but follows

(1) *Sea-Borne Commerce*. By C. Ernest Fayle. Vol. III. (John Murray.)

the world development and expansion of trade, but in this maritime country, serving the world with its ships, and peculiarly in this portion of the country so largely dependent on its shipbuilding, shipworking, and shipowning, the shipping industry is the real key industry, and is the first and surest index of the well-being of the people.

Anticipating the criticism that he was ignoring the influence of freights on the cost of living, Sir William Noble added :—

It may be objected that I have overlooked the effect of freight rates upon the cost of living. The fact of the matter is, however, that to the consumer here the difference between a freight rate at which a ship can make a reasonable profit and that at which she makes a loss is infinitesimal. Take, for instance, grain and flour. One shilling per quarter increase on North Atlantic grain rates only represents one-third of one penny per stone of wheat. Five shillings per ton increase on flour is slightly over that fraction per stone—0.37d. to be exact. Ten shillings per ton on bacon means one-nineteenth part of one penny per lb. in the retail price.

We are bringing grain, flour, bacon, eggs, apples, and a variety of other foodstuffs; it requires a 3,000 miles ballast run and a 3,000 miles loaded run to do it; and we bring these commodities at a cost to the weekly domestic budget, so far as the ocean freight is concerned, of a matter of a few coppers for a family's needs.

Shipowners, as has been illustrated by the recent meeting in London of the second International Shipping Conference, over which Sir Alan Anderson presided, are doing their best to get international trade to move once more smoothly and efficiently, so that shipping may again prosper. Their efforts deserve the support of the Governments of our own and other countries, for until all restrictions on the free movement of ocean-borne commerce are removed, hopes of an economic revival throughout the world must be abandoned. As Sir Alan Anderson reminded the International Shipping Conference, "if each nation seeks to stretch its frontiers overseas, to claim as its own the commerce with a neighbour, if by adopting flag discrimination it forces its neighbours to discriminate also, then indeed international commerce must swell enormously in expense and shrink in volume to a shadow of what is needed to maintain the world on its old scale."

* * * * *

Transport is civilisation. In our own case, as islanders, we have a peculiar responsibility. We have good ships, efficient management, and expert crews, but steps must be

taken to improve the efficiency of our ports, and in this respect the Government could render great assistance through the Trade Facilities Act. As Sir Alfred Read recently reminded the Institution of Naval Architects, "the coasting trade is in reality the mother of all shipping," consisting of the regular trader loading at a fixed berth and sailing according to a scheduled time on a recognised service, and the tramp steamer which seeks its living by carrying principally bulk cargoes between any two points selected according to the conditions of trade. Sir Alfred Read, in championing coasting shipping, pleaded a cause which is essentially a national cause, since this country is completely surrounded with water and its fortunes depend, in large degree, on the extent to which it can use that means of cheap transport, costing only about one-thirtieth of that offered by the railways of such continental countries as the United States, France and Germany.

One of the chief things to help a trade revival, and one which must of necessity play an important part, is cheap and efficient transport; to obtain this the coasting trade must be developed, for which the co-operation of the harbour and port authorities is required. Even to-day, with very few exceptions, the accommodation and facilities at our ports are inadequate and hopelessly out of date, modern appliances for the rapid handling of cargo being conspicuous by their absence.

Shed accommodation at many of the ports is of a very poor description, mainly consisting of merely single-storied wooden erections. What are required are double-storey sheds with raised platforms to facilitate the loading and unloading of vehicles, chutes and other mechanical devices for the economic handling of cargoes. Working and running costs are still high compared with pre-war time, and must come down, not necessarily by reduction of wages, but by the removal of some of the restrictions which at present hinder the free and unrestrained output; much has undoubtedly been done in this direction, but there is still more to do.

When the change took place from sailing-ships to steamships the inadequacy of the docks and appliances generally became apparent; at the present time a great change is taking place from steamships to motorships, and without doubt the internal-combustion engine has many advantages which would make it suitable for coastal services; but unless the port authorities are willing to provide accommodation which meets the requirements of the new type of vessel, the forward movement will be still further handicapped.

Sir Frederick Lewis, as chairman of a Committee of the Chamber of Shipping which has enquired into the

present facilities at our ports, constituting an important national asset, has since stated that at least £20,000,000, or probably a larger sum, is being spent on development. But there is evidently need for even greater expenditure, offering a rich return, if only the Government, offering "cheap money" on loan, would encourage the port authorities to show courage and vision.

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If the Chancellor of the Exchequer possessed a business mind he would have utilised some of the surplus of £48,000,000, which he inherited from the Baldwin Government, to increase the *earning* capacity of the nation. Apart from retaining the McKenna duties, he would have carried into effect the resolutions of the Imperial Conference so as to develop inter-Imperial trade; he would have set aside sufficient money to enable a national enquiry to be held into the use and misuse of our coal supplies; and he would have invited the authorities controlling our great and little ports to submit schemes of development, to be financed under the Trade Facilities Act. He would also have seized the opportunity to relieve industry generally from some part of the heavy burden of taxation which is now handicapping it in its efforts to regain foreign markets. Of all countries this is the most heavily taxed, and, though the taxation appears to be borne directly by those whom the Labour-Socialists describe as "capitalists," it is really borne by the whole nation.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, instead of introducing a Budget which would have stimulated the earning capacity of the nation, has chosen to frame proposals to encourage the spending of money. He has ignored the problem of overseas markets on which our prosperity depends. In his anxiety to secure the votes of the spenders he has ignored the claims of the earners. He has, in short, put the cart before the horse at a moment when one million of the population, unable to earn any money at all, are the unwilling dependents of the rest of the community. His policy represents the neglect of great national assets for what he conceives to be the necessities of the Labour-Socialist Party in view of an inevitable General Election at a not very distant date.

THE FUTURE OF THE NEW BALTIC STATES

BY ELENA CHIVERS DAVIES

IF the pages of past history are to serve as a guide to successive generations, the re-grouping of political and economic power along the shores of the Baltic Sea merits close attention. All down the ages the *Dominium Maris Baltici* has been a bone of contention, for which Teuton and Pole, Lithuanian and Swede, Dane and Russian have struggled, and the destinies of Northern nations have swayed this way or that according to the possession of the command to which every race which acquired power in Northern Europe aspired, and without which its supremacy quickly vanished. Germany, in the years just prior to the Great War, had almost reached her goal, and the handing back of the control of the Baltic to the States immediately on its shores has at least removed one cause of possible future conflict.

Freed from the domination of Russia and Germany alike, these States, born to the sound of cannon, yet new only in the sense of independent political life, since their history is as old as Europe itself, are at last able to work out their own destinies, and by their own unaided efforts place themselves in the ranks of the European civilisations from which centuries of tyranny have barred them.

And the gradual *rapprochement* of these Baltic States, whose political outlook is by no means identical, is a feature of considerable interest to the student of international politics, hinting as it does at a possible future League of the North, which might include not merely the States on the southern shores of the Baltic but also Finland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden. When the ink was scarcely dry on the parchments ratifying the sovereignty of the new Republics, a conference of the Baltic States was held, at the initiative of Latvia, at Riga in 1920, which was attended by Finnish, Estonian, Latvian, Lithuanian and

Polish representatives, and at which many important provisions for military, political, economic and agricultural co-operation between the States were discussed, while a permanent Inter-Baltic Committee was formed. It is significant that at all subsequent conferences the idea of a Baltic Alliance has been greeted with growing enthusiasm, and though there are differences of political outlook yet to be adjusted, still the Treaty signed in November last between Latvia and Estonia is an indication of the gradual *rapprochement* of countries which have a fundamentally common aim—the preservation of a hardly won independence against any encroachment of an alien Power.

It is not too much to say that already the political as well as the economic importance of the Baltic States is making itself felt among the Great Powers. Only nations possessing a real vitality could have survived so long a struggle against assorted tyranny as these Baltic lands. Inhabitants of these regions, and enjoying a well-developed civilisation at a time when much of Western Europe was still covered with primeval forests, the Lithuanians, Letts and Estonians fell into the clutches of aliens in the fourteenth century when the Teuton knights spread like a blight over the north of Europe after their return from the Crusades. Estonia, Latvia and a part of Lithuania sank under their domination, while Poland stretched eager hands over the remnant of Lithuania which was left. The result was the same in each case: the total loss of individual and national freedom for the conquered, the institution of serfdom, and over two hundred years of black misery relieved only by a brief period of Swedish rule when the privileges of the Baltic barons were clipped. By the year 1710 the Germans had intrigued Estonia into Russian hands, and for another two hundred years the bondage of the people continued. The peasants were serfs indeed, and though the serf laws of Estonia were repealed in 1816, no Estonian might acquire land, even by direct purchase, until 1860, and juridically the baronial privileges remained in force until the Russian revolution of 1917.

Latvia, which was conquered but never entirely subdued by the Teuton knights, fell in the eighteenth century to the combined forces of Germany and Russia, and when Russia obtained Livonia in 1710 the Letts, who had been gradually overcoming the German element in the country by economic development, were placed again under the yoke by the "Privilegia Sigismundi," that charter of Junker liberties granted by the Czar, and serfdom continued, no Lett being allowed to hold land until 1863. Revolt was mercilessly crushed, and Lett and Estonian had to struggle against the common enemies: German landowners and Russian officials, preparing for the future by the cultural awakening of the 'sixties, utilising any opportunities which the policy of Czardom gave them from time to time, and little by little forcing their way into commerce and local government, and endeavouring to secure a proper education for their children.

The Russo-Japanese War, betraying the essential weakness of the Russian Empire, gave the enslaved Baltic peoples a chance to manifest their strength, but they were not able to gain any tangible advantages till Czardom finally fell in 1917. In that year autonomy was granted to Estonia by the Russian Provisional Government, and in February, 1918, the Estonians proclaimed themselves an independent Republic, though the barons formally invited Germany to occupy the country. Anxious for peace with Russia, Germany invaded Estonia, captured Reval, dispersed the National Government, and threatened Petrograd. The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk left Germany master of Estonia and Livonia, and it was only after a long and bitter struggle, complicated by the intrigues of the Baltic Junkers with both Germany and the Reds, that Estonia finally obtained her freedom and was able to shape her State policy. Recognised as an independent Republic, the Constituent Assembly of Estonia drew up a Constitution which is described by a writer in the *Journal of Comparative Legislation and International Law* (October, 1921) as "democracy of an advanced type, carrying into the printed text more of the democratic theory than any other, while its rejection of the Soviet system shows a

stern refusal to stray, even so tentatively as the German Constitution of 1919, out of the strictly democratic path."

Latvian freedom was won even more hardly. Ranging itself on the side of the Allies from the outbreak of war, the Lettish national army continued to fight after the fall of Czardom, but the Armistice brought her no respite, for the Reds invaded the country, the Soviet official journal declaring "that Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia lay across their route to Western Europe and constricted the Revolution. The wall between the Revolutionists of Russia and Germany must therefore be torn down, as the control of the Baltic would give Soviet Russia an opportunity to act on the Scandinavian States."

The aid which these States rendered to civilisation in stemming the wave of Bolshevism cannot be over-emphasised. The Letts, struggling against the treachery of the Junkers, who openly supported the Reds, had also to beat back invasion after invasion. The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk handed Latvia over to Germany, and it seemed as if the Teuton dream of a "Baltic lake" were about to be realised. When the Armistice was signed, however, the Letts, who had stubbornly opposed all attempts at coercion, held a National Council at Riga, which proclaimed the sovereignty of the Latvian Republic, a condition immediately acknowledged by the Allies.

But peace was not yet, and the unfortunate decision of Mr. Churchill to allow the German Army then occupying Latvia to remain there "to fight the Bolsheviks" gave the Germans a stranglehold over the country while the Reds attacked in force in January, 1919. Hard fighting ensued, and a new Latvian "Government" was proclaimed by Von Der Golz—which was, needless to say, composed of Junker elements. On the intervention of Marshal Foch acting for the Allies, the imprisoned Latvian Council was released, but the German troops were not withdrawn until the Letts, after dispersing the Reds, came upon the Iron Division in the rear and routed it. When the country was finally clear of alien troops elections were held for a Constituent Assembly, and in May, 1920, the sovereignty of the Latvian Republic was formally established and

recognised. A peace was signed later with Russia and Germany, both countries undertaking to respect the independence of Latvia.

At the height of their power the Lithuanians held dominion from the Baltic to the Black Sea, but the ambitions of Poland and the long battle between the people of Lithuania and the Teuton knights had a similar result as in the other Baltic States: reduction of the native population to a state of practical serfdom and a determined policy of oppression on the part of the invaders. The union with Poland in the sixteenth century caused the influence of that country to be predominant, but the downfall of Poland in the eighteenth involved Lithuania as well; and a stern policy of Russification completed the reduction of nationalism already begun by two hundred years of a foreign mastery. It is remarkable that the national spirit survived as it did these dual attacks upon its liberties, but survive it did, and every inch of privilege which the Lithuanians could grasp was used by them to foster the resources of their land, and by raising the educational standard of their people to prepare the way for an ultimate renaissance.

The horror of invasion fell upon Lithuania before any other of the Baltic States in the war, and five years of ceaseless conflict in her borders reduced a once prosperous country to a pitiable condition. Not until February, 1918, was the independence of the Lithuanian Republic proclaimed, and when Latvia and Estonia were free to begin the work of reconstruction and consolidation of their national resources Lithuania was struggling with Polish frontier questions, losing her historic capital and chief industrial town by an act of force on the part of Poland which Lord Robert Cecil described as "an international scandal," and unable to obtain a decision from the Allies as to the status of her only adequate outlet to the sea, the port of Memel.

By the Treaty of Versailles the port and territory of Memel was assigned to Lithuania on ethnic and economic grounds, but the Conference of Ambassadors, after dallying with the matter for four years and reducing the

Lithuanians to despair and the people of Memel to open revolt, decided again in February, 1923, to hand Memel over to the Lithuanians, but on certain limiting conditions. Throughout the whole of 1923 the Conference struggled to bring about two diametrically opposite conditions—(1) to draw up a convention for Memel which should establish Lithuanian sovereignty over the port in accordance with their twice expressed declaration, and (2) to enable Poland to stultify the said sovereignty of Lithuania over Memel port and territory. With a degree of patience worthy of all praise the Lithuanians endeavoured to maintain their just claims and yet arrive at a satisfactory solution, but the Conference of Ambassadors, after wasting more months in bringing forward impracticable conditions in which the guile of the old diplomacy was clearly shown, washed its hands of the whole question and transferred its responsibilities to the League of Nations in September, 1923. At the December meeting of the Council of the League a Commission of Investigation was set up, and the meeting of March, 1924, received the findings of this Commission. It is as much to the credit of Lithuania as to the past discredit, not merely of the Conference of the Ambassadors, but also of the League of Nations—which had by sheer weakness countenanced the Polish annexation of Vilna and thus failed lamentably to bring about a previous settlement of the Polish-Lithuanian dispute—that a settlement of the Memel question has been arrived at. In a sense there is a direct connection between the two problems of Memel and Vilna, since the dual pressure of Poland and France to obtain concessions to the hinterland users of the port of Memel was destined for the exclusive benefit of Poland. Lithuania, technically in a state of "war" with Poland till the latter should evacuate unlawfully occupied territory, had the right to continue to shut her frontiers against Poland, and if she allowed the port of Memel to be thrown open to Poland under existing conditions she would be actually handling on behalf of Poland timber and corn which were being exported from the occupied territories! Both the League and Poland were therefore in the difficult position, brought about by

the action of Zeligowski on the one side and the condonation of this "international scandal" on the other, of having to obtain Lithuanian agreement for the granting of concessions to the wronging party! The Lithuanian position was a very strong one, and only her genuine goodwill—shown in the past over this question of the Niemen by her signature of the Barcelona Convention, her clause to the same effect in her counter-proposals to the Hymans scheme for Vilna, and her voluntary offer of the use of rail and waterways to Poland for the use of all goods save munitions of war during direct negotiations with Poland at an earlier date—has made the settlement of the Memel question possible. The blot on the settlement brought about by the Commission, otherwise a reasonably fair piece of work, is the curious Article 18, which in more diplomatic language asks Lithuania to put into operation at once all the concessions she has made, while waiting indefinitely on her part for the ratification of the Allies. The Commission has been disingenuous over this article. If France, for example, prompted by Poland, should refuse to ratify the convention the transfer of sovereignty to Lithuania could be held up indefinitely—even though every other clause were in working order—and the readiness of Lithuania to make every sacrifice to obtain a reasonable settlement of a matter which is materially affecting her whole economic outlook has, one fears, been exploited by the recurrent weakness in face of an issue between an open and a secret diplomacy so unfortunately characteristic of the proceedings of the League of Nations in its dealings with the small nations which it is its avowed aim to protect.

The havoc wrought in these Baltic States by the war has never been realised in Western Europe: the fertile lands turned into deserts, the ruined farms (over 400,000 in Lithuania alone), the loss in man power, the crushing of industry, and the exile of starving populations. The task of reorganising these lands, crippled by depleted treasuries and lack of credit, has been a herculean one, and only vigorous, stubborn peoples burning with a stern determination to regain their position in the modern world could have made such giant strides as they have done in

the brief period of peace which has been theirs. Critics of the drastic Agrarian reforms of Latvia and Estonia fail to realise that in these measures lay the finest weapon against the waves of Bolshevism, the repercussion of which these Border States were bound to feel. To-day over 500,000 Estonian farmers are making a living on lands which supported only 200 Junker families in 1914, while Latvia had no other option in her national interests but to divide the estates of the treacherous German barons who had so endangered the welfare of the country by their continual intrigues. The radicalism of the land reforms of the Baltic Republics came as no surprise to those who grasped the full iniquity of the double dealing of the Junkers during the war and the subsequent German occupation. In Estonia as late as 1918 fully 60 per cent. of all the land was owned by these Junkers who were at the same time hugging the idea of a forcible colonisation of Estonia and Latvia with two or three million small German farmers and a lesser number of Russians, the legitimate occupants and rightful owners of the land being expatriated meanwhile. The Agrarian reforms were the strongest weapon against the Bolshevik rule in the Baltic, and it is thanks to the vigorous measures adopted that the Border lands are free from this pest of civilisation.

In all three States the work of reconstruction has gone forward despite many difficulties. The productive force of the nations have been harnessed; raw materials utilised and manufactures re-started; the creation of commercial financial, transport and credit apparatus proceeded with the agricultural and economic life of the countries linked together again, and preparations made to develop to the full the unrivalled geographical position of these States—the natural link between Russia and the West of Europe—in readiness for the time when normal trade relations are in full swing. Apart from the shipping trade, which is the natural corollary of this position, the agriculture and fisheries, the forestry and live stock, as well as the developing industries of these Baltic States, give promise of an important future for Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. Politically they show stability; financially they have done

marvels under most difficult conditions in stabilising their exchange and grappling with their budgets; diplomatically they are proving themselves equal to their task; industrially and agriculturally they are hard working and alert, and in character their energy and stubborn determination to wrest the most from life in fair and honourable fight should carry them far.

One of the absorbing problems of the Baltic States is the relationship to be held by them in the future with that of Russia, with whom, by the exigencies of their geographical position, they are bound to be closely linked in commerce, if not in politics. The danger to these Republics in the day when Russia finds her strength again is that she regards the Baltic lands as her natural outlet to the sea and the pathway to the West, and considers that the countries bordering the Baltic shores should be under her control. Despite Peace Treaties, the Soviet still holds this view, even if it is not paraded, and the Republics are not blind to a steady propaganda carried on along their frontiers by Red agents. But conscious of their rôle as transit agents between Russia and the West of Europe they will, fully cognisant of the economic needs of Russia, endeavour to maintain commercial relations while holding aloof from her politics. And national instincts are too strong to permit of dallying with any suggestions, however temptingly baited of entry into a possible "Confederation of Russian States," to which, in any case, the Baltic peoples belong neither by tradition nor by nationality. The clear-sighted Baltic peoples, who can at least claim a practical knowledge of the Russian mentality, scoff at the idea of any such Confederation meeting with success, and base their arguments on the inherent weakness of an immense area inhabited by a score of divergent races when not linked together by any powerful centralising authority. They doubt the penetration to any extent of the influence of Western ideas of politics upon the soil of Russia, and consider that by the consequences of the Revolution Russia has already retrograded several centuries from modern thought. A great gulf separates these Baltic peoples from the mentality of Bolshevism, and more and

more their eyes are turning towards the West, from which the victories that have made freedom possible have come.

For economic reasons they are anxious for a speedy return of Russia into the economic fold, and the attitude of Great Britain is being closely watched. This is logical, considering that in pre-war days the bulk of Russian trade passed in and out of their ports, and that even under present conditions it is cheaper for Russia to export goods *viâ* Riga or Reval than from her own harbours. Their geographical position renders them the natural and most convenient ports of call for all northern countries trading with Central Russia or Siberia, but they are resolved to safeguard their independence strongly so that they may the better fulfil their natural trading rôle.

In the past not only Finland, Poland, and the Baltic Republics, but also the Ukraine and Georgia were part of Russia, and each one received guarantees of special rights and autonomy at one period or another, promises which were invariably broken when the necessity arose of bringing them, for Imperial purposes, under the protectionist policy which, however essential to the centralised economic condition of All-Russia, was fatal to the component parts. Thus Latvia, having no interest in the export of cereals, was obliged, in order to support the Russian grain trade and in virtue of commercial treaties made between Russia and Germany in 1894 and 1904, to grant concessions to German industry directly harmful to her own. So far as the interests of the Baltic Republics are concerned, while Russia has much to gain by absorbing them, they, on the other hand, have little to lose by remaining completely independent of her, since their fuel and raw materials can be obtained as cheaply elsewhere, and she is bound to rely on them for the bulk of her carrying trade. It was the neglect of Russia to develop the railways and ports of the Baltic States which gave Germany the chance of invading the economic life of the lands on the shores of that sea so completely as to oust even Russia herself. The Russian policy was in many respects a curiously short-sighted one, for, apparently oblivious of Pan-Germanism she permitted the Baltic littoral to be entirely under

German influence, both by its land-owning Junkers and powerful commercial organisations.

There is a danger point for the whole of Europe in a recrudescence of the traditional and fatal friendship between Germany and Russia which the secret history of the nineteenth century is gradually bringing to light. The wave of Bolshevism will pass, and then, with the reaction of nationalism that will assuredly follow, a militant Pan-Slavism may be looked for, its eyes turned southwards towards the Straits and the Black Sea. In the north, the Germany of to-day, deprived of colonies and therefore anxious for new markets as well as for raw materials, will find in Russia abounding opportunity for exploiting both the rich resources and wide purchasing power of a vast country. A Russia whose technical forces and capital were German, and a Germany provided with the vast resources of Russia, would be an economic power of tremendous weight, dangerous alone, deadly in combination.

Any alliance of States which can serve as a "*cordon sanitaire*" between two Powers, already too closely in sympathy for the well-being of Europe, will perform a real service to civilisation. And the Baltic States feel that this duty devolves on them. With their common interests built up in unity a powerful barrier would be made, and their differences are more surface than fundamental. All have a common interest in maintaining freedom of trade along the Baltic, and the link of a mutual defence would bind more closely still. If the idea of such a union matures, we may look forward confidently to the establishment of an Alliance which would play not only a defensive rôle against the aggressions of either Pan-Slavism or Pan-Germanism, but which would also serve as the necessary demarcation line between two danger points in the peaceful economy of Europe.

POLITICAL TREMORS IN THE UNITED STATES

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

A SPRING house cleaning has been going on in Washington which is causing the residents, permanent and temporary, considerable anxiety and discomfort. While, fortunately, this is not an annual event, it takes place every few years, and on the whole it has been quite generally wholesome and useful in the results. Some reputations are unmade and others made. Faulty Government methods are exposed, long-standing abuses are revealed, and the dangerous features of apparently quite legitimate customs are made plain.

These events are generally precipitated through accidental disclosures due to differences between those who are benefiting from some illegal or immoral practice, and in the course of the inevitable publicity many other things, often irrelevant but of considerable interest to the public, come to light. There is always much hysteria due largely to newspaper exploitation of the subject and to political rivalries, and when the disturbance comes on the eve of a national election all these influences are intensely aggravated, as in this present year of 1924. The last great disturbance of this character came in 1901, when Theodore Roosevelt became President through the death of President McKinley, and it is more than a coincidence that the present upheaval has come about at a time when Calvin Coolidge has become President through the death of President Harding, although the actual reasons for the present trouble are somewhat different in their nature from those which brought about the stirring times of over twenty years ago. Fundamentally, however, the same principles are involved.

It is most necessary in any consideration of political affairs in the United States at this time, and at all times, in fact, to begin with the assumption that a vast majority of all those concerned with Government affairs are honest,

hard working and faithful servants of the nation. This condition prevails as well in all large, well organised and civilised countries. A large percentage of Government employees the world over are honest and faithful to their trust. This may be due to inherent strength of character and beliefs, to fear, to expediency, or habit and example, but the result is the same and is irrespective of their ability. Notable instances of unfaithfulness and of criminal use of opportunity to defraud for either direct or indirect gain have generally been among those who came into great power suddenly and without training in the public service. The field of operation so suddenly opened out to the view of such as these and the great opportunity thus present for personal gain so revealed is too great a temptation to be withstood.

Considering the frailty of human nature, the temptations so alluringly displayed, the atmosphere of wealth and material gain into which men are often thus thrust without warning, it is a tribute to the honesty of average mankind that there are so few who betray their trust in any direct way. It is in the indirect method of securing personal advantage that so many fail to resist the plausibly presented opportunity, and the greatest wrongs that have been done to nations have come about through the concerted actions of a group in power which, keeping all within the law, manipulated public affairs to its own aggregate and individual advantage. This state of affairs is known at the time to a large number of people who are in a position to be aware of what is going on, but, through indifference, self-interest, or cynicism, they do not convey this knowledge to the mass of the people in such a way as to bring about an uprising of public opinion.

This was the state of affairs in Washington when Theodore Roosevelt became President in 1901. This was the state of affairs in Washington when Calvin Coolidge became President in 1923, although the Harding Administration had not had such an opportunity to dig itself in as had the predecessors of President Roosevelt. In writing of the Harding Administration in THE FORT-NIGHTLY REVIEW of some months ago, it was then

suggested that there were many characteristics of the man, his entourage, and the prevailing influences which recalled the days of President McKinley. There was no premonition then of the dramatic sequence of events shortly to take place which would bring the two Administrations into even stronger likeness than seemed possible at that time. Not only has the chronology proved similar, but the psychology of the leading spirits, political managers, and beneficiaries has been proved of like character.

In the public affairs of the United States, both national and local, there is a never-ending struggle for ascendancy between two great forces. These forces may be classed as good or evil by the purist, and there is no doubt as to where such would draw the line, but the mentality of men so differs that what might seem ethically evil to one may appear as perfectly legitimate to another in the domain of practical everyday life. In recent years there has been, and there exists to-day, a very large and influential section of the American community led by individuals of the highest personal probity and character who believe most sincerely that the affairs of the nation would be safer and in better hands if committed to the care of those who control the great financial and industrial resources of the country.

This group is violently opposed to anything resembling Socialism, it is antagonistic to public ownership of utilities or natural monopolies. It would have all legislation so directed as to foster the interests with which they are concerned. That the results of their policy bring to them wealth and power they admit, but they are sincere in their belief that this is merely incidental to a course of government most beneficial to all classes and to the nation as a whole. The presence of such an element is not peculiar to the United States, for its operations and influence in the life of Great Britain is notable, but in America this element has at times secured almost absolute control of Government affairs. It has been from this source that nearly all of the great reactionary propaganda movement have come, and it is this element which is directly and indirectly responsible for the great development of the

science of publicity in America in the past twenty-five years.

This group has wealth, power, and influence. It can enlist banks, newspapers, and the persuasive power of great industrial organisations into its service, and its excursions into politics, many of which have brought about bribery and corruption, are plausibly defended on the ground that the end justified the means. No man who has lived in Washington for any length of time; no experienced newspaper correspondent, and no political manager, however humble his position, fails to become aware of the methods employed to bring about what is called by this group a "safe and sane" Government. Every few years this group of financial and industrial leaders rises to great power in the affairs of the nation. As its power increases and it becomes apparently more secure in the saddle it grows more arrogant, more open in the pursuance of its methods and inevitably more careless. Then comes the reaction, either through the rising of a wave of protest from the people, made articulate by the political opposition or through the leadership of some man who, from interested or disinterested motives and with the necessary personality and ability, is able to establish himself as a standard bearer. It is a revolt against what many people believe to be so desirable "a business Government."

Such a man was Theodore Roosevelt, and when he became President, by the intervention of fate rather than through the schemes of politicians, he was confronted with such a situation as has been suggested. He was the man of the hour, and he promptly grasped the opportunity presented. Of vigorous and combative character, firm to obstinacy in his convictions, regardless of friend or foe, delighting in the clash of arms, he threw himself into the fray with all the ardour and thorough enjoyment of a battle which was characteristic of everything he did. The result was a great disturbance in the methods of government, the discomfiture and a temporary loss of power for the financial and industrial interests, and an arousing of the public conscience which resulted in the greatest purification of

American politics, both national and local, which has occurred in the history of the country.

The American people greeted this movement and beheld the results with satisfaction. An exaltation of spirit pervaded the land. Spiritual influences, always there but dormant and long submerged, rose to the surface, and their protagonists gained in courage and insistence. Since the Civil War there has been no time when the true spirit and ideals of the American nation became more apparent, unless it might have been when the American people declared war on Germany and set out to help save the cause to which the Allies were committed. A spirit of exaltation cannot last, however, under the pressure of modern life. It subsided gradually, and as it ceased to prevail the better organised, more determined and more materially influential influences again came into play. They had taken to cover during the storm and emerged practically unscathed.

In the Administration of the late President Harding they regained a large part of their erstwhile prestige and power and were well on their way towards again attaining a larger degree of control over the material and political affairs of the nation. Fate intervened once more, however and through the sudden death of the President whom they regarded as more or less satisfactory their camp was thrown into confusion. Again a new man came into power who was an unknown quantity. This new man was confronted with a situation much similar to that presented to Theodore Roosevelt on his accession to the Presidency, and the question of most intense interest to the American people at this time is as to his inclination and ability to become a successful leader of the more spiritual forces which are constantly seeking leadership and expression in the great mass of the American nation, and which are at the moment once more strongly in evidence.

The war with its reactions has not shaken the American community to its foundations as it did the communities of Europe, especially the community of Great Britain. It brought about a surface disturbance which has largely disappeared. With its disappearance has been revealed the fact that no very great change has come about in America

mentality and its output. In Great Britain it has been shown that life cannot be resumed upon a pre-war basis, whereas in the United States this has not only been possible but has been brought about with every symptom of life as it was lived in 1913 emphasised, aggravated and enormously expanded in direct ratio to the great increases in population, wealth and all material activities. The present independent character of the voting public and the almost complete breakdown of party ascendancy in Government affairs is not due to the war or its effects, for these had made considerable headway before the war began.

It is this development of political independence on the part of the voters, the Press, and consequently of Congressional representation, which has most seriously threatened the autocracy of business in its control of political affairs. Its accession to power since 1901 has been more difficult; its hold on power, once achieved, has been more precarious, and its reign, once in the saddle, has been shorter each time. The men who have been, and still are, the leaders of this business autocracy honestly and seriously believe that they have a practical monopoly of real patriotism, and that they alone are competent to give the nation the best possible Government. They justify many of their acts, which, when exposed to the glare of publicity, take on a peculiar and even questionable appearance, on the ground of expediency. To "persuade" a Government official by some means or other to do what they think ought to be done as against something else he might have done; to influence Government affairs along lines of their own choosing; to secure highly protective duties for certain industries; to put the Government in or out of certain businesses; all of these things have been considered as legitimate by this powerful influence in American public life, and let it be repeated that the United States is not the only country of which these things can be said. They appertain to a popular form of Government; human nature is about the same the world over, and the machinery of modern life is much the same with all so-called civilised nations.

Theodore Roosevelt possessed a profound distrust and

even dislike of this phase of modern life. His sympathies were elsewhere. He was a thorough aristocrat by nature, and impatient of narrow horizons. He saw life as a whole, and specialised in no particular department. Statistics did not appeal to him, for it was the real life of the nation as a whole which excited his imagination.

These more or less historical reminiscences are interesting and timely, for, as noted, a somewhat similar situation has now arisen. The contrasts lie chiefly in differences of character when that of Theodore Roosevelt is compared with that of Calvin Coolidge. In this lies the political conundrum of the immediate future, which will not be answered until the parties have held their nominating conventions, and it is determined whether or not there will be one or more independent candidacies such as the one now proposed by the followers of Senator La Follette, the more or less Radical and insurgent Republican from Wisconsin.

It is extremely difficult to estimate the possible strength of President Coolidge. Various attempts have been made by skilled writers in close personal touch with the President to convey to the public a convincing estimate as to his character, personality and mental and moral resources. They have been fairly successful in conveying some impression as to his outward personality and tricks of speech and manner, but they have acknowledged themselves defeated when it came to the more vital question as to his real measure as a statesman and politician. In all the miserable and disheartening mess that has been stirred up in Washington he remains aloof, unscathed and unspotted, and, from present indications, this will render him the one hope of the Republican organisation in the coming election. The people as a whole have acquired and retain a firm belief in his honesty and impartiality. It now seems probable that he will be nominated in June as a candidate to succeed himself at the elections in November. No other candidate of any party will have a cleaner record or will be so free of past associations which might make enemies or furnish material argument for the opposition.

The real point of dramatic interest in the American political situation is the stature to which Calvin Coolidge

may grow under the circumstances. Every man who has become President of the United States has developed enormously under the influence and responsibility which have come to him as a result of his position. No small men have become really great, for this assumes qualities which, though previously latent, were always there; but practically all have responded in a greater or less degree to the new environment. The late John Hay once remarked that in all his experience, and it was unique, no man, however weak or even of questionable character, who had ever entered the White House as President had failed to assume that office with the intention of trying to be a good President and of appointing only the best men to office; but that every man, no matter how strong or good, had been forced at times to yield to a policy of expediency. The pressure of party need is so strong, and the necessity of compromise to secure results is so evident, that every President has been compelled to do many things of which he did not entirely approve, and this generally means that he has appointed men to high office of whom he had serious doubts.

Ever since the matter of the disposal of the public lands of the United States became of national importance there have been scandals in connection therewith. Vast areas were given as grants to encourage the building of railroads before the people had been made aware of the possible value of these millions of acres, both from the point of view of agriculture and of mining. As the Western States and territories were settled up and choice Government land became harder to find, opportunity was offered for transactions of fraudulent character. To President Roosevelt's insistence was due the needed reform in the land laws, the building up of great forest reserves and the reclamation by the Government of desert areas through the impounding of the spring floods. One of his greatest legislative battles was fought over this question of the public domain, and he won a notable victory over a group of Congressmen in both House and Senate who were regarded as the leaders of his own political party.

Now again we are witnessing a political upheaval due

to matters concerned with the disposal or development of the resources of the public domain, the most valuable heritage of material wealth which has come to the American people from their ancestral pioneers. It has been the fashion to speak of those who stand guard over the finances of the nation as the "watch dogs of the Treasury." Of even greater importance and value to present and succeeding generations has been the work of those who might be called "the watch dogs of the public domain." In every Presidential administration any sign of indifference or complacency as to what might be done has been the signal for a raid on the land of the people or its resources, and as eternal vigilance has not always been exercised the result has been inevitable. No subject could have possessed more interest for Theodore Roosevelt, and he was ably seconded by Gifford Pinchot, then Chief Forester, now Governor of Pennsylvania, and the staff of the United States Geological Survey, headed by Dr. Walcott and Mr. Newell, of water conservation fame. The Far West was President Roosevelt's hobby, and he knew it through personal experience. He had vision in connection therewith, as well as practical knowledge.

President Coolidge has been in no way associated with the life of the American people west of New York. He is a New Englander mentally and physically to his very foundations. It is yet to be proved that his vision is capable of such expansion as will enable him to view the United States as a whole and the life and needs of the people as lived in each and every State of the Union. His moral standards may be of the highest, and it is believed that they are, but, desirable as this may be, it will not be enough to place his figure later on as among the great Presidents of the United States, unless he can break away from that well-recognised cult generally referred to as the "New England point of view."

Great tolerance and understanding and a deep sense of humanity are necessary for the born and bred provincial New Englander to see the real values in all the different types of Americans to be found in the Mississippi Valley and west of the Missouri, for they are

aliens to the New England mind, akin only perhaps in the same remote ancestry and in their intense loyalty to America and American ideals. This latter is the real bond between them and their more eastern fellow citizens, and if a politician fully senses the value of this common ground and waives differences, he may rise from local to national leadership. As suggested, the people of all sections of the United States believe Calvin Coolidge to be free from taint, that he stands aloof, honest, and with a firm determination to do what he believes to be right. In this he possesses an enormous advantage. He is, however, at the most critical point in his political life. The question is as to whether he will now give evidence of those qualities of leadership the possession of which is necessary if he is to reap full advantage for himself and the nation from the desirable position he now holds in the minds of the voters.

During the past few weeks President Coolidge has shown great moral and political courage in his attitude towards a possible reduction of taxation, proposed extensions of the pension system, and the plan for paying a bonus to those who served in the Great War. The fact that his opposition to measures of which he did not approve promised to be ineffective only emphasised his courage. It is known that many members of Congress have opposed the plan for a reduction of taxation as advanced by the Secretary of the Treasury and favoured by the President, have voted for increased pensions and the soldier bonus, opposed by the President, because they did not dare politically to do otherwise. It is just possible, however, that such expediency was unnecessary and founded upon a misapprehension, for there are indications that a majority of the voters are with the President on these important matters.

In the case of the Immigration Bill, the attempt of the executive branch of the Government to eliminate that section providing for Japanese exclusion and to continue in force the so-called "gentleman's agreement" with Japan has been dictated by the needs of the administration of foreign affairs rather than by any other consideration. Admitting that the course pursued by Congress has been

brusque, to say the least, the vast excitement over the matter has been rather absurd when the facts in the case are considered. The change in the situation which it is proposed to bring about by legislation is purely technical. Under its provisions the Japanese are placed on the same footing as the Chinese. Tourists, students, and those having business or official missions in the United States are still to be admitted. The "gentleman's agreement" made by President Roosevelt at a critical moment in Japanese-American relations provided the same restrictions and granted the same privileges, but placed the responsibility upon Japan for the carrying out the wishes of the American people. A law providing for the exclusion of the Japanese places the responsibility where it really belongs, and that is with the Government of the United States.

In company with Canada, Australia, and some other places, the United States does not want Orientals as permanent residents or as labour. This position may be open to argument, but the American people have so decided, and a law setting forth this belief is more honest than an "understanding" which attempts to accomplish the same purpose but which leaves the United States Government at the mercy of a foreign Government for the administration of a well-defined and accepted purpose to which that foreign Government is opposed in principle and fact. Ever since 1892, when the Chinese Exclusion Act went into force, that law has been an offence to the pride of the Chinese. The exclusion of Japanese from the United States by law will be no more or less an offence to the Japanese. President Coolidge is probably just as much in favour of Japanese exclusion as is Congress, but as he is held responsible for the administration of the foreign affairs of the Government, and as American relations with Japan require most careful handling and are easily influenced one way or another by current events, his anxiety over the matter can be understood.

The Republican Party enters the campaign this year very much on the defensive, although the Democrats individually are also involved in the current scandals and

many are under suspicion. The troubles came under a Republican administration, and the party will be compelled to carry the greater part of the burden. The issues as presented from the Republican point of view will be a clean candidate who showed no favouritism to his political associates, the general prosperity of the country, and the success of recent policies at home and abroad as viewed from the western shore of the Atlantic. The Democrats will urge as their proposed remedies for all national ills the common issue of clean Government, a revision of the tariff downwards, and economies in administration. The Democratic Party is, however, at a loss for a nominee for the Presidency. The avowed candidates are under some suspicion as to their entire desirability. Others who have been suggested do not as yet carry great weight with the mass of the voters.

One of the great difficulties in the way of real leadership is the enormous prosperity of the American people in the aggregate. The total physical wealth of the United States without including undeveloped resources is now estimated to be about seventy billion sterling. It is in times of depression that the prophet is able to make his voice heard above the din and stridency of modern life, and not when all is apparently going well. It is unfortunate that humanity will not lend an ear to advice and warning unless in travail, but this seems to be so in national as well as personal affairs. In the less fortunate countries of Europe the talk is now all of remedies, whereas from a general point of view the average man in America sees in the moment no urgent call for "cures" for ills which are more or less latent, for it is only the evil that is active which calls forth combative instinct. The American people will find their way out of their present troubles as they have always done before in times similar to these. It is well to have faith in the common sense and decency of the great mass of the people in an Anglo-Saxon country. So far they have never betrayed those who believed in them, and they have ridden the storm whether it arose from without or within.

AN IMPRESSION OF GERMANY, DEC., 1923

BY MAJOR R. STUART WORTLEY

THAT the great majority of the British public little realise what exactly is the present state of Germany, is apparent from the contradictory statements and reports that can be gathered in the course of casual conversation and by the perusal of the newspapers.

On leaving Germany, after a short sojourn in that country, the traveller breathes a sigh of relief; and well he may, emerging, as he does, from a veritable Inferno.

The atmosphere of nervous tension, all-pervading, and from which there is no escape, weighs more heavily upon the senses than that which we endured during the stress of the Great War.

It is a land of contrasts. A land in which a small minority of cold-blooded leeches, in the persons of the industrial and commercial profiteers, batten on the prostrate bodies of their fellow-beings; in which the big landowners and the peasant proprietors have grown rich and prosperous by exacting the uttermost farthing from the bulk of the community in payment of their agricultural produce; and in which the middle class, the professional classes and the *intelligentsia* are literally dying of starvation. The suffering to which these latter are subjected is terrific. It is unparalleled in the history of the world, and it is a ghastly thing to see.

In Berlin, Leipsig, Hamburg and other towns, a white-faced, dull-eyed crowd pursues in stricken silence its way along the streets enveloped in a hopeless, helpless apathy. For them it is the end of all things: their last hour has come. They are hungry; they have sold the last of their belongings for a loaf of bread; they can but die.

There was one such case in Dresden.

"He was the greatest butcher in the town," said my informant. "I knew him well. He was a rich man, and prosperous. But since the Ruhr he had lost all his money; he had nothing left. I suppose that he had not the courage

to try to begin life again, so he and his wife lay down upon the kitchen floor and opened the gas-cock."

There are many stories such as this. Old men and women, destitute, unequal to the struggle, too proud to own to poverty, too proud to beg, pull in their belts and starve . . . until they die.

At the present moment Germany as a whole is meekly putting up with an existence . . . "life" one cannot call it . . . such as none other but that docile, patient, ordered temperament which is the outstanding characteristic of the average German would or could endure. It is only since the occupation of the Ruhr that the people have begun to suffer. Before that time the country was able to carry on, almost, indeed, to prosper. By juggling with the ever-falling mark; by the selling of their wares for foreign currency, and at the same time paying their employees in paper money, the Industrialists compiled great fortunes. Under the policy of inflation trade boomed: the wages of the workmen were continually doubled, but the workmen failed to grasp the reason why the price of bread was doubled too, and were content to let things be.

Mortgages were all paid off. New buildings, new factories and new plant sprang up and spread upon every side, while the powerful industrial group were able to develop their conspiracy . . . for conspiracy it was . . . to gather to their own control the resources of the Reich. Gradually they formed the combine, steel, iron, coal and coke; oil, chemicals and shipping, all but the railway systems; and, under the axiom that private property is immune from confiscation, they contrived to place their stolen gold in the safe custody of foreign banks. This was the first move in the game . . . the deliberate cheating of the Allies on the count of Reparations.

But the *sabotage* of their just debt was not the ultimate object of the clique of economic barons, the same inhuman monsters who with selfish calculation engineered the war.

After the Armistice, when defeat had rendered them anathema in the eyes of their compatriots; when, in the search for scapegoats, just retribution was likely to fall

upon their heads; and when for the time being the feeling in the country was so bitterly hostile towards them as to preclude the slightest chance of their continuance in the direction of affairs, they manœuvred to divert attention from themselves and their proceedings by hoisting easier and more obvious targets upon which to draw the fire. Ehrhart, Rossbach, Kapp and Hittler have all in turn been puppets in their hands, men of little substance, whose ill-organised and ill-starred adventures, supported as they were by no more serious elements than a few bands of untutored, shiftless youths, must inevitably result in failure, and in their failure bring further discredit upon their apparent leaders, the once all-predominating military caste.

The Industrialists have displayed the same adroitness in their method of dealing with their more formidable adversaries, the Socialists, the Communists, and the supporters of the Parliamentary *régime*. The successive Governments which have been set up under the Constitution of Weimar have failed ignominiously. They have in turn proved themselves incapable of grappling effectively with the situation, both internal and external. But it is in respect to the former that they have been chiefly to blame. They have failed to rise to an emergency; and it is in this signal failure to rise to an emergency that the weakness of the German character is glaringly disclosed. The bureaucrat, books of reference, precedents, rules and regulations at his elbow as a guide, can be relied upon to discharge his particular function in the hierarchy of the State with a mechanical exactitude, himself at times impervious to the considerations of humanity; but once confronted with a proposition or a set of circumstances for which no solution has been worked out beforehand, he is completely nonplussed.

All that which has come to pass in Germany was foreseen by the Industrialists: very accurately, had they taken the measure of their compatriots. All that they had to do was to bide their time, and while doing so to profit by the blunders of the Administration. There has been no lack of blunders. The various Ministries have by the stupidity of their actions (actions so bordering upon lunacy as to

make one wonder whether there was not method in their madness) played straight into the hands of their deadliest and most powerful opponents. By their blind adhesion to the insensate theory that "a mark is a mark"; by their half-hearted measures for the support and the stabilisation of the mark; by the discount policy of the Reichsbank; by the restrictions imposed upon the dealings in foreign exchange; and by their attempts to control the fluctuation in the exchanges by the arbitrary and artificial means of fixing an official rate, they have depleted the Treasury, reduced the Reich to a state of insolvency, brought trade and commerce to a standstill, ruined the public credit of Germany for many years to come, and, *pari passu*, they have made a present of millions of money to the Industrialists by allowing them to pay their taxes and to repay their borrowings from the Reichsbank in worthless paper marks.

Dr. Wirth alone stood out, an honest and determined man amongst the marionettes. Given a fair chance, he might have succeeded in balancing the budget and restoring the country to a normal economic life, but he could not survive the machinations of the Cabal whose interests would have been imperilled by a policy which might have forced them to disgorge. Orders were therefore issued to a subservient Reichstag to displace the Chancellor.

The effect upon Germany of the occupation of the Ruhr has been disastrous in many ways. The seizure of this rich province, when added to the loss of the Silesian coal-fields as well as those of the valley of the Saar, has crippled German industry and thrown the country into a state of financial chaos from which it is difficult to see an avenue of escape. The fall of the mark which has accompanied this growing paralysis has utterly disorganised the economic system of the distribution of goods throughout the Reich, while the continual doubling of the ratio of the paper mark to the "gold" mark is acting as a subtle poison on the public mind: the rage for doubling the prices has crept into the blood. The uncertainty as to the ultimate rate at which the Government will decide to buy

up the outstanding paper issues, when the "gold" basis is eventually restored, contributes mainly to the raising of the prices: no one wishes to be caught "napping," and consequently takes no risks.

The cost of living has risen three times in the last three months. Berlin is the most expensive city in the world; so much so that all foreigners whose business or profession does not induce them to remain have fled precipitately. As to the Germans, the town-dwelling population is in despair. Wages equivalent to £5 paid out on Monday may be worth but a quarter of that sum on Friday, as far as purchasing power is concerned, because, in a few short days, the "multiplier" has been augmented twice, thrice, and even fourfold.

Again, the landowners and peasant proprietors, whose barns and granaries are filled to overflowing with cereals, and whose dairy produce is abundant, would rather throw their foodstuffs to the pigs than sell for paper money. They will not look at notes: only against some tangible commodity, such as clothing, furs, pianos, or agricultural implements, articles which they can see or touch, will the peasantry exchange the products of the farm. There has come about a reversion to the barter system of the Middle Ages.

Commerce is at a standstill. Repeatedly it is said that the best way of doing business in Germany is to shut up the shop. Here again the fluctuation in the value of the mark renders trading almost impossible: the retail trader is at a loss to know at what price he can replace his stock, and so puts up his charges until the public can no longer buy. It is an event for the shopkeeper to see a customer walk in through his doors. The factories are closing down: there are few of them that now work more than three days a week. Unemployment grows, and with it discontent.

The murmurings of dissatisfaction which voice the irritation of the people against their unhappy lot are raised against the existing form of government, the ineptitude and the lack of energy of which become increasingly apparent. Political opinion, therefore, tends towards the

Right: there is, as the Industrialists predicted with a true prophetic insight, a universal longing for a strong Administration. Even a military dictatorship would greedily be welcomed; it may be that the Industrialists will employ this latter form of tyranny as an expedient and as a stepping-stone to their own return to power. The instrument they have at hand in the person of General von Seeckt.

Meanwhile the middle class is dying. Those whose incomes were formerly derived from pensions or from Government securities or mortgages receive literally nothing. Those who can afford to feed themselves three times a week are computed to be lucky by those who cannot feed themselves at all. Doctors, lawyers, and those engaged in artistic professions cannot earn a livelihood, for no one can afford to pay their fees. The hospitals are closing for lack of funds hitherto provided by the State, by voluntary contributions, and by their patients. Seventy per cent. of the children in Berlin show symptoms of tuberculosis due to under-nourishment. Fats are unobtainable. The starving children are fed upon a concoction of potato skins and refuse, all that can be scraped together by the few remaining individuals who have the means and are disposed to work for charity, and these are mostly foreigners, English and Americans.

Want produces crime. Dishonesty and theft are on the upward curve. Children grub in the fields and the allotments in the frantic search for food; the workmen steal wholesale from the factories; the metal door-knobs on the houses are stolen in the night. Officials cheat the public; their salaries are totally inadequate, and it is only by grossly overcharging and pocketing a few odd billions here and there that they manage to exist at all. The speculators grow fat and prosper by illegal and fraudulent transactions on what is known as the "Black Bourse."

It is amazing that a nation should be so lacking in political perception. The average German, while complacently convinced of his own high standard of intelligence (and of the comparative inferiority of that of his neighbour), is in reality unable to see an inch beyond his

nose. The bulk of the population has been completely gulled by its economic overlords; and as a flock of sheep at the mercy of false shepherds, have been driven to destruction, sublimely unaware of the identity of the authors of their holocaust.

The abject misery which has lately descended upon the German people is indissolubly connected in their minds with the occupation of the Ruhr. "Since the Ruhr" is the common expression denoting "since we began to suffer": the two terms are practically synonymous. Before the French advance these slow-moving, unimaginative Teutons harboured little thought of war: the masses are too well disciplined even to envisage civil war. *La gloire* has no appeal for them. But since that time the very name of France has grown to be detested: the spirit of *Revanche* has taken root in hearts driven to the verge of desperation by the intolerable conditions of their lives. The rising generation is being nurtured in an atmosphere of hate which augurs ill against the future.

It is curious to note that, in spite of their misfortunes, the old fetish "Kultur," so long propounded and so carefully instilled into the German mentality, still maintains its hold upon the people. The duty and the expediency of supporting "Western culture"—as opposed to Latin ethical ideals—is the gross piece in the battery of argument invariably produced by the highbrows in the solicitation (not untrammelled by a discordant note of whining) of the moral and material help of the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers.

But, more strikingly, the museums and the picture galleries are ever crowded by the proletariat. Men and women, pale, tired and wan, troop in on tiptoe to stare, bareheaded and in reverent rapture, at the divine *Sistine Madonna*, Rafael's masterpiece, which was bought by Augustus, King of Saxony, and smuggled out of Italy disguised—smeared over with a landscape painted in distemper—so that the Italians should not guess that they were losing such a pearl of precious price. (Perhaps Italy would gladly take the picture in payment of their claim for reparations.) The galleries where hang the works of

the Immortals furnish a few hours of solace and distraction from the turgid world outside.

During the last few weeks it would seem that even the Industrialists have become alarmed at the rapid disintegration of the Reich and at the distressing plight of their countrymen. They have been driven to the conclusion that it is essential to come to terms with France. Without so doing they can carry on no longer. Therefore, should France be willing to accept a settlement they are prepared to pay. But in shouldering the burden of the bill for reparations they have by no means the intention of abandoning their cherished aims. The first objective, that of discrediting their political opponents, has been gained. For the final onslaught, for their return to power, the ground has been prepared. The assault will be delivered from under cover of the Rentenbank, through which institution they will regain control of Germany's finances, and will be in a position absolutely to dictate to the Executive.

In the Rentenbrief, which is a mortgage bond secured upon the private credit of German real estate, industry and agriculture, and which is exchangeable against the new unit of currency, the Rentenmark, lies the only hope of recovery from financial chaos. By means of this Rentenbank the Industrialists, who have amassed sufficient riches to give the Reich a new gold currency, as well as to meet the Inter-Allied debt, will emerge triumphantly to re-assume their undisputed sway and potentiality for good or ill.

Will they play fair? Have they learned their lesson? Here lies the question.

But while the French remain in the obstinate possession of the Ruhr even the industrial magnates are powerless to save Germany from the ruin which stares her in the face, from a disaster, perhaps, such as never before befell the human race. Let the culprits pay their debt; but in order to enable them to do so France must release her stranglehold.

As it is, the comparatively innocent are suffering the most.

THE STORY OF WOMAN¹

By W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER II.—IN THE DAYS OF THE PATRIARCHS

I.—*In Ancient Palestine.*

A CERTAIN poetry attaches to the pastoral life of the aged land of the Hebrews. W. Robertson Smith gives a brief and ideal picture of this country, of "the ocean and the desert, the pastures of the wilderness and the terraced vineyards of sunny hills, the cedars, fig-trees, and rhododendrons of Lebanon, the cornfields of Jezreel, and the oak-clad glades of Tabor; the shores of the Lake of Galilee bright with shrubbery of oleander, the hot cane brakes and palm groves of Jericho." Under this ardent sun industrious domesticity prevailed; it was located in scenery thus delicately limned about six thousand years ago: it is the oldest civilisation at all fit to be called a civilisation.

The Hebrews were perhaps not the first people to achieve social organisation. They were probably senior to the Chinese, though slightly junior to the Egyptians. They were junior, too, to the civilisation of Nippur, according to the expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. But all the same, so far as our knowledge goes—and of course that knowledge is not great—the Hebrews were the first to become conscious of the moral basis in the life of a nation. That is why the writer selects them as the first link in the chain which unites us with neolithic times. Other groups, older than the Hebrew society, seem to have known force, and only force, as the cement of their social edifice. The Hebrews could not avoid force in a world that understood nothing else, but they can claim to be the first race which recognised the idea of order, of justice, upon which modern states are based, imperfectly no doubt, but based all the same. The Hebrews took the first step towards modernity; in regard to women they established a new point of view.

Where the Hebrews came from is difficult to say. Presumably, like many other tribes, they came out of Mesopotamia to discover Canaan, suffered in Egypt, then knew greatness, war, and captivity. They came as nomads, driving their flocks before them. They entered a land thronged with people that were later called Canaanites, Moabites, Ammonites, Philistines. The poetry of the long trail attaches to the Hebrews marching towards the West, through deserts without water, wildernesses haunted

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by savage beasts, to come at last upon the milk and honey of Canaan. By degrees, as the flowing waters and the soft air made settlement possible, the Hebrews abandoned their nomadic habits. They lived no longer only upon their flocks, but they cultivated the land; about their cities arose patches where cereals were grown; about their houses fell the shadow of the olive groves. It is that settlement which made it possible for the Hebrews to organise a social life where woman had her place, where marriage had a significance. Also, living close together, they were compelled to learn how so to live. That is to say, fair play and justice were by necessity erected into laws.

Certainly, in their early days, the Hebrews were governed with less magnificence than the Egyptians. Five or six thousand years ago, in Egypt, together with an autocratic government, there was already an educated official class, systematic taxation, and a department of public works. In that sense, the Hebrews were more primitive. Coming as invaders and conquerors in an open country, they naturally adopted tribal ownership of the land, an arrangement common in the East, and which still prevails in Arabia and North Africa. Until recently it still existed in the hunting grounds of the Red Indian tribes. No doubt, as time went on, as Palestinian life became complicated by industry and trade, the rights of the tribe became dim. Presumably land was leased to a particular family inside the tribe, and passed by succession, like ordinary property. It is presumable that the family could sell the land, but much more presumable that it could sell only to a member of the tribe. Selling, buying, inheriting, together with money-lending on a scale sometimes justifying the word banking—all this tends to show that land was an article of commerce. Not until late in Hebrew history do we come across the landless man. He came after the Hebrew aristocrats, whose wealth and luxurious living served to break up the old agricultural clans.

II. *Making a Nation.*

It is difficult to say what social life could have been like in those days. In the middle period of Hebrew history, about four thousand years ago, there seems to have been much feasting, drinking of wine, dancing, singing to the accompaniment of stringed instruments and of reeds. This part of their history is uncertain, because we know little of the Hebrews until the tribes have been welded into a nation.

Here we strike a feature of the greatest importance, which has much to do with the strength and development of the Hebrew race, and therefore with the position of its women. The reader

must realise that in wandering tribes the position of woman, weak and burdened by childbirth, must be low. If in Hebrew society woman rose higher than she had done before, it is because the tribes were slowly welded into a nation by the action of the patriarchs. Of many patriarchs we do not know the names; every village must have had its patriarch. This causes one to wonder all the more at the energy and steadfastness with which these lonely and scattered elders proceeded to weave the pattern of Israel.

The Hebrews were converted into a nation by two principal means: (a) by being kept separate from other tribes, (b) by moral laws. The Hebrews were probably the first people who looked upon the non-Hebrews as unclean and fit to be avoided. The surrounding races seem not only to have taken other peoples as slaves, but to have inter-married with them on full equality. The Hebrews from the beginning to the end of their history were in theory absolutely exclusive. They did not grant equality to the natives of the lands they overcame. In the early days of the Canaanite conquest they mixed fairly freely with the aborigines, but this died away or was forbidden. The law and public feeling were firm against marriage with non-Hebrews. From the year 2000 B.C. onwards they are a comparatively unmixed race.

This must have come about through pride of conquest. The Hebrews had in them a moral impulse which distinguished them from the people among whom they found themselves. It was this kept them together, made them into a great fighting race, and at the same time prevented their evolution. It kept them to the end what they were; it arrested their social progress and their use of invention, but it proved a cement of unity. Hatred of race-mixture served them as a shield against other races. The feeling of the Hebrews against miscegenation was so strong that, after the fall of Jericho, of Ai, of other cities, not only the male but the female inhabitants were massacred. In so doing the Hebrews showed themselves different from other Asiatic tribes. In those days the male inhabitants of a fallen city were often slain, but the women were taken into the harems of the conquerors. The early Hebrews seem to have resisted this easy temptation. Indeed, their objection to intermarriage with other races persisted even when they were enslaved: the Hebrews do not seem to have changed while they were captives in Babylon, after the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. The habits of Babylon did not influence the Hebrew temperament: on their return from captivity the Hebrews who had taken strange wives were made an end of. It is worth

recording that this event happened as late as about 500 B.C., which means that from the beginning to the end of their history the Hebrew point of view failed to change.

From father to son the Hebrews handed down the prohibition to marry women from Canaan or from strange lands. A few exceptions can be noted, such as the marriages of kings with the daughters of foreign royal houses, but those are not material. Such marriages are invariably political; at all times it has been recognised that a nation which needs allies must occasionally arrange a royal wedding. Moreover, there are other side lights which are vital to any examination of the situation of woman in Palestine. While a Hebrew might not take unto himself an infidel wife, there was no absolute objection to the giving of a Hebrew girl to an important foreigner. The reason is fairly clear. In the first place woman is less important than man because she can be controlled; in the second place, among Asiatic peoples the race is not the woman's race, it is the man's race. Therefore, while a Hebrew girl could be cast away to the stranger to give him children who would be infidels, a Hebrew would not want infidel blood to run through the veins of children who would inherit his property and perpetuate his memory.

III. *The Moral Law.*

The above point of view does not indicate a low moral condition; it is absolutely logical. While the virtue of woman was important, from the Hebrew point of view the virtue of man was more important, because man was the race. In that sense the Hebrews showed themselves a great people: living in an East of blood-lust and licence, they developed an instinct towards the moral organisation of society. The whole trend of Hebrew life was ethical. A woman was chosen as wife not so much for her beauty as because of certain qualities—humility, frugality, or charity. If we consider the laws and regulations of Hebrew social life we form the picture of a society rather akin to that of New England in the days of the early Puritans. To work, to maintain oneself soberly, to steal the goods of no other man, and to keep the law; upon this hard and clean basis the Hebrews created a nation capable of cruelty and occasional immorality, but which escaped many of the lusts, filths, and pestilences of the Oriental.

Naturally, human nature did not then go through a golden age. In spite of the precepts, much vice runs through Hebrew history; individuals seem to have taken from the Canaanites idolatry and abominable religious orgies. Particularly during the

imperial period of Jerusalem luxury and the forms of vice which spring from it broke out from time to time. That is inevitable; what matters is the continual stress of the law on moral conditions which, on the whole, we to-day strive to uphold.

Thus we find a number of sanitary laws prohibiting the eating of camel, rabbit, hare, pig, shellfish, bird of prey, lizard, mole, etc. All of these are wise, particularly in a hot climate. We find regulations for the treatment of leprosy, others for the maintenance of cleanliness. Above all—and this has a closer moral bearing on the question—we find Hebrews realising the bad racial effects of in-breeding. Three thousand five hundred years ago the Hebrews knew that a man should not marry his mother, step-mother, aunt, half-sister, grand-daughter, or step-daughter. This seems simple enough to-day, but if we recall that the Hebrews were living among peoples promiscuous as animals, we realise the progress and the probable effect upon the race.

The Hebrew basis is moral. The Hebrews refuse to imitate other Asiatics: they prohibit disfigurement. At last, alone in the East, they give a value to the chastity of women other than wives. After Amnon's outrage on his sister Tamar, his brother Absalom causes him to be slain. Again, Simeon and Levi take vengeance upon Shechem after he has defiled their sister Dinah. In other words, the Hebrew resents the lowering of his sister's status to that of a loose woman. He creates a new point of view: he does not merely seek compensation, a girl being a piece of property; the idea of purity has entered his mind. Thus we find the law imposing the death penalty for infidelity in marriage, or for the seduction of an affianced girl. The idea of marriage is also born, for a man seducing a non-affianced girl is compelled to pay her price and to take her for wife. These laws should not be looked upon as savage, even though the death penalty be inflicted, because in the Hebrew system, polygamy always being possible, a man might gain access to a number of women. Thus, if he resorted to infidelity, to seduction or crime, he was much more guilty than if he had been confined to one woman only. In the main, the Hebrew was far less savage than the surrounding tribes. Savage or no, he afforded to woman a position she had never enjoyed since life manifested itself upon earth.

IV. *The Position of Woman.*

A superficial student, reading Hebrew literature, would conclude that in Palestine the position of woman was low. It was low, but one should remember that it was higher in Palestine

than in other countries, and that the contrast between the Hebrew treatment of women and the neolithic was equal to the difference of treatment we to-day afford to human beings as opposed to animals. An important point is that the Hebrews did not practise the harem system; though they lived in Asia, they gave their women a freedom which to-day the women of India or Turkey do not enjoy. Women went alone about the streets of Jerusalem, even the young girls, who congregated round the wells to gossip among themselves, and sometimes with the young men. This does not mean that the Hebrews did not guard against obvious dangers; they knew as much as we do of "the way of a man with a maid." They expected of a woman discretion of behaviour, and they rated her high when she was discreet. They had also precise ideas as to her place in the world, which was one of utility; in a respectable Hebrew household it was the duty of the woman to spin, to weave wool and flax into stuffs, to preserve provisions, to cook, to sew, to plant the vine, etc.—briefly, to perform the functions of any countrywoman in the early nineteenth century.

But it must be acknowledged that, however much women may have mattered in private life, however much they may sometimes have ruled their husbands, they are purely incidental in the Hebrew scheme. We see this in the family tables of the Palestinian families. Never is a daughter mentioned in the list; the race is preserved through the men; the record states who is the father, but not the mother. The mother is known only if some action of her affects the family. Indeed, we have very few records of Hebrew wives, presumably because their situation gave them little chance of asserting themselves.

In general, in Palestine woman was a piece of property, and in some periods a piece of property which could be brutally treated. A case is recorded where a Levite cut a woman into twelve pieces, to use the fragments as rallying signals for the tribes. This was not punished. It is, however, only fair to mention that this incident happened in a period of anarchy, in the midst of war, pillage and arson. Still, it sheds a psychological light upon the prevailing Hebrew point of view. We shall see further on that no Hebrew would have treated his wife in this manner, but a woman did not exist until she was married. For instance, in one particular case a daughter was sacrificed by her father as a burnt offering. It is important to note that the daughter herself thought this right and natural. Woman, at that time, did not assert herself; she looked upon herself as a sort of slave until she reached wifedom.

All through the Hebrew records we discover this point of view. We find, for instance, that a father attacked by a mob is willing to give up his daughters as a peace offering. In other words, a girl is a commodity to be bought, sold and used. So strong is the point of view that even a married woman must carry the load of inferiority which was hers as a young girl. Consider, for instance, the case of the wife of Joakim. When a charge of infidelity was made against her by two men who had vainly attempted to obtain her self-surrender she appeared before the assembly, and at first the charge was believed. In that period justice seems to have been popular; it was exercised not so much by a court as by a kind of large jury made up of the people of the village. In this case, when the woman appeared before her peers, before her defence was presented the assembly believed her accusers because they were men. If the evidence had not later been examined, though innocent, the woman would have suffered.

The Hebrew assumption was that woman is inferior to man. The Hebrew idea of a good man is that of a protector, who sees that a woman is fed and allowed to pursue her life in peace. In return, she must be humble; if a good man marries her he is conferring honour upon her, and she must keep herself submissive to him.

Here we come again upon the details which distinguish the Hebrews from other Asiatic peoples. They could not help looking upon women as inferiors, because that was the trend of the times, but their moral laws enabled them to rise above this mistaken idea. If, for instance, a Hebrew, in the accident of travel, compromised himself with a married woman, he looked upon himself as sinful and feared that the curse of childlessness might be laid upon his house. He had no scruples in regard to an unmarried woman, so that the moral point of view is incomplete, but a man goes a long way forward when he agrees that it is his moral duty to respect another man's wife. It may be that this connects to a certain extent with a rise in the position of woman. Several Hebrew women appear to have had the ear of the people; one, notably, appears to have led a tribe and to have arranged preliminaries of peace. The same applies to Judith, a rich and well-considered widow, who was respectfully heard by the Hebrew leaders when they were menaced by Holofernes.

We also discover the dawning of humanitarianism in certain of the Hebrew laws affecting women. A Hebrew who killed a slave was severely punished; if he injured his slave he was compelled to set her at liberty; ill-treatment of a mother was a very serious crime. Certain provisions in regard to slaves, whether

Hebrew or foreign, also allowed of a slave being free after seven years; moreover, a slave who displeased was not to be slain: she was to go free.

A certain protection was also given to girls. Unlicensed relations with a Hebrew maiden entailed (according to period) either marriage, or compensation, or compulsory marriage. If a man falsely impugned the honour of his bride he paid a fine and was compelled to marry her. If the charge proved true the girl was stoned. All this is very dim, but it suggests that in Hebrew society, stumbling as she went, woman was struggling into an improved situation. It is certain that a wife was not enslaved, though other women might be so treated; indeed, a daughter might be sold as a servant, but this did not damage her, because there seems to have been no class distinction between master and servant. Marriage often took place between the master and a Hebrew girl servant. This condition still prevails among the peasantry all over the world. It is also worth mentioning that, though a girl who stood out against her parents might suffer severely, she was not as a rule given in marriage against her consent. Pressure would be put upon her, but it is not likely that she would be coerced.

V. A Hebrew Maiden.

Zinar is the daughter of a rich man. He owns much land, great flocks; in his cellars stand many clay jars filled with sweet oil or with the red wine of Lebanon. She has many handmaidens clad in garments of brown flax, who braid their hair more simply than she. It is morning. She lies upon a bed of ivory; the freshness of the dawn is held away by coverings of soft wool dyed in crimson and purple. At her feet sit her favourite handmaidens, who play upon the viol a monotonous tune that drones and wails along its incomplete gamut. She is languid. Life is flat, and she aches for experience. It is time that she were wed. She is nearly fourteen.

At last, weary of the music, Zinar makes a sign with her thin brown hand, upon the fingers of which glow uncut stones. The instruments are muted. A handmaid, understanding that her mistress would rise, brings to her a bowl of water wherein to dip her hands. Then, in a cup of hollowed greenstone, she brings the precious ointment of crushed myrrh, to anoint the skin of Zinar and make it supple. They braid her hair. They help her to draw on her garments and ornaments. Warmth rises in the air; about the house is heard a stirring in the streets of Jerusalem, the slow rumble of carts that oxen draw, the jingling of bells.

"I will go out," says Zinar. Her handmaidens follow.

She walks along the street, a resplendent picture. About her shoulders hangs a crimson mantle which sets off the brightness of her eyes. Her black hair is held with golden crimping-pins. Upon her head, under a hood, a great ornament of emerald and gold hides among the flowing curls; from the edge of the hood falls a delicate veil through which is seen a smiling red mouth, and eyes that look about from side to side. Upon her breast are chains of silver and gold. Over her ankles cluster anklets of gold, green copper, matrix turquoise; they clank and clatter as she walks. About her wrists crowding bracelets espouse her movement as she goes. Her handmaidens follow, their heads bound in white wimples.

Zinar goes slowly along the street, looking carelessly through the unglazed windows into the interiors where are sold clothes, perfumes, weapons, perhaps cats from Persia and monkeys from the Indian jungle with which a wealthy maid may play. Then, as she goes, her eyes meet another pair, brown as her own. It is a young man in flowing garments of white, dark-skinned, with curling hair and a light black beard. Their eyes meet. She looks away. Haughty, her neck stretched out, Zinar goes on as if she had not seen him, but walking so that her body may swing as a ship upon the sea, treading light, with mincing feet, while her anklets tinkle. But as Zinar and her handmaidens turn into a side street Zinar looks back. The young man in the white garments stands where she left him, gazing after her. In her eyes a glow of pleasure rises. She is wanton and modest. She looks away.

VI. *The Coming of the Wife.*

The most important fact in Hebrew moral law is the creation of the wife idea. The Egyptians certainly came to a rather similar point of view, but, holding very vague moral theories they never afforded to the wife the status which she found in Palestine. It is, however, a little difficult to understand exactly what the Hebrews meant by a wife, because the idea of monogamy had not entered their Eastern mind. The Hebrew record nowhere clearly describe a marriage ceremony. Indeed, very probably there was no definite ceremony; the guardians of the young people came together; the girl's price (or dowry, but this comes much later) was fixed, and the marriage was concluded practically by contract. It is also interesting to see that marriage could be contracted by repute, as it can be to-day in Scotland. If a Hebrew living with a woman declared her

be his wife, she was legally his wife. That is, so far as law went in Palestine; marriage was governed less by law than by custom.

Still, the thing that matters is not the detail but the principle; it was the Hebrew who evolved the wife idea out of the neolithic point of view that a wife was merely a piece of plunder. It is therefore certain that the Hebrew wife did not consider her rights in the same way as what to-day we call a wife. She accepted polygamy; though sometimes jealous, she never discussed the right and wrong of it. She also took it as normal that her husband should keep as many favoured slaves as he chose. In one recorded case a Hebrew king had seventy-eight wives and slaves; but some difference of status seems to have existed, for eighteen of these women are set apart and described as wives. The Hebrew wife, therefore, obtained a definite recognition.

What this amounted to is exceedingly vague, but it may be conjectured that the status of wife was connected with the idea of property. Most likely this arose from the fact that a Hebrew would take a wife only from a family of good birth; a slave he would merely buy. Therefore, if there was property on both sides, it had to be legally settled who should be the heir. The fact that a great deal of property was owned in common did not alter the other fact that, though many might own, only one could control. The controller would have to be the heir, and it was natural to choose him among the children of the wives, the women of position, rather than among the children of the slaves. We are entitled to assume this, for in certain cases, when a legal wife has borne a child, the sons of the slaves can be dismissed with gifts. Those sons are inferior, while the future of the legitimate sons is assured.

We find all through the records indications of the inferiority of the non-legal wife. Notably, in a case where the aggression of another tribe is anticipated the Hebrews place in front of their wives and legitimate children their slaves and their children. It follows that the wife is more precious and that she must be protected with the body of the slave. A wife enjoys certain guarantees. A Hebrew might divorce his wife, but if no fault could be alleged against her he had to leave to her family the price he paid for her. Also, he might not marry her if she had married another man. This insured her not being sold back into practical slavery after her widowhood. If a Hebrew took several wives he was compelled to provide them all with food, raiment, and affection; in fact, about 1520 B.C. it was laid down that after marriage a man must for one year

refrain from travelling; he was compelled to stay at home and cheer his wife. It seems clear, therefore, that the wife stands out among the women as the bearer of legitimate issue. This is self-evident when we consider that a wife might lose her status if she was childless while one of her husband's slaves gave him a son. But, on the other hand, if later on the childless wife did bear a son she would have power to cause the slave and her child to be expelled from the tribe, or sold. From the Hebrew point of view childlessness was the greatest affliction, and the normal reward of sin. This is a natural conclusion in a developing country, where more hands meant better crops, and especially in weak tribes who much needed man-power for the continual wars against the Philistines.

So strong was this need that the Hebrews compelled a man to marry his sister-in-law after his brother's decease. This later became illegal, but it is likely that popular feeling prevented the application of the law. The people considered it vital that every woman should bear a son to continue her husband's race. A woman who failed was a woman disgraced. This idea is held to-day all over the East. Those who are interested will find in a novel called *Saadah, la Marocaine*, an Eastern maid to whom a fortune-teller promises barrenness. The light goes out of the girl's eyes. She feels accursed. All through their history the Hebrews maintained this outlook; it went so far that very often a barren wife gave her handmaid to her husband, as if she could through another woman perform the maternal functions for which she was chosen. In a way this shows how lofty must have been the status of the wife, for she used the handmaid as a worthless instrument, knowing herself secure in her wifely position.

VII. In Modern Java.

A fairly clear idea of the position of the Hebrew woman can be obtained through a book called *Letters of a Javanese Princess*, published in 1911. In this book Princess Kartini gives an account of the life of women in Java that is probably not far distant from that of Hebrew women five or six thousand years ago. The Javanese girl is practically imprisoned, being strictly brought up as a Musulman. She is given to a strange bridegroom whom she has perhaps never even seen. She is not allowed to leave her country, or even her house; she has no the slightest chance of a career; though she may be very highly educated, her attainments can never go beyond the home. After she marries she may be divorced by her husband for a whim and thus she loses her social status. But in no case can she

divorce him. She lives under an oppressive etiquette. When she passes an elder brother or sister she must bow and creep on her hands and knees; after each sentence spoken by the elders she must salute; when laughing she may not open her mouth.

The letters of Kartini, who rebelled against this system and did much to break it up, a little over ten years ago, make pathetic reading. Let us quote her briefly:—

"Oh, you do not know what it is to love this age, this new age, with heart and soul, and yet to be bound hand and foot, chained by all the laws, customs, and conventions of one's land."

"But we *must* marry, must, must. Not to marry is the greatest sin which the Mahommedan woman can commit."

"Love! What do we know of love? How can we love a man whom we have never known?"

At last there comes a quotation which reveals the other side of polygamy, which suggests that even the submissive women of Palestine may have felt much as a woman of our day would feel:—

"Can you imagine what hell-pain a woman must suffer when her husband comes home with another—a rival, whom she must recognise as his legal wife? He can torture her to death, mistreat her as he will; if he does not choose to give her back her freedom she can whistle to the moon for her rights."

In this cry from a modern prison in an Eastern land we hear perhaps blending accents of other voices that rose by the shores of the Dead Sea. Those were still tragic times for women, and though the Hebrews did much to raise woman from the position of the beast to that of a human being, though they rose infinitely above anything that the East knew, they were still pilgrims in the dawn, and the broad sunshine of feminine freedom still lay many centuries below the horizon.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE

CONCERNING CRICKET

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

SIR,—May I, as a youthful worshipper in the 'eighties of that wonderful University quartet, C. T. Studd, A. G. Steel, A. P. Lucas, and C. F. H. Leslie, make a few observations on Home Gordon's article in your May issue? Sir Home ridicules contemporary writers for lamenting that modern cricket is not the inspiring recreation it used to be a generation or more ago, and then proceeds to assert that what the game really needs is personality, and quotes a large number of magnetic champions, every one of whom, with the exception of Hobbs, was a giant of other days. In a single sentence he admits the case of the critics and gives away his own.

He says that if batting and bowling are not so good as they once were, at any rate the standard of wicket-keeping and of fielding was never higher. That is nonsense. There is no wicket-keeper putting the gloves on this season who is as brilliant as Pilling or Blackham or Sherwin or Pooley or McGregor was in the old days. I doubt even if Surrey or Middlesex or Lancashire or Yorkshire can boast anybody who could take a fast bowler like P. H. Morton standing up on the leg side as A. P. Wickham did for a second-class county like Norfolk forty years ago.

Only the other day Lord Hawke was talking to me about this very point. He answered Sir Home by exclaiming: "I remember Pilling stumping me on the leg side off Crossland," in a tone which more than suggested, "I should like to see any wicket-keeper of to-day attempting anything of the kind." And as for bowling comparisons, he simply said: "Tom Richardsons and Billy Lockwoods may be walking about, but I haven't seen them."

It is not true to say that fielding is finer now than it has been for the last forty-five years. Just because A. P. F. Chapman does brilliant work at cover, it is not necessary to forget Vernon Royle. And when we are asked to remember "C. H. Skeet," whose fielding "cramped every batsman for fear of being caught by him," I cannot help asking why drag in C. H. Skeet?

Sir Home Gordon regrets that the gates of Lords are the only memorial we possess of Dr. Grace. But Lords itself is a memorial of him. So is the pavilion down whose steps, with the years behind us, we can still see him descending in his huge beard and Zingari blazer. To describe the pavilion as "an ugly railway station" is fantastic. Its presence is noble and would add distinction to any cricket ground in any part of the Empire.

There is one angle from which cricket is regarded which perhaps does not always give the best view of the game. It is from the precincts of the pavilion at Lords. A deserved tribute is rendered H. D. G. Leveson-Gower when it is stated that he has "enormously affected" the game, but it is surely a misplacement of credit to say he has developed the Scarborough Festival into "the embodiment of superbly

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directed holiday cricket." In the innocence of many of us we thought C. I. Thornton had been the inspiration behind the Scarborough Cricket Week.

I should like to see cricket appealing to us all as it did in the great days of the brothers Grace, when enthusiasm for the game was so intense that first-class matches were arranged between Elevens of Over and Under Thirty and even Smokers and Non-Smokers. But we have temporarily lost, and I think proudly lost, our pre-eminence in cricket and in other forms of athletic activity because of the predominant share we took in winning the war. The one effective criticism of cricket is, you do not find any other nation on earth sparing three whole days to its national game and sometimes an unfinished game at that.

Sooner or later I believe a serious effort will have to be made to see that cricket becomes more entertaining and less an exercise for old-time experts to contemplate in comfortable leisure the fine points in the game. A cricketer who bowled for his 'Varsity in the 'eighties no doubt likes to take his seat at St. John's Wood and watch a bowler, even on a hard wicket, sending down maiden after maiden to Jack Hearn. It reminds him of the days when he himself used to tie up the best bats in the teams that he used to meet, and he lives the old triumphant minutes over again. But it is apt to be tedious to the general onlooker, and, after all, without the onlooker there would be no county cricket.

It may be that the rules need further amendment. The game is sometimes slow, and often, thanks to the plumb wickets of our pains-taking groundsmen, lasts too long. St. Andrews alters the size or the weight of the ball that it controls when the golfer gets to hit it too far. Cricketers need not be the slaves of rules if by an adjustment of or an alteration in them the public can be induced to follow the game with the concern that it devotes to football. There is a wholesome rule in baseball—it is a finer game than Englishmen believe it to be—that if the striker cannot effectively hit the ball within a reasonable time, he is out. An M.C.C. rule on these lines might be laying profane hands on a sacred game, but in the presence of an obstinate stonewaller a little profanity of the kind is needed.

Yours faithfully,

H. COZENS-HARDY.

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